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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Villagers,

It’s been said that the only constant in this world is change. In the publishing world, that change is rapidly accelerating.

Some change is good. Little Village has increased circulation by 10 percent over the last two months. In a world of shrinking readerships, we’re proud to watch our numbers going the other way. There are many people to thank for that success: our wonderful writers and staff, our advertisers (tell them thanks when you stop by!) and you, the reader, who make us stronger every time you pick up the magazine.

Change in the mediaverse also requires expanding your outreach. You may have heard our radio show on KRUI (Wednesdays at 5 p.m.), read our Weekender email (sign up online) or followed us on Twitter. If you haven’t encountered us outside of print, please look us up.

Change, though, isn’t always positive. This issue will be the last Little Village printed at Marengo Publishing. Don’t worry, Little Village will still be here next month, but we’re sad to see the presses stop in Marengo, and even sadder that our friends will lose their jobs. To those good people, we’d just like to say thank you for nine great years.

With change already on the way, we’re taking this opportunity to ask “what else ought to change?” We’d like to hear from you about what you’d like to see more of (or less of) in Little Village. Send us your thoughts on Facebook, Twitter or email us at publisher@littlevillagemag.com. Five random suggestions will be rewarded with a free LV t-shirt.

Cheers, Andrew Sherburne, Publisher
Small towns, big loss

In my last column, I presented some statistics demonstrating that the majority of Iowans are “urban” by U.S. Census standards and have been since 1950. With fewer farmers, the raison d’être of most small communities in Iowa—servicing the region’s agricultural economy—has disappeared. If the economic foundation of a town disappears, what’s the big deal? Close up shop, roll up the streets, and people can move somewhere else. If this were a proper course, then most Iowa small towns and rural communities would simply have disappeared—and many of them obviously still are doing so. I suggest that the loss of the small town and a rural culture has real—and serious—consequences.

First, ideals. Any dissolution of an established community is a human tragedy. Over the years, for whatever reason that people reside together, social bonds, human relationships, personal livelihoods and public good result. When that falls apart, people are hurt and our society suffers for the loss of community. As well, diversity of experience is good for any society. Rural and small-town experience is of a particular sort, and if mass urbanization and suburbanization obliterates it, our society is the poorer for the loss of varied ways of living.

Second, scale. Underlying my arguments of recent months about how we construct and conduct our society is the fundamental belief in local economies. The future of human society—and the planet—truly lies, I believe, in the revival of local economies. Small towns, by virtue of their human scale, have historically been among the exemplars of how a local economy can best thrive. A number of urban and regional planners posit that once city relocations exceed populations in the hundreds of thousands, sustainability suffers. While human density is much preferable to suburban sprawl, there can be a point of diminishing returns. Harking back to the diversity argument, our country needs a diversity of human environments; constantly growing megalopolises inhibit sustainability. Small towns and rural communities are important to that mix, including, as I said, as models of good scale for building social capital, a local economy and sustainable lifeways.

Third, stewardship. Perhaps the most compelling argument for the survival of rural and small-town communities is environmental. Presence means care. Distance means lack of awareness and forgetfulness. Simply put, we need people on the land to take care of it. One of the tragedies of an industrialized agriculture is not just that land becomes merely an extractive resource, but, relatedly, that its tending approach to environmental stewardship, even if it were practical from a distance, would never work.

So, as Berry continues, “The loss of local culture is, in part, a practical loss and an economic one. For one thing, such a culture contains, and conveys to succeeding generations, the history of the use of the place and the knowledge of how the place may be lived in and used. For another, the pattern of reminding implies affection for the place and respect for it, and so, finally, the local culture will carry the knowledge of how the place may be well and lovingly used, and also the implicit command to use it only well and lovingly. The only true and effective ‘operator’s manual for spaceship earth’ is not a book that any human will ever write; it is hundreds of thousands of local cultures.”

These are not new ideas. A century ago, famed agronomist Liberty Hyde Bailey became President Theodore Roosevelt’s spokesman for the Country-Life Movement. In his 1911 book of that name, Bailey said, “Farming is the underlying business of mankind...In the accelerating mobility of our civilization it is increasingly important that we have many anchoring places; and these anchoring places are the farms...The future state of the farmer, or real countryman, will depend directly on the kind of balance or relationship that exists between urban and rural forces; and in the end, the state of the city will rest on the same basis. Whatever the city does for the country, it does also for itself...Until such an organic relationship exists, civilization cannot be perfected or sustained, however high it may rise in its various parts.”

Without a knowledgeable, caring local community, our rural and small places will collapse not only socially but also environmentally. A centralized economy built upon the assumption of populations continuing to flee to urban areas is not sustainable in so many ways. No matter how we do it, there must be cultural, social, commercial and political commitments to preserving and revitalizing our rural and small-town communities.

We’ve proven by our actions that we fail to follow “natural law.”

Becomes more callous and less understanding, respectful, and even loving.

As Wendell Berry says in his essay “The Work of Local Culture,” “Ground must be protected by a cover of vegetation and...the growth of the years must be protected by a return—or be returned—to the ground to rot and build soil. A good local culture, in one of its most important functions, is a collection of the memories, ways and skills necessary for the observance...of this natural law.”

Now this simple ecological lesson, one might think, should be easily understood whether people are on the land or not. Two things:

When out of sight, out of mind prevails. As our culture and economy centralize, we’ve proven by our actions that we fail to follow this “natural law” well.

Second, the uniqueness of particular places requires particular understandings of the local natural environment. A “one size fits all” approach to environmental stewardship, even if it were practical from a distance, would never work.

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Thomas Dean teaches The Good Society and Introduction to Place Studies at The University of Iowa.
Do it for your head: de-stress

Stress is rough. Between home and work, there are countless things to be responsible for doing, knowing and staying on top of. Outside of that are demands from family, friends and other relationships. All those stresses are enough to make one’s head spin. Sometimes stress is a symptom, and it’s important to learn to deal with it effectively. When stresses and anxieties build up, they can potentially make a huge impact on the life of the stressed person and everyone around them.

On the University of Iowa campus, students are suffering from high stress levels. In the past 12 months, 22.5 percent of students felt that stress affected their academic performance, according to a survey administered by Health Iowa to University of Iowa students. Stress impacted more students than alcohol use, illness, or sleeping difficulties. Anxiety also affected 15 percent of students’ academics. With so much of Iowa City intimately tied to the UI, certainly we can all get caught up in a looming cloud of stress.

Physical activity is an effective way to cope with stress because it is stress. Physical activity and exercise stress the body in a positive way. They put the body into “fight or flight” mode, which exhibits the stress responses: increase in heart rate, blood pressure and breathing. Blood flow is also directed more toward the muscles and brain. These are the same type of responses the body undergoes when dealing with stress in a non-exercise environment. However in that situation, it isn’t a good stress.

Exercise challenges the body to deal well with the positive exercise-induced stress, so when one is confronted with negative stressor at home or work, his or her body has adapted to the stress response and can better deal with the situation at a lower stress level. Unfortunately, the benefits of exercise are short term. To help the body deal with stress of everyday life, exercise needs to become a regular component of one’s lifestyle.

Exercise is a manageable fix for coping with stress. If not dealt with appropriately, stress can compound into more severe things like depression or other mental illnesses. The leading cause of disability in the United States is mental illness. One in four adults will suffer from a diagnosable mental illness in any given year, according to statistics from the National Institute of Mental Health.

Twenty-seven percent of Iowans reported that they had poor mental health at least once in the 30 days prior to a survey, distributed in 2007 by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. While the majority of cases deal with mild conditions, a few deal with more severe illnesses. Almost half of the people suffer from a diagnosable mental illness in any given year, according to statistics from the National Institute of Mental Health.

Check your head

October 5-11 is Mental Illness Awareness Week

October 8 is National Depression Screening day

October 10 is World Mental Health Day

HEALTH continued on page 7 >>
As the Leaves Fall

If winter is slumber and spring is birth, and summer is life, then autumn rounds out to be reflection. It’s a time of year when the leaves are down and the harvest is in and the perennials are gone. Mother Earth just closed up the drapes on another year and it’s time to reflect on what’s come before.

Mitchell Burgess
From TV series Northern Exposure
Thanksgiving, 1992

Mother Earth knows her stuff. She knows we need to take time to consider all the currents of change and chain of events that have gotten us through the previous year. Many religious and cultural ceremonies celebrate fall as a time of reflection, acknowledgement of the past, a time to remember those who have passed on, and a return into oneself. There is the Harvest Moon Festival, which originated in China and usually falls around mid-September, and Dia de los Muertos that falls on November 1, a traditional Mexican holiday that honors those who have passed.

The Jewish religion, of which I am most familiar—I was Bat Mitzvahed at 13 and have been a member of the synagogue community despite my disconnect with organized religion as a whole—celebrated two important holidays this past September. Rosh Hashana (the Jewish New Year) and Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement) are two holidays that occur 10 days apart. During Rosh Hashana, we celebrate the dawning of a new year and hope for good things to come. During Yom Kippur, we take time to reflect on the year behind us: who we have been, what we have lost or gained, and who we wish to become both as a community, and as individuals.

As a teenager, I was expected to go to services with my family every year, even after my Bat Mitzvah and the subsequent letting go of rituals and religious practices that didn’t include friends, boys and music. But once I went away to college, I was suddenly left with a choice.

At first, no kidding, it was guilt that brought me back. I felt that if I didn’t attend Yom Kippur services and at least attempt to fast from sundown to sundown, that perhaps I would not be inscribed in the Book of Life, as we ask during our communal services each year. Many religions have their fear-based dogma that attempt to control the behaviors of their people, and I’ll admit to being fooled into believing that something terrible would happen if I didn’t show up. That somehow G-d would know that I didn’t don my ankle-length, black skirt (kept in my closet for only this occasion) and watch the other congregation members whisper about each other in the back rows of the service.

But the experience of attending Yom Kippur services was different away from home. I was living in Michigan at the time and attended a service at the local synagogue which welcomed university students. Going alone made an incredible difference. I didn’t have a religious epiphany, but I certainly found an inner solace that I hadn’t experienced before. The Hebrew chants and melodies, some different than the ones from my hometown, became an undercurrent to the reflection and subsequent meditation that occurred within me. I was enamored with the communal voice, and the energy that filled the room moved me. Going alone meant that I could focus on the moment itself and connect to the people around me on another level. Going alone meant that I had the space in which to really reflect on who I was, how I got there, and where I was going.

So, while fear may have been what initially led me to continue observing the High Holidays into adulthood, it is actually the process of taking the time to reflect—which is often lost in the busy world of work, parenting and general modern-day life, that keeps me coming back. Now, I often go alone by choice for at least part of the service. Or I go with my mother. And she and I cry. Something we both probably do often, but certainly not together. We are close, but not close enough, and each year I think about that as we sit next to one another holding prayer books we barely understand.

This year I have a lot to reflect on as the world as a whole has gone through many changes: a new president whose election was based on change, natural disasters across the globe, and a failing economy that led to the loss of a job I dearly loved and still miss four months later. Additional personal changes—both positive and negative—have also affected me in the last year: the finalization of my divorce, my middle child starting kindergarten, and the start of the songwriting and performing aspect of my life. And as the fall approaches and the cool air and darker nights make me feel more like curling up with a good book on the couch, than expanding my social circle, I look forward to retreating into a space that will allow me to take a step back and look at where life has taken me, to mourn the losses and celebrate the gains. To take time to process the changes and watch the dead leaves fall to the ground and nourish the earth for the coming of spring.

Renee Zukin is a graduate of the University of Michigan and The University of Iowa. She lives, works and plays in the Iowa City area. She is a mother; a teacher; a freelance writer and a singer/songwriter—among other things—and within and beyond those labels, she is free.
ferring from a mental illness are dealing with more than one. In the Health Iowa survey, 44.2 percent of students felt overwhelmed with anxiety sometime in the last 12 months. Eight percent of students who responded said depression affected their academic performance within the last 12 months. Twenty-six percent of respondents claimed to feel so depressed they found it difficult to function.

Recent research has been looking at using exercise and physical activity to treat moderate to severe depression. Studies are finding that exercise is comparable to other more standard treatments for depression like medication and therapy, according to a review published in the Journal of Neural Transmission in 2008. Some promising findings even indicate that when treated with an exercise regimen, patients with depression showed considerably lower rates of relapse than patients using other treatment methods.

Physical activity is an effective way to cope with stress because it is stress.

Mental health is an issue that needs more attention. In the early 1960s, the Community Mental Health Centers Act was passed providing federal funding to establish and support local mental health centers across the country and help meet each of their community’s mental health needs. Iowa City has one such center that serves 2,500 people and groups annually. Eighty-five percent of the people it serves are adults in Johnson County.

October 10 is World Mental Health Day. Since mental illnesses are so prevalent in our society, it is a good idea to take some time and do something to combat these illnesses. Go for a walk, take a bike ride through a park or listen to some inspiring music while running. Take an active approach to health.

Physical activity is a powerful tool that can be used to improve psychological health in addition to physical health to enhance the quality of life for the individual. Exercise has brain boosting power for everyone. Current recommendations are 30 minutes daily of moderate activities like walking, swimming or biking. A little physical activity every day can do wonders for both the body and the mind.

Kelly Ostrem prefers to fight stress with swimming and yoga, but when she can’t get to a pool, she runs for peace of mind.
Thirty years ago, George Romero warned us all that there would come a time when there would be no more room in hell and the dead would walk the earth.

On Saturday, September 19, hell must have been out of vacancies. Nearly 150 zombies roamed the streets of Iowa City for the Fourth Annual Zombie March, raising money, awareness, and of course, the dead. This year, the march took in over $1,700 for various charities—including necrotizing fasciitis—and received 71 pounds in food donations for both animals and humans. Most zombies prefer brains, but some go straight for the heart.
"There's a bunch of people from the cemetery who are stark, staring, mad, and they'll kill you and eat you if they catch you. It's like a disease. It's like rabies, only faster, a lot faster."

--Burt Wilson, *Return of the Living Dead* (1985)

"Every dead body that is not exterminated becomes one of them. It gets up and kills. The people it kills get up and kill."

--Dr. Foster, *Dawn of the Dead* (1978)
“They’re coming to get you, Barbara…”
– Johnny, Night of the Living Dead (1968)

“It has been established that persons who have recently died have been returning to life...It’s hard for us here to be reporting this to you, but it does seem to be a fact.”
– Newscaster, Night of the Living Dead (1968)
“BRAINS! Live brains!”
– Tarman, Return of the Living Dead (1985)

Dawn Frary is a freelance photographer in Iowa City and owner of the Dewey Street Photo Company. She is an animal lover, owl feeder, raptor rehabilitator, banjo player, vegetarian, Reiki Master Teacher, horror movie fanatic, crazy cat lady, aunt, writer, owner of a suicide house, and, of course, zombie enthusiast.
Real Monsters?

Sightings: Iowa

On the lookout for real monsters this Halloween? Lace up your boots and join the search for Iowa’s cryptozoological legends.

Phantom Kangaroos

Vagrant kangaroos are nothing new, having been spotted in a good portion of the eastern United States and pockets of California for over a century. But in the late 1990s there was an uptick in phantom kangaroos throughout the Midwest, including two independent sightings just 30 miles southwest of Iowa City in Wellman and another in Ottumwa. On August 4, 1999, Lois Eckhart approached an animal that “looked like a deer, but it had a bigger belly and a boxy nose and a tail too long for a deer.” Lois didn’t think to report the mystery animal until she read about Mary Stangl’s phantom kangaroo spotting in Ottumwa a few weeks later. Local sheriff’s officials and area zoos confirmed no escapees, only deepening the mystery of how kangaroos continue to exist in America’s heartland.

The Lockridge Monster

On a chilly October morning in 1975, a hunter by the name of Lowell Adkins stumbled upon the carcasses of four partially devoured turkeys near a farm in Lockridge, Iowa, a small town 60 miles south of Iowa City. Accompanying the carcasses were 10-inch tracks from an unknown animal, later named The Lockridge Monster. The beast gained national attention when farmers Gloria Olsen and Herb Peiffer reported a hairy bear-like animal with a monkey face that prowled their cornfields by night. Some speculated this could be southeast Iowa’s very own Bigfoot, but Ramona Hibner of the South Mountain Research Group, a Florida-based Bigfoot think tank, laid those speculations to rest with her observation that Sasquatch tracks are typically twice the size of the Lockridge Monster prints and that animal slaughter is out-of-character for the vegetarian Bigfoot. To this date, the mystery of what lurks in the fields of Lockridge remains unsolved.

Big Cats

Nothing is more frightening in the realm of Iowa monsters than the possibility of being attacked on a nature trail by a lost and hungry wildcat. The story typically goes like this: A wildcat from Canada has lost its way and found itself in the wooded bluffs of northern Iowa. Throughout the years, reports of cougars (panthers, pumas, mountain lions and catamounts) have made their way into Iowa media. The numerous and varied eyewitness reports add a certain credibility to this particular monster story. For those hiking north of here—forget Bigfoot, look to the trees for potential pounces. These are officially extinct quadrupeds but those out for a scenic stroll may want to watch out for strays. Think domestic house cats leaping from bookshelves, only 200-pound stalk-and-ambush predators with razor sharp claws and a taste for blood.
Okoboji Lake Monster

No lake monster will ever compare to the famous and quintessential cryptid, the Loch Ness Monster, but the Okoboji lake monster is Iowa’s very own Nessie. Described as a giant “fish” with a head the size of a bowling ball and a dark green hide, Obojoki, as it’s affectionately called by Dickinson County natives, has been brushing the sides of lake-users’ boats for many years.

Part tourist industry invention and part Native American legend, evidence of the Spirit Lake creature can be found on user-submitted MySpace videos, paranormal websites, and of course locals’ personal tales. As the stories have it, the Iowa Great Lakes are connected to the Gulf of Mexico by a large subterranean river, giving Obojoki access to the wilds of open ocean. Okoboji visitors are urged to use the lake with caution and an open mind.

Wildmen

Every region of the world with a patch of wilderness has its own Great Ape/Bigfoot/Yeti/Sasquatch story. The species share similar traits—a roughly eight-foot hairy hominid that wanders the forest leaving droppings, footprints and fur samples for those who dare investigate their existence. Stories of hairy men-like creatures roaming the wilds date back to earliest recorded history. The Skunk River Valley, a hotbed of Iowa monster activity, has seen a marked increase in reporting in recent months. Shawn Morrissey, operations and natural resource manager for Jefferson County Conservation doesn’t want to call it Bigfoot, but doesn’t know how to explain the recent sightings in Iowa either. “I’m not going to say they didn’t see something but I think the more likely thing is they saw something in a flash or at a strange angle,” Morrissey explains. The official position hasn’t stopped the steady stream of witnesses who have come forward this year with their own accounts of Bigfoot in their backyard. From what we’ve heard from the locals, the North American Ape is alive and well in Iowa.

Matt Butler is chief investigator of Weird Shit Incorporated.
Popping into the Mill for some happy hour relief is a familiar experience. Push through the battered wooden saloon doors and life slows appreciably. The cars outside continue to hustle up and down Burlington Street, but that has little bearing upon the glacial pace of activities for those inside.

The first pitch just let fly at Wrigley, and familiar faces occupy the well-worn stools around the bar, where pitchers of PBR remain under $4. Life is good and appears relatively unchanged at the Mill since its beginnings, yet below the veneer of this iconic Iowa City folk-blues club, its foundation is shifting.

Major cracks include both the city’s efforts to reduce the number of drinking establishments in the downtown area, and the fact that the Mill does not own the land on which it currently resides. Each issue, separately or combined, point to the possibility that this venerable Iowa City institution could be closed in the near future.

Opened in 1962 by Keith and Pat Dempster, this all-purpose tavern was intended to emphasize its home-cooked meals and chill environment, where people felt comfortable hanging out. Tucked away in a former auto dealership, the Mill is spacious enough to offer drinks, dining and billiards at the front bar while live music can be enjoyed down the hallway in back.

It’s now one of those unique establishments that transcend the label of bar or restaurant, and has become a second home to many for going on 50 years. “My friend Ed Bornstein, a former Iowa City musician, often described the Mill as the local “club house”: a place where musicians, writers and artists can convene and share ideas in a relaxed atmosphere, and I definitely agree with him,” said Andre Perry, booking agent and bartender at the Mill.

Make no mistake—music is the star attraction here. Since opening, the Mill has established itself as one of the premiere folk-blues Bo Ramsey, slide guitar wizard Joe Price and boogie pianist David Zollo all have long-standing relationships with the Mill. Iowa City’s folk-blues scene is solid, but dates to the early 1970s—and is aging. New blood has arisen from the scene’s forerunners, like Brown’s daughter Pieta and Ramsey’s son, Benson, who plays in the Minneapolis-based band The Pines.

Still, original owner Keith Dempster saw change coming in how the city council was dealing with downtown bar owners in an effort to curtail Iowa City’s drinking problem, and he elected to close the Mill in 2003.

Upon hearing of the Mill’s impending closure, local musician Marty Christensen stepped in to negotiate its purchase. Although the deal had already been arranged, it was kept quiet as Keith and Pat hosted a prolonged wake before the doors shut.

The Mill reopened a month later, relatively unchanged physically, but with a modified business plan befitting the new ownership and changing business climate in Iowa City.

Christensen was raised in Iowa City and began playing music at the Mill in 1985. By day he’s a software guy, working at ACT for going on five years, but has tangents attaching him to all the major players in town, including Ramsey, Zollo, Brown, former Iowa City songwriter Kevin Gordon, and bluesman Dennis McMurrin.

“I’ve played over 150 rooms, and this is one of the best…it’s a special place,” said Christensen. “The stage sound and atmosphere are so comfortable, that for a performer, you’re likely to have a good show.”

He found a partner in his brother-in-law, Dan Ouverson, who owns Short’s Burgers and Shine on Clinton Street. These two shared a

Worth a Mill


photos by Sandy Dyas
history from their days at the Yacht Club, where Christensen played and Ouverson bartended and booked talent.

Yet even with their combined experience, the beginnings at the “new” Mill were a learning experience. Between staff quitting, regulars refusing to return and complaints from patrons about menu changes, the owners realized they needed to formulate a more defined direction for what would become their version of the Mill.

Under its previous ownership, Dempster kept the Mill’s comfortable confines centered on blues and folk traditions exclusively. The new owners want the relaxed atmosphere to carry on, while broadening the club’s appeal by catering to local talent—all local talent.

“I like one kind of music, good music, and that crosses many genres,” said Christensen.

Where the owners first elected to expand was into the alt-country and singer-songwriter markets. This brought in acts like the Drive-By Truckers, the Jayhawks and Des Moines-based Brother Trucker.

When original booking agent Trevor Lee Hopkins moved away, the decision was made to split his position between Andre Perry and Sam Locke-Ward. This only speeded Christensen’s concept to expand the Mill’s market.

Perry, 31, is a graduate of the Non-Fiction Writing Program at Iowa, and is a post-doctoral research fellow there. He also is one of the four founding members of the Mission Creek Music Festival, based out of Iowa City. Now in its fourth year, this event takes place over several days and utilizes multiple clubs in town to host live music.

Perry had already been booking acts into the Mill for Mission Creek, so it was a natural progression for him to slide into one of the available positions. Furthermore the philosophy of Mission Creek parallels his employers’ intentions: they like breaking stereotypes associated with particular clubs, and book atypical acts into them with the intention of bringing different fans to venues they might not ordinarily frequent.

“Sam and I have a lot of overlapping tastes and many different ones as well,” said Perry. “This opens up the range of acts we’re now bringing into the Mill.”

Together they’re responsible for getting Indie groups like the Decemberists, Arcade Fire and Okkervil River into the Mill.

But Perry and Locke-Ward are both hyper-conscious about attending to Iowa City’s local talent. They put emerging acts onto the stage at the Mill, pay them some money and make sure they get a good meal for playing.

“It’s important these kids get heard,” Perry said.

The lineup hasn’t changed considerably with the new ownership, especially on weekends, but the clientele has broadened considerably.

It helps that everybody on staff is either a musician or a huge fan. Locke-Ward has his band, Miracles of God; Perry plays keys in The Lonelyhearts; and Sam Knudson, who runs the soundboard for shows, fronts Shame Train.

“We understand service to the music community, the musicians and the public better than any other venue in Iowa City,” said Christensen. “It’s no good to be exclusive.”

The primary vehicle to showcase emerging talent is the Mill’s Tuesday Night Social Club. Perry set this up and Christensen lets him and Locke-Ward run it, allowing for anything from solo indie-guitarists to off-kilter electronic noise bands.

These are acts that never would have seen the stage when Dempster was running the place, but it does come with some trade-offs.

“Sometimes there’s more graffiti in the bathrooms after these shows and that’s not OK,” said Christensen. “This isn’t going to be turned into some shit hole.”

Aside from this unfortunate detail, the new changes are paying huge dividends. Christensen reports their gross has nearly doubled in the first five years - although they still get complaints about taking the egg sandwich special off the menu.

The primary difficulty facing the new ownership is shifting.

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Chuy Renteria is a b-boy. Sporting a cherry track jacket trimmed in white, caramel hair slicked into a pony-tail, the 24-year-old stands alone in an empty pedestrian mall. At 8:30 p.m. on a football Friday, he begins to stretch, reaching for the brick pavement beneath his Nike sneakers.

Charlie Bui arrives casually, boom-box and laptop at his side. He opens the notebook and cues an iTunes playlist. He double-clicks a track from The Roots’ Phrenology LP, lightly bobbing his head on the one and the three. Loosening joints and muscles, Bui uses not static calisthenics but reaches, pulls and twists his body at near aerobic speeds. A method he preaches to all breakers.

Over the next half-hour more b-boys and b-girls trickle into the open space. With their crew of nearly 15 students assembled, the UI Breakers begin their show. With their eight-count steps, the break dancers draw a small crowd. Bui steps up. Pop, lock, handstand and freeze. The spectators mass 50 strong. As the improvised moves grow more diverse, so do the onlookers. Passersby, children, hipsters, 20-somethings to 40-somethings all take notice.

A b-girl places a small Iowa Hawkeye coffee can on the sidewalk to collect donations for their October 3, I Oughta Wreck Again (I.O.W.A.) jam. The empty tin sits barren and lonely until a woman rises from her bench to drop a couple of bills. Cheers erupt from the spectators and applause from the crew.

Hunched, lined along a brick planter, all 15 breakers study the others’ tricks. Each clank of the can igniting a bit more energy in their steps until all the dancers circle up to approach their audience.

“We’ve got some fliers this young gentleman’s gonna be handing out,” Bui announces. “We’re the UI Breakers, so put your hands out. Put your hands out.” Bui points, “This guy wants one… giv’em two. Giv’em two!”

This underground UI student organization has gone public.

“The UI Breakers is really an Umbrella group,” said Renteria. “It was kind of a last-man-standing thing.”

Encompassing styles nostalgic of Renteria’s former West Liberty, Iowa crew “Distinctive Nobodies” and Bui and Hai Tran’s “The Funktastics,” the UI Breakers has grown from a three-man group to a university sanctioned student organization. And they are quickly raising their profile. The two groups merged in 2006, when Bui and Renteria met through local jams hosted at Public Space One. The b-boys knew two Japanese exchange students who danced with a crew from Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, so they began collaborating.

“The Distinctive Nobodies were more raw,” said Renteria. “The UI Breakers have become more legit… We’re organized.”

But becoming that “legit” student organization had to be done with blind faith in the Iowa City scene’s potential. When the three b-boys applied for university backing (i.e. monetary resources) the breakers didn’t have the required five participants to qualify. Bui had to improvise.

“I recruited my two roommates who I don’t think had ever breaked a day in their lives,” he
Renteria, a senior studying dance at The University of Iowa, has been practicing his b-boy skills for 10 years, learning from local dancers. Bui—who had only been dancing a year before arriving at the university—learned in a more mainstream fashion.

“Got a hold of a ‘Learn how to breakdance’ DVD. It was a ridiculous step-by-step instructional thing that was like ‘move right leg outward and point toe,’ ‘balance on left hand,’” Bui stood curving his arms in pretzel fashion. “Oh well, I’m not ashamed to admit it.”

Since their genesis, the UI Breakers have walked a line between overexposure and the underground nature of their art. They’re heavily rooted in hip-hop culture, so Bui and Renteria seem timid to admit their use of social media to self promote. The Breakers feel the internet has blended styles together creating a “Homogony that kills local styles,” Bui shrugs. Nonetheless, he still posts a blog for the Breakers (uibreakers.tumblr.com) profiling their members, posting recorded jams and giving tips to aspiring b-boys.

“Before YouTube.com, people would learn locally,” Bui explained. “B-boy.org is like collecting Pokémon cards to some of these newbs,” Renteria says in critique of the mainstream site. “Not to hate on anybody, but I remember when Chicago [style] looked like Chicago, West Coast [style] looked like West Coast. It takes the community and local learning out of b-boyin.”

They are students of their craft. Referencing the link between dance form, musicality and culture, the UI Breakers cut mixes that align choreography with the beats and motifs of their selection. Crews internationally recognize the Afro-American roots of b-boyin’ have an intercultural appeal. In the documentary The Freshest Kids: A History of the B-Boy, Director Israel interviews many of the “Godfathers” of the hip-hop art. B-boyin’s rebellious street origins are direct descendants of early ’70s hip-hop house jams and, before that, the speakeasy explosion of Jazz in the Roaring Twenties. Today, like the freestyle raps that evolved from the South Bronx, b-boyin’ has become improvisational, raw and athletic.

T hanks to commercial success in the 1980s, b-boyin’ has grown to thrive worldwide, even here in Iowa City. Members of the UI Breakers have nurtured curiosity in the community, helping recreate a local scene after the death of Public Space One’s former location—the b-boy’s host venue. Performing at UI Dance Marathon, the UI Breakers not only throw handstands and windmills for a good cause, they “have 1,500 pairs of eyes on us,” Bui grins.

Just before their Ped Mall appearance on September 18, the group received confirmation from the UI Athletic Department of a Hawkeye Basketball half-time performance, which should deliver the breakers’ their largest audience to date.

Before that, the UI Breakers are working on their baby: a regional b-boy battle hosted at the IMU second floor ballroom in Iowa City. The I.O.W.A. jam is bringing together crews from Des Moines, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Madison and even a team making a trek from Texas.

The UI crew, within its small segment of the b-boy world, is diverse—attracting dancers from all walks of life.

“It’s an art and there is an element of musicality,” said Renteria. “It’s a positive outlet.”

Part-time breaker and UI dance major Katie Robbins, 23, has a fascination and respect for b-boys and b-girls. She recognizes their skills as art.

“People shouldn’t be embarrassed to see the beauty in it. You can’t just say to yourself, ‘I want to be a breaker.’ You also have to be a dancer,” she explained. “Breakers have to be one of the most inclusive groups I’ve ever known. I think that’s why after all this time, I still want to be around these guys.”

Mike Mendenhall is a 24-year-old University of Iowa graduate working for Systems Unlimited and living in Iowa City.
Vines of the Times

When considering the alcoholic beverage of choice for the evening here in Iowa City, only the hardcore eco-warriors factor in environmental sustainability. The hardcore are not surprised that wine shipped to the Midwest creates a smaller carbon footprint when it comes from Napa Valley than when it comes from Bordeaux. Nor are they surprised that wine packaged in Tetra-Pak containers instead of glass bottles produces a smaller amount of greenhouse gases as it travels on its way.

What surprises hardcore wine-loving environmentalists here is that they might find an Iowa wine they like.

"Iowa wines can’t really show their potential with young vines," said New Pioneer Coop’s wine guy, Robert Morey. "Iowa wines don’t have history—the industry is in its infancy. There’s no telling what Iowa wines are going to taste like in 30 to 40 years.”

Morey said the Iowa wine industry has just exploded recently. He gets multiple inquiries from Iowa wineries each month, letting the rule of “quality, price and provenance” dictate his purchasing decisions. Iowa wines have the provenance category in the bag, but have certain drawbacks to overcome when competing with European or Californian wines.

For instance, that black Iowa dirt might be perfect for the heart of the Corn Belt, but, according to Morey, "beautiful soil will produce beautiful foliage and mediocre grapes." Grape vines are the Buddhists of the agricultural world, following the life is struggle model. Suffering builds character for grapes.

Wallace Winery, Iowa City’s pocket of whimsy to the east, rests alongside one of the state’s older vineyards. Tasting room staffer Kirsten Wallace said the vines have been around for 16 years, while the winery has been in operation for five years and the tasting room for three and-a-half. She said that 20 percent of the grapes that go into their wine comes from their own vines, however, and that the majority come from southern Illinois. She thinks their Iowa Barn Red and Iowa Barn White wines sell more than others because of their labels.

Little Village convened a group of its editors, writers and friends to hold an informal Iowa wine tasting with official reportage. Tasters rated and remarked on the labels first—would they buy them or not based on the art’s appeal?—and then sniffed and sipped. It must be said that red-bias was professed strongly throughout the night. The wine palette was limited to the handful of Iowa wines, and the subjectivity was limited to the amateur-taster experiences in the room.

Melody Dworak enjoyed her first glass of red (and second and third) 10 years ago, with a beloved friend and a Christopher Guest marathon. This one’s for you, Krannie.

St. Croix
Cedar Ridge Vineyards, Swisher
Miles to Market: 29
Price: $14
Grape: St. Croix
Aroma: 3.5
Taste: 3.67

Cedar Ridge Vineyards’ first estate-grown red was more than a happy change of pace for my guests. It was probably the most dramatic wine of the night, prompting love, hate, curiosity and redemption. The label was the biggest let-down of the wine—no one would think to purchase it on first or second glance. You have to squint to tell the white splotch is a cedar tree, and the Hawkeye-gold letter that’s supposed to represent the varietal looks like sunshine spittled out a typeface.

As the bottle was uncorked, a pungent alcohol scent shot into the air like a cannon, almost raping our nostrils. We let it breathe, the exaltations gave way to acceptance, and the red wound up having one of the higher ratings. Casual imbibers like me prioritize drinking the wine over letting it breathe. For the Cedar Ridge St. Croix, that oxygen turns a smelling salt into a rose, Tiger Balm into sweet mint.

Cheeky Blush
Park Farm Winery, Bankston
Miles to Market: 98.7
Price: $8
Grapes: Steuben
Aroma: 3.5
Taste: 2.17

Five-sixths were attracted to the label, which portrays a blushingly wavy-haired redhead staring straight back at the soon-to-be-imbiber. Her pink-lipped smile and rosy-cheeked pun were welcoming, the unabashed sweetness of the wine was not. This first wine we tasted so sweet it assaulted the taste buds of my guests, who all preferred dry wine. Positives included its decent complexity that would complement the porch-sitting days of summer.

The Park Farm Winery website states, “All of our wines are produced from grapes and fruit that can grow in the upper Midwest.” That does not mean the winery’s wine was made with 100-percent Iowa grapes. The winery’s vineyard planting began in 2001 and now has over 4,600 vines, said winemaker Dave Cushman. He said they’re purchasing a lot of the Cheeky Blush’s Steuben grapes from Pennsylvania while they wait for a four-acre vineyard near Dubuque to come in production next year.
Iowa Barn White
Wallace Winery, West Branch
Miles to Market: 8.5
Price: $11
Grapes: Chardonel, Vignoles and Vidal Blanc
Aroma: 2.67
Taste: 3.08

Iowa Barn White's label was slightly reminiscent of Andrew Wyeth's 1948 painting "Christina's World," with 100 percent of the wistfulness and 10 percent of the despair. The rural realism of the label compelled some but not others, earning an attraction rating of a strong maybe-I'd-buy-it. Being the last white wine tasted of the evening, expectations were low, but the individual ratings were all over the board on this one. One taster wrote, "I love it, tastes like a barn," and "It's the celery of wines!" exclaimed another. Despite the bias for reds openly professed in the room, this was the first wine where guests kept wanting another taste, which made me think it was welcomed a little more favorably than people would actually let on. That, or else we were sick of the tasting and wanted to get on with the actual drinking.

Storyteller
Fireside Winery, Marengo
Miles to Market: 31
Price: $13
Grapes: Vignoles and Chardonell
Aroma: 2.67
Taste: 2.33

The biggest overall hit of this wine was its label and its name. Everyone at the party loves a good story, and all good stories need good storytellers. I was the only one turned completely off by the label, calling it the upscale Wal-Mart look, pastel puke. The bookshelf-and-fireplace concept wooed the majority into a Reading Rainbow-like land of possibilities. Each spine of each book, with each night of imbibing different from all others, illustrated a refined individualism that the other wines of the evening failed to inspire. With the Fireside Storyteller, maybe my guests thought they could go twice as high. I don't know why this wine didn't score higher in the aroma and taste categories. Did my guests expect butterflies? Were they too anxious to get to the reds? Or was the book they wanted to read written in French?

Norton
Jasper Winery (J.W.), Des Moines
Miles to Market: 117
Price: $20
Grape: Norton
Aroma: 3
Taste: 3.75

Although the Norton grape is not listed on the Iowa State University's viticulture webpage, Mason Groben of Jasper Winery assured me via email the grapes from their 2007 Norton were 100-percent grown from that black Iowa dirt near Newton. The vines are seven years old, he said, from Sugar Grove Vineyard. The State of Missouri adopted Norton as its state grape in 2003, calling it one of North America's oldest grapes that produces red wines quite lush. The J.W. Norton lived up to this description and was quite a crowd-pleaser. The label disappointed the former art school attendees among my guests, but several enjoyed the Des Moines skyline illustration, a total cuvée of urban and agricultural Iowa. However, the $20 price tag would steer others away from one of the most-favored wines of the night.

Malbec
Wallace Winery, West Branch
Miles to Market: 8.5
Price: Out of Stock
Grape: Malbec
Aroma: 4.17
Taste: 4.5

The Wallace Malbec is one of Red Avocado Chef Dave Butt's favorite Iowa wines. Kirsten Wallace, who staffed the Wallace Winery tasting room on my end-of-summer visit, said the grapes came from a farm undergoing organic certification and thought they would no longer be able to buy their grapes now that they were certified. So the chances of finding this wine now are slim to none. The winery didn't even have a bottle at the time of my visit.

The label was pleasant on the eyes, the majority favoring it, and one taster's experience with the wine prompted the exclamation, "No, this is the best wine of the night!" The Wallace Malbec made from the Saracina vineyard in California has taught me a lesson about good wines made in Iowa: If you hear one praised, move on it. Buy it; try it. The grapes might not come from here, and they might not come here again. The depth of the Wallace Malbec was glorious and delighted even the hardest-to-please of palates.

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The ability to chug a whole bottle of PBR in one mighty draught only impresses your peers for so long. What was formerly an athletic display of swilling prowess becomes something sad, a little desperate. It is a sign of the need to grow up, difficult as that can be to accept. So how is one to move up in the world of beer drinking? With keg stands and beer bongs and shotgunning behind us, what lies ahead? The answer is taste.

When we first drink beer, it is with a grimace, a feat of overcoming the obstacle of the senses. Despite the chilly, dank pissy flavor, and the threat of driver’s ed class the next morning, we persist in choking down domestic, mass-produced barley spittle until we could tolerate it, eventually growing accustomed to, and then even appreciative of, the flavor. But there is something better beyond that watery trough. In the interest of helping the uninformed or even willfully ignorant PBR-loving Iowa City Cheap Beer Drinkers move forward in their painful growth process, Little Village convened the Great Iowa Beer Tasting Swigathon ’09.

In appreciation of the “buy local” movement, as well as the need to provide some journalistic focus, the Swigathoneers were supplied with nine varieties of Iowa-brewed beers, and one surprise entry of hard cider (which was the only beverage selected that used local ingredients—the beers were brewed with malts and hops from around the world). The Tasters were a hardened crew of PBR chuggers, Coors-cadets, and assorted townie lowlife, selected for their ignorance of any sort of brewy lore, as well as the general degradation of their palates. They were given simple scoring sheets, asked to rate the beers on a one-to-five scale, as well as provide notes.

To allay their concerns that they were being tricked into something “fancy” or “high brow,” the tasters each selected a code name, which was written on duct tape and worn on their shirts. Any taster who uttered the “government name” of a fellow participant was subject to a penalty, either chugging a bottle of PBR, or taking a shot of Ancient Age whiskey. The subterfuge worked, and the resulting scores and comments provide a doorway through which the path to Refined Taste and Exquisite Choice becomes apparent.

**Light Refreshment**

Five or six varieties that were tasted were considered “light” beers by the uncultured brutes that made up our panel. By this, they meant simply that they were (at least by the standards of the average Angry Drunken Townie) light in color and density, with a high “mouthfulability” factor, indicating that they could be chugged with relative ease. Of the varieties tasted, which included Millstream’s John’s Grocery Generations White Ale, Millstream’s Iowa Pale Ale, Hub City’s Pale Ale, Hub City’s Golden Ale, Hub City’s Wheat Beer, and the fence-straddling Olde Main Dinkey Wheat, the Dinkey Wheat was the highest rated, with an average score of 3.79 out of a possible 5.

Taster Spurlock described it aptly: “honey vagina with coriander hints,” and RADAR declared it to be “good for the whole family.” While the mouthfulability factor was high with this one, it had a very strong coriander flavor, which could wear on a drinker after a few bottles. The Hub City Pale and the Millstream Iowa Pale ales tied for second with an average score of 3.21 out of 5. The unfortunate entry in the light category was the Hub City Wheat Beer, which scored a miserable 1.5 out of 5, with comments like “is this how it’s supposed to taste?” “tastes like a hobo’s bed smells” and “ROTTEN GARBAGE.” It is definitely to be avoided.

**The Dark End of the Street**

The beers in this section were a little weightier, massier and a bit more grown up. The kind of beer you could have for breakfast, lunch or dinner. It should be noted that these beers were judged towards the end of the tasting, after the light beers had softened the palates and hearts of the panel, T-Pain songs had been sung, and friendships forged in the crucible of mutual insult.

Also, owing to the vagaries of the purchase process by which the panel did not actually buy the beer, but merely enjoyed booze on the company dime, all three of the dark beers...
The Freshest Thing Going

No discussion of Iowa-brewed beer would be complete without a nod to a local favorite, Old Capitol Brew Works at 525 South Gilbert Street. While the beers reviewed at the Swigathon are all bottled and sold on local store shelves, the Brew Works serves up the masterful creations of the Great River Brewery, located in Davenport, fresh from the tap. With seven varieties on tap, from Mexican styles served with lime all the way to the rich, captivating Espresso Stout, there’s something for every palate.

The Brew Works has the advantage of beers served fresh and chilly. The optimal way to get these delicious beverages into your thirsty gullet is by buying a growler, a half-gallon glass bottle. The growler, initially purchased full for $12, can then be refilled at OCBW. The real deal is on Friday nights from 5 to 7 p.m. and Saturdays from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., when the growlers can be refilled for a stunningly cheap FIVE DOLLARS.

Many of the Swigathoners have been made converts to the dankbrau available at Old Capitol, especially the delectable Espresso. The knowledgeable staff will serve up a taster flight of all seven brews for six dollars, allowing you to pick your favorite, and expand your horizons with new styles you might not normally drink.

tasted were products from the Hub City brewery in Stanley, Iowa. Hub City, which opened up a larger and more modern brewing facility in mid-September, made a fine showing with their darker varieties. With the disastrous Wheat Beer still a recent trauma for the panel, they were rocked, befuddled and overawed by the rich flavor and quality of the Hub City dark selections.

The three Hub City brews in the dark category were the Brown Ale, the Old Browne Porter, and the Oatmeal Stout. Far and away the winner amongst the dark varieties and the overall high-scorer of the tasting, with an average score of 4.14, was the Old Browne Porter, giving rise to such exhortations as “Fuck dinner, I’m drinking this,” “creamy goodness,” and “Exquisite.”

The generally high marks given to all of the Hub City darks are both a tribute to the craftsmanship of their brews, as well as the effects of the previous selections on the generosity of the judges. The Brown Ale received a score of 3.71, with Spurlock declaring it “like steak in a bottle,” and the Oatmeal Stout was given an average score of 3.43, seen as perhaps a bit on the bland side after the exquisite coffee-creamy overtones and rich finish of the Old Browne Porter.

What the hell, man, it’s cider.

As a surprise entry, the Sutliff Hard Cider acquitted itself quite well amongst a crowd (barring Turbo, the one female judge) was generally against hard cider in principle as well as practice. RADAR drew an obscene yet complimentary picture for his notes on the Sutliff, and the score of 3.79 was surprisingly high for a crowd so predisposed against the beverage. It was found to be crisp, not overly tart, with a smooth finish. Both Clarence and Turbo declared their desire to chug one of the oversized bottles themselves, the highest compliment a beverage can be paid by the group of blackout aficionados assembled for the Swigathon.

Refinement Derailed

After the score sheets were gathered and congratulatory cigarettes smoked, the Swigathoners ruined what had been a half-way-respectable attempt at ranking and rating classy suds with a short jaunt down the alley to the Mighty Shop to buy sixpacks of PBR tall-boys. It was as if their brief foray into classy boozing had shocked their sensibilities, and they sought to vigorously reestablish themselves as Angry Drunken Townies.

They sojourned forth into the cool Iowa City night to descend upon a house party, ravage the hors d’oeuvres, piss everywhere but the toilet, and drink mighty draughts, preferring not to speak of the refinement that was almost within their grasp.

Clarence Johnson is living the dream in Iowa City. He can be reached at clarence.k.johnson@gmail.com.

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Pick Out the Jams

It’s October, and there are a ton of shows to talk about, so insert funny Halloween joke here, followed by an apology about how I just didn’t write this column last month (how, I ask, did you know what shows to go to??), and then get on with the getting’ on. Jack-O-Lantern, fools!

This month gives you the opportunity to see two bluegrass/Americana acts that boast, and largely deliver on, “punk” attitudes and sensibilities. Premier among them are The Avett Brothers—who unlike the Righteous, are actually brothers. Their 2008 release Emotionalism is an impeccably crafted group of songs that managed to turn heads way outside of the traditional and bluegrass communities that they were a part of. It not only landed them a coveted spot in the jukebox at the our own Foxhead but also a major label record deal, studio sessions with Rick Rubin, and an opening spot, with, oh boy, the Dave Matthews Band. Still, all the success hasn’t gone to these boys’ heads, and the live show (which I saw at last year’s SXSW festival), is as rollickin’, shoutin’ and foot stompin’ as you can get with banjos and cellos. Which is actually quite a lot. Said major label debut I and Love and You is absolutely gorgeous and hits shelves on September 29. I’m sure their show at the Englert on October 20th will feature many songs from it. This is my vote for the can’t-miss show of the month. The second of these traditional music rebels will be Witchita, Kansas outfit Split Lip Rayfield, a trio with some decade-plus of tour experience behind them. They’ll banjo-pick out the jams at the Yacht Club on the 24th.

Remember when I said there is at least one good throwback show a month? Well, I did, and this month there are two. The first comes in the form of Quad Cities’ almost-famous Tripmaster Monkey, who did things the way they could be done in the heady ’90s: formed a high school band, signed with Sire records, toured the country and had a video on the Music Television network. It was so crazy that it almost worked, but even with the success of lead single “Shutter’s Closed” (you-tube that video, please), the band broke up in 1997. Frontman Chris Bernat went on to form Chrash, who have played in town several times, but now the old band is back together for a show at the Mill on the 24th. I expect the middle-aged to be out in full force.

The second throwback show is the reunion gig of Kansas City emo legends The Get Up Kids, whose Vagrant debut Something to Write Home About is getting the deluxe tenth anniversary re-release this year. If that doesn’t make you feel old, then I guess you weren’t listening to emo in 1999 like I was. Still, the record is a classic in the genre, in my opinion, and I’m sure the show will feature much fist-pumping and shouting along to the Pee Wee inspired hit, “I’m a Loner, Dottie…A Rebel.” The show is at The Picador on the 3rd. Opening is Australian outfit Youth Group, who had a bit of indie success with 2005’s Skeleton Jar. I thought their follow-up, Casino Twilight Dogs, was disappointing, but no one is going to this show to see Youth Group, right?

It’s not really a throwback show, but former Pedro the Lion ringleader David Bazan will be coming to the Picador on the 29th with Eric Elbogen’s project Say Hi providing support. I’ll admit I was never a big Pedro fan, though I’ve heard Bazan is big in the Christian music scene, so get there early and wear a Young Life t-shirt to fit in. I’m kidding, sorta, but I’m actually more intrigued by Say Hi, who used to be called Say Hi to Your Mom and had an indiecollege radio hit in 2004 with a the track “Let’s Talk About Spaceships.” It’s

SHOWS continued on page 29 >>
In Kinshasa, Zaire, on October 20, 1974, in what was billed as the Rumble in the Jungle, Muhammad Ali employed a strategy called the rope-a-dope, letting the reigning heavyweight champion George Foreman pummel him for the first several rounds of the fight. Then Ali began taunting the wearying champ, “They told me you could punch, George.” At the end of the eighth round, Ali concluded the beautiful fight by landing a hard right to the face. Twenty-two years later, in 1996, Leon Gast put together a documentary about the fight, When We Were Kings, which you should see or revisit.

Soul Power is a documentary about what was originally conceived as a sideshow to that fight: a three-day music festival in Kinshasa of pan-American soul and Afrobeat: James Brown, Bill Withers, B.B. King, Celia Cruz, Miriam Makeba and Tabu Ley Rochereau, to name a few. But because Foreman cut his eye in training, the fight was delayed, and the music festival had to take place as a thing unto itself. Jeffrey Levy-Hinte, who worked as an editor on When We Were Kings, which you should see or revisit, in love with all the footage of the festival. Now he’s gotten around to putting together this document of absolutely joyous music.

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When an album begins with a country song about getting arrested for growing marijuana, you know you’re dealing with some Iowa boys who’ve been around the block. These guys have been playing together for 15 years, and on this album, you can hear all those years—they’ll stay in the pocket no matter how much they’ve had to drink or smoke. Porch Builder plays the sort of timeless bluesy boogie that seems to be second to people around these parts. The originality comes not from novel melodies or chord progressions, because they don’t really bother trying to innovate. They’re distinctive for the atmosphere and vibe they create. Porch Builder is the sort of band you’d start listening to with no expectations at all only to get sucked in to their no-nonsense blue-collar sense of fun.

My favorite tracks on the album are the instrumentals “Fried Chicken” and “1, 2, 3, 4.” The former recalls the Memphis blues funk of Booker T. & the MGs, and the latter is the sort of country jump Roy Clark used to cut loose with in the last 10 minutes of “Hee Haw.” “Ain’t Too Drunk To Drive” is their unplugged country blues dedicated to intoxication and beater vehicles. You can almost smell the blue exhaust smoke in their wake. The only false step on this album comes with “Sandwich De Pavo” which is marred by vocals delivered in the kind of bad Mexican accent Iowa boys learn from Cheech & Chong records. Much better pitched is the murder ballad “Kyle Wasson’s Last Ride” about the infamous police shooting of a North Liberty man. Porch Builder is music made by and for Iowa shit-kickers, and is perfect for a hot day on a sagging wood porch.

Kent Williams is an optimist who loves life, sport, and hates lies. He is Little Village’s arts editor.

Petit Mal
Bless Your Little Heart
Public Schools Records
www.myspace.com/petitmal

Petit Mal’s latest, Bless Your Little Heart, is a collection of 10 scrappy tunes following in the footsteps of fellow Iowa alt-rockers House of Large Sizes. The saccharine sweetness of the album’s title is almost nowhere to be found. If you want Care Bears and greeting cards, you best look elsewhere. If you like your alt-rock served with a heaping helping of snarls, “yeah’s”, and “hey’s”, well then, bless your little heart.

Album opener “Off the Grid” sets a pell mell pace the band rarely deviates from. Lead singer/guitarist Grace Locke-Ward taunts “Off the grid, but you’re on the radar” over the power chord chug, which dive-bombs into a couple small, wanky guitar workouts. “Line” keeps up the musical drive and the imposing snarl of Locke-Ward’s vocals, which get even more confrontational, ordering everyone to “wait in line to talk to [her]” (check the Juice Newton reference at the three-quarter mark).

It’s not all attitude and straight-ahead riffs for the Iowa City quartet, however. The sprawl, arpeggiated “Reassuring is Something” is a slow burner. Guitars snolder and buzz, Locke-Ward harmonizes eerily with bass player Rachel Feldmann, before Feldmann and her bass take the lead into a steady build up to a Gibraltar-sized guitar screed for the final minute.

Feldmann has proven herself a strong frontwoman in her other band Lipstick Homicide and takes a turn or two at the mic on Bless Your Little Heart. “Stars in Your Eyes” is a desperate, gripping call for help served fast and heavy, Pixies-style.

Petit Mal let’s the democracy continue when lead guitarist Chris Ford takes a stab at vocals duties for a caustic number called “Empty Gun.” No other song on the album flashes the same metal muscle that “Empty Gun” does.

Petit Mal celebrates the release of their latest, Bless Your Little Heart on October 30th at the Picador.

John Schlotfelt has exhausted his critical metal vocabulary. Contact him to share more brutal adjectives at John.Schlotfelt@littlevil-lagemag.com.
The Avett Brothers
I and Love and You
Sony Records
www.theavettbrothers.com

North Carolina’s The Avett Brothers have always had a few too many ideas for their own good. The band’s sixth studio album, I and Love and You, fits into the lose framework of Americana, but within those confines the brothers Avett are all over the place. The most successful tunes find a mood and a style and stick with it, embracing the ebb and flow those restrictions allow. The worst offenders come off as musical polygamy, wedded to too many good ideas.

The album kicks off with four of the most thoroughly wrought cuts on the album. The title track leads things off on plaintive piano pulses and road-weary laments before erupting into a rafter-rattling chorus bolstered by an organ surge. “January Wedding” follows it up with tightly woven banjo-guitar interplay carrying nearly saccharine (yet effective) sentiments about a girl one of the brothers is to marry. Both “Head Full of Doubt, Road Full of Promise” and “And it Spread” are Cinemascope Americana—big, sweeping, poetic, with just enough little touches to keep them from being so bloated they don’t move you.

It’s the album’s midsection that poses the biggest problems. “The Perfect Space” wants to be a touching testament to true friendship, but just past the halfway point the piano shifts drastically from heart-felt to honky-tonk and the sweeping balladry drops out in favor of high energy shouts. Neither section is bad or wrong, but the way they interact is like oil and water. There’s also “Laundry Room,” a soulful diddy that breaks into a hoedown at the four-minute mark for reasons I don’t think even the Avetts could explain.

William Faulkner once said “kill your darlings.” These words should be pinned up in the tour bus when The Avett Brothers ride through town on October 20th to play The Englert.
AKAR
257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City
www.akardesign.com
Recent Ceramics: Dan Anderson & Richard Notkin, through Oct. 15 • Michael Hunt and Naomi Dalglish & Warren Mackenzie, opens Oct. 16

Old Capitol Museum
Pentacrest, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap
The Museum Goes to the Fair, ongoing

Public Space One
115 E. Washington St, Iowa City
www.myspace.com/publicspaceone
Works-in-Progress Festival, opens Oct. 1

University Museum of Art
www.uiowa.edu/uima
Check website for locations
UIMA@IMU, ongoing • The Museum Party, Oct. 24, 8pm • Family “View and DO” at Creepy Campus Crawl, Oct. 30, 6:30pm

The Chait Galleries Downtown
218 E Washington St., Iowa City
www.thegalleriesdowntown.com
Harvest Art, ongoing

CSPS/Legion Arts
1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids
www.legionarts.org
Translating, ongoing

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englert.org
Abstract Confections, through Oct. 5

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell
www.grinnell.edu/faulconergallery
Molecules that Matter, ongoing

Herbert Hoover Presidential Museum
West Branch
www.nps.gov/heho
Iowa A to Z, ongoing

Iowa Artisans Gallery
207 E. Washington, Iowa City
www.iowa-artisans-gallery.com
Wings & Whimsy: Recent Drawings & Dolls by Emily J.G. Vermillion, ongoing

Johnson County Historical Society
310 5th St., Coralville
www.jchsioiwa.org
Me, Myself, and Hayden, ongoing

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted
Sunday: Night Pub Quiz, Sundays, 9pm-Midnight
Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8pm, call 338-6713 to sign up
Tuesday: Night Social Club, Tuesdays
Ill Ease & Oh! Kuso, Oct. 1 • Diplomats of Solid Sound (feat. Diplomettes) & The Right Now, Oct. 2 • Iowa City Animal Shelter Benefit with Dave Zollo, Jeffrey Morgan & Friends, Oct. 3, 8pm • Nurses, Molly Ringwald, MV & EE, The Twelve Canons, Oct. 5 • These United States, Or the Whale, Spirits of the Red City, Oct. 6 • Kevin Gordon, Oct. 9 • Dennis McMurrin Homecoming Party, Oct. 10 • Captured! By Robots, Oct. 11 • Caroline Smith & the Goodnight Sleeps, Brighton MA, System and Station, Oct. 13 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 14, 7pm • Headlights, Birth Rites, Liberty LegOct. 15 • Jumbies, Oct. 16 • Shame Train, Kasper Hauser and Ed Gray, Oct. 17 • Brooks Strause, Sarah Cram & The Derelicts, Rego, All Rattle & Dust, Oct. 20 • Bo Ramsey & the Mystery Lights, Oct. 23, 8pm • Tripmaster Monkey, Oct. 24 • University of Iowa Jazz Performance, Oct. 27 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Oct. 28, 7pm • Hallelujah the Hills, Chris the Conquered, The New Bodies, Oct. 28 10pm

Orchestra Iowa
www.orchestraiowa.org
Check website for locations
Urban Perspectives, Oct. 17 & 18

The Picador
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.thepicador.com
All shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted
The Academy Is…, Secret Handshake, You Me At Six, Oct. 1, 6pm • Anni Rossi, Olivia Rose Muzzy, Oct. 2 • The Get Up Kids, Youth Group, Pretty & Nice, Oct. 3, 8pm • Portugal. The Man, Hockey, Drug Rug, Oct. 7 • Paper Route, BackDrop, Oct. 8, 6pm • Streetlight Run, Lydia, Anarbor, Camera Can’t Lie, Oct. 9, 6pm • Gogira, Burst, Zoroaster, Oct. 10, 6pm • The Shaky Hands, Teddy Boys, Wax Cannon, Oct. 13 • Dr. Manhattan, Tastydactyls, Ursa Invincible, Eagle Scout, Oct. 17, 6pm • This Providence, Oct. 20, 6pm • The Black Dahlia Murder, Skeletonwitch, Toxic Holocaust, Trap Them, Oct. 22, 6pm • Human After Taste, Insectoid, Oct. 23 • Eyes Set to Kill, After Midnight Project, From Citizen to Soldier, Of
Works in Progress Festival  
Oct. 1-3, various locations  
www.wipfestival.org

Considering the vast amount of art forms that could be bemoaned as “neglected” by its tireless creators, it’s about time that the most lost of the lost arts are finally recognized—the work in progress. To kick off the month from October 1-3, the WiP Festival (yes, “Works in Progress”) will give artists (writers, painters, dancers, multimedia gurus—whatever the craft) a chance to display unfinished works and receive critiques from what they hope is a kind public. Spanning the ICPL, Public Space ONE, and the Iowa City Senior Center, this event required collaboration with the UI Institute for Cinema and Culture, the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the International Writing Program, the UI Electronic Music Studios, the Department of Cinema and Comparative Literature, and the Iowa Arts Council. So you know it’ll be a diverse, sometimes strange, sometimes fascinating experience that only a place like Iowa City can offer.

Cedar Rapids Environmental Film Festival  
October, various locations  
www.prairiewoods.org

If you can find a Prius and a carpool, perhaps you should find time to jog up to Cedar Rapids for the Third Annual Cedar Rapids Area Environmental Film Festival. Taking place at Prairiewoods Franciscan center, Knight’s Farm, the CR Museum of Art, and various other cornerstones of CR culture, the festival—spanning each week throughout October—will tackle an insane range of environmental topics. Green architecture, water scarcity, farm globalization, individual eco-footprints and war are only some of what’s covered...so if you want an illuminating, if not necessarily “fun” look at the host of green issues literally absorbing our world, October is Cedar Rapids’ month. Check them out on Facebook. Now if only there was a workable bike trail between our two metropolii...

Flesh Unseen, Oct. 25, 6pm • The New Heathers, Meese, Ha Ha Tonka, out A Face, Oct. 27, 6pm • David Bazan, Say Hi, Oct. 29 • Coolzey / Shaffer the Darklord CD Release, Oct. 30

Public Space One  
115 E. Washington St., Iowa City  
www.myspace.com/publicspaceone

Scope Productions  
scope.uiowa.edu

University of Iowa Music Dept  
www.uiowa.edu/~music

U.S. Cellular Center  
370 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids  
www.uscellularcenter.com

Yacht Club  
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City  
www.iowacityyachtclub.org

THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE

CSPS/Legion Arts  
1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids  
www.legionarts.org

Dreamwell Theatre  
Unitarian Universalist Society  
www.dreamwell.com

Master Harold, Oct 2&3
**CALENDAR**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tr>
<td>The University of Iowa Dance Space/Place Theatre, North Hall</td>
<td><a href="http://www.uiowa.edu/artsiowa">www.uiowa.edu/artsiowa</a> Dance Gala, Oct. 29-Nov. 7</td>
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<td>The Book of Liz by David Sedaris and Amy Sedaris, Oct. 8-18</td>
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<tr>
<td>The University of Iowa Theatre</td>
<td><a href="http://www.uiowa.edu/~theatre">www.uiowa.edu/~theatre</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>The Book of Liz by David Sedaris and Amy Sedaris, Oct. 8-18</td>
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<td><strong>WORDS</strong></td>
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<td>Barnes &amp; Noble</td>
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<td>Coral Ridge Mall</td>
<td>1451 Coral Ridge Ave., Coralville</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Writers Workshop, Oct. 8 &amp; 22, 7pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City</td>
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<td><a href="http://www.icmill.com">www.icmill.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Talk Art - Writers’ Workshop, Oct. 8 &amp; 22, 9pm</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CINEMA</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Alexis Park Inn</td>
<td>1165 S. Riverside Drive, Iowa City</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="http://www.alexisparkinn.com">www.alexisparkinn.com</a></td>
<td>Aviaton Movie Night, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, 6:30pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bijou Theatre</td>
<td>IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cedar Rapids Environmental Film Festival</td>
<td>Various locations</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="http://www.prairiewoods.org">www.prairiewoods.org</a></td>
<td>The Greening of Southie, Oct. 4, 1pm • Addicted to Plastic, Oct. 10, 2:30pm • John James Audubon: Drawn from Nature, Oct. 11,1pm • FLOW: For Love of Water, Oct. 13, 7pm • BROKEN LIMBS: Apples, Agriculture and the New American Farmer, Oct. 18, 2pm • No Impact Man, Oct. 20, 7pm Taking Top: The Vision of Wangari Maathai, Oct. 24, 1pm • Scarred Lands &amp; Wounded Lives: The Environmental Footprint of War, Oct. 15, 2pm • Monumental: David Brower’s Fight for Wild America, Oct. 27, 7pm • Oil on Ice, Oct. 29, 7pm • Third Ward Texas &amp; City Repair Project/Portland, Oregon, Oct. 30, 7pm</td>
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<td>Cedar Rapids Museum of Art</td>
<td>410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids</td>
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<td><a href="http://www.crm.org">www.crm.org</a></td>
<td>art: 21, Oct. 1, 8, 15 &amp; 22</td>
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<td>Englert Theatre</td>
<td>221 E. Washington St., Iowa City</td>
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<td><a href="http://www.englert.org">www.englert.org</a></td>
<td>A Walk to Beautiful, Oct. 1, 7pm • Buffy Lives! A BTVS Tribute &amp; Sing-a-long, Oct. 3, 8pm</td>
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<td><strong>KIDS</strong></td>
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<td>Iowa City Public Library</td>
<td>123 South Linn St. Iowa City</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="http://www.icpl.org">www.icpl.org</a></td>
<td>Storytime at 10:30 Mon-Sat, 2pm Sun</td>
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<td><strong>MISC</strong></td>
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<td>Amana Colonies</td>
<td>Amana</td>
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<td><a href="http://www.festsinasaman.com">www.festsinasaman.com</a></td>
<td>Oktoberfest, Oct. 2-4</td>
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<td>Critical Hit Games</td>
<td>89 Second St, Coralville</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="http://www.criticalhitgames.net">www.criticalhitgames.net</a></td>
<td>Board Game Night, Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23</td>
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<td>Om Gifts</td>
<td>105 S. Linn St.</td>
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<td><a href="http://www.omggiftsforbodyandsoul.comSpirit">www.omggiftsforbodyandsoul.comSpirit</a></td>
<td>Seekers, Oct. 1, 7pm • Henna painting, Oct 9, all day</td>
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<td>PATV</td>
<td>206 Lafayette St., Iowa City</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="http://www.patv.tv">www.patv.tv</a></td>
<td>The Smartest Iowan game show Wednesdays, contestants needed, email <a href="mailto:smartestiowan@gmail.com">smartestiowan@gmail.com</a> Chili Cook-off at Old Brick, Oct. 8, 6pm</td>
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a good song, and in general his music is bedroom electronic pop not unlike Casiotone for the Painfully Alone. He’s wildly prolific (and if you’re literally just recording in your bedroom, then why not?), and his most recent disc is this year’s Oofs & Aahs.

If it’s indie rock of a somewhat delicate variety that suits your fancy (and really, isn’t most indie rock delicate? It goes without saying in polite society), then there are several great shows this month. Notable among them are Anni Rossi at the Picador on the 2nd, Headlights at the Mill on the 15th, and K records artist Karl Blau at Public Space ONE on the 21st.

If you like it loud, weird or sometimes both, then I highly recommend III Ease, the one-woman loop artist Elizabeth Sharp, who plays guitar, bass and drums at the same time and makes it all sound good in the process. On a bill that could only be described as bizarre, she’ll open for the Trachtenberg Family Slideshow Players, and if you don’t know what that is then please, stop reading this and start Googling. Additionally, on the 5th at the Mill will be local buzz band Nurses, whose new record Apple’s Acre is legitimately awesome. They’re only mildly weird, though, which makes their appearance in this paragraph somewhat suspect.

In local news, Euforquestra is releasing a new record, and you know what that means: a record release party! It’s going down at the Yacht Club, and is also a celebration of their fiftieth show. That’s happening on the 9th. The end is where we started from: the center of the film, the core of its energy, the pain of injustice, the great incompleteness of what has been done, and the hope that what has been done will make a difference. The hope that what has been done will make a difference.

Talking about an intimation of heaven. All I know is that anybody who walks out of this world and finds it better than this world, has the character of the Mill, said Andre Perry, ‘cause it’s the one place in the city where people can’t help but feel that something greater is happening around the corner. It’s a place where people can’t help but feel that something greater is happening around the corner. It’s a place where people can’t help but feel that something greater is happening around the corner. It’s a place where people can’t help but feel that something greater is happening around the corner.

The Avett Brothers’ major label debut I and Love and You is absolutely gorgeous. A beauty in sparkly bikini top, sparkly jean shorts, and boots up above her knees, starts swinging her lithe limbs to the infectious beat. Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College. He is also sometimes a moderator on KCRG’s “Ethical Perspectives on the News” and sometimes a cook at Simone’s Plain and Simple, the French restaurant in the middle of nowhere.

Hancher. Another possibility is constructing a glass and steel high-rise, with commercial entities on the bottom floors and residences above.

No decision is imminent, and Moen is adamant about preserving the Mill. “We love the Mill, it’s an institution and we want it to be here for a long time to come,” said Bobby Jett of The Moen Group. “We’re working with the owners to ensure that.”

To lose such a treasured piece of Iowa City’s cultural landscape would be tragic enough, but darkening what is now the most diverse live music room in town could prove difficult to replace.

In the city’s ongoing effort to combat the college-related drinking problem in town, a new zoning ordinance was enacted by the city council in June, limiting new bars from opening within 500 feet of pre-existing liquor-related establishments. It’s possible this new ordinance would prohibit the Mill from reopening, due to its proximity to other bars already in existence.

“It’s hard to find something anywhere that has the character of the Mill, said Andre Perry. “You could build something new, but then…”

Pete Wilson wants to thank Iowa City for everything! He’s packing his bags for New Orleans. He’ll see you down the road.
Curses, Foiled Again

- Less than two hours after three men robbed a woman in Columbus, Ohio, the victim notified police that one of them showed up at her home and asked her for a date. “We are not exactly sure what he was thinking at the time,” police Sgt. Shaun Laird told WBNS-TV after Stephfon Bennett, 20, was arrested. “She recognized him right away when he returned and was able to have her cousin call 911.”
- Billy J. Robinson, 20, was trying to steal a car in broad daylight in East Peoria, Ill., when the officer interrupted him and ordered him to follow her to the police station. “Believe it or not,” Police Chief Ed Papis told the Peoria Journal-Star, “he started to follow her but had a change of heart.” The car’s owner called police, who broadcast a detailed description, which mentioned a large, abnormal growth hanging from the suspect’s left ear lobe. Not long after, Robinson walked into the police station saying he needed money for a bus ticket out of town. The dispatcher recognized him by the walnut-sized mass on his ear. Officers who searched the two bags Robinson was carrying found sweaty clothes matching the robber’s, as well as step-by-step instructions on how to break into and hot-wire a car, with the boldly written recommendation, “Try this at night.”
- Robbery suspect Thomas James, 24, died after he spray-painted his face to conceal his identity, according to sheriff’s deputies in Richland County, S.C.

A Thousand Words not Worth a Picture

Yale University Press decided to publish a scholarly book about 12 controversial cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad that sparked angry and violent protests when they appeared in a Danish newspaper in 2005, but without showing the images the book is about. The recommendation by two dozen diplomats and experts on Islam and counterterrorism the publisher contacted that it withdraw the images, as well as historical images of Muhammad, was “overwhelming and unanimous,” said Yale University Press director Jon Donatich. He recommended two bags Robinson was carrying observing another slow-moving citizen patrol group reported seeing the images the book is about. The scholar book about 12 controversial cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad that sparked angry and violent protests when they appeared in a Danish newspaper in 2005.

TSA’s Bend-and-Spread Policy

Airline security concerns have been raised by a suicide bomber in Saudi Arabia who detonated an explosive device concealed in his anal cavity. The bomber, a wanted al-Qaeda militant, pretended to renounce terrorism and repent in order to get close to Saudi Arabia’s deputy interior minister. In the August attack, the bomber obliterated himself, but the prince survived unharmed. “It does pose real issues for airline security if the bomb is inside the person,” security policy expert Carl Ungerecht told Australian media, which noted that since a passenger tried to ignite a shoe bomb in 2001, air travelers have to take off their clothes to be screened and that a thwarted plot to smuggle liquid explosives aboard airliners in 2006 led to limits on liquids passengers can carry aboard.

Power Grabs

- Denver’s power company wants to charge solar-energy users for electricity even if they don’t use any. Tom Henley of Xcel Energy told NEWS that the proposed fee would level the playing field for electricity users who are currently subsidizing connectivity fees for solar users, who some months use no electricity. Henley later admitted no Xcel customers pay extra to fund connectivity fees and that the proposed fee, which would add $2 a month to customers’ bills, would all go to Xcel. He said the fee is intended to ensure that down the road solar users don’t get free rides.
- Wind farms can trigger false alerts of dangerous weather, warned the National Weather Service, which said the massive blades show up on Doppler radar as a violent storm or even a tornado. Weather radar operates by detecting motion and can filter out structures, including the 200-feet wind tower but not the rotating blades. “If you take a glance and then all of a sudden you see red, you might issue an incorrect warning as a result,” NWS science and operation officer Dave Zaff told the Associated Press.

- Laptops, cell phones and televisions can be powered without electric wires or batteries, according to a company that has developed a system that sends electricity wirelessly. “Wires suck,” Eric Giler, chief executive of WiTricity said at the TEDGlobal conference in Oxford, England. “Batteries also suck.” The Times reported that MIT physicist Marin Soljacic developed the system using the principle of resonance to let two magnetic coils transfer energy. The first coil is connected to the home’s power supply, the second coil to the unit to be powered. London’s Institute of Physics, which tested the device and concluded it “had no detrimental effects on the human body,” stated its drawbacks are that only small appliances can be charged and they must be within 7 feet on a power-supplying wall.

The Nose Knows

- Honolulu city councilors introduced a bill that would make it illegal for bus riders to have “odors that unreasonably disturb others or interfere with their use of the transit system.” Passengers convicted of body odor would face a $500 fine and up to six months in jail.
- A British amusement park this summer banned rollercoaster riders from raising their arms after receiving complaints about body odor. Signs at Thorpe Park in Chertsey, Surrey, warn visitors to keep their arms down and “Say no to BO.” Wardens on the rides also remind people to consider their fellow passengers and will remove anyone ignoring the warnings. “Our rides are really scary, and people tend to sweat more than normal due to the fear and anticipation they experience while queuing up,” Mike Vallis, a park director told the Daily Telegraph, “so it can get really pongy.”

Never Mind

Delaware state police arrested a woman who threatened a convenience store clerk with a pair of scissors after demanding the clerk give her the $20 she insisted she had paid him for gas. The clerk insisted she only gave him $1. Wilmington’s News-Journal reported that Vickie Gambrell, 53, went into a rage, stormed behind the counter and began punching the clerk in the head and face. The clerk handed over two $10 bills when the woman held the scissors to her neck. As the woman began to drive away, she looked into her pocketbook and noticed the $20 bill she claimed she gave the clerk. She returned to the store to apologize, only to find state troopers had arrived.

Compiled from the nation’s press by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR OCTOBER 2009

FOR EVERYONE—A Cloud of Possibilities. Nowadays, we are mostly mindful of the difficulties we’ve experienced in the recent past and the challenges we still face. Fatigue and worry are peaking. We will soon begin to focus on the expanding number of possibilities opening up before us. Many of them are quite exciting. However, making these possibilities a reality will require deeper thought and discussion than we are used to. They will also require more careful planning, closer attention to budgetary concerns and harder work. It seems that the planets are at least as interested in changing our attitudes and the way we go about doing things as they are in opening up new opportunities for us.

ARIES—Major partnership issues. Aries is on the verge of a new, lengthy cycle of dramatic and fascinating change. Right now, the action is in partnership areas. You should begin to make important decisions about your relationships. Some must change. Some must end. You are carrying too many burdens for people who need to get on with their own lives. You can make changes gently and gracefully, now, but they will grow increasingly urgent as the months pass. Your luck will improve significantly before all the changes really get going.

TAURUS—Major lifestyle changes. Work and health are closely related. They dramatically affect your lifestyle and relationships. A challenging, long-term influence is now affecting all of the above. You will have to bring work, life and relationship commitments into harmony. This will mean adjustments at work, at home and in other relationship areas. These are important changes in themselves. But they will become more important as you try to free up resources to prioritize cherished, lifelong ambitions you’ve kept on a back burner. Also, freedom of movement and self-expression are becoming bigger issues.

GEMINI—Easing. Others have been calling the shots for too long. Major players at home and at work have limited your options. You have felt blocked. This will soon begin changing. You will soon be able to pursue new directions. You’ll be in greater harmony with the flow of events. But the stars also want a major attitude change. They want you to change how you go about doing things both at home and at work. Opportunities will open up, but you will have to pursue them in new ways.

CANCER—Go with your gut. Many people need you to make the right choices in a very tricky situation. It would be nice if there was a clear plan and money wasn’t an issue. But things are in flux. Money is definitely an issue. All of the above adds to the pressure and all you really have to go on is your intuition. But your intuition is tried and true. It as good as anything anyone has to go on right now. And besides, lady luck is moving into your corner.

LEO—Tough negotiations. You are increasingly dependent on the approval of others for your financial success. You are on good terms with partners, personally. However, to succeed in today’s world, you will all need more than personal friendship alone can provide. It isn’t only a matter of wasting material resources, either. Succeeding financially will require changing things about yourself and the world you never thought could be changed. New, visionary ideas and a fearless commitment will be needed. A benevolent protective force will soon begin influencing your long-term financial situation.

VIRGO—A change of direction. Recent challenges have changed you. You’ve abandoned some ambitions that never really suited you, among other things. In the near future, exciting and as yet unforeseen opportunities will emerge. You’ve changed directions before, but this time it will be a bit more dramatic. You will need to think especially deeply about who you are and what you want to do with your life. You will also need to manage finances carefully to help sustain you through the transition. Advancement will depend increasingly on partners and colleagues.

LIBRA—Dig deeper. Librans are born experts on love and harmony. They love to spread both. However, you are entering a lengthy cycle during which you must hold back. Chances are you’ve been giving too much of yourself to fill in the gaps where others fell short. Or you’ve watched others squander your gifts. During this cycle, you’ll understand the true and often heavy cost of giving love and maintaining harmony. In the process, you must find ways to make others hold up their end of the love and harmony equation.

SCORPIO—Don’t take it personally. Powerful forces are causing dramatic shifts in human relationships generally, putting all relationships under stress. This is bound to cause you some upset, but you are in no way the cause of these strains. Hope is on the way. Benevolent, protective forces will soon begin supporting your friendships and personal relationships. Financial strains will ease significantly at the same time. Build a supportive network on the local level. You need to combat a tendency to worry unnecessarily. You are well-placed to avoid the worst effects of ongoing turmoil.

SAGITTARIUS—Better days ahead. It is surprising how many people want your input. Times are hard. The questions are tough. People are discouraged and they need genuinely new ideas. The pressure can weigh on a person. The thing people need to know is that things are bottoming out. Times are improving. In a few months, a new economic era will begin. Things that seem impossible now will suddenly seem likely. It will not be quick or easy money. Those days are gone. But creativity and perseverance will be more generously rewarded.

CAPRICORN—The darkness before the dawn. If you could only get people to see reason, to end the non-stop, circular negotiations, to find a realistic outlook that isn’t grim, or to find an outlook that is both optimistic *and* realistic. The change will be slow at first, but that is just what is going to start happening, soon. As 2009 ends and 2010 begins, you’ll find yourself moving forward on all fronts. So negotiate with optimism and confidence. But as things start moving forward, be especially careful to keep things realistic.

AQUARIUS—Leverage. As your bright new Jupiter (prosperity) cycle revs up, you need to remember the basics. Find ways to leverage current financial improvements and professional opportunities to your long-term economic needs. Instead of finding ways to spend the extra money, find ways to save and invest it. Instead of pursuing opportunities that cost money, pursue opportunities that earn you money. This is not a good cycle for giving in to your (expensive) sensitive, escapist impulses. Coming months and years will bring experiences that deepen your appreciation of the practical side of things.

PISCES—Limit speculation and worry. In recent years, relationships have been demanding and burdensome, where you could maintain them at all. That will soon change. New relationship opportunities will start showing up. Choose wisely. Make relationship choices that will lead to long-term stability and security. Strive to make realistic decisions about how to handle all the opportunities and changes coming your way, soon. Disruptive, changeful influences will also lessen in the coming year. That will help. Pisceans are under influences that encourage worry. Focus on the positive and the practical.
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