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Writers:

Cover: Illustration by Jacob Yeates

Editors:
Drew Bulman, Adam Burke, Max Johnson, Shauna McKnight, Josh Miner, Alesha Packer, Arashdeep Singh

Photographers:
Adam Burke, Sandy Dyas, Lindsey Skillings, Meghann Woods

Designers/Illustrators:
Angela Barr, Zoë H. Brown, John Englebrecht, Jordan Sellergren, Matt Steele, Jacob Yeates
JOHNSON COUNTY: LAND OF RED TAPE

Gray areas and uneven application of the county’s agricultural policies are hindering the development of the local food movement.

BY PATRICK ORAY

I

ow City, like other locales in Iowa, has witnessed the growth of its own farm-to-table movement, becoming part of a growing national trend in the production, distribution and consumption of food-stuffs provided by predominantly local, small-scale agricultural operations.

Bustling farmers’ markets and innovative community supported agriculture (CSA) ventures offer Johnson County residents an education about and a deeper appreciation for locally produced food. In addition, the relationships that have developed between area restaurants, groceries and small-scale food producers have become an important cornerstone in our community.

But while our community’s local food movement is poised for success, current laws and practices in Johnson County, as well as incongruity between agricultural policies and practices at the state and local levels, are preventing the county’s small-scale farming operations from truly flourishing.

At the state level, agricultural entrepreneurs—regardless of the size of their operations—enjoy a certain amount of latitude to grow their businesses. According to Iowa Code Section 352.2, Subsection 4, a “farm” is defined simply as “the land, buildings and machinery used in the commercial production of farm products.” Although Iowa Code defines the size of an “agricultural area” as a plot of land constituting 300 acres or more that can be further divided into smaller subplots for agricultural use, what this document does not specify is what constitutes the size of a “farm.”

Furthermore, Iowa Code 352.2 Subsections 5, 6 and 7 provide for clear definitions of the terms “farmland,” “farm operation” and “farm products” respectively. Particularly germane to this issue is the state’s permissive definition of a “farm operation,” which allows growers options to establish plans and practices that foster a successful business such as “the marketing of products at roadside stands or farm markets.” Such latitude is useful in helping local growers promote and profit from their products in creative ways, such as at the various farm-to-table events that are becoming a significant part of our local food culture.

By contrast, local laws define what constitutes a farm and what one can do on land designated as such in much stricter terms. According to Section 8:1.6 of the latest version of the Johnson County Unified Development Ordinance, a “farm” is as a plot of land 40 acres or larger. Such plots are designated as “Class A District” agricultural areas.

Owners of lands categorized under this status enjoy a number of permissible uses. For those uses not clearly defined under the ordinance, owners can apply for conditional permission. For example, in addition to the area used to produce food, an owner of Class A-designated land can ask for permission to establish “accessory buildings” on their property that can be put to such uses as “bed and breakfast homes” and other undefined “home businesses.”

Plots of land 40 acres or less are classified under Section 8:1.12 of the Unified Development Ordinance as “Class C-AG” districts reserved for “agribusiness.” This designation is intended to “provide for the location of independently operated, agricultural-based commercial and industrial activities.”

Why the ordinance distinguishes a “farm,” from an “agribusiness” is puzzling (and arguably counterintuitive). What is clear is how current Johnson County planning and zoning codes and practices favor the growth of larger farm operations and put an emerging sector of small-scale agricultural entrepreneurs at a disadvantage. While owners of lands zoned for Class C-AG agribusiness enjoy some similar provisions to those with Class A status, the former are allowed a much narrower spectrum of permissive and conditional uses.

Such is the conundrum that Eric Menzel and Jay Schworn, co-owners of Salt Fork Kitchen, encountered when they opened their farm-to-table restaurant in Solon (Full disclosure: I worked here briefly as a server). Originally, Menzel and Schworn entertained the idea of establishing Salt Fork Kitchen on the premises of its sister operation Salt Fork Farms (which is owned by Menzel and registered as a separate business). A string of bureaucratic entanglements led the two partners to open Salt Fork Kitchen at its current location in downtown Solon, instead of on their farm.

In an e-mail interview, Menzel asserts that “basically, the expense, red tape and extra work required by Johnson County [planning and zoning] regulations to build processing/production facilities, add value to raw products for sale, host events for the public (all of which are considered a normal growth evolution of small local food farming ventures) are prohibitive.”

Menzel says the construction exemptions for larger agricultural operations (e.g., a hog confinement facility) allow some farmers to build these sorts of additions without county
interference. They save money by not having to pay licensed contractors, or pay county offices for building and use permits, he adds.

“In many cases, the pursuit of [some farm] operating strategies is disallowed completely,” he wrote, commenting on the situation of smaller farms.

While our community’s local food movement is poised for success, current laws and practices in Johnson County are preventing local small-scale farming operations from truly flourishing.

In the end, Menzel and Schworn opted for a path of least resistance against a process that the two partners found not only inconvenient, but also too costly when rent, taxes and permits are factored into the equation. As such, local food producers—like Salt Fork Farms—that exist on less than 40 acres have a more difficult time applying for conditional permits to grow their agribusiness ventures than larger scale Class A operations. Even if owners of lands less than 40 acres were able to procure a conditional use permit to create a farm-to-table establishment such as the one originally conceived for Salt Fork Kitchen, it is likely they would do so at considerable expense of time, effort and money.

Derek Roller, one of the proprietors of Echollective Farm, once found himself in a similar position. Echollective is a small-scale organic food production venture located on 14 acres of land near Mechanicsville in Cedar County. If Echollective were located in Johnson County, it would likely be classified as a Class C-AG agribusiness. In a phone interview, Roller attests that the uneven regulation of small- and large-scale farming ventures in Johnson County was part of the reason Echollective was founded in Cedar County. The cost of land, along with more amenable terms for zoning permits made situating his local food venture outside Johnson County a better proposition for him.

“Most producers are elsewhere due to taxes, land cost and zoning rules,” Roller said, noting the difficulties producers currently face in Johnson County and neighboring Linn County.

The difficulties small local growers face is not lost on Mike Carberry, currently chair of the Johnson County Democrats and a candidate for a seat on the Johnson County Board of Supervisors. Carberry says he recognizes the need for parity and clarity in creating an environment conducive to the growth of local small-scale food production.

In addition to facilitating an ongoing conversation about the needs of local growers, Carberry contends that “the [Board] needs to look at ways to cut red tape to make local farming easier rather than harder.” He adds that local officials “should be more proactive in promoting local farming” by appointing a full-time person to the Local Food Policy Council (a body overseen by the Johnson County Board of Supervisors) and offering wider exemptions to facilitate the growth of smaller agribusinesses.

To its credit, the Johnson County Board of Supervisors has solicited input from the community to address this issue. Last February, the Board organized a free community forum entitled “Growing the Local Food Movement in Johnson County.” At this event, citizens had the opportunity to participate in open discussions with members of the Johnson County Board of Supervisors and its Food Policy Council about farm conservation, edible landscapes and a discussion on local food impacts and policies to support farmers in Johnson County.

But what traction may have been made during these sessions and what impact they will have on current policies and practices affecting the local food movement in our community are still unclear. Carberry believes that the Board of Supervisors “is not doing as much as it can to deal with the hurdles” current planning and zoning regulations put on local growers. Roller thinks that having a waiver and start-up incubator for local producers would be a good place to start. His rationale is simple: Local government representatives should be providing incentives—not disincentives—to help a growing part of Iowa’s agricultural economy flourish in Johnson County.

Patrick Oray is moving from Iowa City to live in Baltimore and feeling a little bit country and little bit rock n’ roll.
Cedar Rapids’ restaurant history is rather infamous. Prohibition began there five years before the rest of America. On the outskirts of town, supper clubs like the Lighthouse Inn and Cedar-Rel flirted with the likes of Al Capone and John Dillinger.

Cobble Hill came to fruition in 2013, when Carrie and Andy Schumacher took over the lease on an old Woolworth’s building in downtown Cedar Rapids. The couple embraced its history, knocking down cinder block to reveal old brick walls. Floors were restored with wood salvaged from a barn in Center Point. The Schumachers and a construction-savvy neighbor built tables out of floor joists from the oldest house in Asbury, Iowa. They found ceiling fans that could pass in an early 20th century Woolworth’s and art on the walls displays vintage kitchen tools.

In the restaurant’s kitchen, serious innovation takes place. Schumacher and chef de cuisine Matt Melone work with local farmers to craft a menu that changes regularly, using the best ingredients available.

Both chefs have credentials that could take them anywhere. Schumacher was working in New York City restaurants when he caught the eye of Food Network producers. He made a five week run on the second season of The Next Food Network Star, losing to Guy Fieri. Melone worked at Paul Kahan’s renowned Blackbird in Chicago.

Melone and Schumacher found their way to the Lincoln Café in Mount Vernon where they forged close relationships with area farmers, distillers, brewers and artisans. “We found that the people who supply us with such beautiful foods do it with the same labor of love that we believe in,” Schumacher said.

During a recent visit to Cobble Hill, a blackboard near the entrance announced local ingredients from eight different farms on that day’s menu, including fresh produce, meats and dairy from Echollective Farm, Heritage Berkshire, Indian Creek Nature Center, Destiny’s Garden, Kalona Organics and Salt Fork Farms. In the kitchen, all breads, charcuterie, sauces and pasta are made from scratch.

The bar features products that the Schumacher’s believe in. The four rotating tap beers that day were from Cedar Rapids’ Lion Bridge Brewing, Oregon’s Deschutes Brewery and Michigan’s Bell’s Brewery. Cocktails inspired by Prohibition-era recipes are made with freshly squeezed juices and, instead of...
large-production liquor brands, feature small-batch liquors from craft distilleries. “We’re about educating people, getting them out of their comfort zone to try something new,” explained Schumacher.

We found that the people who supply us with such beautiful foods do it with the same labor of love that we believe in.

—Andy Schumacher

An amuse-bouche of lamb terrine and several pickled vegetables was served with the first course. A chilled asparagus soup from the appetizer menu was poured tableside over hard boiled egg yolk, yuzu (an Asian citrus hybrid), chives and shaved asparagus. A generous serving of duck liver mousse was well-matched with rhubarb chutney, foraged watercress, pickled ramps and toast points. Shrimp and grits came with nduja (a non-fermented Calabrese sausage), with grits, kale and popcorn. Fresh salads featured greens, peas, a soft poached egg, fava beans, olives and asparagus. A second amuse bouche was served with littleneck clams matched with pork belly and basil puree.

From the entrée list, crisply grilled chicken breast laid atop a bed of white beans, piquillo pepper sauce, baby kale, mandarin oranges and red onions. Roast lamb loin, cooked perfectly rare, was matched with green hummus, green garlic, peas, watercress and mole, with pea crackers on top.

While the restaurant has only been open for about a year and a half, they are already making their mark on the Cedar Rapids restaurant scene. Cobble Hill finds inspiration from the past in its decor and drinks, but the fresh ingredients and focus on all things local give it a modern twist that diners are sure to appreciate.

Freelancer Jim Duncan has been the art and food critic for Cityview Des Moines for 20 years.
A TAILOR-MADE GAME CHANGER

New York City designer Todd Snyder returns to his Iowa roots with a new clothing line and store. • BY ALEA ADIGWEME

A t first listen, you might think that Todd Snyder—Iowa’s most successful clothing designer—only speaks in soundbites.

“Halston came from Des Moines.”

“I’ve always known that I can outwork anybody. I learned that from being from Iowa.”

“Work hard and be nice.”

Upon googling every interview Snyder’s given over the last three years, you might find that you’re right.

Maybe the flaw was in the questions, but, of the quotes transcribed from my conversation with Snyder during the grand opening of Iowa City’s Tailgate Clothing Co., almost all of said quotes could be found, nearly verbatim, in write-ups featured in periodicals as varied as the Des Moines Register, the Daily Iowan, GQ, Esquire, Women’s Wear Daily and an Iowa State alumni newsletter. The ubiquity of Snyder’s responses create a problem when trying to convey more about his work than what’s already been declaimed.

Let’s start with the basics. Todd Snyder is kind of a big deal.

If you’re unfamiliar with fashion, the acronym CFDA might not mean anything to you, so a brief primer. The mission of the Council of Fashion Designers of America is “to strengthen the influence and success of American designers in the global economy.” Even being nominated for the CFDA Awards—the highest honor a designer can win—or being a finalist for the CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund—a highly coveted prize for emerging designers that bestows $300,000 and priceless industry mentorship—is a major honor. You might recognize a few of the names on the CFDA board of directors: Diane von Fürstenberg, Michael Kors, Vera Wang, Oscar de la Renta, Marc Jacobs and Ralph Lauren.

Just two years after his eponymous clothing line debuted, Snyder—whose name likely draws a blank for many Iowa natives and transplants—was a finalist for the 2013 CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund and was nominated for the Swarovski Award for Menswear. Like I said, kind of a big deal. And yet, Tailgate is a long-time side project that might finally bring Snyder’s work the local attention it deserves.

It’s July 17, and the grand opening of Tailgate Clothing Co. is in full swing. The Champions and Moens and Jets of Iowa City are all present, along with plenty of people whose faces I don’t recognize.

Folks are here for the open bar, for the browsing, for the chance to mingle with a pair of local sons made good and/or maybe even for the appearances of Chuck Long and Dan Gable.

Eventually I am introduced to Nate Kaeding, former UI and NFL football player and current owner of Short’s Burger and Shine. He eventually introduces me to Snyder, the man with whom he has partnered to bring Tailgate Clothing Co. to downtown Iowa City.

“As you well know,” Snyder says, “designers typically have ateliers, even if they don’t acknowledge them.”

An atelier is a workshop where a designer or a brand—like a von Fürstenburg or a Kors, a Banana Republic or an Ann Taylor—has scores of designers working to help an aesthetic vision become reality. After majoring in textile and clothing design at Iowa State and working as a tailor’s assistant at Badowers in Des Moines, Snyder relocated to New York City and got his start working in ateliers for the Gap, J. Crew and Ralph Lauren, before returning to the first two brands as Director of Menswear and Senior Vice President of Menswear, respectively.

One can see the connection between the brands present on Snyder’s resume: Ralph Lauren, J. Crew and the Gap all embody a sort of timeless, well-tailored aesthetic that’s often stereotyped as “country club WASP,” but that has much broader 21st-century appeal. Snyder’s eponymous line takes that aesthetic and refines it in ways that feel more contemporary, luxurious and urbane, thus occupying a much different space on the accessible-to-aspirational continuum than his work with the aforementioned mass market brands. According to the brand’s own Twitter account, one Daniel Radcliffe—yes,
that Daniel Radcliffe—was spotted wearing a Todd Snyder suit on his Aug. 5 appearance on NBC’s *Late Night with Seth Meyers*.

You can’t even buy Todd Snyder clothes in Iowa City. You either have to drive to Badowers or to Nordstrom in Chicago. Enter Tailgate Clothing Co., of which the Iowa City location is its first brick and mortar.

“We wanted to bring an Iowa pride” into the venture, Snyder says, “I’m proud of being an Iowan. I really wanted to go to school here, but there’s no fashion [major],” he says when I ask why he chose Iowa City over Ames for the store’s location. Iowa City has its own personality, he says, because the area gets people not only from all over Iowa, but also from all over the country.

Though Snyder says he’d always dreamed of opening a Tailgate store in Iowa City, he didn’t think it would happen and credits Kaeding with calling him two years ago to float the idea. It’s “a great way to launch a store,” Snyder says of having Kaeding’s know-how behind the venture.

For Kaeding, the partnership and central location were a no-brainer. “It’s nice to have a higher-brow level of sportswear in the downtown area,” Kaeding says, “He designs the t-shirts himself, they’re form-fitting and made of nice fabric.”

Kaeding’s right. The t-shirts—manufactured, per Snyder, in El Salvador, India, the Dominican Republic and Canada—are really fucking soft.

“Great fit, wash and color [and a shirt that] doesn’t shrink” are what distinguishes a Tailgate t-shirt, Snyder says, from ones available at other downtown purveyors of UI-branded sportswear. Noting that they’re all printed in Ankeny, Iowa, Snyder says, “We make t-shirts for the Gap, and they have extremely high standards.”

Though skeptical when initially entering the store—perhaps because, as Snyder later says, “Most women don’t like graphic tees”—there’s no arguing with its aesthetic, which has the same old-timeyhipster-nostalgia vibe that Short’s and Clinton Street Social Club evoke. With its exposed brick, vintage sporting goods and huge black and white photographs of UI athletes of yesteryear, Tailgate has a fervently Iowan, yet deliberately cosmopolitan, point-of-view that seems to strike a balance between college town sports culture and damn good sartorial taste.

And that makes sense when you consider how Tailgate started. “I wanted something to wear when I came back to town,” Snyder says.
The combination of his 20 years of design knowledge and his deep-rootedness in Iowan culture is emblematic of the store’s IC-to-NYC creative pipeline, which is apparent in the careful curation of products that Tailgate carries. The barware is from New York’s Cocktail Kingdom (“practical and elegant, yet durable enough for daily use”), the sports equipment from New Jersey’s Leather Head Gloves (“old world craftsmanship and meticulous attention to detail”) and the charmingly kitschy temporary tattoos from Brooklyn-based Tattly (“designed by professional artists who get a cut of every sale”).

Of Tailgate Clothing Co., Snyder says that it has “an old aesthetic that’s reinterpreted in a modern way [because] it’s important for things to evolve.” This design philosophy seems to form the foundation of his entire body of work, across brands and price points, and whether his name is on the label or not.

As someone who’s lived in Iowa City for five years without ever going to a single sports spectacle, Tailgate makes me want to buy some sort of UI-branded “graphic tee.” It helps that shirts repping University of Iowa athletics are stocked side-by-side shirts promoting non-UI, Iowa City institutions like Prairie Lights bookstore, John’s Grocery, the Old Capitol City Roller Girls and The Mill.

At the end of talking with Snyder, he moves to the next interviewer and my date to the grand opening adds her two cents. “He only speaks in soundbites,” she says, “Did you even buy that white male bootstrap shit?” And part of my brain wanted to say, “No, no fucking way,” but the other part couldn’t find any fault with the advice Snyder says he gives to any young designer looking to get into fashion: “Work hard and be nice.”

When you think about it, really, does it get much more timeless and simple than that?

Alea Adigweme is a freelance writer, artist and educator living in Iowa City.
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Hot Tin Roof is a program to support new literary work produced in Iowa City. Each month one writer is published and granted a $100 honorarium. The series is supported by the Englert Theatre, UNESCO City of Literature USA, M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art and Little Village.

My parents don’t want me to walk the dog after dark; I tell them I’ll be back in an hour. Slide rules rule; crushes nearly crush me. I discover the body electric—how to handle high voltage. Kissing in a cave: our lips disappear but I can still feel them. Lifting the needle on the Hi-Fi to hear Side One, Track 3 of the Bookends album: “I’m empty and aching and I don’t know why.” I can’t swallow the first day of school—mono. In English class Mr. Remington shoots my spirit; I don’t trust grammar rules. Sometimes Spanish makes more sense than English. I lose my wisdom teeth: this could be an omen. My sister teaches me how to use a tampon in a gas station before she drops me off at my lifeguarding job. Periods are more like dashes. One of my boyfriends is Catholic: does Mary matter as much as Jesus? The minister shocks my parents when he says he doubts the virgin birth; I’m not shocked. I do my trigonometry homework first: it’s a relief to work on a problem that can be solved. I can’t wait to leave home and I’m not sure I can. We still get Easter baskets. My mother tells me never to let a boy touch my breasts: too late for never. Physics: I can’t keep fusion and fission straight. A girl named Spider Radike confuses me: what does it mean to be “in” love? In the school play I have a small part with a big question: “Who will buy my sweet red roses, two blooms for a penny?” Floating in the dark, stars hum in my ears.
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Iowa City Book Festival
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BY DANIEL BOSCALJON

The throngs avoid suffering by compressing past and future into an amnestic now, injected with unceasing pleasure. The preacher sacrifices suffering by moving prematurely into God’s near hand. All see death as interrupting their blissful present: I await it as a cure for pain. Living requires suffering. I reject the undying examples surrounding me. I hearken to the puppy, who shamelessly displays unedited torment. Its broken body makes room for my company and instructs my timelost being. My world ashes, the past erased, the future lost, I wander, then sense an interruption of their vampiric now: A solitary man sweats in a suit, right hand clutching a book. His voice arcs with ache: Love and sorrow beseech pedestrians to heed the call of God. Without judgment, he shares the compassion of a deity who watches humans pursue destruction instead of creation, folly instead of wisdom, control instead of love. I am moved by his language’s cadences, though they’re ineffective. His prayers reverently revile the emptiness that the revelers embrace and that I wish would consume me. I consider giving money to the preacher. I consider feigning repentance and thus consoling him in the face of failure … but his face beams, enraptured by the love he hurls like lightning into the darkness clouding around. He lives eternity with every instant. Neither he nor my former lover can accept my love, my nothingness. Neither has space for me.

HAUNTED BY THE PAST, DISGUSTED BY THE PRESENT, EXCLUDED FROM THE FUTURE

Illustration by Zoë H. Brown

I depart past peppy panhandlers and painted park benches toward a glass tower stretching into the darkness. It covers where old men once played chess, where young women once broke for lunch. Even in its transparency the tower erases the physical anchors of my memory. I think of the other sights and landmarks of my life that time has pushed from my grasp: the underground sandwich shop that had infused the telemarketing center with the smell of bread, the telesurvey team talking to pedestrians, the parking lot that was never full. I look in my present and realize that my past has been stolen by the whims of progress that alter the surface of my world. Everything important in my past has become unhinged, and the future has no space for me.

In the whirl of the living dead, the world discloses something truly dead: discarded behind a dumpster, a puppy with heart and head split wide. It cannot narrate what it meant, what it wanted, what it lost. Its story is created in the splash of color surrounding it. If it was once tormented, it now knows peace; if it was loved, it avoids the horrors that visit the vulnerable. Its remains will not remain—it, too, will be erased like my memories, like my time, like my heart. I listen. It tells me that all things lost to the past are dead. The words ring true: I am only an object in her past, denied her future. What am I but already dead? I am the corpse of a dead hope rotting outside of time.

Daniel Boscaljon, author of Vigilant Faith, is a theologian and a literary scholar who will spend the year teaching about secularism in the Department of English at the U of I.
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THE 'SOUTHEAST SIDE' MYTH

Robert E. Gutsche, Jr.'s new book, A Transplanted Chicago, details Iowa City's collective distortion of race and crime. • BY KENT WILLIAMS

ROBERT E. GUTSCHE, JR. WILL READ FROM HIS BOOK DURING THE IOWA CITY BOOK FESTIVAL, OCT. 2-5.

A Transplanted Chicago: Race, Place and the Press in Iowa City opens at the bus interchange by the Old Capitol Mall. It is the first place—geographic as well as social and political—that the author, Robert E. Gutsche, Jr., explores in order to understand how migration and social change have affected Iowa City and its attitudes on race. Until the Iowa City Community School District began providing bus service for City High students to the southeast side of Iowa City, the downtown bus interchange was where many of the high school’s African-American students waited for the city system to take them home.

It became an area of conflict between black students—many from inner city neighborhoods of Chicago—and ‘regular’ (i.e. white) townspeople. The students, just getting let out from school, were boisterous enough that the police became involved in ‘keeping order’ and responding to complaints from other travelers. It was the scene of a culture clash between “Iowa nice” and “urban” noise and chaos.

A Transplanted Chicago is Gutsche’s ambitious study of race relations in Iowa City, seen through the lens of press reports, public perception and official pronouncements. It is both a frequently footnoted academic treatise and also a personal narrative about how people in Iowa City interact across cultural and racial lines. Gutsche, who is married to an Iowa City native, received his Ph.D. from the University of Iowa.

A Transplanted Chicago is one of the first serious studies of the issue of race in Iowa City and explores the conflicts created by the migration of African-Americans from inner cities to the suburbs. A major topic in the book is the “Southeast Side”—a vaguely defined area east of Gilbert Street and south of Highway 6—which has become a socially-constructed place, one that some Iowa City residents see as their local incarnation of social problems of America’s inner cities. Crime, drugs and violence are perceived to be problems that the newcomers brought with them, even though police statistics show that on average more crime takes place in the student neighborhoods near the downtown.

The substance of Gutsche’s work here comprises research into archives of local media and interviews with Iowa City residents. During these interviews Gutsche asked people to draw a mental map of what they consider to be significant places in Iowa City, revealing how the interviewees perceive their environment and experience the town.

The subjective experience of Iowa City is very different for African-American residents of the Southeast Side than that of reporters and government officials. For Gutsche, the similarity between the mental maps of local reporters and government officials indicate that reporters largely accept the perceptions of the government and police as the literal picture of Iowa City. The reporting done on the Southeast Side accepts and reinforces the idea that people moved there from the ghetto neighborhoods of Chicago, bringing their inner city problems with them.

The truth about the Southeast Side is more complex. For people—both black and white—who live there, it is clearly nothing like the troubled neighborhoods in big cities. The streets are clean and quiet by comparison, and it’s unclear whether the crime rate there reflects actual crime, or more zealous (some might say over-zealous) policing than in other neighborhoods.

The myth that people move here from Chicago because it’s easier to get welfare is just that: a myth. Low-income residents are able to transfer their Section 8 housing benefits when they move here from Iowa City, but any ‘welfare’ payments are subject to a substantial waiting period. Most people who move here do so because there are more jobs, safer neighborhoods and better public schools.

What makes A Transplanted Chicago more than a dry academic study is that beneath the citations and footnotes, Gutsche’s anger over the plight of black residents in Iowa City is always simmering. It’s heartbreaking to read of black Iowa City residents saying that they don’t feel welcome outside their putative place in Iowa City: south of Highway 6 and east of K-Mart. Gutsche’s frustration is clear when citing local news coverage that injects racialized language into stories where it is irrelevant to the story. The local media especially is taken to task for reporting on the Southeast Side without bothering to do reporting in the Southeast Side.

Gutsche further elaborates on the corrosive effect media has on race relations, “... the press have operated as a social institution in times of overt racialized tension that then naturalized particular narratives about race in new discourse that continue to appear today.” I would rephrase this more directly: The local news media have perpetuated the ideas of white supremacy with real consequences for the residents of Iowa City.

Ideas like that are not generally welcome news to people who work in the press. No one
likes to be accused of having a hidden racist agenda, and, in fact, the writers and reporters for local media are typically good people just trying to do their jobs. However, the problem is more subtle than that. The pressure of deadlines, the comfort of falling back on familiar tropes to give their stories structure, the friendly relationship with government officials: These factors make reporting that reinforces the narrative of white supremacy the easiest road to follow. White supremacy is a ghost in the machinery of journalism—if you don’t confront it consciously, you are by default perpetuating it.

To read A Transplanted Chicago is to be asked to make a blue pill versus a red pill sort of choice: Do we hold fast to our idealized Iowa City as a place of liberal open-mindedness and egalitarianism, or do we recognize how we perpetuate the racial prejudices as old as the United States itself? IV

Kent Williams wishes his backpack of white male cisgender privilege came in a cooler color and had room for snacks.
PAINTING AMERICA IN PARIS

The Figge Art Museum’s current exhibit showcases the contrasting work of Stuart Davis and Grant Wood who were both influenced by time spent living in France. • BY LIZZY SCHULE

Paris in the 1920s was a hub of intellectual and artistic activity, luring artists from all over the world. Many American expats fled their homeland and its morass of economic troubles, institutionalized racism and strict censorship laws to Paris’s rarefied atmosphere, holding out the promise of artistic freedom and intellectual openness.

Two influential American painters from very different circles, Stuart Davis and Grant Wood, entered the Parisian art scene at this time. The work they produced while abroad is the subject of a new exhibit at the Figge Art Museum. On display through Nov. 2, Two Americans in Paris: Stuart Davis and Grant Wood identifies unforeseen connections between two artists who occupied diametrically opposed positions in the Modernist debate. Davis was a Cubist painter and champion of the avant-garde; Wood, Iowa’s native son, favored the naturalistic approach of Regionalism.

Two Americans in Paris reveals an unmistakably French influence in both artists’ work. But, as one of the gallery plaques remarks, ironically, the two had to leave the States in order to find their respective identities as American painters. The show includes a few early pieces from Wood—when he was still struggling to figure out what to paint and how to paint it. All the selected works by Davis were completed after he was an established painter.

Davis’s early work conveys the gritty realism of urban life. He started out as a member of the Ash Can School formed in reaction to the genteel tastes of mainstream Impressionism. The name “Ash Can” comes from a George Bellows’ drawing of two men rummaging through the trash for food which is captioned “The Disappointments of the Ash Can [Dey worms in it].”

Davis would continue to challenge what was deemed appropriate subject matter for art, questioning throughout his career the arbitrary divide between “high” and “low” culture. Credited as providing the prototype for Pop Art, Davis often focused on mass culture: a pack of Lucky Strikes, spark plugs, light bulbs, etc. When Davis traveled to Paris in 1928 as a proponent of the avant-garde, he experimented with the ingenuity of Cubism (à la Picasso and Braque). The formal devices of Matisse, however, had the most abiding influence on Davis, particularly, Matisse’s deceptively simple, yet sophisticated reduction of form.

While abroad, Davis spent much of his time in the Montparnasse district, visible in his work in Two Americans in Paris. One lithograph “Rue des Rats” (1928-29) is a contour drawing of a street with no signs of life: neither human nor vermin. The buildings are streamlined into milk carton-like formations. Their solid black facades contrast against the hatch-marked sky.

Many prints incorporate the symbols of modern life. Side-street cafes, wrought iron structures, fire hydrants, lamp posts and street signs are patterned into pictograms emphasizing the flatness of the picture plane. Works in the show executed after Davis moved back to New York City include “Two Figures and El [Sixth Avenue El No. 2]” and “Barber Shop Chord,” which were both completed in 1931. “Bass Rocks” (1941) comes closer to pure abstraction and was produced not long after one of Davis’ crowning achievements, “Hot Still-Scape for Six Colors—7th Avenue Style” (1940).

By contrast, Grant Wood’s contributions to the show acknowledge the issues of small-town America. Grant Wood went to Paris three times in the ’20s, and Two Americans in Paris has examples of his early forays into Impressionism. “Truck Garden, Moret” (1924), represents a bucolic French landscape. In “Luxembourg Gardens” (1924),
a figure strolls alongside the marble balustrade and manicured hedgerows that skirt the Luxembourg palace. In *Two Americans in Paris*, Wood’s signature treatment of imagery recurs in his round treetops, scalloped rolling hills, and manly, rough-hewn figures—all characterizing agrarian ideals.

A few years after returning to the United States, Wood painted “Return from Bohemia” (1941). In this self-portrait, a stern-faced Wood paints at his easel as a bunch of unexcitable relatives look over his shoulder. Wood liked to joke around and perpetuate a public image of himself as an unsophisticated farmboy. In fact, after painting “*American Gothic*” (1930), Wood became a celebrated spokesperson for the common people. Once in an interview during the 1930s he quipped, “I’m the plainest kind of fellow you can find. There isn’t a single thing I’ve done, or experienced, that’s been even the least bit exciting.” On some level, “Return from Bohemia” is serious and poignant but shows undertones of his self-deprecating humor.

“History of Penmanship” (1933), on display for the first time in decades, depicts a woman at a writing desk with the menacing evidence of urban sprawl outside her window. “Booster” (1936) shows a politician at a lectern pontificating to an implied audience.

Seeing Davis and Wood side-by-side spotlights the representational elements in Davis’s work and the abstract aspects of Wood’s. Both artists depicted the American experience. Davis’s cosmopolitan motifs and jazz-infused street scenes show city life in perpetual movement. Wood’s scenes from rural life to illustrate the struggles of the average Midwesterner. *Two Americans in Paris* reveals how the work of these two painters embodied pressing concerns of the early 20th century and demonstrates an oft-overlooked stylistic exchange between American Modernism and Regionalism.

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*Lizzy Schule is pursuing an MFA in Painting at the University of Iowa. Before moving to Iowa City, she worked for several years as an English teacher in New York and Istanbul.*
Paintallica, an Iowa-based arts group, describes their work as usually involving “chainsaws, wood in many forms, drawing, beer, paint, fire and a wide range of motor vehicles, occasionally guns and neon.” Photos by Adam Burke
WHAT’S WRONG WITH PINK?

IN 1979, University of Iowa football coach Hayden Fry had the visiting team’s locker room walls painted pink. Why pink? Make no mistake, the color was chosen as a gendered taunt. Coach Fry even wrote in his memoir that “pink is often found in girls’ bedrooms, and because of that some consider it a sissy color.” While many Hawkeye fans find the pink locker room funny, others believe it is a juvenile prank left over from a time when it was perfectly acceptable for coaches to call players “homo,” “girl” and in Fry’s own words, “sissy.”

In 2005, the UI doubled down by adding—at great expense—pink urinals, showers, floors and lockers. Top administrators claim this is merely “color psychology,” strongly denying it has anything to do with pushing masculinity buttons. Even though the UI’s justifications are laughable, this is no laughing matter because homophobic and sexist insults are harmful and deeply ingrained in locker room culture. Therefore, humans and their android allies are calling for a Million Robot March to delete Kinnick’s pink locker room forever.

BINARY CODE, YES!
GENDER BINARIES, NO!

MARCH DETAILS

• The Million Robot March will take place at Fry Fest, 5 p.m. Aug. 29, 2014. Gather between 4:30 and 5 p.m. to prepare for march. For detailed information, visit littlevillagemag.com/robotmarch
• Our robot-human coalition seeks to (a) change the color of the visiting team’s locker room to another “calming color”—such as yellow—or (b) paint the Hawkeye locker room pink.
• We seek to use humor and satire to shame the school into ending this stupid, outmoded football tradition.
• Robot costumes are not required for the protest, but if you choose to dress up, here are some DIY tips for materials: bicycle helmets, wraparound sunglasses, spray-painted cardboard boxes, silver fabric, thrift store vinyl records and old CDs, silver air duct tubing, other random parts from hardware stores, metallic face paint and aluminum foil.
• Lastly, just be creative!

LITTLEVILLAGEMAG.COM/ROBOTMARCH

*ROBOTS MAY VARY FROM ONE TO ONE MILLION, HUMANS ALSO WELCOME.
FALL MUSIC PREVIEW

The start of the new school year means that a slew of musical talent will be visiting the area. Here are 10 highlights to help you start planning your autumn music calendar. • BY MAX JOHNSON & ARASHDEEP SINGH

Brother Ali w. BAmBu | Sept. 12 at GABE’S

In an era where optimism is a matter of clicking away from depressing news stories, rapper Brother Ali has no interest in passive optimism. Instead, he offers a message of real hope that doesn’t flinch away from taking on the real ugliness of our world. On his last album, the raspy-voiced MC opines over buoyantly soulful beats on his love for community and unequivocally identifies himself with America: “I embrace it all, beautiful ideals and amazing flaws.” But he doesn’t hesitate to call out those amazing flaws that too much of the world knows us for: “When innocent people perish / It’s a very thin line between a soldier and a terrorist.”

La Yegros | Sept. 18 at Landfall Festival of World Music

In “Trocitos de Madera,” La Yegros punctures the steady build of Latin percussion to belt out the surreal story of a young girl from Misiones, a far northeastern province of Argentina, who cries out “pieces of wood” and never ceases dancing to salve her pain. Regardless of whether you can understand the Spanish lyrics, by the end of the track you’ll inevitably be following the path of the song’s protagonist, swaying your hips as the off-kilter yet thoroughly hypnotizing groove takes over. With a voice that enchants even at its most brash, La Yegros has quickly emerged as a defining artist of the Buenos Aires digital cumbia scene.

Traxman w. L-VI 1990 | Sept. 17 at Grinnell College

Traxman is a true pioneer of Chicago footwork, a genre of frenetic dance music that has evolved out of the city’s longstanding house scene, and which, since the late 2000’s, has branched out from its Chicago confines to achieve worldwide recognition. With his Da Mind of Traxman album being the first from the much-respected Teklife crew to be distributed internationally, Traxman has played no small part in bringing footwork to a larger audience. Even more importantly, his knack for imbuing a soulful touch to a dance genre defined by its chaotic fury has ensured that the footwork sound hitting the globe remains true to its house roots.

Al Jarreau | Sept. 19 at Iowa Soul Festival

With a genius for vocal improvisation and a delivery so smooth and warm that one rarely walks away from it without smiling, jazz legend Al Jarreau is still going strong after four decades. Jarreau found himself climbing the jazz charts this month with his latest album release, My Old Friend, a tribute to jazz pianist George Duke. Duke collaborated on Jarreau’s 1981 album Breakin’ Away, containing his signature hit “We’re in This Love Together,” and helped Jarreau get his start performing full-time after his move to San Francisco in the mid ‘60s. What was Jarreau up to before that? Earning his masters in vocational rehabilitation at the University of Iowa.

Twin Peaks w. Ne-Hi | Sept. 23 at Blue Moose Taphouse

Sure, they’re named after the David Lynch show, but there’s nothing particularly enigmatic or mysterious about this Chicago-based garage rock four-piece. Starting as a high school band, the members of Twin Peaks are just now reaching drinking age, and their youthful
energy is still very much on display with their latest record, *Wild Onion*. This album sees the band running at two speeds: heavy-hitting Jagger-swagger rock or after-party melancholy. Fans of the early, beer-swilling Guided By Voices albums, as well as fans of The Rolling Stones’ *Exile on Main Street*, will find something to love in Twin Peaks.

**Low w. The Lonelyhearts, Holly and the Night Owls | Sept. 26 at Maximum Ames Music Festival**

The Duluth-based trio, Low, will be headlining the Maximum Ames Music Festival as they reach the 20th anniversary of the release of their debut album, *I Could Live in Hope*. Contrasting starkly with Duluth’s hardcore punk scene at the time, Low pioneered the “slowcore” sound. Marked by whispered lyrics, softly brushed drums and glacial paces, their songs are mini-epics unto themselves, often allowing even small, subtle changes in a song’s structure to feel powerful and huge.

The second decade of their career has seen the group expand their sonic palette, but their live shows remain low-key. Case in point: Most audiences choose to sit on the ground in front of the stage while the band performs.

**OM w. Watt & | Oct. 9 at Gabe’s**

It’s rare that the off-shoot of a legendary band ever steps out from the shadow of the former group, but OM has done just that. Formed by the rhythm section of Sleep (frequently described as “the ultimate stoner rock band”) upon that group’s disbanding, OM is less interested in transcendence through intoxication and more interested in transcendence through faith, rituals, and, of course, teeth-rattling volume.

Copping Christian iconography for their album covers and exploring themes of Eastern religion within their lyrics, OM’s only clear intention is to bring a sense of awe to their audience—which they easily do with their hypnotic bass-lines and subtle, yet insistent, drumming.

**Sharon Van Etten w. Tiny Ruins | Oct. 14 at Gabe’s**

Nearly 10 years ago, Sharon Van Etten handed Kyp Malone (of TV on the Radio) a CD-R full of rough demos of her delicate, thoughtful folk songs, and the rest is history. Since then, Van Etten has steadily gone from “better than most coffeehouse singer-songwriters” to “better than most anybody.” Throughout her four full-length records, members of The National, Wye Oak, Lower Dens, Beirut and many other indie A-listers have all enthusiastically lent their talents to her songs. But it’s her songwriting, full of distinct harmonies and devastating lyrics, not her entourage of talented friends, that will really blow you away.

**Roberta Flack | Nov. 8 at Riverside Casino**

With such iconic hits as “Killing Me Softly With His Song” and “The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face,” no one would ever question Roberta’s an inspired collection of Beatles covers, speaks to a musical sensibility that refuses to be pigeonholed. Her musical talent was not first honed as a singer, but rather as an aspiring concert pianist with a penchant for Romantic-era composers. Of course, go ahead and love Roberta’s undeniably beautiful voice, but don’t ignore the keen musical talent behind it.

**My Brightest Diamond | Nov. 16 at The Mill**

My Brightest Diamond is the project of Shara Worden, a multi-instrumentalist and classically trained vocalist. Worden has been an active musician since the late 90s, when she was the frontwoman for AwRY, an experimental chamber pop group with a decidedly open-door policy (one member simply blew on wind chimes for a few performances, for instance).

My Brightest Diamond takes the same experimental approach to ornate chamber music, but refines it for a larger audience. Over the course of five full-length albums and a handful of compilation appearances, My Brightest Diamond has effectively married jagged punk rock with operatic tendencies—and the music world is all the richer for it.

Max Johnson is a writer, musician, and goon living in Iowa City.

*Arashdeep Singh will release his much anticipated juke mixtape Podiatry: The Footworker’s Footwork later this fall*
This month marks the eighth year of Iowa City’s Landlocked Film Festival, an event with over 50 film screenings, including Antboy and Whiskey Cookers. • BY WARREN SPROUSE

TALKING MOVIES

IN A SEA OF MOVIES

This year’s Landlocked Film Festival features a diverse range of over 50 films, including Antboy and Whiskey Cookers.

By Warren Sprouse

NOW SHOWING

Into the Silent Sea | Directed by Andrej Landin
Aug. 22 at Landlocked Film Festival
Between Alfonso Cuaron’s Gravity and FX’s The Americans lies Andrej Landin’s poignant Into the Silent Sea, showing at the Landlocked Festival. Silent Sea addresses the tragic outcomes of an orbiting cosmonaut circa 1958, when he falls out of contact with Russian mission control and his fate falls into the hands of a Sicilian radio operator with whom he forms a desperate, last-minute bond.

Black Canaries | Directed by Jesse Kreitzer
Aug. 22 at Des Moines Social Club, 7 p.m.
Jesse Kreitzer is an MFA candidate in the University of Iowa’s film program. He is currently in the process of making a film, Black Canaries, which deals with his family’s history as Iowa coal-miners. On Friday, Aug. 22, Kreitzer will host a preliminary screening of parts of the film at the Des Moines Social Club, along with four other films (including his short about Alan Lomax, which will also be screened at Landlocked). The screening is free and also a fundraiser for the completion of Black Canaries.

Dog Day Afternoon Directed by Sidney Lumet
The Dog Directed by François Keraudren & Allison Berg
Opens Aug. 22 at FilmScene
When it gets too hot for anything else, why not rob a bank? Alternately, you could go see Sidney Lumet’s always-exciting Dog Day Afternoon, presented in air-conditioned comfort by FilmScene as a double feature alongside the documentary The Dog about John “The Dog” Wojtowicz, the real-life inspiration for Al Pacino’s character. —WS
This is precisely the situation that confronts the young Lawrence Bach and Johan Irlbeck in 1919. Industrious Midwesterners, these two youngsters respond by spending the winter of 1920 holed up in an Iowa farmhouse perfecting their skills as distillers.

It is these formative months that produce a recipe that would make the town of Templeton famous and would be the indirect antecedent for the spirit that we now know as Templeton Rye. This background is only one of the illuminating stories told in Dan Manatt and Bryce T. Bauer’s intriguing documentary, Whiskey Cookers: The Amazing Story of the Templeton, Iowa Bootleggers. The film is based on Bauer’s forthcoming book, Gentlemen Bootleggers, and will make its official debut at the Landlocked Film Festival.

This documentary is not concerned with the modern story of Templeton Rye or the recent controversies which have surrounded it, but instead seeks to paint a detailed and well-researched picture of the culture and community of Templeton during the Prohibition years.

One difficulty with having 99 counties in your state is that they don’t all necessarily do what they are told. Manatt and Bauer depict a community’s collusion to pretty much ignore a federal law which they find oppressive and contrary to the traditions of its immigrant population. The film focuses on how Templeton and Carroll County were able—through community co-operation, strong immigrant tradition, strategic intermarriage and a general ‘code of silence’ against revealing bootleggers to federal authorities—to essentially ignore the federal mandate of the Volstead Act and to create, as one historian describes it, “a wet island” in a sea of surrounding Iowa counties which remained staunchly dry.

Warren Sprouse teaches in Cedar Rapids and watches baseball throughout the Midwest. He is proud to have covered the Landlocked fest almost since its inception.
Out of the Darkness Community Walks
American Foundation for Suicide Prevention

9/14/14 at 6 pm
at the Terry Trueblood Recreation Area
4213 Sand Road SE, Iowa City

Check-in 5–6 pm. Register by 1pm 9/12/14.
Contact Keri Neblett: 319-351-2726 ext:114
keri.neblett@jccrisiscenter.org

The Mill
Entertainment 7 nights a week

Upcoming Shows

Aug 21
MAIDEN MARS

Aug 23
DJ SITUPS
DANCE PARTY

Aug 26
IOWA CITY
MAKE LOVE TO ME

Aug 28
BOB LOG III

Aug 29
DAVE MOORE
AND THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

Aug 30
FREE KARAOKE

Bluegrass (BSBB)
Every 2nd & 4th Weds of the Month
Free Jazz most Fridays 5-7pm
Pub Quiz every Sunday

Happy Hour
M-F 2-6PM

Lunch & Dinner Specials
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KOALAS, A-TEAM SUCK

Wayne Diamante, the tri-state area’s trusted name in news, prep-sports and patented Bicentennial Doppler Radar covers your questions in this installment of Pro Tips. If you have news, or need the advice, call 1-800-askwaynediamante@gmail.com.

Koala Update: Sometime last year I responded to a young couple’s question regarding the various responsibilities associated with pet ownership and advice on a good first pet. I sort of took a left turn in my reply and went off about how disgusting Koalas are. Long story short, they are fucking repulsive. I’ve learned some new information and wanted to pass it along.

1. Male Koalas have bifurcated penises.
   Sure. OK. That’s weird. But why?
2. Because female Koalas have double vaginas.
   Is that true? Yes it’s true. Maybe it’s not “because of," maybe the females have double vaginas because the males have forked penises. It’s a “chicken or the egg” type question best left to scientists.
   Second point! Koalas are so stupid they can’t figure out how to use plates. I’m not talking about “in-line” in a cafeteria setting, or the type of anxiety one might feel faced with fork/course pairings at a fancy dinner. I’m talking about a normal, everyday “plate in front of you, eat what’s on it” scenario. If you give a Koala a eucalyptus branch with leaves on it, it’s chomp-chomp, no problem. However, if you put those same leaves on a plate, Koalas are all “WTF IS GOING ON?! HOW AM I GOING TO EAT THESE?! OMG THE SKY IS FALLING!!” Know why? Because they have the lowest brain-to-body mass ratios of any mammal or lizard or whatever the hell they are. Fact.

Dear Wayne,
My significant other and I have difficulty selecting TV shows to watch together on Netflix. We just don’t see eye-to-eye when it comes to quality television programming. It’s really starting to drive a wedge between us and I’m afraid if we don’t do something about it, we’re doomed. Any insight will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
Brandine

Dear Brandine,
That’s a real pickle. One thing you can do is revisit the classics, but be warned, the rose-colored glasses of your youth might lead you astray. Remember the A-Team? “1980, the Los Angeles underground. A close-knit team of totally normal Vietnam veterans band together as fun-loving mercenaries, selling their services to the highest bidder. This is their story. They are the fucking A-Team.” Or something like that.

“Sure,” you might say, “that sounds great!” It does sound great. But after re-watching a shitload of A-Team, I can tell you this: It sucks ass.
First and most disturbingly, not once in 184 episodes does the A-Team accept payment for services rendered. They’re always helping some teenage runaway, or a single mother, or a convent chock-full of pregnant, teenage runaways. The upshot here is none of these people have any bread to pay the A-Team. EVER. How are they making rent? Who’s paying for B.A.’s tranquilizer meds, or are they just shooting him up with Barbasol and cat urine every time they have to konk him out? It gets worse, but I’m running out of space.

Magnum P.I., however, stands the test of time. Remember Higgy, TC and Rick? For Christ’s sake, Higgins is the spitting image of Dashiell Hammett! The mysteries are great, the babes are hot and the villains are realistic. Who else was using the word “roué” in TV dialogue in the ’80s? No one. Don’t worry, you guys will find common ground, but it might take a while.

Wayne
ABOUT THE CALENDAR

THE LITTLE VILLAGE CALENDAR serves hundreds of area venues and reaches 150,000 readers per month. Listings are published free of charge at littlevillagemag.com/calendar, on the free calendar app Best of I.C. (iOS, Android) and in Little Village Magazine (on a space-available basis).

To add or edit events, visit littlevillagemag.com/calendar. Download the Little Village Best of I.C. app to find thousands of additional listings, bookmark your favorite events, and invite friends via SMS text.

DETAILS: littlevillagemag.com/bestofic | QUESTIONS: calendar@littlevillagemag.com
Tailgating Party  Millstream Brewery, Free, 5 pm
Stampede  Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, Cover, 8 pm
San & Steve Price  Mendota Wine Bar, $3, 8 pm
Split Lip Rayfield  Gabe’s, $10, 9 pm
John June Year  Iowa City Yacht Club, $5, 10 pm

SUN. AUGUST 31
Joe & Vicki Price  Tabor Home Vineyards and Winery, Free, 3 pm
Knuckle Puck  Blue Moose Tap House, $10-$12, 7 pm
Annual Harvest Party featuring Standing Hampton Fireside Winery, TBD, 7 pm
Awthnks  Gabe’s, Free, 9 pm

TUES. SEPTEMBER 2
Washed Out  Blue Moose Tap House, $18, 9 pm
Bring Your Own Yinyl  Gabe’s, Free, 9 pm

Art / Exhibition

ONGOING:
Celebration! Rituals and Revelry of Life  National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, $3-$10, All Day
Images Gone With Time  National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, $3-$10, All Day
Faces of Freedom: The Czech and Slovak Journey  National Czech & Slovak Museum and Library, $3-$10, All Day
Berlin: Divided Past/United Future  German American Heritage Center, $3-$5, All Day
August 22 - 24: Woodfest  Amana RV Park and Event Center Colonies, Free, 11 am
Opening August 22: Legacy: Ceramics by Gerald Eskin  Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free, All Day
Opening August 25: Mauricio Lasansky and the First Generation Arts  Iowa, Free, 9 am
Through August 25: Bill Voxman Photo Portraits of Nepal: People, Landscape, Mountains & Glaciers  Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free, All Day
Opening August 30: BJ Grimmer: Paintings  Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free, All Day
Through August 30: Nature Center Scenes Photo Exhibit  Indian Creek Nature Center, Free, All Day
Through August 31: Greater Amana Area Art Show  Amana Arts Guild, Free, All Day
Through Sept 1: The Photography of Matt Herron  Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, $6 adults (16-61 years), $3 senior citizens (62 years and older), free for children younger than 16, All Day
Through Sept 3: Marvin Cone on My Mind  Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, Free - $5, 12 pm
Through Sept 5: Home 10th Annual Catchch Exhibition  Saint Ambrose University, Free, All Day
2nd Annual DIY OR DIE FEST | Aug. 23—220 E. 4th St., Waterloo, 12 p.m. ($10, all ages)

Seventeen bands from all over Eastern Iowa will descend upon Waterloo for the second annual DIY OR DIE FEST, hosted by Cedar Valley DIY. A huge variety of bands will be playing the 12-hour long festival, giving hardcore and metal fans just as much reason to come out as fans of post-rock and pop-punk. This festival is, essentially, a “state of the union” show, an opportunity for nearly every active band in the Cedar Valley community to come together and show what they’ve been up to for the last year.

The festival notably sees the reunion of Stubborn Tiny Lights VS Clustering Darkness Forever OK?, which, if you couldn’t tell from the name, is a post-rock group very much in the vein of Godspeed! You Black Emperor. Their long, intricate songs rarely get stuck in one stylistic setting for very long and take full advantage of the huge array of instruments the eight members can play. Make sure to catch this rare set from some of Iowa’s most talented musicians. DIY OR DIE offers much more than just music: The festival will have a vegan bake sale and a community potluck, as well as more than a dozen artist vendors on hand to sell you their wares. —Max Johnson

V E N U E  G U I D E

IOWA CITY
Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Ave, (319) 358-9206, bluemooseic.com
Chait Galleries Downtown 218 E Washington St, (319) 338-4442, thegalleriesdowntown.com
Englert Theatre 221 E Washington St, (319) 688-2653, englert.org
FilmScene 118 E College St, (319) 358-2555, icfilmscene.org
First Avenue Club 1550 S 1st Ave, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com
Gabe’s 330 E Washington St, (319) 351-9175, icgabes.com
Iowa Artisans’ Gallery 207 E. Washington St, (319) 351-8686, iowaartisans-gallery.com
Iowa City Community Theatre 4261 Oak Crest Hill Rd SE, (319) 338-0443, iowacitycommunitytheatre.com
Iowa Memorial Union 125 N Madison St, (319) 335-3041, imu.uiowa.edu
Lasansky Corporation Gallery 216 E Washington St, (319) 337-9336, lasanskyart.com
M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art 110 E Washington St, (319) 351-1700, mcginsberg.com
Old Capitol Museum 21 N Clinton St, (319) 335-0548, uiowa.eduldicap
Prairie Lights Bookstore 15 S Dubuque St, (319) 337-2681, prairieights.com
Public Space One 120 N Dubuque St, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com
Steven Vail Fine Arts 118 E College St, (319) 248-9443, stevenvail.com
The Mill 120 E Burlington St, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com
Trumpet Blossom Cafe 310 E Prentiss St, (319) 248-0037, trumpetblossom.com
University of Iowa Museum of Art 1375 Iowa 1, (319) 335-1727, uma.uiowa.edu
University of Iowa Museum of Natural History 17 N Clinton St, (319) 335-0480, uiowacommunity.theatre.com
Uptown Bills’ 730 S Dubuque St, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org
Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon 4919 Dolphin Dr SE, (319) 338-2211, wildwoodsmokehouse.com
Yacht Club 13 S Linn St, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.com

CEDAR RAPIDS
African American Museum of Iowa, 55 12th Ave SE, (319) 862-2101, blackiowa.org
Brucemore Mansion 2160 Linden Dr SE, (319) 362-7375, brucemore.org
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, 410 Third Avenue SE, (319) 366-7503, cmoa.org
Daniel Arthur’s 821 3rd Ave SE, (319) 362-9340, danielarturhs.net
Hawkeye Downs Speedway and Fairgrounds 4400 6th St SW, (319) 365-8656, hawkeyedowns speedway.com
J&M O’Malley’s 1502 H Ave NE, (319) 369-9433
Legion Arts CSPS Hall 1103 3rd St SE, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org
Little Bohemia 1317 3rd St SE, (319) 366-6262
Mahoney’s 1602 E Ave NE, (319) 364-5754
McGrath Amphitheatre 475 1st St SW, (319) 286-5760, mcgrathamphitheatre.com
National Czech and Slovak Museum 1400 Inspiration Place SW, ncsml.org
Opus Concert Cafe 119 Third Ave SE, (319) 366-8203, orchestraiowa.org
Paramount Theatre 123 3rd Ave SE, (319) 398-5211, paramounttheatre.com
Parlor City Pub & Eatery 1125 3rd St SE, (319) 247-0000, parlorcitypub.com
Penguin’s Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com
Shores Event Center 700 16th St NE, (319) 775-5367, shoreseventcenter.com
Sip N Stir 1119 1st Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-3163, sipnstir.com
Tailgators 3969 Center Point Rd NE, (319) 393-6621, tailgatorslive.com
US Cellular Center 370 1st Avenue NE, (319) 398-5211, uscellularcenter.com
Veterans Memorial Stadium 950 Rockford Rd SW, (319) 363-3887
Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St SE, (319) 366-8591, theatrecr.org

Bob Log III w. Samuel Locke-Ward and the Garbage
Boys | The Mill—Aug. 28, 9 p.m. ($10-$12, +21)

Bob Log III is the one-man band to end all one-man bands. On stage he plays slide guitar and a kick drum, while wearing a motorcycle helmet wired to a telephone receiver so he can sing his rowdy, tongue-in-cheek rock songs without depending upon a microphone. Throw in a full-body human cannonball suit and some crowd participation, and you’ve got the kind of spectacle rock and roll was made for. —MJ
Washed Out w. Small Black | Blue Moose—Sep. 2, 8 p.m. ($18-$20, +19)
Washed Out is the project of Georgia-based multi-instrumentalist Ernest Greene. His music bears every sign of the much-maligned “chillwave” genre: clouds of warm reverb, sleepy synths and simple, stoned lyrics. Within and Without, Washed Out’s debut full length album, delves into darker themes of millennial alienation and angst in a crumbling economy, with the balmy, wonked-out production wrapping around Greene’s lyrics like a security blanket. —MJ

Art / Exhibition (cont.)

Through Sept 7: Carl Van Vechten: Photographer to the Stars Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, Free-$5, 12 pm
Through Sept 21: Grant Wood Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, Free - $5, All Day
Through Sept 28: Angela Waseskusk Legion Arts CSPS Hall, Free, All Day
Nathan Bielc Legion Arts CSPS Hall, Free, All Day
Nicholas Economos Legion Arts CSPS Hall, Free, All Day
Through Sept 30: Watercolors Scott County Library - Eldridge Branch, Free, All Day
Through Oct 26: America’s First Ladies Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, Free, All Day

WED. AUGUST 20
Intro to Watercolor Hobby Lobby, Coralville, TBD, 9 am

SUN. AUGUST 24
Community Worktime Public Space ONE, Free, 1 pm

TUES. AUGUST 26
Expressive Arts Uptown Bill’s, Free, 4 pm

SUN. AUGUST 31
Community Worktime Public Space ONE, Free, 1 pm

Coralville
Cafe Crema 411 2nd St, (319) 338-0700, facebook.com/cafeCrema.us
Corvalle Center for the Performing Arts, 1900 Country Club Dr, (319) 248-9370, corvallearts.org
Corvalle Recreation Center 1506 8th St, (319) 248-1750, corvalle.org
Iowa Children’s Museum 1451 Coral Ridge Ave, (319) 625-6255, thecm.org
Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St, (319) 333-1291, mendozawinebar.com

North Liberty
Bobb’e Grill 1850 Scales Bend Rd NE, (319) 665-3474, bobbengrill.com

MT. VERNON / LISBON
Lincoln Winebar 125 First St NW, Mt. Vernon, (319) 895 9463, foodisimportant.com
Sutliff Cider 382 Sutliff Road, Lisbon, (319) 455-4093, suttlicider.com

Riverside
Riverside Casino & Golf Resort 3184 Highway 22, (319) 648-1237, riversidecasinoandresort.com

Fairfield
Cafe Paradiso 101 N Main St, (641) 472-0856, cafeparadiso.net
Orpheum Theater Fairfield, 121 W Broadway Ave (641) 209-5008, orpheumtheaterfairfield.com

Grinnell
The Gardener Lounge 1221 6th Ave, (641) 269-3317, grinnellconcerts.com
The Faulconer Gallery 1108 Park St, (641) 269-4660, grinnell.edu/faulconergallery

Quad Cities
Adler Theatre 136 E 3rd St, Davenport, (563) 326-8500, adlertheatre.com
Circa 21 Dinner Playhouse 1828 3rd Ave, Rock Island, (309) 786-7733, circa21.com
Figge Art Museum 225 W 2nd St, Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeartmuseum.org
Isle of Capri Casino 1777 Isle Parkway, Bettendorf, (563) 359-7780, isleofcapricasinos.com
River Music Experience 129 Main St, Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.com
iWireless Center 1201 River Dr, Moline, (563) 359-7280, isleofcapricasinos.com

Anamosa / Stone City
General Store Pub 12612 Stone City Rd, (319) 462-4399, generalstorepub.com

Maqueoka
Onahard Fine Arts Center 1215 E Platt St, (563) 652-9815, onahardfineartscenter.com
Codfish Hollow Barnstormers 5013 288th Ave, codfishhollowbarnstormers.com

Dubuque
The Bell Tower Theater 2728 Asbury Rd Ste 242, (563) 588-3377, belltowertheater.net
Diamond Jo Casino 301 Bell St, (563) 690-4800, diamondjodubuque.com

Eronel 285 Main St, eroneldbq.com
Five Flags Center 405 Main St, (656) 589-4254, fiveflagscenter.com
The Lift 180 Main St, (563) 582-2689, theliftdubuque.com
Matter Creative Center 140 E 9th St, (563) 555-0017, mattercreative.org
Monks 373 Bluff St, (563) 585-0919, facebook.com/MonksKaffeePub
Mystique Casino 1855 Greyhound Park Rd, (563) 582-3647, mystiquefdubq.com

Clinton
Wild Rose Casino 777 Wild Rose Dr, (563) 243-9000, wildroseresorts.com/Clinton
Showboat Theater 303 Riverside Rd, (563) 242-6760, clintonshowboat.org

Cascade
Ellen Kennedy Fine Arts Center 505 Johnson St. NW, (563) 852-3432

Des Moines
Civic Center 221 Walnut St (515) 246-2300, desmoinesperformingarts.org
El Bait Shop 200 SW 2nd St (515) 284-1970 elbaitshop.com
Gas Lamp 1501 Grand Ave (515) 280-3778, gaslampdm.com
House of Bricks 525 E Grand Ave (515) 727-437
Vaudville Mews 212 4th St, (515) 243-3270, booking@vaudvilllemews.com
Wooly’s 504 East Locust (515) 244-0550 woolysdm.com
Whiskey Dick 215 4th St (515) 288-8678

Theatre/Performance

ONGOING:
Wednesdays: Open Mic Penguin’s Comedy Club, Free, 8 pm
Thursdays: Comedy Night Deadwood, Free, 10 pm
Fridays: Weekend Comedy Showcase Penguin’s Comedy Club, Free, 7 pm

August 21 - 23: Much Ado About Nothing Fourth Room Theatre Outdoor Venue, Free, 7 pm
August 22 - 24: Art Q-C Theatre Workshop, Donation, 7 pm
Through August 31: Tuna Does Vegas Old Creamery Theatre, $18.50-$28, 2 pm
The Old Guy Iowa Theatre Artists Company, Free, 7 pm

FRI. AUGUST 29
Salsa Night Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, $5, 10 pm
Retta Iowa Memorial Union, $5 for students, $7 general public, 10 pm

Much Ado About Nothing | Fourth Room Theatre, Aug. 21-23—901 Melrose Ave., 7 p.m. (Free)

Ever since Joss Whedon’s 2012 film-version of Much Ado About Nothing, theatre groups across the country have jumped at the chance to stage this classic Shakespeare comedy. Fourth Room Theatre is presenting their version of the play as part of their Free Classics initiative. Instead of 16th century Italy, the action takes place in America in 1960, just after John F. Kennedy’s election victory. Riding the high of a successful campaign, the election staff decides to bring together Beatrice and Benedick, two people who are secretly in love with each other even as they engage in a “merry war” of wits. When Beatrice’s cousin is accused of scandalous behavior, the happiness and lives of several people hang in the balance. It’s Shakespeare with a Mad Men twist, complete with glamorous costumes, swinging music—and examinations of gender roles that still remain relevant today. The production is free, but patrons should make a reservation by e-mailing info@fourthroomtheatre.com or calling 319-214-3375. —Jorie Slodki (Disclosure: Jorie Slodki, LV’s Theatre Editor, is assistant director of this production.)
Under the Electric Sky
Marcus Coral Ridge Cinema, $13, 6 pm

Forrest Gump
Backpocket Brewery, Free, 8 pm

Literature

ONGOING:
Saturdays and Sundays: Spiritual Book Discussion
Journey Church, Donation, 9 am

THURS. AUGUST 28
Red A Discussion with Miriam Gilbert Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 pm

Foodie

ONGOING:
Mondays: Coralville Farmers Market S.T. Morrison Park, Free, 5 pm
Tuesdays: Iowa City Farmers Market Iowa City Marketplace, Free, 3 pm

Wednesdays: Iowa City Farmers Market Ground level of Chauncey Swan Ramp & Chauncey Swan Park, Free, 5 pm

Thursdays: Coralville Farmers Market S.T. Morrison Park, Free, 5 pm

Saturdays: Iowa City Farmers Market Ground level of Chauncey Swan Ramp & Chauncey Swan Park, Free, 7 am

Food and Wine Pairing White Cross Cellars, $10, 6 pm

Sundays: Church Breakfast Grace United Methodist Church, Donation, 7 am

GLBTQ Community Pot Luck and Bingo Studio 13, Free, 6 pm

SUN. AUGUST 24
Summer Harvest at Earth Source Gardens New Pioneer Food Co-op Coralville, TBD, 1 pm

TUES. AUGUST 26
Organic Veggie Juicing with Julie Staub, H.W.C. New Pioneer Food Co-op Coralville, $20, 6 pm

SUN. AUGUST 31
North Liberty Farmer’s Market Pacha Parkway, Free, 12 pm

Education

ONGOING:
Tuesdays: TED on Tuesdays Ideas Worth Sharing Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 pm

Line Dancing Lessons Robert A. Lee Recreation Center, Free, 1 pm

Wednesdays: Knitting: Toe-Up Two-at-a-Time Socks Home Ec. Workshop, $45, 6 pm

FRI. AUGUST 22
Knitting: Beginning Hat Home Ec. Workshop, $40, 6 pm

Emma Goldman Clinic Trivia Night Fundraiser The Mill, $10, 7 pm

SAT. AUGUST 23
Triangle Earrings Class Beadology Iowa, $40, 10 am
Does Advertising Work?

Thinking about all the money spent on ads, I was wondering if there’s any hard evidence on how effective advertisements are in this day and age. Everyone I know hates advertisements, and I can’t remember the last time I bought something because advertisements told me to. —Mark

This question has tormented business moguls since the dawn of commerce. The following formulation will be of no comfort to them, but it’s indisputably true:

1. Advertising is a complete waste of time and resources.
2. Except when it works.

The conventional defense of advertising, as expressed by marketing consultant Nigel Hollis in a 2011 Atlantic piece, “Why Good Advertising Works (Even When You Think It Doesn’t),” boils down to this: (a) U.S. businesses wouldn’t spend $70 billion annually on TV advertising alone if this stuff didn’t accomplish something, and (b) we can all think of memorable ads and ad campaigns, ranging from the primordial "Cal-l-l for-r-r Phil-lip Mor-ray-issss" TV commercials of the 1950s to the determinedly oddball Old Spice spots of recent years.

What Hollis’s cheery analysis overlooks is the vast dunghill of advertising that didn’t work, or more precisely didn’t do any better than competing advertising. Had the companies that paid for this dreck quietly agreed to keep their money in the till, they’d have maintained market share at no cost to their bottom lines.

The problem, clear to any business exec who’s ever had to allocate an ad budget, is that while it’s reasonably easy to demonstrate that advertising in general works, and that some past campaigns have succeeded, the chances of the campaign you’re now contemplating doing you any good are a complete crapshoot.

This problem hasn’t gotten any less vexing in the age of the Internet, but it’s changed in a fundamental way. Years ago there was considerable truth to the remark commonly attributed to Philadelphia department store magnate John Wanamaker: “Half the money I spend on advertising is wasted; the trouble is I don’t know which half.” In the days when print media dominated, and to a considerable extent after the rise of broadcasting, advertising meant...
The evolving challenge of Internet advertising is a column for another day. First, the large question: While most advertising doesn’t do jack, some succeeds brilliantly. What’s the diff?

For a glimpse of the answer, let’s turn to a remarkable advertising success story—Geico auto insurance. Consider:

• Insurance is, beyond a doubt, the most boring subject on earth—and Geico, in its early days, was perhaps the world’s most boring insurance company. (Its name stands for “Government Employees Insurance Company,” somebody’s idea of a marketing ploy—the firm has always been a privately owned, for-profit enterprise). Lesson: successful advertising doesn’t require an exciting product.

• Although the Geico gecko has become iconic, using an animated spokescritter is hardly a groundbreaking notion (remember Tony the Tiger, anyone?). Geico’s slogan, if you can call it that (“Fifteen minutes could save you 15 percent or more on car insurance”) doesn’t rank with “Just do it” for memorability. Lesson number two: you need good but not necessarily genius creative.

• What put Geico over the top—and this is the most important lesson of all—was its willingness to invest big once it had stumbled on a formula that worked. Geico management turned to animation because of an actors’ strike, and realized it had a winner only when the first gecko ads were followed by a bump in sales.

But opportunity didn’t need to knock twice. Largely at the prodding of the guy who runs its parent company, Warren Buffett, Geico spends more than a billion dollars annually promoting itself in a broad array of media. Geico commercials have been inescapable for going on 20 years.

Has it paid off? Two data points. First, Geico was the number-nine auto insurer before it began its marketing blitz; now it’s number two. Second, when I was in the market for car insurance recently—and I like to think I’m as impervious to advertising as the next guy—I said to Mrs. Adams: we should check out Geico.

In the end we bought elsewhere. But I know why that guy in Omaha always has a little smile.

—CEcil Adams

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 350 N. Orleans, Chicago 60654.
Curses, Foiled Again

- Police in Bloomsburg, Pa., arrested Jacob Close, 25, for jumping bail after he took part in the local newspaper’s “Your Opinion” feature and allowed his photo to be published. An officer noticed Close’s photo and tracked him down. (Associated Press)
- After Quamier Claiborne, 20, asked a passerby for a coat hanger, explaining that he was locked out of his car in Linden, N.J., the passerby notified police. Officers found Claiborne standing near a 2009 Volkswagen Passat that he claimed he’d borrowed from his aunt. A check found the vehicle had been reported stolen, and he was arrested. (Newark’s The Star-Ledger)

Getting to Be a Habit

Engine trouble forced the pilot of a small plane to make an emergency landing on a highway near East Moriches, N.Y. A week later, he made another emergency landing on the same highway. “It wasn’t one of my better landings,” Frank Fierro, 75, said, adding, “My wife is going to kill me.” (New York’s WCBS-TV)

Facebook Follies

Oscar Otero Aguilar, 21, who Mexican authorities described as obsessed with taking impressive photos of himself to post on social media, borrowed a gun and was waving it around while he took pictures with his cellphone when he accidentally shot himself in the head. (Britain’s Mirror)

How the Great Unwashed Live

- New York City’s Department of Housing Preservation and Development approved a proposed apartment building with separate entrances for rich and poor residents. The 33-story complex will have 219 luxury units over a former public transit bus to offer free showers to homeless people. The Lava Mae mobile shower bus features two full private bathrooms with clean toilets, shampoo, soap and towels.
- Founder Doniece Sandoval explained that the bus can reach homeless people scattered throughout the city, plus it avoids high rents that a fixed location would entail. (Associated Press)

Mother of the Year

Florida authorities who charged Kayla R. Oxenham, 23, with intentionally branding her two children, ages 5 and 7, said she told the children that she burned them with a hot stick so she could identify them as hers. The Port Charlotte woman added that she “forgot how much she loved fire.” (Fort Myers’s WBBH-TV)

Second-Amendment Follies

- Heath Vanek, 35, the firearms instructor for the Hewitt, Texas, Police Department, accidentally shot himself in the hand while using his personal 9mm semi-automatic pistol to teach his family to shoot. (Waco Tribune-Herald)
- A 37-year-old New York man was shot by another man during an argument while filming a rap video. “They were fighting over who’s the star, who’s better,” said witness Ali Abdul. “They were drunk. They spit at each other, then one guy pulled out a gun and shot the other guy five times.” Police said the victim was critically injured, and the shooter fled. (New York Daily News)
- Alaska authorities said Carl Timothy Forester, 50, tried to commit suicide at his Skagway home by putting his shotgun in his mouth. His girlfriend tried to stop him by hitting him in the head with the butt of another gun, but the blow caused him to involuntarily squeeze the trigger of his gun and shoot her in the upper chest, permanently disfiguring her. (Juneau Empire)
- IRS special agents fire their guns accidentally more than they fire them intentionally, according to an investigation by the Treasury Inspector General for Tax Administration. Between 2009 and 2011, the report found, “there were a total of eight firearm discharges classified as intentional use of force incidents and 11 discharges classified as accidental.” (CNSNews.com)

Shocking Discovery

People would rather be doing something, even if that’s hurting themselves, than doing nothing or being alone with their thoughts, according to researchers at the University of Virginia. When they gave 18 men a 15-minute “thinking” session, with the option of administering a mild electric shock, 12 of them gave themselves at least one electric shock. By comparison six of 24 women shocked themselves. Prior to the sessions, all of the participants had received a sample of the shock and indicated they would pay not to be shocked again. “Simply being alone with their own thoughts for 15 minutes,” the investigators reported in the journal Science, “was apparently so aversive that it drove many participants to self-administer an electric shock that they had earlier said they would pay to avoid.” (University of Virginia press release)

Victim of the Week

British authorities reported that a 54-year-old man was trying to force open a toilet door on a train in Essex when the door opened and six women in miniskirts emerged, shouting. Police Sgt. Emma Weir said one of the women punched and kicked him onto the station platform, where he fell on another woman, who accused him of trying to steal her purse and punched him in the face. The man suffered a broken nose and two black eyes, according to Weir, who offered no explanation why six women were in the same toilet. (BBC News)

Cheater, Cheater

- Karen Trant, 51, received disability benefits totaling 130,000 pounds ($218,100) for 13 years by claiming she was too scared to leave her house, but a British court sentenced her to two years in prison after an investigation found that she used the money to vacation for up to five months a year in Goa and for a string of cosmetic procedures. (Britain’s The Telegraph)
- Lawrence S. Herman, 47, was sentenced to five months in prison after pleading guilty to submitting a bogus personal injury claim for $60,000 to an insurance company. When the company didn’t honor his claim, Herman, a chiropractor in Waynesboro, Pa., hired a lawyer and demanded payment for back and neck injuries. Meanwhile, federal investigators found that he participated in several races, including marathons and half-marathons. Herman admitted fabricating his injuries and treatment records. (Harrisburg’s WHTM-TV)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
BOYHOOD  NOW PLAYING
THE DOG           8/22
DOG DAY AFTERNOON 8/22
MOOD INDIGO       8/29

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On our studio stage

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AUGUST 14–31
On our studio stage

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8/22

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Mood Indigo
8/29

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THE EASTERN IOWA AIRPORT
RHYME TIME

OH, THE HUMANITY!

One day while grocery shopping, I passed through the produce aisle and noticed three lonely looking brussels sprouts. I hadn’t planned on buying brussels sprouts, but seeing those forlorn little rejects sitting there, sad and overlooked, filled my heart with pity and I found myself (rather irrationally) tossing them in my basket.

This weird action I took, assigning human characteristics to inanimate objects, actually has a name, “anthropomorphization.” So, I thought what better way to bring to life this edition of Rhyme Time than with a little anthropomorphizing.

For those of you who have never played before, here’s how this puzzle works: Listed below are two synonyms for two words that rhyme followed by the number of syllables in each of those rhyming words. Your challenge is to figure out what those rhyming words are based upon the clues provided. As an example, “Hardhearted Roof” (3,2) would be “Unfeeling Ceiling.”

Make sense? Good luck!

BY LUKE BENSON

Hysterical Currency (2, 2) Funny Money
Strange Automotive (2, 1) ____________ , __________________
Manic Tooth (3, 2) _______________ , __________________
Narcissistic Choo-Choo (1,1) ____________ , __________________
Peaceful Jug (2, 2) Serene, __________________
Tactful Boulevard (2, 1) _______________ , __________________
Calm Outlet (2, 1) _______________ , __________________
Upbeat Makeup (4, 3) _______________ , __________________
Facetious Optic (3, 4) _______________ , __________________
Perturbed Kettle (2, 1) _______________ , __________________
Uplifting Circuits (3, 2) _______________ , __________________
Good-Guy Seat (1, 1) _______________ , __________________

Answer’s to June’s Rhyme Time:
Sylvia Possesses (1, 1) Plath Hath
Kafka’s Nuts (1, 2) Franz Pecans
Alarming John (3, 2) Unnerving Irving
Gustav, My Brother (2, 1-1) Flaubert, Mon Frere
Italo’s Infants (3, 3) Calvino’s Bambinos
Edgar’s Enemies (1, 1) Poe’s Foes
Terkel’s Compadres (1, 1) Studs’ Buds
Philip Acts (1, 1) Roth Doth
William Argues (1, 2) Yeats Debates
Robert Failed (1, 1) Frost Lost
John Chirps (1, 1) Keats Tweets
Challenger: Charles Dicken’s, chickens, inspirations  

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OBJECT TRANSFERENCE

Where’s the line between respectful and disrespectful objectification of a partner? • BY DAN SAVAGE

I’m a twentysomething genetic male. I thought for a while that I might be trans, but I ended up deciding that while I hate my masculine features and like girl clothes and want to be “cute,” I have no desire to be female and don’t want to have breasts or a vagina. I also don’t identify with a particular sexual orientation, as I don’t find the concept useful. I’ve been with both boys and girls, and currently I’m with a trans girl. I’ve never been a fan of real-people pornography, but recently I’ve found myself indulging in trans-girl porn. Is it insensitive to have a predilection for trans girls?

My girlfriend wants to get sex-reassignment surgery (SRS) in the future, and while I support her wholeheartedly and have never said anything to indicate otherwise, I think she knows that I’m happy with her current set of equipment, and I don’t have any desire for her to go through with SRS. I believe she resents me for this. But this isn’t a relationship question. My question is more of a catchall: Is it insensitive, as a rule, to be attracted to trans (or intersex) girls? I like to think of myself as sexually progressive, and I don’t want to objectify or disrespect anybody. I just think trans girls are real cuties.

Unavoidable Gender Hullabaloo

“Having a sexual preference—whether it’s liking guys with red hair, tall women, sports fans, blue-eyed agender individuals, men with vaginas or women with penises—is fine,” said Parker Marie Molloy, a freelance writer and trans media activist whose writing has appeared in the New York Times and the Advocate and on Slate. “So long as the preference is not the sole reason for the attraction, so long as UGH remembers that trans people are actually human beings with a diverse range of emotions, interests and experiences, and aren’t solely defined by their transness, UGH should be able to avoid coming off as creepy.”

Building on Molloy’s point: If the only thing you like about your current girlfriend is the fact that she’s trans, you’re probably guilty of objectifying her. But if her trans-girl cuteness is one of the things you find attractive about her—even if it’s the thing that initially drew you to her, even if it’s something you focus on during sex—you’re not objectifying.

“As is the case with any sort of physical, emotional or sexual attraction, a preference crosses over into the realm of objectification only when the person’s potential love interest is reduced to a single aspect of their life,” said Molloy. “So UGH’s preference for trans women is only insensitive and objectifying if UGH makes it insensitive and objectifying.”

Molloy is right: No one wants to be reduced to a single aspect of their life by a romantic partner or anyone else. But being objectified in short, concentrated bursts by a lover isn’t a problem for most people—quite the opposite, in fact. Being objectified by someone who doesn’t care about the rest of you? Most people don’t find that sexy. Being briefly objectified by someone who loves the particular thing/things you bring to the table/mattress/sling and the rest of you? Most people find that fucking sexy.

Finally, UGH, while I had Molloy on the line, I asked her to quickly address the issues of trans porn and SRS. “It’s no more wrong to indulge in trans porn than it is to indulge in porn starring or created by cis people,” said Molloy. “Whether UGH’s favorite trans-porn outlets are stories, pictures or drawings—or if they’re videos of mainstream trans porn stars like Bailey Jay or independent queer-feminist performers like Chelsea Poe—UGH shouldn’t feel ashamed. As to whether his girlfriend gets SRS, that’s something that has to be up to her. Quiet resentment guilt, and pressure to have or not have surgery should serve as signs that maybe this relationship doesn’t have much of a future. I suggest that the two of them sit down and have a long talk about genitals, preferences and deal breakers.”

Follow Parker Marie Molloy on Twitter @ ParkerMolloy.

I am a bi man married to a straight woman for 10 years. We are in a wonderful GGG relationship. On a pretty regular basis, we invite others into the bedroom for fun. We have one friend who we do this with weekly. Because he is here so often, a bit of his clothing and a few other essentials are stored in our bedroom. We are careful to hide our monogamish lifestyle from those who might unfairly judge us, but we figured a few pieces of clothing and a friend who “crashes” with us on the weekends wouldn’t raise too many eyebrows, right? Wrong. My snooping mother-in-law found a drawer with boxers that were obviously not my size, lube, and a butt plug. Apparently that jaded her up, and she continued to snoop so that she could “find evidence if I was cheating.” She found gay pornography in our bedroom and a few ambiguous text messages. She had no reason to look in any drawers—or phones!—and I’m infuriated at the invasion of our privacy. Now she thinks her daughter is married to a closed gay man. I want to tell her the truth, but my wife does not. MIL is religious/conservative, and she may disown my wife if she finds out our marriage is often a threesome. What’s the right thing to do here?

Not In The Closet

You should tell your MIL to shove her fucking money—the inheritance your wife might lose if her mother were to disown her—up her religious/conservative ass. (I can only assume the stress about being disowned involves an inheritance, aka big money; otherwise, there is no downside to being disowned by this bitch.) But if your wife places a higher value on her mom’s money than she does on her own independence and your shared right to marital privacy, NITC, then she should tell her mother that the plug and the gay porn are hers. (Shrug off the ambiguous text messages.) Lots of straight married women with 100 percent straight husbands enjoy gay porn. (Most slash fiction is written by and for straight women—why not send MIL some links?) I guess it boils down to which will be the greater torment for your MIL (and therefore likelier grounds for disinheritance): the whole truth (her daughter is married to a close gay man) or the face-saving lie (her daughter being a bit of a perv).

On the Lovecast, is being kinky a sexual orientation? At savagelovecast.com.

Contact Dan Savage: mail@savagelove.net, @ fakedansavage on Twitter.

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The band describes their brand of guitar-driven rock and pop on their website as “Midwestern rock and roll” which seems like an ad hoc genre until you consider the legacy of bands that have hailed from the American Midwest: Cheap Trick is from Rockford, Ill.; REO Speedwagon is from Champaign, Ill.; The Replacements, Soul Asylum and Semisonic all hailed from the Twin Cities. And Wilco is from Chicago via St. Louis.

What The Sapwoods has in common with those bands is a timeless, straightforward and no-nonsense approach to songwriting. Guitar anthems go unapologetically for the melodic hook, carrying lyrics that focus on day-to-day concerns of the human condition.

Where Electric Glow had a ramshackle, garage-band charm in the style of The Replacements, Peaks and Valleys finds the band letting go of the punky vibe of the first record. Their new songs are still loud and brash, but they achieve a more polished pop sound, reminiscent of early Elvis Costello and Big Star.

“We hoped that this album would be more of a journey for the listeners,” says Swafford. “We were pushing both sides of that energy spectrum and trying to keep it cohesive throughout and draw the listener into the narratives at play.”

This willingness to let the songs move at a natural pace allows the listener to become enveloped in the subtle textures of the songs. A great example of this is “Are You Lightning.” The mid-tempo, head-bobbing beat propels a trebly, echoed guitar arpeggio that builds to a wonderfully breezy sax solo.

It’s this attention to detail that makes Peaks and Valleys hold up while listening on headphones at work or cranked-up on the car stereo and spilling out the open windows. Summer is still here and the greatness of Midwestern rock and roll is defended for one more album. A triumph made all the more sweet by the fact that this band is in our back yard.

—Mike Roeder

LOCAL ALBUMS

ALEX BODY
Aquarian Nightmare
alexbody.bandcamp.com

Alex Body—of Twelve Canons, Miracles of God, Giant Question Mark, Shitty Wizard—has released three solo albums, of which Aquarian Nightmare is the most recent. Since 2011’s Cutting Down Camelot, Body has waded further into the electronic end of the psych-pop swamp. This album’s sound is a thick mixture of drum machines and analog synths, and he is more confident of his voice, cutting back a bit on the slapback echo and reverb.

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There’s still plenty of low-fi murk in these songs, but now it seems more an artistic choice than a limitation of production value. The drum machine thumps and slaps righteously, the analog synths bubble appealingly.

“Water’s Edge” begins with driving triplet lines that end up laying askew across a straight 4/4 kick drum rhythm. When Body sings, I can barely make out the lyrics, but the chorus soars out of the claustrophobically busy synth work. He sings “It’s only water’s edge, it’s only formless ice, it never melts, it’s never broken.” The lines evoke for me Kurt Vonnegut’s Cat’s Cradle with its doomsday invention Ice-nine, an allusion made all the stronger by how the song resonates with the book’s post-apocalyptic melancholy.

Through its oblique lyrics and sidelong deconstruction of pop music, this album reminds me of Brian Eno’s early records like Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy. Arthur Russell’s mutant disco comes to mind as well, but Russell’s giddy romanticism is replaced with Body’s cryptic bleakness. He sounds a bit like Brian Wilson in the multitracked choir at the end of “Tear It Down,” but it’s the nervous breakdown living room sandbox Brian, not “Surfing USA” Brian. On “Pure Potency” he seems to have stolen the best bits of Toto’s “Africa” and rearranged them into something more subtle, creepy and appealing.

What he’s trying to say in the songs of Aquarian Nightmare stays just out of reach—tantalizing and obscure. “Pure Potency” has this line—“There was a pointlessness that I’ve been chasing since”—and it’s a riddle. Maybe he’s talking about something both purposeless and desirable? That’s actually a pretty good definition of music itself.

—Kent Williams

THE SAPWOODS
Peaks and Valleys
thesapwoods.com

Iowa City band The Sapwoods are back with their second album titled Peaks and Valleys. While the lineup in the band has changed since their 2012 release Electric Glow, the core of Justin Swafford (vocals and guitar) and David Suchan (lead guitar) remains the same. Joining Swafford and Suchan are Brian Speer on bass, Derrick Cook on drums and Miranda Peyton on keys, vocals and guitar.

The band describes their brand of...
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