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GETTIN’ HYGGE WIT IT

Something is rockin’ in the state of Denmark—what can Iowans learn?

SEX TYPE THING

A lack of feminist sex shops is leaving Iowa City unfulfilled.

‘WEIRD AL’ YANKOVIC

BY BENJAMIN Mackey
SEPTEMBER 24
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So often, lately, it can feel as though news and other media organizations are shouting at their communities. We feel that is our charge at *Little Village* to be a voice of our community, to listen and to reflect, instead of projecting and proscribing. We feel that the news is working best when it is working for its people.

In this issue, our community remembers. We remember the teacher, artist and Iowa City resident James Alan McPherson, the first black writer to win the Pulitzer Prize for fiction. In our Prairie Pop column, Kembrew McLeod remembers the legacy of the avant-garde music maker and generous punk soul, Alan Vega.

In this issue, our community hopes. Tom Dean takes a look at how a city in Denmark leverages the powerful forgiveness of “home” to stop the exodus of young men lured by extremism. We ponder the reasons why Iowa City lags behind other cities in providing a community space for feminist, sex-positive education.

And, in this issue, our community laughs, acknowledging the healing power of humor as parodist extraordinaire Weird Al Yankovic visits Cedar Rapids.

At *Little Village*, we aspire to help create a community in eastern Iowa that is a home to all people, that provides services to accommodate the needs of all people. We hope to learn from our mistakes, and we strive to build greater communication among our neighbors. We are a Little Village, and this magazine works best when it is a chorus of all of our voices.

—LV Editors
IN MEMORIAM

SEARCHING FOR JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON

"A WRITER, NO MATTER WHAT THE CONTEXT, IS MADE AN OUTSIDER BY THE DEMANDS OF HIS VOCATION."
—James Alan McPherson, in his Foreword to 'The Stories of Breece D'J Pancake'

Jim studied at the historically black college Morris Brown, and worked as a janitor both there and during his time as a student at Harvard Law. He also worked as a porter. It was as though the Universe decided to cast him in the lifelong role of fly-on-the-wall, the objective observer on the margins, making sense of the world for the rest of us. He was, as they say, with us but not of us. He was our noble outsider.

That sort of weight is heavy and lonely to bear, but Jim bore it gracefully: in 1978, he became the first black person to win the Pulitzer Prize for fiction; he earned MacArthur and Guggenheim awards. His genius was incontrovertible. He existed in rarefied literary air.

Then, for several decades, he “disappeared” from the literary landscape. Jim would admit that even his siblings accused him of retreating from the world, settling into Iowa City like a cocoon and never re-emerging. Years ago I came across a snide list on a major news aggregator site that reduced him to a backhanded footnote, the Pulitzer Prize winner the world had forgotten. An indictment of the world for sure—certainly not of Jim.

Jim had not retreated so much as he found peace in Iowa City. He’d carried his great weight, shared his great gifts and earned this port. The ultimate outsider found a community here, which makes sense. This city has always struck me as a patchwork quilt, where so many of the locals are like fabric left over from other projects, other lives that didn’t quite lead them where they expected, but rather where they needed to be.

While his written output dried up, Jim never stopped teaching. He was an especially keen and generous teacher, with a unique grasp of historical context and a prodigious ability to find the most significant subtext in the shortest scenes and sentences. He orientated his students in their own works, lighting the way, an intellectual Polaris. And then he pushed them forward, into deeper waters.

I workshoped under him, and we met regularly over a summer to discuss writing. He had the Protean gift of seamlessly
transitioning between serious and off-color stories—about Richard Pryor, Chicago gangs, black luminaries, pre-Civil Rights Georgia—in a melodic, quiet, tender and assured tone. You could wade in Jim’s sentences.

I finally found Jim one morning in the summer of 2007. He sat on the porch of the Dey House in an impossible pose that suggested equal parts comfort and discomfort, as if Andrew Wyeth had painted him into his chair and Jim was a physical metaphor for life itself. We talked for a while about the Iowa River, Buddhism and a seafood truck that came from Texas or New Orleans every month, parked near the Dairy Queen and sold the best fish you could hope to find in the area.

A car pulled up to the curb, and a woman hopped out and determinedly strode toward us with a large yellow envelope in her hand. She had driven from Florida with relatively few breaks, during the scant time she had off work, to deliver a token of appreciation to a writer who’d been kind enough to read her novel and offer critiques and editing over the course of the past year.

“We don’t know each other, really. We’ve never even spoken!” Her eyes widened and welled with gratitude.

The Dey House was closed Saturdays, the front door locked, and she was devastated. Jim had the key, but he had to retrieve it from his home.

“If you leave it with me, I can put it in the writer’s mailbox later this afternoon. Do you know the writer’s name?”

As she extended the enveloped and said “I know his name on the envelope,” I saw the curve coming like the runner at second had tipped me off. And sure enough, there it was, written in big black cursive, like an unassailable truth: James Alan McPherson.

Jim died Wednesday, July 27, at the age of 72. He was surrounded by his lovely children Rachel and Benjamin, as well as a gaggle of friends and former students who comforted each other by swapping rich, colorful stories. Jim gave and gave and gave so much to the area.

“He was surrounded by his lovely children Rachel and Benjamin, as well as a gaggle of friends and former students who comforted each other by swapping rich, colorful stories.” —Jason England

Melodrama and swashbuckling dovetail in Riverside’s ‘Fair Maid of the West’

“The Kingdom of Fez seems to be pagan, not Muslim, but 17th century England could have these confounded. Let’s just not make the same mistake ...” —Holly

Post-Pulse: Gun classes for LGBTQs promoted in Iowa

“As one of the original members of that ‘list’ that Erin tried to make on Facebook, I am incredibly pleased to see how her efforts, and the generous volunteers in the gun community, have increased the size of her list to something over 1,500 volunteers. And it’s not just some attempt at virtue signaling. I’ve already taken one trans person to the range and I’ve got two gay men who I’ll be taking sometime really soon. This can’t be anything but good. Gun owners get to see LGBTQ people as people, not some amorphous group. LGBTQ people get to see gun owners as friends and allies. And the whole world gets to see LGBTQ people as dangerous to abuse, willing to fight back and carrying effective tools to win that fight. Everyone respects someone who can protect themselves.

“So if you’re LGBTQ, or a minority, or a woman, or whatever, let us make you welcome. Carrying a gun is a responsibility, but so is keeping yourself safe from harm. Let us help you stay alive until the cops get there to haul your attacker off to jail, the morgue, or the hospital. Your life is important. Protect it. We’ll show you how.” —Sean Sorentino

“...We might be the last college town of our size to offer protected bike lanes or, really, any bike lanes at all that actually go places commuters might find useful. Oh wait, we do get debris-filled too narrow bike lanes on the Jefferson/Market pairs that force cyclists to be adjacent to what drivers here mistakenly call the “fast lane” on a city street where cyclists should probably just be provided the second lane that drivers actually don’t need that is used for increasing the average speed of drivers. I’m not sure who calls this positive urbanism but it’s not me.” —Donald Baxter

Banh Mi Amor brings specialty sandwiches to Iowa City Ped Mall

“Please offer a veggie version! Please please please!” —Alison

Op-ed: How the word of God can inform our citizenship

“It is the interjection of religion that causes these problems. Many are like me, the nonreligious, atheists, unaffiliated, humanists, whatever you want to call this group. This group doesn’t divide. We don’t separate people by religion. We see everyone as roughly the same. Only when you start showing God into an issue does it become an issue. Living without wondering what God or Jesus thinks or wants you to believe is freeing. Just being a good person is easier when you don’t have your religion telling you that some people are worth less than others; nearly all religions do.” —Josh

Interview: Super-blogger Jenny Lawson on writing honestly about mental health

“It’s really good Kool-Aid, isn’t it?! ;)

Don’t stop at the book; take the deep dive into her blog—just for yourself (thebloggess.com)—and her other book, Let’s Pretend This Never Happened. I promise, it’s worth it.” —Traci

Frugal Finds: Your guide to enjoying the after-happy hour in downtown Iowa City

“In Iowa City this is frugal. Elsewhere, frugal means grabbing a 30-pack on payday and making it last ‘til the next payday.” —Gram Hartigan

Letter to the Editor: For cyclists, Iowa City offers so little, so late

“... We might be the last college town of our size to offer protected bike lanes or, really, any bike lanes at all that actually go places commuters might find useful. Oh wait, we do get debris-filled too narrow bike lanes on the Jefferson/Market pairs that force cyclists to be adjacent to what drivers here mistakenly call the “fast lane” on a city street where cyclists should probably just be provided the second lane that drivers actually don’t need that is used for increasing the average speed of drivers. I’m not sure who calls this positive urbanism but it’s not me.” —Donald Baxter
COMMUNITY  DINING  CULTURE  AREA EVENTS

UR HERE

IOWA CITY, DENMARK AND SYRIA: TRIANGULATING HOME AND COMMUNITY

Aarhus is a very, very, very fine house. • BY THOMAS DEAN

My maternal grandparents and other relatives immigrated to these American shores from Denmark. So I have to admit some sense of pride when the Danes show the rest of the world how to be a good society. Denmark is often atop the list of happiest countries. Their cultural concept of “hygge”—which means something like coziness and fellow feeling—is gaining traction in American awareness. And now the city of Aarhus, already known as a pioneer in sustainability, has presented us with a possible way to blunt extreme radicalization in a dangerous world: through the power of home.

A recent NPR report details how Aarhus, Denmark’s second-largest city at 319,000 people, has had success with a unique approach to reclaiming young people who have fled to Syria to support or join ISIS. While most of Europe takes a hard-line approach—shutting down mosques, threatening to take away passports (a tactic usually reserved for convicted traitors), declaring ISIS converts enemies of the state—the Aarhus police are saying, “Come home, and we’ll help you.

Alienation from community, culture and society is at the core of seeking an alternative kind of meaning and belonging.
go back to school, find a place to live, meet with a psychiatrist or mentor,” and are giving them, as NPR’s Hanna Rosin says in her July 15 article, “whatever [is] needed to fully integrate back into society.”

So far, the results are promising. In 2012, 34 young people left Aarhus for Syria; 16 of those came back home thanks to the program, and over 300 potentially radicalized residents came to the police for help rather than going to Syria. In 2015, only one person left the city for Syria at all, even as the numbers were increasing in other European countries. The jury is still out on the program’s long-term success, but so far, so good.

In Rosin’s article, she quotes Arie Kruglanski, a University of Maryland social psychologist who studies violent extremism, as saying, “There are strong correlations between humiliation and the search for an extremist ideology.” Those leaving Aarhus for Syria had been discriminated against, marginalized, harassed and/or bullied, among other forms of humiliation. I’m no expert on radicalization and terrorism, but from what I understand—and from what my sensibility tells me—alienation from community, culture and society is at the core of seeking an alternative kind of meaning and belonging. I can easily imagine how being spurned from one’s home community shortens the path to a hardened ideology and even violence.

The idea and practice of “home,” for me, are not entirely, or even mostly, defined by a physical dwelling (if we are so fortunate as to have one). Belonging is at the core of “home”—being among those who love and care about you, having a strong sense of personal affiliation, having confidence that you are safe and accepted for enacting and expressing who you are and feeling supported and embraced even if you go astray (that is, knowing that you will be taken back into the fold even though you’ve transgressed). Mostly we think of “home” and these ideals in terms of family—the hope for unconditional love. We also need to extend these values at least to our communities and ideally to our culture at large. That’s what Aarhus is trying to do. A “home community” should hold and practice those same principles that we aspire to among our closest loved ones.
None of our families or communities are perfect. As communities, we obviously are failing when some people—especially those who are most different from the majority—are denied a sense of belonging. The Aarhus model, as it’s come to be called, is not only about welcoming those who have left back into the community but also about being a community in the first place. We need to own and then prevent the failure that leads to alienation just as much as we need to forgive the transgressions wrought by it.

I understand there are lines to be drawn. Perhaps there are transgressions that are too great to countenance, such as when radicalization leads to heinous action. It’s hard to imagine welcoming back someone who has committed a mass shooting. In a family context, we do hear of families who still profess love for their members who have committed even unspeakable crimes, but such families still know they must release their loved ones to the justice system.

What’s the lesson from Aarhus for us here at home in Iowa City? I’m not talking specifically about members of our community who are seeking to become members of ISIS. I don’t really know if there even are any. But Aarhus’ lesson about what it means to be a “home” community is certainly one we can take generally. We’ve recently seen how easily we can turn against each other with inexcusable vitriol even for something like a special school board election.

That vitriol was expressed along the fault lines of the failure of our community to fully embrace and support people of lower socioeconomic status and those of particular races and ethnicities. We’ve made some progress, but we still have a long, long way to go to welcome and support everyone in our community as equal members. We have yet to ensure that everyone is accepted, cared for and safe and secure. If we take the “home” in “home community” to heart, as Aarhus, Denmark, has done, perhaps we’ll have a chance of making sure everyone belongs here, and resolving our conflicts before they become ugly, or worse, violent.

Thomas Dean is not joining ISIS.
Where have all the sex-positive, feminist, independent sex stores gone?

BY ALEA ADIGWEME

Whether it’s choosing the farmers market over Walmart or the Haunted Bookshop over Amazon, Iowa City denizens have a fondness for supporting locally-owned small businesses. In one arena, however, the ability to shop locally is hindered by a complex combination of factors including zoning laws, differing approaches to “economic development” and conservative Midwestern morality. Unlike Chicago, Portland, New York City, Milwaukee and Madison, Iowa City lacks an independent, feminist, sex-positive sex store.

Currently the only game in town is Romantix, part of a 50-plus store chain. While Romantix’s website touts a welcoming atmosphere and knowledgeable staff, its location outside of downtown (near some railroad tracks for good measure) and the on-site viewing booths land it in the territory of “traditional” sex shop, historically uninviting spaces for a variety of people.

Where in Iowa City can individuals take sex education classes and connect with community members with similar interests and identities? If one wishes to purchase a vibrator, test different types of organic lubricants, join an erotica writing group and attend a workshop on BDSM, all at a single location, there are no local options. It hasn’t always been this way. In fact, Iowa City was once ahead of the curve.

Soon after its opening 2001, Ruby’s Pearl had its detractors. A writer for the community organization Looking for Better Ways called it a “tiny, risky business” with a “tacky window display [and a] limited selection of merchandise.” And the fledgling business was also in need of a loan. The U.S. Department of Housing & Urban Development (HUD) awards Community Development Block Grants (CDBG) for projects that are a “benefit to low- and moderate-income (LMI) persons,” “aid in the prevention or eliminations of slums or blight” and “meet a need having a particular urgency.” Ruby’s Pearl co-owners Kimberly Koester and Laura Crossley asked the City of Iowa City for $50,000—$40,000 as a grant, $10,000 as a loan—“to help pay three employees a ‘living wage’ of $9 an hour, as opposed to the $7 an hour they could now afford.” They ended up receiving $20,000 as a loan.

Working closely over its four-year tenure to co-sponsor programming with local non-profits like the Rape Victim Advocacy Program, Emma Goldman, and the Women’s Resource & Action Center, per the UI Libraries’ Iowa Women’s Archives, Ruby’s Pearl was “a hub for feminist and gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender (GLBT) activism [that] held workshops on topics ranging from body image and tampon safety to hate crimes and safe sex education.”

Given the specific demographics HUD...
tasks CDBG awardees with serving, it seems clear that Ruby’s Pearl, which the owners claim was “one of only seven feminist sex shops in the United States” when it closed in 2005, was serving populations HUD is charged with helping.

The goals of an independent, feminist sex store are a bit more complicated than just making money.

The goals of an independent, feminist sex store are a bit more complicated than just making money, and, in the end, money troubles caused by a relocation, an economic slowdown and the internet caused the business’ demise. Similar issues plagued Iowa City’s next iteration of the feminist sex store, the Toolbox, which made headlines in 2011 when the owners’ landlord revoked their lease before the business even opened. While the Toolbox didn’t last as long as Ruby’s Pearl, owner Julia Schaefer took a similar approach, viewing her store as a place for both commerce and education (full disclosure: I led a couple of workshops at the Toolbox in 2012).

After her business partner quit, Schaefer “found that time and money were an issue.” “I was trying to find part-time jobs that allowed me to be open ... consistently,” she said, “If I couldn’t make it to my shop for reasons such as illness, this was difficult for my customers and I didn’t have the money to pay someone else.” I asked Schaefer if she had sought out any grants from the city; she replied that she “felt very intimidated by the idea of that.”

Given its inherent emphasis on education and community development, a feminist sex store must necessarily straddle the boundary between for-profit and nonprofit enterprise, so these types of establishments need a little bit of extra help.

“I wanted to have time and energy to focus on my family, and I knew I would not have the ability to put 100% into my both my shop and my family,” Schaefer said. “My wife and I were trying to have a baby, and decided to move to her hometown.”

“At the time of our closing,” Schaefer continued, “the Toolbox was breaking even each month, but was not turning a profit yet, and I felt that if I had continued, I would have been able to turn a profit, but I felt that the rest of my life would have suffered for it. It was a tough call, and I don't regret it, but I do miss my shop.”

Alea Adigweme is a writer, artist and educator.
Dumplings—adorably bite-sized pockets of dough packed with various fillings—excel in convenience. At Dumpling Darling on Dubuque Street in Iowa City (their brick and mortar location shared with Pops Old n’ New BBQ), an order of Korean-style dumplings is steamed and ready to eat in about five minutes or less. But the convenience is never synonymous with boring, as proved by the lamb dumplings I tried. Filled with a mixture of locally sourced ground lamb, soy and sesame sauces, Korean spices and a hint of brown sugar, the lamb dumplings boast a delicate balance of savory and sweet. They are served with a sesame peanut sauce, and it was clear from one bite how this particular pairing won the People’s Choice first-place entree at the 2016 Top Chef: Downtown Iowa City. For those who lean toward the herbivorous end of the dietary spectrum, I’d also recommend the veggie dumplings. Loaded with Iowa City-made Old Capitol Food Company organic tofu, the veggie variety of dumplings are seriously substantial. Bean sprouts and sweet potato noodles within add a crunchy and satiny texture to each bite. I chose to dip mine in the soy rice vinegar to capitalize on the tofu’s ability to absorb flavors.

Dumpling Darling began selling dumplings beneath a pop-up tent on East Washington Street three years ago. Founder Lesley Triplett was inspired by the neighborhood dumpling stand she frequented during her year-long stay in South Korea. Today, with help from a team of part-time employees and a small dumpling machine, Lesley and husband Brian Triplett often make thousands of dumplings in a single night to satisfy the demands of their growing business. Dumpling Darling’s dumplings are also available steamed fresh on location Saturday mornings at the Iowa City Farmers Market and at the NewBo City Market in Cedar Rapids. The team frequents various outdoor festivals and markets throughout Iowa and the Midwest. You can also find Dumpling Darling dumplings stocked to-go at multiple Iowa City grocery stores including New Pioneer Co-op, John’s Grocery and Bread Garden Market. Grip them between two chopsticks or simply use your fingers—either way, each dumpling devoured represents a supportive nod to a locally cultivated, female-founded, and totally delicious interpretation of Korean cuisine. lv

—Helaina Thompson
BEER OF THE MONTH: AUGUST

GOSE SHORE

EXILE BREWING COMPANY
Des Moines, Iowa

The beer of the month is a tart but tasty and drinkable brew that should wet your whistle on the hot, sticky, long days of August—Gose Shore, brewed by the Exile Brewing Company of Des Moines.

Gose Shore is best served in a weizen glass or a stange, which is a tall, skinny, straight-sided glass typically associated with kölsches. Much like hefeweizens, pour Gose Shore carefully because it is very carbonated. The color is cloudy, bright wheat. A careful pour will produce a finger or more of dense, shiny, wheat-tinted head that settles slowly and leaves a few trails of lacing. The aroma is sharp and tart with scents of apricot, musk melon and light strawberry.

Seasoned with coriander and salt, Gose Shore’s mouthfeel is thick and smooth. Unlike other tart beers, though, Gose Shore is very drinkable. The tartness predominates, but it is not off the charts or offensive. It is complemented by flavors of apricot, musk melon, lemon meat and seed, light orange and also a hint of strawberry.

**Alcohol Content:** 5 percent ABV.

**Food Pairings:** Smoked seafood, light fare such as salads, fruit salad that includes watermelon, salty pretzels and lemon desserts, including lemon meringue pie.

**Where to Buy:** Look for Gose Shore at the major beer retailers, including Hy-Vee and John’s Grocery.

**Price:** $8–9 for a four-pack of 12-ounce bottles, and $3 for a single bottle. 

—Casey Wagner
BEYOND LOUD, HARD AND FAST

Alan Vega, who both helped originate and ultimately transcended punk, died on July 16, 2016. • BY KEMBREW MCLEOD

For a man who fronted a group named Suicide, Alan Vega lived a very full life. When I spoke with him earlier this year, before his recent death at the age of 78, he was still bursting with creativity and impish irreverence.

Vega—also known as Alan Suicide—was an original punk. As early as 1970, he and bandmate Martin Rev advertised their shows as “Punk Music by Suicide,” which was likely the first use of that term by a band. They transcended the genre’s loud-hard-fast formula and, for that matter, did away with drums and guitars altogether. In doing so, Suicide helped reshape the course of popular music by planting the seeds of techno, electro-pop and industrial music.

Suicide were both electronic music pioneers and performance art provocateurs. As the singer psychologically terrorized his audiences, an expressionless Martin Rev produced a wall of sound from behind a bank of keyboards, primitive drum machines and other crude electronics. “It was the mid-1970s, and he was painted silver, and he’d have big chains that he would be banging on the floor,” recalled Vega’s friend Paul Zone, whose group, the Fast, often performed with Suicide.

“Obviously, we weren’t your typical rock band,” Vega told me. “We were breaking a lot of rules then. Lots of the punk bands we used to play with got it, and were very supportive of us, but the audiences, well, they weren’t as enlightened.” When Suicide opened for the Clash in 1978, for example, an agitated crowd rioted.

“Their partnership and collaboration was seamless and was before its time,” Debbie Harry told me two days after Vega’s death. In the mid-1970s, her band Blondie shared stages with Suicide and other bands that were lumped under the umbrella of “punk,” such as the Ramones, Talking Heads, the Fast and other groups that differed musically, but shared a similar outsider sensibility (with outsider being the operative word).

“It’s like when you’re walking around feeling really unsure of yourself,” Vega told Lisa Jane Persky in a 1976 New York Rocker article, “you don’t believe in yourself and then you see somebody else doing the same thing you’ve been thinking about so suddenly you don’t feel so alone any longer. You start thinking, ‘Maybe I’m not as crazy as I think I am.’ There’s another nut like you.”

This cracked nut was born on New York’s Lower East Side and was raised in Brooklyn, where he later studied science at Brooklyn College, though he always had a place in his heart for the arty side of life. Vega eventually moved to downtown Manhattan and got involved with the Project of Living Artists.
where he worked and lived as a janitor. His hybrid art mixed painting, sculpture and assemblages—incorporating objects such as “TV sets, subway lights, electrical equipment and anything, really, I could get my hands on.”

Vega likely would have remained a visual artist, but fate intervened in the form of Stooges frontman Iggy Pop, whose confrontational persona blew his mind during a 1969 concert. “It was the real deal theater,” Vega said. “It was an art piece, that’s the way I saw it.” He had never even considered stepping on a stage, but Vega finally found his calling. “It was like, I’ve seen the future. This is what I have to do. I have to form a band, take over the stage.”

“I had already been experimenting with drone sounds and electronic stuff, just playing around with sound,” recalled Vega, who incorporated noise into his foreboding art installations. “Looping, playing shit in reverse, that kind of thing. At the time I wasn’t thinking about the stuff I was doing in terms of a band. I was just fucking around with sound.”

After Martin Rev’s jazz band debuted at the Project of Living Artists, “I went up to Marty and told him we should be playing music together, which is how Suicide started.” The name was inspired by dark times, from war deaths in Vietnam to the junkie deaths at home. “You have no idea what a terrible idea for a name choice it was,” Vega chuckled. “I didn’t think of that at the time; it really didn’t occur to me.”

The name was like kryptonite for executives, who passed over Suicide in favor of other punk bands that emerged after them. Producer Craig Leon, for instance, recalled a failed audition for a record company job in the mid-1970s. “I said, ‘Well, I’m gonna sign this band called Suicide,’ and it was like bang—career over at that label before I even started.” (Leon later took a job at Sire Records and produced the first records by the Ramones, Richard Hell & the Voidoids and, eventually, Suicide.)

“We had been around since the beginning of the 1970s, but no one knew what to do with us, and the bar owners hated us,” Vega said. “They hated us because we were so confrontational, which just made us more confrontational.”

Debbie Harry said that, as a performer, “Alan was sometimes a baffling struggle of danger, drama, pathos and comedy. He held

Cont. >> on PG. 28
Driving cab in the summertime is the kind of bullshit you do because you’re hooked on drugs, or in need of a hotline. Nothing goes on. A switch is thrown and the roar of the outgoing graduates is clipped. The money is gone. Still, it will never be slow enough for some people.

“Hey, Marty Lyons!”

There he was in the Sheraton Circle, drunk as three sailors and waving his big dumb flippers at the taxis that scurried away to see him.

“TAXI, TAXI!” he bellowed. “ARE YOU MY FRIEND?”

Marty—and that’s just the fake name he’d use—was on the blacklist of everybody except the rookies who didn’t know any better. But he was just another lying drunk loser claiming to be someone he wasn’t. And he was a hulk. Like 6’5” and 270, with hands like catcher’s mitts. Also the kind of man who would throw his own kid through a coffee table, which is how I came to learn his real name from the blotter.

“Hey Marty—I’m your friend!”

I was tucked in the alley, obscured beyond the kiosk, but he had heard my call and came toddling, breathing through his mouth. He looked like a fish hit by lightning and still waved his big dumb hands: “TAXI!”

“Hang on, bud,” I told him as I lifted my phone out the window. “I hear you’re a famous football player. I got to get your picture.”

Stopping almost made him tumble but he got upright and stood with arms sprouted at his sides and chest puffed like some kind of proud American. Indeed: He was the very picture.

I took the shot and hit the gas to squeal out of there: “Good luck getting home, dickweed!”

If I’m honest with myself now, I was still a rookie then—I just wouldn’t cop to it. I’d been driving long enough. I’d lived through that bullshit with the wrestlers and come back to the job. And as proof of my veteran status, I’d printed that photo of Marty Lyons and hung it in the office, a warning for “the rookies.”

“Is that so you don’t forget him again?” Captain Jerry asked, and then he hacked in his fist, one cigarette in his other hand and another burning in the ashtray.

Our taxi shack back then was behind a Dutch door in a closet of the city bus station at College and Gilbert. Leon Bath, also smoking, sat with his big ass hanging off three sides of the drop safe, his elbow leaned on the rack of oil and tires so that his belly aired out from under his shirt, and so that his head was crooked toward the television, currently airing America’s Most Dangerous Home Videos with the sound off and the captions running: LET’S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS ASTONISHING TAPE.

Leon grinned at me: “I got a casino run at bar rush, bitch.”

Even if I wouldn’t cop to being a rookie, the numbers didn’t lie. Rookies don’t get casino runs or trips to the CRAPper in summertime, not until the others have been fed. To put that into perspective, what had been a 40-call average Friday night was dropping as low as 14. So a reduction to 35 percent from seasonal averages. And other drivers jumping rotation to get cherry runs meant there was only a larger pool of stuff for the rookies.

Instead of crying about it, I’d come to the shack to mop the bus station floor. The boss had been advertising the job at ten bucks. After the last few dry weeks, ten bucks to mop a floor sounded good to me. Another rookie mistake.

Leon and the old man howled laughing.

“You know that includes the bathrooms—plus toilets and the pisser—and behind the station desk, and all the garbage. And for just ten bucks.”

The audience on the silent television was laughing with them.

Leon said: “Ten bucks for all that—you’d make better money driving a cab.”

“He means in here too. All the ashtrays and wiping down the soda machines outside. Damn, son. See how you got snuck on the...
hook? Lots yet to learn.”

You can’t comprehend how filthy a floor can be until you’ve washed a public bus station. I clearly hadn’t understood the scope of the job, and the mop smelled like shit puke. I started behind the station desk and shuffled my way across the lobby to the gumball machines at the opposite windows. Some willful traveler had deuced the Men’s and I blew through the restrooms fast as I could.

When I came back out to the lobby, another driver leaned in the Dutch door, laughing like a mule and picking for his cherry. He was called “the 4-12,” a veteran from before my time, allegedly “as good as Timmy Boyd,” whoever the fuck that was, and I was warned he could drive circles around us all. The skinny little fuck, wearing yet another ironic Hawaiian shirt, leaned matchstick arms on the half-door, an electric blue Maglite sticking out of the ass pocket of his carpenter’s jeans.

When I saw that he tracked mud across the lobby, I blew my stack.

“What the goddamn fuck? I just mopped there.”

“Yeah and I just fucking walked there so fuck you.”

I’d come up taking down trees and could have swung that mop with one hand. I felt my face flush and I muttered, “What an asshole.”

“Hey—” he shouted right back, “Don’t you asshole me, asshole. I said, ‘Fuck you.’ You ever read *Catcher in the Rye*? Well I have and I’m saying it, so fuck, you again.”

He flicked his cigarette and stomped it out on the floor and then stormed from the bus station, slamming through the door into the night and gone.

I approached the dispatch office, peeping over the half-door. Both Captain Jerry and Fat Leon looked back at me, silent. The television showed a bus on fire dragging through a city. My hands were shaking.

“That guy is a fucking piece of work.”

The old man didn’t disagree. “You two ought to get along. You’re my spades.”

“And what’s that supposed to mean?”

“When people give me shit, I send them one of you. You two are assholes enough they straighten out or don’t call back.”

“Oh bullshit,” I growled. “I’m not really like that, am I?”

“Lots yet to learn, son. Lots yet to learn.”

Sean Preciado Genell is author of the Vic Pasternak novel *All the Help You Need*, available now at Prairie Lights.
LIKE A SURGEON

Weird Al slices into pop culture and resets its funnybone.

BY GENEVIEVE TRAINOR

For 40 years, Weird Al Yankovic has been steadily building a career that has landed him at the top of a nexus of different fields. He weaves together skills in music, comedy, acting, directing and production to provide his fans with some of the deftest parody in the business. Since he first hit the airwaves with a cassette tape handed to radio legend Dr. Demento at the age of 16, Yankovic has stayed at the forefront of the possible, always learning and growing, always both deepening and broadening his understanding of his field. He is professionally curious.

In 2014, Yankovic released Mandatory Fun, his 14th studio album and his last under a lengthy contract with RCA Records. It was an immediate success, earning him his first number one record and making history as the first comedy album to debut at number one. In between acting gigs and his new role as bandleader/co-host on the IFC series Comedy Bang! Bang!, he continues to tour in support of the album. Yankovic brings his Mandatory World Tour to the McGrath Amphitheatre in Cedar Rapids on August 9 at 7 p.m. Tickets are $35–85.

You started learning accordion at age six, and I imagine with an instrument like that, there was an awful lot of music theory to be exposed to at that young age. Did that affect your critical approach to music later in life? I guess so, I mean … it was pretty rudimentary musical theory, but I learned enough, between six and ten … I basically played by ear during my teenage years, and that’s when I first started playing rock and roll on the accordion. So it was nice to have just a real fundamental knowledge of music and, I think, basically how to write music, at that point.

I’m someone who has in many, many cases heard your parodies before the original songs (I think fondly of my teen years as, “Those years when I actually knew the originals before Weird Al’s parodies”). Do you think much about your role as a curator when you choose songs, and the fact that you are sort of choosing which pop songs a lot of people will hear, at all? I don’t think about that too much when I’m doing it … but a lot of people say that I have sort of been their conduit to pop music … every album that I put out was like a little time capsule for whatever era that was. I guess it wound up being more important than I intended … People who weren’t following pop music sort of learned the hits by listening to the parodies.

Absolutely! Yeah, that was me as a child, and probably me now; I hear some songs from my kids before you get to them. It’s always interesting looking

QUICK HITS

THU., AUG. 4
Finnders and Youngberg, The Mill, 8 p.m., $10-12
Curt Oren w/ Liv Carrow, Nora Petran, Idpyramid, Rozz-Tox, 8 p.m., $5-10

FRI., AUG. 5
Curt Oren w/ Nora Petran, They Say the Wind Made Them Crazy, Oren & Hurlin Duo, Trumpet Blossom, 8 p.m., $5

TUE., AUG. 9
‘Weird Al’ Yankovic: The Mandatory World Tour, McGrath Amphitheatre, 7 p.m., $35-85
The Harmed Brothers w/ Ryan Joseph Anderson, Brooks Strause, Ton VandenAvond, The Mill, 8 p.m., $8
The Claypool Lennon Delirium, The Englert Theatre, 8 p.m., $36.50

THU., AUG. 11
Lucius, Codfish Hollow Barnstormers, 6 p.m., $20-25

FRI., AUG. 12
Hot Tuna: Acoustic, The Englert Theatre, 8 p.m., $36.50-55
All Sweat Productions Presents: Purple Rain w/ The Maytags, River Music Experience Redstone Room, 9 p.m., Free-$12

SUN., AUG. 14
Jenny Lewis w/ EZTV--SOLD OUT, Codfish Hollow Barnstormers, 7 p.m., $30-35
The Melvins, Rock Island Brewing Company, 7 p.m., $20
Beach House, The Englert Theatre, 7 p.m., $27.50

MON., AUG. 15
The Steel Wheels, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, 7 p.m., $12-18
at the way, generationally, the way your songs hit—because, in my family at least, everyone loves all of the songs on the albums, but my kids will love them as a version of a song they already know, other songs that are incredibly well-cultivated personas that you’re singing from, and I’m curious if you do any research for your writing at all? I do. I mean, some requires more than others—I mean, writing

“I always remember that joy I experienced at finding out that people can be irreverent about pop culture.”

—Weird Al Yankovic

as opposed to something new. It’s an interesting look at that cross-generational appeal. You know, a story that always amused me was that when I did my parody of “American Pie,” about Star Wars, a lot of kids at the time weren’t familiar with the original 1970 Don McLean song, they just thought, “Oh, Weird Al’s got this fun little song about Star Wars!” And then the year after my parody came out, Madonna, for whatever reason, decided to do a cover of the Don McLean song, and kids are going, “Why is Madonna doing an unfunny version of a Weird Al song?”

[Laughter] That’s wonderful! So, in terms of the content of your parodies, I’d love to talk a little about that. Songs like “Skipper Dan,” for example—that song blew me away, because it reveals such a deep understanding of the subject matter, and you have so many

something like “White and Nerdy” required very little research on my part, because I’ve been basically researching that my whole life. When I do something like “Living With a Hernia,” that was in the ‘80s, we didn’t have the internet—I had to hit the local public library and do research on hernias.

So yeah, any song that I did, or wanted to link to a concept. I will research it … I like to make lists, so I’ll make lists of anything having to do with that topic … I make lists of jokes, make lists of words, phrases—anything that has to do with that topic. And then I try to arrange it into some kind of funny, three and a half minute … cohesive thing.

It’s been two years now since you finished out your RCA contract, and it feels like things have been exploding for you in terms of acting and other television gigs for you since then. Is that something you hope to expand even further? I sure would like to—I never shied away from movies and TV, and if the right opportunity did come up, I’d like to take advantage of it. I’ve been getting more opportunities in the last couple of years than I have prior to that, so I try to take advantage of that. I’m also obviously going to be getting back into recording my music and making videos and things like that as well, but immediately, I’d like to continue doing everything I’ve done in the past, and hopefully get better at it.

Mandatory Fun, your last album under that contract, is also your first number one album, and I’m wondering what you attribute that to—if it’s a shift in the way that music is understood
now, or if it’s a critical mass of your fans, those intergenerational fans we were talking about … It’s hard to attribute it to just one thing. I think it’s sort of a perfect storm … My fan base has been growing over the years; a lot of the people who were into me in the ‘80s have stayed with me and are bringing their kids into the fold. Other things, like, you know, every album that I put out was more and more popular. I found that the album was marketed very well. I did have the whole eight videos in eight days, which had the desired effect, it was pretty inescapable for that week online. And also I think it’s my best work. So, I mean, people really got exposed to me a lot that week, and the material I guess was pretty good, and the fan base came out in droves, and they pushed it to number one, which blew my mind, because that had never happened before for a comedy album.

Yeah, it was absolutely amazing—and congratulations! Thank you.

I notice, especially in my own family, with my own kids, that creating parody seems to be something that comes very naturally to children, but as adults, we often seem to hold back, possibly equating shows of irreverence with disrespect. I’m wondering how you continue to cultivate that healthy irreverence that allows you to tease in this way? I was certainly the eight year old who would make fun of songs on the radio, and it’s just one of those phases I never grew out of. I became obsessed with MAD Magazine when I was around 12 years old, and that sensibility really informs a lot of my sense of humor, I think, and that’s something that just stayed with me. I always remember that joy I experienced at finding out that people can be irreverent about pop culture.

It’s beautiful to see the irreverence that still honors the pop culture. You’re able to be irreverent, but at the same time, musicians acknowledge that having your attention is the highest compliment. Yeah, a lot of people doing parodies are … sort of mean-spirited; they go for the jugular. I mean, that’s valid as well; I’m not going to say they’re not funny—but that’s not the particular kind of humor that I personally like to put out into the world. I don’t like to have fun at people’s expense if I can help it. I like to be funny without stepping on people’s toes.

Genevieve Trainor is mixed and nerdy, which is close enough.
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Raise Your Voice

Contact editor@littlevillagemag.com for publishing opportunities.
‘SLEEPING BEAUTY’ Wednesday, Aug. 3 through Saturday, Aug. 6 at 5:30 and 7:30 p.m. Peggy Boyle Whitworth Amphitheatre at Brucemore, $3–5. Brucemore Mansion, in collaboration with Theatre Cedar Rapids, presents an Outdoor Children’s Theatre production of ‘Sleeping Beauty.’ Director Erica Jo Lloyd guides a bevy of eastern Iowa talent through this highly interactive version of the beloved children’s tale. Lloyd also wrote the original script for the show. Tickets for children 10 and under are $3; tickets are $5 for all other audience members. Brucemore’s Outdoor Children’s Theatre productions are renowned for their audience engagement and joyful spirit. The Brucemore website notes that picnics and coolers are discouraged at these performances because of the level of interactivity. Photo courtesy of Brucemore.

WED., AUG. 3

SPORTS-N-REC: Aquacise, Coralville Recreation Center, 7:30 a.m., $5-50
FAMILY: Preschool Storytime: Songs of Peter Rabbit, Iowa City Public Library, 10:30 a.m., Free
Mommy-Son Superhero Night, Veterans Memorial Stadium - Cedar Rapids, 6 p.m., Free-$11
EDUCATION: ICPL Tech Help, Iowa City Public Library, 10 a.m., Free
We Can Code, Iowa City Public Library, 1 p.m., Free
COMMUNITY: Yoga in the Gallery with Monica St. Angelo, Faulconer Gallery, 12:15 p.m., Free
ART-AND-EXHIBITION: Art Bites: Gems from the Collection, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, 12:15 p.m., Free
MUSIC: Sweet Cacophony, Iowa City Farmers Market, 5 p.m., Free
California Guitar Trio, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, 7 p.m., $14-21
Whitney Rose, Daytrotter, 7:30 p.m., $12-17
Quiet Hollers w/ Jake McKelvie, Tyler Burwood, Razz-Tox, 8 p.m., Free-$10
Cranford Hollow, Gabe’s, 9 p.m., Free
THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Outdoor Children’s Theater: Sleeping Beauty, Brucemore, 5:30 & 7:30 p.m., $3-5
Cabaret & Cabernet: Level II, Theatre Cedar Rapids, 7 p.m., $175
LITERATURE: Spoken Word Night: Poetry and more, Uptown Bill’s, 7 p.m., Free
CINEMA: The Dandy Andy Film Series: ‘Night at the Museum,’ National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library, 7 p.m., $2-5
Late Shift At The Grindhouse: ‘Pollen,’ FilmScene, 10 p.m., $4

THU., AUG. 4

CRAFTY: Gems of Hope Workshop, Beadology Iowa, 6 p.m., Free
COMMUNITY: League of Women Voters of Johnson County Registration Campaign, Coralville Public Library, 10 a.m., Free
CINEMA: The Picture Show: ‘Superman: The Movie,’ FilmScene, 10 a.m., Free-$5

Are you planning an event? Submit event info to calendar@littlevillagemag.com. Include event name, date, time, venue, street address, admission price and a brief description (no all-caps, exclamation points or advertising verbiage, please). To find more events, visit littlevillagemag.com/calendar.
FRI., AUG. 5

/SPORTS-N-REC: Aquacise, Coralville Recreation Center, 7:30 a.m., $5-50
Yoga in the Gallery with Monica St. Angelo, Faulconer Gallery, 12:15 p.m., Free
/FAMILY: Read on the Rug: 'My First Bilingual Book-Colors/Farben,' Old Capitol Supreme Court Chamber, 10 a.m., Free
/CINEMA: The Picture Show: 'Superman: The Movie,' FilmScene, 10 a.m., Free-$5
/LITERATURE: Library Book Sale, Coralville Public Library, 1:30 p.m., Free
/COMMUNITY: Tween Minecraft (Hour 1), Iowa City Public Library, 2 p.m., Free
Hoover's Hometown Days, Downtown West Branch, All Day, Free
Tween Minecraft (Hour 2), Iowa City Public Library, 3 p.m., Free
Ballroom and Latin Social Dancing at Old Brick August 5th, Old Brick, 7:30 p.m., Free
/ART-AND-SHOWCASE: Doodler’s Drop In for Teens, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, 3 p.m., Free
/MUSIC: First Friday Jazz: Trafficjam, Opus Concert Cafe, 5 p.m., $12
Live @ Five: The Knockoffs, River Music Experience Courtyard, 5 p.m., Free
Uptown Friday Night: Downward Fall, McGrath Amphitheatre, 5 p.m., $5
D.J. Captain Kurt, Bobbers Grill, 6 p.m., Free
THE CLAYPOOL LENNON DELIRIUM  
Tuesday, Aug. 9 at 8 p.m., the Englert Theatre, $36.50. Two great tastes that taste great together! Musicians Les Claypool (Primus) and Sean Lennon joined forces as individuals after touring together one summer with their respective musical projects. The resulting album, a sonorous slice of psychedelia called ‘Monolith of Phobos,’ came out June 3, much to the delight of space rock fans everywhere. The pair, bundled under the moniker the Claypool Lennon Delirium, is keeping the magic going with a tour in support of the album. Lennon and Claypool stretched their musical muscles playing all parts on the recording, but they do bring along additional performers for their live performances. Photo via the Claypool Lennon Delirium.

FRIDAY NIGHT Live Music: The Agency, Cedar Ridge Distillery, 6 p.m., Free  
Friday Night Concert Series: The Beggarmen, Downtown Pedestrian Mall, 6:30 p.m., Free  
Riverdogs Blues Band, Cafe Paradiso, 7 p.m., Free  
The Mammilons, Iowa City Yacht Club, 10 p.m., $5  
Rosie and the Rivets, Riverside Casino Show Lounge, 8:30 p.m., Free  
The Claypool Lennon Delirium, Tuesday, Aug. 9 at 8 p.m., the Englert Theatre, $36.50. Two great tastes that taste great together! Musicians Les Claypool (Primus) and Sean Lennon joined forces as individuals after touring together one summer with their respective musical projects. The resulting album, a sonorous slice of psychedelia called ‘Monolith of Phobos,’ came out June 3, much to the delight of space rock fans everywhere. The pair, bundled under the moniker the Claypool Lennon Delirium, is keeping the magic going with a tour in support of the album. Lennon and Claypool stretched their musical muscles playing all parts on the recording, but they do bring along additional performers for their live performances. Photo via the Claypool Lennon Delirium.
Night at the Children’s Museum, Iowa Children’s Museum, 6 p.m., $20

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Outdoor Children’s Theater: ‘Sleeping Beauty,’ Brucemore, 5:30 & 7:30 p.m., $3-5
‘Shear Madness,’ Old Creamery Theatre, 7:30 p.m., $30
Denise Ramsden, Penguin’s Comedy Club, 7:30 p.m., $12-15

/LITERATURE: Welcome to the Grei Area: Fact and Fiction by Shadley Grei, Stoner Studio Theater, 7:30 p.m., $15

SUN., AUG. 7

/CRAFTY: Intro To Letterpress, Public Space One, 1 p.m., Free
Fundamentals of Hollow Glass, Beadology Iowa, 1 p.m., $98

/COMMUNITY: Community Worktime, Public Space One, 1 p.m., Free
Hoover’s Hometown Days, West Branch, IA, All Day, Free

/MUSIC: Sunday ‘Funday’ Live Music w/ Billy Heller, Cedar Ridge Distillery, 1 p.m., Free
Bonnie Koloc w/ Don Stille, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, 7 p.m., $17-21
Mike & The Moonpies, The Mill, 8 p.m., $10
Naked Naps w/ Pleasures, Gabe’s, 9 p.m., Free

/LITERATURE: Welcome to the Grei Area: Fact and Fiction by Shadley Grei, Stoner Studio Theater, 2 p.m., $15

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Shear Madness,’ Old Creamery Theatre, 2 p.m., $30

MON., AUG. 8

/SPORTS-N-REC: Aquacise, Coralville Recreation Center, 7:30 a.m., $5-50
Yoga in the Gallery with Monica St. Angelo, Faulconer Gallery, 12:15 p.m., Free

/FAMILY: Family Night, Coralville Public Library, 6:30 p.m., Free
/EDUCATION: ICPL Tech Help, Iowa City Public Library, 10 a.m., Free

/CINEMA: Monday Matinee, Iowa City Public Library, 2 p.m., Free

/COMMUNITY: Coralville Farmers’ Market, Coralville Community Aquatic Center, 5 p.m., $30-60

/MUSIC: Stolen Rhodes, Gabe’s, 9 p.m., Free

TUE., AUG. 9

/MUSIC: Music Time with Nancy, North Ridge Pavilion, 10:30 a.m., $23-28.75

THE ENGLERT THEATRE

Fall 2016

THE CLAYPOOL LENNON DELIRIUM
8/9 | 8:00PM

HOT TUNA: ACOUSTIC
8/12 | 8:00PM

BEACH HOUSE
8/14 | 7:00PM

LAKE STREET DIVE
8/22 | 7:00PM

HASAN MINHAJ: HOMECOMING KING
9/9 | 8:00PM

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS
9/26 | 7:00PM

DARK STAR ORCHESTRA
9/27 | 7:00PM
Co-presented with Iowa City Yacht Club

CAPITOL STEPS
9/30 | 8:00PM
Sponsored by Hands Jewelers

JOHN WATERS
10/1 | 7:00PM
Co-presented with FilmScene

SHOVELS & ROPE
10/3 | 7:00PM

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nothing back from us, and the interaction with audience hecklers was fundamental.”

“People thought I was fucking insane, and I guess I was, but I never ever tried to hurt people,” Vega said. “Myself, yes, I hurt myself. I would cut myself with a switchblade, but I would always do it so that I got the most amount of blood with the least amount of pain.”

Harry noted, “Alan often came off stage bruised and bloody, covered in scratches, and we—the audience—left the club in a Suicidal trance.”

“We were trying to break down the boundaries between performer and audience,” Vega explained. “People found that threatening.” But it was all in good fun—even when he menacingly blocked the exits while unsuspecting audience members tried to flee. “Suicide was so groundbreaking,” Blondie co-founder Chris Stein added, “it’s hard to convey how far ahead they were in relation to what was going on at the time.”

Vega often wore a ripped black leather jacket with metal studs and the word SUICIDE written with fake jewels—back when no one dressed like that. “We didn’t have any money,” Vega said, “so what became the punk look was born out of necessity.” Recalling one memorable outfit, he told me, “I cut holes in socks so that my fingers went through and I stretched the socks up to my elbows and had a cutoff pink jacket.

“They hated us because we were so confrontational, which just made us more confrontational.”

—Alan Vega

That was really something, man!”

Of course, some people didn’t realize that it was all an act; it was all theater. Stein said, “Alan, in spite of his tough stage persona,
was one of the nicest guys around, and was always very gracious and generous.”

Vega’s warm spirit and creative drive remained strong, even as his body grew weaker; recently, he began painting again for the first time in decades. “I don’t know why I started again. I just couldn’t help myself,” he told me.

“I sat at a table with him about a year ago,” Debbie Harry said, “and we talked about doing gigs and that he was making plans. I even suggested shows with Blondie, which of course now will never happen.”

Instead, Alan Vega succumbed to the Bohemian Rapture of 2016—joining David Bowie, Tony Conrad, Billy Name, Blowfly, Bernie Worrell, Prince and others whose magnetic pull warped the universe, making it a little less dull.

Kembrew McLeod knows a little something about agitating unsuspecting audiences.
Chalk It Up
Midwest One is throwing us all a party! • BY D ARCIE HUTZELL

Rock the Chalk, sponsored by Midwest One Bank, is a celebration of the completion of its historic building renovations as well as construction of a new building. Amy Hospodarsky, the Community Relations Manager for Midwest One, said that they wanted to use the Aug. 12 event to thank Iowa Citians for their patience: “When we started planning a grand opening for the two buildings, we decided that we wanted the event to be a community party that we could invite the community at large [to], in order to thank them for their patience throughout our construction process, and really celebrate Iowa City as our home town.”

The bank has a long history with the community, including hosting art from local students in its lobby and, for over 25 years, producing a calendar of selected art pieces. Midwest One has also sponsored the Flyover Fashion Fest and FilmScene’s Family Film Series. The idea for Rock the Chalk builds on this history of sponsoring the arts, and also of involving the community. There will be over 40 artists, both amateurs and professionals, chalking pieces loosely based on the theme “Home Sweet Iowa City.” The sidewalk art will span South Clinton St. between both buildings, starting at the bank’s headquarters on the corner of Clinton and Washington and ending at the new building just south of Burlington on Clinton St.

The Rock the Chalk festival will also have live music, including two stages of local artists. Iowa City’s own Motherlode will be bringing the funk at 6 p.m. when they headline on the OnePlace stage. The 10 piece funk and rock band has graced many Iowa City stages since forming at the beginning of this year. City High graduate James Tutson headlines the Clinton and Washington stage with his own brand of gospel, soul and folk. Music kicks off at 4 p.m. with former University of Iowa band director Jeff Miguel on the OnePlace stage and Iowa natives the JC Project’s electric classic rock stage show on the OnePlace stage. 

—Darcie Hutzell

FRI., AUG. 12
/Sports-N-Rec: Aquacise, Coralville Recreation Center, 7:30 a.m., $5-50
/Cinema: The Picture Show: ‘Popeye,’ FilmScene, 10 a.m., Free-$5
Movies on the Beer Garden: ‘Total Recall,’ Backpocket, 8 p.m., Free
/Community: 35th Anniversary Picnic, Terry Trueblood Recreation Area, 11 a.m., Free
/Music: Live Lunch with Tony Hoeppner, River Music Experience Community Stage, 12 p.m., Free
Live @ Five: Ellis Kell Band, River Music Experience Courtyard, 5 p.m., Free
Forevermore w/ Darkness Divided, My Own Dismay, Main Street, In Search Of Solace, Gabe’s, 6 p.m., $10
Friday Night Live Music w/ The Dandelion Stompers, Cedar Ridge Distillery, 6 p.m., Free
Just Doug Karaoke, Bobbers Grill, 6 p.m., Free
Lexi Parr Trio, Riverside Casino Show Lounge, 6:30 p.m., Free
Friday Night Concert Series: Ritalmo, Downtown Pedestrian Mall, 6:30 p.m., Free
Rick Springfield w/ The Fixx, The Romantics, iWireless Center, 7:30 p.m., $35-65

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Dear Kiki,

How does a couple engage in a threesome/develop a group sex life in such a small town? Rather than going through the tedium of seeking potential partners online, my long-term partner and I would like to simply ask another person or couple (we have someone in mind) to get nasty with us—this way we know there’s attraction and respect from the very beginning. We just want to fuck people we like; how do we ask them without breaching major social boundaries?

Signed, Small Townie

Hi Small Townie,

If you and your sweetie want to get down with a third person, or another couple, you’re going to be pushing and crossing a few boundaries. The question really is how to cross them discreetly, respectfully and in ways that won’t make the other party feel weird.

As you’ve discovered, being kinky, polyamorous or otherwise queer in a small Midwestern town is no easy task, and I will give a real endorsement to the internet for helping people connect and build community for their sex and love interests. Craigslist, OKCupid and Tinder can all be used to find potential matches, and there is a wonderful app called 3nder (pronounced “thrinder”) that works a lot like Tinder, but is made for finding partners and couples for group sex or swinging in a set geographic area—which is how Kiki got to spend a weekend “skiing” with some nice married people outside of Montreal in 2011. But anyway. Adult Friend Finder is another common site for swinging and group sex. If your immediate area is a strikeout, consider doing some research and checking out polyamory meet ups, sex parties or swinger parties in larger places like Des Moines, Minneapolis or Chicago.

There is also a trusty, timeworn method of finding people to have weird sex with: hire them. If you and your partner are in a committed relationship and inexperienced in group sex, you may not offer much for potential new partners to get excited about. But if you want to try it out and see how it goes, see what feelings come up and decide whether it’s fun for everyone, bringing in a pro could be a lot less challenging logistically the first time around.

I’d recommend remaining careful of coming on too strong to friends until you’re really sure they would be interested. Treat it like you would any dating situation: Spend time with them, get to know them, feel it out and get comfortable. Maybe bring up the subject in conversation offhandedly, like, “I saw this interesting article in Little Village about group sex. Doesn’t that sound cool?” You get the idea. Find out how this person feels, or if they have any stories to tell. That will help you decide if it might be something they are interested in. If you’re getting green lights, go ahead and bring it up in a low-pressure way, when the three or four of you have been hanging out having a good time. I’d definitely stay away from text-based communication on this one.

Keep in mind that having sex with someone you are both close with can result in unforeseen complications. Feelings can develop quickly in unexpected directions that can alter or damage an otherwise “no strings attached” arrangement. Be sure you talk all of this through, ideally with everyone involved. You or your partner may experience jealousy or other challenges that you did not count on. When the third person is a stranger from the internet, it can be a lot easier to defuse tension than when it’s your next-door neighbor. If it’s a couple you’re after, consider all of the above true, but double it.

My cautionary tone aside, there are lots of ways to explore multiple partner sex safely and respectfully. You and your partner can figure out what works best. Happy hunting!

xoxo, Kiki

Questions about love and sex in the city of Iowa City can be submitted to dearkiki@littlevillagemag.com, or anonymously at littlevillagemag.com/dearkiki. Questions may be edited for clarity and length, and may appear either in print or online at littlevillagemag.com.
/MUSIC: Cabaret in the Courtyard: Songs of America, Brucemore, 7:30 p.m., $20-30
Crystal Bowersox, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, 8 p.m., $16-25
Hot Tuna: Acoustic, The Englert Theatre, 8 p.m., $36.50-55
TOTO, Riverside Casino and Golf Resort, 8 p.m., $35-65
Jason T. Lewis & Sad Iron Music, The Mill, 8 p.m., $8
The Beach Boys & The Temptations, McGrath Amphitheatre, 8 p.m., $49-110
Greenbrier, Riverside Casino Show Lounge, 8:30 p.m., Free
All Sweat Productions Presents: Purple Rain w/ The Maytags, River Music Experience Redstone Room, 9 p.m., Free-$12
Quick Piss w/ Ghost Bummer, Bike Cops, Iowa City Yacht Club, 9 p.m., $6

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION: Doodler’s Drop In for Teens, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, 3 p.m., Free

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Shear Madness,’ Old Creamery Theatre, 7:30 p.m., $30
DougT Hypnotist, Penguin’s Comedy Club, 8 p.m., $15-17.50
Neil Simon’s ‘The Odd Couple,’ Giving Tree Theater, 8 p.m., $15-30

LUCIUS Thursday, Aug. 11 at 6 p.m., Codfish Hollow Barnstormers, $20–25. Synth-pop chanteuses Jess Wolfe and Holly Laessig bring their skyrocketing band Lucius to the barn at Codfish Hollow for an early Thursday evening show, also featuring River Whyless, Lowlight and others as support. Lucius’ second full-length album, ‘Good Grief,’ dropped in March. Laessig and Wolfe met in Boston, as students at the Berklee School of Music, in 2005. Although different in appearance and build, the two play with doubling in performance, dressing identically and keeping the same haircut and color, as well as singing in unison, for an eerie, ethereal feel that lures in the listener and never lets go. Photo by Levi Manchak.
EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD

SAT., AUG. 13

/COMMUNITY: Lend a Hand to the Land, Bur Oak Land Trust, 9 a.m., Free-$10
The Village Farmers Market, Czech Village Cedar Rapids, 2:30 p.m., Free
/MUSIC: The Tornadoes Blues Band, Iowa City Farmers Market, 9 a.m., Free
/CRAFTY: Byzantine Chain Maile Bracelet, Beadology Iowa, 10 a.m., $68
Jazzy Linked Wire Bracelet, Beadology Iowa, 2 p.m., $68
/ART-AND-EHIBITION: Artist in Residence: Patricia McInroy Presentation, Herbert Hoover National Historic Site, 10 a.m., Free
/CINEMA: The Picture Show: 'Popeye,' FilmScene, 10 a.m., Free-$5
Free Movie Series: 'Inside Out,' University of Iowa Pentacrest, 8:30 p.m., Free
/MUSIC: Kevin ‘B.F.’ Burt, Bobbers Grill, 12 p.m., Free
Blues Fest and Bobbers Cardboard Boat Races, Bobbers Grill, 2 p.m., Free
Community Folk Singing, Uptown Bill’s, 3 p.m., Free

INSIDE OUT Saturday, Aug. 13, 8:30 p.m. Pentacrest, Free. Iowa City’s Summer of the Arts is featuring the Academy Award-winning 'Inside Out' for the Aug. 13 showing in its free movie series. The screenings always begin at sunset, which will be 8:08 p.m. that day. ‘Inside Out’ has won copious praise from a wide range of sources for its sensitive and humorous portrayal of the inner workings of the tween brain. Written and directed by Pixar superstar Pete Docter, the film features the voice work of comedians Amy Poehler, Lewis Black and Mindy Kaling.
THE MELVINS Sunday, Aug. 14 at 7 p.m., Rock Island Brewing Company, $20. With their deep drone, thrash guitars, thick layers of sound and rocket-fast, impeccable drums, the Melvins—formed in 1983 in Washington state—have locked in a sound unlike any other. Walking a strange and delirious line between stoner rock and hardcore, this is a band that will melt your face off at a live show—they are, perhaps, the quintessential face melters. Take the chance to have your face melted at RIBCo on Aug. 14, as the Melvins, led by inimicable frontman Buzz Osborne, tour in support of ‘Basses Loaded,’ which came out in June. The new album is built around the conceit of featuring bass players, and features a kickass cover of the Beatles tune “I Want to Tell You.” Don’t miss the chance to see these legends in person. If you can’t make it to the Sunday show, they’re also playing at Wooly’s in Des Moines the following night. Go crazy—make it a road trip and take in both! Photo by crizzirc.
OPEN CALLS

LITERATURE:

THEATRE:
Giving Tree Theater: Auditions for the Noël Coward play ‘Blithe Spirit’ will be held on Sunday and Monday Aug. 14 and 15, at 7 p.m. each night, at the theatre (752 10th St., Marion). Jay Burken directs the classic comedy. Auditions will consist of readings from the script; proper British accents are expected. Role details available at givingtreetheater.com/blithe-spirit.

Revival Theatre: RTC will be accepting video submissions from actors wishing to be considered for its 2016–17 season from Aug. 1–Sep. 2, ahead of the Sep. 11 audition date. Videos can be sent to Artistic Director Brian Glick at bglick@revivaltheatrecompany.com. The season consists of ‘Evita,’ ‘Grey Gardens’ and ‘Victor/Victoria.’ More details at revivaltheatrecompany.com/auditions.

BEACH HOUSE Sunday, Aug. 14 at 7 p.m., the Englert Theatre, $27.50. Baltimore’s dream pop sensation Beach House will be sweeping into Iowa City on Aug. 14. ‘Thank Your Lucky Stars,’ their sixth studio album, was released last October. Beach House is Victoria Legrand, originally from France, and Baltimore native Alex Scally. The pair has been performing together for over a decade. Both play a wide variety of instruments in this keyboard-heavy, melodic, introspective act. Their touring team includes percussionist James Barone, formerly of Tennis, and Skyler Skjelset of Fleet Foxes, another bassist-keyboardist-vocalist. The entrancing band just released an enigmatic, delightful video for the song “The Traveler,” from their newest album. Photo via Beach House.
Area Events

Sun., Aug. 14

Community: Community Worktime, Public Space One, 1 p.m., Free
Crafty: Next Steps in Hollow Glass: Implosion Pendant, Beadology Iowa, 1 p.m., $98
Make Your Own Stein at Lion Bridge!, Lion Bridge Brewing Company, 2 p.m., $35
Theatre-And-Performance: 'Shear Madness,' Old Creamery Theatre, 2 p.m., $30
'Honk! Jr.,' Ohnward Fine Arts Center, 2 p.m., $10-18
Music: Live Music: Mississippi String Band, Sutliff Cider Company, 3 p.m., Free
Marbin, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, 4 p.m., Free
Jenny Lewis w/ EZTV--SOLD OUT, Codfish Hollow Barnstormers, 7 p.m., $30-35
The Melvins, Rock Island Brewing Company, 7 p.m., $20
Beach House, The Englert Theatre, 7 p.m., $27.50
Tenement w/ Black Thumb, Rational Anthem, The Mill, 8 p.m., $8
The Ambulancers w/ The Cell Phones, Gabe's, 9 p.m., Free
Cinema: 'Alien,' FilmScene, 8 p.m., $15

Mon., Aug. 15

Sports-N-Rec: Aquacise, Coralville Recreation Center, 7:30 a.m., $5-50
Community: Coralville Farmers' Market, Coralville Community Aquatic Center, 5 p.m., $30-60
Education: Nature Stroll: Trees of Our Woods, Indian Creek Nature Center, 6 p.m., $2-6
Music: The Steel Wheels, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, 7 p.m., $12-18
Marbin, Gabe's, 9 p.m., Free

Tue., Aug. 16

Literature: Book Report, Iowa City Senior Center, 2 p.m., Free
Community: Weed Wacking Women! Session II, Indian Creek Nature Center, 5:30 p.m., $10-12
Music: Bonfires w/ Fossil Youth, The Weekend Classic, Know The Ropes, On Friendly Fire, Blue Moose Tap House, 6 p.m., $8-10
Weekly Old-Timey Jam Session, Trumpet Blossom Cafe, 8:30 p.m., Free
Lowlight w/ Danami, Gabe's, 9 p.m., Free
MONDAYS Moeller Mondays, Daytrotter, 7 p.m. Open Mic, The Mill, Free, 8 p.m. Honeycombs of Comedy, Yacht Club, $3, 10 p.m.

TUESDAYS Iowa City Farmers Market, Mercer Park, 3-6 p.m. Acoustic Music Club, River Music Experience, Free, 4:30 p.m. Tuesday Evening Jazz, Motley Cow Cafe, Free, 5-5:30 p.m. Karaoke Tuesdays, The Mill, Free, 10 p.m. Blues Jam, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 p.m. Underground Open Mic, The Yacht Club, Free, 8 p.m. Weekly Old-Timey Jam Session, Trumpet Blossom Cafe, Free, 8:30 p.m. Comedy & Open Mic Night, Studio 13, Free, 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS Iowa City Farmers Market, Chauncey Swan Ramp, 5-7 p.m. Music is the Word: Music on Wednesdays, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. Low Cost Yoga, Public Space One, $2, 5 p.m. Honest Open Mic, Lincoln Wine Bar, 6 p.m. Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, The Mill, $5, 6 p.m. (2nd & 4th Wednesdays) Open Mic Night, Penguin’s Comedy Club, Free, 6:30 p.m. Spoken Word, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. (1st Wednesday) Open Mic, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m. Karaoke Wednesdays, Mondo’s Saloon, Free, 10 p.m. Open Stage, Studio 13, 10 p.m. Open Jam and Mug Night, Yacht Club, Free, 10 p.m. Late Shift at the Grindhouse, FilmScene, $4, 10 p.m.

THURSDAYS I.C. Press Co-op open shop, Public Space One, Free, 4 p.m. Thursday Night Lineup: Nooks and Crannies Tour, Brucemore Mansion, $10-15, 5:30 p.m. Thursday Night Lineup: Hired Help Tour, Brucemore Mansion, $10-15, 5:30 p.m. Novel Conversations, Coralville Public Library, Free, 7 p.m. (3rd Thursday) Thursday Night Live Open Mic, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. Daddy-O, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 p.m. Live Jazz, Clinton Street Social Club, Free, 8 p.m. Karaoke Thursday, Studio 13, Free, 8 p.m. Gemini Karaoke, Blue Moose, Free, 9 p.m.

FRIDAYS Music is the Word: Music on Fridays, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. Friday Night Out, Ceramics Center, 6:30 p.m. FAC Dance Party, The Union Bar, 7 p.m. Sasha Belle presents: Friday Drag & Dance Party, Studio 13, 8 p.m. SoulShake, Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

SATURDAYS Iowa City Farmers Market, Chauncey Swan Ramp, 7:30 a.m. - 12 p.m. Family Storytime, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m. I.C. Press Co-op open shop, Public Space One, Free, 12 p.m. Saturday Night Music, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. Elation Dance Party, Studio 13, 9 p.m.

SUNDAYS Live Music, Sutliff Cider Company, 3 p.m. Studio Survivor & Pride Bingo, Studio 13, 6:30 p.m. Pub Quiz, The Mill, $1, 9 p.m


/ ART-AND-EXHIBITION: 50 Years of Star Trek, University of Iowa Main Library (through Aug. 5)

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A DAY OF DANISH FILM (15)
BEADOLOGY (26)
BREAD GARDEN MARKET (14, 24)
CEDAR RAPIDS MUSEUM OF ART (9)
CEDAR RIDGE (36)
The CENTER (9)
CLICHÉ GALLERY (43)
THE CONVENIENCE STORE (41)
CROWDED CLOSET (8)
EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD CO-OP (33)
- ZENERGI HOT YOGA
- HEYN’S PREMIUM ICE CREAM
- ENDORPHINDEN TATTOO
- EAST-WEST MASSAGE THERAPY
- SHAKESPEARE’S PUB & GRILL
- ZEN DEN YOGA
THE ENGLERT THEATRE (27)
ESSENTIAL TRANSFORMATIONS (32)
FESTIVAL OF IOWA BEERS (35)
FORBIDDEN PLANET (15)
KIM SCHILLIG (36)
IOWA ARTISANS GALLERY (26)
THE MILL (31)
NEW PIONEER FOOD CO-OP (29)
NORTHDALE MARKETPLACE (10-11)
- HAMBURG INN NO. 2
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NORTHSIDE OKTOBERFEST (4)
OLD CREAMERY THEATRE (30)
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SUMMER OF THE ARTS (26, 41)
SUSHI KICCHIN (41)
THAT CELLULAR PLACE (2)
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ZEPHYR PRINTING & DESIGN (40)

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WHERE DID ALL THESE SHIPPING CONTAINERS COME FROM? AND WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?

For the past year or so, steel shipping containers have been piling up on every vacant commercial lot in every town in America, offered for sale or lease. What’s up? Is there a new, better way to ship and deliver bulk cargo? Or has there been a decrease in shipping due to the worldwide recession? Could shipping containers provide a low-cost housing alternative? —Brent McGregor

Past year? Buddy, empty shipping containers have been piling up for decades. Not just in the lot across the street, incidentally, but also on the ocean floor, which accepts thousands of the steel boxes annually—they fall off boats in bad weather, etc. This has risen to the level of a capital-P problem, with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration publishing a 2014 study of the containers’ effects on aquatic ecosystems. Short answer? Not great.

But that’s a question for another day. Back on land, the reasons for the glut of intermodal cargo containers, as they’re called, are neither mysterious nor particularly complicated. Take the relationship between the U.S. and China. The relative strength of the American dollar, paired with the weakness of the Chinese economy, means we’re currently buying a lot more stuff from them than they are from us. So a ship laden with iPhones crosses the Pacific to the Port of Los Angeles, unloads, and then what? It either takes the empties back, or it leaves them behind. Extrapolate this over the vast, intricate web of various international economic relationships—and consider that moving those empties around the globe leaves them behind. Extrapolate this over the every few years, and it’s been tried here and there. Containers could house the homeless, the thinking goes, or provide temporary lodging in the wake of natural disasters.

There’s a catch or two, though, as pointed out in a 2011 article at the architecture website ArchDaily. Designed to stand up to all sorts of weather, shipping containers come coated with some pretty toxic stuff—think lead-based paint—that has to be stripped off before they’re inhabitable, and their plywood floors contain things like arsenic to keep pests away. “The average container eventually produces nearly a thousand pounds of hazardous waste before it can be used as a structure,” ArchDaily notes. “All of this, coupled with the fossil fuels required to move the container into place with heavy machinery, contribute significantly to its ecological footprint.” However unsexy, it’s often greener and cheaper to just build a new wood-framed structure than to repurpose a container.

Housing aside, another proposed solution to the empty-container problem is the “gray box”: moving away from the current practice of companies owning, painting and labeling their own containers, and toward a more fluid, coordinated system where everybody draws from a collective pool, the boxes reassigned as needed. Will this happen? Not immediately. Any comprehensive fix will be a heavy lift, trying to get all the shippers, regulators, et al. in sync, meaning you’ll have to put up with the eyesore a while longer, I’m afraid. But hey, better in your front yard than banging into the Great Coral Reef, right?
LEO (July 23-Aug. 22): You’re not doing a baby chick a favor by helping it hatch. For the sake of its well-being, the bird needs to peck its way out of the egg. It’s got to exert all of its vigor and willpower in starting its new life. That’s a good metaphor for you to meditate on. As you escape from your comfortable womb-jail and launch yourself toward inspiration, it’s best to rely as much as possible on your own instincts. Friendly people who would like to provide assistance may inadvertently cloud your access to your primal wisdom. Trust yourself deeply and wisely.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): I hear you’re growing weary of wrestlings with ghosts. Is that true? I hope so. The moment you give up the fruitless struggle, you’ll become eligible for a unique kind of freedom that you have not previously imagined. Here’s another rumor I’ve caught wind of: You’re getting bored with the most helpful approach will never be as simple or as hard questions is “YESSS??!!”—at least for now. I suspect that can only happen if you adopt an upside-down, inside-out view. For the sake of its well-being, the bird needs to exert all of its vigor helping it hatch. For the sake of its well-being, the bird needs to exert all of its vigor. Eventually, a pearl may form. I suspect that this besieges the intruder with successive layers of calcium carbonate. Eventually, a pearl may form. I suspect that this is a useful metaphor for you to contemplate in the coming weeks. You might like to follow. You are ready to receive teachings and direction from heroes who are further along the path that you’d adjudge to be more pleasurable treasure. Hallelujah!

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Could it be true that the way out is the same as the way in? And that the so-called “wrong” answer is almost indistinguishable from the right answer? And that success, at least the kind of success that really matters, can only happen if you adopt an upside-down, inside-out perspective? In my opinion, the righteous answer to all these questions is “YESSS????!!”—at least for now. I suspect that the most helpful approach will never be as simple or as hard as you might be inclined to believe.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Your strength seems to make some people uncomfortable. I don’t want that to become a problem for you. Maybe you could get away with toning down your potency at other times, but not now. It would be sinful to act as if you’re not as competent and committed to excellence as you are. But having said that, I also urge you to monitor your behavior for excess pride. Some of the resistance you face when you express your true glory may be due to the shadows cast by your true glory. You could be tempted to believe that your honorable intentions excuse secretive manipulations. So please work on wielding your clout with maximum compassion and responsibility.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): I’ve worked hard for many years to dismantle my prejudices. To my credit, I have even managed to cultivate compassion for people I previously demonized, like evangelical Christians, drunken jocks, arrogant gurus, and career politicians. But I must confess that there’s still one group toward which I’m bigoted: super-rich bankers. I wish I could extend to them at least a modicum of amiable impartiality. How about you, Aquarius? Do you harbor any hidebound biases that shrink your ability to see life as it truly is? Have you so thoroughly rationalized certain narrow-minded prejudices and judgmental preconceptions that your mind is permanently closed? If so, now is a favorable time to dissolve the barriers and stretch your imagination way beyond its previous limits.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): I apologize in advance for the seemingly excessive abundance of good news I’m about to report. If you find it hard to believe, I won’t hold your skepticism against you. But I do want you to know that every prediction is warranted by the astrological omens. Ready for the onslaught? 1. In the coming weeks, you could fall forever out of love with a wasteful obsession. 2. You might also start falling in love with a healthy obsession. 3. You can half-accidentally snag a blessing you have been half-afraid to want. 4. You could recall a catalytic truth whose absence has been causing you a problem ever since you forgot it. 5. You could reclaim the mojo that you squandered when you pushed yourself too hard a few months ago.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): August is Adopt-a-Taurus month. It’s for all of your tribe, not just the orphans and exiles and disowned rebels. Even if you have exemplary parents, the current astrological omens suggest that you require additional support and guidance from wise elders. So I urge you to be audacious in rounding up trustworthy guardians and benefactors. Go in search of mentors and fairy godmothers. Ask for advice from heroes who are further along the path that you’d like to follow. You are ready to receive teachings and direction you weren’t receptive to before.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): When a parasite or other irritant slips inside an oyster’s shell, the mollusk’s immune system besieges the intruder with successive layers of calcium carbonate. Eventually, a pearl may form. I suspect that this is a useful metaphor for you to contemplate in the coming days as you deal with the salt in your wound or the splinter in your skin. Before you jump to any conclusions, though, let me clarify. This is not a case of the platitude, “Whatever doesn’t kill you will make you stronger.” Keep in mind that the pearl is a symbol of beauty and value, not strength.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): It’s your lucky day! Spiritual counsel comparable to what you’re reading here usually sells for $99.95. But because you’re showing signs that you’re primed to outwit bad habits, I’m offering it at no cost. I want to encourage you! Below are my ideas for what you should focus on. (But keep in mind that I don’t expect you to achieve absolute perfection.) 1. Weed yourself from indulging in self-pity and romanticized pessimism. 2. Withdraw from connections with people who harbor negative images of you. 3. Transcend low expectations wherever you see them in play. 4. Don’t give your precious life energy to demoralizing ideas and sour opinions.
LOCAL ALBUMS

NORA PETRAN & CURT OREN
2%
www.curtoren.bandcamp.com

Iowa City underground music celebrities Nora Petran and Curt Oren went inside the Maquoketa Caves on a cold, rainy, muddy day and emerged with a seven track collaborative album—2%.

The album is split into Nora’s tracks, a collection of dizzying, kaleidoscopic yet gentle guitar and voice songs, Curt’s tracks, which take a very different direction—more overt and political recorded samples overlaid on circular-breathing saxophone pieces—and one final collaborative song. To be honest, it’s a weird combination, but the overwhelmingly cave-y sound of the cave acts as a binder, almost a third instrument, which somehow lifts these two bodies of work onto the same layer of reality.

Fans of Nora’s glimmering singer-songwriter style may find Curt’s more aggressively emotional and experimental pieces challenging. Likewise, noise heads and saxophone nerds may find Nora’s songwriting too soft, sweet and enjoyable. This disparity aside, 2% manages to feel like one whole thing, a collaboration between artists who understand one another’s work. It really does come across not as a split, but as an experimental collaborative album with a good deal of coherence, even as the artists are doing two completely different things.

Highlights include Nora’s track “Hour Glass,” which is hypnotic and lullaby-like, with some amazing structural, lyrical and technical prowess without being flashy. The reverb of the cave adds a moving affect to this song in particular. Curt’s track “Facebook Messenger,” the only one that doesn’t emphasize recorded samples, also levels-up thanks to the cave’s magical properties, and is incredibly moving and evocative without use of language.

... synth chords that float like cumulus clouds on a bed of quiet clicks and crackles.

JOSH FINA
Feel Me EP
www.kindgesturerecords.com

Electronic dance music’s natural habitat is a dark room with the sound system turned up until the bass hits you in the solar plexus and your fillings vibrate. The Feel Me EP attacks that milieu with a subtlety and gentleness that seems out of place on the dance floor. In the opening track “The Beat 24,” the rhythms are appropriated from Chicago juke, which trades in frenetic, curb jumping house beats sped up to 180 BPM. But the melodic material that floats over it feels closer to the wistful lusnness of Boards of Canada.

Feel Me is the second release from former Iowa Citian Jacob Hopes’ Kind Gesture label. Hopes touts Josh Fina as a “reclusive Chicago producer.” Fina has embraced the headlong rush of the juke and footwork dance music styles that have exploded in the Chicago underground over the past decade, but brings a sense of delicacy and restraint to his beatmaking. Where footwork tracks lean on jackhammering kick drums and sped-up R&B samples, Josh Fina has a love for ambient textures and muted synths; it’s not so much music for the street but for the third floor walk-up loft overlooking the street.

“Put That Shit Out” seems built mostly out of vocal fragments from a woman singing, set against the kind of off-kilter, heavily swung hip hop beats that drive Flying Lotus’ music. Some of the dreamy, untethered floatiness comes down to production decisions. His drums don’t dominate his tracks the way they’re “supposed to” in electronic music. The foreground is definitely the synth chords that float like cumulus clouds on a bed of quiet clicks and crackles.

On “Alone,” frenetic scattershot drums are offset by music box melodies that fall in and out of time. Wordless female vocal samples blanket calm over the restless rhythms. The half-speed snare backbeat recalls the slow skank that drives dubstep, but there’s no manipulative buildup to a drop; when things really get going about halfway through, it’s the wordless singing that provides the drama, not a combination joy-buzzer/duck-quack bassline.

Josh Fina wants to have it both ways, it seems: intricate, hand-made beats and wistful, billowing minor chords. It’s hard to say which one is the cake, and which one is eating it too; either way this is a sweet mini-album.

SUBMIT ALBUMS FOR REVIEW
LITTLE VILLAGE
623 S DUBUQUE ST, IOWA CITY
HORIZONTAL

1. Original brand name for a sportswear item created from a pair of jockstraps
2. Lift, as a horse might its hind legs
3. Ingredient prohibited on Passover
4. Like some Beanie Babies
5. "Turn Me Loose" singer, 1959
6. Spring cleaning needs
7. ___ Baker ("The Great British Bake Off" accolade)
8. Got clean, in a way
9. ___ the floor (rhythmic pattern in disco)
10. "Whatever you like"
11. Some navels
12. Flappers and flagpole sitters serving as backup singers for the Misfits?
13. CPR specialist
14. Bichromatic treats
15. Mechanically
16. Georgia's state wildflowers
17. Major MMA company
18. Dashboard Confessional genre
19. Friend alternative
20. Chocolate treat with a red-and-yellow wrapper for the female lead in the movie "South Pacific?"
21. Meets
22. Does penance
23. Double-___ egg
24. John B, for one
25. Blanco's opposite
26. Marquee time
27. A lot of nonsense?
28. Wee, to Burns
29. Oscar-nominated "Brooklyn" actress
30. Where "Tab A" goes, in sex scene slang
31. "Tab A" goes, in sex scene slang
32. ___ Baker (<i>The Great British Bake Off</i> accolade)
33. Bichromatic treats
34. John B, for one
35. Does penance
36. Double-___ egg
37. ___ Baker (<i>The Great British Bake Off</i> accolade)
38. Bichromatic treats
39. John B, for one
40. Does penance
41. Double-___ egg
42. Bichromatic treats
43. John B, for one
44. Does penance
45. Double-___ egg
46. Bichromatic treats
47. John B, for one
48. Does penance
49. Double-___ egg
50. Bichromatic treats
51. John B, for one
52. Does penance
53. Double-___ egg
54. Bichromatic treats
55. John B, for one
56. Does penance
57. Double-___ egg
58. Bichromatic treats
59. John B, for one
60. Does penance
61. Double-___ egg

VERTICAL

1. Stick (out)
2. Adam Sandler character who sang "La Donne Mobile Home" about Tammy Faye Bakker's divorce
3. Increases
4. Domino's employee who brought pies to Trey Gowdy's Select Committee?
5. Elevates
6. "Chances ________
7. Will Ferrell comedy that inspired a Broadway musical
8. Think logically
9. They're for the birds
10. Immediate future
11. Bygone cable channel with a guitar head in its logo
12. Getter
13. Salon offerings
14. ___ the floor (rhythmic pattern in disco)
15. "Whatever you like"
16. Some navels
17. Flappers and flagpole sitters serving as backup singers for the Misfits?
18. CPR specialist
19. A lot of nonsense?
20. Name bestowed to illegitimate children of English kings
21. Greek peak
22. Marquee time
23. A lot of nonsense?
24. Chocolate treat with a red-and-yellow wrapper for the female lead in the movie "South Pacific?"
25. Rockefelder Center muralist
26. Bat wood
27. Wide-eyed creature
28. Steakhouse
29. Napa neighbor
30. Unagi suppliers
31. Town near Caen
32. Plunder
33. Buds: Var.
34. Band that won the 2007 Grammy for Best Music Video
35. Rockefelder Center muralist
36. Bat wood
37. Wide-eyed creature
38. Beefsteak
39. Molasses
40. ___ the floor (rhythmic pattern in disco)
41. "Whatever you like"
42. Some navels
43. Flappers and flagpole sitters serving as backup singers for the Misfits?
44. CPR specialist
45. A lot of nonsense?
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65. A lot of nonsense?
66. Chocolate treat with a red-and-yellow wrapper for the female lead in the movie "South Pacific?"

The American Values Club Crossword is edited by Ben Tausig. Subscription information can be found at avxword.com.
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become a MEMBER

August is Member Month at Iowa City’s Nonprofit Cinema

THE FILMSCENE PLATFORM

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- 80 tickets to regular shows plus special event discounts
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- Exclusive invites and member presales
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★ For the community
Your membership supports Iowa City’s nonprofit cinema in its mission to engage and inspire through film. Your critical support helps make possible educational events, filmmaker dialogues and community screenings.

Become a party member at the box office or www.icfilmscene.org/member-month

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★ Support for the Arts  ★ Much More!