

**FFBC**

# First Friday News & Views

Monthly Newsletter of the **First Friday Breakfast Club, Inc.**

October 2017

Volume 22

Issue 10

The next FFBC meeting is  
Friday, October 6,  
2017  
7:00 a.m.



**FFBC Meeting Location:**  
Hoyt Sherman Place,  
15<sup>th</sup> and Woodland,  
Des Moines, IA



**R.S.V.P.**  
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by Wednesday,  
October 4



**FFBC Website:**  
[www.ffbcia.org](http://www.ffbcia.org)



## Crazy Is As Crazy Does

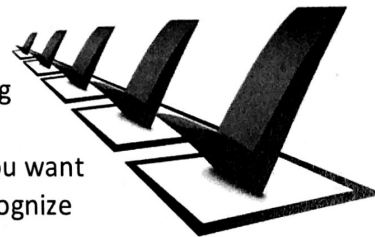
by Jonathan Wilson



I am not making this up. The Mayo Clinic, one of the most respected healthcare providers in the world, published an item about narcissistic personality disorder. The resource was published to help mental health professionals diagnose and treat a person suffering from narcissistic personality disorder. It was published before Donald Trump ever considered pursuing a political career and was based on the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-5), published by the American Psychiatric Association.

DSM-5 criteria for diagnosing narcissistic personality disorder include these features:

- Having an exaggerated sense of self-importance
- Expecting to be recognized as superior even without achievements that warrant it
- Exaggerating your achievements and talents
- Being preoccupied with fantasies about success, power, brilliance, beauty or the perfect mate
- Believing that you are superior and can only be understood by or associate with equally special people
- Requiring constant admiration
- Having a sense of entitlement
- Expecting special favors and unquestioning compliance with your expectations
- Taking advantage of others to get what you want
- Having an inability or unwillingness to recognize the needs and feelings of others
- Being envious of others and believing others envy you
- Behaving in an arrogant or haughty manner



According to the Mayo Clinic, although some features of narcissistic personality disorder may seem like having confidence, it's not the same. Narcissistic personality disorder crosses the border of healthy confidence into thinking so highly of yourself that you put yourself on a pedestal and value yourself more than you value others. **[continued on page two]**



I suspect that many people exhibit more than one of those diagnostic indicators. I'm sure that I do from time to time at least. Every single one of those diagnostic symptoms, however, fits Donald Trump to a tee – every one of them -- demonstrated in a very public way, day-in-and-day-out, during his campaign and since taking office as President [sic] of the United States.

A psychiatrist would generally avoid a diagnosis without meeting with the patient, putting them on the proverbial couch, and making a personal evaluation. That's because the psychiatrist, lacking that one-on-one interaction, has not witnessed the behaviors that might qualify for a diagnostic conclusion. With Donald Trump, the behaviors have been broadcast in national media repeatedly and even embraced by Donald Trump through his penchant for doubling-down on his missteps.

In February of this year, 35 mental health professionals, with impeccable credentials, co-signed a letter to *The New York Times*, making the diagnosis and warning of the dangers associated with it. A psychiatrist friend of mine said that, unlike some other mental health disorders, a personality disorder can't be medicated away. It requires prolonged, individual therapy, and afflicted persons will most likely seek that treatment only when they develop depression because of perceived criticism or rejection.

Most of us are not acquainted with mental health disorders and would be reluctant to venture an actual diagnosis. That is particularly true when dealing with a public figure like the President of the United States. I, for one, however, don't think I need more than my personal observation of every single diagnostic symptom exhibited by Donald Trump. All I have to do is: (1) read all of the symptoms, and (2) observe Donald Trump exhibiting all of them.

I'm growing weary watching intelligent, experienced, sane people try to explain Donald Trump's behavior as if it were rationally based. Donald Trump is suffering from a compromised mental health condition – a diagnosable personality disorder. That should become everyone's operating premise. Everyone should stop pretending he is sane and simply ignorant. He is ignorant, but he is not sane. Such pretending is a failure to "name" the problem and, as he himself has said, unless you properly name the problem, you won't be able to solve it.

News broadcasters should be introducing every report about what he has said or done with the phrase, "Today President [sic] Trump exhibited his narcissistic personality disorder by (fill in the blank)...." Crazy can't be "explained," other than by calling it what it is. You might not be able to get Trump committed to an institution, but if he were already in one, I don't think he would be a strong candidate for release. I think the 25<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the United States Constitution is calling his name.

A graphic of a hand holding a flashlight, shining a beam of light. The background is dark with jagged, starburst-like edges.

## In the Spotlight

October's Speaker:  
**Reverend Mark Stringer**

A black and white portrait of a man with a beard, wearing a suit and tie, smiling.

Our speaker in October will be Mark Stringer, the newly appointed Executive Director of ACLU of Iowa. He has spoken to FFBC previously as senior pastor of the First Unitarian Church.

He does an excellent job, and you won't want to miss hearing him. You are encouraged to invite some of your friends to attend!

Please consider bringing one or more cans of food to donate to the Food Bank. We'll get it delivered!

A stack of various food cans, including soups and vegetables.

**FOOD DRIVE**

*If you thought it was difficult (and ultimately, impossible) to get the Obamacare repeal and replacement accomplished, imagine the prospects for tax reform without Trump disclosing his tax returns!*

## Michael Thompson's Organic Abstracts - Oil on Canvas

Michael Thompson (FFBC member) started painting with watercolors in college, but his progress was deferred by career, marriage, and children. Since retirement in 2009, he has focused on painting with oils on canvas. In a Des Moines Art Center class a few years ago, he discovered abstract painting. He loves the freedom of playing with form, line, color, and texture without having to paint a picture of "a tree" or "a house."



His inspiration is from elements in the landscape. He likes to work with the unfurling and unraveling as well as the twisting and inter-wovenness of nature. Wherever he goes he takes photos (mostly close up) for future ideas for a painting. Often, he will use an image or part of one from one photo and superimpose it on an image from a different photo to get a creative mix of shapes. First, he prints the photo images in black and white. Next, he sketches the shapes on canvas in pencil. Lastly, he selects colors which appeal to him, and he then begins painting.

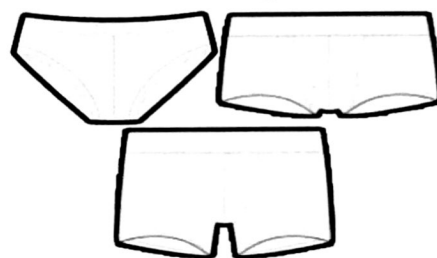
Trees are his favorite element in the landscape. Their bark offers textures and shapes, fascinating up close and providing him with source material, displayed in several of the **paintings that were on exhibit in the gallery of Plymouth Congregational Church on Ingersoll at 42nd Street**. Rocks are also an excellent idea resource because of their cracks, irregular shapes, and varied surfaces. Sometimes he combines rock images with tree images for an appealing composition. Even though he is the painter, the painting carries him along with it, suggesting colors and textures. He may have completed what he thought was an okay painting, turned it upside down, and was surprised to see a better painting there.

In addition to items in nature, he loves to paint toxic waste barrels. He tries to present them as if they were like colorful Christmas tree ornaments, but full of foul and dangerous stuff -- the juxtaposition of pretty and pretty bad.



*Our infrastructure is in decay.  
Build bridges, not walls. We need the  
hardworking immigrant labor force to  
rebuild America and to contribute to  
our Social Security System.*

## Briefs & Shorts:



Thanks to Brad Holland for introducing our August speaker, Michelle Book, CEO of Food Bank of Iowa. Thanks to Brian Taylor Carlson for his work on the FFBC website. Thanks to Wade Petersen for his work as our new newsletter production editor. Thanks to Ryan Weidner for his work as our technology guru.

Check out the Iowa Stage Theatre production of **Company** opening on September 21 at the Kum & Go Theater in The Des Moines Social Club.



Be sure to peruse the front table for a book you might like to read. **Book donations are always welcome.** Thanks to Scott Kuknyo for helping coordinate the book exchange.

**Consider making a tax deductible contribution** to the FFBC scholarship fund, or a tax exempt testamentary gift, or both. We're all going to die, and we can't take it with us. Contact Jonathan Wilson for details.

# The Renegade

by Brian Taylor Carlson

When I was a kid, I wanted to be a male stripper.

This inspiration came to me from the soap opera *The Young and the Restless*. At age 11, I was particularly fond of the handsome men on the show and had crushes on several of them. But then came a rather racy scene that still lives in my mind today.

Nikki Reed was a stripper on the show. Cashman was the owner of the strip club, *The Bayou*, where Nikki worked. On one particularly interest-grabbing episode, Cashman performed his own Chippendale-style act, dressed as a policeman, and he interrupted Nikki's striptease show from out of nowhere. She did not recognize him in his costume. He pretended he was an actual officer, there to arrest Nikki and take her to jail. As tension mounted and he brought out his handcuffs to arrest Nikki, the music began to play again.

Before my mesmerized eyes, the masculine Cashman began to strip, gyrating his hips rhythmically. He ripped open his shirt, and his oiled, chiseled body moved to the primal beat, while the stage cleared to allow him room to steal the scene...and my lust-driven heart. He danced his way across the stage, entrancing me with his raw sexuality. His pelvis thrust its way into my soul. His pants had zippers on the sides. He bent down the sides of each muscular leg, and, in a flash, they were off, unwrapping a present of ruddy, tanned skin. He had stripped down to a black leather G-string and black leather boots. He was stunning. I was drooling.

Then, he stuck his thumbs into the G-string's waistband and began teasing the hungry audience (that had magically transformed from a bunch of horny gentlemen into a crowd of shrieking Southern California women by the magic that is television). Suddenly, Cashman's thumbs took his G-string to the floor and he stood up and revealed....



Another black leather G-string – only this one was smaller and even more revealing.

If I could have climbed into that television and onto that stage, I certainly would have. I believe this experience influenced my lustful obsession with men in uniform. Instantly, my career of choice was diverted from "paleontologist" to "Chippendale dancer."

In 1982, male strippers were all over television. Chippendale dancers were making appearances on talk shows and prime time spots on both ABC and CBS. Men were able to achieve "sex symbol" status on top of their celebrity. I made it a point to catch every single show where they'd be performing.

I began to practice stripping at home. I had plenty of time to myself because my mother was a single parent and my brother spent a lot of time at my father's house. But my brother caught me mid-strip one day, and I made sure never to be caught again. My dream of becoming a stripper faded as I turned back to books for solace to alleviate the pain of being bullied in middle and high school for being gay and an academic.

Ten years later, I did dance on a banquette at *The Renegade* in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. It was 1992; I was 21 and newly out. I'd lost a lot of weight after high school by sticking to a diet and exercise plan. I worked as a server for the first time that summer. The tips rolled in, and I was having fun being the new kid in the gay community.

I met many people in the service and bar industry in a short amount of time. The restaurant business in a small resort town is like an even smaller town itself, and once you meet a handful of people, you quickly meet them all. I met the general manager of *The Renegade*, and we became good friends. He offered me a job as a dancer.

I only worked holiday weekends. I would clock out of work at a family restaurant and run down the street to the *The Renegade*. There, I changed into a sexy outfit and ran out to the dance floor to shake my butt on three banquettes I shared with the other dancers, strippers, porn stars, and other "guest dancers." I was getting paid \$125 a night, plus tips. [continued on page seven]







# Wind River

Movie Review by Mark Turnage

*Wind River* was sold to me when I read an article that suggested that the director, Taylor Sheridan, should be on the shortlist to direct the next James Bond film. Considering the subject matter at the heart of *Wind River*, it made me curious—how exactly does a slow-boiled murder mystery have parallels with the often over-the-top Bond franchise? The answer lies not in this film's story, but its scope and cinematography.

Director Taylor Sheridan is no stranger to the subject of strangers in a strange land. His tense, somber landscape films (see also his previous work, *Sicario*) center around an out-of-their-element protagonist who needs to gain the trust of at least one expert embedded within an ambivalent, hard-boiled, indigenous population to accomplish their mission. In the case of *Wind River*, that expert is professional game hunter Corey Lambert (Jeremy Renner), who married into the Native American reservation in northern Wyoming and established rapport and trust within the community there. Lambert's discovery of the body of a teenage girl living on the reservation summons the FBI, and it's discovered she's a victim of sexual assault—yet because she died from exposure to elements, it's not a clear-cut murder case. So the FBI sends rookie agent Jane Banner (a captivating Elizabeth Olsen) to investigate, inexperience and all. The land they reside in is a secondary antagonist, its brutal cold, broken economy, and mountainous terrain, isolating and unforgiving to outsiders and themselves. But damn, is it beautiful to see from the comfort of a movie theater.

The success of *Wind River* lies in its earnest simplicity, which may be why Renner's performance felt overbearing at times. His character felt grating to me because there's no evolution—he's had trauma in his life, but he's already found closure, and the story misses an opportunity for development by turning him into a vaguely invulnerable badass. Grief, too, is more deftly explored with nearly every character, except Renner's, which was another frustration to me. Thankfully, Olsen's performance is convincing and often dials up the suspense—sure, the Feds are involved, but if a rookie FBI agent goes missing in the wilderness, would anyone look for her? It's a palpable feeling throughout this film that the characters are lonely scions of barely-held-together fortitude, and that a sudden act of violence would cause anyone to disappear into the inhospitable terrain much in the same way as did the victim at the center of the story.

And here's the kicker of this movie—the action sequences and set pieces, while few, are some of the best I've seen on film, worthy of a Craig-era bond film somewhere between *Quantum of Solace* and *Skyfall*. It's established quickly that anyone's fair game in this movie, and when death arrives, it's sudden and brutal.

Overall, *Wind River* is a noirish meditation on grief, isolation, and learning to survive, yet one that might be served best with a better star vehicle. A good watch, but save it for DVD and Blu-Ray.

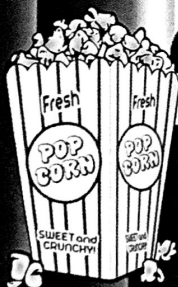
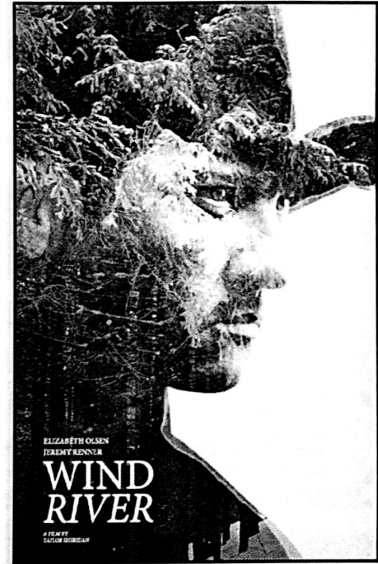




Photo by Gary Moore



Photo by Gary Moore

Michelle Book's hometown is Jefferson, Iowa, and her first job, she's noted, was walking beans -- so she knows how to work hard. A graduate of Iowa State University and a CPA, she worked for the Finance Department of John Deere and then for several years was Head of Community and Academic Relations for DuPont Pioneer, before becoming President and CEO of the Food Bank of Iowa in the spring of 2015. In just 18 months she has brought new vitality and efficiency to the organization, and has greatly increased awareness of its vital importance to millions of Iowans, both hungry and well-fed. Michelle Book can be reached at 515-867-2880 and [mbook@foodbankiowa.org](mailto:mbook@foodbankiowa.org).

# Hunger in the Heartland

by Bruce Carr



Our guest speaker on Friday, September 1, 2017, was Michelle Book, President and CEO of the Food Bank of Iowa. Book is charming and savvy, and her message was smartly and charmingly delivered, but it was nevertheless urgent and startling: 42,000,000 people in the United States suffer food insecurity. One of every eight people in Iowa -- the "nation's breadbasket" -- and one of every five children, suffer food insecurity.

As part of the response to that intolerable situation, the Food Bank of Iowa in 2016 distributed almost 10,000,000 meals worth of donated and purchased grocery products and USDA foods to more than 400 partners, front-line agencies in 55 counties across the state of Iowa. One of 200 members of the nationwide alliance called Feeding America, the Food Bank of Iowa has also started, under Book's direction, to recognize the importance of political action, and has convened a new advocacy organization: the Iowa Hunger Coalition. Collaborating with fellow food banks across Iowa and partners at the DMARC Food Pantry Network and other partners including food pantries, community action programs, food rescue organizations -- a wide variety of Iowa hunger fighters -- ensures that Iowa Hunger Coalition members now work in all four of Iowa's Congressional districts, and in dozens and dozens of state representatives' and senators' constituencies, spanning the state from Davenport to Council Bluffs, from Lamoni to Mason City, and everything in between, Book told us.

Michelle Book's presentation sparked a most lively discussion. As FFBC member Gary Moore wrote enthusiastically afterwards on Facebook: "Ms. Book has an extensive and impressive resumé with some of Iowa's premiere industries, and she wowed the nearly 60-strong FFBC members and guests with her detailed understanding of her agency's task. She noted that some 30% of food assistance comes through the US Department of Agriculture and, with the Farm Bill up for renewal this year, there is genuine concern over what changes the Trump Administration may propose. She listed several large Iowa retailers that commit serious resources to the Food Bank (and a couple that for various reasons have been difficult to bring into the program: surprisingly, Hy-Vee was one of those). She informed the group of upcoming changes in the Food Bank's physical plant that will double their capacity, but she's still looking for funds to appropriately develop a "clean room" for packaging and repackaging large donations of fresh and frozen items: \$50,000 is needed for the refrigeration required to handle that increase of capacity."



I think we'd all agree with Gary's summation: "One impressive lady!" (An audio recording of Michelle Book's presentation is available on our Web site, [ffbc-iowa.org](http://ffbc-iowa.org), under the "Speakers" tab.)

Photo by Gary Moore

At first, I was exalted. This was finally my time to be "discovered." I danced until the wee hours of the morning, and was thrilled to find \$20 and \$100 bills tucked into my boots and waistband at the end of the night. Invitations to pool parties and happy hours and beach house gatherings came daily. Labor Day weekend inevitably arrived, my last weekend performance at *The Renegade*. I learned that being a dancer in a gay bar is not exactly glamorous, nor is it a launch pad for upwardly mobility. It runs its course as youth fades or, in my case, as summer ended and my appetite for good food got the best of me.

As September approaches, the entire community anticipates a nice, quiet, off-season when restaurants, retailers, and bars cut back hours dramatically or shutter altogether until April. Many people travel to warmer locations for the winter.

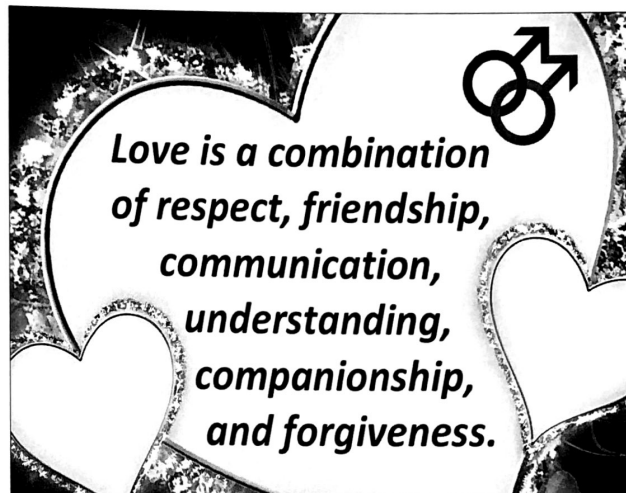
Summer of 1992 is still one of my fondest memories. I was fully aware of the luck I had had to experience everything a 21-year-old, newly-out, gay man could have experienced. Still, I couldn't help but feel remorse over what I considered to be "the end of an era." I would return to Rehoboth in a few years to live, but I would never return to dance on a banquette. My ongoing battle with weight issues would see to that.

My greatest discovery that summer was **Lambda Rising**, an LGBTQ bookstore with locations in Rehoboth and D.C. I was there daily – I was obsessed with LGBT history and literature and devoured them ravenously.

*The Renegade* closed in 2003. It was burned to the ground to make way for a condominium complex. I saw this as symbolic. My friend and former general manager bought a condo right above where his office once stood, and he still lives there and is still a friend. And the actor who sparked my interest in becoming a stripper, John Gibson, playing Cashman, became a Chippendale dancer himself. One of his performances is forever immortalized on YouTube. He was also the pilot and sole occupant of a fatal and fiery plane crash on May 17, 1986, while trying to land his Socata Trinidad TB20 at Van Nuys airport in Los Angeles.

But my appreciation for hot men in uniform? Still fully intact. It has not diminished one bit in all these years – especially law enforcement officers.

By the way, when is Des Moines Police Chief Dana Wingert coming back to speak at FFBC?



*America is browning. Charlottesville was easily predictable. There are more and more Caucasians recognizing that their majority status days are numbered. When lost, they fear for themselves and their offspring that people of color may treat them as people of color have been treated. No amount of gerrymandering will change the eventual outcome of majority rule; it merely forestalls it.*

*Something unique in our history has happened. The hate mongers like the KKK, by whatever name, have "gone public," emboldened by a mental case in the White House. They have taken off the hoods and exposed themselves openly for all to see and identify. Hate mongers mostly look like everybody else. Tall, short, old, young, fat, skinny, mostly white, or orange with crazy hair.*

*Now that we can more readily identify them, we can respond more effectively. We need to marginalize these marginal members of civilization. We need to shame the otherwise shameless. Doing so appeals to the highest traditions of our country – to our historic American values.*

*The counter-protest in Boston featured a parade that was two miles long. It dwarfed the hate mongers gathered there to unite-the-right, and the hate mongers deserved to be dwarfed. The haters cut their demonstration short because of the outpouring of counter-protesters. None of their scheduled speakers spoke.*

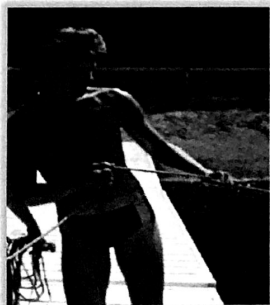


# HalloQueen: Horror's Relationship with Homosexuality

by Jordan Duesenberg

As we move into fall, which everybody that lives in Iowa knows is the best season, I can't help but get excited for Halloween. I'll be the first to admit that I'm basic as hell – the first day of September and I'm ready for my long sleeves, jackets, PSLs (pumpkin spice lattes, for those not in the know), and most importantly, horror movies. I think my boyfriend is about to kill me because every time he asks what we should watch, I recommend a horror film. This inevitably leads to an argument in which one of two things happens: either 1) he gives up, I get my way, and we watch *An American Werewolf in London*, or 2) we compromise and watch a super campy supernatural themed movie (a.k.a. gay as hell) like *The Witches of Eastwick* or *Hocus Pocus*. #choices

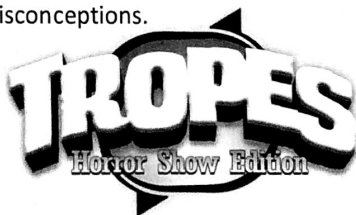
Even as a kid, I always loved horror movies, but it wasn't until more recently that I realized that horror has a very gay history or at least a certain familiarity with homosexuality. My senior year in college, while studying abroad in Berlin, I took a film class with an emphasis on German Expressionism. Our last assignment before our final was to write a paper analyzing a couple of different films we had watched throughout the course and using whatever school of theory we wanted to analyze them. I chose two horror films, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and *The Hands of Orlac*, and used queer theory



to analyze the gay subtext in both films. After I wrote this paper, my eyes were completely opened to the homosexual appeal to horror beyond just Kevin Bacon in a speedo in the original *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>*. It also made me seek out horror's history with homosexuality, which often isn't very positive.

Before coming out, I knew that a common trope in a number of movies in the horror genre (I'll include thrillers here as well) used homosexuality as a plot twist, or I realized a number of killers/monsters were gay/bi/trans. From *Silence of the Lambs*, *Sleepaway Camp*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (the original & pt. 4), *Basic Instinct*, and more recently *High Tension*, it was clear that these movies were essentially saying that alternative sexual orientations and/or gender identities equate to murder or, in simpler terms, they're bad. I never realized how offensive this was at the time, but I realize now just how awful it must've been to have society already fear you during the height of the AIDS epidemic, and then to see Buffalo Bill, a cross-dressing, woman hating, psychopath, add a cherry on top of society's bigoted misconceptions.

But this is something that has gone on for a long time – way before *Silence of the Lambs*.



While there are some positive examples (I suggest everybody look into the very gay history of *The Bride of Frankenstein* for a good time) most of them, like the

above examples, are negative. Hitchcock's films are the best representation of that negativity. While I worship Hitchcock as an auteur, he probably more than any other director has used gay characters to represent his villains – something that late, great Vito Russo goes into a great amount of detail in his masterpiece *The Celluloid Closet* (which I highly recommend). I never really saw this as problematic, mostly because nobody else seemed to realize they were queer due to Hitchcock having to rely on coding and heavy implications due to certain restrictions on depictions of homosexuality in film during that time period. But it wasn't until I realized the sheer number of films that have queer villains that Hitchcock uses that I realized it is problematic. Seriously, what did he have against gay people? *Psycho*, *Strangers on a Train*, *North by Northwest*, *Rebecca*, and my favorite, *Rope*, among others, all contain characters, mostly villains, that are heavily implied to be gay.

On a more positive note, after I came out, it was clear that a lot of horror movies had gay subtexts that didn't rely solely on effeminacy, eccentricity, or even the reveal of a character's homosexuality as a plot twist. These movies required you to be in the know to be aware of the gay elements. Some examples are *Jeepers Creepers 2*, *Fright Night*, *The Lost Boys* (especially with that Rob Lowe poster in Corey Haim's closet), and my all-time favorite, *A Nightmare on Elm St. 2: Freddy's Revenge* (which is also known as the gayest horror movie of all time). The film is a complete metaphor for homosexuality and wanting to come out of the closet. The main character is taken over by Freddy; he says things like, "A man is trying to get inside me," and he's completely uninterested in the main female protagonist sexually (including a scene where he flees hooking up with her and runs to see his hot friend Grady). And don't get me started about when he randomly wanders into a leather bar in the middle of the night and meets up with his "dom" gym coach and ends up killing him (as Freddy) by whipping him with a towel to death, naked in the shower. Ah – it's a classic.

There are a lot more horror movies out there with gay characters, subtext, and themes that I either missed, haven't seen, or didn't include. I highly recommend everybody watch some of the films I listed and let me know of any movies I didn't mention or that I should see. In the meantime, I'll be watching more of Kevin Bacon in a speedo in *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>*!





# A Little Short on History

by Rick Miller

In her recent book, *East Village Des Moines: A Brief History*, Hope Mitchell tries to give readers a view of early Des Moines with so many details missing that she should have waited before publishing so she could get the whole story. Simply calling it a "brief" history is no excuse for leaving out most of what happened in the area since the 1950s. She has attempted to merge her ISU studies in prostitution into the narrative about the East Side with a few details about the role prostitution played in the whole city. Her chapters basically cover six themes: founding of Des Moines, Capitol construction, the State Fair, prostitution, East Side businesses, and civic engagement on the east side of the river. What she does not cover are religious institutions, schools, housing, minority group contributions, and much of the activities that make the East Side such a dynamic place today.

Why give the reader such tidbits of information without being complete in her analysis? What she has left out is monumental. Sometimes **nothing** is better than **something** that is done with little regard for the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

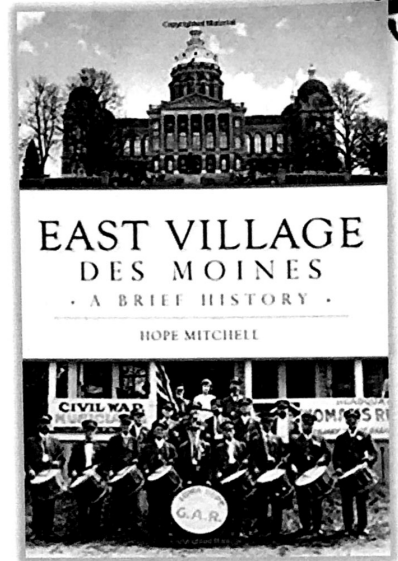


Since early days, Des Moines has also had a place for gay and lesbian citizens - although an "underground" community caused by rampant prejudice and discrimination. In the 1970s the gay community awakened following the Stonewall Riots in New York the year before, and small rallies and marches for civil rights began to emerge in the East Village. These are important historic events by LGBT local minorities.

Some of the most public places for gays and lesbians to meet were at gay bars that permeated the city at different locations on the west side of the river. After the city decided to redevelop the Court Avenue area in the mid-1980s, these bars relocated to the east side warehouse districts which were more private at night and less observant during the day. These nightclubs thrived for many years until the city decided to invest in redevelopment of the EastGate and WestGate areas. Following a critically important lecture by Richard Florida, who wrote *The Rise of the Creative Class*, city leaders came to believe that how they treated the gay and lesbian community was like a litmus test for how they treated all minorities. So, renovating the East Village involved gay participation on a level never experienced before in the city. By 2000, the LGBT community was thriving, with thousands of people celebrating equal treatment with parades, rallies, and many corporate and non-profit information tents lining the streets.

All this and much more is left out in *East Village Des Moines: A Brief History*. Too brief as it turned out.

Ms. Mitchell started her homework but never completed it. And while she may think she accomplished something by stating "A Brief History," she needs to understand that incomplete history leaves many people out of the picture and makes for false history. We are what we print, and minorities are all too aware of where, when, and how we are written out of history books. Ms. Mitchell's incomplete work is but one more disappointing example.



**Saying it doesn't make it true. Repeating it doesn't make it true. Denying it doesn't make it false. Repeating the denial doesn't make it false. Facts don't work that way.**

# An Alphabet of Adjectives

by Steve Person



Originally, I had planned to write a book review for this edition of the newsletter, but that can wait for another issue. After what happened in Charlottesville, Virginia, and Trump's incredibly inept response to that unfortunate white supremacist rally, I decided instead to turn to the alphabet to describe that waste-of-human-tissue we have as president. If you feel so inclined, please record your own adjectives to describe our *Orange is the New President*.

- A — Absurd \_\_\_\_\_
- B — Bellicose \_\_\_\_\_
- C — Creepy (*Hillary's word for him*) \_\_\_\_\_
- D — Delusional \_\_\_\_\_
- E — Effete \_\_\_\_\_
- F — Fractious \_\_\_\_\_
- G — Glacial \_\_\_\_\_
- H — Hateful \_\_\_\_\_
- I — Idiotic \_\_\_\_\_
- J — Jingoistic \_\_\_\_\_
- K — Ku Klux Klannish \_\_\_\_\_
- L — Lacking \_\_\_\_\_
- M — Mendacious \_\_\_\_\_
- N — Needy \_\_\_\_\_
- O — Obnoxious \_\_\_\_\_
- P — Pathetic \_\_\_\_\_
- Q — Quarrelsome \_\_\_\_\_
- R — Racist \_\_\_\_\_
- S — Savage \_\_\_\_\_
- T — Tedious \_\_\_\_\_
- U — Unqualified \_\_\_\_\_
- V — Vulgar \_\_\_\_\_
- W — Waspish \_\_\_\_\_
- X — Xenophobic \_\_\_\_\_
- Y — Yellow-bellied \_\_\_\_\_
- Z — Zealous \_\_\_\_\_

Think what I could do with nouns! The mind reels. I fervently hope Mueller's investigation confirms all the rumors of misconduct by this president. The sooner he is gone, the safer our country will be. As much as I dislike Pence, I would trust his judgment with the nuclear codes over Trump's any day.