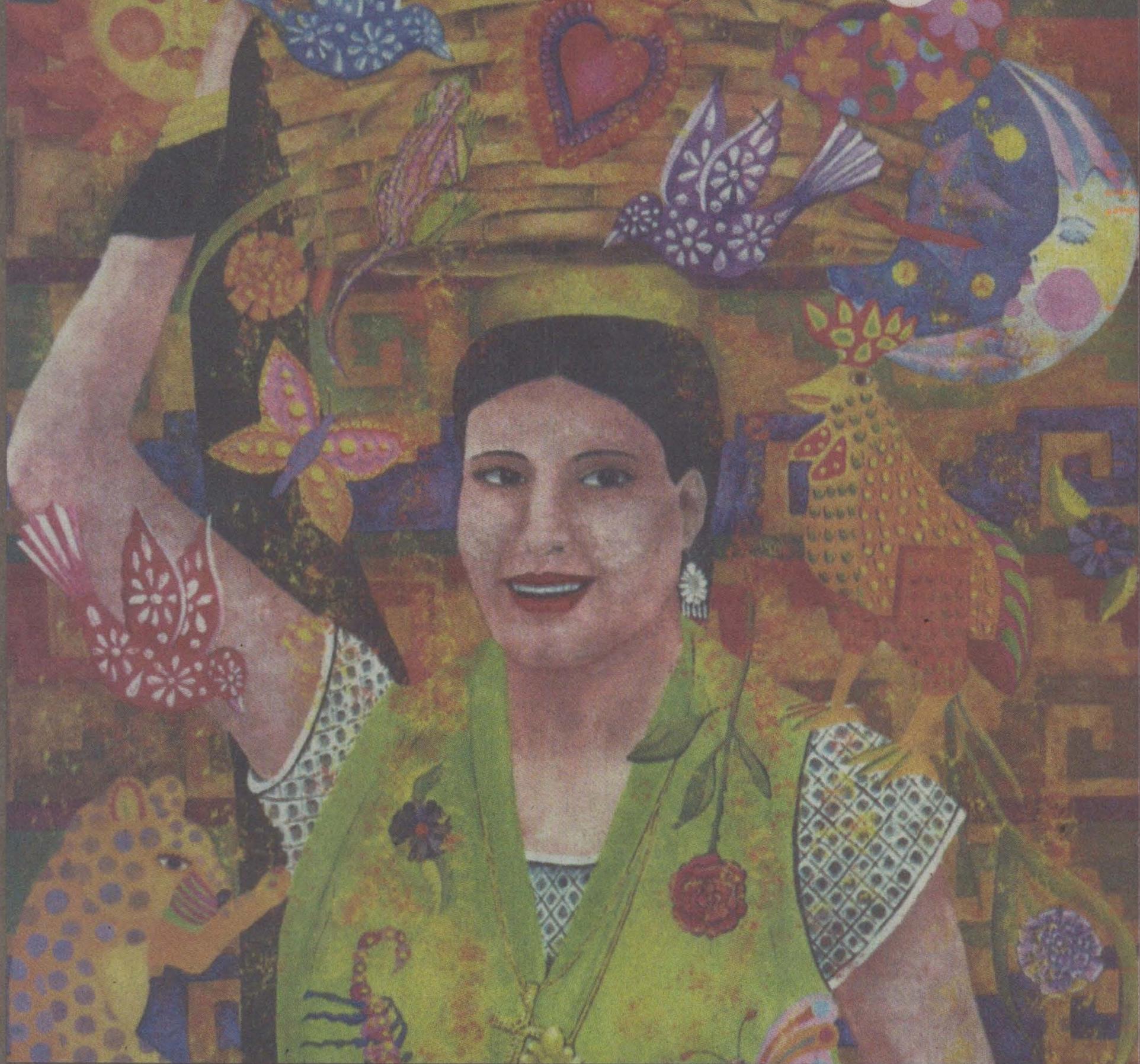


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May changes

Welcome to the 15th issue of *Little Village*. As we head into summer and prepare to hit our one-year anniversary, we'd like to thank our dedicated freelance writers and faithful advertisers. Your work and support is much appreciated. We'd like to gather even more of you into the fold.

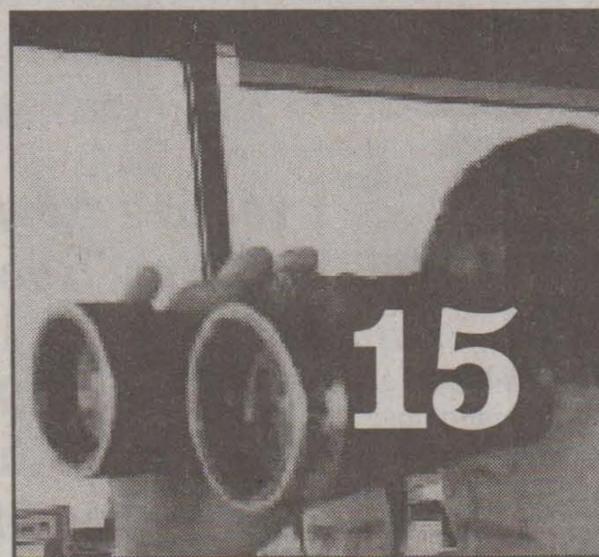
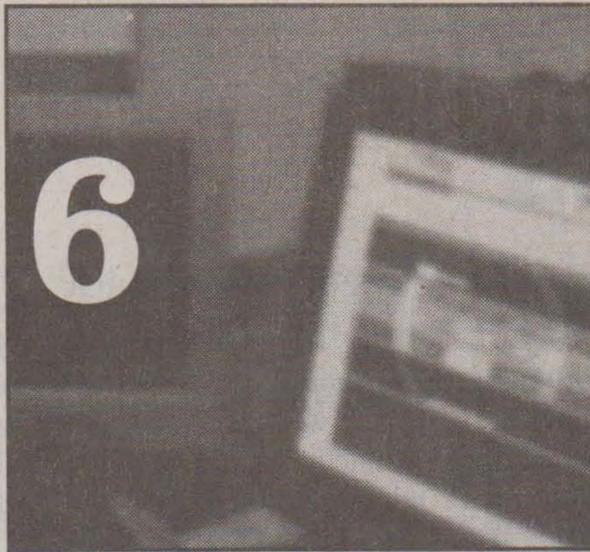
If you haven't already guessed, *Little Village* supports the small, the independent, the thoughtful and the out-of-the-ordinary. We want to hear from like-minded (or otherwise) folks and welcome feedback, commentary, diatribes, photos, reviews and story proposals. With the next issue, we'd like to introduce a section at the front of the magazine where readers can sound off, muse, reflect, whatever. These should be fairly short pieces of prose (300 words or less), and while we can't print everything and anything, all submissions will receive careful consideration. (Locally related material gets first priority.) Old-fashioned letters to the editor are, of course, always welcome. If you've been standing in the shadows, nursing your ideas, gripes or flashbacks, please come forward and share them with the world (or just the editorial staff, if you prefer).

This issue also marks our first without Beth Oxler, our brilliant graphic designer and *Little Village* co-founder, who has gone onto bigger things. We thank Beth for her dauntless dedication and work and look forward to maintaining creative ties. A talented, young designer, Elizabeth Chai, has stepped into Beth's formidable shoes, and we thank her for being willing take on the challenge. *Little Village* sales manager Laurel Synder is also moving on, and we thank her for her invaluable contributions. She will continue to write for the magazine and serve as a contributing editor.

Enjoy May.

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Little Village welcomes your signed letters. Letters should not be longer than 400 words and may be edited for length, libelous content and clarity. Letters may be e-mailed to little-village@usa.net or mailed to PO Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244. Please include a daytime phone number and city of residence. Letters and other submissions become the property of *Little Village* and will not be returned without an SASE. We look forward to hearing from you.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

THE NATIONAL YEARNING FOR A STRONG WARTIME FATHER FIGURE NOTWITHSTANDING, IT'S BEEN CLEAR SINCE THE 2000 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN THAT FOREIGN POLICY IS NOT EXACTLY GEORGE W. BUSH'S STRONG SUIT.

CAN YOU NAME THE LEADERS OF PAKISTAN, INDIA AND CHECHNYA?



HIS SUPPORTERS SAID IT DIDN'T MATTER...HE'D BE SURROUNDED BY THE BEST ADVISORS AVAILABLE...

THE PROBLEM, AS WE'VE SEEN LATELY, IS THAT WHEN THE GUY IN CHARGE HAS NO REAL IDEAS OF HIS OWN, YOU END UP WITH SOME PRETTY MIXED SIGNALS...

ISRAEL MUST DEFEND ITSELF FROM TERROR-- --NOT THAT I'M SAYING ARAFAT IS A TERRORIST--

--BUT SHARON HAS TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES-- --EXCEPT HE SHOULD WITHDRAW IMMEDIATELY--

--ANYWAY, THIS IS ALL BILL CLINTON'S FAULT. ANYBODY WANT TO TALK ABOUT MEXICO?



MEANWHILE, ON THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE, PARTY LEADERS SUCH AS HILLARY CLINTON, JOHN KERRY, AND JOE LIEBERMAN ARE BEGINNING TO OPENLY CRITICIZE THE PRESIDENT--FOR NOT SUPPORTING SHARON'S MILITARY OFFENSIVE ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENOUGH...

SO IT'S FINALLY OKAY TO QUESTION BUSH'S FOREIGN POLICY--AS LONG AS YOU'RE MORE OF A WARMONGER THAN HE IS?

SOMEHOW THIS ISN'T QUITE WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR... UN--WHAT PAPER DID YOU SAY YOU'RE WITH? I WONDER IF I SHOULD GO FOR A MUTED COLOR SCHEME IN THE OVAL OFFICE...OR SOMETHING BOLD AND DRAMATIC...



MISTAKING INCOMPETENCE FOR EQUIVOCATION, CONSERVATIVES ARE WONDERING IF BUSH HAS LOST "MORAL CLARITY"...A CHARGE TO WHICH THE ADMINISTRATION HAS RESPONDED WITH A FORCEFUL AND DECISIVE CHANGE OF NOMENCLATURE...

THE PRESIDENT SAYS SUICIDE BOMBERS SHOULD NOW BE CALLED HOMICIDE BOMBERS! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO KILL OTHERS AS WELL AS THEMSELVES? I HAD NO IDEA! WELL-- THAT CERTAINLY CHANGES THINGS!



little village

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Thomas Dean

Spots

UR Here

Within the first few days of moving back to Iowa City, I found myself driving east on Benton Street. Without conscious effort, the recesses of my brain guided my hands on the wheel into the right lane on the Iowa River bridge. Instinctively, as I rounded the curve behind the county administration building, I knew that the left lane at the upcoming intersection of Kirkwood and Gilbert was left-turn-only and I needed to be in the right. The same thing later happened while I drove east on Burlington Street, around Governor and Summit, where a quick succession of left-turn-only/right-turn-only lanes forces you into a quick lane-change dippy-doodle. Only years of making tire ruts on that street would keep you going straight on Burlington as it dipped toward Muscatine. Both times I was startled that, after an eight-year absence, I fell right back into those automotive maneuvers without even thinking about them. It was at these moments that I felt really, deeply, back home.

Oh, sure, during the years away the torch that I carried for Iowa City was fed by the compelling flames of the kinds of great-things trumpeted in Chamber of Commerce brochures—Hancher Auditorium, the Museum of Art, Kinnick and Carver, our remarkable public library, the vibrant festivals on the Pedestrian Mall. But in reconnecting with home, I found myself drawn not so much to those landmarks as to the nondescript, seemingly insignificant spots that I now realized had scored themselves profoundly into my heart and soul as an Iowa Citian. They were the foundation of my experience of—and love for—this place.

My graduate student days ensconced me in the UI Main Library for long bouts of scholarly inquiry. But inevitably, the stomach overtook the mind. I would often climb the hill between the Lindquist Center and the Engineering Building, enter the sterile world of the Old Capitol Mall and plunk myself down on a particular corner stool of the Sbarro pizza stand, stuffing my face with a slice while watching the foot traffic behind me in the mirrored walls. On returning to Iowa City eight years later, I was surprised at my eagerness to return to this spot. Despite the unsurprising devastation of the mall, the pizza place remains, and I have on occasion slipped back onto "my" stool, performing an office of the ritual of homecoming.

I realize now how significant "food spots" are to experience of place. In 1999, I was eager to return to "my" upper-floor window stool of the Great Midwestern Ice Cream Company, where an epiphany of place happened a decade earlier. A cup of coffee, some papers to grade and

some reading to do, a brain-gray day of shower-filled gloom, a gaze out over Washington Street to People's Drug across the way, and a sighting of a fellow graduate student, soaked with no umbrella, rushing to the pharmacy doors—ineffably, in a momentary flash amid the soft light and outside gloom, I knew that I belonged here, that I was grounded, and that I loved my place.

Within a few weeks of my return to Iowa City, the Great Midwestern closed, a home-grown institution tragically fallen. I had

missed my opportunity to reconnect with this important spot. But I have found a couple more new spots of similar placeful virtue, including where I sit at this very moment writing this column—the coffee bar of the Prairie Lights coffee shop. Here I absorb the quintessential soundtrack of Iowa City—discussions about literature, travel, politics; teacher-student "office hours"; foreign language practice. I gaze out, as well, at the

Cirque du Dubuque Street, opening myself to new moments of place-filled consciousness. There's the burly beer keg delivery guy pulling gallons of gold intoxicant out of his truck, which seems to be permanently parked in the middle of the street. There's the *Add Sheet* lady shuffling past the Sports Column at the end of her Wednesday round of desperate hope that passersby will quickly relieve her of the pile of yellow booklets. I notice the 19th-century building across the street, on which the red bricks tilt strangely upward at the south end, a mysterious flaw in the masonry of our heritage.

I have also reconnected with the currents of the Iowa River on the nature trail north of Highway 6, where my wife and I became familiar with the local beavers, snakes and weasels on our frequent strolls a decade earlier. I have paused briefly on the Old Capitol west portico on a clear night, gazing out toward the slowly blinking red lights atop the modern façade of the university hospital and

I realize now how significant "food spots" are to experience of place. In 1999, I was eager to return to "my" upper-floor window stool of the Great Midwestern Ice Cream Company, where an epiphany of place happened a decade earlier.

the beacons shining on gothic Boyd Tower, as I remember doing over 10 years ago one sparkling spring evening, thinking about an Alfred Kazin book I had just read for my comprehensive exams. Whenever I exit the south end of the Main Library, especially at dusk on a summer's evening, I recall one day in 1989 shortly after the Tiananmen Square massacre, standing behind a young Chinese woman at the checkout desk, wondering about her thoughts and feelings regarding the recent tragedy in her homeland. On biting, windy, raw gray days in November, as I walk down College Street on the Pedestrian Mall with leaves blowing across my shoes, my mind conjures up a similar fleeting moment from over a decade past on that very spot that, for reasons that escape me, is permanently emblazoned in my memory. When heavy snow blankets the winter Iowa City landscape, I long to rush to the third floor of the English-Philosophy Building, where I remember peacefully watching a similar snowstorm dropping a white scrim over the Old Capitol as viewed from the third floor hallway window years ago.

Sense of place is an undercurrent that flows deeply and eternally through our souls. Its waves erupt to the surface of our consciousness at odd, inconsequential moments. But we must be present in those moments, ready to capture them in memory. We must store such brief epiphanies of connection and open ourselves to their ritual invocation whenever we can, whenever we think of our home place when far away, and whenever we tread these spots on our daily rounds. These spots on the landscape of our experience of place keep us grounded and connected in their very mundaneness. We must help these spots work their unexpected magic by letting their associated memories rise from the wells of our minds. In doing so, we respect, honor and practice the completeness of our devotion to home ground. *

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In the face of strict new anti-terrorism legislation, the hacker community finds itself at the center of a renewed debate over the nature of the Internet as a free system.

by Michael Connor

You're probably scared of hackers.

And who wouldn't be? They have the ability to topple corporations, send stock prices reeling, ruin your personal credit, and distribute false news stories, sending us all into the streets in a War of the Worlds-like panic.

But that's not the whole story. Hackers gave us the Apple computer. They've improved Internet security. They fought for civil liberties on the Internet. They gave Ferris Bueller his day off.

There are all kinds of people who classify themselves as hackers, ranging from mild-mannered, law-abiding programming geeks to credit card thieves with organized-crime connections. They're a fractious community—usually male and in their late teens to early 20s, with a cavalier attitude toward Internet law. That community now finds itself at the center of a renewed debate over the nature of the Internet as a free system. In the post-WTC world, utopistic hopes for a democracy of information have been supplanted by fears of the power of this tool to cause harm. As a result, trends toward regulating the Internet have accelerated, and advocates of freedom in cyberspace have been pushed to the margins. It's a new World Wide Web out there.

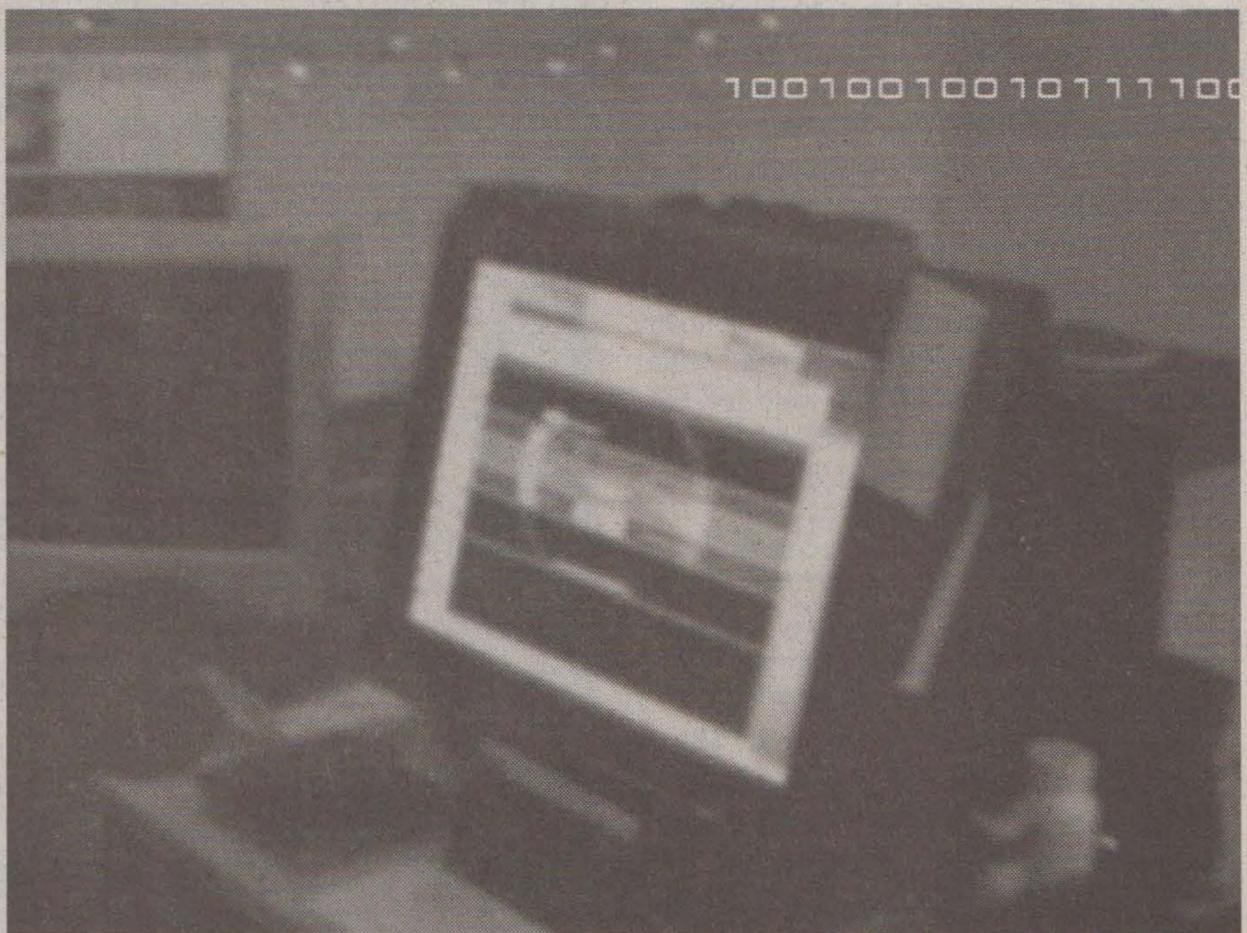
Public Enemies

Bob is not your average high schooler.

Recently, the 17-year-old student hacked into a major Hollywood studio's computer system and stole a copy of a yet-to-be-released blockbuster movie. As a result, he is one of only a few people who saw the original cut, complete with the line "man chowder," a potentially classic catch phrase that ended up on the cutting room floor.

Bob—whose name was changed for this article—plays in a band, writes brilliant computer programs, and used to count him-

Fight for your right...to



self a member of the "cyberpunks," the vandals of the computer world. When he talks about computers, his speech accelerates as the words struggle to keep up with his brain. "We used to break into the elementary school computers to try and change grades, and if we didn't like people we'd put fines on their library books. It would mainly be me and friends who didn't know anything about computers, they'd be looking over my shoulder and chanting 'Bob! Bob! Bob!'"

He has an illustrious reputation as a hacker, but Bob relates his conquests, like the "man chowder" one, with an air of detached amusement and a noticeable lack of bravado. So why did he do it? "Definitely for the challenge of it. It's a thrill—it's like skydiving or something. You know, that falling feeling like when you're in a roller coaster or something, when you're in there covering your tracks, trying not to get caught." Legendary hacker Lloyd Blankenship illustrated that feeling of exhilaration in 1986 in an unofficial hacker manifesto (known as *Conscience of a Hacker*) that's been circulating on the Internet for years. Blankenship describes the sensation of hacking as "rushing through the phone like heroin through an addict's veins, an electronic pulse is sent out, a refuge from the day-to-day incompetencies is sought...a

"We used to break into the elementary school computers to try and change grades, and if we didn't like people we'd put fines on their library books. It would mainly be me and friends who didn't know anything about computers, they'd be looking over my shoulder and chanting 'Bob! Bob! Bob!'"

- Bob, an Austin hacker

board is found. "This is it...this is where I belong."

Indeed, for the teen-age hacker, it's all about the belonging. In order to be accepted into elitist cyberpunk subcultures, some young hackers commit risky and damaging crimes. Low-level, less skilled hackers (derided as "script kiddies") often vandalize Web sites or steal personal information to impress their friends and other hackers. But the criminal element is the exception, not the rule. Law enforcement authorities say criminal hacker activity is rarely reported.

Hacker organizations such as the Austin, Texas, chapters of the 2600 Group tend to operate under the radar. These local chapters are part of an international movement loosely organized around *2600: The Hacker Quarterly*, a magazine about the computer underground. They hold monthly meetings, billed as "forums for all interested in technology to meet and talk about events in technology-land, learn, and teach."

2600 meetings are very much like the geek table in the high school cafeteria. One of the hackers plays with some scrapped hard drives. At the other end of the table, some take a surreptitious digital picture of a security guard. They talk about wireless Ethernet nodes around town. They swap code. There's a moment of excitement when one of them causes a system crash and restart on his cell phone. At one point, a newcomer to the group says he's not sure if he really qualifies as a hacker. Tami Friedman, a veteran member, administers a quick hacker test: "If a program doesn't work the way you want it to, do you fix it? Do you stay up all night writing code? Do you read the manual before you start using new software?"

As in any clique, especially one considered "outcast," there's a real bond among the 2600 Group, and they can quote *Conscience of a Hacker* from memory: "We explore...and you call us criminals. We seek after knowledge...and you call us criminals. We exist without skin color, without nationality, without religious bias...and you call us criminals."

In the current political climate, the "criminal" label is more apt than ever.

Taking Liberties

Since Sept. 11, the US government is facing a new public mandate: Prevent terrorism before it happens. With good reason, the American people expect officials to make the country less vulnerable to attack, and to make arrests before the crimes are committed. But in order to do so, government agencies have deemed fitting a return to J. Edgar Hoover-style intelligence gathering and surveillance on the basis of suspicion rather than evidence.

The first step was the passage of the USA-PATRIOT (Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism) Act on Oct. 26. The purpose of the law is to make it easier for law enforcement to fight terrorism, and it contains many sensible provisions to that effect. But it also implements sweeping changes in the US legal code that deserved serious debate. Faced with enormous pressure from the Bush administration, Republican Party leaders pushed the bill through Congress without sufficient scruti-

ny. Rep. Barney Frank, D-Mass., criticized the pending legislation during floor debate, saying "this bill, ironically, which has been given all of these high-flying acronyms—it is the Patriot bill, it is the USA bill, it is the stand-up-and-sing-'The Star Spangled Banner' bill—has been debated in the most undemocratic way possible, and it is not worthy of this institution."

Several of the more troubling provisions of the USA-PATRIOT Act deal with the Internet. Marc Connolly of the US Secret Service states that the act also "authorizes us to create a national network of electronic crime task forces." The purpose of the new task forces will be to hunt down domestic electronic criminals rather than cyberterrorists, who fall under the jurisdiction of the Office of Homeland Security. The law institutes harsher and broader penalties for hacking into a protected computer—even if no damage is done. This clause criminalizes less serious forms of computer cracking that have been overlooked in the past.

Tommy Wald, an Internet security expert with Riata Technologies, questions the effectiveness of these clauses. "The whole idea of raising the penal code will eliminate a certain portion of hobby hacking and nuisance hacking, but it won't deter more destructive international cyberterrorism. It's going to have a minimal effect." Instead, it will have an effect on people like Bob, who would face federal prison for his Hollywood studio hack under the new law. "It's ridiculous, but not unexpected," he says.

Another controversial provision of the USA-PATRIOT Act allows increased use of Carnivore, a wiretapping software for the Internet. Carnivore is installed on an Internet Service Provider (ISP), such as AOL, in order to monitor the e-mail and Web-browsing habits of a suspect under surveillance. Civil libertarians have long contended that this tool could be easily used to conduct unlawful surveillance of ordinary citizens. Now, the USA-PATRIOT Act allows for the implementation of the Carnivore system without a warrant in some cases. "I can concede that there are times that the government has a legitimate need, even a mandate, to access communications on the Internet," says attorney Scott McCullough, counsel for the Texas Internet Service Provider Association. "But I consider [the USA-PATRIOT Act] to be a huge overreaction. Terrorists who are organized enough to do what we saw on Sept. 11 are going to use high-level encryption...rendering Carnivore useless." Carnivore would be useful only against someone who had no reason to conceal the content of his or her e-mail. Again, the effect on combating terrorism will be mini-

mal, at the potential cost of civil liberties.

Closing Up Shop

The USA-PATRIOT Act isn't the only controversial measure the government has taken to increase security since the terrorist attacks. Several government Web sites have been shut down. Shortly after the attacks, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission closed their entire Web site, pending review (some of it is now back online). Christie Whitman's Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) was quick to follow suit, deleting from their site

that technology should have a more organic role in society. He believes in a democratic solution to our problems, in communication to promote consciousness, in the Constitution of the United States, and a whole host of other things that fall just short of teaching the world to sing. And, incidentally, he exercises his First Amendment rights by distributing bomb plans on the Web.

"How many people have read [bomb plans] on the Internet and realized that a 12-year-old was collecting bomb materials, and stopped them?" Choate says. "It seems the potential for intervention is greater than the possibility for prevention."

Choate sees his exercise of free speech as a thumb in the dike against the growing threat of a government monopoly of information. He's part of the cypherpunk movement, a sort of hacker subgroup and network of Internet freedom and privacy advocates.

Like most hackers, the cypherpunks are often running afoul of the law. In particular, they're

"We explore...and you call us criminals. We seek after knowledge...and you call us criminals. We exist without skin color, without nationality, without religious bias...and you call us criminals."

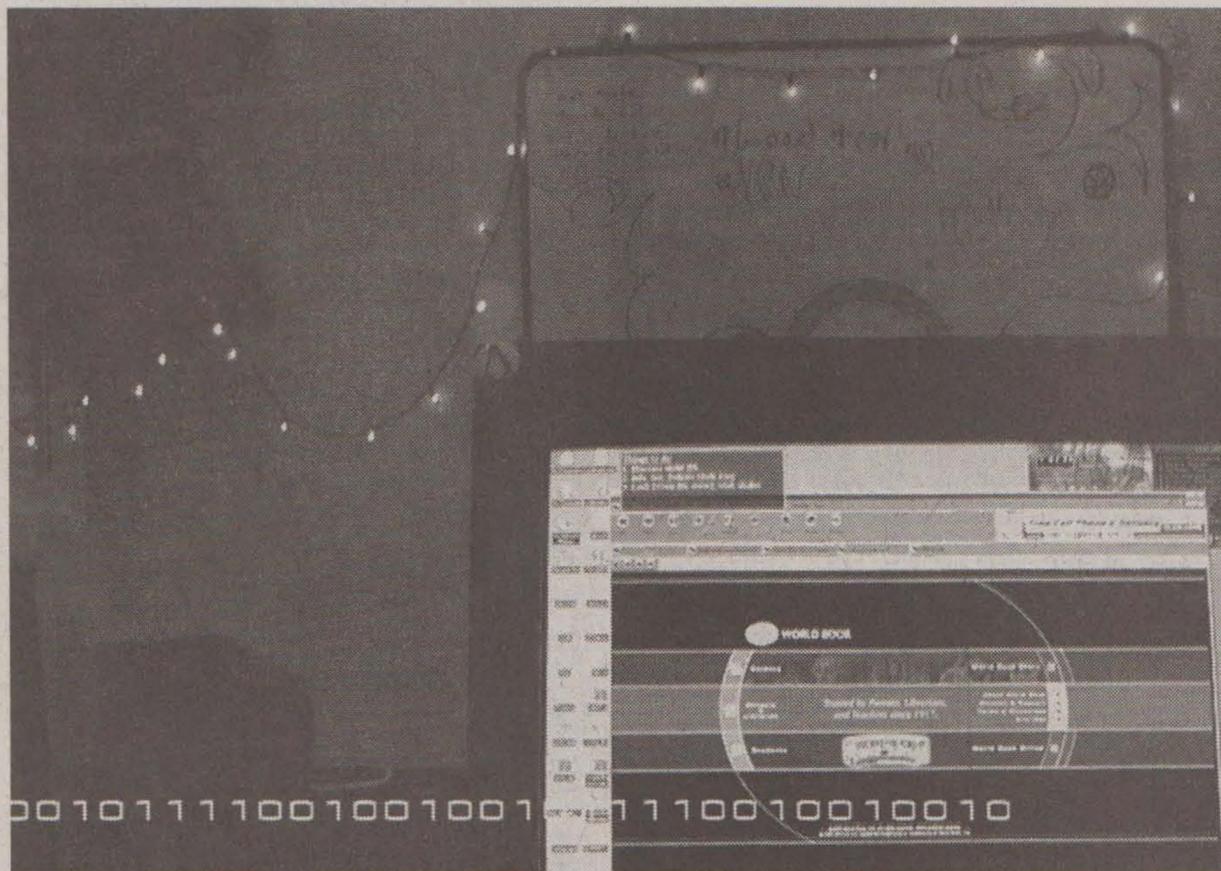
- From Lloyd Blankenship's Conscience of a Hacker

information that dealt with the potential risks of industrial accidents and the like. "The presence of this information could provide information to terrorists," says EPA spokesman Dave Barry. Environmentalists have fought a number of legal battles to keep this information in the public eye since the mid-'80s, touting it as an important way to keep corporations accountable for their environmental practices. Now, without even a court hearing, it is gone.

Critics charge that the government is guilty of political opportunism, using a time of crisis to push an old agenda of greater regulation and increased federal power. In more peaceful times, the American people would not stomach such infringements on their civil rights. Now, it seems, Americans will stomach pretty much anything. "I am convinced that the government is using [the terrorist attacks] as an excuse to accomplish the same goals that it has stated for years," says McCullough. "Many of the new provisions don't relate to what we perceive of as terrorism. They're incredibly broad about what terrorism is." These provisions relate to minor criminals and people whose First Amendment activities might be deemed a threat to national security—such as hackers.

Bombs Away

Jim Choate is one such threat. The 42-year-old Austin software engineer at IBM is a principled, intelligent activist who believes



infamous for figuratively tweaking the noses of people who lack a sense of slapstick, such as the FBI. The cypherpunks' idea of a good joke is releasing a classified federal document on their public listserv.

Like the cypherpunks, [®]™ark (pronounced "art mark") is an underground group that uses hacker tactics to bring about social change. They're best known for the Barbie Liberation Organization prank of 1993, when they switched the voice boxes of talking Barbie and G.I. Joe dolls and then returned them to toy store shelves. More recently, they organized a virtual sit-in, or "denial-of-service" attack, against Etoys.com during the 1999 Christmas season. [®]™Mark was protesting a court-ordered closure of German art collective Etoy.com, which pre-

dated Etoys.com by several years. To close down the Etoys Web site, a large number of people logged in over and over, slowing the server to a crawl. The sit-in crippled the company's sales during the all-important Christmas season.

The success of the Etoys sit-in starkly illustrated how effectively hacking may be used as a tool of the powerless against the powerful. The history of hackerdom is a history of chafing against authority. From the early days of computing, hackers were the anti-establishment. They were the spunky freedom fighters, and IBM was the oppressor. Over the years, though, the hackers' motivations have varied widely, this dynamic has remained fairly constant—hacktivists have taken on everyone from Microsoft to MGM to Ma Bell. Now, in the current unstable world order, US sites seem to be prime targets for hackers.

In the aftermath of the terrorist attacks, both anti- and pro-US hackers have mobilized, defacing Web sites and launching denial-of-service attacks. One of the first victims of this disorganized, unofficial cyber-war? A Web site about Afghan hounds, which was defaced on Sept. 12. Still, an October report from the National Infrastructure Protection Center said the possibility of a serious cyber attack from abroad remains low, though "the threat is higher than before Sept. 11."

Access Denied

The domestic response to the Sept. 11 tragedy has been to circle the wagons, so to speak. When it comes to the Internet, the potential dangers suddenly seem to outweigh the benefits. McCullough forecasts grim consequences of this current trend. "I think the so-called 'controllers of wealth and power' have decided that this plaything [the Internet] is a sharp instrument that children shouldn't be allowed to run and play with. The most positive aspect of it will be taken away. We will once again be relegated to the role of passive consumer instead of active citizen."

If this happens, it won't be without a fight. Choate was quick to answer when asked whether recent events would discourage him from posting bomb plans on the Internet. "Fuckin' a! Hell no! We've got a First Amendment up there. We've got a Fourth Amendment up there. If [law

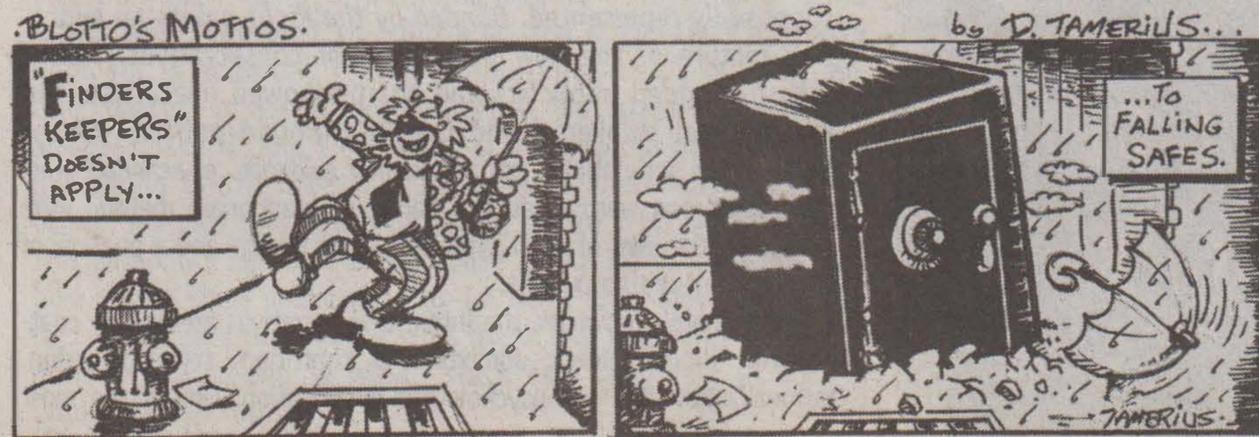
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- Attorney Scott McCullough, counsel for the Texas Internet Service Provider Association

enforcement officials] don't like what I'm doing, doesn't that just validate it even more?"

In unsafe times, what amount of government regulation is necessary? What do we gain as a society from freedom and openness in the democracy of information? Since Sept. 11, public officials have taken a hard line on the regulation of the Internet. What will be lost?

True, if there was ever a time for rigorous national security, this is it. On the other hand, if there were ever a time for a free exchange of ideas, this is it. *



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A 'terrible' book



Conservative apostate David Brock's new book reveals an opportunistic iconoclast looking for approval

Denise V. Powers

Former conservative media manipulator David Brock begins his mea culpa, *Blinded by the Right: The Conscience of an Ex-Conservative*, with a tantalizing, unconventional admission: "This is a terrible book."

Brock wants to make sure that we're prepared for the enormity of the transgressions—"the lies told and reputations ruined"—he's about to admit, and the disarming candor with which he accepts responsibility for them. But reading only a paragraph further, we find tagging along behind the courageous admission the mitigating circumstances—"human weakness, lack of confidence, and emotional discomposure"—intended to persuade us that anyone in his position, with his faults, his problems, might have done the same.

This opening sets the stage for the remainder of the book, a confused combination of an insider's account of the machinations behind the scandals that wracked national politics throughout the 1990s and a public confession of sins committed. Ultimately, *Blinded by the Right* is frustrating. Everything Brock gives us with one

hand by acknowledging his culpability, he takes away with the other by explaining his behavior, shifting agency to someone or something outside of his control.

Even the title—*Blinded by the Right*—suggests that his 10-year foray into the heart of the conservative movement was something that happened to him, not because of him. By professing to seek absolution through the confession of his sins while providing (just in case) a rational explanation for his behavior, Brock actually evades accountability for his past, and this conflicted approach raises countless questions about the authenticity of his political and moral transformation.

Brock is best known for his 1992 book *The Real Anita Hill* and "His Cheatin' Heart," the *American Spectator* article that launched Troopergate, eventually culminating in the 1998 impeachment of President Bill Clinton. His aggressive journalistic crusades made him the darling of the radical right throughout much of the 1980s and '90s, but his reliance upon unverified facts, distorted interpretations, paid and coerced sources, and his own fabrications deservedly earned him the sobriquet of "chief manure spreader for the extreme right."

After 10 years churning out what amounted to propaganda pieces camouflaged as objective reporting, Brock began to mend his ways with a relatively balanced portrayal of Hillary Clinton in his 1996 book, *The Seduction of Hillary Rodham*. He paid for his newfound probity with excommunication from the most prominent and influential conservative circles in Washington. Within a year, though, Brock had reinvented himself through public expiation as a conservative apostate, exposing the conspiracy—among a few wealthy benefactors, conservative political appointees from the Reagan and Bush administrations, and several factions within the increasingly conservative GOP—to undermine the Clinton presidency from its inception. *Blinded by the Right* is Brock's attempt to set the record straight, both historically, by telling us what happened behind the scenes, and personally, by renouncing his prior associations, prior politics, and so it seems, his prior self.

The best part of *Blinded* begins about halfway through the book when Brock finally settles into a straightforward account of the period from the 1994 "Republican Revolution" to the Clinton impeachment. Although there are few astonishing revelations—most of them have already been reported by others or disclosed in his *Esquire* apologies—Brock's location at the epicenter of the conservative movement provides a useful thread for constructing an absorbing and well-paced narrative of life inside the Beltway as conservative forces mobilized an all out assault on the Clinton presidency and everything it supposedly represented. *Blinded by the Right* paints an evocative picture of the new generation of conservatives, full of "sharp-tongued publicists and sharp-elbowed operatives, but few original thinkers," and the "playground politics" of the time—when intimations, not necessarily evidence, of scandals were considered newsworthy and the flames of reactionary rhetoric were fanned by the likes of Rush Limbaugh, Matt Drudge and a phalanx of blonde, mini-skirted pundits.

Unfortunately, however, the interesting narratives are heavily coated with Brock's emetic admixture of contrition, self-deprecation, rationalization and pop-psychological justification. One of the most

(continued on page 21)

BLINDED BY THE RIGHT

The Conscience of
an Ex-Conservative

DAVID
BROCK

Twiztid daughter

A 21st-century generation gap over psychopathic rap rock

I'm a 47-year-old married man with three children who has been listening to rock 'n' roll for as long as I can recall. I remember my first 45s (The Tams' "So Much in Love," The Kingsmen's "Louie Louie") that I bought at Sears and Roebucks for 33 cents apiece. I received my first lps as Passover gifts when I was in the fourth grade (Jay and The Americans' *Greatest Hits*, The Four Seasons' *Gold Vault of Hits*). I have many cherished memories of record buying and listening: playing The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* in my room so long and so loudly that my mother came in, took the disc off the phonograph and tried to break it in two; going on a camping trip with a battery-operated close-and-play record player and only one record, *Led Zeppelin III*, that became etched in my brain forever, etc.

I have a Ph.D. in American Studies from the University of Iowa where I have taught a course (now over the Internet and as a correspondence class) on "Rock and Roll in America" for almost 20 years. I own approximately 5,000 albums, 5,000 CDs, hundreds of cassette tapes and two boxes of 45s. I attend dozens of rock shows every year and have regularly written both academic papers and journalistic articles on rock. And one thing I can say with impunity is that the psychotic Detroit-area rap duo Twiztid really suck. These Insane Clown Posse proteges take rock to a new low with their vile lyrics and distinct lack of musical talent.

Let me introduce myself. I'm a 17-year-old girl who has (unfortunately) been listening to rock 'n' roll ever since I was born, thanks to my dad (see above). Actually, on my own, I've

only been listening to music for the past four years. I can't remember the first CD I bought like any of the crappy memories my dad has from his past. I only own a small number of CDs compared to my father, but ALL of my CDs are first rate, unlike his (such as Phil Ochs and Gordon Lightfoot [shudder]). I can't stand folk music. My dad does like a couple decent bands, like The Beatles and Beach Boys, but he doesn't appreciate many of the cool current groups like Twiztid and Marilyn Manson. If my father actually understood what Twiztid was really about, then I'm sure he would enjoy their music more.

For example, in the song "F--- On the 1st Date" from their latest album, *Freak Show*, Twiztid member The Monoxide Child raps, "B----, you ain't sh-- but a ho and a trick/and all you're good for is hopefully f---ing and sucking d---." [Missing letters courtesy of editor, not Candy.] At first glance, these lyrics appear obscene, and I can understand how old people like my dad would find it offensive. However, it is obvious to me and others my age that these lyrics are meant in a sarcastic way. The Monoxide Child is using these blunt words to show just how stupid some men really can be. They are making fun of the fact that there are people who think like that, but of course none of those people would state how they feel in such a crude manner, duh.

This is the strategy Twiztid uses on most, if not all, of their

material. They exaggerate the truth to make a point. Because the world in which we live is such a horrible place full of murder and mayhem, they use grotesque and horrible descriptions to emphasize their disgust. It is a form of satire and is supposed to be stoopid. Anybody who actually takes their songs seriously has some issues to deal with.

Steve: Yeah, I understand being outrageous to make a point. I grew up on the Fugs, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, and other bands that used the same strategy. But these groups did it intelligently and made listeners think. When the Fugs sang "River of Shit," they were implicating the politics of the Vietnam War with the Mekong River full of dead soldiers and civilians. "What's the ugliest part of your body?" Zappa would sing with a sneer. "I think it's your mind," he'd respond sarcastically, stinging the listener right in his or her imagination. But Twiztid? I just hear two white guys singing about "niggaz," and I find it offensive.

This is not just a musical generation gap. There's much more involved than the cliché that kids enjoy what drives their parents crazy. Twiztid are truly awful and disgusting. On their first CD they assumed the roles of ax murderers. They shock

just to be shocking.

Veronica: It's true. They are shocking. Sweet Jesus, holy mother of pearl, what do you expect? We live in a world where we are surrounded by violent images and nasty language. Twiztid have to be more shocking than bands from the past because the world is a worse place than it used to be. Just look around. Examples are everywhere.

Steve: That's the oldest defense of bad taste in the books. Look, I know in matters of taste there is no dispute. One either likes something or doesn't. But don't defend that crap by making Twiztid into perceptive social critics.

Veronica: And don't you forget Twiztid fans are people who enjoy the music. As you just said, you either like something or you don't. Me and many others my age enjoy Twiztid and find them clever and more fun than you do. Maybe you are wrong. Maybe it's just a generation gap. You think you know our world, but what makes you think you know how we see the world? *

MUSIC



Steve Horowitz
and
Veronica "Candy"
Horowitz

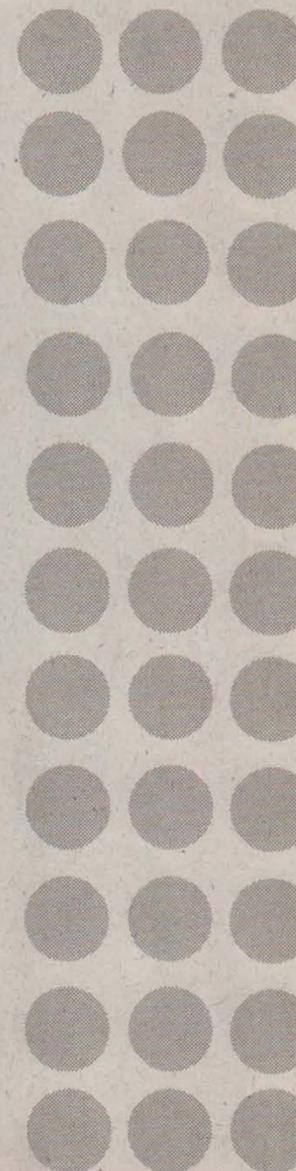


Twiztid

What: Hardcore rap group with a hard rock beat

Where: Gabe's Oasis, 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City

When: Tuesday, May 28





While the sunshine's free

New and improved Sheryl Crow tries to have it all

Matt Hornaday



Sheryl Crow's music has been a kind of harbinger of summer since her first hit, "All I Wanna Do," broke through in 1994. So it was only fitting that April's weird spate of Southern California-style weather coincided with the release of Crow's sun-drenched *C'mon, C'mon*.

"I'm gonna soak up the sun/While it's still free," Crow sings on the CD's first single, blowing out the cobwebs of a long winter and an even longer musical hiatus. We last heard from Crow on 1998's *The Globe Sessions*, a simultaneous bid for artistic integrity and knock-down-drag-out with her personal demons.

Now 40, Sheryl has established herself as one of pop's most visible and important figures. More than just a female 21st-century answer to the Eagles, she's become an American icon, a representation of something beyond pop music. She might soon even capture the esteemed honor of Ultimate Woman.

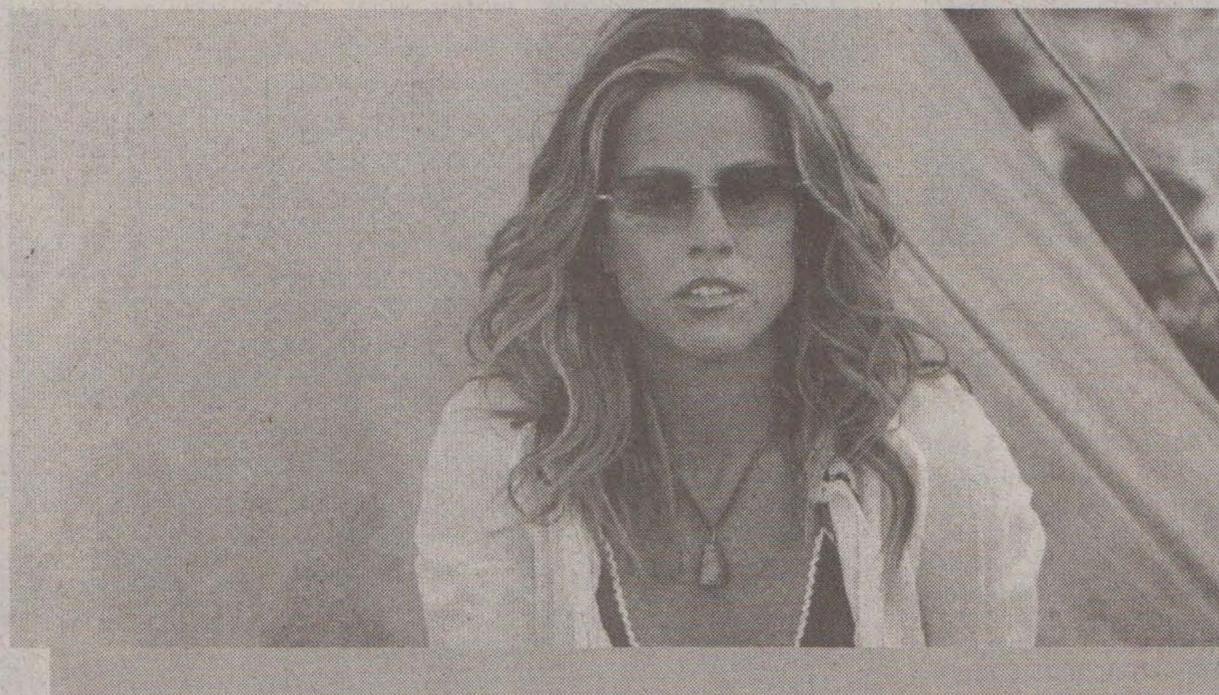
The UW tag is just one way to help categorize and define new feminine ideals for a more hurried age. The items on its call sheet elicit more astonishment (for anyone) than mere respect: a

in one of Sheryl's songs. You've gotta be better than everyone else at what you do and you better hurry up to do it. As for Sheryl, she has one more thing to add to that list: total fulfillment. Basically, she wants a homelife, children and unlimited cable access.

In short, Sheryl's tale of ascendancy to UW candidacy could be called *Show Me: A Manual of Inspiration for Chicks Who Rock*. The Missouri-born former cheerleader and track star graduated UM (no joke), played in cover bands, taught elementary school and launched her music career with \$40K she received from singing a McDonald's jingle, whereupon her fiancée, a devout Christian, turned tail, and she moved to LA. There she waitressed and got her second break singing backup for Jacko and other rich white boys. Hard road, rejection and a shelved debut album followed before she won solo stardom at 33 with delayed public reaction to *Tuesday Night Music Club*. Like R&B powerhouses Destiny's Child and TLC, with her success came accusations from the male-dominated entertainment press questioning her business ethics and legitimacy as an artist. Her bouts of depression, therapy and sexual liaisons have also been heavily scrutinized. Sheryl's effectively shored all this up by employing the PR Machine, cynically or not.

Whatever your opinion of Crow's public image, with all the loose talk, it's easy to forget that she's a talented multi-instrumentalist and writer. Her last three records have shown her improving her craft. Where her first two albums had a mix of styles meant to please, both bitter and sweet, serious and stupid, *Globe Sessions* sounded like a haunted house meeting between Memphis' Big Star and some surprisingly un-laid back LA session musicians. The release was further distinguished by a voice straining to hit notes, with plenty of dust particles in what little light came streaming through the rafters. *Globe* is a landmark pop album and an impressive leap by any musical standard. If everything wasn't sun and fun, Sheryl had a document to make her case. The verdict: not happy.

Sure, celebrities who can't manage to find happiness amongst piles of money, fame and red carpet access shouldn't elicit a lot of sympathy from anyone. But I'll give Sheryl her problems, since she's worked hard and since those problems seem to inspire good songs, like "Home," "It Don't Hurt" and, one of her very best performances, "Members Only." That list might include "Soak Up the Sun." It serves as well as any of her songs in summing up both her style and the contradictions of her career. What initially seems a generic, industry-driven vehicle, a phoned in call for everyone out there to "lighten up" and have a good time, is really dead-serious self-admonishment to get over herself and start enjoying life for what it is, instead of hating it so much for what it's not. Easy to do if you're Sheryl Crow, right? Who knows, but it's a



full education, independence, success, power, influence and the occasional bonus: looks that turn heads. All of these apply to Ms. Crow, her bonus being that she doesn't appear to have aged since college. Whoa. Tall order, right? This might help explain why writer Ann Powers deems this ideal and its accompanying goals as something "most sensible women reject somewhere between their first diet and their last bikini." For most women, things aren't as simple as taking the top down (on the car), going to the beach and having your dreams come true—like

simple sentiment and that's part of what makes it a good song.

Love it or hate it, one more Sheryl Crow song over the airwaves means one less by Lenny Kravitz, Don Henley or Stevie Nicks. To quote Sheryl, that makes me happy. Unfortunately, all these people appear on her new album. And even Emmylou Harris, Keith Richards and Liz Phair can't save it from its own slickness. After listening to the rest of *C'mon* it becomes clear that for all of Sheryl's talk about her mistrust of the music industry, its emphasis on image-making and her need to have a regular life, the only home she's packing to take permanent possession of may be VH1. And that includes a guest house at American Express. As for us, we can look forward to seeing her presence in Jeep ads by the time summer begins and to be completely sick of her single before spring is even over.

To be fair, considering her status, it's hard to imagine the array of roles Sheryl plays could ever exclude commodity. Still, with all the positive things she represents for women of all ages, it's disappointing that Sheryl seems to be handing off the phone to Madison Avenue so it'll have one more opportunity to tell women consumers just how many ways they are, well, not like Sheryl Crow. There's nothing "free" about the sunshine they're selling.

Sheryl, you've got great legs, artistically and otherwise. You've also got enough publishing points in your contract on any of your "least performing" songs to fulfill Bono's third world debt proposal. You're still the queen of you and can do whatever you want. If all you wanna do is stay home and raise a family, that's fine. We want you to be happy and we'll still like you if you come back and just want to play James Gang covers. But seriously, if you really want to get in touch with your roots while retaining your artistic integrity, please turn off the pager, pull the switch on your tour with Train, head back to Missouri and go grill out with The Bottle Rockets.

Maybe we don't want you to be the Ultimate Woman, at least not in this way. Maybe all we really want is to say our girl next door has done good. *



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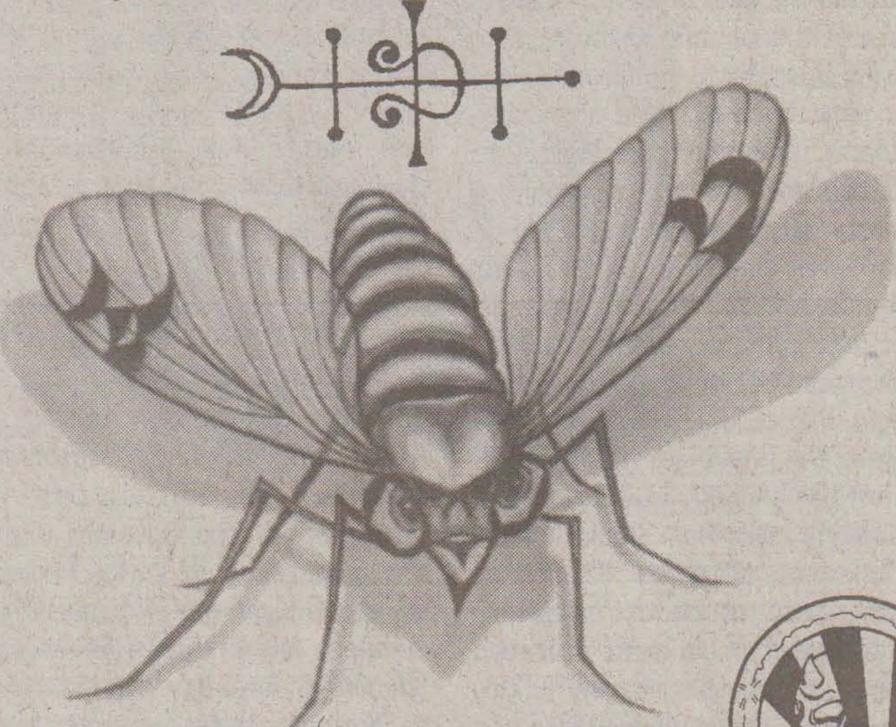
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cd reviews

Dave Zollo

The Big Night

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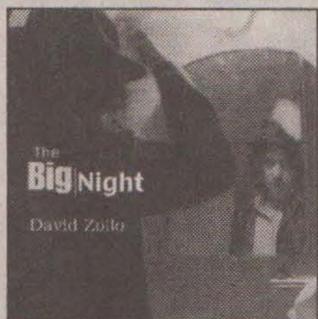
David Zollo has Iowa City on a string. As Bo Ramsey and Greg Brown build the town's reputation as a bastion of Americana music through ever higher profile collaborations, Zollo remains King of the City by tending to the hometown flock and maintaining what is quickly becoming "the Iowa City sound" through over a hundred performances a year. A few more at the Mill and he might even make his way onto the menu: Heaping spoonful of blues, a pinch of grit and a shot of bourbon, side of down-home lyrics. Zollo realizes how tasty a recipe he serves up, and with the release of his latest CD, *The Big Night*, he dishes out an enormous helping.

While his last release, *Uneasy Street*, was a venerable who's who of Iowa City talent, *The Big Night* is Zollo's first offering as a bona fide frontman, enlisting the help of mentor Ramsey on a mere three of the album's 10 tracks. With a lineup of dual guitars, bass, drums and Zollo's keys, the arrangements on *Big Night* are noticeably sparser than on previous recordings; however, the band's polished on-stage swagger has carried over masterfully into the studio setting. Oddly, a casual listen may even find the parts to be too well-rehearsed and the songs strangely familiar; yet Zollo's progression to studio perfection can be traced throughout his career—leaving *Big Night* unquestionably his most flawless recording and the final piece of the puzzle.

Reading almost like a eulogy to Zollo himself, *Big Night* is soaked in tears. From drunken reflections on a lonesome childhood ("Lonesome Childhood"), the taste of booze, ashes and dreams on the tongue of an old love ("Driftwood from Kerry") and the religious imagery lurking throughout the album, the words are those of a man on the brink of death—even the reworking of tunes from the singer's days with High & Lonesome, "While You Undress" and "Driftwood from Kerry," are given the dirge treatment. Despite Zollo's lyrical shift into the land of Midwestern melancholy, the music itself on *Big Night* often fails to join the transformation, thus leaving songs with the potential to send Zollo off into an entirely different direction ultimately feeling like a pair of broken in boots.

In the end, *The Big Night* remains the finest work we've seen from Zollo, and, with its soul-baring lyrics and flawless production, in many ways the record his previous releases were aiming to become. However, the moment Zollo's musical half begins down the path of his lyrical transformation, the King of the City may gain a whole new legion of followers.

Jeremy Erwin



Wendy Carlos

Sonic Seasonings

East Side Digital

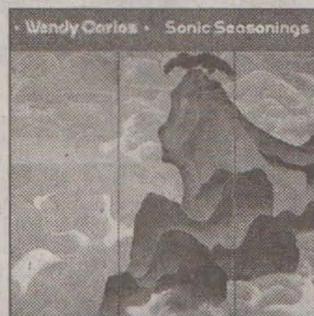
Wendy Carlos' primary claim to fame was 1968's *Switched On Bach*, an album that introduced many people to the sound of the Moog analog synthesizer and, for that matter, to the music of Bach. Carlos pretty much invented the musical profession of synthesist—someone for whom creating sounds on the synthesizer to express a composition is as important as the notes. While Bach could take his organs and orchestras as a given, Carlos spent years perfecting her own arsenal of musical sounds on a gamut of synthesizers. Always, her first principle was musicality and expressiveness.

The album *Sonic Seasonings* was originally released in 1972 and marked another of Carlos' breakthroughs—she and producer Rachel Elkind invented ambient music. The music combines synthesizers with location recordings of natural sound, as well as her subtly constructed impersonations of natural sounds created in the studio. In 1972 this was quite frankly commercial suicide—the few people who bought the album had never heard anything like it, and nearly all of them had no idea how to listen to it. The record was deleted from the Columbia catalog almost as soon as it appeared, and it took a huge effort by Carlos to convince Columbia to give her back the right to release it herself.

Listening to *Sonic Seasonings* 30 years later, post-Eno, post-Orb, post-Aphex Twin, is a revelation. The excellent digital remastering, supervised by Carlos herself, is nothing short of lush, and the music is everything ambient music should be—a sonic environment that rewards close listening.

"Spring" starts out with bird songs and birdlike melodies that fade in and out. "Summer" begins with synthesized crickets and tree frogs, gradually overtaken by slowly developing drones. The drones build to a dramatic crescendo, more industrial than natural, and gradually fade back to the frogs and crickets.

"Fall" is probably the most conventionally musical, with extended lyrical lines of synthesized brass and woodwinds accompanied by waves. It's important to remember that this was one of the first uses of surf sounds on a record; in 1972 it wasn't a cliché. "Winter" begins with wind chimes (another cliché heard here first) and a synthetic ensemble of piano, strings and woodwinds. *Sonic Seasonings* is one of those rare treats for a music buff—a mostly forgotten classic that sounds as stunningly original as it did



when it first came out. Carlos' brilliance isn't just conceptual or musical, it's in the way that every sound serves the whole. Lots of people twiddle synth knobs, but few have ever made music this completely realized and, well, musical.

Kent Williams

Jonathan Richman

Action Packed:

The Best of Jonathan Richman

Rounder Records

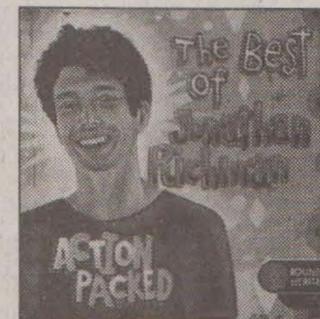
No one with a heart could fail to succumb to the

eccentric charms of America's most sincere songwriter. Probably one of the most notable of the 500 people who heard the Velvet Underground and started a band, Jonathan Richman's 30-odd-year career has been characterized by unswerving individualism. Richman played proto-punk drone and strum with his first band, The Modern Lovers, until he famously softened his aesthetic and quit. The conversion came in 1973 when, as Jonathan hilariously narrates on "Monologue About Bermuda" (included here), he realized "how stiff I was" and turned to the simple, almost childlike (if it weren't so tweaked) style he's employed ever since.

This album collects songs from Richman's 1987-95 stint with Rounder Records. For that reason, older favorites like "Hey There Little Insect," "Government Center" and "Pablo Picasso" are not to be found. It's no loss as far as I'm concerned: If you're a fan, you know these songs well and own copies already. If not, it certainly won't hurt you to get them, and, in fact, you probably should. The correlation between general happiness and JoJo's music is well known and indisputable.

Action Packed is packed with favorites like the title song plus "Everyday Clothes," "Fender Stratocaster," and "I Was Dancing In The Lesbian Bar." However, it also features lesser-known gems like the fabulous "Una Fuerza Alla," which is a Spanish version of his song "A Higher Power," recorded for the little-known (and seldom purchased) all-Spanish album, *Jonathan, te vas a emocionar!* The title means something like, "Get excited, Jonathan!" and I'm thinking of rushing out to get my hands on it pronto. Those not inclined to such extremes should certainly think of doing the same with *Action Packed*. The JR-penned liner notes alone are worth it.

Margaret Schwartz



Back with a Vengeance: Ohio lo-fi, murder ballads and Solomon Burke

Uh-oh...Another salvo of songs fired off by Robert Pollard, the hyper-productive songwriter behind Guided by Voices (coming to Gabe's May 9). It's been seven years since *Bee Thousand* helped this Dayton, Ohio, band buzz its way out of total obscurity into the semi-obscure world of indie rock (and, in the process, formally transformed the adjective "lo-fi" from an audiophallic dis to an aesthetic unto itself). But after quadrillion albums and numerous lineup changes, Pollard seemed to not only wanna dig lo-fi's grave but also slam the last nail in its coffin. The group's last two albums exhibited a new wave-y arena rock sheen that maximized the melodic sugar high of Pollard's pop songwriting and added an extra punch to the proceedings, but now, it seems, he's getting back in touch with his inner-indie-rocker.

Universal Truths and Cycles marks GBV's return to Matador Records, the little label that gave them their first taste of quasi-fame (though not fortune, which is probably why they moved on to the bigger leagues). From the 30-second opening song fragment, "Wire Greyhounds," to Pollard's distorted yowls on song number two, "Skin Parade," it's immediately clear that this full-circle return to Matador is more than symbolic—it has backed them a few steps away from the more glossy production of *Do the Collapse* and *Isolation Drills*, which ditched the populism of an indie-rock four-track recording ideology for a sound heard on 1970s eight-tracks (albums by Cheap Trick, The Raspberries and Badfinger spring to mind). Despite this backward sonic slide, Pollard has wisely chosen not to bury his songs in muddy tape hiss by employing a bare-boned, but clear, production sound that still allows his gorgeous melodies room to breathe and take flight.

Speaking of taking flight—and sorry for the pun—the new live album by The Byrds, *Live at the Fillmore, February 1969* (Columbia), is an absolute marvel, both in its sonic clarity (this ain't no bootleg) and the band's performance, which snaps, crackles and pops with tight country arrangements played by Roger McGuinn, Clarence White, John York and Gene Parsons (Gram Parsons left the band before this live date). Playing songs primarily from *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* and *Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde* (along with a euphoric 10-minute medley of earlier hits "Turn! Turn! Turn!," "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Eight Miles High"), this album not only works as a historical country-rock document (before The Eagles and Garth Brooks made the country-rock label something to shudder at); great songwriting and ace performances make *Live at the Fillmore* a great album in and of itself.

Leaping forward 30 or so years, rock 'n' rollers are still making great country music: in this case, John Langford, a '77 punk who co-founded the Mekons—another group that's often trotted down the lonesome highways of country music. On *The Executioner's Last Songs* (Bloodshot), Langford has put together a song cycle of murder ballads and death-obsessed ditties sung by a rotating cast that includes Rosie Flores, Kelly Hogan, Steve Earle, Neko Case, The Mekons' Sally Timms and the Handsome Family's Brett Sparks, all of whom are backed by Langford's Pine Valley Cosmonauts. Benefiting The Illinois Death Penalty Moratorium Project, the album doesn't shy away from the ugly face of homicide. While the project doesn't romanticize the first-person tales of murder, it does express through music a strong sense of humanity that makes it clear why it's wrong for the state to take a life, no matter what the justification.



Guided by Voices

Solomon Burke has been referred to as the father of country-soul, another country hybrid that unfortunately never really took off outside the boundaries of the South. By sprinkling elements of gospel and R&B into the mix, Burke became a huge star in the 1960s within black communities (with the sad, tender R&B hits "Just Out of Reach," "Cry to Me" and "Got to Get You Off My Mind"), though he has never achieved a Top 20 pop hit in his 40-plus-year career. His newest album, *Don't Give Up On Me* (Fat Possum), won't solve that problem—unless über-corporation Clear Channel goes under and creative anarchy takes over the airwaves, ha ha ha—but it is a subtle reminder that there must be a God,

because this shiny little gem of an album is abso-fucking-lutely miraculous. First off, the stripped down, Hammond organ-heavy production exactly recreates that old soul sound without becoming museumified and musty, allowing the songs to stand side-by-side with his greatest singles of the '60s. Reason #2: the songs, all of which were written for him by Van Morrison (!), Tom Waits (!!), Elvis Costello (!!!), Bob Dylan (you get the point), Nick Lowe, Brian Wilson and many others. Better yet, virtually all of the songs work perfectly with Burke's deep, dark voice, wrapping around the music and seeping into the melodies, particularly on the melancholy title track and the

joyful "Diamond in Your Mind."

Another southern soul man (from Hotlanta) is Cee-Lo, who comes to us by way of Parliament-Funkadelic, Portishead and Public Enemy. He's the primary genius behind Goodie Mob, longtime buddies of Outkast who are every bit as weird and wacky as that talented twosome. Cee-Lo Green and His Perfect Imperfections (Arista) is his solo debut, and it's about as all-over-the-map as you can get in hip-hop, even for someone as notoriously adventurous as Mr. Lo. Here we find Clinton-esque P-Funk ("Bad Mutha"), stutter-step drum 'n' bass ("Big Ole Words"), gospel-tinged Miami booty bass ("Closet Freak"), a cerebral satin-sheeted slow jam ("Spend the Night in Your Mind"), retro-futuristic country-soul ("Country Love") and the occasional song that defies even my best attempts at categorization (the psychedelicate, triptastic "Bass Head Jazz"). Cee-Lo is one weird motherfucker. And the world is better off because of it, even though most radio-listening audiences will likely never hear his music (see my Clear Channel comment above). *

THE LIST

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. Mail PO Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 or e-mail little-village@usa.net

My Morning Jacket



Gabe's •

Thursday, May 9

Far be it from me to underrate an aging—though still not mellowing—musical pioneer like Robert Pollard, but why not go to the Guided By Voices show ready to

hear something new and transformative; why not go for GBV's spooky and bracing opening act, My Morning Jacket? Here is a motley confederation of friends, family and hangers-on from Louisville, Ky., with all the raw materials to make them The Next Big Thing—but none of the pesky discipline, consistency or ambition. These guys were the freshest thing I saw at this year's SXSW—and I caught Clinic, the Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs and Elbow. With the crazy, booming voice of singer Jim James to lead the little children, My Morning Jacket's anthemic country psychedelia is pretty hard to pin down. Suffice to say that one Louisville critic approximated it with "blue clouds of music." 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788.

Todd Kimm

Suzanna Mallow

The Mill • Sunday, May 5, 7pm

Even one-half of Maryland's Red Letter Day is more than most would bargain for on a Sunday night. Suzanna Mallow wields a tour de force of "Sangin', Groovin', Folkin' and Rockin'" as one less than oblique fan put it. Mallow's press likens the experience to "sitting between Bugs Bunny and Tom Robbins, while Ani DiFranco sits behind you and pelts you with Jujubeans while you're watching *The Wizard of Oz.*" While a listen to Red Letter Day's 2000 release *Beefcandy* doesn't exactly bear that claim out, it does showcase some very strong songwriting, singing and playing. Mallow is a talented multi-instrumentalist who tosses off great couplets like "I felt the heat of the heartbreak burn against my door/the smoke of broken dreams forced my face to the floor" and convinces you she means it with a voice that hews out a niche somewhere between Amy Ray and Kristin Hersh. 120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529.



ART

Akar Architecture and Design

4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227
"Earthenware and Porcelain Pots," by Oregon's Victoria Christian, through April 15 • Woodfired ceramics by Jane Shellenbargar, through May 30.

Brucemore

2160 Linden Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
Art on the Fence, May 18, 11am-5pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Others Among Us: Photographs of Amish, Hutterites and Mennonites, 53 works by photographers Kristen Capp, George Tice, Larry Towell and Laura Wilson; *A Century of Photography from the Collection*, showcases the work of 20 artists, several of them from eastern Iowa; both through May 26 • *From Paper to Stone: Grant Wood Drawings and Lithographs*, a selection of Wood's lithographs from the museum's permanent collection along with preliminary drawings borrowed from private collections, through Aug. 25. (See Words for more events)

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Unknown / Infinity: Culture and Identity in the Digital Age, artists from China, Hong Kong, Taiwan and the US explore life in the digital age, includes computer animation,

Web-based artworks, interactive video installations and digital photography, through June 9.

The Frame House & Gallery

211 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 338-0988
The Iowa Connection, featuring artists with Iowa ties.

Hudson River Gallery & Frame Co.

538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488
Wood-cut prints and lithographs by Jennifer Hughes, Iowa City, through May 25.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

117 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-8686
Glass Invitational: RPM, Philabaum and Paran glass studios, through May.

IC Public Library

123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
Mail in Art Show of postcards that interpret selected poems of Iowa's Poet Laureate Marvin Bell, First Floor Display Area.

Iowa State Bank and Trust

102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 356-5800
Watercolors by Marge Hayek, through July.

Lorenz Boot Shop

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053
More Travels with Charles, photography by Charles Read, figurative paintings and collages, oils and pen and ink by Nancy Towner; landscapes in oil and gouache by Laura Young; all through May.

Many Facets

125 S. Dubuque, Iowa City, 341-4562
Who Am I?, works in foil by Kimberlee Rocca, through June 1.

Mythos

9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3760
Ethnographic art, antiquities and museum copies; specializing in African, Mayan Indian from Guatemala and Asian, ongoing.

Riverbank Art Fair

Off Riverside Drive near Hancher, Iowa City, 335-3393
May 4-5, 10am-5pm.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
In Harmony with Nature, art by Duane Kasper and Kay Full, through May 12 • 2002 Senior Art Show, May 17-June 2, reception, May 17, 8:30-10:00am, Jim Hall on piano, catered breakfast.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Bare Foot Spirits, multimedia art by former Project Art director Mark Towner, through May, Patient and Visitor Activity Center Gallery • Ceramic art by Jennifer Otis, through June 3, Main Lobby Gallery • Prints by Wanda Ewing, through June 28, Center for Disabilities and Development by the Remboldt Conference Rm.

UI Museum of Art
 150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Jose Guadalupe Posada: My Mexico, prints by the renowned Mexican artist, through July 21 • *NO!art and the Aesthetics of Doom*, retrospective of artist collective that responded to the Holocaust and atomic crisis, through June 23.

Uptown Bill's small Mall
 401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
 Art Exhibit by UI Undergraduate Art Group, through May 14.

MUSIC

Adagio
 325 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 339-4811
Jazz Brunch every Sunday with Saul Lubaroff Duo, 11am-2pm
 Steve Grismore Trio, May 3, 8pm • UI Jazz Combo Finals, May 7-9, 9pm • Mad River Band, May 10, 9pm.

Coe College
 Sinclair Auditorium, 1220 First Ave. NE, Cedar Rapids, 399-8600
 Coe College Symphony Orchestra, May 4, 8pm • Coe College Concert Choir, May 5, 4pm.

Col Ballroom
 1012 W. 4th St., Davenport

Scottish singer-songwriter Dougie MacLean, May 3, 8pm, to charge tickets by phone, call KUNI radio weekdays at 1-800-772-2440.

Clapp Recital Hall
 University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
 Honors Concert, May 2, 8pm • "The World Percussion Concert," with UI Afro-Cuban Drum Ensemble and UI Latin Jazz Ensemble, May 3, 8pm • UI Jazz Repertory Ensemble, May 4, 8pm • OddBar Jazz Trio, May 5, 8pm • The Women's Chorus, May 7, 8pm • Maia String Quartet, with outstanding UI student chamber musicians, May 8, 8pm • Kantorei, May 10, 8pm • Camerata, Richard Bloesch conducts his final performance, May 11, 8pm • University Choir, May 12, 3pm • Jeffrey Agrell, horn, with Shari Rhoads and Evan Mazunik, piano, May 14, 8pm.

CSPS
 1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
 The Quire, May 10, 8pm • The Songs of Phil Ochs, with Greg Greenway, Kim & Reggie Harris, Pat Humphries, Magpie, Tom Prasada-Rao, Sonia and Sonny Ochs, Phil's sister, May 16, 8pm • John Gorka, to benefit Legion Arts, May 17, 8pm.

Friday Night Concert Series
 Weather Dance Fountain Stage, downtown Iowa City
 6:30-9:30pm
 Dave Moore, May 17 • Johnny Kilowatt, May

24 • City High & West High Schools, May 31.

Gabe's
 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
 Glenn Tilbrook of Squeeze, with Steve Poltz, 6pm doors; The Chargers Street Gang, Meth, Street Urchins, 10pm doors; May 2 • The Frogs, The Egg-nogs, My Business Failed in Three Weeks, May 3 • House of Large Sizes, Schatzi, Burn Disco Burn, May 4 • KRUI Party, local showcase with Matt Bar, Racecar Radar, My Business Failed in Three Weeks, Faultlines, May 5 • Jim Roll, Ben Connelly, May 6 • A American Nightmare, Death Threat, Striking Distance, Modern Life is War, The Senile Citizens, May 7 • Anticon, May 8 • Guided by Voices, My Morning Jacket, May 9 • Stunt Rock, Atomly, May 10 • Psychosomatic, Chuck U, The Unknown Prophets, May 11 • Global Funk Council, May 12 • Seven Nations, May 14 • Bottom, The Thornes, Kita, May 15 • Jay Bennett of Wilco, Edward Burch, Kelly Pardekooper, May 17 • Dave Zollo Band, May 18 • The Gossip, Chromatics, The Boss Martians, May 19 • Cadillac Blindside, The Ghost, May 20 • Kung Pao, May 21 • Sarah Dougher, May 22 • Jumbo's Kill Crane, May 23 • The Honor System, May 25 • Twiztid, May 28 • The Meat Purveyors, Jack Norton, Ben Weaver, May 30.

The Green Room
 509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350

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Fri May **3** THE FROGS

Sat May **4** HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES

Sun May **5** KRUI 89.7 PARTY

Tues May **7** AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

Thurs May **9** GUIDED BY VOICES

Sun May **12** GLOBAL FUNK COUNCIL

Fri May **17** JAY BENNETT FROM WILCO

Sat May **18** DAVE ZOLLO BAND

Tues May **28** TWIZTID

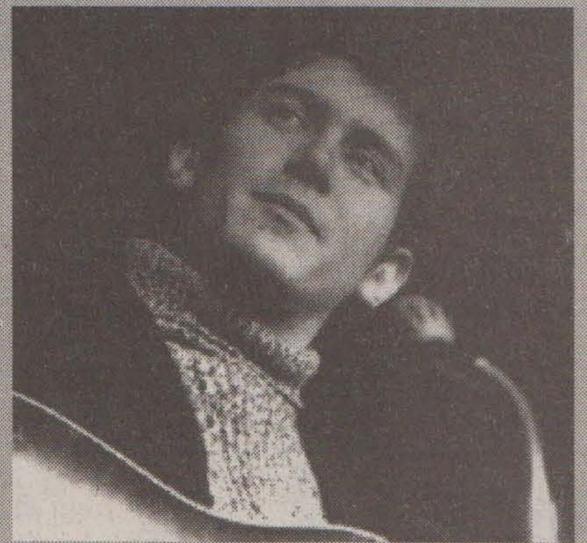
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BEER GARDEN

Tribute to Phil Ochs

CSPS • Thursday, May 16, 8pm

The legendary '60s folk artist Phil Ochs claimed he wrote "All the news that's fit to sing." He composed barbed satires about the hypocrisies of American politics, domestic issues and foreign affairs like "Love Me, I'm a Liberal," "Small Circle of Friends" and "White Boots Marching in a Yellow Land." Ochs also created heartfelt songs of love and pain, such as "There But for Fortune" and "Pleasures of the Harbor," and he had a wonderful penchant for putting poetry to music without seeming pretentious. His versions of Alfred Noyes' "The Highwayman" and Edgar Allen Poe's "The Bells" bring out the oral and aural qualities of those literary works. My favorite Ochs tune is "Jim Dean of Indiana," in which the fellow Hoosier sings the mythic biography of the famous actor that gets all the facts wrong but paints a truer picture of the movie star than any accurate retelling of Dean's life ever could.

Like Dean, Ochs died an early death. The musician took his own life in 1976 as he saw America's Watergate-scarred youth turn apathetic and cynical about the state of their country. He thought no one would remember him after he was dead, but the legacy of his songs has made him an inspiration to generations of musicians that have followed. Ochs' sister Sonny has organized an annual traveling Phil Ochs tribute in which contemporary folk artists get together and sing Ochs' songs. Musicians on the current tour include Greg Greenway, Kim and Reggie Harris, Pat Humphries, Magpie, Tom Prasada-Rao and Sonia. Ochs used to sing



that he wouldn't have time to make the world a better place "while I'm gone/So I guess I better do it/While I'm here." He was wrong. His songs keep marching on. 1103 Third Street SE, Cedar Rapids.

Steve Horowitz



The Mill Restaurant

Bar • Music • Coffee

<i>may</i>		
2	no cover the trollies	9pm
3	no cover bob & kristi black big wooden radio	6pm 9pm
4	tornadoes	9pm
5	suzanna from red letter day	7pm
9	no cover mad river band	9pm
10	no cover bob & kristi black catfish keith	6pm 9pm
11	BF burt & the instigators	9pm
12	call for tickets stuart davis	7pm
16	mike & amy finders	8pm
17	mayflies	9pm
18	shade of blue	9pm
19	call for tickets greg brown	7pm
22	no cover radoslav lorkovic	9pm
23	mean larry	9pm
24	no cover bob & kristi black TBA	6pm 9pm
25	wylde nept	9pm
26	john lindsey family benefit	7pm
31	dave zollo	9pm

Mondays • OPEN MIC • 8pm

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Blues Jam Mondays, Latin Night Tuesdays
Rival, Brian Jones, Segway, May 2 • Hyde Park, The Toboggans, JSA, May 3 • Dirty "MF" and the Smoking Section, formerly of Liquid Soul, Organic Mind Unit, May 4 • Pine Bender, Racecar Radar, Taking Pictures, May 8 • River City High, May 9 • Kevin Gordon, The Dave Olson One-Timers, May 10 • Jet Set Cutie, Tricyclic, East 18, May 11 • Leven, Circle 7, May 15 • Filling Space, Sny Magill, May 16 • Liquid Soul, NICKELBAGOFUNK, May 17 • Burn Disco Burn, Alto Heceta, May 18 • Nefesh, May 23 • Protostar, May 24 • Orquesta de Jazz y Salsa Alto Maiz, May 25 • Clean Living, The Diplomats, May 30 • The Trollies, Forgiving Iscariot, May 31.

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1667
UI Percussion Ensemble, May 12, 8pm.

International Center

UI campus, Iowa City
The Javanese Gamelan from Grinnell College, May 7, 10:30am, lounge.

Kirkwood Community College

Ballantyne Auditorium, Iowa Hall, 6301 Kirkwood Blvd. SW, Cedar Rapids, 398-5578
"A World of Song," with Jazz Transit, RSVP and Kirkwood Chorale performing traditional music from around the world, May 4, 7:30pm • Honor Recital, May 9, 11:15am.

Martini's

127 E. College St., Iowa City, 358-2833
Shows at 9:30pm
Ashanti, May 10 • Soul Searchers, May 11.

The Marketplace

511 P St., South Amana, 622-3750
All 7:30-11:30pm
Kathy Lee Ogden, May 3 • Mike and Amy Finders, May 4 • Ben Eaton, May 10 • Jean Blum, May 11 • Steve Price, May 17 • Jasmine, May 18 • Bill Heller, May 24 • CA Waller, May 25 • BillyLee Janey, May 31.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Friends of Old Time Music acoustic jam session Tuesdays, 9pm; Open Mic, Mondays, 8pm; all shows 9pm unless otherwise noted
The Trollies, May 2 • Bob & Kristi Black, May 3, 10 & 24, 6-8pm • Big Wooden

Radio, May 3 • Tornadoes, May 4 • Suzanna from Red Letter Day, May 5, 7pm • Mad River Band, May 9 • Catfish Keith, May 10 • BF Burt & the Instigators, May 11 • Stuart Davis, May 12, 7pm • Mike & Amy Finders, May 16, 8pm • Mayflies, May 17 • Shade of Blue, May 18 • Greg Brown, May 19, 7pm • Radoslav Lorkovic, May 22 • Mean Larry, May 23 • TBA, May 24 • Wylde Nept, May 25 • John Lindsey Family Benefit, May 26, 7pm • Dave Zollo, May 31.

New Covenant Bible Church

1800 46th St. NE, 395-0021
Cedar Rapids Concert Chorale, May 5, 2:30pm, call 365-8221 for tickets.

Northside Books

203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330
Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm
Mary Eagle, mountain (lap) dulcimer and voice, May 5 • The Wheeler-Mazunik Jazz Duo, bass & trumpet, May 12 • Boris Arratia & Ali Issa, guitar & trumpet, jazz, May 19 • TBA, May 26, musicians wanted for future dates.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
(unless noted otherwise)
Guest organist Lew Williams on the Mighty Wurlitzer Pipe Organ, May 5, 2pm, 364-6300 for tickets • Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra, "Slavic Salute," Martin Kasik, piano, May 4, 8pm; May 6, 7pm, 366-8203 for tickets.

Red Avocado

521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088, all 6:30-9:00pm
Reality Trio, jazz, Wednesdays • Mad River Duo, clarinet and guitar, May 11 & 25.

Sal's Music Emporium

624 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 338-7462
All 6pm
Eggnogs CD-release party, May 3 • Kathryn Musilek, May 11 • Devil Moons, alt-country from New York, May 18 • David Rogers, from Mr. Blandings Dreamhouse, June 1.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
Dave Moore, May 3 • Soul Sauce, May 4 • Mike Lee, NYC jazz sax, May 10-11 • Dave Moore, May 24-25 • Jazztet, June 1.

Scattergood Friends School
1951 Delta Ave., West Branch, 643-7600
Barn Dance, begins at 8pm
Attractive Nuisance, May 17.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
New Horizons String Orchestra, May 6, 2-3pm • Voices of Experiences Spring Concert, May 30, 2:30-4pm.

Third Street Live!
1204 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 365-6141
Annual Martini Madness with Dennis McMurrin and friends, May 3 • Mackie Blue and Limber, May 10 • Skin Kandy and Destrophy, May 11 • Buddy Miles with Craig Erickson, May 18.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
John Colloton Pavilion Atrium by elevator F
The Major Grooves, UI Health Care's Medical and Graduate School Choir, May 3, 12:15-1pm • The Swing Timers, music from the '30s, '40s and '50s, May 10, 12-1pm • The Old Post Office Brass, May 17, 12:15-1pm.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
KSUI "Know the Score" program, Joan Kjaer, host, May 3, 5pm • Jean Montes, cello, May 10, 7:30pm • La Fosse Baroque Ensemble, May 12, 2pm.

Uptown Bill's small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Ben Schmidt, May 7, 7-9pm • Kathryn Musilek, May 13, 7-9pm • Brian Joens, May 17, 7-9pm • Annie Savage & Stacy Webster, May 19, 1-4pm • Kevin Burt, May 23, 7-9pm • Rafael Manriquez, May 24, 9-11pm.

DANCE

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
(unless noted otherwise)
Cherie Chittenden Dance Recital, May 17-18, 7pm • Studio Dance Recital, May 30-31, 7pm.

Scattergood Friends School
1951 Delta Ave., West Branch, 643-7600
Barn Dance, begins at 8pm
Attractive Nuisance, May 17.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Open to the general public unless noted otherwise
Open Dance, April 5 & 19, 2-4pm • Afternoon Dance with Silver Swing, May 14, 2:30-4:30pm.

Space/Place Theatre
North Hall, UI campus, 335-3041
Recent choreography by UI dance undergrads Debby Anderson, Meghan Beresford, Amy Isherwood, Stefanie Killey and Emily Price and Dayna DeFillipis, May 2-4, 8pm.

THEATER/ PERFORMANCE

Campbell Steele Gallery
1064 Seventh Ave., Marion, 373-9211
Liars Holographic Radio Theatre, music and original skits, April 17-18, 8pm; April 19, 7pm.

Graffiti Theatre
Iowa City, 621-3234
Changing Face of Iowa project: Community Dialogue encourages discussion on issues of race and immigration through the use of REAL theater, an interactive style of theater utilizing audience participation to generate new ideas and actions to complex questions, culminates in a multimedia performance called Uncolor
Community Dialogue Training, May 4, 12-5pm, Media Center, Columbus Elementary School, Columbus Junction, to register call Stephanie Coble, 728-2231 ext. 263 • *Uncolor*, May 9, 7pm, Columbus High School Auditorium, Columbus Junction • *Uncolor* performance, May 11, 7pm, Marshalltown Martha Ellen Tye Playhouse • *Uncolor* performance, May 18, 7pm, St. John's Auditorium, Indian Hills Community College, Ottumwa • Community Dialogue, Date & locations TBA, 12-5pm, West Liberty; *Uncolor* performance, 7pm.

Iowa City Community Theater
Exhibition Hall, Johnson County Fairgrounds, Iowa City, 338-0443
Kiss Me Kate, the classic Cole Porter musical, May 3-4, 8pm.

Old Creamery Theatre
39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262
The Cemetery Club, comedy by Ivan Menchell about three widows who gather for tea once a month before visiting their husbands' graves, May 15-June 23, Wed., Fri., Sat. 8pm; Thurs., Sat., Sun. 3pm • *The Elephant Man*, by Bernard Pomerance, May 30-June 23, Thurs. 3pm & 8pm; Fri, Sat. 8pm; Sun. 3pm, Depot Theatre, one block south of Millstream Brewery, Amana.

Theatre Cedar Rapids
102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8591
Shows 7:30pm Thurs. (no show May 23), 8pm Fri. & Sat. and 2:30pm Sun.
The Complete History of America (abridged), three performers reenact 500 years of American history in 90 minutes, May 17-June 2 • Informational meeting on Nov. 2-9 London West End theater trip, May 13, 6:30pm.

UI Theatre
Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
No Shame Theater, original skit drama and comedy, every Friday, 11pm, Theater B • *The Making of Americans: Part I: The Silent Scream of Martha Hersland*, world premiere, adaptation of Gertrude Stein work incorporating the stage and cyberspace, May 2-4, 8pm; May 5, 3pm, David Thayer Theatre • *800 Words*, by Tory Stewart, Iowa New Play Festival, May 6, 5:30 & 9pm, tickets available one hour before each performance • *Beakers*, by Jeannine Coulombe, Iowa New Play Festival, May 7, 5:30 & 9pm, tickets available one hour before each performance • Iowa New Play Festival readings, May 8, 5:30 & 9pm • *Yellow Fever*, by Joe Hiatt, Iowa New Play Festival, May 9, 5:30 & 9pm • *Bullet for Unaccompanied Heart*, by Robert Wray, Iowa New Play Festival, May 10, 5:30 & 9pm • *In Sarajevo*, by Andrew Barrett, Iowa New Play Festival, May 11, 5:30 & 9pm.

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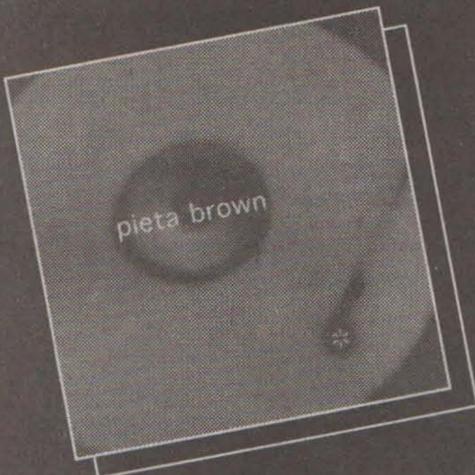
The
Big Night

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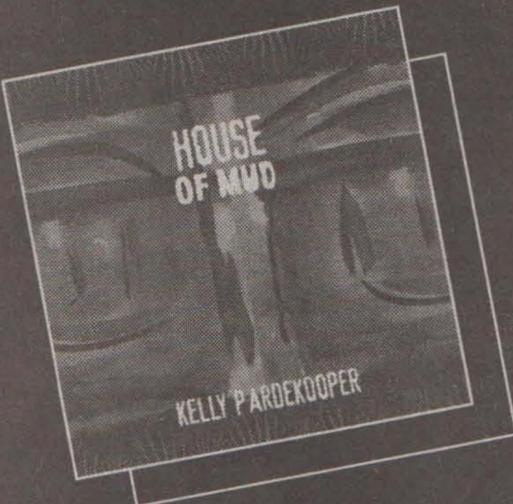
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HERSONG Open Sings, new member audition and orientation process for women's chorus, Thursdays, 7pm, May 2-30, St. Johns Lutheran Church, Rock Island, Ill., be a part of the "music for social change" movement, open to women 18 and older, non-singing membership (for tech crews, instruments, marketing, administrative and other responsibilities) is open to women and men 18 and older, for more info call (866) 746-4482 or visit HERSONG.org.

Art wanted for website, Lucidity Lab is dedicated to promoting the creations of Midwestern artists, free service is open to all, but not all that submit work will be included, send five images no larger than 150 pixels tall at 72 dpi to info@luciditylab.com <<mailto:info@luciditylab.com>>, visit the gallery at www.luciditylab.com/lucid.html <<http://www.luciditylab.com/lucid.html>>

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Auditions for 2002-03 season opener, *Ruthless, The Musical*, by appointment only, requirements include a photo/resume, a prepared musical theater song (two min. maximum and not necessarily from the show) and an unrehearsed reading from the script, an accompanist will be provided, May 13, 4-6:30pm, call for appointment.

COMEDY

The Green Room

509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Comedy with Mike Brody, May 22.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Capitol Steps, May 3, 8pm.

WORDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
"A Century of Photographs from the Collection," with CRMA director Terry Pitts, May 16, 5:30-6:30pm.

IC Public Library

123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
"WRAC: the Role of the Women's Center on the University Campus," with director of Northwestern University's Women's

Center, May 2, 7pm, Meeting Room A • "Cinco de Mayo," with Teresa Catlow, May 4, 10:30am, live on The Library Channel 10, Meeting Room A • Alliance for Preserving the Truth about the Sino-Japanese War-Iowa City Chapter; Chinese Holocaust Screening and Discussion of Japanese Atrocities (1894-1945), May 4, 11am, Meeting Room B • Iowa City Nurse's Coalition, Nurse's Night Out, May 4, 6:30pm, live on The Library Channel 10, Meeting Room A • "Becoming a Parent; Maintaining a Healthy Pregnancy and Recognizing Signs of Postpartum Depression, May 8, 7pm, live on The Library Channel 10, Meeting Room A • IC Linux User's Group, presentation and demonstration of Linux OS and applications, May 9, 7pm, Meeting Room D • Community Corrections Improvement Association/Youth Leadership, The ARTT Project (Art Reaching Troubled Teens), Graffiti Theatre presents a forum on the plight of teens in youth shelters, May 10, 1pm, Meeting Room A..

Northside Books

203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330
UI law professor Marc Linder reads from his translation of Mogens Klitgaard's *God Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb*, May 8, 7pm.

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City (unless otherwise noted), 337-2681

All 8pm (unless otherwise noted)

Kevin Brockmeier reads from his first collection of stories, *Things That Fall From the Sky*, May 2 • UI Writers' Workshop grad Ben Schrank reads from his second novel, *Consent*, May 3 • David Anthony Durham reads from his second novel, *Walk Through Darkness*, May 7 • Paul Zimmer, director of the UI Press, reads from his collection of autobiographical essays, *After the Fire*, May 8 • Susan Kuehn Boyd reads from her short story collection, *The Wide-Brimmed Hat*, May 9 • Jamaica Kincaid reads from her new novel, *Mr. Potter*, May 13 • Grinnell College biology professor David Campbell reads from his book, *The Crystal Desert*, May 17.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Open to the general public unless noted otherwise
Computer Conversation. May 15, 17 & 20, 12-1pm • Literary Reading Series: *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* by James M. Barrie, May 17, 2-3pm • "The Changing Faces of Iowa: Environment," with Loren Horton, May 20, 2-3:30pm • "A Thumbnail Sketch of Hobo History," with Alvin Schroeder, May



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21 Bar • No Cover



The Olde Tavern
By The River

31, 10-11am.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Writers' Workshop readings, May 3, 7:30pm.

Uptown Bill's small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Children's Pick & Read, read-aloud for families, May 25, 10-11am.

Voxman Music Bldg.

UI campus, Iowa City
Musicology and Theory Colloquium, Scott Burnham, speaker, May 3, 1:30pm, Room 1027.

MEETINGS

Affirmationist Toastmasters, Mondays, 6-7pm

All welcome, Gilmore Hall, Room #4, UI campus, 353-0765.

CLASSES/ WORKSHOPS

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Open to Johnson County Seniors, registration required

Family Search Program for Genealogists, May 9, 9:30-11am • Intermediate Computers, May 13, 12-1pm • Using a Scanner and PhotoShop, May 20, Section 1, 9-10am; Section 2, 10-11am; Section 3, 11am-12pm How to Do a Search on the World Wide Web, May 22, 1:30-3pm.

MISC

Brucemore

2160 Linden Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
Free Mansion Tours, May 17-18, 10am-3pm; May 19, 12-3pm • Plant Sale, May 18, 9am-12pm.

Farmers Market

Chauncey Swan Parking Ramp, corner of Washington and Gilbert streets, Iowa City
Fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and handicrafts, Wednesdays 5:30-7:30pm and Saturdays 7:30-11:30am, through the end of October.

New Pioneer Co-op & Bakehouse

City Center Square, Hwy. 6 West, Coralville, 358-5513
Fresh Juice and Smoothie Party, May 11, 12-4pm

Palisades-Kepler State Park

Four miles west of Mt. Vernon on Hwy. 30
Wildflower Walk and Mushroom Hunt, May 4, 10am, meet at first shelter, call Dave Brenzel, 335-0482, or email david-brenzel@uiowa for more info • "A Walk in the Woods with Mark Müller," illustrator for new UI press book *Woodland in Your Pocket* leads a hike, May 4, 2pm, meet first shelter, 335-2008 for more info.

Ruby's Pearl

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032
Stitch 'n' Bitch, bring your sewing, knitting or whatever and bitch or gab, every Wednesday, 6-7pm.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Hiking with the Trailblazers, three-to-five-

mile hikes at a brisk pace, Wednesdays, meet at Lower City Park large parking lot at 8pm • Women's Pool Group, Fridays, 10am-12pm • Open Dance, May 3 & 17, 2-4pm • Senior Center Cyclists: May 6, meet at parking lot of St. Mary's Church, 1749 Racine Ave., Solon, 9:30am for 10-mile ride; May 13, meet at parking lot of Hoover Library, West Branch, 9:30am for 24-32-mile ride; May 20, meet at parking lot of Fareway Grocery Store on Mormon Trek Blvd., 9am, for 15-20-mile ride; May 27, meet at Hy-Vee parking lot on North Dodge Street, 8:30am for 30-mile ride; for more info call Tom Conway, 338-4880, rides cancelled in case of rain • Nature Walks: Mondays, 12:45pm, May 6, Rochester Cemetery; May 13, Frytown Conservation Park; May 20, Ryerson's Woods; no walk May 27; meet in Senior Center Lobby.

EVENTS

Riverfest

Hubbard Park & Iowa River riverbank
May 2-5.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
Senior of Distinction Program and Reception, May 8, 2:30-4pm.

FILM

Bijou

Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Iowa City, 335-3041

Very subject to change, call ahead or check www.uiowa.edu/~bijou

Promises, documentary looking at the Israeli-Palestinian conflict through the eyes of children, 7pm May 2, 4, 6, 8; 9:30pm May 3, 5, 7 • *Life and Debt*, documentary exposing the effects of international development programs on Jamaica, 9:30pm May 2, 4, 6, 8; 7pm May 3, 5, 7 • *Storytelling*, Todd Solodnz's 2001 film dividing its attentions between a university creative writing class and a filmmaker observing a teen-ager named Scooby and his family, 9pm May 9; 7pm & 9pm May 10-16 • *Wallace & Gromit*, shorts featuring the well-known duo, 5pm May 2-3; 5:30pm May 4-5; free Riverfest screenings, 4pm May 4-5 • *Down by Law*, Jim Jarmusch's 1984 film starring John Lurie, Roberto Benigni and Tom Waits as jailbirds who escape, 5pm May 9-12.

terrible book

(continued from page 10)

disturbing examples of how Brock conflates the goals of absolutism and explanation is his repeated avowal of his ignorance of the norms of journalistic conduct before 1996. Now Brock knows the difference "between a substantiated charge and an unsubstantiated one," but then, his "woefully inadequate training at the Washington Times and the American Spectator" and lack of formal training in journalism deprived him of any sense of "what good reporting was" or the judgment to know that "people will say anything." Certainly these issues must have come up when he was a "respected reporter" known for his investigative journalism at UC-Berkeley's Daily Cal. Even so, it doesn't take a journalism degree to know that people lie, accounts vary, and facts must be checked.

Brock would have us forgive him his stint as a propagandist because he recognizes the error of his ways and feels really bad about the damage he's done...but hey, he was incompetent anyway...and besides, he was locked in the "grip of a partisan tunnel vision that was...such a part of [his] nature that it distorted [his] work, disabling [him] from finding the truth, without [his] even knowing it." What's worse—that Brock might actually be that fatuous, or that he wants us to believe that he's that fatuous?

Brock has precious little credibility, so whether you believe his version of historical events will depend largely upon whether you want to or not, but as an account of his own personal transformation, *Blinded by the Light* falls far short of the mark. Brock, rebel with an ever-shifting cause, has made a career out of opportunistic iconoclasm, railing against the mainstream not out of his own peculiar convictions, but in search of social, psychological and economic gratification. *Blinded by the Light* reveals the same deeply contradicted, unexamined self in search of external approval.

And finally, as a mea culpa, the book utterly fails. A real apology—one that accepts full accountability for one's actions—should bear no trace of exculpatory intent. Otherwise, it is an apologia. *

Carpe Diem



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STARS OVER IOWA CITY

by Dr. Star

FORECAST FOR MAY, 2002 • Write Dr. Star at doctorwinkler@home.com



TAURUS (April 20–May 20) The spirit of thrift is sweeping Taurean ranks. Making and spending money have been fun, but times are getting tougher and riskier. You can afford to retrench. You've achieved many important financial goals and provided for life's basic pleasures. Now, the Bulls want to spend more carefully and invest more selectively and still have money for exploring new horizons. Emerging opportunities can still receive carefully targeted outlays, but that is all they really need, for now. Your assets and your interests can continue to grow, even in these changing times.



GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You have been striving toward a cherished goal and making gratifying progress. But you've been pushing against discouraging levels of resistance and you've had to contend with pushy, impulsive and often reckless partners, more so than is normal in life. This month something subtle but important will change and it will have momentous long-term consequences. Your personal power over the people and events in your life will increase significantly and remain very high. As you sense this take place, you might just want to rethink your whole darned future.



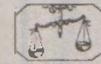
CANCER (June 21–July 22) Safe but defenseless, respected but powerless, pampered but taken for granted. These are some of the phrases that express the troubling ironies of Cancer's situation. But you have learned a priceless lesson in how to use and how not to use personal power in difficult and trying situations. You will soon achieve new respect as the voice of fairness and reason. This will more than make up for any time you spent without power and provide a much better way to influence people and events than the one you lost.



LEO (July 23–Aug 22) Balancing your own most essential interests against the interests, whims and demands of nearly all the most important people in your life has been a difficult, risky and often uncomfortable chore. Worse, more often than not, fair or not, convenient or not, you have always had to make the tough choices and difficult compromises. Nor has there been a resting point. By month's end, the balance of power will have shifted decisively in your favor. However, to make it work, you must use this new power patiently, carefully and thoughtfully.



VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22) Two of the worst standoffs of your life will officially come to an end in May. Pressures of all kinds will ease. Those who have targeted you will turn their unwelcome attention to other people and other matters. You can then shift resources once used for self-defense to more profitable ventures. But you should take nothing for granted in the years ahead. The changes that are coming require that you show vigilance and perseverance in all your affairs. Plan carefully and take nothing for granted in the years ahead.



LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22) Librans can soon breathe that big sigh of relief people are always talking about. The limitations that kept you pinned down and blocked the realization of your plans will now gradually be removed. You can start building the lasting and productive creative partnerships that you have wanted. Travel as well as expansion on the local level will also become possible. You might be surprised at how smoothly things work out. Use this time wisely, though. Plan carefully. Stay on budget. Keep something in reserve for the challenges ahead.



SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21) Last year was certainly not without achievement and satisfaction. But sometimes painful family pressures and burdensome financial concerns also took their toll. The financial limitations made it more difficult to deal with the family pressures. Your options were limited and it seemed like the pressures would never let up. The impasse is ending. Pressures will shortly ease and more flexible circumstances will allow much needed adjustments. However, you will still have to use available resources carefully. There will be more options, but events will continue to demand adjustment and adaptation.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22–Dec 21) The long-standing crisis in areas of your life involving business and work associates, friendships and love-significant others of all kinds-is coming to an end. You've made the important and difficult decisions and taken the first, tentative steps in a new, more promising direction. You will definitely find the going easier from this point. However, at base, you are playing catch-up. Existing resources and new opportunities must be used wisely. Develop a plan and follow it carefully. You need to understand earlier mistakes and avoid them in the future.



CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19) The two most vulnerable points in a horoscope govern our work lives and our biggest psychological weak points. You need to have at least one of these spots in good working order at all times. Recently, the planets have been hammering extremely hard at both of these points in Capricorn charts, so hard, that at least one important thing in every Capricorn's life broke loose. This planetary barrage will soon end. Important challenges lie ahead. However, after their yearlong endurance test, Capricorns should find upcoming challenges easy by comparison.



AQUARIUS (Jan 20–Feb 18) Inspiration and desire far outstripped opportunity in the last year. The situation seemed designed to frustrate Aquarians and drain their inexhaustible optimism and enthusiasm, as if that were even possible. The impasse is about to end and you will feel the bigger obstacles removing themselves. Aquarians should find plenty of opportunity in the coming years, but the road ahead will bring many challenges as well. Regardless, Aquarians are sure to find pleasure in watching many of the changes they have longed to see in the world begin to take place.



PISCES (Feb 19–March 20) Longsuffering Pisceans will soon leave behind one of the most stressful and frustrating periods of recent times, and where Pisceans are concerned, that is saying a lot. The standoff will be over, the gates will be open, the barriers up, and resources will still flow relatively easily. Take advantage of this window of opportunity to bring order to your affairs. Soon another, different cycle will begin during which, if you put in the time, you will be able to build a sound, long-lasting foundation for your life needs and activities.



ARIES (March 21–April 19) Big, exciting opportunities are emerging. But it's a new day that comes with new problems and new solutions to go along with the new opportunities. The impulsive, brash maverick Ram must become the team player, the consensus-builder and the long-term planner. Consultation, cooperation, coordination and conformity to standards are the new watchwords. These rules might seem confining at first, but they will bring greater stability and much more lasting results. Aries will learn to like these new rules when the rich rewards that come from following them are seen.

Strange but True!

News Quirks

Compiled by Roland Sweet

Curses, Foiled Again

Tokyo police arrested a 50-year-old Chinese man who broke into a building, which turned out to be a dormitory for police officers and their families. The newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun* reported that after an off-duty officer challenged and pinned-down the would-be burglar, the suspect said, "I'd never have guessed police lived here."

Bad Vibes

Voters in Sausalito, Calif., rejected a proposal to build a \$7.8 million police and fire building after a citizens group complained that the facility would destroy the appearance of the city and violate its feng shui, or harmonious energy flow. Testifying before the city council by invitation of the Citizens for Alternative Public Safety Structures, feng shui expert Sidney Nancy Bennett declared that the proposed design would "cut off the mouth of chi" and compromise "the arrows of sha." Bennett several years earlier advised city officials in San Jose, Calif., on the harmonious construction of their new city hall. "Harmony is important in Sausalito," Mayor J.R. Roberts said after the vote, which means the 30 public safety employees must continue working out of portable trailers they have used since a 1995 flood destroyed the city's 93-year-old public safety building.

Chew on This

Chewing gum improves thinking and memory, according to a joint study by the University of Northumbria and the Cognitive Research Unit in England. "The results were extremely clear, and specifically we found that chewing gum targeting memory," Andrew Scholey of the university's Human Cognitive Neuroscience Unit said, indicating that the act of chewing gum improves short-term and long-term memory by as much as 35 percent. The flavor of the gum doesn't matter, the study concluded; the key is the repetitive chewing motion.

Twice Bitten

When a bank foreclosed on a home in Lunenburg, Vt., owner Aaron Powell, 45, holed up in the residence and defied authorities to take possession. Fearing a violent confrontation, they let Powell remain in the house for the next two-and-a-half years. This spring, he was arrested when officials caught him off the property, having been released from a hospital, where he went to be treated for bites from a dog that he trained to attack law officers.

Treadmill

The Firestone tires that were recalled because of accidents involving Ford Explorer sport utility vehicles are being recycled into artificial turf, which will be used at Ford Field, the new stadium of the Detroit Lions. William Clay Ford Sr., the father of the chairman and chief executive of Ford Motor Co., which spent more than \$2 billion recalling the tires, owns the football team.

Slightest Provocations

A man armed with a machine gun and explosives seized as many as 40 hostages and held them for eight hours in the tallest building in Amsterdam, the former headquarters of Philips Electronics, before finally shooting himself to death. During the siege, the man declared that he was protesting the "arrogant manipulation by the vendors of wide-screen television" and complained that consumers were being misled about the quality of the product.

Police in St. Paul, Minn., arrested John E. Haider, 31, after they said he called a friend to bring a gun to Skinners Pub, then shot a man who was sitting across the bar from him. "The best we can get is that the guy was pissed off because the victim was staring at him," homicide investigator Sgt. Bruce Wynkoop said. "He apparently doesn't like people staring at him."

Know What They Like

When British modern artist Tracy Emim lost her cat, she put up posters near her home in East London asking for information. People tore down the posters, thinking they were valuable. "The posters are not works of art," Emim's agent told the newspaper *Daily Mail*, "but simply a notice of her missing cat."

Dye Jobs

Anamarie Giambrone, 34, a former secretary at a Wall Street investment firm, pleaded guilty to using disappearing ink to write checks that her manager had requested. After the manager signed the checks, prosecutors said that Giambrone would quickly erase the name of the payee and rewrite the checks for cash. An audit showed that she took more than \$800,000, part of which she used for a vacation and to buy her husband a pizza parlor.

Philadelphia police charged Dennis O'Keefe, 51, with robbery after they said he demanded money from a bank teller, stuffed the money in his pocket and ran out of the bank. He went about a mile when a dye pack that the teller had inserted in the money exploded, and red smoke started coming from his pocket. Two maintenance workers who noticed the smoke grabbed the suspect and held him for police. "Instead of the smoking gun," police Sgt. Gary Neill said, "it was the smoking pants."

Yo, Canada!

After Canada bought four mothballed, diesel-powered submarines from Britain for \$750 million Canadian (\$475 million), Defense Minister Art Eggleton insisted that the deal was a bargain. When the first of the vessels, HMCS Windsor, arrived last year, the defense ministry allowed a television crew onboard. During the voyage, the submarine leaked hydraulic fluid, the radar mast leaked and had to be fixed with masking tape and a garbage bag, the sonar broke and another faulty piece of equipment had to be unjammed with a hockey stick. After being refitted, the Windsor embarked on its first training exercise in March. It sprang two leaks. Water leaked into a hydraulic system used to operate a snorkel mast that lets fresh air into the boat. As the submarine headed back to port, someone flipped the wrong switch and let 530 gallons of seawater into a sealed battery compartment, requiring sailors to use yogurt containers and sleeping bags to clean up the mess.

Pay Attention

When a Japanese television show told viewers how to keep their feet warm at night by plac-

ing four cups of beans in a cotton towel, heating them in a microwave oven for two minutes and putting them at the foot of a bed, a woman in Takatsuki tried the method on her 58-year-old husband. One of his legs had been amputated several months earlier because he suffers from diabetes. Instead of a cotton towel, however, the woman put the beans in socks made of a synthetic fiber, which became hotter than cotton. According to the newspaper *Mainichi Shimbun*, the man awoke during the night to find the end of his bed had been scorched and his remaining leg badly burned. He was taken to a hospital, where doctors amputated the leg.

Compiled by Roland Sweet from the nation's press. Send clippings, citing source and date, to POB 8130, Alexandria VA 22306. *

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