

little village

iowa city's news & culture magazine

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The return of

Ana Mendieta

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from the editor

Dear readers, supporters:

Little Village will be taking a summer hiatus, "closing for remodeling," if you will. We hope to return this fall with a fine-tuned look and focus.

One of our biggest challenges at *Little Village* has been finding people with the interest and ability to write hard-hitting and investigative news stories. That's one situation we hope to address as we enter our fifth year. Another is a higher profile and deeper distribution.

Since we started in the summer of 2001, *Little Village* has enjoyed the support of a dedicated readership and loyal pool of advertisers. Our goal has been to keep it small-scale, independent, local and sustainable (and, we hope you've noticed, our outward focus as a community periodical has been keyed to these values as well). As a business, we've mostly stayed true to these values—though faltering on the last two within the last few months.

To stay sustainable himself, your publisher/editor took a job working with a sustainable ag group in Ames and now spends much of his time there. Keeping a finger on the pulse of Iowa City and maintaining healthy ad sales have been a challenge from such a distance. So, to "keep it local," we hope to soon assign editorship and management to a duo of local journalists.

The other issue, sustainability, is a more

serious one. Over the last year or so, small, independent businesses and non-profits have suffered a variety of blows, whether through funding cuts or financially strapped customers not spending as much money. Some of these businesses are cutting all but their most vital expenses. Advertising budgets have been slashed or dissolved altogether. (We'd like to think that advertising and supporting a little cultural alternative are vital, but then we're biased.)

Whatever Bush or the local chamber of commerce may say about our lovely economy, things are tough. Our goal this summer is to guarantee enough ad dollars to keep us sustainable into the coming year.

In the meantime, readers, it would be wonderful if you would send feedback and ideas by mail or email (see below for contact info). We need to hear what you like and don't, what you think we should be doing or what you think we should stop doing. Community involvement in a free community publication is as important as the ad dollars that bring it into your hands each month.

So thanks again to our wonderful advertisers, many of whom are no doubt thriving—partly as a result of advertising with us, we hope. Thanks also to our gallant troop of freelancers, designers, bookkeeper and distributors. You are *Little Village*.

We'll see you in the fall...

little village

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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

REPUBLICANS BELIEVE THE DARDEST THINGS
AN OCCASIONAL LOOK AT THE WORLD AS CONSERVATIVES SEE IT

1. PAT ROBERTSON AND JAMES DOBSON REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH INFLUENCE OVER THE GOP.
YOU SAY THEY HAVE LARGE FOLLOWINGS AND AN AGGRESSIVELY CONSERVATIVE AGENDA?
I'LL BE DARNED! CAN'T SAY I'VE HEARD OF THEM!

2. AN OBSCURE COLLEGE PROFESSOR NAMED WARD CHURCHILL HAS UNPRECEDENTED INFLUENCE OVER DEMOCRATS.
WHEN WARD SAYS TO DENOUNCE SOMEONE, MY ONLY QUESTION IS HOW VITRIOLICALLY?
I'D BE LOST WITHOUT HIS CONSTANT COUNSEL!

3. YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYTHING YOU READ IN THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA.
THE WEATHER FORECAST CALLS FOR RAIN TODAY.
YEAH, THE LIBERALS WOULD LIKE US TO BELIEVE THAT, WOULDN'T THEY?

4. CONSERVATIVE BLOGGERS SHOULD BE GIVEN EVERY BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.
"THE RAVING BLABBERMOUTH" SAYS THAT IT WILL NEVER, EVER RAIN AGAIN ANYWHERE!
WHY DOESN'T THE M.S.M. REPORT THAT?

5. PHARMACISTS HAVE THE RIGHT TO WITHHOLD PRESCRIPTIONS AT THEIR OWN DISCRETION.
VIAGRA? NO PROBLEM.
BIRTH CONTROL? GET LOST, SLUT.

6. JUDGES ARE FAIR GAME.
YES--THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME!
YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES, JUSTICE KENNEDY-- THEN FRIST AND I ARE COMING AFTER YOU!

7. MICHAEL MOORE AND ANN COULTER ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN.
THE IRAQ WAR WAS BASED ON LIES.
WOULDN'T IT BE HILARIOUS IF A TERRORIST MURDERED ALL THE REPORTERS AND EDITORS AT THE NEW YORK TIMES? HAW, HAW, HAW!
SEE? EXACTLY THE SAME!

The misoverestimation of the Bush Republicans

"Who are these swine?...They speak for all that is cruel and stupid and vicious in the American character... I piss down the throats of these Nazis."

—Dr. Hunter S Thompson (1937-2005)

America is apparently a country of such vast forward momentum—and forget all that Latin on the currency, our national motto has always been “bigger, better, faster, more”—that even the most recent events seem to fade into obscurity the moment they leave the rearview mirror. Forget history—most of us do. Even such recent events as the outcome of the '04 elections have already faded from the collective memory to a remarkable degree. The historic proportions of recent developments, however, call for a little review.



The immediate aftermath of the actual election (give or take the odd “irregularity” here and there) of George W. Bush to the presidency and the (largely gerrymandered) expansion of the Republican Congressional majority was heralded by a vast rush of confident exuberance from the winning team. Gloating in the conservative media over the coming Republican hegemony was rampant, and in the blogosphere nothing short of giddy. House Majority Leader DeLay declared a mandate for a “reworking” of the government to institutionally further Republican goals. Bush himself, now referred to as the “popular wartime president,” announced

that the campaign had earned him “political capital” that he intended to spend forthwith.

The attitude behind the surprising ungraciousness of that statement—in effect, thanking the country for giving him the presidency and announcing that he wanted some more stuff now—neatly foreshadows the president’s ensuing behavior, which in turn explains the historically low approval ratings he’s earned in the ensuing months, with a mere 45 percent approving of his performance as president versus 49 percent disapproving. No other second-term president in the history

slim victory for an invulnerability-granting mandate and grabbing tight hold of the third rail of American politics, Social Security. In his dogged pursuit of a wildly unpopular and exceedingly expensive “reform” of the most popular government program in history, despite freely admitting that his proposals will do nothing to address the underlying weaknesses of the current program, Bush has in effect spent his political capital on pull tab lotto. As he has continued this effort, at taxpayer expense, in the face of massive public opposition, the “determination” so admired by his '04 voters seems more like petu-

The question of how Bush and company got from there to here becomes a lot easier to answer when you realize that all of it—from the unstoppable trend, to DeLay’s mandate, to Bush’s capital—was complete smack from the beginning.

of the polls, Richard Nixon included, has ranked lower at this point in his second term. Bush is, in fact, the first to score under 50 percent.

The question of how Bush and company got from there to here becomes a lot easier to answer when you realize that all of it—from the unstoppable trend, to DeLay’s mandate, to Bush’s capital—was complete smack from the beginning. Bush’s approval rating was less than 50 percent immediately before the election, and his margin of victory in that election was the slimmest for a sitting president in well over a century.

Nor did the “popular wartime president” do himself any favors by confusing his

lance and stubbornness with every new town hall meeting.

As for the nascent Republican hegemony, Rep. DeLay has largely used his mandate for change to change ethics rules to insulate himself from widely expected future criminal indictments, and is widely thought to be circling the toilet bowl in a tightening spiral, streaking all the way. Congress as a whole has an approval rating of 37 percent, due largely to having spent most of this session offering naked paybacks to the corporate and religious conservative special interests they credit

FISH continued on pg. 6

Riding the Bus

I lost a big part of my community life in the past weeks. Jane, “my” bus driver on the Court Hill route home, has retired. For the past several years, Jane has driven the 5:15 from campus back to my eastside home, transporting me and a community of other mass transit users between the archipelagoes of our daily life (as literary and cultural critic Lawrence Buell might say): work and home.



**UR
HERE**
THOMAS
DEAN

I consider riding the bus, in and of itself, A Good Thing. Mass transit provides a number of public goods to me and my community. It cuts down on fossil fuel emissions and traffic. It allows my family to maintain a one-vehicle life. It provides people who can't afford to buy a car a means to get around town. And it does so all within a collective system operated by the public, for the public.

But my daily bus rides go beyond mere philosophical notions that lead to a good society. They play a real part in the social bonds that create community, that tie me to this place. If I drove a car to work every day, not only would I consume more resources, cause more pollution and contribute to the choking traffic downtown and at the university, I'd also further isolate myself from my fellow Iowa Citians and become a victim of the cocoon rather than a member of the hive.

Day in and day out, the bus regulars form a microcosmic community. We make new friends, and we deepen existing friendships. Because of my waiting at the bus stop and my daily bus commutes, many of my neighbors and I share everyday foibles: new dog ownership,

the progress of home-schooled children, intolerable climate control in certain campus offices, vacation plans, weekend excursions and child development worries. One very good neighborhood friend and I—his children and mine play together—have grown to know each other predominantly through our daily 15-minute rides to and fro on the bus. We have exchanged photographic equipment recommendations, learned and fed each other's senses of humor (which, admittedly, our wives do not always share), made group trick-or-treating arrangements, raged against the country's political situation and introduced each other to new acquaintances, all in the course of time that could have been “empty” if not spent on the bus.

Beyond the people I've come to know, I've also become part of a group of fellow citizens who share rituals, jokes and

transit one day and commented to me how alien she felt as soon as she stepped aboard. It was clear that these people were intimates of a sort, and no doubt my friend received a few “stranger” stares or glances.

These ridership communities develop of their own volition, but the right bus driver facilitates them. Jane's predecessor on the Court Hill route was the legendary Phyllis, the jolly woman who knew your name and your stop and who took no guff. The reputation of Phyllis' Halloween bus was legion. It must have taken her hours to drape the spooky crepe paper throughout the long vehicle, haul in the haystacks that formed the haunted room at the back, and draw bats and pumpkins all over the windows. Phyllis, decked out in a scarecrow or chicken costume behind the wheel, often made the local newspaper on Nov. 1. On

If I didn't ride the bus, I'd further isolate myself from my fellow Iowa Citians and become a victim of the cocoon rather than a member of the hive.

mutual concerns. Many of us smile and nod at each other daily, acknowledging, at least, everyday acquaintance. We all wonder about the progress of one young woman's pregnancy. We share slices of our lives unwittingly—our tastes in books and magazines merely by reading them in public, our technological obsessions as some fiddle with cell phones and laptops and PAD's, and even snippets of our daily work and home lives as chunks of overheard conversation waft through our consciousnesses here and there. I admit such a community can be somewhat insular and off-putting—one of my office colleagues, who normally is not a bus rider, had to partake of mass

Phyllis' last day before her own retirement, we bus riders had communally concocted a plot to appear on the bus holding Phyllis photo-masks in front of our faces.

Jane was Phyllis' friend, and indeed herself rode the Court Hill on Halloween after helping Phyllis decorate. When Phyllis retired, Jane, I think, lobbied hard to be her successor. We are all lucky she succeeded. Jane, too, learned our names and stops very quickly.

Jane didn't decorate the bus on Halloween as Phyllis did, but she did

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BUS continued from pg. 5

serenade us during the Holidays with a horrendous recording of Porky Pig singing “Blue Christmas.” She played the PA system to her advantage much more than Phyllis ever did, good-naturedly embarrassing regulars with orders to march to the front of the bus at their stops, announcing birthdays and ordering everyone to grab their lovers and dance in the full moonlight of beautiful summer evenings. Like Phyllis, Jane took no guff, and when she yelled out the window at idiotic drivers double-parked on Washington Street and oblivious pedestrians wandering in front of the moving bus, the sense of camaraderie (and laughter) inside the bus only increased as we collectively shook our fists at the absurdity outside. One memorable evening focused on our group efforts to grab the attention of a traitorous Court Hill regular who was taking the Seventh Avenue that night, as the two busses passed in the autumnal evening glow of Gilbert Street.

I don’t know who Jane’s successor will be. He or she may or may not be a community-builder. I’m lucky I still have Bill, my morning driver, who also is our neighbor and whose kids attend Lucas Elementary, as do mine. The threads of community are tightened when we encounter each other in multiple roles and situations. Bill, his family and ours encounter each other at Lucas’ Evening of the Arts and Fun Night, we sometimes chat briefly as we’re out walking the neighborhood, and I’ve even sat down to lunch with Bill a time or two when we run into each other at China Star. Jane and I never had such frequent encounters, but we did have an occasional laugh together in the aisles of the First Avenue HyVee.

Take a look at an Iowa City Mass Transit route map. You’ll see multi-colored lines criss-crossing our city. These are the threads of community, sewing us together into a tapestry of neighborliness and public goods. We’ve lost one of our major tailors of place, but I wish Jane all the best in her retirement. **lv**

FISH continued from pg. 4

with their ’04 victories while taking potshots at the Constitution (in the separation of powers questions raised by the wildly unpopular Schiavo law and the ensuing threat of judicial impeachments), Congressional precedent (in DeLay’s ethics changes and the “nuclear option” against the filibuster in the Senate) and anything else found uncondusive to the furthering of their agenda.

None of this is to imply that Bush and the Congressional Republicans are somehow done. Nothing could be further from the truth—while they may be down, they are still plenty dangerous, and have thus far exhibited little concern for the popular opinion of their actions. Congressional Democrats, though admirably disciplined on the Social Security issue, have yet to pick up the ball once, despite repeated Republican fumbles, and in any case are

While [Congressional Republicans] may be down, they are still plenty dangerous, and have thus far exhibited little concern for the popular opinion of their actions

included in that dismal 37 percent approval rating, either for aiding and abetting or benign neglect.

Still, while they remain dangerous, they are most definitely down. With mid-term elections coming up for the entire House and a third of the Senate, and the waters already being tested for the ’08 presidential primaries, it’s safe to say that the Republicans might find an unpopular president pushing an unpopular agenda by any means necessary to be a political liability. At which point, there is nothing a thousand Karl Roves can do to keep the president’s image and effectiveness from slipping out of the rear view mirror for good. **lv**

Of suicide genes and speaking truth to power

Your rights were reduced a little more last month.

The Iowa Legislature voted to support House File 642, which prohibits local communities from banning genetically modified seed, and sent it off to the biotech industry's hip pocket where Gov. Vilsack signed it into law. Here's what happened and how.

In far-flung places like Vermont and California, organic farmers and other concerned citizens began to notice that their state and federal governments were doing little, or nothing, to protect them from the onslaught of Monsanto, et al, and their GMOs (genetically modified organisms).

So they turned, in droves, to local legislation to ban or otherwise control the use of GMO seed in their towns and counties. The idea caught on and started sweeping the nation through

the loose-knit network that is the organic movement.

This in turn pinned back the ears of the biotech industry, because goodness knows

we wouldn't want to impinge on any of their profits. So they saddled up their lobbyists and sent posers to statehouses throughout the country. Now these lobbyists are well paid, well educated, well dressed professionals and are quite adept

If a truck carrying GMO grain drives past your organic farm, a lot of that pollen is going to wind up in your field. It also gets there by way of the butterflies, bees and on the wind. Then not only is your crop no longer organic, but if you save that seed

Biotech's right to swing its arms ends at the tip of the organic farmer's nose.

at influencing politicians to focus on the buttered side of the bread. Iowa is now the ninth state to succumb to their irresistible powers of persuasion.

Some of you are not organic farmers and might be asking yourself, "so what?" Well, here's the problem: The biotech industry's GMOs are designed for monoculture: drastic simplification of the agricultural system to put quantity and profit above quality and nutrition. Nature prefers biological diversity and will adapt in often severe ways to correct the ecosystem in favor of diversity (witness the Dust Bowl). The result of GMO monoculture is too much of a bad thing. And it isn't the farmers of those cornfields that surround our fair city who are making the profits. Ask any of them and they'll tell you that the federal subsidies almost make them break even. Those profits are going to the GMO seed companies; they hold patents on their seed, and on the DNA in them.

That's where the organic farmers get fired up. Biotech's right to swing its arms ends at the tip of the organic farmer's nose.

to plant the next season, even unwittingly, then you stand in violation of Monsanto's patent rights and you'll have to pay for it, dearly. Similar problems arise from chemical drift, wherein ammonium nitrate and herbicides drift across the road from the GM farm to the organic one.

All this is why many communities have passed ordinances controlling or banning the use of GMO seed. Now, in Iowa, we can't do that. Rep. Mark Kuhn (D-Floyd) called the bill "an attempt to legislate by and for the biotechnology industry," and Rep. John Whitaker (D-Van Buren) agreed, saying it was a further erosion of local control over controversial agricultural practices that raise health and environmental concerns. Our own Joe Bolkcom (D-Iowa City) stood with them, calling this "a bill in search of a problem," because no localities are presently pursuing the sort of regulation this bill prohibits. But sadly, the majority put their campaign financing ahead of their constituents' rights and health, again. **lv**



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A good Catholic education

by Natalie Pearson

Editor's note: We thought this reflection especially poignant and timely in light of the unbelievable brouhaha over Pope John Paul and his successor. How soon we forget...

Over a generation ago, my mother felt flattered when our Davenport parish priest lavished attention on her sons. Father B's frequent visits didn't worry her. His taste for "horsing around" with her three boys set off no alarms. She was especially pleased when he doted on the youngest, flushing with pride at his praise for the boy's compact build and sensitive eyes. As a poor single parent, Mom welcomed attention to her brood. That Father B was not nearly as interested in the girls barely registered.

Maybe that's why, about to give birth to me—the last of her fatherless children—Mom happily sent my brother off with the priest for a month of character-building and fresh air on a Nebraska farm. Mom never thought to question Father B's ardent interest, limit his contact, warn her son. Like most good Catholic mothers of her time, she didn't doubt that Father knew best when it came to boys.

So perhaps she was lucky that her eldest, 21 and fresh from the Marines, had been worldly enough to politely reject the good father's attempts to wrestle him to

the living room floor. Her middle son, 19, was soon safely away in the Army. That left only the youngest (and wildest) boy, the one busily working toward expulsion from Catholic high school, to occupy Father. Troubled boys like my brother needed a man's firm, guiding hand, Father B told Mom. That's exactly what he offered them at a riverside cabin borrowed from the Optimist Club. Favorites gathered around a blazing fire, Father B shared a peculiar fellowship, urging his boys to share secrets that he warned them never to entrust to girls. And then Father B gave many of the boys a different sort of guiding hand as he climbed in and out of their sleeping bags through the night.

At the time, nearly everyone knew about Father B's attraction to boys, yet little was done to stop or rein him in. Good Catholics like my mother—who denied the stories almost to her death—insisted such accusations were the product of a dirty mind. After several years, the priest left our family's parish, ministering for a time at a convent. Surely he'd have time on his hands there, my brothers and their friends joked. Decades passed, but in my family we only whispered—never talked openly—about Father B. Not even after the papers filled with stories of suits against him and his bosses at the diocese.

Not even after my brother was called—and refused—to give evidence about his experience in someone else's lawsuit. The priest, we know now from news stories, had more than a 30-year career, moving each time his appetites created too much stir. He retired to an old priests' home where he lives still. (Recently the Davenport Diocese initiated a lengthy process to excommunicate a few of its most-accused priests, including Father B.)

My brother, now a grandfather himself, says he knew well what the priest was "up to" with others, but he has never publicly acknowledged harm to himself. In fact, he is our family's only practicing Catholic. His now-grown children attended parochial school, he presided over numerous parish councils and boards.

As a less traumatized but long-lapsed Catholic, I believe my brother's steadfast faith demonstrates the single greatest attribute he and his fellow believers share: a finely honed talent for denial.

Denial has long been at the heart of Catholicism. They denied Galileo, denied gravity, denied the Holocaust. Now they are denying that their own denial of sex as an essential part of human behavior has any consequence. This time though, pundits say the fathers of the church have grown frail and out-of-touch, the old

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men in charge are losing their power to delude. But I'm not counting them out. I know they have a powerful partner in their holy (and wholly dysfunctional) family; 62,000,000 American Catholics trained since birth to ignore their own violation, to bury it in diminished expectations and parochialism, to see their own masochistic allegiance as something dull-witted Protestants will never understand. They couldn't, after all, for they never had a good Catholic education.

A few years ago, I lived in a tiny town, in a house across the street from the Catholic Church. Sitting on my broad front porch, I watched enormous crowds coming and going from the church and parish hall. Masses, weddings, funerals, choir practice, the Knights of Columbus, Altar and Rosary, Catholic Foresters. It was a vibrant community led, for most of the time I lived there, by an ancient and crotchety priest. He left his house only occasionally, straying no farther than the post office one block away, driving even that short distance in his enormous, fully loaded Lincoln. Most of his time was spent in the manse watching television that came to him via a UFO-sized satellite dish propped in the side yard.

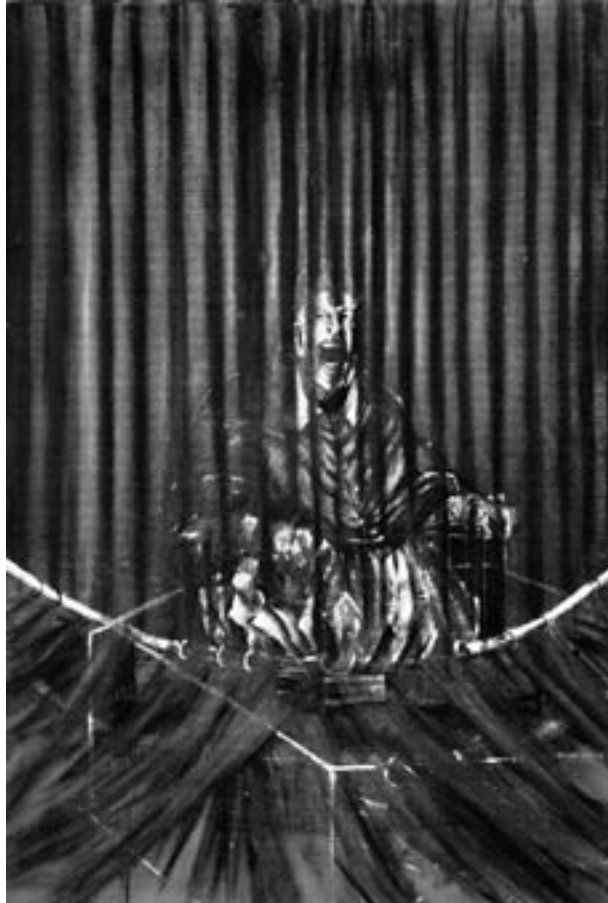
He was a good priest, Catholic friends assured me, better than so many "others." At first, I didn't get what they meant, but then local news stories illuminated the cryptic whispers. In a 25-mile circle around our town, other churches had not been lucky enough to win couch-potato pastors. The priest who had served our

county seat was doing time for absconding with money collected to lead a tour of the Holy Land. He had been caught in New

priest was a keeper. They felt blessed that he did almost nothing at all.

Awhile back on public radio, a reporter interviewed Catholic parents at a soccer match. The first mother interviewed—who was also the president of the parochial school board—insisted she knew no one concerned about pedophile priests. The problem was a media creation, she insisted, a smear campaign only taken seriously by outsiders. The next parent interviewed, a father, disagreed. He was a product of Catholic schools, he said, and knew how priests "could be." His own children, he explained, would never be allowed to go on a camping trip, or to do anything else alone with a priest. "I'm just being realistic," the man explained. "But I wouldn't allow something like that to deny my children the benefits of the church, and of course they go to parochial school. Nothing beats a good Catholic education." Which of two parents was most deluded, I wondered? Is it worse to close your eyes entirely—as the first woman had done—or to open them a crack, but only long enough to see a beast standing in front of you? Does it make any difference, especially to the children left in harm's way?

I recognized something, though, in the Catholic parents' voices, an oddly familiar note in the way they explained their views. Did I know them? Were they my small-town neighbors? My brother? After pondering awhile, I realized that they weren't people I knew. Like people I knew, though, they showed all the marks of a good Catholic education. **lv**



Francis Bacon, Study After Velazquez I

York, the stolen money long-since spent feeding his drug habit. Up the highway in the other direction, the local priest was on permanent vacation after being arrested in a truck stop bathroom, aggressively propositioning semi drivers. In a town to the south, the church was recovering from damage inflicted by yet another priest unable to contain his affection for altar boys. No, sir, my neighbors agreed, our town

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Untitled (Bodytracks)

The return of *Ana Mendieta*

Excellent exhibit of work by famous former UI student is long overdue

by Atom Burke

Earth Body, Sculpture and Performance, the late feminist artist Ana Mendieta's first Iowa exhibit since 1989 is a long overdue return. The show features work from 1972-1985 in over 100 photos, drawings and sculptures at the Des Moines Art Center (DMAC) through May 22.

Mendieta came to Iowa from her native Cuba in 1961 as part of Operation Peter Pan, a program to "rescue" Cuban children from the clutches of Castro. After transferring to the University of Iowa, Mendieta blossomed into an art world phenom, but her strange death in 1985 at age 36, just months after marrying sculptor Carl Andre, left a spooky mark on her already bloody oeuvre. This show successfully brings the focus back to the artist and her enormous vision.

Mendieta abandoned paintings in 1972, she said, because they weren't "real enough." She wrote, "I wanted my images to have power, to be magic. I decided that for the images to have magic qualities, I had to work directly with nature. I had to go to the source of life, to mother earth."

In her siluetas (silhouettes) series, Mendieta traces or carves impressions of herself into nature. She imprints these signatures of her body upon the earth, in gunpowder volcanoes, sand sculptures, mud craters, fire rings, bloody shrouds and grassy mounds. Films and photos of these performances give witness to a magical, spiritual process.

There is definitely something real here. Mendieta goes beyond the primitive; she fuses herself to her art with baptisms of blood and mud. She tries to spread her wings by feathering herself. Her work is by turns a violent attack on her materials and a quiet study of death. It is ablaze, ephemeral, and contains metaphors of life and death.

"Untitled (Maroya) (Moon) 1982," was designed as a permanent installation, a silueta in the ground. Limestone, cement, gunpowder and pigment make up this yonic, charcoal gray, sub-earth (read: below-grade) sculpture. Meant to be ignited in recognition of a full moon, it was removed from its original location in Little Havana (Miami) by the owners and is sited here in an appropriate side room. This treatment gives viewers a good idea of the physical presence of her siluetas: low, darkened, bulbous, human-sized. (But don't step on

the platform to inspect. DMAC guards are very diligent about their jobs!)

Another silueta project, which produced possibly her most famous image, is called



(top) Untitled (Hotel Principal Oaxaca, MX); Soul, Silhouette of Fireworks (detail)

"Anima, Silueta de Cohetes (Soul, Silhouette of Fireworks)." The Des Moines show features a large photo print (the famous image), a film loop of the performance and the original armature. Viewers can see up-close the fireworks' casings still attached to her scorched silhouette.

In the video "Corazon de Roca con Sangre (Heart with Rock and Blood)," Mend-

wondering: Was this piece about her exile from Cuba? Did she grow a new heart or just come away with a bloody, empty chest? This is the half-full/empty-glass metaphor taken to personal, spiritual and philosophical limits.

Mendieta seems to be searching for a way to fill the hollowness of her exiled life, her feeling of always being a visitor. So she buries herself, digs herself up, regenerates her form, reforms her identity, floats in water, sprouts hair and feathers, sets things on fire, draws on leaves, burns imagery into logs, carves stone and dirt. She gets muddy and bloody; working her fingers on soil, dirt, mud, water, stone, plants, animals. She shows us the results as well as the process.

In an interview from the 1987 documentary ("Ana Mendieta, Fuego de Tierra") that plays in the museum lobby, Mendieta says, "I was attracted to nature because I didn't have a land, a motherland."

Mendieta returned to Cuba in 1980, nearly 20 years after being sent to Iowa. She visited family and collected sand and soil to bring back to New York. She would revisit Cuba seven times between 1980 and 1983, exhibiting and making earth and rock sculptures there. Some of her Cuban site works are unaccounted for, some exist only in photos. Here we get to see photo documentation of the "Rupes-trian" (rock carving) series.

Earth Body has been exhibited at the Hirshorn Gallery in Washington DC and the Whitney in New York. It travels to Miami for the final leg, opening in October, 2005.

DMAC's presentation suffers only from the physical space limitations of the galleries. Mendieta's work is shown in two galleries. Lighting in the Meredith Gallery is reduced for viewing film loops, which also makes it difficult to see the subtleties of some photos. A larger venue might be the antidote, but her wide-ranging materials and diverse use of media are definitely well-represented. It is interesting to see films next to props and stills from the filmed performances. One video has the washing sound of the ocean, creating an am-

bient, new-age environment. The space might seem limited to some, but it also delivers the kind of intimacy Mendieta strove so passionately for. **IV**

Earth Body, Sculpture and Performance

What: Work by the late UI grad Ana Mendieta

Where: Des Moines Art Center

When: Through May 22

ieta places a stone heart in a silueta shape dug on the shore of a stream. She covers the stone with red pigment and fits herself into the dug-out earthen depression. The loop ends before she rises and I left

Living with topsoil

by Nialle Woods

One hundred and fifty years after the most recent wave of settlement broke over the Midwestern prairie, bringing with it thousands of years' worth of human agricultural ingenuity—but also the dangerous seeds of “progress,” imposition and Kentucky bluegrass—we human transplants are still searching for ways to express our sense of connection to a land we're still new enough to find extraordinary. Given the natural seasons of language and culture, we can never create the permanently perfect poem or essay about the experience of living in Iowa, but some of our local number have raised a mighty fine harvest for 2005.

Two natural wonders of the Midwest have inspired two new books, one from North Liberty's own Ice Cube Press and one by press owner Steve Semken (published by Woodley Memorial Press, Topeka, Kansas). Semken explores spirituality through his observations of native herons in *The Great Blues*, and this year's Harvest Series book, *Living with Topsoil*, assembles a variety of essays concerning the earth of Iowa and our relationship with it.

Semken's book combines descriptions of Kansas' Great Blue Heron with a personal narrative and relevant quotes from a variety of writers in a manner evoking the palimpsestic nests of the heron. This anything-but-commonplace commonplace book is not a naturalist's study of the Great Blue Heron, but rather the meditations of a naturalist viewing the heron. Semken's goal is to find a sense of connection with place, to establish himself in a spiritual niche within the ecology of the Midwest; as he puts it, “to place a soul externally.” What he concludes is fairly specific to his experience, his readings and his knowledge of the Great Blues, but what he recognizes is that discovering an individual connection to one's own environment is a healthy and beautiful

process. As he says of a single sycamore tree's long life in a single place, “Letting these years seep and create and develop allows for a soul as unique as the flavor of a cherry from one spot of a field to the next.”

Living with Topsoil, the fifth installment in the Harvest Book series, includes work by poets Mary Swander and Michael Carey and publisher Timothy Fay, and essays about everything from working the topsoil to finding the Devonian fossils under it. A smorgasbord of perspectives and styles provides an engagingly varied cross-



section of Iowan experiences, almost as though the collection itself were ripped from a naturalist's notebook observing the interaction of the human species with the Midwest ecology. Taken independently, and they should be (and savored), from Fay's picture of his own corner of reestablished wilderness to Carey's thoughts on the interactions of people, water and beavers—the individual essays offer wonderfully Iowan moments that have generated world-worthy insights.

A common theme through most of the essays is the tension between conservation and human need. Biologist and educator Cornelia F. Mutel describes how she learned, and taught her son, about the importance of celebrating nature by minimizing our impact upon it. Larry Stone narrates from the experience of growing

Two new books explore the grounding and inspiration of the Midwest

up on a family farm, where striking a balance between needed crop yield and soil protection can be a daily worry. Thomas K. Dean, however, uncovers a layer of stone on which we can rest a little from such worries; his essay on the human, botanical and meteorological forces acting on the Coralville Reservoir Spillway since 1993 offers a geological perspective on the mutability of land—and the beauty inherent in change itself, even as change alters the beautiful aspects of the land we love.

But in particular, the piece by Mary Swander delivers a powerfully mature message about learning from living with topsoil. Swander's essay, “Red Cabbages and Pears, or How I Became a Pacifist,” fertilizes the idea of the experience of earth with observations from gardening and thoughts about Amish/Mennonite conscientious objection. The fruit it yields is a hardy, organic, pragmatic optimism.

“Understanding the history of how we have cultivated our agricultural fields in the past shapes the way we now cultivate our fields of vision,” Swander writes. “The way we respond to the literal ground beneath us supports our own values and social networks.” She proposes we take from this ground the lesson that we may overcome what obstacles we find, in our back forties or in our political spheres, not by digging in our heels and fighting for principles, but by adapting, innovating and choosing new ways to exist in our contexts.

The idea is timely and timeless, and Swander's delivery, flowing as smoothly as a poem, packs a Shakespearean-sonnet punch in the last line that may reflect a natively Iowan sense of hope, but can—should—be exported to feed the many who are starving for such nourishment.

Semken, Swander, Mutel, and Dean read from these works at Prairie Lights on May 4. Semken will read from his book at Prairie Lights on June 29. **lv**

Perseverance

the theme of this year's

SXSW

by Steve Horowitz

Brian Wilson, Robert Plant and Elvis Costello show staying power while a host of young-uns rip it up at the spring music festival

At last year's South by Southwest (SXSW) in Austin, Texas, festival director Louis Black urged the crowd to go out and work for a transformation of American life. His address barely mentioned music and the music industry except as a catalyst for improving the political (re: campaigning against President George Bush and the current administration) and cultural (re: making it more inclusive and democratic) landscapes. Black recalled those words in his speech to this year's opening morning audience. "Last year I urged you to go out and change the world, and many of you did. And the world changed," Black said with dry sarcasm. The implication, of course, was that things had changed for the worse: Bush was re-elected and progressive values seemed more marginal than ever. Black, however, was there to welcome, not castigate, the crowd. He realistically appraised what had happened and then offered words of encouragement: Yes, Bush won but that didn't mean one should give up. Persevere and continue to fight for what one believes is right, Black urged.

Black's words served as a useful theme for this year's SXSW. While several hundred new acts looked for their big break, there was also a host of veteran performers on hand who had achieved past success but weren't ready to give up and become fodder for the oldies bin. These included Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductees Robert Plant and Brian Wilson. Black's speech served as an introduction to Plant, who provided this year's keynote interview. The golden-haired former lead singer of Led Zepelin told the crowd, "Music has to keep on pushing. You can't stand still." Plant noted he has spent more years post-Zep than with the band and that he continually learns how naive he is about music

because there is so much out there. He openly admitted he was there to promote his latest release (*Mighty Rearranger*) rather than dwell on glory days.

Plant offered two telling anecdotes. The first concerned driving along the Oregon coast and listening as a local NPR station broadcast a bunch of wonderful old blues and soul recordings by obscure artists.



While several hundred new acts looked for their big break, there was also a host of veteran performers on hand who had achieved past success but weren't ready to give up and become fodder for the oldies bin.

The disc jockey got on and appealed to listeners to call in and pledge their support so that such programming could continue. He promised never to play "Stairway to Heaven" (not only Led Zep's biggest record, but the most played song on American radio, according to *Billboard* magazine). Plant said he immediately pulled

the car over and phoned in a pledge. "It's not that I don't like the song," Plant joked. "It's just that I've heard it before."

The other story involved Elvis Presley. Plant said it was the sound of Elvis on the radio that first turned him on to rock 'n' roll and made him want to be a singer. Plant mentioned the thrill of later seeing Elvis in concert. When Elvis told the audience he wanted to turn in a good performance because Led Zep was in the audience, Plant claimed he wept. After the show, when Elvis and Led Zep met for the first time, Plant said they talked for over three hours about their shared influences, including Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup.

Plant's purpose in telling this story was not only to show the importance of common roots, but also the value of taking traditions forward. That point was echoed by the musical performance by Mavis Staples and Marty Stuart that served as a prelude to the keynote. Staples comes from a gospel background (The Staples Singers) while Stuart hails from world of country (as a teen-ager he played in Johnny Cash's band). The duo's first song was appropriately the Carter Family classic "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," which describes how music continually flows forward from the past.

Speaking of The King, Elvis Costello also submitted to a SXSW interview. Costello could serve as the poster child of musical perseverance and risking uncharted creative waters, as he has signed with dozens of labels and written and performed in a variety of styles, including chamber, punk rock, power pop, deep soul, opera and traditional country.

The crooner dismissed concerns about record company politics and the state of radio today ("Radio is my enemy," quipped Costello, whose "Radio, Radio"

moaned “radio is in the hands of fools who want to anesthetize the way that you feel” three decades before). “It’s always been about playing; it’s not about records,” Costello said, a bit ironically (he has released reissues with additional bonus tracks of reissues with bonus tracks of original records). “Live work is where it’s at.”

Both Costello and Plant later performed live in Austin clubs as part of the SXSW music avalanche.

Smile...finally

Another example of persistence at this year’s SXSW was Brian Wilson, there to discuss his latest release, the completion of *Smile*, an album he and the Beach Boys tried but failed to bring to completion in the ’60s as an answer to the Beatles’ *Sergeant Pepper*. *Smile* topped many critics 2004 best-of lists and won Wilson his first ever Grammy. Wilson and lyricist Van

New kids on the block

Of course, what makes SXSW are the tons of new artists out to make their mark and use the festival as a launching pad to fame, as others before them, like Norah Jones and Franz Ferdinand, had. This year’s early buzz was focused on Sri Lankan rapper M.I.A. and this year’s Franz Ferdinand, Bloc Party. M.I.A. had already been featured in *New Yorker* magazine, despite not having a record out at the time. The word I heard on the street indicated some disappointment with her overcrowded show. The same was true of Bloc Party.

While no one act came off as the Next Big Thing, groups producing the most excitement were disco-punk act LCD Soundsystem, synth band Of Montreal and Brit pop outfit The Kaiser Chiefs.

While I didn’t make it to any of these shows, I did

biggest problem continues to be too much to do in too little time.

Horowitz’s highlights

That said, here are the highlights of my SXSW musical experience: Rodney Crowell rocked Antone’s with a mix of old material and songs from a forthcoming release. The show extended way beyond its scheduled 2am deadline, and by the end of the night Crowell had the audience loudly joining him in a rendition of Bob Dylan’s “Like a Rolling Stone” and then jumping up and down, in the country version of a mosh pit, for the rollicking closer “Ain’t Living Long Like This.” John Legend and his band gave a free outdoor show on a sunny Friday afternoon at Starbucks, where he performed almost every song from his debut hit CD and had everyone swooning to his neo-soul grooves. Alt-country singer-song-

writer Mary Gauthier turned the large La Zona Rosa into an intimate showplace during her heartfelt set of old and new numbers that spoke of love and understanding for all. Los Super Seven, ably backed by the Mariachi sounds of Calexico (and joined by guest stars Joe Ely, Rick Trevino, Augie Meyers and Ruben Ramos), set the annual Las Manitas Sunset at the Border show on fire.

And Jon Langford (backed by fellow former Mekon Sally Timms and current Pine Valley Cosmonaut fiddler Jean Cook) staged a multimedia auto-

biography at the Austin Museum of Art concerning his life in Wales (he had everyone reverently stand while he sang the Welsh national anthem, fellow Welshman Tom Jones’ “Delilah”), his involvement in the English punk scene, his relocation to Chicago and interest in country music, and his involvement in the anti-death penalty movement. Langford’s charismatic personality, musical prowess and storytelling ability kept the audience continuously engaged, while an ever-changing slide show of American images of pro-death penalty art added depth. If the hidden theme of this year’s SXSW was to keep on keeping on and staying true to one’s core values, Langford and company provided an excellent demonstration of what that means. **lv**



Bloc Party

Elvis Costello

SXSW’s biggest problem continues to be too much to do in too little time.

Dyke Parks talked about the great weight that had been lifted from their shoulders upon the completion of *Smile*. Wilson credited his wife with encouraging him to return to a project that had become his biggest humiliation.

Other blasts from the past made the SXSW pilgrimage to show they were still relevant, even if they had taken a break from their careers and had not been on the charts for years. These included Wreckless Eric (who started out as Costello’s label mate on Stiff back in the early days of New Wave), glam rockers The New York Dolls (with two replacements for dead members) and swamp boogie master Tony Joe White.

enjoy many others, including the soft sounds of Brit pop duo Aqualung, the wordless guitar ping-ponging of Ratatat, the hard rocking of Queens of the Stone Age, the blue-eyed soul of Amos Lee, the jazzy stylings of English songbird Rachel Fuller, the energetic rapping of Def Jux artists the Perceptionists and Aesop Rock, and much, much more. I wished I could have cloned myself and seen other favorite artists whose appearances conflicted with shows I attended, including the witty Amy Rigby, Texas singer-songwriter Bruce Robison, the multitalented Erykah Badu, Japanese punkers Guitar Wolf, slam poet Saul Williams, womyn rockers The Donnass, and, of course, Iowa’s SXSW entries, The Diplomats of Solid Sound and William Whitmore. SXSW’s

MC5 + Richard Simmons - Gene Simmons = Turbonegro

Turbonegro—originally named Nazipenis until they thought better of it—are a Norwegian band of gypsies, tramps and freaks who sing aggressively catchy pro-gay punk-metal anthems (sample chorus: “Oooo-oh-ooooo, I got e-rec-tion”) infused with a heavy dose of glam metal. In 1992, at the height of the grungy teen spirit era, the group came straight outta Oslo with a head-scratching debut LP titled *Hot Cars and Spent Contraceptives* (Bitzcore). However, it wasn’t until they dropped their metal-up-er-anus masterpiece, *Ass Cobra* (Epitaph), that one could credibly call Turbonegro geniuses, in an idiot-savant kind of way, at least.

And with their follow-up, 1998’s supercharged *Apocalypse Dudes* (Epitaph), this cult combo was ready to conquer the world. But they were instead destroyed by demons more powerful than themselves: heroin. By the end of that year, the group self-immolated in the kind of rock ’n’ roll fire one would call *passé*.

Well, the group isn’t a complete cliché; most headbangers don’t have lead guitarists named Euroboy, or for that matter, members named Happy-Tom, Rune Rebellion and Pal Pot Pamparius. As well, such bands usually don’t sing about hobbits, sailors and the North American Man/Boy Love Association.

Top 10 Greatest Turbonegro Song Titles, ranked by Kembrew:

1. *Rendezvous With Anus*
2. *Blow Me (Like the Wind)*
3. *(He’s a) Grungewhore*
4. *Are You Ready (For Some Darkness)?*
5. *Hobbit Motherfuckers*
6. *Don’t Say Motherfucker; Motherfucker*
7. *I Got Erection*
8. *Turbonegro Hate the Kids*
9. *Midnight NAMBLA*
10. *Rock Against Ass*

Ass Cobra included the despicably hummable “Midnight NAMBLA” and the blitzkrieg pop of “Hobbit Motherfuckers,” not to mention a curious “Scandanavian punk rock song” named “Imorgen Skal Eg Daue,” which begins with one of rock’s most memorable spoken-word introductions. In a rant that erases all memories of Bono’s pretentious “This song is not a rebel song, this song is ‘Sunday Bloody



Turbonegro

Sunday’...” speech, lead singer Hank Von Helvete—a slightly heavysset, often shirtless lead singer who wears Alice Cooper makeup and sticks flaming fireworks up his butt—lets loose a barrage of heavily accented words that deserves to be preserved in print, which I’ll do now: “Yaaah, why do American punk *rawk* boys always go out with the American new wave hooker *gurls*? I don’t like it. I come from Norway, and we don’t like punk *rawkers* going out with the little bullshit new wave hooker *gurls*. We are going to teach you all a lesson. In Norway, punk *rawkers* go out with punk *rawk gurls*, or...telephone hookers...unless, uh, they go out with themselves and do homosexual *activit-ee*... Here we go with the song.”

What follows is a dumb-as-a-stooge blast of buzzsaw guitar rage whose formula goes something like this: MC5 + Richard Simmons – Gene Simmons = Turbonegro. Bassist Happy-Tom had a slightly different recipe: “It’s like the best bits of The Rolling Stones mixed with

the best bits of Black Flag, but composed by Shostakovich, Stalin’s in-house composer.”

The group’s new DVD, *ResErection*, captures Turbonegro’s truly unique brand of dementia in a one-hour program that is half existentialist drama and half rock/cock/mock/documentary (apparently, it’s all factual, but the events defy all reason). *ResErection* follows the same narrative arc as VH1’s “Behind the Music”—that is, if John Waters directed it after having enjoyed an enema crammed with pure-grade opium.

The movie begins after the group’s bitter dissolution, and we discover that Hank Von Helvete has retired to Lofoten, a Norwegian fishing town in the north, where he cultivates his shortwave radio hobby. Having kicked heroin, Von Helvete now works at the Norwegian Fishing Village Museum, oblivious to the growing, rabid Turbonegro cult that has blossomed in the group’s absence. This ravenous fan base, named “the Turbojugend,” or “Turbo-youth,” is a motley crew of disciples who wear sailor hats, denim jackets and know “I Got Erection” by heart. Against all odds, when Turbonegro rose from those lukewarm rock ’n’ roll ashes in 2002, the group was playing to 40,000 people. Better yet, the comeback tour paved the way for their miraculous reunion album, *Scandinavian Leather* (Epitaph).

Turbonegro return again this May with *Party Animals* (Burning Heart Records), produced by Redd Kross’ Steven McDonald. It’s another high-octane blast of (self-described) “deathpunk” that includes the dark bubble-metal rocker “All My Friends are Dead” (in classic punk form, the lyrics go, “All my friends are dead/ They got kicked in the head”). Also check out “Babylon Forever,” “City of Satan” and the unforgettable “Blow Me (Like the Wind),” which may prove to be this generation’s “Blowin’ In the Wind.” Or not. Either way, I’ve never heard music that makes Satan ’n’ sodomy sound so infectious; and for that, I salute them. **IV**



Shame Train

She Knows the Score
Mudfence Music

Clocking in at just over 30 minutes, the latest release from ShameTrain—the everlasting vehicle for Sam Knutson’s songwriting—avoids the pitfall of trying to say too much. Yet Knutson says plenty—about the transitions we make, those we transition with and those that (often) transition without us. When what you thought was a permanent relationship becomes transitory, or when the most passing of contacts changes you forever (if only through haunting your dreams, hopes and regrets), you’re being reminded to enjoy life as it happens. Because, as Knutson sings in “The King of All That I Survey,” “when you take me home/it’s not the same/as a

goodnight kiss in the alley...”

This is heady stuff, though not heavy-handed. Knutson and company have been at this in various incarnations now for three albums (four if you count Knutson’s solo *Mudfence Turnaround*). Over the years his vision has focused and refocused, and he has become truly restless in his restlessness. At times frustrated and confused, he still plays observer without becoming self-righteous or complacent. Knutson is tentatively self-assured and hints at undertones of regret, but with a quiet—albeit reluctant—acceptance (as he sings in “Homewrecker,” “Take it or leave it/that’s not an offer/that’s an excuse”).

While vocally reminiscent of Smog’s Bill Callahan, Knutson shares none of Callahan’s heavy-handed, misogynistic bitterness. Instead, Shame Train provides a more grounded and reflective (more Midwestern, perhaps) perspective. Knutson spends much of his time uncertainly observing both himself and others, and this uncertainty underlies much of *She Knows The Score*; but he isn’t fearful in his apprehension, just (once again) the outsider in an unfamiliar Scene.

Instrumentally, this is the most solid Shame Train has sounded on record in recent memory; they’ve got a good thing going and I don’t much care to analyze

why. Past recordings have swirled off into impressionistic soundscapes, but this incarnation is firmly grounded and the *songs* are the focus—which, incidentally, leaves no doubt that this band can pull out the stops in a live performance. Ironically, this leaves plenty of room for the players to shine: Darren Matthews takes leads that harken back to his time with High ‘n’ Lonesome (particularly notable are solos in “Bar Fiction,” “The King of All That I Survey” and “Second Childhood”). Randy Davis, now settled in on bass, smoothly carries things forward, intermingling the low end with unexpectedly tight drumming from Sean Haskins.

Production is once again helmed by the ever-shimmering skills of John Svec, who ably captures the band coalescing as a focused unit. As if to underscore this, Nate Bassinger’s skills on the keys often emerge seemingly from nowhere (“The Last Drag” and Kathryn Musilek’s “Talk Talk Talk”), only to disappear back into the ether.

She Knows the Score is all about transitions and their temporary nature; not everyone gets on board, and not everyone sticks around. In the meantime, pause and enjoy what you have right now.

Joe Derderian



Gayla Drake Paul

Restless
Ivanhoe Road Music

Acoustic guitar icon Gayla Drake Paul’s newest release conjures up a quixotic rhythm with an authentic sexy style.

Restless is Paul’s eighth national release and the 15-song album takes a meander-

ing mosey down the dusty path of finger-picked acoustic blues. Hailing from the black dirt of Iowa, Paul has been playing and writing for over 25 years. *Restless* is a follow-up to her career-summing *Retrospective*, released in 2002, a two-disc set mixing of folk, jazz and soul.

On this disc more than ever, Paul’s adept, defined and sultry guitar work is in perfect tune with her enticing voice.

“You’re so Cool” takes a desire-filled jaunt through the coming-of-age: “I like the way you walk/You’re so long and so tall/And when you walked my way/Felt like a girl in school/You got me all hot and bothered now/’Cause baby, you’re so cool.”

“Restless” is sexy, an aphrodisiac of blues if you will: “I’m so restless/Need your touch to calm me down.”

The lulling “Fair and Tender Ladies” is a story of heavenly creatures and their

fanciful courting: “So come all you fair and tender ladies/Take warning how you court your men/They’re like the stars of a summer evening/They first appear and then they’re gone again.”

An analogy of desire follows with “Dangerous water”: “I call you storm cloud, ‘cause your eyes/Are the color of the stormy skies/You called up a storm of desire/Your lightning set my heart on fire.”

“Only a Breath Away,” a song about lovers seeking shelter, closes the album: “Thinkin’ about you, baby, wonderin’ when I’m gonna see/Your leaf-green eyes lookin’ down at me/From only a breath away.”

Paul’s voice and strumming seem here only a breath away, so stimulate your senses with her new release.

Allissa Van Winkle



Unknown Component

From Anywhere but Here
Self released

Keith Lynch is Unknown Component, an enigmatic Iowan-with-guitar who releases CDs and MP3s of his own mysterious material by way of the Internet. While earnest and acoustic, he's a rocker and not a folkie. His songs have a sonic edge. Lynch purposely distorts his voice to intensify the emotional charge and lyrical content. He uses his guitar more as a percussion or rhythm instrument than he does to play a melody.

Unknown Component's latest release reveals a mixed bag of musical influences ranging from The Beatles to Radiohead. Lynch, however, is certainly without conventional commercial expectations. He has more ambitious, artistic aims and takes many risks. Not surprisingly, many of his songs overtly concern the dangers of compromising oneself (for love, work, whatever). "Why/do I comply/to these times/I can't buy/all these lies/I still try," he sings on the opener, "Run Around."

"Who's to say/anything anyway/You play the game/and lose yourself this way/I don't think that I will stay/around and be that way," he begins another song, "Two Fourteen." As these lyrics suggest, Lynch's songs are often sad. He's one of society's discontents who knows he can't fit in, yet doesn't want to be alone.

The instrumentation here is also stark, often working in counterpoint to the vocals. He'll sing in one tempo and play guitar in another. The two forces clash to create a discordant effect and make Lynch seem even more alone. Possibly Lynch is an Unknown Component because in his musical heart, he doesn't want to blend in with the rest. He'd rather be himself, even of that means being alone.

Steve Horowitz



New Work 2005

IOWA NEW PLAY FESTIVAL

Festival Plays

5/2 Cell Cycle
Cristina Pippa

5/3 The Extinction of Felix Garden
Sarah Hammond

5/4 Hum (Workshop Production)
Marnie J. Glazier

5/5 Waking Nicodemus
Anton Jones

5/6 An Experiment in Sainthood
Melissa Leilani Larson

5/7 How Do You Sleep at Night?
Michael Hayden

Festival Plays and Workshop begin at 5:30 and 9 p.m. Readings begin at 1:30 p.m. unless otherwise noted. All performances are in the UI Theatre Building. Tickets \$6/\$4 (Workshop tickets \$2) at the door or in advance at the Theatre Building Box Office, noon-1:30 p.m., May 2-6. Readings are free.

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COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES
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CALENDAR

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. Mail entries to Little Village, P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 or email little-village@usa.net

Art/Exhibits

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

Bronzeville to Harlem, sculpture by Preston Jackson, photographs by Carl Van Vechten about the Harlem Renaissance, through Sept. 6.

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227

Forms and Shapes: Narrative Vessel, pieces selected by juror Dan Anderson, May 20-June 10.

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375

Animal House, honoring the exotic pets of Brucemore, ongoing exhibit through May.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

Joan Luffring-Zug Bourret: From a Life of Photography, works by this Iowa photographer, through May 22 • *20th Century American Prints*, through July 17 • *Villa to Grave: Roman Art and Life*, 150 Roman objects—sculpture, frescoes, jewelry, furniture, coins and other decorative art objects—displayed in a recreated Roman architectural setting, through Aug. 25. (See *Words* listing for more)

Chait Galleries Downtown

218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 338-4442

Unzipped: An Erotic Art Show, adults only, through May 10 • Chinese brush/Western watercolor fusion painting by Guiyuan Liang, through May 10.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

The Paper Sculpture Show, interactive exhibit, through May 15 • Installation and sculpture by Tever Nicholas, Minneapolis, and paintings by Neva Sills, Iowa City, opening May 18.

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Bobbie McKibben—Drawn West, works by Grinnell College art professor Bobbie McKibben, through June 5.

The History Center

615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501

Christian Tiemeyer: A Quarter of a Century with the Cedar Rapids Symphony, traces the history

of conductor Christian Tiemeyer's years with the CR Symphony, through May 8 • *Lebanese Among Us: Americans for A Century*, examines the Lebanese experience, beginning with their migration to Linn County in 1895-1930, through July 10. (See *Words* listing for more)

Hudson River Gallery

538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488

Paintings by Diane Naylor, through May 21.

Iowa Artisans Gallery

207 E. Washington, Iowa City

Black and white photography by Conrad Marvin, through May 29.

Janalyn Hanson White Gallery

Mt. Mercy College, Cedar Rapids, 363-1323

Senior thesis art exhibits, Part II: May 2-7, opening reception May 2, 7-9pm; Part III: May 9-14, opening reception May 9, 7-9pm.

Lorenz Boot Shop

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053

The Rabbit in Concrete Shoes, oil paintings on black Arches paper by Sharon Burns-Knutson (also *Landscapes*, pastels); *Body and Soul*, mixed media and photographs by Rita Svoboda Tomanek; both through June 1.

Many Facets

125 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 341-4562

Images of Spring, oil paintings by Richard Cone, through May.

MC Ginsberg Objects of Art

110 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Works by Finnish textile designer Anne Kyyro Quinn, through May.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

Bohemian Garnets: Exquisite Artistry from the National Museum in Prague, through September. (See *Words* listing for more)

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

Painted silk scarves by Jan Gipple, through July 25, Main Lobby Gallery Space, First Floor Roy Carver Pavilion • *Aging in America: The Years Ahead*, photography by Ed Kashi and essays and interviews by Julie Winokur, through June 24, Patient and Visitor Activities Center Galleries I, II and III, Eighth Floor John Colloton Pavilion.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Acting Out: Invented Melodrama in Contemporary

Photography, North Gallery, through June 5 • *Bill Anthony's Fine Book Bindings*, through July 31 • Works by recent MFA graduates of the School of Art and Art History, through June 12 (See *Words* listing for more)

Music

Clapp Recital Hall

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Anthony Cox, bass, May 5, 8pm • Know the Score LIVE!, Jiao Shan Lin, May 6, 5pm • World Music Extravaganza, May 7, 3pm • Ames Piano Quartet, May 7, 8pm • Philharmonia and All-University String Orchestra, May 8, 3pm • Semi-Annual Last Chance Concert, UI Percussion Ensemble, May 8, 8:02pm • Maia Quartet, May 11, 8pm • "Three In One": Cerberus with Walter Thompson, Soundpainting conductor, and David Hulm, poet, May 13, 8pm • Wolfgang Panhofer, cello, May 22, 3pm.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

8pm, except Sundays (7pm)

Flook, May 3 • Mark Erelli, May 4 • Dirk Powell and Riley Baugus with Tim Eriksen, May 7 • Ellis, May 8 • Tom Paxton with Anne Hills, May 12 • Nora O'Connor with Chris Pureka, May 15 • Laurie Lewis and Tom Rozum, May 19 • Cris Williamson and SONia, May 22 • Teada, May 30.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Eric Johnson, May 5, 8pm.

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

Nural, Amnity, Ho-ag, May 2, 6pm • The Dog and Everything, Triptii, Haven 21, The Mathmeticians, May 5, 9pm • Andre Williams and the Greasy Wheels, the Kickass Tarantulas, The Noble Spirits, May 6, 9pm • Early show: Stillpictured (others TBA), 5pm; Late show, The Specimen, Bled the Multitudes, Ghost of Rodeo; May 7 • Tilly and the Wall, Twelve Canons, Tell Julia, May 8 • From Russia, Red Elvises, 7 Inch Wave, May 9 • We Are Wolves, Arp of Covenant, May 11 • Dick Dale, The One Night Standards, May 12 • RaccOO-oo-oon, The Tanks, 20 Minute Loop, Sepukku, The Means, Knorosav, May 13 • All American Rejects, Armour for Sleep, Hellogoodbye, May 14 • Planes Mistaken for Stars, the Forecast, Red Cloud, Law of All Ends, May 15 • Unsane, Blackfire Revelation, Kita, May 16 • The Red Chord, A Life Once Lost, Bury Your Dead, May 18 • Troubled Hubble, The Bent Scepters, May 20 • Darediablo, Grainbelt, Damn

The Gods, May 22 • Open Hand, The Kinison, Idiot Pilot, May 23 • Gully By Association, May 28.

The Green Room

509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350

Blues Jam Mondays

Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormans, May 5 • Cornmeal, May 13.

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160

University Symphony and Choruses, May 4, 8pm.

The Java House

211 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 335-5730

WSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am

The Diplomats of Solid Sound, May 6. (See *Words* listing for more)

Martini's

127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536

Shows at 9pm

Soul Patrol DJ, May 6 • Johnny Kilowat, May 7 • Soul Power DJ, May 13 • James Kinds and the All Night Riders, May 15 • LKBT DJ, May 20 • David Zollo, May 21 • The Girl DJs, May 27.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529

Open Mike Mondays, 8pm • 2nd & 4th

Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7pm • All music 9pm unless noted otherwise

56 Hope Road, May 3 • Murphy Lake and Hanlan, bluegrass, May 4, 7pm • The Jensen Connection, May 5 • Mike and Amy Finders Band, May 6 • Acoustic Brunch featuring Bree Clime-White, May 7, 11am-1pm • Pieta Brown and Bo Ramsey, May 7 • Acoustic Brunch featuring Dirty Daniel on the Tracks, May 8, 11am-1pm • Public Access TV Benefit, shows TBA, May 10 • Couch Town, May 12 • Zoe Lewis, Rachel Garlin, Joni Laurence, fund-raiser for the Iowa Women's Music Festival, May 13, 8pm • Acoustic Brunch featuring J. Knight, May 14, 11am-1pm • David Zollo and The Body Electric, May 14 • Acoustic Brunch featuring Aaron Scheaffer, May 15, 11am-1pm • Sprout and the Orange, May 18 • Nik Freitas and the Head Gates, with Shame Train, May 24 • Fred Shafer, The Twelve Cannons, May 26 • Scott Cochran, May 31.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

UpBeat! Concert Series *Season Premier*, featuring the Wisconsin Czech Choraliers, May 14, 3pm • Czech Heritage Band, May 15, 2pm. (See entry under *Misc.*)

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888

Mighty Wurlitzer Theater Organ Concert, guest Dave Wickerham, May 1, 2pm • John Bayless, pianist, May 5, 7:30pm, 363-6254 for tickets • Cedar Rapids Symphony Masterworks Concert (director Tiemeyer's finale), May 7, 8pm, 366-

8203 for tickets • Lorie Line and her Pop Chamber Orchestra, May 13, 8pm.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692

Music at 9:30pm

Grismore/Coffin Project, May 7 • Kelly Pardekoooper with Eric Straumanis, May 21 • IC Jazz Reunion (Bridget Kearney, Curtis Madigan, Paul Kresowik), May 28 • Steve Grismore Trio, June 4.

Siren Club

124 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 248-2840

Wednesdays, Unofficial Swing Club, 8pm

Afro Cuban music with Que Flavor!, May 6, 9pm-1am • Steve George and the Other Brothers, May 7 • DJ Bird, trip-hop, May 12, 9pm-1am • Renee Austin, blues, May 13, 9pm-12am • Apocalypse Tantric Boys Choir, May 14, 9pm-1am • Too Real Entertainment Summer Hip Hop Expo, May 15 • DJ Bird, May 19, 9pm-1am • Tornadoes, jump blues, May 20, 9pm-1am • Mike and Amy Finders Band, May 21, 9pm-1am • Ernie Peniston, May 28, 9pm-1am.

Stars Guitars

Town & Country Center, 3639 First Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 866-362-1881

Acoustic jam session every Friday night, 7-9pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

Colloton Atrium, noon (unless noted otherwise) Sigourney Elementary School fifth and sixth grade chorus, May 2 • The Heartbeats, UIHC volunteer and employee choir, May 11 • Tipton Middle School seventh and eighth grade Jazz Band and Opus Choir, May 20 • *Voices of Experience* choir, May 31.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Dan Knight, piano, May 6, 5pm.

Uptown Bill's Small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401

Mud River Open Mic, Fridays, 8pm • Irish Slow Session, Celtic jam (for more info contact Tara Dutcher, tara@schoolperformingarts.com), Sundays, 2-4pm • All shows 7pm unless otherwise indicated

The Beggarmen, May 7 • The Unsung Forum (songwriters' workshop), May 12 • Ben Varley, May 14 • Potluck dinner and jam, May 19, 5-9pm • Ben Schmidt, May 21 • Charlie Parr, May 28.

U. S. Cellular Center

370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211

Green Day, My Chemical Romance, May 11, 7pm.

Voxman Music Bldg.

UI campus, Iowa City

Harper Hall

Réne Lecuona and Ketty Nez, piano; Katie Wolf, violin, May 2, 8pm • The WolfGang, May 8, 2pm • Volkan Orhon and Diana Gannett, double-

bass, May 9, 8pm • Thomas L. Davis, May 14, 8pm • Shin-Yi Yang, guzheng; John Manning, tuba, and Shari Rhoads, piano, May 15, 8pm.

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464

No Rules Open Mic, Sundays; Hip-Hop Night, Tuesdays; Jam Band Jam, Wednesdays, 10pm Scottie "Jose Cuervo" Long, Eddie Prez, Musical Outfits, May 5, 9pm • Future Rock, May 6, 9pm • Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, May 7, 9pm • BJ Jagers and the Jagoffs Last Show!, May 12, 9pm • Max Eubank, Jake Dilley Band, Big Belly Mule, May 13, 9pm • THOS + more, May 14, 9pm • Wonderful Smith, May 15, 10pm • Euforquestra, May 19, 9pm • The Jensen Connection, The Snaggs, May 20, 9pm • Letterpress Opry, West of Rome, May 21, 9pm • Breakdance, May 26, 9pm • Acoustic Cage Match III, May 27, 6pm • One Love Sounds, May 28, 9pm.

Dance

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

Latin dance classes, Saturdays, 3:30-5:30pm, 364-2188.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Dance Alliance, May 19, 7:30pm

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160

The Velvetten Rabbit, Oberlin Dance Collective, May 8, 2pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888

Cherie Chittenden Dance Recitals, May 20 & 21, 7pm; May 22, 5pm • Studio Dance Recitals, June 3 & 4, 7pm.

Space/Place Theatre

North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City

Undergraduate Concert, UI Dance Department, May 5-7, 8pm • Dance Forum Concert, UI Dance Department, May 21-22, 8pm • Alan Sener, June 2-4, 8pm • *Duarte Dance Works*, June 16-19, 8pm.

Theater/Performance

Arts a la Carte

20 E Market St, Iowa City, 341-7144

Second Annual English Tea Party at the Willis residence, 2984 Oliver Ln. NE, Iowa City, musical and dance entertainment, please dress "properly," May 15, 3-5pm.

Dreamwell Theatre

Old Capitol Town Center, 201 S. Clinton, Iowa City, 358-9092

The Book of Liz by David and Amy Sedaris, May 20-21, 8pm.

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

The Elves and the Shoemaker, MadCap Puppet Theatre, May 7, 2pm & 6pm • *Missed Conceptions* by Out to Lunch Theatre, May 13, 8pm • *Beauty and the Beast* Costume Parade and Children's Theatre Event, May 22, 2pm.

Flanagan Studio Theatre

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Fair Ladies at a Game of Poem Cards by Peter Oswald, based on an 18th-century kabuki play, opens May 5.

McAuley Theater

Mt. Mercy College, Cedar Rapids, 363-1323 ext. 1229

No Sex Please, We're British, student-directed, May 5-7, 7:30pm.

Paramount Theatre

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888

Old Time Theatre Festival, Paramount Theatre School programming, May 2, 9:45am.

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672

Thursdays, 7pm; Fridays & Saturdays, 8pm; Sundays, 2pm (unless noted otherwise)

Mother's Day: An All-Male Revue for Mom, music, comedy and original stories about mothers, May 7, 8pm.

Theatre Cedar Rapids

102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592

7:30pm Thurs.- Sat and 2:30pm Sun. (unless noted otherwise)

Man of La Mancha, May 20-June 5, also May 31, 7:30pm.

UI Theatres

Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Iowa New Play Festival

Reading of *Holy Schmidt* by Chris Leyva, May 2, 2pm, Rm. 172 • *Cell Cycle* by Christina Pippa, May 2, 5:30pm & 9pm, E.C. Mabie Theatre; roundtable response, May 3, 10am, Rm. 172 • Reading of *The Humanities Division* by Sean Lewis, May 3, 1:30pm, Rm. 172 • *The Extinction of Felix Garden* by Sarah Hammond, May 3, 5:30pm & 9pm, David Thayer Theatre; roundtable response, May 4, 10am, Rm. 172 • *Hum* by Marnie J. Glazier, May 4, 5:30pm & 9pm, Theatre B; roundtable response, May 5, 10am, Rm. 172 • Reading of *Abraham: I Am an Island* by Sam Hunter, May 5, 1:30pm, Rm. 172 • *Waking Nicodemus* by Anton Jones, May 5, 5:30pm & 9pm, E.C. Mabie Theatre • *An Experiment in Sainthood* by Melissa Leilani Larson, May 6, 5:30pm & 9pm, David Thayer Theatre • Reading of *Goodbye Geneva*, May 7, 2pm, Rm. 172 • *How Do You Sleep at Night?* by Michael Hayden, May 7, 5:30pm & 9pm, Theatre B.

Comedy

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529

Comics in Action, improv, May 17, 9pm.

Words

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

Janeal Weeks of the Cedar Rapids Library on Zora Neale Hurston, brown bag lecture, May 12, 1pm • Curator Susan Kueker discusses African-American soldiers in the Civil War, May 30, 1pm • Dr. James Randall of Coe College on Langston Hughes, with recording of Hughes reading his work, brown bag lecture, June 9, 12pm.

Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375

Free guided tours of Queen Anne-style mansion, May 6-7, 10am-3pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

Architectural Digest, fund-raising event in which Jim Novak and Gene Anderson lead a guided tour of a contemporary home with wine and hors d'oeuvres, May 7, 6pm, call 366-7503 ext. 207 for reservations • *A Building with a Future: Perry Carnegie Library Museum*, story of the renovation, May 11, 12pm • "We stay here and die!" *Disease, Demography, and the Roman Way of Death*, Prof. Glenn Storey explores history through funerary inscriptions, May 19, 7pm • *Sulla's Reforms Undone; Pompey and Crassus*, DVD lecture series by Professor Garret G. Fagan, May 28, 1pm.

Chemistry Building

UI Campus, 335-0416

Simon Armitage, poetry reading, May 4, 8pm, Rm. 314.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

Noble Pen Writers' Group, May 5, 7pm.

The History Center

615 First Avenue SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501

A Taste of Lebanon, May 6, 6:30-9pm • Trolley Tour of Centers of Worship, May 14, 10am-12:30pm.

The Java House

211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730

WSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am

Playwrights from the Iowa New Play Festival, May 6. (See *Music* listing for more)

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529

Talk Art Cabaret, UI Workshop readings, second and fourth Wednesday every month, 10pm.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Avenue SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

Walking tour of Czech Village with Jan Stoffer and Mark Hunter, May 13, 6pm • Gallery tour of *Bohemian Garnets: Exquisite Artistry from the National Museum in Prague* by curator Edith Blanchard, May 14, 1pm.

Prairie Lights

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

All 8pm, broadcast live on WSUI (unless noted otherwise)

Steve Semken, Mary Swander, Connie Mutel, Tom Dean, reading from *Living with Topsoil*, this year's Harvest Book from Ice Cube Press, May 4 • Cara Black and Libby Fischer Hellman, signing their new mystery releases, *Murder in Clichy* and *Image of Death*, May 5, 5:30pm (no radio) • Alex Parsons, reading from his WWII novel *In the Shadows of the Sun*, May 5 • Peter Pouncey, reading from *Rules for Old Men Waiting*, novel, May 6 • Don Lund signing copies of his autobiography, *No Hands, No Feet, No Problem*; John Raffensperger signing *It's a Great Day to Be a Little Hawk: A History of City High Athletics*; May 7, 12pm (no radio) • Elizabeth Berg, reading from her new novel, *The Year of Pleasures*, May 9 • Adam Mansbach reads from his novel *Angry Black White Boy*, May 10 • Dudley Andrew and Steven Ungar sign copies of *Popular Front Paris and the Poetics of Culture*, nonfiction, May 14, 4pm • Jerry Harp reads from his second poetry collection, *Gatherings*, May 18 • Jim Fergus reads from his based-on-fact novel *Wild Girl: The Notebooks of Ned Giles 1932*, May 19 • David Bezmozgis, reading from *Natasha and Other Stories*, his fiction collection, May 20 • Sheri Seggerman signing her new *1,001 Reasons to Love Horses*, May 21, 11am (no radio) • Jodie Evans of CODEPINK reads from *Stop the Next War Now: Effective Responses to Violence and Terrorism*, a multi-author essay collection, May 23, 8pm • Adrienne Miller, reading from *The Coast of Akron*, novel, May 24.

UI Memorial Union

UI campus, Iowa City

"Revealing the Secrets of Papal Elections," Frederic J. Baumgartner, Virginia Polytechnic, May 9, 2pm, , Minnesota Rm. (347).

Van Allen Hall

UI campus, Jefferson and Dubuque streets, Iowa City

"Nuclear Interactions from the Renormalization Group," May 25, 1:30pm; "Granular Fluid Dynamics," May 25, 3:30pm • "Magnetohydrodynamic Turbulence in the Solar Corona," May 26, 1:30pm; "Perturbation Theory for Anharmonic Oscillators," May 26, 2:30pm.

Film/Video

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

Chisholm '72—Unbought and Unbossed, documentary about Shirley Chisholm, with food and music, fundraiser for Iowa Shares, May 22, 1-3pm.

101 Becker Communication Studies Bldg.

UI campus, Iowa City
The Proseminar on Arab Cinema, all 7pm
Jenin Jenin, Palestine, May 5.

Hillel
122 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-0778
Holocaust Film Series

Schindler's List, May 5, 7:30pm • *The Pianist*, May 6, 11am • *Life is Beautiful*, May 6, 2pm • *The Summer of Avia*, May 6, 4:30pm.

Misc.

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
 Crowns Mother-Daughter Tea and Fashion Show, featuring music by McKinley Middle School Orchestra, free blood pressure screenings, hat fashion show, May 7, 1-3pm.

Brucemore
2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
 Annual plant sale, May 14, 9am-12pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
 Roman Scavenger Hunt, children's activity, May 7 & 14, 1pm • *International Wine Tasting and Art Preview*, fund-raising event with Latin music and Stamats Communications art collection, May 13, 5:30pm, call 366-7503 ext. 207 for reservations • *Tour de Cedar Rock*, fund-raising event involving bike ride to home designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, May 22, 10am • *An Evening with Nick and Nora Charles*, fund-raising event with cocktails, hats, gloves and dancing, May 27, 7:30pm.

F. W. Kent Park
Conservation Education Center, 3mi. west of Tiffin on Hwy 6, 645-1011

Take Your Fishing Experience from Your Pond to Your Plate, family fishing outing with lessons in cleaning and cooking, May 14, 4pm.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
Houby Days, May 12-15, 364-0001

May 12
 Houby Hike (mushroom hunt) led by Chuck Ungs, departing from Wickiup Hill Outdoor Learning Center, Toddville, 6:30pm.

May 13
 Taste of Czech and Slovak, 5-7pm.

May 14
 Jawa Motorcycle Show, 10am • May pole dance, 10am • Parade, 2pm • UpBeat! Concert Series *Season Premier*, featuring the Wisconsin Czech Choraliers, 3pm • Miss Czech-Slovak Iowa pageant, crowning, 6pm.

May 15
 Czech Heritage Band, 2pm.

Classes/Workshops

10 S Gilbert St
Iowa City, IA 331-1851
 Introduction to Buddhist Meditation with Western Buddhist monk Gen Kelsang Khedrub, May 4 & 11; June 1 & 8, 7-9pm.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

St. Wenceslaus Catholic School, 1230 5th St SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

Porcelain painting class, May 12, 19 & 26, 6pm, enroll by May 10.

School for the Performing Arts
209 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 341-0166

Acting and music classes and lessons for all ages and abilities. Scene study, Kindermusik, group guitar and more. No audition necessary. Call, or visit www.schoolperformingarts.com to register or for more info.

Live Music at Uptown Bill's Small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St.
319-339-0401



Every Friday at 8pm - **OPEN MIKE**
 Every Sunday at 2pm - **IRISH SLOW SESSION** (Celtic Jam)

All shows at 7 pm with \$3 cover, unless otherwise indicated.

Saturday, May 7, 7 pm
THE BEGGARMEN

Thursday, May 12, 7 pm
The Unsung Forum
 (Songwriters' Workshop)

Saturday, May 14, 7 pm
BEN VARLEY

Thursday, May 19, 5 - 9 pm
Potluck Dinner and Jam

Saturday, May 21, 7 pm
BEN SCHMIDT

Saturday, May 28, 7 pm
CHARLIE PARR

For more information, call 339-0401.

GABES 330 E. Washington Ave.
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WWW.GABESOASIS.COM

6 May Andre Williams & the Greasy Wheels w/ the Kick-ass Tarantulas

8 May Tilly and The Wall with Twelve Canons and Tell Julia

9 May RED ELVISES AND 7 INCH WAVE

11 May We Are Wolves with Arp of Covenant

12 May Dick Dale

14 May All American Rejects, Armour For Sleep, Hello Goodbye

15 May Planes Mistaken For Stars, The Forecast

16 May Unsane, Kita, Blackfire Revelation

18 May The Red Chord, A Life Once Lost, Bury Your Dead

20 May Troubled Hubble, The Bent Scepters

22 May DAREDIABLO, GRAINBELT, DAMN THE GODS

23 May Open Hand, The Kinison, Idiot Pilot

28 May Guilty By Association

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Bookings at:
WWW.GABESOASIS.COM

Models Wanted

Iowa City photographer seeks female amateur or semi professional models to pose for Fine Art Nudes. Models chosen will be compensated. Set up an appointment today to see how easy it could be to earn some extra cash.

Call Mike at 319-331-0161 for more info.



Curses, Foiled Again

After Christopher Seward, 19, accused a neighbor in Lake City, Mich., of taking his bottle of liquor, he called 911 and said that the neighbor had stabbed him. Missaukee County sheriff's deputies arrived to find Seward dead. Their investigation determined that Seward had stabbed himself twice in the chest after making the call, intending to get the neighbor in trouble but the scheme backfired when the knife pierced his left ventricle.

Blame the Messenger

After Jack William Pacheco, 35, of Chowchilla, Calif., was arrested for methamphetamine possession, he denied the allegation and tried to suppress news of his arrest by spending hundreds of dollars to buy 500 to 600 copies of the *Chowchilla News* from the newspaper's office, gas stations, convenience stores and coin-operated news racks. The weekly paper costs 50 cents. "I have a whole garage full of newspapers," Pacheco declared. On learning that no copies were for sale anywhere in the city, the paper printed another 500.

Did You Ever Notice?

When Andy Rooney, 86, led off a parade of celebrity witnesses during a fraud trial in White Plains, N.Y., the Associated Press reported that the CBS news commentator entered the courtroom muttering to himself, then questioned the wording of the oath to tell the truth "so help you God." "I don't know about God," he said. While on the stand, he tried to interrogate a lawyer, prompting federal Judge Colleen McMahon to put her head in her hands and declare, "No, no, no, Mr. Rooney. The first rule is that the witness never gets to ask any questions."

Homeland Insecurity

After American translator Ahmed Fathy Mehalba pleaded guilty to taking secret documents from the U.S. prison camp at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, the FBI admitted that it accidentally returned the documents

to Mehalba. Although Mehalba had the documents for only a "matter of hours," before agents retrieved them, Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael Ricciuti conceded, "Someone in the bureau obviously made a serious mistake."

Way to Go

Authorities in Corpus Christi, Texas, ruled that Robert Guzman, 42, died of a brain hemorrhage while trying to steal a heavy concrete statute of the Virgin Mary.

Fortune teller Theo Ho Seng, 50, his wife, Loo Shew Ngah, and their three children died when their house burned down in Johor Baru, Malaysia. Investigators blamed the blaze on oil lamps in a makeshift tent that Theo had set up for the convenience of his customers seeking knowledge of the future.

Thomas Gregoria, 72, died while taking a hot-air balloon ride with his wife to celebrate their anniversary after the balloon clipped a mountain near Marana, Ariz., breaking supports for the balloon's basket. Police Sgt. Bill Derfus said that the bottom part of the balloon then caught fire, and the basket bounced along the desert floor while the pilot tried to land the balloon. Rosemarie Gregoria and nine others on board were injured.

An hour after American Airlines Flight 157 from Tokyo landed at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, a cleaning crew found the body of a 66-year-old passenger in the aircraft's washroom. Police Officer Matt Jackson said that the man apparently suffered a heart attack.

Everyone's a Winner

Officials at Iowa's Bluff's Run Casino acknowledged that a bill-changing machine paid off better than any of its gambling machines after an employee mistakenly filled it with \$100 bills instead of \$20 bills. "It went on for about six hours," Janae Sternberg, the casino's finance director, said, explaining that the machine turned up \$46,640 short.

Mensa Reject of the Week

Firefighters and police officers who responded to an emergency call in Murfreesboro, Tenn., found John Winkler, 28, who had been seriously injured by an explosion that neighbors said was so loud they thought it was a blown transformer. The blast occurred while Winkler and his wife, Jenny, were hosting a party at which there was "plenty of alcohol," according to police Officer Scott Newberg. He said that witnesses told him that Winkler sat cradling a large glass container, filled it with rubbing alcohol, added compressed air and lit it, "which essentially turned it into a bomb, and the glass basically ripped his legs wide open."

Loves the Food

Kaiser Permanente's San Rafael Medical Center in California filed a suit against Sarah Nome, 82, and took away her newspaper and television privileges because she has been in the hospital for more than a year but refuses to leave, even though she admits that she is in good health. "It isn't that I'm not ready to go," she said. "I just have nowhere to go."

According to her daughter, Jane Sands, Nome, who cannot walk since breaking both her legs in 2002, was receiving care at a nursing home, which sent her to the hospital for a weeklong psychiatric evaluation. The hospital said that she was in good mental health and ordered her released. But because she is suing the nursing home, she and her daughter said that she had no choice but to stay put. Her unpaid medical bills top \$1 million, which is the basis of Kaiser's suit, although Kaiser attorney Stanley Watson said, "We're really not interested in her money. We just want her cooperation."

Free at Last

A tip generated by the TV show "America's Most Wanted" led law enforcement officials to a mobile home in Campiti, Texas, where they arrested Randolph Dial, a convicted murderer who escaped from prison in Granite, Okla., 11 years ago. They also found Bobbi Parker, the wife of an assistant warden at the prison, who claimed that Dial abducted her when he fled. She told authorities that she stayed with Dial the whole time out of fear for her family. "She was living under the impression if she ever tried to get away, I would get away, and I would make her regret it, particularly toward her family," Dial told reporters after his arrest. "I didn't mean it, but she didn't know that." After the FBI returned Parker, 42, to her husband, special agent Salvador Hernandez said, "The reunion went well."

After spending 13 years in a Michigan prison for bludgeoning a 19-year-old waitress to death with a whiskey bottle, Larry Souter, 53, was released when new evidence showed that the victim actually died from being struck by a motor home driven by someone else. Having read about Souter's appeal in the *Grand Rapids Press*, a woman contacted authorities to say that she believes her father struck the victim with the side mirror of his RV. The father died five years ago, but the daughter said she had suspected his involvement ever since the 1979 incident. "Larry Souter didn't commit a crime," his attorney, John Smietanka, said. "She could not live with that."

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

FORECAST FOR MAY 2005 • BY DR. STAR

♈ ARIES - Blend the ideas of friends and family into your vision for the future. However, you will have to sell your vision to all concerned. Pressure tactics won't work. Be on your best and most mature behavior. Your deepest fears could block communication needed to promote and pursue your new goal. Accept and accommodate the need to build consensus. Friends might become demanding. Don't let yourself be manipulated. Rely on the magic of patience and the passage of time. A troublesome, neurotic energy that has upset your home life will dissipate.

♉ TAURUS - Without asking or being asked, and usually without thanks or support, you are expected to continue an absolutely crucial role in a complicated, prolonged and important transformation of your environment. Time and your deep, intuitive understanding of how the world works are invaluable aids. Detailed diplomatic discussions and negotiations, which you would rather avoid, will continue to occupy your time. You must also face persistent demands from unreasonable, irrational people. Don't expect much help from those above you. Their hands are tied. This is a grassroots, bottom up effort.

♊ GEMINI - You will find yourself changing sides. You will tend to forsake your former enthusiasm for idealistic, radical, quick solutions. Conditions are just too volatile, even explosive. Instead you will offer your loyalty and your services to those who seek a realistic and humane solution, based on consensus and down-to-earth concerns. No matter the odds, you can inch your way patiently and steadily toward a sound, workable solution. An influence that has brought emotional complications to financial issues will lift. Romantic partners are more impressed by idealism than money.

♋ CANCER - The maneuvering in May might push you away from the center of power. However, it will also increase your influence and alliances. You can make a lot of things happen pretty much as you desire. Don't be flustered by the conflict around you or the turmoil that threatens your plans. Your aggressive and arrogant rivals are pursuing will o' the wisps. But keep your balance. The ground beneath you really is shifting. Don't be pressured into foolish expenditures or talked out of wise investments. A new calmness will overtake you.

♌ LEO - Many outgoing Leos underestimate the importance of inner processes. A lengthy process of inner development is culminating now. The results will help you express the love and the loving concern needed to make the best of ongoing changes. If you are feeling blocked creatively or hemmed in by ongoing power plays, draw on the wealth of spiritual insight arising from positive psychological changes. You are building a foundation for later achievements. Communicate affection and concern, record those stunning inspirations, bide your time. Dodge manipulative, obsessive people. Fight antsiness.

♍ VIRGO - As resistance stiffens and the obstacles increase, you will slip past barriers and finesse problems with surprising ease. But the further you get into it, the more you must cooperate with allies. Compromise as you must, but keep long-term financial goals clearly in mind. Bolstering cash flow by drawing down long-term financial holdings can lead to trouble. Resist a growing tendency to fret over trifles. You can't control everything. Pressures from family, and your own memory of past difficulties, will keep you mindful of what is at stake.

♎ LIBRA - Your luck is not slated to run out this month. However, resistance will stiffen considerably. A lot of that will be just plain hot air. Despite their rhetoric, opposition leaders don't have their ducks in a row. Use their blocking and stalling tactics as an opportunity to sharpen your arguments and hone your own skills. Continue to pay close attention to key allies and associates. The inclination of many in your life to explore farther a field is quite sound. A manipulative, controlling influence that has plagued key relationships will dissipate.

♏ SCORPIO - The passionate concern you feel will take time to find proper expression. You can inspire enthusiasm, but don't expect quick follow up. Wait for others to do the thinking and planning they think is necessary. If you think about it, you will see that you yourself are deeply divided over the best course of action. Mistakes could come back at you in unexpected ways. In addition to everything else, you could meet some fairly mindless resistance. Maintain confidence, but move slowly. More prosperous times are only a few months away.

♐ SAGITTARIUS - You have a growing list of supporters, but a growing list of obstacles also. Those in power have worthwhile plans, but they face big obstacles too. Right now, you also have a special ability to find a way or to make room where no one else can. You can put this talent to good use. You can also utilize rumor and guide the fears, anxieties and obsessions of others with particular ease. Use this dangerous ability only to heal differences and make peace. Long-term financial prospects are favorable.

♑ CAPRICORN - One can have too many choices. This is especially true when it is hard to pick the realistic options from the unrealistic ones and each would require a serious commitment. Be thankful, then, when your choices narrow and the realistic options stand out clearly from the unrealistic ones. You might not be completely and spontaneously overjoyed by the remaining short list of possibilities. But take comfort from the fact that all of them go easier on your pocketbook and will likely lead to better income and a more fulfilling life.

♒ AQUARIUS - It will probably come as a relief to Aquarians when their influence and involvement wanes in May. You can happily return to nurturing that reclusive, contemplative, dreamy side you have had to neglect in recent months. Besides, if you can't quite get your way in things, right now, neither can anyone else. It's best to go slowly in uncertain and confusing times, anyway. Keep lines of communication open and keep on networking, however. Important relationship issues that have been looming in the background will soon come to the fore.

♓ PISCES - The recent planetary stimulus was overwhelming for sensitive and reclusive Pisces. The planets don't promise you easy victories, but they will now allow you greater privacy and calm. However, the planets will soon ask you to begin renovating your ideas about who you are and what your world is about and to purge old, self-limiting beliefs. This can be very demanding, so build up some reserves. Many of the changes you are having to make are financially challenging, but they will work miracles for your physical and mental health.

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Ellis

Thurs May 12
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Sun May 15, 7 pm
Nora O'Connor with Chris Pureka

Thur May 19
Laurie Lewis & Tom Rozum

Sun May 22, 7 pm
Cris Williamson and SONiA

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Téada

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