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Read Thomas Dean's May column!

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## THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

**AS IRAQ DESCENDS INTO CHAOS, CONSERVATIVES RALLY AROUND A BELOVED TALKING POINT--**

**IT'S ALL THE MEDIA'S FAULT!!!**

**THIS INSIGHTFUL CRITIQUE BREAKS DOWN INTO THREE SOMEWHAT CONTRADICTORY COMPONENTS...**

**1: NOTHING YOU READ IS TRUE.**

**I BET THE M.S.M. IS LYING ABOUT THE VIOLENCE IN IRAQ--JUST TO MAKE THE PRESIDENT LOOK BAD!**

**I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST THEM!**

**2: SOME OF WHAT YOU READ IS PARTIALLY TRUE.**

**MAYBE THERE'S A LITTLE VIOLENCE--BUT HECK, THE MIDEAST IS A VIOLENT PLACE!**

**IT CERTAINLY IS NOT A CIVIL WAR!**

**3: IT'S ALL TRUE--AND GUESS WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!**

**OKAY, EVEN IF IT IS A CIVIL WAR--IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF THE M.S.M.'S BIASED REPORTING!**

**WHY DON'T THEY EVER REPORT THE GOOD NEWS?**

**NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO PLACE THE BLAME SQUARELY WHERE IT BELONGS--WITH THE MESSENGERS!**

**ANOTHER CAR BOMB...MORE SECTARIAN VIOLENCE...DOZENS OF MEN KILLED EXECUTION-STYLE...**

**I HOPE THE NEW YORK TIMES IS PROUD OF ITSELF!**

Advertising and Calendar deadline is the 3rd Friday of every month.

# Heart and Sol

Local roaster Café del Sol's coffee is as good as its heart

Coffee, an old Arabic proverb tells us, should be served "hot as hell, black as night and strong as love." Legend teaches us that coffee was discovered by a goatherd named Kaldi in southern Ethiopia in 850 A.D. Seems he noticed how frisky his goats became after eating the berries of certain tall, tropical evergreen shrubs.

Six hundred years later, and about 20 years after the city fell to the Ottoman Turks, Muslim fanatics would persecute patrons of the world's first coffeehouse in Constantinople, called Kiva Han. Venice got its first one in 1560, and since the Venetians were major sugar refiners, they began sweetening their coffee. By 1601, it had made its way to London, where William Parry had introduced it for £5 per ounce.

The predecessor of what we now call cappuccino was developed by a Polish diplomat and *triple* agent in Vienna, who, after being rewarded for smuggling Holy Roman Emperor Leopold I's call for help to the Duke of Lorraine, used those riches to open *Haus zur Blauenflasche* (the House at the Sign of the Blue Bottle), where he improved sales greatly by adding honey and milk to the original Turkish recipe and filtering out the sandy sediment. This recipe was soon replaced with hot frothy milk, sugar and cinnamon, and cappuccino was born.

So, contrary to what many slackers in Seattle might believe, coffee had a long and storied history before the "advent" of Starbucks—before coffeeshops appeared on every street corner. Fortunately for all of us here in Iowa City,

fresh locally roasted coffee is even easier to find than our sole Starbucks.

Café del Sol was started in 1990 and remains the only coffee roaster in the area. They import fair trade, organic and shade-grown Arabica coffee from all over the coffee-growing world. Slow, careful roasting using a special low-tar method ensures that the natural and characteristic flavor qualities are drawn out. This "fluid-bed" roasting process produces flavorful, smooth coffee without the bitter nature of most other coffees.

**Contrary to what many slackers in Seattle might believe, coffee had a long and storied history before the "advent" of Starbucks.**

In addition, they contribute 1 percent of all sales to the Village Banking Project through Coffee Kids, Inc., a non-profit independent organization dedicated to improving the quality of life of children and families from coffee growing regions devastated by 1998's Hurricane Mitch. Taking care of people both at home and at the source of the product is

something every business should aspire to. Every business has an obligation to give back to the community, and Café del Sol does it not only through enlightened purchasing practices but also by providing Iowa City with a superior cup of coffee.

There is a wide array of methods out there for brewing your coffee, and most have their strong proponents and detractors. Some feel that the steam extraction method used in making espresso is the only way to draw out the true character of the bean. Others, myself included, often prefer a slightly less concentrated form of the beverage, and so opt for a hot water method. If using an automatic drip coffee maker, be sure to use the metal mesh filters, not the paper ones. Paper filters, besides usually being bleached (which is bad for the earth), also absorb essential, flavor rich oils before they reach your cup.

My preference, though, is for the steeping method of the so-called French press coffee pots. Using high quality water, the French Press offers all the character of steam-extracted espresso in the slightly lighter form more familiar to American coffee drinkers. Done well, there is no bitterness, just rich coffee fruit that always seems to pull out that whispered "aaahh" after the first sip on a chilly spring morning. **lv**

*Chef Kurt Michael Friese is co-owner, with his wife Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay and serves on the Slow Food USA Board of Governors. He lives in rural Johnson County. Questions and comments may be directed to [devotay@mchsi.com](mailto:devotay@mchsi.com)*



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# Somebody call a doctor

Health Savings Accounts—the president's health care solution is truly sickening

**I**n considering the policy decisions of the Bush Administration, I am often reminded of H.L. Mencken's observation that "There is always an easy solution to every human problem—neat, plausible and wrong."

Throw out "neat" (because just about every action the administration takes represents a kind of unfunded employment program for attorneys, economists and accountants), stretch the definition of plausibility to suit a group of people who are proudly outside the "reality-based community," and add a healthy dose of devotion to conservative ideology in the abstract, and you will have both a general template for the typical Bush policy statement and a whole series of socioeconomic problems that grow progressively worse as you watch.

Today's case in point: Health Savings Accounts (HSA) touted by the president during his State of the Union address as the answer to the nation's long-standing crisis in health care funding.

The accounts—a combination of high-deductible health insurance policies and tax-free savings accounts into which money can be deposited to cover the cost of those deductibles—have actually been available for the last couple of years with no discernible effect on the cost of health care. And like many of the president's proposals, the main attraction of the Health Savings Account as a response to health care funding would seem to be largely political. In theory, health savings accounts would control health care costs by switching health care spending to a "consumer-driven" model—since Americans would be spending their own pre-tax money on the large chunk of health care expenditures between dollar one and the high deductible at which insurance coverage kicks in, they would spend those dollars wisely, in effect shopping around for the best deals in health care.

Politically, this represents the ultimate conservative solution to the crisis of health care expenditure, driven by the good old free market and dovetailing neatly with the conservative shibboleths of individual responsibility and the Ownership Society.

Practically, however, it falls on its face from

the start. While it represents a touching kind of faith in the American consumer to think that his or her hard-nosed comparison shopping in the health care field could solve this crisis, the sad fact of the matter is that the average American consumer routinely buys all sorts of useless, overpriced crap, especially where health matters are concerned. Echinacea, anyone? How about some male enhancement capsules? Even if consumers were better informed about health care in general, the information needed to do a real cost-benefit analysis between one health care provider and another is both difficult to come by and would engender some incredibly

The average American consumer routinely buys all sorts of useless, overpriced crap, especially where health matters are concerned. Echinacea, anyone? How about some male enhancement capsules?

difficult choices if it weren't. Would you take your child to a less effective pediatrician to get a bargain on the office visit? Faced with these choices, studies show that many decide not to decide. Those already in consumer-driven health plans report delaying or avoiding health care due to cost at rates twice those of patients in comprehensive care plans, creating a whole class of patients who will only seek care when their conditions are more advanced and more expensive to treat.

For many Americans, the idea of a Health Savings Account falls down well before the consumer stage. Like most republican at-

tempts to regulate economic behavior through tax incentives, the HSA completely ignores the needs of those low-income Americans for whom a tax cut offers no incentive for the simple reason that they do not earn enough to pay any taxes at all. Add in those Americans whose total tax bill wouldn't cover the cost of the HSA deductibles, and marvel at the remarkable coincidence that the considerable portion of Americans unable to take advantage of the HSA solution is also those most likely to be uninsured in the first place. Add to this the complete absurdity of positing a new system of savings accounts as a solution for anything in a nation where the savings rate for everything—retirement, the kids' education, the proverbial rainy day—currently stands at a negative 1.6 percent.

So, if the Health Savings Account isn't a practical alternative to the current system of health insurance, what is it? Does the phrase "an expensive tax break for the wealthy" ring any bells? As proposed by the President, the HSA will allow individuals to shelter \$10,000 yearly from the IRS at an estimated cost to tax revenues of \$156 billion over the next 10 years.

For the wealthy and those in good health, the HSA represents a positive boon. Unfortunately the wealthy and those in good health aren't really the people for whom health insurance is a great problem or a great necessity. As for the rest of us, by driving the wealthy and healthy from the risk pool, HSAs are likely to both increase the cost and decrease the availability of traditional health insurance.

In short, the result of the application of Health Savings Accounts to the problem of rising health care costs and a rising number of uninsured is likely to be rising health care costs and a rising number of uninsured. At a cost of mere billions. **IV**

*German born, Minnesota raised and Iowa City educated E.C. Fish lives, works and takes daily offense in Minneapolis. He is currently working on a relationship memoir under the working title Bitch, Where's My Staple Gun?*



# MOCKING ROCK

Taking on the evil institution of college rock

Some cynics argue that every rock critic is merely a failed or wannabe musician. Not true. I have never aspired to that kind of glory, but I was recently reminded that this month is the 15-year anniversary of the only time I rocked the stage—and tried to destroy rock ‘n’ roll in the process (which, I discovered, was a more difficult task than I imagined).

It was a formula for disaster: fronting a sacrilegious, cross-dressing noise band that crashed a fraternity-sponsored “Battle of the Bands” at a state university located about 30 minutes from the border of West Virginia. In fact, it was borderline suicidal. You see, in 1991, I enlisted six other friends to enter the annual James Madison University Battle of the Bands contest, a slick and professional affair that I distained, especially because I had recently dropped out of a music industry program at another school after wanting to strangle all the horrible industry-creeps-in-training who crossed my path.

The majority of our “band” couldn’t play any instruments, so we naughtily turned in someone else’s demo tape with our application. In fact, that demo contained a song whose chorus provided an intentionally lame band name: Don’t Panic!. (We were especially proud of the exclamation point; it was a nice touch.) Because I was the one who filed all the paperwork and followed through with this stupid idea, I decided that I would be the lead singer. Phil and Tapio were on bass and guitar, respectively. Dave performed lead guitar licks, Mary bashed

the drums, Jeff added keyboard sounds, and we also had a male stripper named Chris, who wore women’s undergarments beneath his clothing. Each band was allotted 15 minutes for its sets, so we planned to perform “99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall” as our final song—which we rightly assumed would get us kicked off the stage.

Don’t Panic! was third in a lineup of six groups. The band that preceded us—who concluded its set with an emotional version of Cheap Trick’s “I Want You To Want Me,”

event’s organizers to believe we were an ambitious though mild-mannered alternative rock band, not a group of spazzes who were out to make eardrums bleed and their mothers cry. Nor did they have any idea that anyone would enter this competition for the sole purpose of ridiculing the serious dudes who were hoping to win prize money by showing off their “chops.” Boy, was everyone mad.

Our performance consisted of trying—*trying* to play the songs we wrote for the occasion, such as “Score Score Score: Do It In

My Datsun.” The refrain went, “score score score/ do it in my Datsun/ score score score/ elementary my dear Watson.” We also attempted a cover song, an inept reggae version of Deep Purple’s “Smoke on the Water,” which had some attendees streaming out the front door and about 40 other fans/friends screaming in rapture. At the end of the set our tall, imposing friend Sander—bare-chested with the word “DEAD” written on his chest—walked onstage with a hammer and nails. (Sander Hicks, by the way, founded Soft Skull Press and channeled all his subversive energies



Don't Panic! poster; McLeod and Don't Panic! during their 15 minutes of rock stardom



and ended up winning the competition—pretty much stole all our moves, though they performed those flourishes sincerely. I was simply a sarcastic asshole who spouted rock ‘n’ roll clichés (in my best high pitched hair metal voice and with foot planted on the stage monitor) such as, “How y’all doin’ out there?” and “There are a lot of pretty ladies in the house toooo-niiiiight!”

Before the audience could process the fact that I was wearing a dress and was masked by a confederate flag bandana (remember, this was rural southwestern Virginia... *Deliverance* country), Chris began stripping down to a bra and panties. Up until this point, we led the

into building one of the U.S.’s premiere indie book publishing houses. Other members of the group who could play instruments went on to form awesome bands such as Blast Off Country Style and the Rah-Bras.)

In addition to the hammer and nails, Sander brought with him a large wooden cross, and he began mock-nailing me to the wood while the fraternity stagehands stood slack-jawed. The organizers squirmed in their seats, and at this point we had totally offended everyone who wasn’t in on the joke. During the performance of “99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall” (which obviously exceeded our time limit), to compliment my crucifixion, audience members threw

## Prairie Pop

confetti in the air with the word "Satan" written on each piece of paper. Marilyn Manson, eat your heart out. Soon after, the organizers literally and metaphorically pulled the plug on Don't Panic! by cutting the sound and turning on the houselights.

I wouldn't classify our little excursion as a media prank; really, it was simply just a prank because no newspapers reported on the incident and the intended audience included only the unsuspecting audience members, our friends and the poor organizers, who refused to talk to us. A week later, when I received

Refrain:

"Score score score/  
do it in my Datsun/  
score score score/  
elementary my dear  
Watson"

the contest judges' scores via campus mail, I was pleasantly surprised (actually, shocked) to discover that we came in second to last place. Despite the sacrilegious theatrics, cross-dressing and lack of musical ability, we were not considered the worst band that played that night. Even stranger, while digging through used record bins later that week, I discovered an independently released LP by an utterly obscure San Francisco band that called itself Don't Panic! (also spelled with an exclamation point!). My mind was officially blown. **lv**

*Kembrew McLeod is a music critic and a UI professor of Communication Studies. His primary advice to the youth of America is the following: While it is important to reserve the right to rock, one should never rock it hard-core 24 hours a day. It's that simple.*

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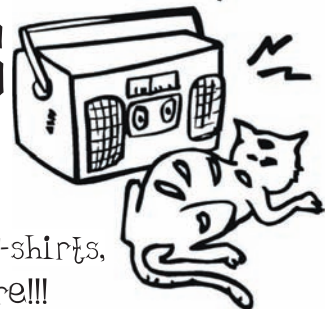
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# Bliss this:

## Transcending the doily of peace

**T**hough he's been nominated for three Academy Awards, David Lynch never set out to become a director.

"I was a painter," he said during Lynch Weekend at the Maharishi School of Management (MUM) in Fairfield. "I had no interest in film."

It was while he was working on one of his paintings that Lynch was inspired to create a picture that moves.

"I was doing a painting of a garden at night," said Lynch, "so it was mostly black... and I heard a wind and I was not taking drugs!"

Hoping to replicate that experience, Lynch sculpted an eight-foot wooden screen onto which he projected a "crudely animated" film. It wasn't long before Lynch had applied for—and received—a \$5,000 grant from the American Film Institute.

The convention was organized to bring attention to Transcendental Meditation (TM), to which Lynch's philanthropic foundation is dedicated. Nearly 1,000 college students and educators traveled to Fairfield, Iowa for the chance to meet with the director. Many of them were filmmakers, who pepper him with questions about High Definition video, script writing and Stanley Kubrick.

Seated behind a table, his hair combed back into a pompadour, Lynch was dressed in a crisp white shirt and a relaxed black suit, which he wore without a tie. Behind him, on a giant video monitor, a quote from Albert Einstein gave way to the title of the weekend's conference: "Your Brain Needs This." Speaking in a na-



*Lynch attacks the mainstream idea of peace.*

sally voice, the director of *Blue Velvet* leaned into the mic: "I love seeing people come out of darkness," he said.

Lynch talked about the importance of timing within film, how the same material can yield such radically different results. He once listened to 12 different versions of the same classical symphony before settling on the "right one" for the soundtrack; though the notes were the same, each contained subtle differences in timing and "feel."

"Cinema is its own language," he said. "You can say abstractions... And it's a magical medium."

Many of the participants in the seminar clearly idolize David Lynch. They want to know more about the hidden meaning of his films, his relationship with the actors and whether there are any plans to turn *Twin Peaks*

into a graphic novel. Lynch answered their questions, but inevitably steered the discussion back to TM.

"You just add that dive within twice a day," he said. "You stay regular with that and see what happens."

Through the David Lynch Foundation, the filmmaker provides scholarships to students who wish to learn TM. With a price tag of \$2,500, TM is prohibitively expensive, and Lynch has already spent \$400,000 of his own money to promote the technique. As an advocate of so-called "Peace Factories," Lynch sees meditation as a direct precursor to world peace.

"Dive within...an ocean within all of us...bliss consciousness..." these words were repeated throughout the day. To hear the adherents of TM tell it, Transcendental Meditation™ (the term "TM" is trademarked), is a path to Enlightenment, a gateway to "Universal Consciousness" and the key to unlocking one's creative potential.

It certainly seems to have worked for David Lynch. Lynch, who's been meditating twice a day since this mid-1970s, is brimming with energy. Cracking jokes and laughing, Lynch is a far cry from the monsters that he portrays in his movies.

Still, the audience is skeptical. A young man told the director that he finds all this talk of "inner peace" to be something of a paradox, given the violent and often disturbing content of Lynch's films.

With film students flying in from as far away as Berlin and Los Angeles, Lynch's experience as a filmmaker is clearly the main attraction. It is David Lynch's face that appears on the posters for "Lynch Weekend."

But Lynch is only one of a dozen speakers who will be addressing the topic of "transcend-



dence and the brain.” During a presentation by physicist John Hagelin, Lynch joins him onstage, silently observing the proceedings, as if the mere presence of a celebrity filmmaker will cause some of Lynch’s star power to rub-off on Dr. Hagelin.

The 52-year-old Hagelin is a controversial figure, whose critics have accused him of promoting pseudoscience. Like the adherents of “Intelligent Design,” Hagelin seeks to provide scientific proof of religious teachings, in this case, by establishing a link between

Unified Field Theory and the “Universal Consciousness” of TM.

According to Dr. Hagelin, the Unified Field is a “self-aware, infinitely dynamic intelligence,” and “the fountainhead of all the scientific laws governing the universe.”

Sounding a bit more down-to-earth, David Lynch chimed in: “It’s not a pretend thing.” Transcendental meditation is real. “It’s not a feel-good class.”

In Hagelin’s theory, enough meditation experts doing their thing would bring peace to

this planet. Lynch chided pushing aside the idea of peace as something only the Miss America Pageant contenders and elderly idealists believe in. Or, as he put it:

“Peace is not a doily.” **lv**

*Erik Farseth is a graduate student in the Master’s Professional Program at the UI School of Journalism. A native of Minneapolis, Mr. Farseth has written for Punk Planet, Maximumrockroll and the J. Cruelty Catalog.*

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Left: Bennett Bean, **Black Pair on Base**, 1984. pit-fired, painted and gilded earthenware. Courtesy of the artist.  
Right: Christian Menn, **Roadway of the Sunniberg Bridge**, Landquart River Valley, Switzerland, 1999. Photo courtesy of Christian Menn.

GRINNELL COLLEGE 



# FEEL LIKE DANCIN'?

**N**ot like anyone needs another excuse to go out drinking, but here are two more: Free dance parties are now seeing a revival and re-envisioning by two local groups of friends.

Dance parties, formerly a thing left to the larger (and more intimidating) warehouse-style college clubs have begun to appear more regularly at several locations around town. They are being attended religiously by patrons that would otherwise never do a two-step in any of the large clubs in town.

Free to Get Up, Free to Get Down was started in mid-September by Rusty Oyloe, of Rusty Records, and Andy Caffrey, Gabe's Oasis bartender and local musician, as a way

to play their favorite classic cuts that haven't been in regular club rotation for more than 50 years.

"I try not to have a genre so that I'm not getting locked into a pattern," says Oyloe of his deejaying mentality.

Oyloe and Caffrey spin records directly from their own collections, a massive archive of solid sounds beginning with garage rock classics and moving and shaking through Philly soul, Stax Records and Motown—all the hits and many overlooked gems.

"Basically, I play everything up until disco killed the dance floor," Oyloe said with a certainty that means there is no debate.

The lure is not simply music or the drink specials that Gabe's offers but also the chance to dance in a venue with a history earning it a dirt-bar status. It is still the only bar in town that has and continues to host live acts from

**"It's like a junior high dance party for adults."**

-Rusty Oyloe

the bygone soul and garage rock days, having served the congregation by booking such newer torch-bearing bands as The Dirtbombs and The Detroit Cobras and paying reverence to such old pioneers as Andre Williams and the legendary Blowfly. More than a theme, the DJs here are paying reverence to the songs that built the bar.





## This is the party for the kids who dance in their rooms.

Or, as Oyløe puts it: "It's like a junior high dance party for adults."

Half a block up from the back door of Gabe's is Throwdown, which is on the same every-Tuesday-night schedule for the same free cover price. Throwdown is where long time dance party hostess Alison Feldmann and collaborators Greg Eggebeen and Molly Freeman pay homage to a different sort of dance party at the Iowa City Yacht Club (ICYC). Picking up where after Free to Get Up's pre-disco cuts end, ICYC's free Tuesday night parties focus on club tracks, some contemporary (for a crowd that relishes a bit of Top-40 irony) and some of the reclaimed 1980s hits, with most every song featuring rigid 4x4 time drum machines and pulsating synths. This is the party for the kids who dance in their rooms, and as

ICYC offers drink specials as well, they'll usually get out on the dance floor after one or two more.

ICYC's owner was looking for something a little different when he offered Alison and friends the Tuesday night slot.

"They said they were having trouble getting people to come out and that Tuesday nights were the worst," said Feldmann, who has been throwing house parties and the occasional dance party at Gabe's for the past three years.

Now faced with doing Throwdown once a week, she enlisted fellow dance party enthusiasts Eggebeen and Freeman to help select dancefloor bangers, with Freeman supplying video art projections as well. The sound and vision are carefully prepared, but done so with a mix of casualness that proceeds what used to call "having a good time."

With no particular theme in mind (though theme nights will pop up intermittently) the trio has many plans forthcoming, such as karaoke nights once a month and guest DJs.

More than the good time and the time-honored tradition that both of these clubs together offer, they create something even more important. With such small venues and very particular tastes and styles, both give something to those who feel marginalized by the

increasing number of clubs that cater solely to students, or only to straights or only to queers, or those cruising to hook-up or to fight.

These Tuesday night dance parties offer what is most sought after in a downtown where it seems the asylum keys have willfully been given over to the lunatics. They offer a safe place where people can look out for one another. These rare, but worth seeking out, safe places are what communities are built from and strive toward. And worth dancing over. **lv**

*Chris Wiersema lives in a house and writes in his kitchen.*

"I play everything up until disco killed the dance floor."

-Rusty Oyløe

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# Century Gothic

*Typography is the craft of endowing human language with a durable visual form, and thus with an independent existence.*

— Robert Bringhurst

*The Elements of Typographic Style*

From time to time in college, my poetry professor would toss me a postcard or broadside with a poem freshly printed on it. He'd smile proudly at the gift. I'd say *thank you*, but as I left his office, I'd wonder what to do with the things. Walking into his letterpress studio one day my senior year, I felt a similar confusion: what to make of the shadow boxes splayed across the floor, labeled curiously—*Bembo 12 pt. BOLD* or *Century Gothic 10 pt. italic*; the metal pans that held blocks of type, sometimes tipped over and looking like a miniature broken city; the enormous steel creature that made me think of newspapers shown in history textbooks. He'd explain his letterpress process with a painstaking affection, the hours, the days and weeks it would take to create a single project. And I'd calculate in my head how many seconds it would take to create a similar document in Publisher.

I am not detail-orientated by nature. For instance, when asked to name a car, I often say *the blue medium sized one*, or when cleaning, I leisurely dust the broom under the couch, unconcerned about the piles of dust I can't reach in a single swoop. After arriving in Iowa, I went to Shari DeGraw's studio, Empyrean Press, behind RSVP and also to University Special Collections for Cole Swensen's class entitled, *The Poetics of the Book*. There was something about holding text in your hands, text that wasn't mass produced, text that seemed to smile at the reader in the same manner that my professor used to smile when handing me a broadside he had just finished.

Later that year, I walked into the Center for the Book studio for letterpress class, feeling something like doom. Different liquid chemicals had to go into different tin cans and had to be used with caution, lest in cleaning type, acid would eat through the metal letterforms or ruin the rubber roller on the press. There was a whole new vocabulary, too, like a different language, *ligatures* and *colophons*. I was



I had taken a fast food approach to typography, whereas this was a slow meal.

certain that I'd break the machine. I mostly got over my fears, except for the one time I called my teacher in the middle of the night, panicking that I may have broken it, surely costing the Center for the Book thousands, if the parts were even available. She sleepily assured me that the press was nearly indestructible, as she guided me—in two simple directions—towards fixing the problem.

Later that week, she examined my broadside with a magnifying glass. She said how one word in the text block I printed was fair,

but that I had to work on ink-distribution. *Come here, look in the glass, the ink is bulging slightly over the right side of the d, but the left side looks a little light.*

Heeding her advice, I went back to the press and worked for hours until the ink levels were just right—dark, but not excessively so, tattooed into the paper with a definite, but delicate, bite.

One day in the studio, I was pulling single letters out of different little drawers for some project. It was tedious. Other letterpressers were there. They were talking about making paper, the pulp, how to create a certain effect by beating the cotton, or something like that. I began to feel foolish for my earlier disbelief, my earlier shrug in thinking a computer is faster. I had taken a fast food approach to typography, whereas this was a slow meal.

I am writing this article on my laptop. I have written possible paragraphs about three times. If you could see the bottom of this page, you'd see I've copied and pasted alternate endings, knowing they are useless, but feeling too anxious to erase them completely. I will, though, in a quick highlight/delete maneuver and my wordy mistakes will be of little consequence.

So then, how to end this article.

I have this Anne Waldman broadside hanging in my corridor. When I moved in, I liked the placement—its burnt orange page is the last thing I see before I leave the house. When I hung it there, I thought maybe it would make me feel “poetic” as I approached the world outside. Surely maybe I could have photocopied a poem from a book, tacked it up there. I might have even chosen a poem I like better. But about the feeling of it, of a poem that places itself so assuredly in the world. Its text is large, dark ink with a maroon title, and every letter sits on the page, preened and proud. There is a certainty to this poem that doesn't exist in the landscape of a poem smooshed up against poems that could be photocopied from a book. The poem becomes an object. You can touch it. It doesn't really make me feel “poetic”—whatever that is—but it does make me feel something. Like how poetry is concrete. Like how it exists physically. Like if you touch it, you feel it on your fingers: that bite. **lv**

*Kristin Hatch is soon to graduate from the Writers' Workshop. She has no idea what to do next.*





## Statement

I'm not impressed by plain love right now.  
We could manage something brighter.  
A rainy coastline where apples teem. Or.  
We could try a map. Look here:  
I'd prefer it.  
The delicate, honest way from Certenago  
back—not home exactly—but surely to the thought of it.  
Who could follow such a line?  
Like the one I'm drawing now with my reddest pencil.  
My line skims a city, several train stations, and a yard.  
It touches the sleeping teens in riot gear and their Flemish dogs.  
Doorways empty of doors.  
Silver ash.  
A creek with sawgrass.  
My house, and your house and the brick  
house and the Norman house falling in.  
Out to sea and stemming  
past the long past and other seas—  
Will you?  
If I fold my shirt back—

*Kiki Petrosino is originally from Baltimore, Maryland. Currently, she attends the Iowa Writers' Workshop.*

## never question the catalyst

the smoldering began and the sirens  
were finally subdued by hubbub.  
I pulled your tube sock from the wreckage  
and shoved it into my blood stained  
front pants pocket.  
oh, what a pocket it was!  
the cops questioned me  
and I pulled a brontosaurus out of it.  
a reporter questioned me  
and I pulled another reporter out.  
they stalemated each other,  
forgot about me,  
with reciprocal questions of,  
“and then what happened?”  
  
healed, the wreckage gone,  
I went back to the scene  
and placed your tube sock  
on an out of place dandelion.  
weeping, I left the scene  
and the ball bearings on my bike  
gave out in the middle of a strong down pedal.  
the pedal caught my shin  
and opened me up to the bone.  
I yelped, threw down my bike,  
tipped my hat to the earth and said,  
“now motherfucker, it is most definitely my move.”

*Noah F. Siela is from Iowa City. “We were on our way out to the beach to visit some whales we had gotten to know slightly when the car suddenly exploded.” - Chirpy, the Ruffian by James Tate*

## Untitled

We'd just lie down  
In my bed together and relax and take it easy  
with no hanky-panky involved  
but one night as she unwound  
she said to me and to the ceiling  
“my mother was outspoken, vigilant and she was murdered...  
that's the feeling I get  
from this country  
you know  
that if you speak out...  
but I didn't want to be like my father  
quiet, kept everything to himself  
yet now I don't pay attention to the news  
its like giving away part of yourself to them...  
but I wonder  
I really want to be like my mother...”

and I kept remembering her having said that  
kept looking for a pen to write it down  
and through the night, remembering so as not to forget  
and from time to time looking  
for that ballpoint pen I had misplaced  
thinking of her life, and the little group  
that she was part of ... and I was coming to know  
against the background of the city  
the city always becoming like a maze---  
sort of the pathos of their struggles  
so far down on the social scale  
yet still, trying to live  
in some exemplary sense  
trying to achieve that moment of truth

*Chuck Miller is from the Midwest and lately has been teaching overseas.*

## Letter Night

Aim at the moonlight  
Stalk morning and have noon  
Day will end it, yes you will  
Shower and sway

Day as you main stuff rages  
Day come in salons  
Late you teddy guages  
And volley the lion

Please quiet the various mules  
Braid them with satin  
Lead them to the reservoir and shale  
Sand will not disguise their fins

La Paz, despair and sea  
Below night, blue fire  
Sigh and save the patients  
The supply is right there

*Justin Cox lives and works in Iowa City. He regularly performs poetry at the Sanctuary's Anonymous Readings and sings in Bad Fathers. In the spring, he enjoys finding shed antlers and mushrooms.*



# Pat's Learning Annex Poets

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## Melodies of the Seasons

Winter a lazy old,  
Tired man with a sweet smile,  
Lies to rest under white blankets looking  
up to millions of sparkling stars,  
Shivering and rosy nosed  
He sleeps  
Dreaming of a  
Wonderful white world  
He is the night,  
Stirs, opens one eye, buds peek at him.  
He turns over.  
Spring sings with turtle doves to announce  
the  
Strawberry sunrise  
Waking winter,  
She is the dawn  
She dances a waltz to insect rhythm with  
the flowers  
Muddy toes,  
Splashing in slush  
She spins right into the arms of  
Summer.  
Summer catches Spring by surprise  
He settles into the armpit of the trees in the  
sweet, soft, shade  
Of everlasting days  
He is the afternoon  
Drinking sour ice lemonade,  
Wearing a crown of true gold dandelions  
to prove his wealth  
Hiding away from his ego, heat.  
Fall waits patiently until Summer naps  
She tiptoes in with cool breezes dancing at  
her feet,  
Paintbrush dripping glowing gold,  
Sweet sunshine yellow, roaring rage red,  
outrageous orange,  
Plumb plum purple, on the faces of leaves,  
She ushers yawning summer to bed,  
She is the dusk,  
Sweeps the ground with brown crispy  
leaves  
Whispering warning of winter's nights.

Anna Kann, 13

## A Cool Breeze

A cool breeze  
shakes the cold hanging leaves.  
Their cruel king howls with rage,  
while the beggar leaves cry with despair,  
hungry for warmth and heat.  
Young crippled leaves wail for lost moth-  
ers  
soon are forgotten  
Buried under a white sheet of snow.  
The survivors ask father tree for warmth  
and peace  
but  
The trees have gone to sleep.  
The king does not care  
The spell of winter has been cast  
They comfort the young  
with their simple words  
Spring will come again.

Clare Lanaghan, 9

## Rabbits

Fluffy as milkweed seeds  
White like the winter sky  
Hopping through great brown forests  
searching for bright, blooming flowers  
soft, delicate petals  
ears like tall stalks of wheat  
twitching, flicking,  
picking up bird songs, leaves falling to the  
ground,  
the humming of cicadas, and the sound of  
singing crickets  
tail like a dandelion puff  
small blinking eyes taking in the red fire  
leaves  
strong legs dig holes  
light shines on her back lulling her to sleep

Megan Kann, 7

## April

April zooms in like a bluebird on the wind;  
Bright like a daisy.  
Flit, flutter through the green sun-beamed  
forest  
Making a soft nest for its babies.  
A bud on a branch  
A song in the spring air  
Gliding into May

Gerrit VanWilligan, 9

## The Eagle

I am an elegant Ethan eagle  
I have two lanky long arms like the strong  
wings that fly through the  
raindrop night  
When it comes to battle I am brave like a  
bright warrior  
I am fierce like a flaming fire fighting cancer  
The eagle is with me  
The eagle is in me  
I can feel the cool chill of the winding wind  
It feels like radiation  
I am gasping for breath  
It feels like I am in an exhausted sleep  
I see my burrow in the dark and horrifying  
trees dying away from my hazel eyes  
The wind sounds like a multicolored train  
speeding by  
It sounds like an endless MRI  
I see the shimmering shell moon  
I swoop down to look for earthworms  
For whom?  
For my chirping, chomping chicks  
When I land it feels like heatless flaming  
sparks are coming off my feet

Ethan Kline, 11

## Local CD Reviews

Please send albums for review and/or press kits to: Little Village, P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244



### Kickass Tarantulas/ Breakdance

*Untitled Split 7"*

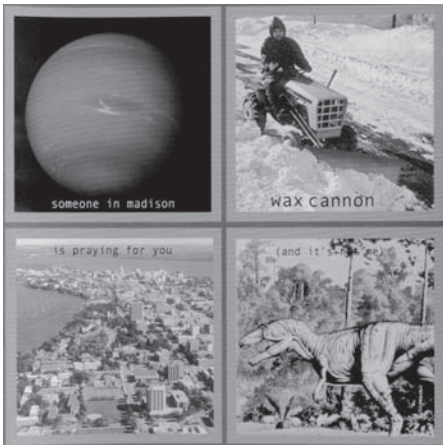
Hot Potatas / The Curse Records

The Kickass Tarantulas and Breakdance have come together in the spirit of D.I.Y. to record one of the rawest, most basement-sounding recordings in Iowa City history. The Kickass Tarantulas' contribution comes off like a forgotten relic of punky-ness recorded circa 1977, sounding like something contemporary with the Germs. The Tarantulas also resuscitate the oft-overlooked saxophone, which earns them major points in my book.

"House of the Lord" is the standout track, with drums strong enough to establish a solid beat. My main complaint for this record is the sound quality. The "basement" recording can be taken as a compliment in the lo-fi, "I'm recording this in my basement as a statement" sense, or as a diss to your recording device and the fact that you maybe shouldn't be recording in a basement.

Breakdance's B-side is thrash-core intensity. This shit is mosh-worthy to the extreme. Dark, barky vocals: check. Lots o' guitar shredding: check. Fast and furious drumming: check and check. This is dangerous shit! While it's not necessarily my cup of tea, I appreciate their enthusiasm. Who wouldn't want to smash something while listening to this? Ultimately, it sounds like Metallica to me, and I kind of like that—but as Levar Burton would say, "You don't have to take my word for it!"

*Alison Feldmann is really into The Golden Girls right now. Some call it a phase—others call it a lifestyle.*



### Wax Cannon

*someone in madison is praying for you (and it's not me)*

Commie Martyr Records

Little Village's CD reviews—in case you haven't noticed—focus on music made in Iowa, and specifically, in Iowa City. Sometimes this is an accident of geography, but Wax Cannon's Iowa City bona fides go back to the '80s hardcore and punk shows they used to throw at the Unitarian Church, when WC's Dave Murray was a member of Stiff Legged Sheep. It's hard now to imagine a time before indie became "Indie," before MTV, before Pavement fired their drunkard drummer, before the Unitarians got tired of people smoking who knows what and punching holes in the wall of their church, but Wax Cannon still carries the torch for the spirit of that time.

Bands break up, people leave town, people die, venues close, buildings get torn down and scenes come and go here pretty much undocumented and way under-recorded. Wax Cannon refracts 20 plus years in the Iowa City underground through its own uniquely warped lens to make music that sounds both old and new. The band's sound has two sides: the '80s sounds of bands like the Pixies, Hüsker Dü and Screaming Trees and that essential Iowa City frisson of self-effacing, melancholy pop. This is music that should rule the radios of the land, but it's too home-made, personal and inward-focused to be mistaken for a major-label unit-shifter.

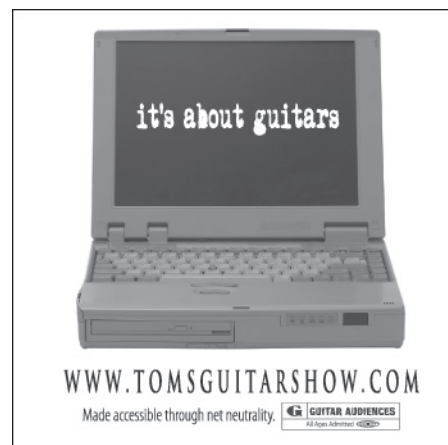
"Scott Blvd Helpers and Forgers" leads off with a slap-echo vocal against bare, chunky guitar chords and pulsing drums. This is plain, unadorned guitar rock with nothing to prove except its own elemental intensity. "Quicksand" is built around a yelping vocal hook and Pixies-esque thrash. "JC Says" is a nimble chord progression rendered in bass guitar's upper register as a darker version of

the '80s trademark guitar jangle.

*someone in madison is praying for you (and it's not me)* sprawls across two CDs without including any filler. A set of songs this extensive and varied is hard to review, except in overview. Paradoxically, the songs all have the feel of having been cut from of a single piece of cloth. On first lesson, the CDs feel a little flat and monochromatic, but the more you hear, the more it seems an artistic choice, a sonic economy of means. By limiting themselves to what they can do with a few guitars, drum kit and their voices, the band members live or die by their song writing. These songs are like a woman's beauty first thing in the morning—no makeup, a bit puffy around the eyes, hair in tangles, but genuine and unguarded.

You can go out on the Internet and find loads of not-very-flattering reviews of Wax Cannon's earlier work, but the predominant criticisms—that its sound is rather generic, it covers no new ground—rather misses the point of Wax Cannon. Iowa's social atmosphere is one where emotions are cloaked and people dress to blend in, not to stand out. Confidences are granted grudgingly, and "showing off" is a faux pas. Likewise, Wax Cannon, while not hiding its light under a bushel, eschew any flashiness or outer declarations of attitude. This is what happens when someone puts a lifetime into making something personally satisfying, with no real reward behind half price beer upstairs at Gabe's and the applause of scruffy underaged kids after a show in someone's grotty basement. Dave and Jay have gotten older, wiser and weirder, and you, the listener, reap the rewards.

*Kent Williams escaped from Cedar Rapids in 1980 but only made it as far as Iowa City. By day, he programs computers at the University of Iowa. By night, he makes electronic music which his wife has described as "what is wrong with the stereo?" He has been writing music reviews since the last millennium.*





# WHAT'S UP DOC?

Iowa City's documentary film festival returns in April

The Iowa City International Documentary Film Festival will bring a breath of fresh film into the streets of downtown Iowa City via The Englert Theatre. Capitalizing on the public's new intrigue with the documentary genre, filmmakers from all over the globe have submitted their work to a panel that has whittled the selections down to 40 films—17 of which come from international filmmakers. This is the fourth year of the festival, and the screenings should again successfully deliver this film-hungry city just what it has been looking for. From elaborate collage festivals to the Thaw Film Festival and Cut and Paste, Iowa City has a history of welcoming experimental media, and this event is no exception. This is the type of thing that gives Iowa City its reputation as a film town, and all you have to do is show up.

Starting April 12th and running through April 15th, the competition will include documentaries from all over the world. The judges of the festival's competition screenings, Lynne Sachs and Bill Daniel, also get a chance to show some of their work on Friday night. Daniel has been laboring on his film, *Who is Bozo Texino?*, for 20 years. *Texino* is a train-hopping, graffiti-loving quest on the part of the filmmaker. It has received countless write-ups, raving about Daniel's careful romanticizing

of the gritty environments of train yards and his cinematic admiration for the graffiti culture. His films have been shown in venues that range from art museums to punk rock houses across the United States. He's been recently interested in films that begin with inter-media installation pieces which evolve to a final film



Bill Daniels on the ever-moving set of *Who is Bozo Texino?*

document, an ingenuitive backwards-in-a-great-way process.

Sachs' film, *States of UnBelonging*, deals with the individual life in a war situation and has been described as "an evocation of tragedy and transformation, a meditation on fear, land, the bible and filmmaking." Her films have been screened at the Museum of Modern Art, the Pacific Film Archive and the Sundance Film Festival as well as other alternative forums. She is hailed as a filmmaker who pushes outside of conventional film-form by exploring the possibilities of sound and image in documentary form.

We're lucky. These films are hard to get a hold of, and the Iowa City International Documentary Film Festival is placing them right in our hands. The mass media is not going to pick you up, put you in front of a screen that will flash subversive themes of the racially or socially marginalized and give you a lollipop on the way out. With the recent successes of 'popumentaries' such as *Fahrenheit 911*, *Supersize Me* and *Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room*, it has become clear that American audiences are in fact capable of watching documentary features.

According to Daniel, the current nature of the U.S. political climate puts us all in a situation where, "We all have some really important things to figure out. At the same time, the public is sick of eating Twinkies for public discourse." Going into a theater to be informed and going into a theater to be entertained are no longer seen as mutually exclusive objectives now that truth in public discourse is an exciting novelty. Audiences are eager to get to the heart of subjects that mass 'news' media breezes by or ignores completely. Do yourself a favor and go see some rare films. **IV**

*Kathryn Musilek is a graduating senior at the UI with a double major in Cinema and Comparative Literature. She has been an active part of the musical community in Iowa City for the last eight years and plans to pursue a career in film.*

## IOWA CITY INTERNATIONAL DOCUMENTARY FILM FESTIVAL

[www.icdocs.org](http://www.icdocs.org)

### Wed., Apr. 12th

6:00-7:30pm Competition Program #1  
7:45-9:15pm Competition Program #2  
9:30-11:00pm Competition Program #3

### Thu., Apr. 13th

6:00-7:30pm Competition Program #4  
7:45-9:15pm Competition Program #5  
9:30-11:00pm Competition Program #6

### Fri., Apr. 14th

6:00-8:00pm Judge Program: Lynne Sachs Q&A  
8:00-10:00pm Judge Program: Bill Daniel Q&A

### Sat., Apr. 15th

2:00-4:00pm Out Of Competition Program  
4:00-6:00pm IC Microcinema Documentary Race  
6:00-8:00pm Out Of Competition Program  
8:00-10:00pm "Best Of The Festival" Program



**Art/Exhibits**

**African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center**

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863  
*Two Hundred Years of Pop Culture: The James Hicks Collection*, through May 26 • *Africans in Iowa*, ongoing.

**AKAR**

257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227  
 Alec Karros, Julia Galloway, Kirsten Bassion, ceramics, Apr. 7-27.

**Arts Iowa City**

102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 337-7447  
*Latvia: Waiting, War, Inflammation & Pomegranates*, through Apr. 1 • *Contemporary Art of Latvia*, through May 1.

**Barnes and Noble**

1451 Coral Ridge Ave., Coralville, 337-3337  
*Eclectic Art*, throughout April.

**Bella Joli**

125 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 341-4562  
 Jeffrey Policky, through Apr. 3.

**Brucemore**

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375  
 The View from the Backstairs Tour, Saturdays, beginning at 9:30am • *The Families of the Brucemore*, ongoing.

**Cedar Rapids Museum of Art**

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503  
*The Abstract Impulse: Prints after 1950*, through Apr. 2 • *Inspired by Nature: American Landscape Painting, 1900-1945*, through Jun. 11 • Bertha Jaques: Botanicals, through May 21 • *Quiet Landscapes of William B. Post*, through May 21 • *Art in Roman Life*, through Dec. 31.

**Chait Galleries Downtown**

218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 338-4442  
*Through the Cat's Eye: A Celebration of Cats through Art*, Apr. 1, 5:30pm • *Dimensions of Chungchi Choo and Her Students*, through Apr. 14 • *Improvised Sophistication*, Brad Kreiger, large oil painting & charcoal compositions, through Apr. 26.

**Coe College**

Sinclair Auditorium, 1220 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 399-8500  
 Katie Engelbart, intaglio; Emily Kapler, drawing; Paloma Scheck, sculpture and collage, and Ragina

Kroemer, photography, opens Apr. 14 • Phillip Breja, ceramics; Christopher Dadant, digital video; Katherine Geltz, sculpture; Adrienne Iano, photography; and Naseem Shahriver, painting and monotypes, opens Apr. 28.

**The Cottage**

14 S Linn St., Iowa City, 358-5533  
 Michelle Gil-Montero, Kendra Bousfield, multimedia works, through May 28.

**Falconer Gallery**

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660  
*The Art of Structural Design: A Swiss Legacy*, through Apr. 16 • *Voices of American Farm Women*, through Apr. 30, Burling Gallery • Biennial Art Faculty Exhibition, Apr. 3-May 22 • Alumni Artist Invitational, Apr. 3-May 22.

**The Framers' Intent**

336 S Clinton St # 11, Iowa City, 248-3199  
 Prints by Jesse Henson, photography by Marybeth Slonneger, paintings by Kathleen Johnson, through Apr. 28.

**Herbert Hoover National Historic Site**

110 Parkside Dr., West Branch, 643-2541  
*Women's Work: The Paper Doll Quilts of Rebekka Seigel*, through Apr. 2 • *Arts in Our Parks*, through Jun. 7.

**The History Center**

615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501  
*Living Along the Tributaries*, ongoing • *Timequest*, ongoing.

**Hudson River Gallery**

538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488  
 Drew Starenko, Deb Zisko, through Apr. 15 • *Watercolors from Columbia*, Apr. 21-May 27.

**Iowa Artisans Gallery**

207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686  
*Iowa Landscapes*, Joseph Giglierno, through Apr. 17.

**Iowa City Area Chamber of Commerce**

325 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-9637  
*Pinhole Mushrooms*, through Apr. 21.

**Janalyn Hanson White Gallery**

Mt. Mercy College, Cedar Rapids, 363-1323  
 Assemblages by Gary Olson, through Apr. 6.

**Lorenz Boot Shop**

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053  
*The Door Guy*, Jack Wilhoit, through May 30.

**M.C. Ginsberg**

110 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 351-1700  
*A Group Show in Metal*, Graduate Students of Professor Chungchi Choo and Kee Ho Yuen, throughout March.

**Mythos**

9 S Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3576  
*Buddhas of China and Tibet: Song through Qing Dynasties*, throughout April.

**National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library**

30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500  
*Prague Between History and Dreams*, through July 16 • *Embellished Textiles- Absolutely Art!*, Apr. 8-Oct. 1, Gallery tour, Apr. 22, 27, 2pm • *Homelands: The Story of the Czech and Slovak People*, ongoing.

**Old Capitol Brew Works and Public House**

525 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 337-3422  
 Aaron Askelson, oil paintings, through Apr. 30.

**Senior Center**

28 S. Linn Street, Iowa City, 356-5222  
 Ina Loewenberg, photography, through Apr. 23.

**UI Hospitals and Clinics**

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417  
*All exhibits, Patient & Visitor Activities Center, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion unless noted otherwise.*

Tom Langdon, photographs, through Apr. 24, Gallery 3 • John Richard, photographs, through Apr. 14, Gallery 1 • *Lost Nation*, photographs by Sandra Dyas, through Apr. 24, Gallery 2 • Brian Harper, ceramics, through May 15, first floor John Colloton Pavilion • *Stolen Dreams*, photography, Apr. 24-Jun. 17, Gallery 1.

**UI Main Library**

Shambaugh Auditorium & Exhibition Hall  
 UI Campus  
 cARTalog Exhibit, through June • Exhibit Opening and Fringe Festival, Apr. 7, 7:30pm.

**UI Museum of Art**

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727  
 WOW! Family Day, Apr. 2, 12pm • *Subject Matters: The Alan & Ann January Collection: American Prints & Drawings*, through Jun. 4 • *Mauricio Lasansky: The Nazi Drawings*, Apr. 2-July 30, Carver Gallery.

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## Music

### Clapp Recital Hall

UI Campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

All performances 8pm unless noted otherwise.

Dmitry Rachmanov, piano, Apr. 1 • Jeffrey Agrell, Apr. 4 • Volkan Orhon & Anthony Stoops, double bass, Alan Huckleberry, piano, Apr. 6 • Piano Festival: Logan Skelton, Apr. 7 • Iowa Chamber Music Coalition, Apr. 8 • Anthony Arnone, cello, Timothy Lovelace, Apr. 9, 3pm • Center for New Music, Apr. 9 • New Horizons Band, Apr. 15, 3pm • Composers Workshop, Apr. 16 • Maia Quartet, Apr. 20 • Tamara Thweatt, flute & piccolo; Abigail Kegel Walsh, piccolo; Mark Weiger, oboe; Alan Huckleberry, piano, Apr. 22 • Philharmonia and All-University String Orchestra, Apr. 23, 3pm • University and Concert Band, Apr. 25 • Brass Choir, Apr. 27 • School of Music Honors Convocation, Apr. 29, 3:30pm • Electronic Music Studio, Apr. 30.

### CSPS

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

All Music 8pm unless noted otherwise.

Mikel Rouse, *Music for Minorities*, Apr. 1, 8pm, Apr. 2, 7pm • Osada Park Charrette, Apr. 3, 5, 6-7, 4-7pm.

### Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

Iowa City Community String Orchestra, Apr. 2, 3pm • Jazz 'Round Midnight, Johnson County Landmark Jazz Band, Apr. 20, 8pm.

### First Presbyterian Church

2701 Rochester Ave., Iowa City

Musick's Feast April Fool's Concert, Apr. 1, 8pm.

### Gabe's

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

Tuesday evenings Free To Get Up! Free To Get Down! Dance Party.

Murderbot, Jason Heyland, Apr. 1 • Early show: Race the Sun, A Day at the Fair, Ever We Fall, Day at the Fair; Late show: The Cops, The Lepers • I am the Avalanche, The Forecast, Summer Obsession, Apr. 3 • Early show: Felix Culpa, Somerset, In Letters; Late show: Earthride, Holy Smokes, Apr. 5 • Early show: Too Pure to Die, Black My Heart, Apr. 6 • Appleseed Cast, Lying in States, Apr. 7 • Coolzey, Schaffer the Darklord, Miracles of God, Apr. 8 • 10K Cosmic Break, Battle of the Bands, Apr. 11 • RAQ, Apr. 13 • Early show: At all Costs; Late show: Human Aftertaste, Apr. 14 • Catch 22, The Loved Ones, Flatliners, Apr. 17 • Early show: Jupiter Sunrise, The Class of 98; Late show: The Voodoo Organist, The Afterdarks, Apr. 19 • The Big Wu, Apr. 20 • Early show: Swizzletree, Treaty of Paris; Late show: The Pines, Diplomats of Solid Sound, Apr. 21 • Obsolete Records Benefit: The Terminals, Brimstone Howl, Sarah Cram, Apr. 22, 5pm • FT Shadow Government, Call Me Lightning, The Stnng, Apr. 28.

### Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160

Symphony Band, Apr. 12, 8pm.

### Harper Hall

Voxman Music Building, UI Campus, 335-1603

University of Nebraska Lincoln Faculty Brass Quintet, Apr. 3, 8pm • Iowa Flute Festival, Midwest Flutists, 1pm; Leone Buyse, 3pm, Apr. 15 • Nathalie Cruden, viola, Patrice Ewoldt, piano, Apr. 15, 7:30pm • Bass Day Concert: Mark Urness, Anthony Cox, Volkan Orhon, Apr. 29.

## A-LIST

### cARTalog Exhibit Opening and Fringe Festival, UI Libraries Friends' Event Main Library • April 7

The monstrous, wooden card catalogs that held their synonymous 3x5 cards, seemingly go hand in hand with libraries. Now they are virtually extinct due to technology. Those beloved cards that once held the identities of books and periodicals are now being replaced by searchable computer databases.

The cARTalog project, was birthed from an old 2004 card catalog at the UI Library. So, in light of libraries everywhere, the UI Library staff rescued one million cards while the rest went on to the afterlife of recycling.

So hmmm, what to do with one million archaic library cards....?

The libraries invited the community to participate in huge public found-art project, and this is where these once obsolete cards found their homes away from the libraries.

Artists began returning their cards illuminating what libraries meant to them and it all came through shaped by 3x5 cards, from installation pieces to books, collage, clothing, poetry and sculpture which will be featured in the Main Library's North Hall exhibit space now through June.



Artists from Italy and Iowa, California, New York, Poland, Ohio and Australia, to name a few, share their take on the influential library, whether it's scribbles, a Buddhist temple, a three-dimensional puzzle, a pillow or even a tie.

During the gala, the UI Library will not only celebrate through art but also through music, comedy, and theatre at its

42nd Annual Friends of the UI Library Fringe Festival April 7, at Shambaugh Auditorium.

The festival will feature local musician Peter Balestrieri and his improv group, Din; a performance of *Laughter, Liberty, Library: A Card Catalogue Adventure*, a children's play, written by UI playwrighting undergrad, Justine Nakase; and improv comedy act Lightning in a Bottle.

And now, memories of the library will be forever cherished—in 3x5 form.

### George Saunders

Main Library • April 20, 8pm

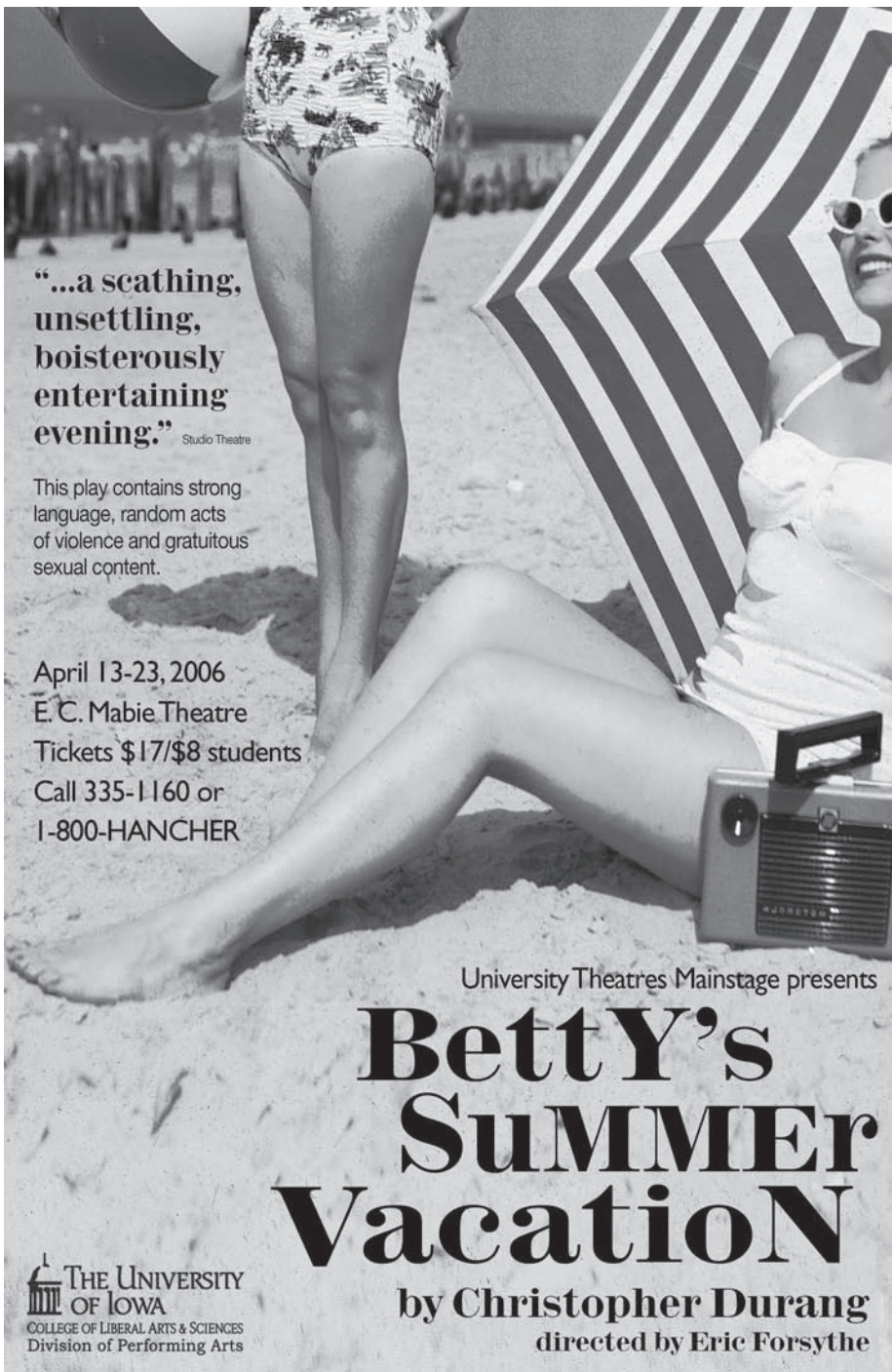
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a t t h e b a r  
a n d s p e n d  
t h e n i g h t  
w i t h a b o o k  
i n s t e a d .



10 years ago, Random House published Saunders' first collection of short stories, *CivilWarLand in Bad Decline: Stories and a Novella*. His new book is coming out this spring and he's visiting the hungry readers of Iowa City to launch his tour. Yep, that's right. Iowa Citians will be the first of the first to hear these previously unpublished writings. Give 'im a warm welcome.

*Persuasion Nation* includes, among others, a story about a town of pet-killers and another about "Eastern" "European" "widows" making their way through suburban America. This guy is comic brutality—black humor at its finest. Saunders somehow creates these without-a-doubt imaginary worlds that still force the reader to question just how real fiction could be. They're fake but fascinating. *Harper's Magazine*, *Esquire* and *The New Yorker* have also been smart enough to publish his stories.

If for some reason you are bedridden—which is the only reason to miss this—catch the reading on WSUI's live broadcast on 910 AM.



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*All Shows 9pm.*

Herb the III, Apr. 1 • Meerkats, Apr. 8 • Electric Mule, Apr. 15 • Hard Barney, Apr. 22.

**The Java House**  
 211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730  
*WSU's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am.*  
 Public Property, Apr. 14 • Beth Wood, Apr. 21 • Bob Hillman, Apr. 28

**Martini's**  
 127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536  
*Shows at 9 pm. Throwback Fridays: DJ's every Friday at 9pm.*  
 Metrolites, Apr. 1.

**The Mill**  
 120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529  
*Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm • 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7 pm • Bluegrass Brunch, Sundays, 11am • All music 9pm unless noted otherwise.*

Mission Creek Midwest Festival- Whiskey Town Part One: The Ants, Captain Yonder; 2pm; Whiskey Town Part Two: Dave Zollo, The Harbours, The Pines, Jason Lewis, 9pm, Apr. 1 • Willowind Benefit Concert, Euforquestra String Band, Mike and Amy Finders, Dave Zollo, Apr. 2, 5pm • Bob Scheider, Trevor Hall, Apr. 3 • Stolie, Melissa Rose Ziemer, Kristin Shout, Nancita Wernett, Kimberli Possibility, Apr. 7, 7:30pm • Headlights, The Living Blue, Apr. 9 • The Great Lake Swimmers, 12 Canons, Apr. 18 • The Banjoy Band, Apr. 19 • The Afro Centrix, Apr. 20 • Iowa Women's Music Festival Fundraiser: Kelly Carrell, Cara Wick, Kim Char Meredith, Wishing Chair, Whoopsie Daisies, Apr. 23 • Stuart Davis, Apr. 28.

**Paramount Theatre**  
 123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888  
 Anne Murray, Apr. 2, 7:30pm • Jim Cullum Jazz Band, Apr. 6, 7:30pm • Rags Rhythm & Blues with Butch Thompson, Apr. 8, 7:30pm, Apr. 9, 2:30pm • Fab Five Show Choir Extravaganza, Apr. 10-11, 7pm • Train, Brandi Carlile, Apr. 13, 7:30pm.

**Iowa Memorial Union**  
 UI Campus  
 Keller Williams, Apr. 11, 7:30pm, Union Memorial Ballroom • Galactic, Apr. 12, 8pm, Union Memorial Ballroom • Lotus, Apr. 25, 8pm, IMU Wheelroom.

**Uptown Bill's Small Mall**  
 401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401  
*Open Mic Night, every Friday, 8-11pm*  
 Larry Sievers, Apr. 1, 7pm.

**U. S. Cellular Center**  
 370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211  
 John Mellencamp, Apr. 14, 8pm.

**Yacht Club**  
 13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464  
*Blues Jam, Sundays, 9pm; Movie and iPod Night & Throwdown Dance Party, Tuesdays; Jam Band Jam, Wednesdays, 10pm.*  
 Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band, Apr. 1 • Blackout Gorgeous, The Glowing Glass, Jayber Crow, Apr. 6 • Jensen Connection, The Station, Apr. 7 • Small Towns Burn a Little Slower, Socratic, Tokyo Rose, Apr. 8, 5pm • Spare Parts, Stable Dave, Apr. 8 • Rose Hill Drive, Lincoln Conspiracy, Apr. 11 •

**Om** Spring arrivals are here!

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Funkmaster Cracker, Apr. 13 • Martyrs of Maudlin, The Sleeping Planes, Apr. 14 • Nikki Lunden & the Heinous Canis, Wicked Liz, Green Situation, Apr. 15 • Drums and Tuba, Apr. 18 • Starrunner, The Humbugs, Apr. 20 • Euforquestra, Poppa Neptune, Apr. 21 • Future Rock, Apr. 22 • Patio, Scottie Long Trio, Mer, Apr. 27 • Sublime Tribute with Reclining Buddha, Electric Junction, Apr. 26 • Family Groove Company, Orooni, Apr. 29.

## Theater/Performance/ Comedy/Dance

### Arts a la Carte

20 E Market St, Iowa City, 341-7144

Salsa Break, every Tuesday, 8:30pm • International Folk Dance, every 4<sup>th</sup> Saturday of the month, 7:30pm.

### Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

Cinderella, Apr. 1, 2pm • Nate Staniforth, Magician, Apr. 7, 8pm.

### Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, 335-1160

*Mamma Mia!*, Apr. 4-9, 7:30pm, Apr. 8, 9, 2pm • Habeas Corpus Disco Inferno, Arts a la Carte pre-show to *Mamma Mia!*, Hancher Lobby.

### Paramount Theatre

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

The Friends of Bob and Tom Show: Kristi Lee, Bob Zany, Drew Hastings, Henry Phillips, Greg Hahn, Nick Griffin, Apr. 1, 7pm • Liars Holographic Radio Theatre, Apr. 15, 8pm • George Carlin, Apr. 20, 7:30pm.

### Penguins Comedy Club

209 First Ave. S.E., Cedar Rapids, 362-8133

Todd Yohn, Apr. 1 • Lisa Lampanelli, Apr. 7-8 • Amateur Night, Apr. 13 • Mike Birbiglia, Apr. 14 • Auggie Smith, Apr. 15 • The Untamed Shrews, Apr. 21-22 • Amateur Night, Apr. 27 • Kira Soltanovich, Apr. 28-29.

### Riverside Theatre

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

*Thursdays, 7 pm; Fridays & Saturdays, 8 pm; Sundays, 2 pm (unless noted otherwise)*  
*I Am My Own Wife*, Apr. 1-Apr. 9.

### Space/Place Theatre

North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City

World Dance Concert, Apr. 1, 8pm • Thesis Concert, UI Dance Department, Apr. 14-15, 20-22, 8pm.

### Theatre Cedar Rapids

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

*Enchanted April*, Apr. 4, 6-7, 7:30pm.

### UI Theatres

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

*Betty's Summer Vacation*, Apr. 13-15, 19-23, 8pm, Apr. 16, 2pm, E.C. Mabie Theatre • *The Crucible*, Apr. 28, 8pm, Apr. 30, 2pm, UI Martha-Ellen Opera Theater.

## Words

### African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 862-2101

Evening Lecture, Apr. 20, 7pm.

### Barnes and Noble

1451 Coral Ridge Ave., Coralville, 337-3337

New Writers' Night, Apr. 6, 7pm • Kashmira Sheth, Apr. 11, 7pm • Writers' Workshop, Apr. 5, 19, 7pm • Open Mic, Apr. 28, 8:30pm

### Biology Building East

Rm. 101, UI Campus

Mark Levine, Emily Wilson, poetry readings, Apr. 25, 7pm.

### Eastwind School of Holistic Healing

221 E. College Street, Suite 211, Iowa City, 621-3523

Dr. Keyzom Bhutti, lecture on traditional Tibetan medicine, Apr. 6, 7pm.

### Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

Noam Chomsky, Apr. 10 • Sex, Lies, and Audiotape, A Cognitive Analysis of the Clinton-Lewinski Scandal, Apr. 11, 7pm • Live from Prairie Lights: 15 Year Anniversary, Colson Whitehead, Jane Hamilton, Karen Joy Fowler, Ethan Canin, James Galvin, Samantha Chang, Marvin Bell, Chris Offutt, Chris Merrill, Mary Swander, Jim McPherson, Apr. 18, 7pm.

### English Philosophy Building

UI Campus

Susan David Bernstein, "Roomscapes: Women Writers in the British Museum from George Eliot to Virginia Woolf," Apr. 25, 7pm.

### UI Art Building

Room E109

UI Campus, Iowa City, 335-1771

Stanley Whitney, Apr. 6, 7pm • Oliver Herring, Apr. 13, 7pm • Stephane Guegan, "From Girodet to Ingres: the Impossible Classicism," Apr. 20.

### UI Memorial Union

UI Campus

"Creating Inclusive Communities in a Post Katrina World," first annual Race, Privilege and Cultural Competence Conference, Apr. 6, 7, 7pm, Apr. 8, 8pm.

### The Java House

211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730

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

Diane Halpern & Sheryl Sorby, Gender Differences, Apr. 14 • Beth Wood, Apr. 21 • Poetry Slam show with Marvin Bell & Joe Mirabella, Apr. 28.

### John Pappajohn Business Building

Rm. S401, UI Campus

Tomaz Salamun, Apr. 7, 8pm.

### The Mill

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

Talk Art Cabaret, Apr. 5, 9pm • Poetry Slam, Apr. 12, 26, 10pm.

### North Liberty Recreation Center

520 W. Cherry St., North Liberty, 626-5716

Tama Siler Jones, reading from her work, Apr. 6, 7pm.

### Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681

*All 7 pm, broadcast live on WSUI (unless noted otherwise), International Writing Program reading, 5 pm..*

Joshua Clover, Apr. 6 • Kevin Boyle, Apr. 7 • Jane Urquhart, Apr. 12 • Keith Ratzlaff, Apr. 19 • George Saunders, Apr. 20 • Michelle Tea, Apr. 21 • David Mitchell, Apr. 22, 5pm • Stephen Burt, Apr. 24 • Rebecca Johns, Apr. 25 • Sarah Manguso & Kimberly Johnson, Apr. 27 • Charlie D'Ambrosio, Apr. 28.

### Terrapin City Center, Coralville

1150 5th St., Coralville, 354-0658

Open Mic, Apr. 9, 23, 8pm.

### UI Museum of Art

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

WSUI's Know the Score LIVE, Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata show with Russell Valentino, Marvin Bell, Apr. 14, 5pm • Susan White, Gallery Talk, Apr. 23 • WSUI's Know the Score LIVE, Apr. 25, 5pm • Virginia Myers, lecture on her exhibition, Apr. 28.

## Film/Video

### Bijou Theatre

UI Memorial Union

UI Campus, 335-3258

*Touch the Sound, Ballets Russes*, through Apr. 5 • *Au Hasard Balthazar, The Heart is Deceitful Above All Things*, Apr. 6-12 • *Cache, Who Gets to Call it Art?*, Apr. 13-19 • *Breakfast on Pluto, Sophie Scholl: The Final Days*, Apr. 20-26 • *Why We Fight, Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story*, Apr. 27-May 3.

### Collins Road Theatres

1462 Twixtown Rd., Marion, 377-4555

Cedar Rapids Independent Film Festival, Apr. 7-8.

### Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653

Iowa City International Documentary Film Festival, Apr. 12-15.

### Hillel

122 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-0778

*Passover Fever*, Apr. 11, 7pm.

### Uptown Bill's Small Mall

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

*Movie Night, every Sunday, 6pm.*

## Misc.

### F.W. Kent Park

Highway 6 W., Oxford, 645-2315

Where to Bird in Johnson County, Apr. 4, 7pm • Shorebird Identification, Apr. 11, 7pm • Backyard and Feeder Birds, Apr. 18, 7pm • Warbler Identification, Apr. 25, 7pm.

### Pedestrian Mall


Downtown Iowa City

Walk for Women's Lives, Apr. 29, 1:30pm.

### Unitarian Universalist Society

10 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 331-1851

"Introduction to Meditation," Mondays, 7:30pm.




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# Orgasm, uninterrupted: It's better than biology, baby

**B**ack when I was in high school, PBS broadcast shows that were the intellectual side of *Skin-a-max's* softcore. These shows taught the biology of sex, and as teenagers take anything they can get, my curiosity, among other things, was piqued.

One particular show theorized that when women masturbate, they're holding out for the bigger Alpha. These biologists found that during a self-made orgasm, the cervix dips into her own juices rather than those precious bodily fluids of the male and kills any incoming sperm that might follow at a later time. Thus, her mental fantasies testify to her biological urge for a more desirable mate, no matter what she tells her sugarplum.

"I was thinking of you," she says. "You and four other men," she thinks.

Masturbation's more archaic term is "onanism," or *coitus interruptus*. The Latin definition says it all. Looking up that term separately, the good ol' OED says it's just when a man pulls out. But the latter is something the man controls when he's on top, and a woman who plays her clitar avoids his seed on her own volition.

Now, Queen Zelda would never endorse masturbation as a reliable birth control method, but where's the truth in these biologists' theories? Do those who jack-and-jill off cuckold their partners merely with their imaginations?

To be honest, rarely do I send my hand south when I'm in a reliable relationship. Even when I have a crush on someone, it's hard for me to stop gushing about him long enough to fantasize and make that other part of me gush. On the other hand, I've been in so many unreliable relationships that self-inspired stimulation is sometimes all I've got.

The sexual revolution and women's lib have brought us far from where we could be. I don't see too many chastity belts these days (although I sometimes wish I owned one to ward off the undesirables.) However, rather than being a tool for self-discovery or

simple pleasure, our culture sanctions female masturbation in men's fantasies and pornography more than anywhere else. In these cases, women don't use fantasy to please themselves, but the very self-pleasing of the woman *is* the fantasy.

Biology, beware. I wouldn't try to explain this one, if I were you. Leave that to Freud and Foucault.

What people take issue with is this self-generated sexuality that causes independent orgasms. It raises the question, "Who needs men?" In some cultures, this fear of independence leads to clitoral castration and the sewing together of virginal labia. But in American culture, it just leads to masturbation guilt.

In live-action relationships, fantasies that trump reality leave the flesh-and-blood partner feeling inadequate—more often than not. Just ask any wife who knows her husband frequents strip joints. See, it goes both

ways. If heterosexual women want the buff Alpha, men want the taught-but-bouncy stripper, and our society frowns on admitting these biological desires. That would be uncouth, unkind or downright shallow.

It's these times when I play the mind-over-matter card, the card that lets me condone homosexual relationships without demanding a biological

explanation. The mind wants what the body won't beg for, and if it does, it doesn't matter. The body's biology might want bigger muscles and a vibrating schlong, but the mind wants security and warmth more than the tightest ass with the tightest genes.

What does matter is honesty and happiness. If a gal really isn't sexually satisfied with her partner, and that's what's leading to her self-pleasure, chances are she needs to think about why she's frustrated and take action that doesn't involve her right hand. Or maybe it's his lack of action that needs to change.

But in cases where jilling off has nothing to do with dissatisfaction, and everything to do with self-satisfaction, I'd tell those biologists to go screw themselves. **lv**



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FORECAST FOR APRIL 2006

**♈ ARIES**—The pressure is subsiding and opportunities will begin to emerge. But don't take things at face value and don't rush into anything. There is a lot of fine print and way too many unknowns. There are some strong supportive, helping influences. However, they are not operating entirely on a practical, down-to-earth level. They are largely psychological and spiritual. The planets seem to be saying that if you take care of these inner issues, then the outer issues will take care of themselves. Long-term financial matters are well expected.

**♉ TAURUS**—The planets are helping you bring your finances and your living situation into greater harmony with your needs and desires. But you will probably remain in the planning stages for a while. Things will fall increasingly into place, but you still might find the trade-offs a bit rough if you make an immediate commitment. An extended planning phase will pay great dividends. Anyway, your expectations and your goals are not well enough defined. Time is needed to clarify what you really want and to help you lay the groundwork.

**♊ GEMINI**—Maybe you can't solve any of the really big problems this month. However, April offers many opportunities to sort out the smaller issues. Doubtless, feathers have been ruffled and knickers are in a twist over recent developments. This is a great time to mend fences, especially in areas important to your financial well-being. The big issues are still there, so it would not be wise to forget them. One place where you can lend a welcome hand: help others clarify and express their complicated, possibly confused thoughts and feelings.

**♋ CANCER**—You might still be feeling a little too dreamy, a little too, romantic and drifty. However, as April moves along, you will feel more energized, motivated and encouraged. You should. Things are starting to fall into place. A direction is emerging. The budget might still be tight, but there is plenty of room for creativity and lots of stuff you can do without straining the budget. You will have to be realistic about what you can accomplish but you should be optimistic too. Marriage and partnership possibilities are strong.

**♌ LEO**—These are pretty challenging times for Leos. No use denying it. However, you are due for a big boost in two places where it really counts. The planets are strongly supporting you on a profoundly personal, spiritual level. In some way, the spirit will stir within you in April and help you resolve whatever doubts or anxieties you have been feeling. This will lend you strength and direction. The planets will also lend a hand financially. Matters related to insurance, inheritance, loans and other long-term financial dealings are favored.

**♍ VIRGO**—You will experience rapid progress in several important areas. Changes related to some distant location are moving along quite well. And they are moving in harmony with your efforts to achieve your ideal lifestyle. You might have to jump a financial hurdle, but you can and will be able to do it. Things are moving fast right now, so everything is a bit of a jumble. But even this confusion will give you an advantage. Your communication and information handling skills will be very much in demand and highly valued.

**♎ LIBRA**—Your influence over events remains considerable. But the direction is not much clearer to you than it is to those you must advise. If you depend on your intuition, tempered by reason and your usual balanced judgment, all will be well. With a gracious assist from someone in authority, perhaps a banker or public official, you will also experience a big leap forward in financial and work matters. A little effort at communication will work positive wonders in marriage or partnership areas. Try giving your partner the deciding vote.

**♏ SCORPIO**—Scorpio is confronting a challenge. Your partner or key associate is creating a potentially difficult situation. It is affecting your morale, your health and your work situation, and it is chipping away at your financial resources. However, Scorpio is also due for a double blessing. These are real, up front blessings. Important new opportunities for personal growth and financial expansion are opening up in unusual areas. There is also a blessing in disguise. The challenge created by your partner will help motivate you to take advantage of these opportunities.

**♐ SAGITTARIUS**—You must know that, amidst all the good things you recently accomplished, you bypassed many important issues. Perhaps they needed more attention than you could give them at the time. They're tough issues. But it's now time to role up your sleeves and take them on. The planets are giving you a leg up. Some basic life conditions that are hard to rearrange on short notice will shift, allowing more freedom of movement. And the drive and the courage to take these issues on will come from deep inside.

**♑ CAPRICORN**—An important shift in your relationship with the world is coming in April. You will be more empowered, overall. Previously, you were empowered but somewhat isolated. You accomplished things, but only within limits. In April, you will be better connected, better able to network and maneuver around obstacles. Conditions at work will improve, enhancing your performance and improving your financial comfort level. Economic initiatives will pay off well. It will take some time for the good results and financial benefits to fully manifest. Meanwhile, be careful not to overextend.

**♒ AQUARIUS**—Your ruling planet is involved in a month long run of good aspects. You should have good fortune in work, income and health related matters. However, you should take no health risks. You might experience sudden and unexpected good luck in partnership areas too. People in authority will also favor you. April's benefits will unfold over time and you might not have as much control as you would like. And there's some fine print and a fair number of unknowns. Overall, though, Aquarians should like April quite a lot.

**♓ PISCES**—Overload, overdrive, over stimulation. They all relate to Pisces in April. But add the words "lucky" and "in control." Things will tend to fall smoothly into place for you. Listen to practical people and try to keep your feet on the ground. Listen to the critics, also. If you aren't careful, you could be borne along by seductive currents to the wrong destination and take many others with you. And be patient. Many good and important things will be set in motion but they will take time to bear fruit.

Contact Dr. Star at [chiron@mchsi.com](mailto:chiron@mchsi.com)

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