

# little village

iowa city's news & culture magazine

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July/August '07

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## Letter from the Editors

Emily Dickinson once said, "Parting is all we know of heaven and all we need to know of hell."

Little Village exists for the readers, the writers, the artists and the advertisers. You don't have to be rich to read it or put an ad in, and you don't have to have been published already to contribute to it—but you do have to have a love for this town and its independent spirit. A city without an independent alt-publication is a city without character, without distinction.

When we took over LV back in August of '05, it was such a daunting outlook for us. There wasn't enough money to print our very first issue leaving us very discouraged at this new job that had abruptly entered our lives. It was an intimidating start. How were we to foresee our future as editors? Could we keep up with an already established magazine and make it a reliable alternative monthly for the entirety of our readers?

In spite of our own hasty beginning, we started off with a bang! Two fundraisers paved the way by helping us fund our first couple of issues, thanks to many local musicians such as: Will Whitmore, East Side Guys, Liberty Leg, the Autodramatics and the Blizzards of Wizards to name a few as well as our readers who came and stood by our side.

One of our main objectives was to unite music and art throughout the community and we did such with the annual What a Load of Craft! fair. WALOC is a combined arts, crafts and music extravaganza that features local artists' work for display and for purchasing as well as a taste of the local music scene. Not only did LV infiltrate the community with WALOC we now also decorate some street corners and a few choice businesses. Local artists showed their LV spirit by artfully adorning our dispensers that now can be seen all over Iowa City and even in Coralville.

We have met and networked with so many LV enthusiasts all over Iowa and even afar thanks to our ever growing friends on Myspace. We have built relationships with

writers old and new. We take pride in publishing anyone with a good idea, giving everyone a chance to have a byline, whether this is their first byline or their hundredth.

Each and every writer, artist, local advertiser and story-maker help us editors sculpt the one-of-a-kind identity that distinguishes this Iowa City publication and Iowa City itself. You are all a part of this phenomenon of independence; without you, this city cannot thrive as its phenomenal self: the most colorful and diverse landscape in Iowa.

When I (Melody) came to this town in 1999, I had heard it was the New York of the Midwest, having earned the appellation on its culture cred'. But now I think it's more like the Iowa City of the World, rather. First for its international flare and second because it has no replica.

You cannot build a city like this; no blueprints can dictate what it grows into. Iowa City is born through the sweat of the MFA-holding waiters, the chess-playing ped rats, the cause-fighting rebels, and the theory-wielding teachers—and they all want something hip to read.

We could not have done this without our columnists: Tom, Kurt, Kembrew, Kent and Will as well as all of our talented freelancers and of course to all of our advertisers who supported this magazine through and through. Thank you.

Thank you, Colleen Anderson, Matt Butler, Wade and Brett Hansen for going above and beyond for a much needed cause. Thank you, Iowa. Thank you, readers.

Now, as Melody and I (Alissa) leave this chapter of the LV behind it is Kevin Koppes who will carry the torch for the next reign. We wish you luck Kevin but know that you will kick some alternative monthly butt. Keep reading!

This is not the end. This is not even the beginning of the end. It is, instead, the end of the beginning. -Winston Churchill

Alissa and Melody

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Adam Witte teaches at Washington High School in Cedar Rapids, when he is not busy doodling and reading musty old

newspapers. The information in this comic comes from the September and October, 1913 issues of the Iowa City Daily Press,

and was gathered by an efficient and enticing reference librarian of the Iowa City Public Library.

# Coming full-circle

We see the truth of this all the time on the national and world stage. While recognizing major differences, we still must admit that Iraq looks an awful lot like Vietnam. Reaganomics never worked, yet conservatives continue to tout tax cuts for the rich as the way to wealth for the poor. The dot-com implosion should not have been a shock to anyone.

In my professional work, I've seen the "everything old is new again" phenomenon more than once. While I was a doctoral student in English here at Iowa in the 1980s and early '90s, the big thing was "expanding the canon." The exuberance of the profession lay in moving beyond Emerson, Hawthorne and James as the canon of American literature to include silenced voices, particularly of women and non-white cultures.

Native American writers, poets of the Harlem Renaissance, immigrant voices—these were whom we sought in the most radical anthologies. When I did some research into American literary anthologies of the early 20th century, I found that the exuberance of the profession at that time lay in its efforts to include those silenced voices. Native American writers, poets of the . . . well, you get the picture.

These days, my professional work is in writing, editing and research for the President of The University of Iowa. Several years ago, Mary Sue Coleman wanted to pursue a theme of reconnecting the university with the state. In doing some work on a speech, I discovered that her predecessor, Hunter Rawlings III, had delivered a major speech some ten years before about . . . yes, reconnecting the university with the state. I've learned that this is a perennial theme of UI Presidents. It's a good theme, too, though we should probably take the "re-" out and just leave it at "connecting," as we're always working to improve on this admirable goal.

As we think about our lives in our state and

community, we wring our hands about many "problems." One of my favorite books about the culture of Iowa is E. Bradford Burns' *Kinship with the Land: Regionalist Thought in Iowa, 1894-1942* (University of Iowa Press, 1996).

Early in the book, Burns talks about the swift cultural changes in the 1890s. Journalists and essayists often lamented and analyzed the significant social issues facing a relatively young Iowa: consolidation of schools, the globalization of the agricultural economy, the technologicalization of farming, the decline of small towns as urban areas expanded, the disappearing job opportunities for young people in Iowa

written on the subject. . . . Opponents argued the city did not have the expertise to operate such a specialized business that required so great an investment" ("Battles in Iowa City," *Iowa City Press-Citizen*, December 9, 1989).

Um, when was that? The 1930s?

So is there a lesson in here? Sure, Santayana was right—we can often save ourselves a lot of trouble and grief if we just learn a little history. But we can also take comfort and gain confidence in knowing that our fellow citizens of times past encountered many of the same controversies that plague us today, and, gee, our community is still here.

It's also good to take our hubris down a notch or two and realize that we're not so special. It's true that circumstances and context change, and 2007 isn't exactly like 1897 or 1937. But that shouldn't stop us from realizing that whatever our current problems are—university students drinking too much, the future of our downtown, how our community should grow physically and economically, the vicissitudes of our school district's enrollment and facilities needs—our fellow citizens throughout history have confronted them, too, and maybe it would be a good idea to see how they dealt with these issues, for both

Those who cannot remember the  
past are doomed to repeat it.  
- George Santayana, 1905



*Is this Cambodia or Darfur?*

communities and their out-migration from the state -- Oh, wait, was that from a book about life in Iowa 120 years ago or this Sunday's Des Moines Register investigative feature?

Even our intellectually aware community of Iowa City is not immune from the Santayana curse. While perusing old local history columns by the venerable Irving B. Weber for a presentation at this year's Weber Days celebration, I ran across a piece about "a particularly bitter conflict" among Iowa Citizens in the 1930s. It seems a group calling themselves the Municipal Ownership League wanted to establish a municipally owned light and power company.

As Weber recounts, "The battle divided the city for several years. Letters to the editor were consistently in the *Press-Citizen*. Poems were

better and worse.

I would like to thank Alissa Van Winkle and Melody Dworak for their tremendous work with Little Village during their editorial tenure. Not only did they keep this wonderful—and important—publication alive, but they put their own indelible stamp on it and helped it grow and progress. I also thank them for their efforts in passing the torch to a new editorial regime, not letting go until they knew this little gem was in good hands. Good luck with your new endeavors, Alissa and Melody. **lv**

*When Thomas Dean was in college, experience said that in the future he should get started earlier on his research papers so he wouldn't have to pull all-nighters. Well, we all know how that works out.*



**S**ummer in Iowa always brings the same delightful dilemma: What to do with all that basil?

Few herbs are as surrounded by mythology and folklore as basil. Its origins are debated, but most seem to think it came from India where, besides its innumerable culinary uses, a devout Hindu has a leaf of basil placed on his breast when he dies, as a passport to paradise. It is famous in Christian history as well as the herb Salome used to cover the smell of decay from John the Baptist's head. In Haitian Voodoo practice, the herb is a powerful protector, and a Romanian man is engaged when he accepts a sprig of basil



from a woman.

All this trivia is of little use, though, when faced with bushels of the stuff that we all pull out of our gardens the afternoon before we expect the first heavy frost of autumn. Get a jump on that by beginning your "puttin' up" now. You can blanch and freeze it all with a quick dip in boiling, salted water followed by an instantaneous plunge into ice water – then drain, pat dry and freeze in Ziplocs, but that only postpones the inevitable pesto, and pesto is best with fresh leaves. A voluptuous pesto is, of course, a good way to reduce the volume quickly and have something everyone loves to show for your efforts.

Abundant harvests like this one are a

great way to bring family and friends together around the rituals of food. It can take time and several hands to pick over a large amount of basil, separating the leaves from the stems. Don't throw away those stems by the way, they can be used to flavor an oil or vinegar, or trussed to your next roast.

A word about authenticity: The word "pesto" simply means "paste," and it refers not only to the basil and garlic concoction we all know and love but also to the method used to make it correctly – with a mortar and pestle. Preferably, use a marble mortar and a wooden pestle.

The reason this makes a difference, the reason you should shun the food processor when making pesto, is that a good mortar and pestle will tear the leaves gently, releasing the flavors. A food processor cuts the leaves, blocking the veins from releasing flavor. It also produces heat, which causes the aromatic oils to oxidize, altering the flavor.

One can make a pesto out of just about any combination of herbs and oils that you can imagine. The earliest record of something we would recognize as pesto dates back to Virgil, and it used parsley rather than basil. The real deal though, what everyone thinks of when they think of pesto, is *Pesto alla Genovese*, from the Ligurian port of Genoa. This is best made with Genoa basil (the one with the small round leaves), extra virgin olive oil, toasted pine nuts and a combination of Pecorino and Parmigiano Reggiano cheeses.

Make it in individual batches, then combine if you like. It's best fresh, but freezes well. Freeze it in ice cube trays, and then turn the cubes into a Ziploc and return to the freezer for convenient use in small amounts later.

Once you have mastered this genuine recipe, feel free to experiment with other ingredients to discover interesting new flavors. **lv**

## PESTO

- 2 cloves of garlic, very fresh
- 4 cups (packed) of fresh basil leaves (preferably Genoa)
- 1 teaspoon of coarse sea salt
- 2 tablespoons of oven toasted pine nuts (some contest this inclusion, but I like them)
- 3 tablespoons of Pecorino cheese, not too strong
- 3 tablespoons of grated Parmigiano Reggiano cheese
- 1 cup of olive oil

Put the garlic, the washed basil leaves, the salt, which helps to preserve the green of the leaves, and the pine nuts into the mortar.

Slowly mix with the pestle and add the mixed cheeses a little at a time.

When the mixture is smooth and creamy, add olive oil to taste (to the texture you prefer) and stir to incorporate.

To dress your pasta with the pesto, always dilute the pesto with a little of the cooking water from the pasta.

*It's About the Food is a monthly feature of Little Village. Chef Kurt Michael Friese is co-owner, with his wife Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay, serves on the Slow Food USA National Board of Governors, and is editor-in-chief of Edible Iowa River Valley. He lives in rural Johnson County. Questions and comments may be directed to devotay@mchsi.com.*

**H**ey, hey *mom*?" So went the start of my all-time favorite overheard conversation, reported to me by some New York friends five years ago. Sean Lennon was on his cell phone at Tonic, a performance space in the Lower East Side, and on the other end was—one could only assume—Yoko Ono.

"Mom, you wanna come out and *jam with us* tonight?"

It's one of the more unlikely sentences ever uttered, but then again, Ms. Ono is no ordinary mom, or artist for that matter. New York Times critic Robert Palmer summed it up best when he wrote: "It is quite likely that having John Lennon fall in love with her was the worst thing that could have happened to Yoko Ono's career as an artist." It's not like she was a groupie who met him backstage; it was Lennon who went to *her* art opening, in 1966.

For as long as I can remember, I've been drawn to this queen of noise. Even when I was a little kid I found her compelling; later, in high school, I started buying her records and learning more about her. My review of her 1996 concert in Central Park marked my debut as a published music critic, so there's a special place in my heart for Yoko Ono.

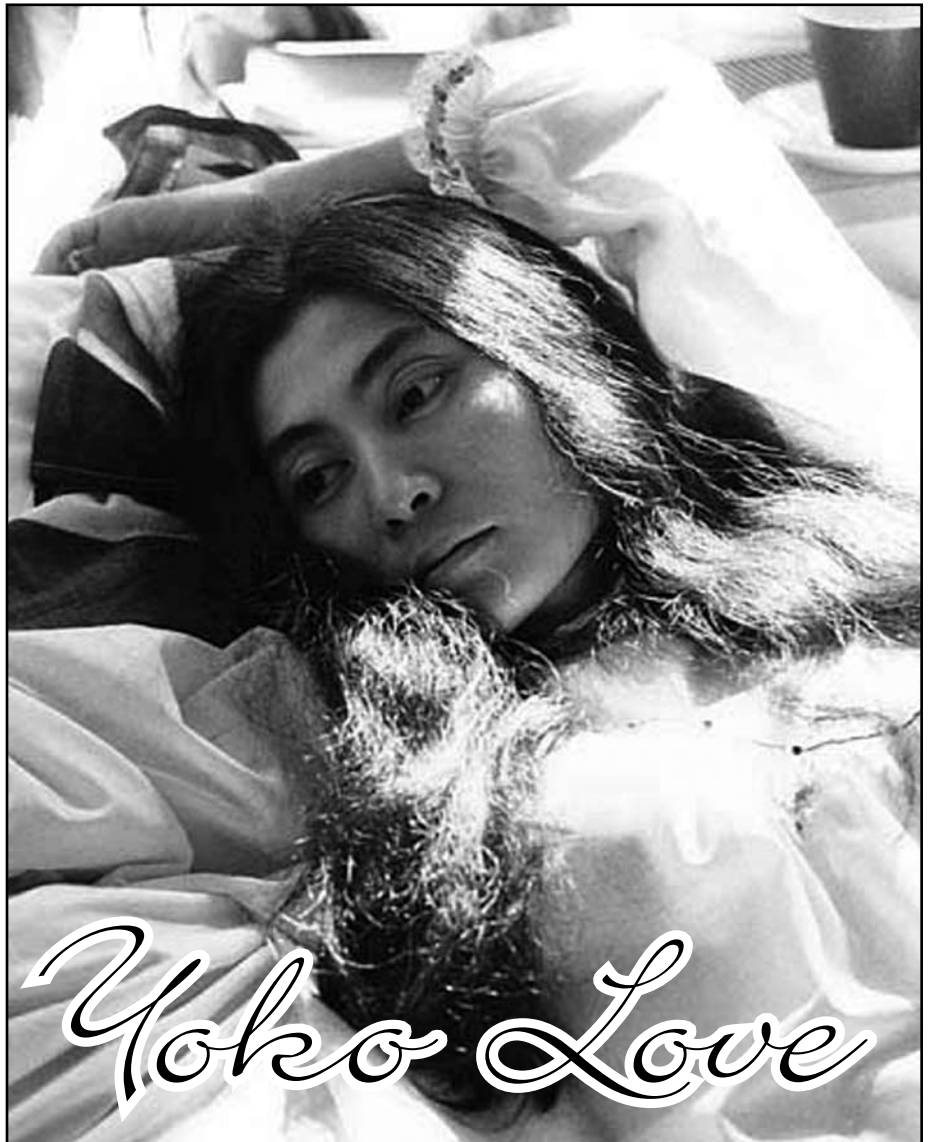
I'm sure, at age 12, I couldn't have explained why I liked her, though at the time it certainly wasn't because of her singing. I placed her voice in the same category as Bob Dylan, Jello Biafra and other vocalists who weren't easy on my adolescent ears.

If it wasn't her music that drew me to her, I think it was because I identified with Yoko's outsider status, especially since I was a painfully shy kid who felt like he wasn't made for these times. As a more contrarian adult, I like how she causes trouble by stirring things up, musically and culturally.

"Yeah, 'stirring up' is the right word," she says during a phone conversation earlier this spring. "Stirring up. Period." When I ask her to elaborate, she points me to a song of hers titled "Yes, I'm a Witch," which begins in true punk rock fashion: "Yes, I'm a witch/ I'm a bitch/ I don't care what you say/ My voice is real/ My voice speaks truth/ I don't fit in your ways."

Yoko says, laughing, "The line, 'Yes, I am a witch,' that one line stirs up a lot, doesn't it?" She then bemoans the fact that the public still doesn't get it. "Some people take it very seriously and get very angry," she observes.

Of course, Yoko would be intolerable if she were overly earnest and humorless. But she isn't. Take her 1971 piece, titled "Museum of Modern [F]art," which features an image of Yoko walking underneath the New York's MOMA sign. The photo captures her mid-stride—between the



"Modern" and "Art"—carrying a shopping bag with a large "F" emblazoned on it, which matches the size and font of the signage above.

One also needn't look further than "Do It Yourself Fluxfest Presents Yoko Ono and Dance Co.," a 1966 piece that contained the following instructions: "Face the wall and imagine throughout the year banging your head against it: A) Slowly until the wall collapses B) Violently until your head is gone."

In her collection of instructions, titled *Grapefruit*, she later added, "consider if it is such a catastrophe to live without your head or if it shouldn't be easier for you to go around since your body would be much lighter."

In other words, she's not the solemn dragon lady portrayed in the popular media. "I could have been killed by my sense of humor," Yoko says, laughing mischievously. "I have to be very careful."

Despite some recent critical reassessments of her career, it still hasn't gotten much better for

her. *Rolling Stone*'s blog posting about Yoko's new remix album, *Yes, I'm a Witch*, contained the following reader responses: "Yoko Ono sucks," "why wont she die," and "yoko can suck my cock. ugly bitch who got lucky coz John had an Asian fetish." These comments, of course, ignore the fact that her career started long before she met Lennon.

Yoko arrived in New York City in 1957 after studying composition at Sarah Lawrence College and philosophy in Japan (she was the first woman to be admitted into the prestigious program at Gakushuin University). Both experiences left her unsatisfied—each program boxed her in too much—so she set out on her own iconoclastic path.

She was a key player in Fluxus, a 1960s art movement that, according to a 1965 manifesto, was "the fusion of Spike Jones, Vaudeville, gag, children's games and Duchamp." She also started New York's first loft series, bringing together cutting edge visual artists, dancers, musicians



# A Soldier's Voice



Story by Robert Herring

In Kosovo

On a dusty street, an Albanian girl in a bright dress and shiny shoes with ribbons in her golden curls spits at a Serbian girl on her way home from school. Next door, a Serbian woman comforts her dying Albanian neighbor by giving him water to drink and food to eat and blankets to keep warm.

In a cramped and cold room, a father and son drink vodka and argue politics. Dad shoots his son with a shotgun. Seeing the mess he's made, he pulls the pin of a grenade and waits for the end.

In the wet snow next to a frozen creek, a sergeant with the elite 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division rapes and murders an eight-year-old girl--and is proud of it. But in the moonless night, a friend of mine gives his life so his friends may live.

I didn't understand any of it. I hid under my helmet and behind my machine gun and American flag and, with smiles and hand shakes, re-enlisted for three more years with the military police corps.

And Then in America

September 11<sup>th</sup> with its crashing planes and falling buildings and bumbling president reading *My Pet Goat* while fear and

confusion swept across his face. The world is shocked and mourns.

"We are all Americans today."

The facade of a right and just nation crumbles, like those two towers, on March 20, 2003. I drink lukewarm beer and watch the green bursts of light in Baghdad on CNN and wonder what the fuck went wrong, what happened with bin Laden. The barracks erupt. Soldiers flow into the parking lot. It's a party. There's drinking and singing and dancing under a waning moon. I want to crawl into a deep hole and never be found again.

Bush and Cheney et al promised us an easy war with an easy victory. They paraded visions on Sunday morning talk shows of Iraqis dancing in the streets with American flags, beautiful women welcoming the strong, bright-eyed Americans with kisses and flowers.

I left the army six months after Bush declared "mission accomplished" and urged the insurgents to "bring it on." The war was a disaster. Instead of flowers and kisses and American flags, soldiers were greeted with riots, snipers, ambushes, IEDs. And nobody knew how to fix it.

I ended up in Iowa City lost and confused. I had wanted to be a cop for so long I didn't

know what else there was to be. I decided to study literature at Iowa. The scales fell rudely from my eyes and nothing has been the same since.

I saw how governments shape and control their message. The people of Belgium thought King Leopold II was spreading civilization to the savages of the Congo. Conrad painted a much different, much more accurate picture in his much misunderstood *Heart of Darkness*.

Iowa's campus is quiet as King George II surges more troops into a failure. Bush isn't ignorant—he just pretends to be. He's controlled the image of his war by banning the photos of flag-draped coffins being off-loaded from cavernous cargo planes and by embedding journalists with the military to control their reporting. He refuses to allow members of his administration to testify before congress about his "intelligence failures" or, as I like to call them, his lies.

We're all monkeys pulling on the levers for our bananas and scat. And no, I won't keep a civil tongue in my head. Not anymore.

Who will expose our heart of darkness?

The U.S. war machine operates smoothly; its gears are well oiled with apathy and gluttony. We go to class and turn in our as-

signments. We drink the nights away at It's Brothers in ignorant bliss while American soldiers and Iraqi civilians are torn to pieces. We don't dare raise our voice. Who will hire us then?

The University of Iowa during the '60s was a much different place. Students boycotted class, shut down buildings and filled the Pentacrest. They wouldn't be moved--even as police encircled them and the air was tinged with the sweet smell of tear gas and pepper spray. They threw their bodies on the gears and wheels of the machine. They were being drafted and sent off to fight an unpopular and un-winnable war. The machine would not be allowed to operate any more and the owners withdrew from Vietnam.

The owners learned their lesson. What ever you do, do not draft college kids to go off and fight in a distant land for unclear reasons and with no idea of what victory looks like. Institute an all-volunteer force. The poor and minority can go off and fight our wars while college kids are kept fat and happy and safe. If they're safe--the logic follows--we'll be safe. And holy shit, were they were spot on.

So bring back the draft! Desperate times call for desperate measures. And I've al-

*I won't keep  
a civil tongue  
in my head.  
Not anymore.  
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and safe.*

ready done my service. American soldiers, our brothers and sisters, are fighting, dying and killing in Iraq. Most of them have been sent there twice. Many are on their third or forth deployment. This just isn't fair. But they are soldiers, they cannot protest. They suck it up and go out on patrol because they joined the military. It isn't their fault some megalomaniac wanted to avenge his daddy while we voted for the next American Idol.

You better rub the sleep from your eyes and take look around. King George II is rattling his saber and is going to need all his people to drag the Middle East into freedom. The army's Battle Dress Uniform has nowhere to put your iPod. The M-4 carbine doesn't come with a cell phone. The MK-19 grenade launcher cannot access Facebook. And the Armed Forces Network doesn't show "The Real World" regularly.

You may want to take to the streets and end this while you still have the opportunity. It'll be too late very soon. **lv**

Robert earned his BA in English from the University of Iowa in May and now lives in San Francisco. His website is [www.RobertHerring.com](http://www.RobertHerring.com).

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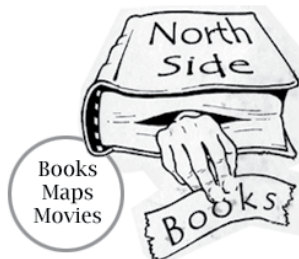
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# FEAR THIS

**T**o live in a small town is to know that one's actions are always being witnessed; one assumes the burden of policing one's behavior accordingly. Heaven knows Iowa City's walls are thin, its walls have ears, and these walls sure can talk – especially the walls at the Java House where it is rumored that, circled by the gazes and gossip that fly like buzzards over a battlefield, where not blood but coffee drips, Foucault first observed the panopticon.

We often take for granted that Iowa City is the home of the free, a magical place where kids from the flyover come to revel for the first time without cows, cornfields or consequence, and where hipsters from the coasts enjoy feeling more cosmopolitan than ever, surrounded for the first time by no one at all very difficult to impress. That is, we often think that everyone is free to be a rockstar in Iowa City, a rebel. I believe this is not the case, at least not in any simple sense, because Iowa City has some special tricks for encouraging banality and enforcing normality. As much a warning as it is an abbreviation, the name “I. C.” says it all: You are being watched.

## Students and Teachers

In any town about this size, everything you do is colored by the likelihood that someone you know will see you do it. Iowa City adds to this the possibility that the relationship between observer and observed will be collegiate: those aren't just *people*, those are your students, or your professors, or if you're lucky enough to be a graduate student with an assistantship, they are both—and they are terrifying.

Even worse than hitting on some guy only to discover later that he is your neighbor's mother's cousin is to find out at the start of the new semester that he is now your student. Or your professor. This is the special burden of the scholastically socialized community, and it keeps you from being all the you you can be. It keeps you from flirting at bars, from going to movies stoned, and from wearing feather boas. It keeps you from getting drunk on margaritas at Los Portales and singing with passion the songs from Disney's *The Little Mermaid* that so enchanted your childhood. And even if it doesn't actually prevent you from doing this last one—and it doesn't always—it makes you feel, once you discover your student is in the restaurant, really, really silly.

And my, how it makes you think twice before writing about all these things in the town's alternative arts and culture magazine! But I am 25, and these are all things I should get to do, and if out of fear of my students and my professors I

don't, well, that's just lame. They're more afraid of me than I am of them, right?

## Fear and Fashion

Bourgeois or bohemian, ready-torn jeans of Abercrombie or ready-worn threads of Ragstock, Iowa City flaunts a range of personal styles. This is not, however, to say that anything goes. To the contrary, here no fashion crime goes unpunished: When University of Iowa junior Justin Walker wore a ski mask to class this past April, the university decided the look was so fashion forward,

**Shouts from the balconies  
take the form of the tired,  
construction-worker style  
encomia hurled at passing  
women, or the cowardly,  
fag-bashing flung like feces  
by captive monkeys at any  
chap who left his XL black  
and gold T-shirt at home.**

so *je ne sais quoi*, that it warranted a five-month expulsion from campus (a decision later reversed). To boot, the UI VP for Student Services, Phillip Jones, emailed Walker's name and home address to everyone at uiowa.edu (the veep, by the way, lives on Muscatine Avenue #1).

A week after the Virginia Tech shooting and days after a bomb scare on our own campus, it was appropriate to respond quickly to a threat to the safety of this community. But when did bad taste become threatening? The students and professors massacred in Virginia were not fashion victims; they were shooting victims. Ski masks, Eric & Dylan trench coats, and other untrendy looks don't kill people, but you know what does? People with guns, sure, but also bigots who beat to death those whom they find queer, foreign, or just plain creepy looking.

When we feel threatened by an extremist with an airplane, a loner with a gun, or a university administrator with an ass to cover, we are feeling the effects of terror – but a threat is an act of interpretation on the victim's part as much as it is an act of violence on the perpetrator's. If Walker joins the ranks of suspected terrorists, then VP Jones and everyone else who trembled at the sight of

an out-of-season ski mask join the ranks of those who decide in the face of terror to live in fear, to suspect our neighbors and to confuse difference with danger. If the ski mask were a turban, maybe we'd see more clearly what happened that day for the paranoid profiling it was.

In New York City subway stations, signs are plastered all over telling straphangers, “If you see something, say something,” a patronizing warning reminiscent of “Tell a grown up.” I see lots of things; I bet you do, too – but that doesn't mean

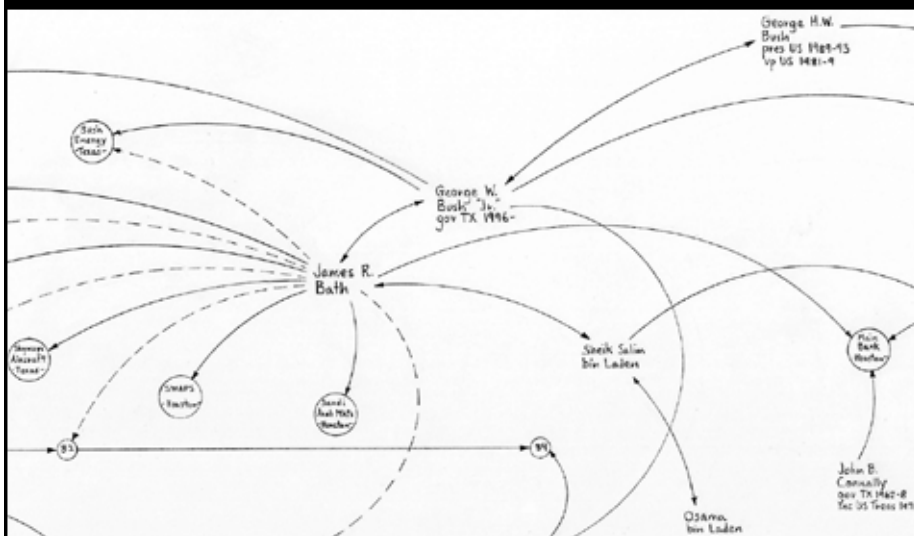


we should all assume the responsibility of policing normalcy (or good fashion sense) in the name of security. What the Walker/Jones *faux pas de deux* teaches us is that even in Iowa City, what's in style is fear.

## Balconies and Beer

If visibility is what keeps us in check, it is precisely those little pockets of invisibility that bring out all manner of unpleasantness in Iowa City folk. The greatest offender: balconies. Their style is familiar, all those generic balconies overlooking College Street and Gilbert Street from generic apartment buildings housing generic bozos. Balconies of this sort are the worst thing to happen to Iowa City's landscape since the Iowa River turned toxic.

Unlike the traditional front porch with its street level invitation to relaxation and conversation, the crowded second- and third-story balcony with just room enough for a keg, a grill and six pricks can provoke only provocation. Like scopophiles in a darkened movie theater, intoxicated balconiers believe they can gaze without consequence at the bodies on display before them. But unlike audiences at the Sycamore 12, these anonymous



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Image: Mark Lombardi: *George W. Bush, Harken Energy, and Jackson Stephens, ca. 1979-90* (5th Version), detail, 1999. Graphite on Paper. Private Collection. Mark Lombardi: *Global Networks* is a traveling exhibition organized and circulated by Independent Curators International (ICI), New York. The exhibition was curated by Robert Hobbs, the Rhoda Thalheimer Endowed Chair, Virginia Commonwealth University.

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## IC Observations

mini-masses feel no pressure to hush. To the contrary, these enforcers of normalcy can't help but share their commentary with passers-by. Usually the remarks they shout from the balconies take the form of the tired, construction worker style encomia hurled at passing women, or the cowardly, verbal fag-bashing (the kind that you know if written down would be misspelled) flung like feces by captive monkeys at any chap who left his XL black and gold T-shirt and white flowing saaten athletic shorts at home. (Talk about a fashion crime!)

Perched above the sidewalk, these dudes refuse to give up even when words escape them; when English fails, they realize they've still got plenty of spittle, a medium in which they are far more fluent. It never seems to occur to these gentlemen that when you issue (or expectorate) harassments from your own apartment's terrace, everyone knows where you live.

Thus--

When children think they're a little bit invisible, they start acting nuts. This is exactly what made Walker's mask so threatening: We fear that all people, as childish as the balconiers are drunk, will act unpredictably when they understand themselves to be hidden from view. What the U of I failed to notice in Walker's case is that his ski mask, unlike a darkened balcony, made him decidedly *more* visible – easier to police, sure, but harder for a reasonable person to take seriously as a threat.

When magicians get you to pay attention to an obviously shady gesture that has nothing to do with how the trick is done, and in fact get you to think you're terribly clever for having spotted it, this is called "misdirection." When the Authorities police that which is so obviously visible as to be non-threatening, this is called "vigilance," and it makes us feel safer, and it makes life boring. Fear the normal.

And never let the normalizers make you less of a rockstar. **lv**

*Michael Lawrence is studying to be a rhetorician. Seriously, that's a real thing.*

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# Fly, Mate and Die

**Several Million 17-year-old cicadas flood the IA woods. An eye-witness account.**

**B**y the time you read this, Brood XIII— a swarm of cicadas that scientists estimate could have numbered more than a million— will likely all be dead. To see the offspring of this batch, you will have to wait until 2024.

The spectacle of these insects is time infused. Although the number of them is impressive, what is really awe inspiring is their life cycle—a span so fragile and long it makes you feel that it might break if you touched it. All but the final month of their lives take place underground, and they emerge with one mission—to mate, lay eggs and then die. The giant hourglass of life is turned over to begin again.

Knowing that it would be unlikely that we would ever have the chance to see the insects again, especially together, my father and I decided to take a week to experience their time in Eastern Iowa. To record their short stay on earth— as well as our own.

## The Characters

**My Father:** A begrudging pro bono chauffeur. An insatiably curious gatherer of trivia. An incurable pessimist about world affairs. A provider of names for rocks, animals, plants and clouds.

**Myself:** A recent college graduate. Allergic to pollen, dust, pet dander, crowds and job opportunities. Equally out of place in cities and in forests. Vulnerable to direct sunlight. Ignorant about nature. One part writer, three parts silly person.

**The Periodical Cicadas:** The huge, simultaneous burst of cicadas, so numerous that their many predators gorge themselves into submission, occurs only 17 years. For this brood, it was the 13th hatching on record

According to Donald Lewis, extension entomologist at Iowa State University, these cicadas can only be found in 11 Iowa counties—appearing only in the nose of the head-shaped state. They are much more common in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, all more heavily wooded states.

“Because of their association with forests and woodlands, it is easy to guess that they did not spread onto the Great Plains or to the desert Southwest because of the lack of trees,” Lewis said.

According to Lewis, the fate of the cicada is tied directly to the fate of the host tree. During their long incubation period underground, the cicadas use their beak-shaped proboscises to pierce into the tree roots and drink sap. If the host tree dies, all the hatchlings connect to the tree will die, as well

Annual cicadas—the cicadas most people are familiar with—are close cousins with the

periodical cicadas in many ways, although there are clear differences. Annual cicadas sing in the evening, periodic cicadas in the morning and afternoon. Annual cicadas emerge in the dog days of summer, while periodical cicadas herald the end of spring. Annual cicadas are dark with green eyes. Periodic cicadas are bright, with red eyes and golden wings. They also breed the same way, with the annual cicadas spreading their breeding cycle over a leisurely, inconspicuous span, while their periodic cousins must squeeze in all their breeding into a three- to six-week period.

“When the cicadas emerge, they molt and fly up to the tree canopy to mate,” said Lewis, summing up the urgency of the periodical cicada’s mating cycle. “After the cicadas mate, the females lay eggs in twigs of the trees. Those eggs will last for four to six weeks, until nymphs hatch from the eggs and drop to the ground. The nymphs dig into the soil and begin feeding on sap from small roots. They will feed there underground in the dark for the next 17 years, counting from one to 17— very slowly.”

According to U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates, one female periodical cicada will lay between 400 to 600 eggs in its three- to six-week life span. Of the nymphs that hatch, eight to 12 survive past the first two years.

But how do the survivors know when to emerge? Scientists don’t know yet. Some speculate that they are able to count the variations in the sap that they drink, perhaps able to discern the minute changes in protein carbohydrates that make it up.

Lewis said he thinks the cicadas somehow count changes occurring within the trees.

## A Look Back at 1990

In 1990, America was led by President Bush. America was in war with Iraq. The first World Wide Web was a year from being created.

- The Billboard #1 song for the week of June 9 through June 16 was “Hold On” by Wilson Phillips.

- The biggest grossing movie of the year was “Home Alone.” The Oscar for best movie went to “Dances with Wolves.”

- The first season of “Seinfeld” ran on television. Ryan White, the suburban, heterosexual face of AIDS, died of the disease, leading to AIDS relief legislation in his name

- Michael Jordan had not yet won a NBA championship. The New York Gants won the Superbowl. The Oakland Athletics were vanquished in the World Series by the Cincinnati



Reds.

- The Soviet Union would collapse in a year.
- Mexican writer, Octavio Paz won the Nobel Prize for Literature. Mark Strand was the poet laureate of the United States.
- Nelson Mandela was still in prison—the last of his 27 years.

### June 6, late afternoon

A humid blustery day.

A huge storm was forecasted for Thursday. My father threw out words like “land hurricane” and “bow echo” when describing it to me.

Worried that the storm would blow the cicadas away before we had a chance to see them, my father and I drove to Turkey Creek road in a densely wooded development, where we could park in the driveway of a family friend. As we approached the development, we began to hear the song of the cicadas, strangely muted, yet localized, like the sound of loud music in a faraway apartment.

But when we entered the cover of the forest, a loud drone surrounded us, coming in waves of sound that provided a soundtrack to the swaying trees. The waves came in two distinct sounds, bending around each other: one, a solid, high pitched “kreeeeuh,” and another, a shaking “sssshhhooh.” The two sounds possibly being the result of two different species of periodical cicadas coexisting in the forest.

“The volume builds. Can you hear it?” my father asked. “Count between the waves.”

1...2...3...4 (kreeeeuuh) 1...2...3...4 (sssshhhooh) 1...2...3...4 (kreeeeuh)

The swaying and droning continued, but we could see very little



cicada activity in the shade, only catching a glimpse of golden wings as the cicadas jumped from tree to tree.

We found a few on the ground, including some moving slowly in their original skins. The empty molted skins were a dirty gold, like discarded caramel corn.

I only realized how loud the cicadas were after we drove off and my ears began to throb.

### June 10, lunch time

Sunny and clear. A little bit before noon.

The evening before we had driven in search of cicadas, hearing them somewhere in the distance but never able to zero in on their location. Finally, we decided to try the Lake MacBride National Recreation Area outside of Solon. A manmade lake celebrating its 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year, Lake MacBride is surrounded by trees that vary greatly in age. It became obvious where the oldest sections were by the clusters of cicada sound coming from areas older than the lake itself. Finally, in a small clearing of forest where campers register for spots, we found a batch of cicadas visibly crawling on the leaves of nearby ash trees. Arriving too late in the evening to see much activity out of them, however, we decided to come back again the next day.

We were not disappointed. Cicadas were everywhere, visible at all levels of the trees. In the most densely concentrated sections, there would be sometimes three or four cicadas sharing a small leaf—an improvised city of bugs.

Sun glinted off their dark blue backs and highlighted their strange red eyes. When they flew, they flew clumsily, like drunken pilots unable to maintain a direction. In full flight, they became tiny black





bodies enmeshed in a golden blur.

Entranced by the golden swarm while photographing cicadas at the forest's edge, I became an easy target for predators. Flies attached themselves to my legs, biting hard. Later, in the car, I noticed that there was a small black dot embedded between the knuckles on my right hand. The dot would not come out.

"Is this a tick?" I asked.

It was. A deer tick in fact, its head buried into my flesh like an eating champion face deep in a blueberry pie. My father pulled it out gingerly with his fingernails. The tick skittered around on the fleshy bed of his thumb, hiding furtively under his fingernail.

Tiring of this, he tossed it onto the dashboard and halved it with his thumbnail.

For the rest of the day, I itched all over, and whenever I felt an itch, I jumped in fright.

## The Next Brood XIII

In 2024, members of Generation Y, born between 1978 and 1995, will be the first generation of Americans to spend most of their adult lives overseas, according to futurists Arnold Brown and Eddie Weiner.

Humans will augment their brains with nanorobotics, according to The World Future Society. India, due to their proficiency in English and other advantages, will surpass China as an economic world power.

The "Baby Boomers" will be between 60 and 80 years old.

Martin Rees, a cosmologist at Cambridge, predicts that at least 1 million people will have died by that year in bioterror-related incidents, possibly in a single event.

By this year, NASA hopes to have completed and manned its base on the moon.

President George W. Bush's twin daughters will both be eligible to run for president for the first time in the election of 2024.

## June 14, late afternoon

A hot, dry day. Almost no wind.

My father and I gathered after work for one last listen to our insect friends, deciding to check the spots we had visited before to see how things had changed.

First was Turkey Creek Rd. Noticeably quieter than the week before, the high pitched cicada sound was barely apparent, and even the shakers were reticent. The song in the forest seemed as if it had spread and slowly dif-

fused, like toothpaste squeezed into a sink.

We drove towards the MacBride recreation area, the cicada song still intense in sections, but dispersed, with bursts of sound sometimes on our left, sometimes on our right. It was as if the sound was flowing into pools, from a large, originating channel. A flash of cicada sound resonated from the forest behind a collapsed barn, its rusty metal top shining on a pile of rotting wood.

The song at the camping registration area was louder than Turkey Creek Rd., yet still quieter than before. Timid from my recent brush with miniature predators, I stayed away from the trees, instead leaning back against the hot hood of the car, holding a small microphone between my thumb and forefinger—a last chance to catch the sound for posterity. My father, a little braver than me, ventured up to a mulberry tree and silently snacked on its berries.

The remaining cicadas continued their mating dance, swirling all the way up to the top of the tree, cavorting towards their vanishing point.

We sat there together and listened to them sing.

*Nothing in the cry  
of cicadas suggests they  
are about to die*

Basho

lv

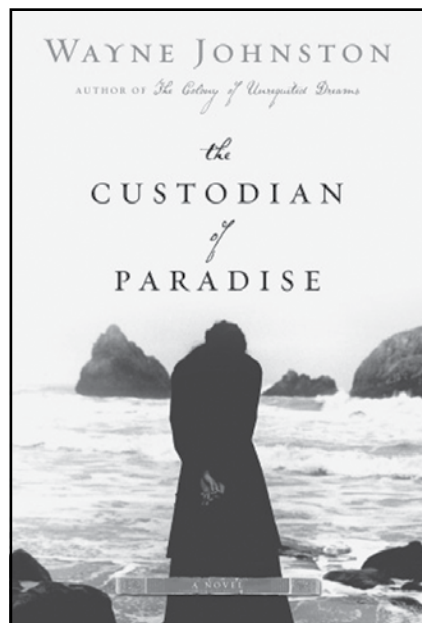
*Stephen Schmidt was born in Cedar Falls in 1982 and has lived in Iowa all of his life, most of it in the town of Solon. A graduate of the UI with a double major in Journalism and English, he now is waiting for a seemingly random occurrence to set him off on his journey to a magical kingdom.*



# ESCAPE IN THE HEAT

Newfoundland, pronounced in Canada New Found Land, is a big cold island, part of what our northern neighbors call The Maritimes. Her industries are fishing and lumber, and her culture basically Scottish and Irish. Newfoundland has produced two of the finest writers of fiction in the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries: Alistaire McLeod, author of dozens beautiful short stories, collected in *Island*, and one extraordinary novel, *No Great Mischief*, and Wayne Johnston, decades younger and hugely more prolific. He is the writer more likely to leave a deep legacy. He tends to write longish novels with an epic quality leavened with a fine wit, which makes often-dark material go down easily.

Johnston's *The Colony of Unrequited Dreams* is a tongue-in-cheek history of Newfoundland's discovery of its place in the 20th century world, told through the life of the poor kid Joey Smallwood (a real character). Joey rose to political heights through all manner of hijinx and brought Newfoundland to its "rightful place in the world." Among the many characters who bring light and life to this novel, we find the brilliant and witty character, Sheilagh Fielding. Sheilagh is six-foot-three in height—with a bum leg no less—compared to Smallwood's five-feet even, and for whom Smallwood carried a torch all his life.



Johnston's new novel, *The Custodian of Paradise*, features Sheilagh Fielding with Joe Smallwood as a minor character. We begin in mid-World War II with Sheilagh Fielding haunting the census bureau for "an uninhabited but habitable island" where she might live for an indeterminate period of time. Finally, the figure "0" appears under the population column of an island called Loreburn, for which she takes off with two steamer trunks, one full of necessities the other full of whisky and cigarettes—she is a lifetime alcoholic, one of many interesting facts we are to learn about her.

From her island perch, her life returns to her. She's brought along a lifetime of personal journals, and Johnston takes his readers back from her tragic childhood, through her equally tragic teenage years, and the circumstances that have led her to choose this isolated island as a place to sit and make sense of her wretched life. Her mother left the family for mysterious reasons when she was six. Her father, an overworked, depressed physician, was no company for a bright inquisitive child. He also bore doubts as to the actual provenance of Sheilagh's patrimony.

Sheilagh had grown to six feet by puberty: brilliant, beautiful and desperately lonely. She'd also begun a lifelong addiction to alcohol to curb an insomnia that would dog her all her life. Her first sexual experiment at 15 led to a pregnancy, solved by her father by sending her to New York City to live with her biological mother. Here she is kept in a dark room until she gives birth to twins, a boy and a girl. "Their names are David and Sara," she is told.

She is whisked back to St John's, Newfoundland without so much as an intimate moment with her children. Here she contracts tuberculosis, which cripples her leg for the rest of her life but does not slow her down.

*The Custodian of Paradise* might have been written by a couple of Brontës with lots of jokes thrown in—remember Sheilagh's rapier wit. Sheilagh is forced to live with a handful of maddening mysteries, which Johnston takes his good old time getting to the bottom of. There is the question of her mysterious Provider, a character who first appears as a source of liquor for her in the years when she was too young to purchase her own. He's a bit like the convict Magwitch in *Great Expectations*, always watching out for her in her luckless life, providing occasional money—a single woman in Newfoundland had few sources of income—encouragement in the

form of beautifully written letters, and intercession on her behalf when her sharp tongue gets her in trouble. Who is he and why is he devoted to her?

Read this wonderful novel

slowly and get to know

Sheilagh Fielding, and also

get to know the mysterious

and wonderful island of

Newfoundland.

Johnston has written a 510 page novel, which will remind the reader of something from the 19th century, set in a locale almost unimaginably exotic. Sheilagh's living on a Victorian Island where fishermen are caught in arctic storms and return nearly all frozen to death—Joe Smallwood was a survivor of such a tragedy. He has created a powerful female character, who is really a woman of the 20th century, honest and forthright and funny, writing satirical pieces for the St. John's newspaper that infuriate the powers that be, both religious and political.

Her life spreads out before her as she holes up on the tiny isle of Loreburn with her many journals. Despite her bad leg, she is strong and wanders her island alone, observing the homes of those who had found Loreburn uninhabitable. And then of course there are the horses that run wild about the island, and with whom she achieves a relationship. But I have told too much already. Read this wonderful novel slowly and get to know Sheilagh Fielding, and also get to know the mysterious and wonderful island of Newfoundland.

*Paul Ingram is a short man who lives in Iowa City. He has an overbite caused by his mother's fear of orthodontia. She has since died, leaving him with no chance to confront her about the effect this has had on his life. Most people see him as an introspective low-testosterone male, who has been known to make them laugh. All the rest is books.*



## Unknown Component

### *Separately Connected*

Self-released

[myspace.com/unknowncomponent](http://myspace.com/unknowncomponent)

By my count, Keith Lynch has released five albums in about as many years, an admirable feat for an artist, considering (or due to) the fact that he records and releases his work independently. The age of MySpace and relative ease of home recording has opened up many possibilities for artists with imagination to spare, and as Unknown Component, Lynch continues to offer up his wordy form of musical poetry for anyone who cares to have a go.

*Separately Connected*, the latest UC release, offers up a dozen engaging trips through such cheery affairs as the nature of truth and reality, with songs titled "Along With Your Mistakes" and "Friendly Indifference".

Shockingly, you won't need a bottle of pills by the end of this one. The music of UC propels even the most brooding sentiment forward, filling the empty spots with hammering drum machine fills, insistent guitar chording and keyboard landscapes. A drum machine can sound out of place used in more traditional songs, but the music on *Separately Connected* seems so alien, even cold, that it mostly still works.

Lynch's limited vocal talents are likewise used to full advantage, sometimes drowned in reverb and almost unintelligible. I would still favorably compare the results as the whispering version of Kurt Cobain, another vocalist who had little need to truly sing.

The lyric sheet reads like a Young American 2007 manifesto. In a world of high tech home video games, iPods and

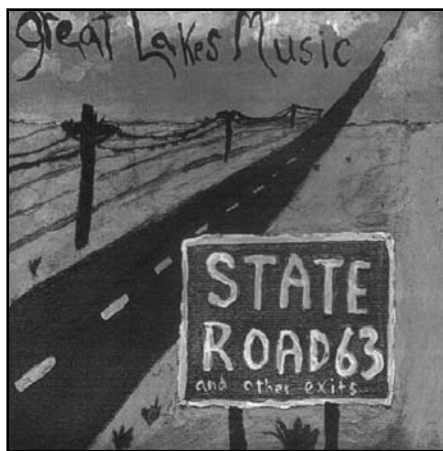
MP3s, cell phone entertainment and yes, drum machines and digital recorders, you still can't stop quick, young minds from turning inward.

"At times like these we tell ourselves that all we need is something else," sings Lynch, nicely summing up the desire churning through a culture that seemingly has everything.

The music, which serves as the backdrop for Lynch's wordplay, sometimes seems like an afterthought, quickly fading out as soon as the thought is complete, but the depth of the lyric is the prize after all.

Fans of the late Elliott Smith, Radiohead or even '90s-era U2 will likely find Unknown Component to their taste. I wouldn't go so far as to call *Separately Connected* a rock record, although tracks like "Being Awake" and "Truth Of Telling Lies" come pretty close to being anthems. Prolific artists working at any level suffer from some melodic similarities, and there are a few songs here that lack the hook necessary to be memorable.

Still, Lynch is taking on the Big Issues at his own pace and succeeding, a luxury that these days of cheap quality recording have afforded both him and his fans.



## Great Lakes Music

### *State Road 63 (And Other Exits)*

Self-released

[myspace.com/greatlakesmusic](http://myspace.com/greatlakesmusic)

Someone forgot to put out the "no vacancy" sign for "alternative country" bands in Iowa City. Package shows at the Mill and the Yacht Club regularly feature rootsy outfits banging out Son Volt imitations, sometimes adding a poorly skilled banjo or fiddle player for authenticity's sake. The bands that rise above the dreck do so by

offering a twist.

The Mayflies, for example, bring the positive vibes and danceable build-and-release jamminess of the Grateful Dead to the hoe down setting, and mainstays like Sam Knutson and Patrick Bloom set themselves apart with their top-notch songwriting skills, while ex-Hangdog and recovering country guy Matthew Grimm packs his Red Smear tunes with political sneer and danceable punk rock.

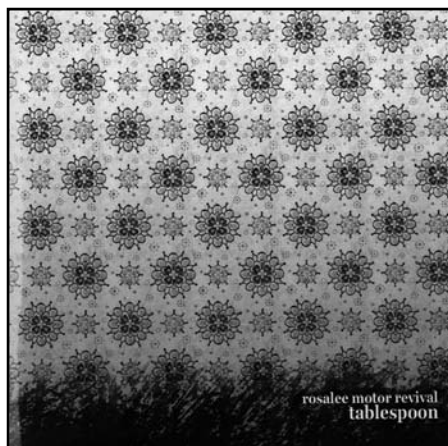
Great Lakes Music is the vehicle for Eric Langley's brand of country-leaning mood pieces. They're not new on the scene, but they are experiencing a flurry of activity after breaking up last year. The music on this EP, some of which will appear on the forthcoming full-length *Discipline And Sin*, is just traditional enough to lure roots fans and plenty punk enough for followers of outside corner artists like Ed Gray. The band's MySpace lists Jason Molina as an influence, and that's not hard to see, either.

"State Road 63," which opens the record, hits some derivative ruts, mixing up its nostalgia with morosely plodding lines about "the sound of wet pavement," but it's almost saved by Langley's addictive vocals and Skye Carrasco's weeping violin parts.

Langley often sounds a lot like Ed Gray on the slow ones, in fact, singing his lines in little more than a cracked whisper. A rock and roller called "Blue Eyes" cribs a bit of the classic "Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain" to mostly great results, bringing in some overdriven guitars and a driving beat. Overall, the whispered tuneless lines on the ballads, punctuated by cymbal crashes and lazy tambourine, don't fare as well once you've heard them rock out on tracks like this one.

"So put on some coffee and put on some Leonard Cohen," sings Langley on "Big Yellow Moon," and I was mostly reminded that I actually could be listening to something else, which probably isn't what he intended. *State Road 63* is a record that you'll want to like more, but for all of its haunting atmospherics, the songs didn't offer that twist that's so essential to providing something new in a scene already hurting from too much of the same DIY country dirges.

*William Fare lives in Cedar Rapids, IA, where he's been quietly plotting a move to Iowa City for a decade. He has written regularly for whoever will have him, including ICON and CRAM, as well as his foul-mouthed music blog, Crockonline.com.*



### Rosalee Motor Revival

*Tablespoon*

*Chicken Coop*

Four Mississippi

[myspace.com/rosaleemotorrevival](http://myspace.com/rosaleemotorrevival)

Rosalee Motor Revival is a bunch of folks from Muscatine who seem to have come unstuck in time. Lead singer John Watkins has the sort of delicate tenor and tentative delivery that brings Nick Drake or Syd Barrett to mind, but a lot of their beats are resolutely machine-made. The effete hippy-esque folk surface of the music belies the lyrics, which can be as bleak as John Cale's "Paris 1919" -- singing about AIDS and Crystal Meth in that precious voice, backed by flute and acoustic guitar? There's some artful bait-and-switch going on in this music.

All of that would be so much arch wanking if the songwriting didn't measure up, but fortunately, Watkins has that on lock. In "China Boat," he repeats the same melodic figure to the point you're almost annoyed by it and then makes an unexpected key change, at the moment where the tension in the lyrics resolve. "If I could paint my lips

bright like a red bird and let them fly away and nest upon your mouth..." is an example of the sort of literary games he plays -- all simple words of a single syllable constructing an arresting metaphor.

The simple instrumentation and down-home production values add to the atmosphere of this dark folk weirdness. *Tablespoon* is a fully realized album worth end-to-end listening. *Chicken Coop* collects demos and experiments, and is no less engaging for being rough and sketchy. "Junk Heart" sounds like it was made entirely with Goodwill Casio keyboards, but packs plenty of pop goodness. To follow "Junk Heart" with the earnest guitar ballad "Honey Song" is cheeky, but they both work, even if they are at right angles of each other. The live cover of Quiet Bears' "Spectacular" is woozy and lo fi -- the sort of live recording that sounds as though it was recorded at the bottom of a well full of drunks, but the ambience serves it well.

Limitations -- of sonic quality, instrumentation, musical variety -- serve both CDs well. Rosalee Motor Revival never lets a limitation in one musical dimension keep them from zooming off in another direction. It won't hit you on first listen, but Rosalee Motor Revival reflects an extravagant talent content to spin along on its own terms, without beating you over the head to call attention to itself.



### Driver of the Year

*Driver of the Year Will*

*Destroy You*

Nail in the Coffin

[myspace.com/driveroftheyear](http://myspace.com/driveroftheyear)

Driver of the Year is former Iowa Cityians who transplanted themselves in Chicago to

try to make it big. This CD covers all the bullet points for Rock Success: big guitars, bigger drums, a few synth lines to keep things sounding modern. But I'm not accusing them of being careerists -- their songs are full of jagged, angular guitar lines and tortured vocals, certainly enough to scare off the citizens. While they obviously feel compelled to Rock, there's a lot more of Fugazi, Built To Spill and Archers of Loaf to their sound than, e.g., Aerosmith.

"Kick Snare Highhat" is obscurely meta, with its chorus of "Hey, DJ, bring the chorus back," driven by a punchy one-note line. As with the more conventionally melodic "It Wasn't True," the lead vocals remind me of the nasal whinge of Bill Corrigan-- and not necessarily in a good way. Given what Billy's been up to since the Smashing Pumpkins, I think I'll take the songwriting on this CD over anything he's done in a long time. More successful for me is the spare groove of "Night Receiver," which uses a buzzy synth line to hold down the space between the guitar and bass. About halfway through the chord, the line changes direction and the buzzing drops out.

"Barely Legal" starts out with a Pixies-esque wailing intro but changes in the verse to something much more spacious. The lyrics, "Alright we go out every single night... a lot of motherfuckers up in here tonight," drips with sarcasm, satirizing the stereotypical party-hardy rock anthem. The snarling vocals put the lie to the whole hedonistic party line. The cover of Talking Heads' "Girlfriend Is Better" twists the song into something new with Prince-style keyboard fills.

I don't know if Driver of the Year will actually destroy anyone, but they can write and play, and bring buckets of attitude to their music. They seem to sit on the fence between making audience pleasing rock gestures and refusing to meet anyone's expectations but their own. They remind me a bit of Iowa City's The Slats, not so much in how they sound but in their refusal to pander to listeners.

Driver of the Year isn't easy listening, but they rock things their own curious, unsettling way.

*Kent Williams writes the software that makes the whole world sing. Or at least, the software that helps psychiatrists classify anatomic features of the brain. He also produces his own electronic music and writes for various publications. Turn ons: creative use of a ring modulator and cooking with garlic. Turn offs: Meat nuggets, CNN and Fox News.*

## Art/Exhibits

### African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center

55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863

*It's More Than Just a Game: African American Sports in Iowa*, through Aug. 31.

### Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375

Joffrey Ballet, Jul. 6, 8pm • The Classics at Brucemore: *Macbeth*, Jul. 12-22, 8pm • Outdoor Children's Theatre: *The Incredible Adventures of Captain Spoon*, Jul. 25-28, 5:30pm and 7:30pm • The Brucemore Garden and Art Show, Aug. 25, 9am to 4pm.

### Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

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

*Dance, Dance, Dance: The Dancer in Art*, through Sep. 2 • *Stan Wiederspan: The Box Chapel*, through Aug. 5 • *Midwestern Visions: Grant Wood, Marvin Cone and Beyond*, through Sep. 2 • *About Face: Portraiture from the Collection*, through Oct. 28 • *Art in Roman Life*, ongoing.

### The History Center

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

*Living along the Tributaries*, ongoing • *Timequest*, ongoing.

### National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library

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

*Homelands: The Story of the Czech and Slovak People*, ongoing.

## Music

### Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375

Bluesmore, Aug. 4, 4pm • Cabaret in the

Courtyard, Aug. 10-19, 7pm.

### Friday Night Concert Series

Weatherdance Fountain Stage, outside the Sheraton Hotel, Downtown Iowa City

All concerts take place from 6:30pm to 9:30pm.

Grooveship, Jul. 6 • Big Wooden Radio, Jul. 13 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, Jul. 20 • BF Burt and the Instigators, Jul. 27 • New Beat Society, Aug. 3 • Funkmaster Cracker, Broke Out Steppers, Aug. 10 • Orquestra Alto Maiz, Aug. 17 • Dave Moore, Ggitch, Aug. 24 • Public Property, Aug. 31.

### Iowa City Jazz Festival

Visit [www.summerofthearts.org](http://www.summerofthearts.org) for stage locations and more information.

Jul. 1 - Main Stage Schedule: Public Property, 2pm • Rebecca Martin, 4pm • Ben Allison Quartet, 6pm • The Derek Trucks Band, 8pm • Jul. 1 - Side Stage Schedule: Youth Stage - Ignition, 1:30 pm and 3:30pm, North Scott High, 5:30pm and 7:30pm • Local Stage - Radio Improved, 1:30pm and 3:30pm, The Tornados, 5:30pm and 7:30pm • College Stage - Three Page Fives, 1:30pm and 3:30pm, Group X, 5:30pm and 7:30pm.

### The Mill

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

Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm. All music, 9pm

unless noted otherwise. Bluegrass on Wed.

The oftENsemble, Jul. 3 • Ryan Bingham, Deathships, Jul. 5 • Plexi 3, The Puritanicals, Jul. 6 • Dave Zollo and The Body Electric, Jul. 7 • Hunab, Dr. Z's Experiment, Jul. 12 • Pieta Brown, Lissie, Jul. 13 • Matthew Grimm and the Red Smear, Jul. 14 • The oftEnsemble, Jul. 17 • John Doe, Dead Rock West, Jul. 19 • Drakkar Sauna, 12 Canons, Jul. 20 • Ashley Gillette Benefit Concert, Jul. 21 • Greg Brown, Bo Ramsey, David Zollo, Jul. 28.

### The Picador

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

Physical Challenge Dance Party, Thursdays,

9pm. All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.

The Hibachi Stranglers, Jeanie and the Tits,

Lipstick Homicide, Thee Almighty Handclaps, Jul. 1 • Page France, Skursula, Kate Kennedy, Jul. 3 • Saosin, Poison The Well, The Receiving End of Sirens, Fiore, Jul. 4, 6pm • Coolzey, Radix, Animosity, Family Van, Jul. 4 • Parts and Labor, Night Wounds, Open Goat, Jul. 5 • Karaoke with Bil Francis, Jul. 7 • The Feeding, The Serpent Son, On The Eve of War, Jul. 9, 6pm • The Actual, Fair Warning, The Ballet, Mistaken for Heroes, Jul. 10, 6pm • He Is Legend, Maylene and the Sons of Disaster, Modern Life Is War, Paulson, Jul. 11, 5:30pm • Local Hip-Hop Showcase, Jul. 11 • Battles, Singer, Jul. 12 • Kill Whitney Dead, Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza, From the Shallows, The Demonstration, Jul. 13, 5pm • Human Aftertaste, TBA, Jul. 13 • Casiotone for the Painfully Alone, The Donkeys, Cartright, Jul. 14 • Telly Savalas, DJ Miracles, Animosity, David the Saint, Jul. 18 • Bad Fathers, TBA, Jul. 20 • Don Caballero, \$2 Dollars At The Door, Wire Hangers, The Wheel and Fence, Jul. 23 • Mr. Gnome, TBA, Jul. 24 • Pterodactyl, The Tanks, Banana Hands, The Slats, Jul. 25 • Tilly and the Wall, TBA, Jul. 26, 7pm • Dance Gavin Dance, A Skylit Drive, Love Hate Hero, Blinded Black, Kenotia, Jul. 29, 6pm • Manchester Orchestra, Colour Revolt, TBA, Jul. 31, 6pm • Neil Hamburger, Daquiri, Miracles of God, Aug. 1 • Skursula, Skittish, Aug. 2 • Band of Horses, Love is Laughter, Aug. 4 • Reverend Horton Heat, Murder By Death, Aug. 5 • Dios Malos, TBA, Aug. 7 • William Elliot Whitmore, The Plastic Constellations, Tornavalanche, Coyote Blood, Aug. 17 • Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Boys Night Out, The Dear Hunter, Pierce The Veil, Aug. 19, 6pm • A Paper Cup Band, Emperor Penguin, Rachel, Marie, and Meredith, Aug. 20 • Pelican, Clouds, Sweet Cobra, Aug. 22 • Escape the Floodwater Jug Band, TBA, Aug. 23 • Modern Life Is War, TBA, Aug. 24 • The Diplomats of Solid Sound ft. The Diplomettes, TBA, Aug. 25 • The Feeding, Thriller, The Orangeburg Massacre, On the Eve of War, Recession, Aug. 27, 6pm • The Detroit Cobras, Dan Sartain, Willowz, Aug. 28.



## Creative Writing Classes...

Creative Writing: Short Fiction	T Th	12 p.m. - 1:50 p.m. 12 p.m. - 12:50 p.m.
Creative Writing: Short Fiction <i>Iowa City Campus</i>	T Th	2 p.m. - 2:50 p.m. 1 p.m. - 2:50 p.m.
Creative Writing	W	6 p.m. - 8:50 p.m.

Online classes through Anytime/Anywhere:

Creative Writing: Playwriting/Screenwriting

Creative Writing: Poetry

Fall 2007 classes

All classes are three credit hours.

Day, night and Internet classes offered!

*Students from these classes have received national awards for their work!*

Register today at 398-5412. Classes begin August 21.

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COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
[www.kirkwood.edu](http://www.kirkwood.edu)



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Anomy House: (319) 337-8445

[www.river-city-housing.org](http://www.river-city-housing.org)

## CALENDAR

### Paramount Theatre

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

"Weird Al" Yankovic, Jul. 1, 7pm.

### S.T. Morrison Park

1512 7th Street, Coralville, 248-1700

Grand Funk Railroad, Jul. 3, 8pm.

### Uptown Bill's Small Mall

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

Open Mic Night, every Friday, 8-11pm, all other performances, 7pm.

### Yacht Club

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

Blues Jam, Sundays, 9pm; Throwdown: Free Dance Party, Tuesday nights; Open Jam, Wednesdays, 10 pm. All music, 9pm, unless noted otherwise.

BM7, Spencer, Jul. 5 • Lunatix on Pogostix, Seymore Saves the World, Jul. 6 • Dennis McMurrin and The Demolition Band, Jul. 7th • A.V. Collective, TBA, Jul. 14 • Vital Light, Happy Birthday Amy, I'm On Neptune, Jul. 19 • Bonerama, Run Side Down, Jul. 20 • Broke Out Steppers, Sambista Nova, Jul. 27 • The Jumbies, The Brisbanes, Jul. 28 • Lucia Lie, TBA, Aug. 2 • Euforquestra, Aug. 3 • Dennis McMurrin and The Demolition Band, Aug. 4 • The Most, Aug. 10 • Vitamin Funk, Euforquestra String Band, Aug. 11 • The Burning Haloes, She Swings, She Sways, Aug. 16 • The Mayflies, Uniphonics, Aug. 17 • Mad Monks, Mint Wad Willie, Aug. 18 • Sublime Tribute with Stark Machete, Aug. 24 • Public Property, Aug. 30.

## Theater/Performance/ Dance/Comedy

### Brucemore

2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375

Joffrey Ballet, Jul. 6, 8pm • The Classics at Brucemore: *Macbeth*, Jul. 12-22, 8pm • Outdoor Children's Theatre: *The Incredible Adventures of Captain Spoon*, Jul. 25-28, 5:30pm and 7:30pm.

### Englert Theatre

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

Into The Woods, Jul. 6, 8pm.

Emily Louise  
Sharon Bousquet  
Janelle Lauer  
Awful Purdies  
Wishing Chair  
Susan Werner  
Ruthie Foster

**IWMF14**  
iowa women's music festival  
saturday, september 15, 2007  
[www.prairievoices.net](http://www.prairievoices.net)  
starts at Noon at Iowa City City Park



**Nucleus Retail Incubator**  
207 Second Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids  
24-Hour Play Festival, Jul. 7, 8pm.

## Words

### Prairie Lights

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

All reading 7pm unless noted otherwise.

Andrea Portes, Jul. 9 • William Ford, Jul. 10  
• Jennifer Banash and Nick Antosca, Jul. 11 •  
Sandy Dyas, Jul. 13 • Doug Goetsch, Jul. 17 • Les  
Claypool, Jul. 19 • John D. Thompson, Jul. 24 •  
John Domini, Jul. 26 • Michael Lomax, Jul. 27.

## Film/Video

### Bijou Theatre

UI Memorial Union

UI Campus, 335-3258

Visit [www.bijouthheater.org](http://www.bijouthheater.org) for show times

Zoo, Jul. 6-12 • *Offside*, Jul. 12-19 • *Into Great  
Silence*, Jul. 20-26.

### Englert Theatre

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

Landlocked Film Festival, Aug. 9-10. Visit [www.llff.org](http://www.llff.org) for more details and showtimes.

### PATV Bike-In Theater

206 Lafayette St., Iowa City, 338-7035

Saturday nights at sundown thru Sept.

### Summer of the Arts

University of Iowa Pentacrest

*Saturday Night Free Movie Series*

*Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, Jul. 7 • *The  
Straight Story*, Jul. 14 • *The Santa Clause*, Jul.  
21 • *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, Jul. 28 •  
*Rear Window*, Aug. 4, Landlocked Film Festival,  
Aug. 11 • *Spirited Away*, Aug. 18 • *Step Up*, Aug.  
25.

### Uptown Bill's Small Mall

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

Movie Night, Sundays, 6pm.

## Misc

### Johnson County Fair

4265 Oak Crest Hill Rd. SE, Iowa City

Numerous events and exhibits, Jul. 23-26.

### Old Brick Community Center

26 E. Market St., Iowa City

Flamenco Dance Workshop, Jul. 5, 6pm to 9pm.

## A-LIST



Neil Hamburger

**Neil Hamburger**  
**w/Daquiri, Miracles of God**  
**The Picador • Aug. 1, 9pm**  
[www.thepicador.com](http://www.thepicador.com)

"But that's my life," is what stand up comedian Neil Hamburger typically signs off with after one of his jumbled celebrity jokes.

Hamburger is the alter ego of Australian native Gregg Turkington. Some are revolted, some are bewildered, but there is one thing for certain—Hamburger is one of those people that make you laugh whole heartedly whether it's out of fear or disgust.

His offensive, clichéd material is often entangled with his constant throat clearing, a staple to his comedic routine.

Unlike most comedians, he is signed to the indie label, Drag City, an interesting addition to their eclectic list of artists, including: Bill Callahan, Joanna Newsom and White Magic to name a few.

Just like the Lenny Bruce before him, his jokes are controversial in that, I-don't-know-if-I-should-laugh-sort-of-way.

In his famous stained velvet coat, with a whiskey on the rocks in tow, he is the epitome of hipster icons in comedic form.

In the 1980s, Turkington served as one of the publishers of zine, *Breakfast Without Meat* as well as performing in rare San Francisco bands such as Hello Kitty On Ice and Bean Church. Hamburger was also a former member of the Totem Pole of Losers and the Zip Code Rapists and has done collaborations with Trey Spruance of Mr. Bungle.

In the early '90s, he started indie label Amarillo Records, which has released works by many artists from SF's experimental post-punk music scene.

Neil Hamburger is a definite must see, but be warned, he's not for the faint of heart!!!

### PATV Bike-In Theater

Jul. 19, Aug. 16, Sep. 20 • At sundown

The wheels on the bike go round and round—and if you're looking for independently made, free entertainment, then those wheels will take you down to PATV's bike-in theater at 206 Lafayette Street here in Iowa City. You might have already missed the June 21st showing of the 1962 classic "The Day of the Triffids," but you still have three chances to catch this non-profit, community-building, bike-lovin' event.

July 19th will bring local legend Paul Rust, of No Shame and Public Space One fame, back to Iowa City--on the outdoor screen, at least. Rust currently lives in L.A. and will be in the upcoming Will Ferrel film "Semi-Pro." According to the PATV blog, Rust's "David Mows Lawns"\* was made and produced locally, featuring a lonely teenager and middle-aged housewives with, you guessed it, lawns to mow. Will there on-screen lemonade showers? Come and find out.

August 16th brings "Through the Night,\*\*" a new horror film from a new Iowa-based production company, Prescribed Films. Tagline: "If you're sick, we've got your flick!" They specialize in those horror and slasher films that "only a mother could love," says their Geocities Web site, [www.geocities.com/prescribed-films](http://www.geocities.com/prescribed-films). The PATV Web site says this flick has two ingredients: a couple celebrating their anniversary and runaway mental patients. Well, at least it's local.

September 20th features featurettes from the Landlocked Film Festival, a.k.a. The Iowa City International Film Festival. If you miss is on Aug. 9, 10 & 11 down at The Englert, then here's your second chance.

According to the Landlocked Web site, [www.llff.org](http://www.llff.org), "the filmmaker rules here." Details on the festival's schedule should be available on this Web site in early July. What will make the PATV cut? Again, COME SEE!!!

For further updates, check out the PATV blog at [patv.tv/blog/bike-in-theater-2007](http://patv.tv/blog/bike-in-theater-2007).

\*Film contains adult language

\*\*For mature audiences

# Red Hot Reads

QZ recommends words to sweat by

For those summer nights you want to make hotter, Queen Zelda has some more adult reads for y'all. Some you'll be able to find at Prairie Lights and Barnes & Noble, but others might take you down the Red Light street on Iowa City's south side. QZ also has some Internet picks for those tele-read-onic loving folks, but don't get caught reading them at work.

Library-safe literary erotica might be the first stop to lick up some verse. Not only is it free, it's free speech wielding, as well. Pick up some Anaïs Nin to start, where you'll experience a ceremonious courtship of mental sensations. Her writing is way hot, and has those weird little quirks that could never have come from this day and age, like calling the anus the "unnatural" hole—wait, I guess some people still have the 1940s mentality.

As the story goes, Nin penned the fiction for a quick buck, but her nonfiction was more about a romantic f... Well, once you read them both, you'll notice the similarities. *Delta of Venus*, labeled fiction, might make your jaw drop with some of the circumstances this modern author paints.

It was Freud's time, remember, and everybody who's anybody has an analyst. *Delta of Venus* is the class-ass-tic collection of her erotica; however, she said she hated jumping to the action in these pieces, neglecting the sensuous build-up of narrative. If you find nonfiction to be a more seductive mental temptress, pick up a volume of her diaries—as prolific as she was horny. Her sexual pleasure and pain fill several tomes.

If you're not already familiar with her stories, Henry Miller makes quite a few cameos. They were lovers, of mind and body according to her. They sure had titillating tales in common. Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* was erotic enough in the 1960s to cause outrage leading to obscenity trials, which refined the United States' definition of the right of free expression among intellectual and artistic works.

Now that the Internet is in full swing, these arguments over free expression are being waged with exponential risks, but the intellectual precedent set by the Miller case puts that responsibility (rightly) within the hands and minds of the user. If your hands and mind do desire to use the Internet for consuming erotica, check out Literotica.com.

Literotica.com site is simple and easy to navigate. Its story index lists topics ranging from writings about celebrities to stories about rape-fantasies. It even publishes pieces that are not in English, including German, Dutch and the Romance languages.

My favorite erotica to read online comes directly to my in-box (pun it if ya want, but I'm strictly talking email). I started receiving the Harlot newsletter—at one point, "The Scarlet Letter"—about eight months ago, and it's my regular Wednesday treat. It has the best links to games and videos online, in addition to its special "Cliterature" section, which is now in link form instead of a PDF downloaded to the

computer's desktop. Harlot's Cliterature generally comes in fun, short reads that excite in Briticism fashion. Find the full archive at <http://www.scarletmagazine.co.uk/archive/cliterature/index.html>.

And as promised, here's where you wanna go for extended dirt reads. The three for \$6.99 bin at the Pleasure Palace, 315 Kirkwood Avenue, sells smut books that are fun for about five minutes. When you read the whole thing, it begs to become fodder for a dissertation on porn. Here, no subtle context hide these horny thoughts.

In the "John Angus" book, *A Virgin's Diary*, Allison goes from broke college virgin to a hundred-dollar stripper, with an offer to be transformed into a thousand-dollar call girl, and all through one summer. Allison manages to lay not only her best friend Molly but also Molly's brother, father, and yes, mother, not to mention strangers at a porn shop. She also gets gang-banged on a pool table in a bar and turns lap dances into prostitution.

*She was a little flustered, hardly able to believe she'd actually fucked a guy for money, prostituted herself.*

*On the other hand, as she admitted to herself, it wasn't really for the money. She was so hot she had to fuck that big black guy. The money was just an extra.*

Ever self-aware, Allison ponders her sexual desires in this third-person diary of hers, giving the book multiple, and multiple and multiple, climaxes.

Smut books are fine for a time, but what will Queen Zelda be reading this summer? Some classic kink penned by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in Furs*, which inspired the Velvet Underground song named after it. I'll be reading about boot-kissin', love not given lightly, and some twisted feminism that says women should be the ones who serve until they're given an education and equal standing in this world, all published in 1870. (News for Herr S-M, women still serve despite their education and "equality.")

So while I read about Herr S-M and his women-wearing-pelts-pelting-him-fetish, what mental fancy will tickle you? **lv**

*Queen Zelda won't be donning any pelts in this heat, but she will be roasting in front of the Internet for a quick treat, and maybe shuffling through the air-conditioned stacks at the library, looking for that next titillating read.*



Smut books are fine  
for a time, but what  
will Queen Zelda be  
reading this summer?

## FORECAST FOR JULY 2007

**♈ ARIES**—You are feeling the need for personal independence and self-expression. Or maybe you just need to assert yourself in your present situation in order to make it more comfortable for you. But take care, there is only so much flexibility in this situation. Continued stability and security will depend on your patience and forbearance. You must adapt your deeply felt, powerfully charged personal ideals and your urge for self-expression. If you don't bend a little, you risk a major upset. You could tip over the proverbial applecart.

**♉ TAURUS**—You are feeling the tug of your hopes and ambitions and the pull of your personal ideals intensely about now. You are also feeling blocked and impatient because of your relative powerlessness. My advice is to work patiently through the details of the complex and demanding situation in which you find yourself. Observe changes in your neighborhood and community, also. Some of these changes will not be well thought-out. They will require foresight and careful responses on your part. Meanwhile, take comfort from positive developments in long-term financial matters.

**♊ GEMINI**—You are sensitive to the numerous concerns expressed by others, but like others, you aren't yet in a position to change anything. It is true that opposition forces are weaker. But there is too much confusion for effective action. There is also risk of overreaching or premature action. The foundation you have worked so hard to create can only take so much weight. Let those in charge do what they can. Meanwhile, you would benefit by working through some tricky philosophical and spiritual issues. Your personal position is secure.

**♋ CANCER**—Others will be influenced naturally and spontaneously by your response to events. You must rise above your disappointments or risk spreading gloom and dissatisfaction. Your personal bonds with others in the community are especially lively and productive right now. You can use this influence to make people see beyond their own self-interest and work cooperatively. Cooperation is a necessity if everyone is to come out of this OK. You'll have to be even more diplomatic and sensitive to the feelings of others than usual. Impatience and irritability are running high.

**♌ LEO**—Leo has been under a tiring, inhibiting planetary influence for a couple of years. Fortunately, this influence will leave Leo early in September. You will then experience an immediate boost in mood, attitude and energy levels. The first half of July will offer a preview of this new condition. Don't be discouraged when the preview ends and things bog down again in late July. In September, a new, refurbished Leo will arrive on the scene to stay, minus lots of old baggage and full of new life and energy.

**♍ VIRGO**—Your input will be important. People, including some powerful and highly motivated people, will depend on your input. However, it could be hard to express some of your more innovative, intuitive ideas, especially since some of your thoughts will involve rebellion against the system. Your ideas will be quite influential in any case. You might be surprised at what people do or say on the basis of your advice. Overall, you are under very supportive and protective influences. If you keep work and partnership affairs under control, you'll do quite well.

**♎ LIBRA**—This month, the challenges will not be in any of the financial, or economic, areas of your life. (Although, if you allow

it, professional and work issues could spill over, upsetting the rest of your affairs.) The challenges will be kind of spiritual, philosophical and generally abstract. They will involve relationship and emotional issues, which are so important to Librans. Even relationship matters that seem to go well might conceal knotty problems for later resolution. Your solution of these intellectual and emotional issues will eventually have important, concrete benefits.

**♏ SCORPIO**—You are still being powerfully affected by a lot of things over which you have little or no control. It seems that your own commitments and loyalties, especially in partnership and professional areas, are helping contribute to the impasse. The wise, selective use of financial resources can supplement your personal capacity while you work toward a resolution of some stubborn issues. You are certainly coping very well. However, coping well is not at all the same thing as prospering. Take advantage of upcoming changes to further lighten your load.

**♐ SAGITTARIUS**—There is nothing motivating you strongly in one direction or another. Also, a lot of tricky issues are keeping you from decisive action. Normally thoughtful people, Sagittarians are now overly thoughtful people, preoccupied by many complicated and subtle questions. This lengthy standstill will end later this year. When it's over you will have changed your mind about many things. But the \*way\* you think about things is going to change also. Reason and evidence won't be enough to convince you anymore. You will take imponderables—feelings, conscience, and intuition—much more seriously.

**♑ CAPRICORN**—The options are rattling around out there, but none of them measure up to your expectations, yet. You might have to disappoint a lot of eager people. If you said yes now, you know things wouldn't work out anyway. It's partly a question of keeping finances within bounds. But you are also troubled by a lot of subtle philosophical issues. To be honest, it would probably be best for all concerned if you held off completely on some things until late summer. New and more promising conditions will emerge then.

**♒ AQUARIUS**—Relations with those close to you are strained. Even casual friendships seem to have chilled somewhat. Present tensions are part of a planetary renovation of your social life that will soon be completed. Relationships are being put on a sounder footing. When this seeming chill has passed, your relationships overall will be more flexible and sustainable than before. These new arrangements will work better for years to come. Shakeups in relationships can be upsetting, but you should remain confident. The planets have placed a protective mantle over your affairs.

**♓ PISCES**—There is a lot riding on your decisions. Your choices are influencing the lives of those around you. This is partly because you have special insight into what's happening. But it's also because your understanding of underlying realities is very clear. Many in your life don't quite understand where you are coming from or what your needs are anymore. You should make a special effort to explain your thoughts. You'll have to break free of some old ties or at least adjust the terms in accordance with recent insights.

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

Yippie Kai-ay, motherf\*\*\*\*r!!! Come to....

## PHYSICAL CHALLENGE

...AND DANCE!

### THURSDAY NIGHTS!!!

19+ DOWNSTAIRS



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**Sun. July 1 -- ALL AGES 6pm**  
**Dead To Fall**  
 Ignite the Will High Five The Feeding Avidius

---

**Tues. July 3 --**  
**Page France** Skursula Kate Kennedy

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**Wed. July 4 -- ALL AGES 6pm**  
**Saasin** Poison the Well  
 The Receiving End of Sirens Fiore

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**Wed. July 4 -- Coolzey** Radix

---

**Thurs. July 5 --**  
**Parts and Labor** Open Goat

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**Wed. July 11 -- ALL AGES 6pm**  
**He Is Legend** Maylene and the Sons of Disaster  
 Modern Life Is War Paulson

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**Thurs. July 12 -- Battles** Singer

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**Fri. July 13 -- ALL AGES 5pm**  
**Killwhitneydead**  
 The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza From the Shallows  
 The Demonstration

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**Fri. July 13 -- Human Aftertaste**

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**Sat. July 14 --**  
**Casiotone for the Painfully Alone**  
 The Donkeys Cartright

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**Fri. July 20 -- Bad Fathers**

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**Mon. July 23 -- Don Caballero**

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**Wed. Aug. 1 --**  
**Neil Hamburger** Daquiri Miracles of God

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**Thurs. Aug. 2 -- Skursula** Skittish

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**Sun. Aug. 5 --**  
**The Reverend Horton Heat**  
 Murder By Death

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**Wed. Aug. 15 -- ALL AGES 6PM**  
**Bleeding Through**

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**Tues. Aug. 28 --**  
**The Detroit Cobras** Willowz

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**THE PICADOR'S ONE YEAR BIRTHDAY BASH**

**Fri. Aug. 17 -- with**  
**William Elliott Whitmore**  
 and friends

Check [thepicador.com](http://thepicador.com) for a whole weekend of shows and festivities!!!

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**MUSIC APPRECIATION TUESDAYS**  
 DOWNSTAIRS AND FREE!

**1st TUESDAY -- METAL 101**

**ADVANCED HIP-HOP**

**2nd TUESDAY -- TUTORIAL** with Coolzey

**3rd TUESDAY -- DJ SUPA RUSTY**

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**THE PICADOR**

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