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June/July 10

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For The Dead

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Left to right:

Bryan Drury, *Feast* (detail), 2010. Oil on canvas, 48 x 72 inches. Courtesy of DEAN PROJECT, New York. **Harry Shearer**, *James Carville, The Silent Echo Chamber* (detail), 2008. Video, 14:53 minutes. Courtesy of Susan Inglett Gallery, New York. **Michael Van den Besselaar**, *The Time Machine Mirror #5* (detail), 2008. Oil on canvas, 47 x 63 inches. Courtesy of Black and White Gallery, New York. **Mark Wagner**, *Took for Granted* (detail), 2008. Currency collage, 30 x 25 inches. Private collection. Courtesy of Pavel Zoubok Gallery, New York.

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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

STEP ONE: PRIVATE INDUSTRY PUTS PUBLIC HEALTH AND/OR SAFETY AT RISK.

TO INCREASE THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR GRAVEL-MINING OPERATIONS, WE HAVE DEVELOPED A NEW CATEGORY OF EXPLOSIVE WE CALL THE **DOOMSDAY BOMB!**

A.K.A. THE **PLANET BUSTER!** NOT TO WORRY! IT'S **PERFECTLY SAFE!**

STEP TWO: WORRIED LIBERALS PROPOSE MODEST REGULATIONS.

IF WE'RE GOING TO ALLOW THEM TO DEPLOY THESE **DOOMSDAY BOMBS--**

--WE SHOULD AT **LEAST** REQUIRE THEM TO INSTALL A \$1.97 CUTOFF SWITCH ON EACH DEVICE!

I MEAN--IT'S A **DOOMSDAY BOMB!**

STEP THREE: CONSERVATIVES PUSH BACK.

THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!** DO YOU **REALIZE** HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST TO INSTALL THESE SO-CALLED SAFETY SWITCHES ON EACH DEVICE?

\$1.97 APIECE! EXACTLY!

STEP FOUR: MEDIA DUTIFULLY REPORT BOTH SIDES OF ISSUE.

THE WORLD SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY HAS CONCLUDED THAT **DOOMSDAY BOMBS** ARE A DANGER TO ALL LIFE ON EARTH.

ON THE OTHER HAND, INDUSTRY-FINANCED SKEPTICS **DISAGREE!** I GUESS THERE'S **NO WAY TO KNOW WHO'S RIGHT!**

STEP FIVE: INEVITABLE DISASTER UNFOLDS.

NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE PREDICTED THIS.

KA-BOOM!

STEP SIX: CONSERVATIVES DOUBLE DOWN ON THE CRAZY.

LIBERALS **WANTED** THIS TO HAPPEN--SO THEY'D HAVE AN EXCUSE TO IMPOSE MORE **REGULATIONS!**

ANYWAY--I THINK THERE ARE NUMEROUS **ADVANTAGES** TO OUR NEW **SUBDIVIDED PLANET!** UM-- YOU'RE ON MY **CHUNK.** WHAT?

TOM TOMORROW © 2010... www.thismodernworld.com

Challenging Change

In the raging underage/binge drinking debate in Iowa City, a couple of familiar refrains keep being sung: “You can’t change the drinking culture,” and “Downtown Iowa City’s economy will collapse,” the latter with various subpoints (the downtown economy is heavily bar-dependent, so there will be mass vacant storefronts, many jobs will be lost, tax revenue will plummet, etc., etc.). These talking points are repeated ad infinitum by many, but especially the student population. Underlying both of these arguments is a fundamental belief that things cannot change from their current state. The universe always tells us that nothing is further from the truth.

I teach a couple of undergraduate courses at the UI that emphasize fundamental societal change. Issues of environmental sustainability, corporate globalization, local economies, civic engagement, the fate of place, and so forth are our bread and butter. The message that often comes through our readings and discussion is “we have really messed up this world badly.” The prevailing message I get from my students is “we can’t do anything about it.”

This is disheartening and alarming. I’m often surprised at the fatalism, even cynicism, that my 18- to 22-year-old charges express. Aren’t the young supposed to be the idealists, the revolutionaries, the harbingers and arbiters of change?

I am trying to avoid being parental, and I am especially trying to avoid being a codger. I am

also trying to avoid painting with too broad a brush. So let me say first that, in my years of teaching, including today, I have come across many young people who are imaginative, eager and busting to make change happen in the world. But in the past few years, I will also

Within the five years of 1989 to 1994, the Iron Curtain melted, the Berlin Wall fell, the Soviet Union collapsed, Nelson Mandela walked free, and apartheid was dismantled...So don’t tell me change can’t happen.

say that the vast majority of my undergraduate charges are firmly in the “change won’t happen” camp.

Given the immense problems we face, I can’t blame anyone for being pessimistic. When the power structures of our world so overwhelmingly support the status quo, especially in the interest of the powerful and wealthy, it’s hard to see how a fundamental shift in human behavior, let alone consciousness, can happen. But whereas the freshness of youth has the theoretical ability to see things unjaded and ideal, I think that vision also can be compromised by a lack of historical experience.

This past semester, as we were discussing Bill McKibben’s *Deep Economy*, one of my students said he could not imagine the changes McKibben recommends (in essence re-local-

izing our economy) without a mass national agreement to do so and some huge master plan. My initial response to him—without trying to be glib—was that neither the Russian nor American Revolutions were started or accomplished in this way. Likewise, the shift from a Ptolemaic to Copernican understanding of the solar system hardly happened via the Roman Catholic Church’s five-year strategic plan of 1540.

Such abstract and remote knowledge, no matter how compelling, is still hard to apply convincingly to the here and now. Every semester, I try to personalize it a bit by trotting out what I call my “believe in change” homily. I tell my students how I grew up in the 1960s and ‘70s, and what the world “was” then seemed like it would never change. The Soviet Union was a superpower, locked in perpetual Cold War with the United States. Nelson Mandela had been in prison for nearly my entire life, and apartheid had been the law of the land in South Africa since more than a decade before I was born. Given the power dynamics that had frozen these political situations in place, and since this had always been the way things were as far as I could see, I could not imagine them ever changing.

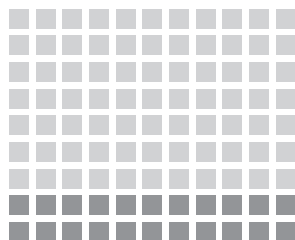
But within the five years of 1989 to 1994, the Iron Curtain melted, the Berlin Wall fell, the Soviet Union collapsed, Nelson Mandela walked free, and apartheid was dismantled. I literally sat awestruck and dumbfounded seeing these incredible, unbelievable events transpiring on my TV screen two decades ago. So don’t tell me change can’t happen.

CHANGING DEMOGRAPHICS

Every 10 years, the U.S. Census records (and results in) changes here in Iowa. With the 2010 Census now underway, what changes do experts predict?

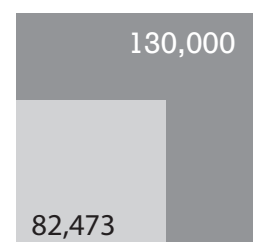
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Iowa will lose one of its five congressional seats when maps are redrawn for the 2012 elections due to growth in other states.



Only 22 of Iowa’s 99 counties are anticipated to show growth from 2000-2010. All of these 22 counties are urban or “strongly linked” to urban cores.

(Source: Iowa State University)



Iowa’s Hispanic population is expected to grow by over 50% since 2000, with continued growth to 331,000 by 2030.

(Source: U.S. Census)

Now, of course, I'm an old fart to my students, and these historic events are just as remote as Lenin, Paul Revere and Copernicus. A revolution needs to happen before their very eyes so they can stand slack-jawed and say, "I don't believe it."

So how *does* change happen, my students ask? I say usually by reaching the tipping point or by reaching catastrophe. Anthropologist Margaret Mead famously said, "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has." In more recent times, Malcolm Gladwell has written a book about *The Tipping Point*, in which he posits that small numbers of people can start behaving differently, which can spread virus-like until a "tipping point" is reached and change happens. The tipping point never comes through universal acclimation, or even majority agreement. My students, however, seem to have greater faith in catastrophe necessitating change.

Ironically, the revolution we're talking about in my classes *is* happening even as my students deny it. The local food movement is perhaps the greatest harbinger of things to come in a sustainable, localized world. Just a month or so ago, Iowa Secretary of Agriculture Bill Northey reported that farmers market sales in Iowa have doubled in the past five years to the tune of nearly \$60 million, and the number of Iowa farmers markets themselves has doubled since 1995, ranking Iowa second-highest in the U.S. per capita. In raw numbers, that's still not huge, but the trend is what's important. Similarly, a recent NPR report stated that the National Restaurant Association says local foods will be the most popular items on menus this year. And, tellingly, Stacy Mitchell on the *Yes! Magazine* website recently reported that a number of globalized corporations are ginning up "local" campaigns, including Frito-Lay using "local" potatoes, Hellman's Mayonnaise's "Eat Real, Eat Local" promotion, and Starbucks "unbranding" some of their stores, such as Seattle's "15th Avenue Coffee and Tea." If the giantest of corporate giants want in on the action, you know something's happening. Of course, such encouraging reports also are simultaneous with the report that 62 percent of 2009 federal farm subsidy payments still went to just 10 percent of farmers.

But the revolution is happening enough for even that visionary yet stubborn skeptic Wendell Berry to notice. In a 2009 interview

Aren't the young supposed to be the idealists, the revolutionaries, the harbingers and arbiters of change?

he did with Curt Meine on the University of Wisconsin-Madison campus, Berry said, in response to Meine's query about his reaction to the robust growth of the kinds of local agriculture that the author has been touting for decades, "Not too many years ago, I didn't imagine that I would ever see this happen. In fact, [about] 10 or 15 years ago, I was saying to myself, well, you know, there's not going to be any good result. You're just going to have to go on with the support of your few friends and finish it out this way."

But within the last year or two, Berry admits, "I realized that things were going on all over the country...people who are serving the farmers markets, community supported agriculture farms, and most significantly, I think, this growth of a kind of an agrarian awareness in the cities of some kind of duty to those proxies they've given to other people to raise food for them. And so I'm just immensely grateful to have lasted long enough to see this."

Well, my students are even more stubborn than Wendell Berry, believe it or not. When confronted with such facts, realities, statistics and testimonials, they still won't believe it until they see it, apparently.

That brings me back to the drinking argument, which, honestly, is not really my main point here (I *don't* want to walk into that snake pit). I simply want to emphasize that of course change is possible, and change will happen. The downtown

drinking and retail situation itself is a huge change from the past, which proves in and of itself that change happens. While youthful imbibing is and no doubt always will be perennial, the binge culture did not exist before and itself is a huge sea change in the last 20 years. Downtown Iowa City has undergone myriad changes over the decades and will do so again—that's a given. There may certainly be difficult adjustment periods, as was the case when the Coral Ridge Mall opened and much of the retail infrastructure fled to Coralville, but downtown will adapt and survive in some way, just as it has for well over 150 years.

Change can happen. Change will happen. Change is always happening, even right now. Young people, please join old farts like Tom Dean and Wendell Berry on the change train before it passes you by. **lv**

Thomas Dean remembers the "good ol' days" in downtown Iowa City (the late 1980s) when the closest thing to ethnic food was Pizza Hut.



DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

JUNE 4 & 5 MAIN STAGE:

Friday starts at 7 pm:

Sarah Jarosz
Darrell Scott

Saturday starts at 10:30 am:

Collectible Boys
Dustin Busch
Radoslav Lorkovic
The Pines
Jeffrey Foucault
The Honeydogs
Sonny Landreth



JUNE 5:

10—4 pm Global Village
10—4 pm Family Stage
10—6 pm Art Fair
10—6 pm FUN Zone

JUNE 6:

10—4 pm Art Fair
10—4 pm FUN Zone
12—4 pm Children's Day
12—4 pm Family Stage

Visit our Beverage Garden on Friday and Saturday evening on Iowa Avenue! Sponsored by Coors Lite. Culinary Row open throughout the weekend!

www.summerofthearts.org
For a complete schedule!



Down the River



Two years ago in June, the water began creeping. The rain didn't stop and the water crept and crept. Everyone we knew still went to work, shrugging beneath black umbrellas, minds and eyes on the sky. Kids went to school, dogs got walked, and the river slowly wrapped a watery arm around our city.

Where I worked, the floodwater-gorged Ralston Creek bubbled and raged along the banks. For once it looked clean enough to swim in, rusty bikes and foaming flotsam rushing out with the waves. As every drainage system swallowed its last, a troubling silence fell in the streets.

The inertia was haunting. Impromptu citizen meetings converged at local grocery stores over 10 gallon jugs of fresh water. The ped mall was quiet, lone bicyclists and a smattering of cars, aimless and slow, drifted through the streets. Those of us who lived downtown, the ones who weren't restricted from crossing the Burlington Street Bridge into the city, knew we had to do more than just meet at the bar and stare at each other across our beers.

So when the sandbagging started, my three best girlfriends and I put on our grubbies, grabbed bottles of water, and headed out on our bikes, peddling to local businesses to offer our arms and backs to the battle. Local business owners welcomed us with open sandbags. We were accepted wherever we showed up as fellow members of Team Take-Back-Our-City.

For over a week, we spent all of our extra time sandbagging. There was a method: Some crouched under overturned orange traffic cones grasping the bags that scratched against their legs as the sand fell through. Others shoveled the sand out of a big communal pile and poured it through the cones. There were people who tied the bags shut, wearing blisters

into their hands, and those who picked up the full bags and lugged them...carried them... *cursed* them to whatever new pile they were being added.

It was filthy. Sand stuck in every imaginable crevasse of every tired body. Sand was in my drains, in my shoes, in my nails, in my scalp, and when I would scratch an itch sand would fall from my body. I was a woman of sand—exhausted, crumbling. But I

was also a woman demonstrating through this dirty work the thing I'd never thought to say outright before: I live here

now. This city is my home. This water will not take the thing I love.

All that week, we were out until sunset. Then on to George's for burgers, beers and the evening's recap on KCRG. In the strange glow of the television, we saw our neighboring cities overcome; Cedar Rapids a stew of murk and rooftops. Each day we saw our own riverbanks purged, the smell of rot wafting through the streets of abandoned neighborhoods. We witnessed most of our hard work go underwater.

But we felt something good, too. A bond like the bond of the tendon to the bone, the certain connection of our friends, the

truth of our relationship to the city, an elastic love, the kind that gives and gives and doesn't break. Men and women worked side by side with children and old people and stinky people and business owners and patrons and tiny, weak people and big, overweight people and the one thing we had in common was the only thing we needed to have in common: We were loyal defenders of our city.

Now, with the Iowa City City Council con-

sidering an ordinance to restrict the area in which panhandlers can move freely in the ped mall (June 1 being the final vote), I think back upon the spirit of community and connectedness that I and so many others felt during the days leading up to the flood, and the months of recovery afterward. I think of what we would lose as opposed to what we would gain by limiting the ability of people of all ages, all backgrounds, all situations, all financial realities from commingling in a shared public space.

For better or for worse, these panhandlers are citizens of our city. Maybe they filled sandbags alongside us a couple of years ago? Under our dirty faces, scabby hands and messy hair, our torn clothes, battered shoes and desperate faces, who could tell the difference? In a time of great need, our city came together to help each other. What if that spirit of camaraderie expanded indefinitely, embraced our poor and needy and mentally ill residents in the same way we embraced our neighbors who lost their homes and possessions?

Calamity comes in many forms—and so does community. Need isn't always measured by the magnitude of disaster. Financial ruin,

abuse, personal disaster may not level buildings, but it can level spirits, leave a person balancing on the edge of acceptance and despair, between what little hope one gets from a quarter rattling in a can and the crushing desolation of

Now, with the Iowa City City Council considering an ordinance to restrict the area in which panhandlers can move freely in the ped mall, I think of what we would lose as opposed to what we would gain.

being ostracized from "proper" society. This is not the welcoming, inclusive spirit of the Iowa City I've come to love. Creating a pariah class only serves to separate those who need from those who can help, and this arms-length treatment of one citizen by another was certainly not what I witnessed during the flood of 2008. **lv**

Stephanie Catlett <3's IC.

CHITOWN & IOWA TOWN

Stand up and introduce yourself,” said Mrs. B. “Umm...Hi, my name is Bonkuya. Nice to meet you all,” I said. These were the first words to have ever exited my mouth when I first got to City High. I was new to Iowa, and even though I had lived here for about a week before my first day in school, I hadn’t spoken to anyone until that day. I wasn’t all that interested, to tell you the truth.

It took a while to get used to this place at first. Things were quiet and peaceful, which is something I wasn’t used to being from Chicago and all. Something else I wasn’t used to was being bored. I hadn’t made any friends yet, so I had nothing to do but play games, which on many occasions got boring. That was quite a surprise for me. I mean, I played Final Fantasy games, 007 games, Tony Hawk games, Disgaea, Kingdom Hearts games, SSX (Snowboard Supercross) games, and well pretty much all of them. Either way, when you get to being at home all day for hours on end with nothing to do but own your little brother in video games, you kind of get tired of it. Once school started, many things were different.

After my first day in school, I went home and followed the same schedule as before, but today there was this knock on the door. I went to answer it only to find that it was a neighbor from down the street. He and his family just came by to introduce themselves and welcome us here to Iowa City. It was actually quite surprising. It seemed more likely that something like that would happen on T.V. rather than in actual reality. Where we lived previously, I highly doubt that such an event would occur unless they were surveying the house for valuables. I mean, we lived in Chicago on the South Side. That’s the worst side to be on. You heard gunshots every night, houses were either broken down, abandoned or boarded up, gangs roamed the streets everywhere, fights broke out just about anywhere at anytime, and quite frankly, no one wanted to be there. What was once known as a great city had deteriorated into one of the worst environments to live in.

Here in Iowa it’s the opposite, but in some ways it’s the same. Unlike Chicago, it’s boring here. I have to keep myself distracted or I will

go crazy. Instead of sitting around doing nothing, I would take walks around the neighborhood. After all, the best way for me to know the area is to see it for myself. I observed a lot. I saw some people out walking dogs, some out taking jogs, and some out with their kids. It seemed peaceful, like nothing was wrong with this place.

Pretty soon I started to make some friends at school and started to see Iowa City for a more welcoming place for me. Don’t confuse my kind words as a way for me to say Iowa City is one of the best places to live because I would be lying. I say this because soon after the end of the school year came, there was an period of small isolation,

CHICAGO

depression, caused by the insecurity and disbelief of others around me.

IOWA CITY

It is human nature to alienate or eliminate anything that may bring fear, distrust or danger to ourselves or to what we believe to be our home. And I was experiencing that.

People in Iowa and people from Chicago are very different, but in a way we are the same. A lot of Iowans pegged us as thugs, gangsters, drug dealers, delinquents and criminals. We pegged Iowans as rich, peaceful, caring and honorable people. There is some truth in both of these stereotypes, but there is also a wrong side about each.

Yes, there are some who come from Chicago

WHO ARE THEY TO DECIDE WHO OR WHAT I AM?

who deal drugs, who are gangsters, who are criminals, but not all of us are. For example, I don’t deal drugs but I do deal cards. I am not a criminal, but I am a student and I work hard at being one. I’m not a gangster but I do hang with a gang of friends. I may have come from there but that’s not how it always is. Some people think the youth in Chicago aren’t intelligent either, but we are an awful lot more intelligent than they think we are.

We were wrong too. We assumed everybody here were nice, accepting, peaceful

people. The truth is not everyone is, especially the youth. I mean, sure, there are a lot of honorable, nice, peaceful people here, but I can honestly say that I haven’t always seen that. I would have to say about 40 percent of Iowa City is how I assumed it would be. Some areas here are just like Chicago. From what I have seen, you got kids here who smoke and drink and use drugs just as much as they do in Chicago. You have some people who are rude, and some when they look at me detest me for what they think I am.

Here’s the message I am saying with all of this: You can’t judge anyone based on looks or what you can really read about them.

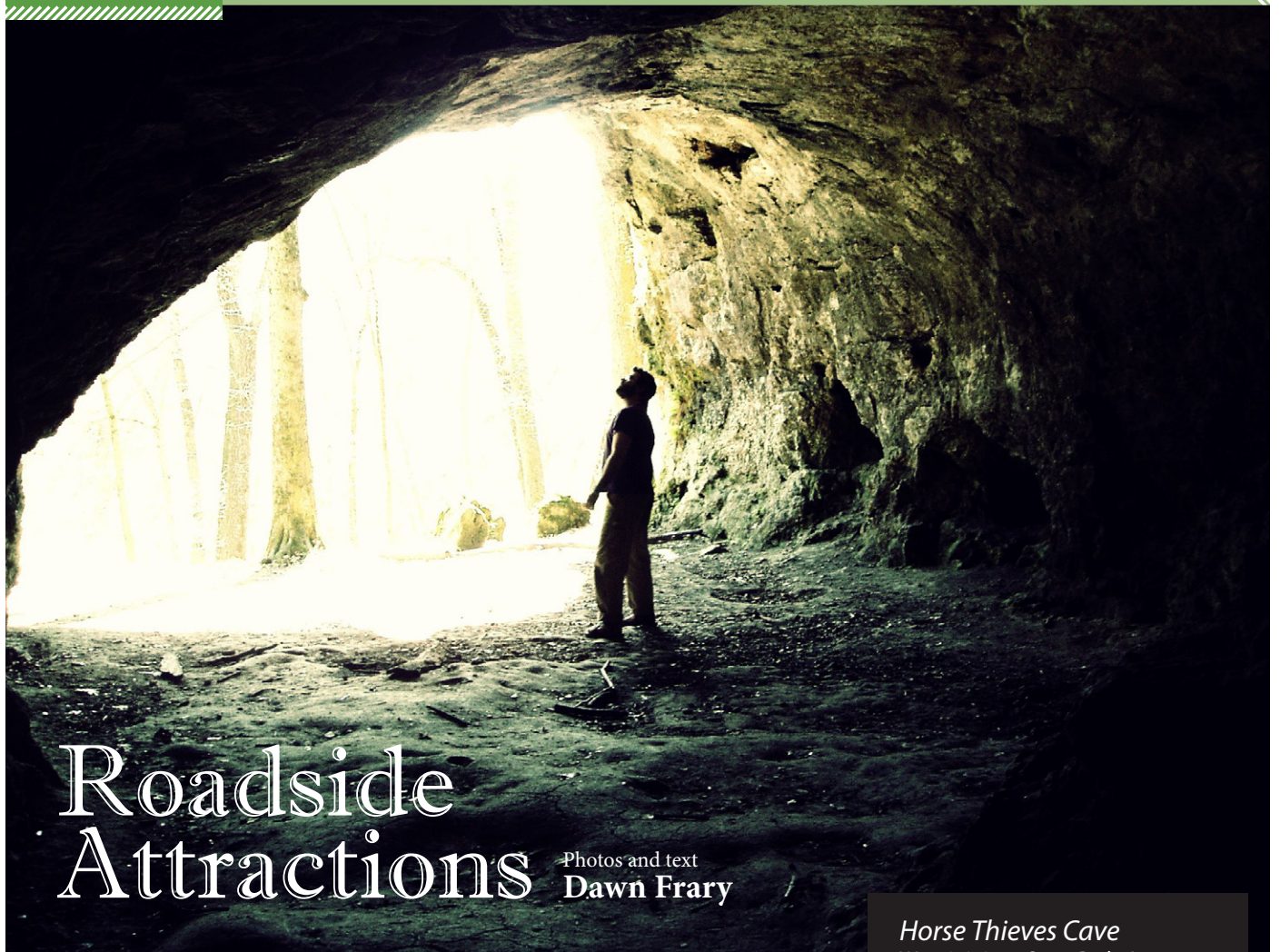
You can only know about someone if you saw it for yourself, and most of my time here, if people just did that, they probably wouldn’t have had so much of a hard time accepting me.

But like I said, there are some who are honorable people. I have a friend named Joel. He is my best friend here. He’s like a brother to me and he can say the same for me. He and his family see me as part of their family, and you know that really helps me get through this when it’s hard for my own family to do that. You have all of my friends like Ari, Gomer, Lea, Auvery, Kyla, Sam, Patrick, Rai, David and a lot more out there who treat me like I am human and that where I come from doesn’t matter because I am more than where I am from.

To me it was quite pathetic to see how immature some fools tended to be. How they needed to grow up and stop seeing the world for what they wanted it to be and start seeing it for what it was. It made me feel disappointed in myself for allowing these fools to bring me down. So I laughed it off and found out who my real friends were.

Anyways, I would guess the community of Iowa City is a good one, that is if you fit “their” criteria of normal. But that’s the thing. I’m not normal and I never will be. After all, normal is boring kind of like Iowa City. **IV**

Bonkuya Jiles will be a senior and graduating from City High next year.



Roadside Attractions

Photos and text
Dawn Frary

Horse Thieves Cave

Wapsipinicon State Park, Anamosa
April 2007

DNR officials are closing state-owned caves that bats use for hibernation due to white-nose syndrome, a disease that is killing cave-dwelling bats. I'm thankful that I was able to explore and document subterranean Iowa before the closing.



Half-horse
Dane's Dairy, Iowa City
May 2009

Things that represent summer in Iowa City: Iowa Arts Festival, Jazz Fest, fireworks behind the Old Capitol, and chocolate-peanut butter shakes from Dane's Dairy, eaten quickly before going to Menards to buy a kiddie pool and croquet set for the yard.



Cafe with Moon
Villisca
September 2006

Villisca, Iowa, is tucked quietly into the southwestern corner of the state (near Red Oak) and currently has a population of approximately 1200 people. It is home to a grisly family murder that took in 1912. Eight people—the J.B. Moore family and two young overnight guests—were murdered as they slept. Three people were tried; none were convicted. The murders remain unsolved to this day. I spent the night in the house where they were killed.

Once upon a time, I met a girl who had traveled from New York City to Iowa to attend the UI Writers' Workshop. I remarked that it must have been quite the culture shock for her, and she said she was looking forward to living the Midwestern Legend. I must have looked puzzled because she continued, "You know, going to minor league baseball games, eating chili dogs outside the Tastee-Freez." I thought for a moment that it was unfortunate that her strongest impressions of the Midwest were clichés from a John Cougar Mellencamp song. But then I realized that she might have been on to something.

Wisconsin might have its House on the Rock, and Illinois might have Chicago. Minnesota has the Boundary Waters and Garrison Keillor. When it comes to Midwestern states, however, there is something about Iowa that sets it apart. It's a place of both metropolitan chic and rural mystique. It's a place with a rich past and a progressive future. Its soil holds something a little bit magical, something almost...legendary. **lv**

Dawn Frary is the woman behind Iowa City's Dewey Street Photo Company. She has many road trips planned for this summer. She'd love to hear your suggestions for future road trip adventures on her DSPC Facebook fan page or at deweystreetphoto.com



One way to pass the time on a warm summer day is to drive around in the Iowa countryside. Expecting just cornfields? Think again. And while you're thinking, watch out for the ditch chickens. They own the land.

Ditch chickens
Newport Rd, Rural Iowa City
April 2009

ROADSIDE CONTINUED ON PAGE 23 >>

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL
Lower City Park, Iowa City | 319-338-7672
www.riversidetheatre.org

Love's Labour's Lost
Directed by Theodore Swetz

Romeo & Juliet
Directed by Ron Clark

JUNE 11 - JULY 11

BIG BONDS

On a chilly, rainy afternoon in May, two young Iowa City women searched downtown and the pedestrian mall for a place to get a cheap manicure.

It's a normal thing for two young women to do—especially in a college town—but for Kelsey Godwin, 22, and Wakemia, 12, it's a chance to get to know each other a little better.

Wakemia has been a Little Sister with the Big Brothers Big Sisters program since she was 11. She had been the underling of another college woman, until she moved away. She has been Godwin's "little sister" for five months.

"It's fun," Wakemia said. "We get to spend time together and talk and do fun things."

"Sometimes we have meetings and get together and meet with other kids in the program," Wakemia said. "A lot of them [little sisters and brothers] go to my school."

Fun may or may not have been the word for spending the day walking in the rain for a manicure, but Wakemia enjoys the time she has with Godwin, who, despite being 10 years her senior, does her best to find things for the pair to do.

Sometimes it's window shopping at the mall, other times it's the library. When weather permits, time in the park works, or looking at puppies at the pet store.

"I tell everyone who asks me about it that I get just as much out of it as Wakemia does," Godwin said. "Just being able to give back is what's most important to me."

According to the Big Brothers Big Sisters of Johnson County website, improvements like self-confidence, ability to avoid substance abuse and school performance are among the biggest benefits for people involved in the program.

Scott Hansen, executive director of Big Brothers Big Sisters Johnson County said the Johnson County chapter began in 1976, while

the national organization has existed for over 100 years.

But now more than ever, there's a growing list of kids needing a big brother or sister.

"We have a long list of kids," Hansen said. "We're always looking for volunteers."

Hansen said big brothers are in need right now, as there is a waiting list for boys throughout Johnson County.

One young program that's great for the summer months and the boys on the waiting list is Sports Buddies, which is the chance for men and women big brothers and sisters to hang out with potential little brothers by taking them to sporting events or participating in athletic activities.

"It's great in the summer with things like Frisbee golf, soccer, kickball and softball," Hansen said.

Sports Buddies receive discounts at local businesses like Play It Again Sports in Iowa City, or free batting practice at Diamond Dreams indoor batting cages.

"You can take your Little Brother there and set up an appointment," Hansen said. "I've done that with my little brother. Great for the wintertime because you're indoors."

On June 4, Big Brothers Big Sisters of Johnson County will have a display in the lobby of the Washington Street U.S. Bank, with a poster of successful and long-term matches made by the organization.

"It's a poster showing photos of all the people we've matched, with quotes about their experience," Hansen said. "It just shows you that anyone can be a part of it—young, old, male, female."

Big brothers and big sisters also get into a number of University of Iowa events for free, particularly volleyball, soccer and field hockey events.

One of Godwin's favorite events are the BLTs—the Big Little Talks, scheduled throughout the year as another bonding chance for bigs to catch up and talk with their littles. The next BLT meeting is scheduled for July 13.

Volunteers for Big Brothers Big Sisters must

be at least 18 years old, and children who want to participate as little brothers and sisters must be under 18. Hansen encourages anyone interested in participating to contact the Johnson

Find BBBS of Johnson County online at www.bbbsjc.org. To set up an appointment to find out more about volunteer opportunities, call 319-337-2145.

County office to set up an interview.

Godwin, a senior in American Studies at The University of Iowa, said she hopes to stay involved with the organization and with Wakemia as long as she can.

"I got the chance to coach softball about three years ago, and being able to teach young kids something and being a part to shape their lives is amazing," Godwin said. "I decided to get involved [in Big Brothers Big Sisters]."

Now, Godwin—a little sister herself with two older sisters—has the chance to be a big sister, and spends her time talking with Wakemia. On Valentine's Day, the pair baked cupcakes for Wakemia's mother.

"She loves school, which is cool because I'm a nerd, too," Godwin said.

Godwin said Big Brothers Big Sisters is currently shorthanded for volunteers and encourages anyone, especially college students, to find time to get involved.

What Godwin finds most important, particularly from the experience of being a real-life little sister, is the need for Wakemia to have someone to confide in. Though Wakemia is close to her mom, Godwin said "it's a different kind of bond" that's formed between sisters.

"She doesn't have a big sister she can talk to and confide in," Godwin said. "I'm hoping one day she develops a trust with me so I can be that person for her." **lv**

Erin Tiesman is a freelance journalist and graduate of The University of Iowa School of Journalism graduate program. When she's not fighting for the rights of fellow women, she's fighting for the right to take naps.

For Godwin, "It's a different kind of bond" that's formed between sisters.

The N.E.W. Way

It's a seemingly simple solution: Need more women in leadership roles? Then hire more of them, right? Wrong.

According to Kelly Thornburg, coordinator of Iowa N.E.W. Leadership, an intense six-day workshop for young women, much more diversity and many more women are needed to help find innovative solutions for modern problems.

Thornburg said many young people are facing "Renaissance syndrome," or the need to be good at everything, which in turn causes the depth of many topics to be overlooked.

"There's not a lot of time to get to know themselves and say 'This is what I'm about,'" Thornburg said of college students today. "What we want to do with N.E.W., we want to build in more of that time—so they can think, 'Why was I attracted to this in the first place?'"

What Thornburg hopes the 34 participants take away from the annual workshop is a way to redirect their lives into the goal of leadership roles.

It's more than holding a public office, or even being elected, she said, it's about being passionate about advocacy and a mission, and getting themselves back in the game.

Iowa's already trying to close the gender gap that exists on many boards and commissions, with Governor Chet Culver having 20 state boards and commissions with openings, including the Iowa Arts Council and Iowa Humanities Board.

Across the state, boards and commissions on the college level have also made a push to attract women and men to serve alongside each other.

"What's so important about bringing women and diversity to the table is we need as many points of view as possible," Thornburg said, including that people of different ethnicities and backgrounds ought not to be left out of the discussions.

"I feel like the crises that we're seeing in so many sectors are leading me to believe and many of the presenters that they want things to change. They want things to look and feel different, and they want things to be better," Thornburg said. "They're hesitant to come to the table but they feel compelled, but often don't know where to start—because it's so daunting."

That's where the N.E.W. Leadership insti-

tute steps in. With women from The University of Iowa, nominated by peers and faculty, and young women from other schools in the nation, the workshop lets them communicate with other women who want to go after the same goals, and connects them with professionals who are trying to recruit young women to become active participants in their communities.

"We are really looking at how you can best represent your state or organization. The boards and commissions piece is a great way to get started," Thornburg said. "What we want them to do is start building, getting those skills and building those networks as early as possible if they do run for office or a

position that puts them in a good light. It will give them a good sense of themselves and let them know where they stand in their communities."

According to the Women's Resource & **NEW CONTINUED ON PAGE 15 >>**



The 2009 N.E.W. class.

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100 Percent

Henri Harper filled a difficult position at Iowa City's City High School for the last 11 years as the juvenile court liaison, helping students transition back into the classroom after personal and legal problems instead of letting them become part of a drop-out statistic. But in December 2007, after a series of fights at City High, Harper realized that his official post at the school wasn't enough. Along with students, their parents and community support, Harper started the Fas Trac College Bound Program—originally consisting of six black students but eventually growing to more than 40 students from all backgrounds.

This year, all 18 seniors in Fas Trac are graduating and attending college, and all five graduates from last year have continued their studies. Little more than a month away from graduation, however, Harper was told that his position as the juvenile court liaison was being cut at City High and replaced by a student advisory center coordinator. This new position emphasizes dropout prevention and encapsulates Harper's old job, though Harper said he's not interested in applying.

Despite the fact that Fas Trac is self-funded, with no monetary school district or grant support, Harper's departure from City High has raised questions about Fas Trac's future. *Little Village* talked to Harper about the educational goals of Fas Trac, where it goes from here, and how Fas Trac aims to interact with and benefit Iowa City as a whole. You can find more information about the program at www.fastracprogram.org.

Little Village: *How is Fas Trac different from other educational programs?*

Henri Harper: Our model is focused on the individual. Each kid has an individual motivation. I don't know what that is at first, so you have to sit down with them and ask them what that is. We hear all the time about not knowing what we should do with "these kids, these families"—that people don't want to take responsibility for their own actions, that they don't want to be included. This group of kids



in Fas Trac see that and think, "We can't control what people think, but we can do things about what we control, which is what we do for ourselves." All I did is help support them and give them a little direction—and the program blew up.

This was what we were missing: You have to listen to kids about what they say, let them feel more involved in the process, have them take

Take away your definition of what this kid should look like, and they're like any other kid.

some responsibility, include them, and give them the opportunity to make mistakes. Let them be kids, and not be judged all the time—then they understand they can relax and be who they are, and understand that they have a responsibility to do better.

LV: *What have been some of Fas Trac's results?*

HH: Last year we had five people go to col-

lege—and they're all still there. This year, we have 18. Thirteen people graduating are going to Kirkwood, and after two years there, they'll be better to move forward. We have one going to Long Island, New York. One to Missouri. Two to UNI, one to St. Ambrose for football, another to Central to play football.

Not many programs can say 100 percent of kids go to college, but that's what we're doing.

They're continuing their education, at community college or wherever, I don't care. A lot of them weren't sure they'd finish high school. We're telling them: We notice you. We appreciate that you've gotten involved in your education. We give you the help, but you gotta do the work. It's hard for me to understand how, as a community, we don't notice that these kids are trying.

Isn't that what we ask them to do? Take responsibility for their own actions? Not blaming white people or nobody else? Say, "yeah, I screwed up, but I want to do better, so help me do better." They get in fights every now and then, so we deal with that and move on.

They're kids. Every kid who was on probation isn't any more. If it was stealing, we help them get a job so you don't steal no more. If it's fight we give them skills so they don't.

I always want to see these kids move on, to prove to this community that these kids are as smart as any other kid in this school district but we hadn't been able to provide the support. We found a way to help. In Fas Trac, our motto is, "We all go." We got 100 percent, so you don't want to be that one person who didn't go. "Well they went, so we have to. I don't want to be that one student who doesn't." That's built in. I like that. That they feel that strong about not being that one person. We have serious conversations, knock-down drag-outs all the time, but we can do that because we know we care and we hold each other accountable.

LV: *How do you run the program? What do you teach?*

HH: The kids dictate to us how we should teach—you can't say anymore that "if we build it, they will come." Kids today don't respond to that. Their motivation is different now and they don't respond that way. You can't open or present a program and expect kids to come when they have no interest, no control over what the program should look like. When just asking the kids, we hit on something here—they've responded, they're included. I'm always saying to them that no one can take away your academics, but students also have to take their academics for themselves. They have to do that piece. You can't take away what you've learned.

The issue with most kids, or anybody, is that once you see the success you've made, once you put in the work and see what happens—when they get C's and then do more and get better—now you know you can do the work, that you're capable. So there's nowhere to go but up. Can't go back down. "It's not as hard

as I thought I was." Then when the next kid comes and works with another kid, and they say, "look, this is what I did, this is how I made it work, this is how you can do it," they feed and support one another. We hold ourselves accountable, we're a family—if you screw up we screw up—and you don't want to disappoint someone you care about and who cares about you.

This is old school. This ain't anything new. People make these programs like physics, but these are kids. Take away your definition of what this kid should look like, and they're like

■ You have to listen to kids about what they say, let them feel more involved in the process, and give them the opportunity to make mistakes.

any other kids. And you need to treat kids like kids: You need to support them, make them feel good about themselves, feel included. Then they want to please you, then they want to do the right thing. They know they can do the right thing and then they're on the own and now they can fly—you build them up and teach them how to fly and now they can fly.

LV: *How does Fas Trac work within the school system?*

HH: Every student has a teacher advisor. They need to establish other relationships in the school, not just with me, so they check in once a week with the advisor and start a relationship. They talk about school, about their day—we have very supportive teachers at City High. I can't do it by myself without them. I help get [the kids] in class, then these teachers will teach them.

LV: *Is Fas Trac curriculum-based? Do you follow a national template?*

HH: There's nothing top-heavy, no curriculum-based stuff. It's hard to get them in a classroom to begin with; I can't sit them in a classroom for a program. My program is a relationship-based program: Every student needs those supports first. We don't want to let each other down. They can do the work academically. We just need to find the avenue to make that student successful.

It's all about relationships. The kids believing and trusting in what you want to do, in the people who are running the program. If someone can see you legitimately care about that other

person and share parts of yourself, your time, your family—if you're out sitting on the corner with them when you could be at home with

your family—that means something. That's the job. In an office they might not feel comfortable, so when they're asking you for some support you have to give them that support where they are.

This year, going into next year, there's a whole different crop of kids. So we have to adjust as we go. We can't get stuck in "this is the program and you have to stick to it." We get different kids so we got to do things differently. I want that kid to understand that they can change, and we can help that kid grow, become a better person. Can't do this by just getting them to be busy. That's not smart. We don't want this kid at 15 to do the same thing at 17. That's not helping. We want people to go to college, understand what that means, we want kids to grow, we want kids to change. Not just to get them something to do. I don't want to spend money to give them something

FAS TRAC CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 >>



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Summertime

I first realized adults live lives quite different from children when I was 10 or so and asked one of my father's employees what his plans were for the summer.

"Work," he said, somewhat confused by my question.

"You don't get the summer off?"

"No," he said, "nobody does."

"I do."

"That's only because you're a kid," he said, "don't get used to it."

I sat stunned for a few minutes digesting the news that the endless summers of leisure and fun I had been enjoying up to that point wouldn't last forever.

A dozen years later, I awoke one morning in my first post-college apartment in Chicago to the sound of children yelling and screaming and laughing—of kids being kids.

I had only gone to sleep about four hours prior and their joyful squeals weren't bringing me much joy at all, only starting that day's hangover four hours earlier than usual.

I looked through a window and saw a handful of 12-year-olds playing in the courtyard that ran between my apartment building and the one next to it.

I threw open a window, stuck my head out, and screamed down at them.

"Hey, you! Yeah, you kids down there. Why the hell aren't you in school today?"

They stopped and stared slack-jawed at the puffy-faced, wild-haired gargoyle that had interrupted their game.

"It's summer," one of them said, both ending the conversation and putting me in my place in one fell swoop.

"Well, okay then," I grumbled, "carry on."

Then I closed the window and lumbered off to make coffee and search for aspirin.

I don't know where the line separating being a kid from being a grown-up was crossed, exactly—I never got a brochure welcoming

me into adulthood—but, at that moment, I was sure I had crossed it.

So much time had passed since I had experienced summer as a magical season of fun and adventure, instead of just by being uncomfortably hot each day while riding the "L" to work, that it didn't even cross my mind that

or less, to our own devices until it was dinner time.

Today, I'm afraid such a hands-off approach might be seen in some quarters as neglect, our jousting tournaments the source of lawsuits the moment one of us so much as skinned a knee or chipped a tooth. Our parents would have fingers waved at them in the press for letting us run amuck and get hurt. There would be interventions and tearful supplications on daytime talk shows, counselors hired, therapy provided, camera crews ready to document every moment of the "Wild Boys of Devon" transformation into fine and upstanding reality show participants.

Instead, after each collision, we just picked ourselves up, wiped away the blood and dirt, climbed back on our bikes and demanded a rematch. Those scars are proof that I was there, that I'm still here.

I hope today's kids are having the same kind of free-form, choose-your-own-adventure fun we did back then.

Parents seem so concerned with scheduling appropriately structured supervised activities that stimulate math skills and conflict resolution or some such hokum that they've turned having fun into an unpaid internship in adulthood that's coordinated on the family's synced-up Blackberries.

If 12-year-old boys do still joust each other on bikes in glass-strewn alleys, I hope it's actually outdoors and not just while playing the video game version inside of a dark, air-conditioned cocoon someplace while getting bedsores.

I fear it could be the latter after seeing a video game version of the bags game I've seen folks playing on sidewalks around town. When something as simple and cheap as tossing beanbags into holes cut into plywood boards is adapted into something meant to be played indoors at home, a game about raiding the fridge and taking a nap afterwards can't be that far behind.

Once we'd exhausted our supply of cardboard tubes or began to accrue the kinds of cuts and bruises that would require an expla-



these kids were on furlough from school.

At their age, my friends and I would hop on our bikes and tear off to the Indian neighborhood on Devon Avenue on Chicago's north side to raid the dumpsters behind the sari shops looking for the long cardboard tubes that once held the silk and cotton they made saris from.

Then we would joust each other, at full speed, in the alley.

I don't remember if bike helmets even existed back then but I'm certain none of us had one. And yet we all survived, more or less un-

Those scars are proof that I was there, that I'm still here.

scathed, and 20 years later we still reminisce about that and the many other adventures we had in the alleys of Chicago, just as much our Mississippi as the real one was to Tom, Huck and Jim.

We were totally untethered from our parents—cell phones were still shoe box-sized devices rarely seen except in the hands of drug dealers and the government agents tasked with apprehending them—and we were left, more

nation when we got home, we would ride off to buy comic books and spoil our appetites for dinner with pizza and ice cream.

Girls existed in a universe even more fraught with peril than those inhabited by our favorite superheroes and hadn't yet made it onto our summertime to-do lists, such as they were.

We'd sit in a park someplace passing comic books back and forth discussing the exploits of the angst-ridden superheroes and their neurotic adversaries with the fervor and earnestness of a panel of guests on "The McLaughlin Group," and I don't know if I've ever been happier.

Though I recently started riding my bike again after an embarrassingly long hiatus, my jousting days are probably behind me.

But, even though pizza and ice cream may now be followed by a cup of coffee and a cigar, there's still nothing that makes me happier in the summertime than sitting on a bench on the ped mall reading a stack of comics and graphic novels checked out from the library.

Even without the comics, just watching the river of humanity that flows through there snake past me—whatever flotsam and jetsam it may contain—is still the most interesting show in town.

Summer is here now but it will be gone tomorrow and even if you're not going to make it out to Arizona to kayak through the Grand Canyon there's still plenty of escapism to be had right there on the ped mall, free and yours to enjoy all you want if you can turn off the voice in your head that's telling you all the other things you should be doing instead.

The ped mall is our shared front porch, where we can go to be alone with our thoughts or a book or to be sociable and visit with friends or even with strangers or just to pretend to be busy and hide behind our sunglasses watching the constantly rotating cast of characters play out one tiny drama at a time.

Go down there, sit on a bench in a puddle of sunlight, eat some pizza and ice cream and take in a show.

Take a long lunch and read a few comic books and smoke a cigar.

Anybody who'd look down their nose at you for playing hooky for a few hours being a kid again in the season that's theirs more than anyone else's is terminally grumpy. Nothing can save them now. They might as well just go check into a hospice someplace so why worry about what they think?

If I see you down there, running through the fountain to re-baptize the child within you I won't tell anyone.

I'd probably be too busy saving Gotham City again to notice, anyway. **lv**

Yale Cohn hopes you are reading this outside.

>> NEW FROM PAGE 15

Action Center N.E.W. Leadership website, the program started by the Center for American Women and Politics at Rutgers University in 1991, the non-partisan program is conducted at 18 universities nationwide. The University of Iowa joined the network in 2007. This year's keynote speaker is Dr. Nancy 'Rusty' Barceló, Vice President and Vice Provost for Equity and Diversity at the University of Minnesota.

The course of the six-day program, which runs from June 4-9 at the UI, includes discussion on cultural diversity, the importance of public leadership, wage negotiation, philanthropy and building relationships in your community.

[N.E.W. gives young women a sense of themselves and where they stand in their communities.

Usually for undergraduate women, Thornburg said five graduate students were accepted this year. And while previous years encouraged public office, the definition has been broadened to nonprofit, advocacy, state government and municipal boards.

Thornburg said many Iowa Boards of Supervisors, city councils and other local entities are seeking young minds—and women—to join.

"A lot of studies have been released that have shown an increase in productivity and innovation when women are brought in to the workplace," Thornburg said.

But even with women finding opportunities in the workplace, and definitely becoming more active in labor than three decades ago, a 2007 U.S. Census Bureau report revealed that in Iowa, wage disparity between men and women can be anywhere between \$9,000 and \$22,000 per year.

And that's just one more reason Thornburg wants to see women take an active part in the communities they live and the businesses of which they're a part.

"I think we're so used to talking about affirmative action—which is valid, but not to just try to get the numbers up," Thornburg said. "We're starting to see what is happening when women are functioning at mid-level management, but we want to know what happens when they're at the top." **lv**

Erin Tiesman

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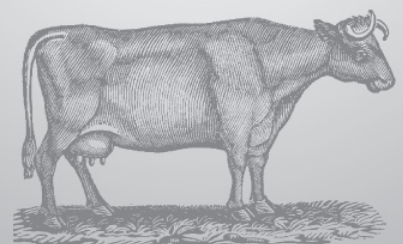
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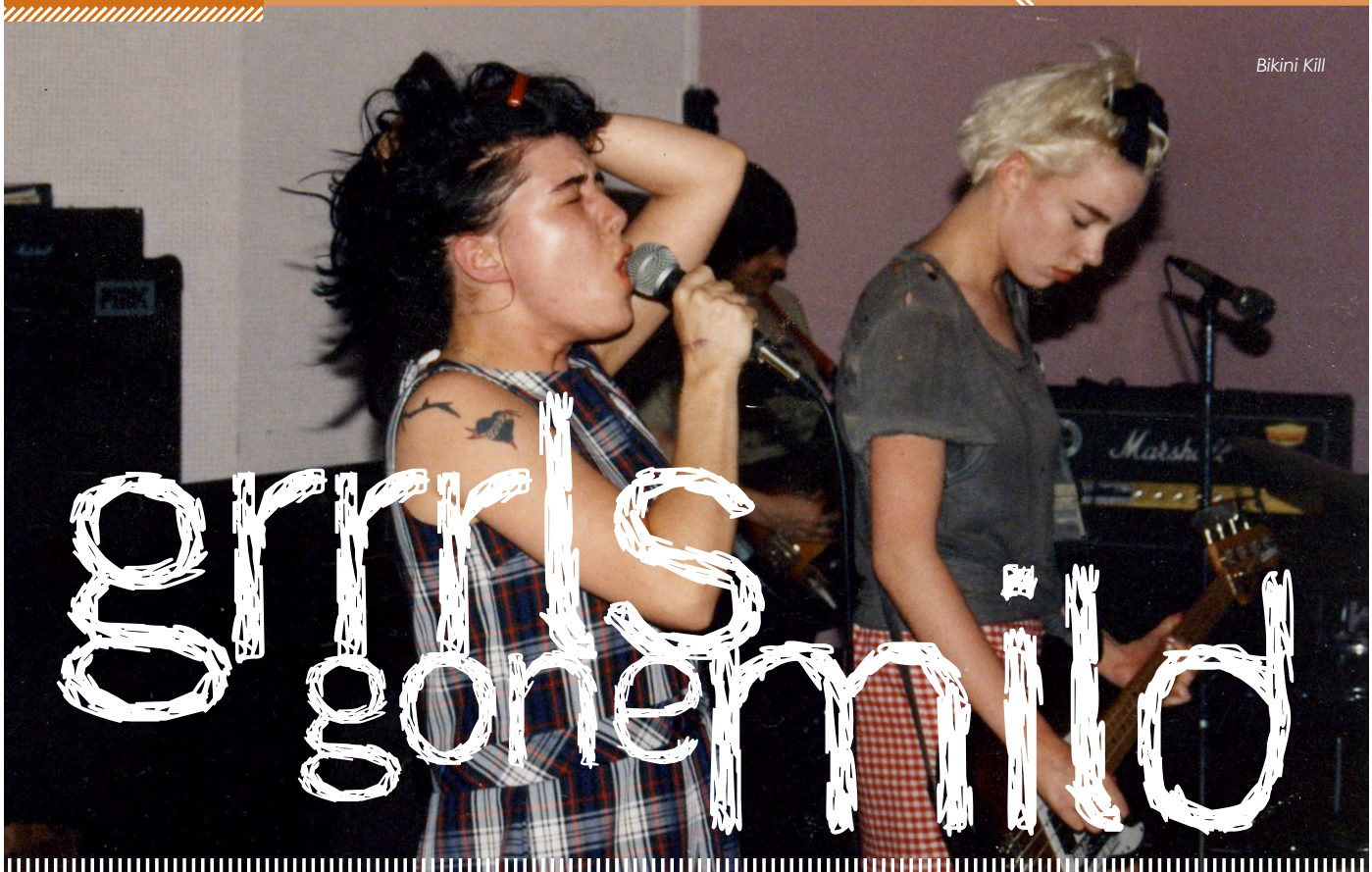
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Bikini Kill

Paradigm shifts typically happen in the abstract—at the level of the Big Picture—not right in front of your eyes, real time. Nearly 20 years ago, I watched and heard the musical-cultural ground move under my feet in the dank basement of my next-door neighbor’s house (typically not the type of place where a shifting paradigm takes place).

“We want revolution, GIRL STYLE NOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW,” Bikini Kill frontwoman Kathleen Hanna howled during the kick-start of the band’s set. I was standing just four or five feet away, eyes bugged out

with jaw on ground. At 21, I had seen a few memorable things in my brief semi-adult life-time, but never anything like that.

It was a total shock to the system. Not a single hipster in Harrisonburg, Virginia knew about Bikini Kill, who hadn’t yet put out a record. (There was no advance hype because we had no instamatic Interweb flinging mp3s at light speed, only paper ‘zines traveling at the pace of the U.S. Postal Service.) Bikini Kill was just a warm up

act at this DIY event—opening for late, great punk provocateurs Nation of Ulysses.

N.O.U. was awesome as usual, but, well, *talk about being upstaged*. Hanna scrawled the word “slut” on her stomach, and she radiated all the fury of a woman scorching the earth—setting fire to the patriarchy like a pissed off Lisa “Left-Eye” Lopez tossing a flaming sneaker or Molotov cocktail. Sample lyric from “White Boy,” which they sang that night: “I’m sorry if

It was a glass shard sandwich wrapped in yummy bubblegum.

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I'm alienating some of you/Your whole fucking culture alienates me!"

This experience was brought to life again when reading Marisa Meltzer's new book *Girl Power: The Nineties Revolution in Music* (Faber & Faber). She does a great, informed job of recounting Riot Grrrl's history, and the book also delivers excellent cultural criticism that brings the past and present into clear focus. Weaving first-person memories, interviews with key figures, and some serious crate digging, Meltzer's brief book is the perfect primer for this game-changing period.

I remember when Kathleen Hanna cleared room in front of the band so that women could move closer (which was only fair because the guys had been dominating the pit for years).

Bikini Kill's short half-hour set wasn't all confrontational politics. Most of all, the band kicked ass—weaving classic early-'60s girl group melodies into skuzzy guitar punk noise, going full throttle. It was a glass shard sandwich wrapped in yummy bubblegum.



Bikini Kill played most of the songs from their self-released cassette, *Revolution Girl Style Now*, which they sold that night while gathering names for their influential mailing list. It was a mind-blowing, transformative event—which isn't mere hyperbole on my part. Within four weeks, at least three female-fronted (or dominated) bands had formed in the rural college town where I lived, and women like them were creeping into the mainstream.

"Something was happening in '90s music that isn't happening anywhere in pop culture these days, with women making noise in pub-

lic ways that seem distant now," my friend Rob Sheffield wrote in his 2007 memoir *Love Is a Mix Tape*. In his loving account of this era and his rock critic wife Renée Crist, who died in 1997, Sheffield remembers it as a time pregnant with possibilities, when real change seemed around the corner, even if it was just at the level of signification.

L7 lobbed their used tampons at dicks in the audience, and Kurt Cobain was wearing dresses on MTV's macho-metal show *Headbanger's Ball*—not to mention alarming homophobes by French kissing his band mates on *Saturday Night Live*.

"It seemed inconceivable that things would ever go back to the way they were in the '80s," Sheffield writes, "when monsters were running the country and women were only allowed to play bass in indie-rock bands. The '90s moment has been stomped over so completely, it's hard to imagine it ever happened, much less that it lasted five, six, seven years."

Despite our cautious optimism, we knew in our guts that there would be no revolution—televised, recorded or otherwise. Pretty soon, it was all over. The investments in alt-rock didn't pay off, and so the industry went back to pushing boy bands, teen teases, cock rock, and other safe bets. Even the Spice Girls had hijacked the slogan "Girl Power," which had originally appeared in an underground, Riot Grrrl-affiliated 'zine.

The countercultural bubble burst, but that doesn't mean it was all meaningless, for nothing. I know it sounds stupid and ignorant, but as a teenage guy growing up in the 1980s, I never thought twice about the sexual politics of the mosh pit. That night Bikini Kill schooled me, and I've tried to be a better, more thoughtful person ever since. It was an important epiphany others had as well, and we have a lot of smart, rockin' women to thank for that gift. **lv**

Kembrew McLeod plans to spend his summer listening to DJ Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince's "Summertime" at least 873 times.

Kathleen Hanna was setting fire to the patriarchy like a pissed off Lisa "Left-Eye" Lopez tossing a flaming sneaker.



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>> FAS TRAC FROM PAGE 13

to do—they're not getting something from it. I'm not comfortable with that.

LV: *Why did you personally want to get involved with at-risk kids in Iowa City?*

HH: I was born in East St. Louis and was raised with a negative perception of myself and the world. I thought that everybody else was responsible for me not being successful. I thought, "I can never be successful because I'm black in a white world." Then I had people come into my world who were white but they really cared about me, they had nothing to gain but the fact that they care about me, so I realized there are good people in the world—and I am responsible for my choices.

When I work with kids that I know here, in a lot of ways I see myself in them. They don't think nobody cares about them, that they can't do anything. People ask why I care so much about them; it's because I can see myself in them. Because I understand them. I can't say people aren't racist but you can't let that control your life. I can't let them say, "Okay, I'm here because white people did this." People really cared about me, so I have to care about myself so I don't let them down. You start thinking that you're responsible for your own actions and I want to give that practice to the kids.

LV: *Do you think what you teach can carry on after they graduate?*

HH: They are what they are but eventually they become grown adults. If I can help that transition in any way at any time, help them become something positive, then I got something to do with my life, then I left something in this world that grows. It's what they say about giving back. You help a kid and they get old enough and say, "oh you know, when I was in high school, this teacher sure took my crap, I was piece of work, but you know what: I need to help someone 'cause he helped me." When these kids grow up and become who they become and they give back and others give back—you have this place in the world where people feel comfortable with their own existence. You've done something with your life. And I want to have done something with my life.

I believe in these kids. I had a very difficult difficult childhood. I understand that mentality of having no hope, of nothing to look forward to. So I can go inside and say: Where do we need to go? I feel that, I understand that,

but what are we going to do?

LV: *With your place at City High in question, will Fas Trac continue to exist? In what form?*

HH: The goal is to still have Fas Trac as is, just expand it. It's student-driven. If students want to keep it going, we will. And expand it in ways where the kids continue to grow.

This year we're looking into elementary school. I think elementary is the foundation and the future of the program—if you start in

I was born in East St. Louis and was raised with a negative perception of myself and the world. I thought that everybody else was responsible for me not being successful.

elementary, if they build the confidence there, and follow them for the next eight years, follow them through, then they're pretty confident about their education. They know where they need to go. We can have elementary, junior high, high school—have all of them feeding and supporting one another and being involved with the community as a whole. Say: You can't stereotype us, you can't tell us who we are, we know who we are, and we want to be involved in the community.

LV: *So will Fas Trac still have its home base at City High?*

HH: Education is the foundation of the program, so we hope the school will let us continue in the school, but the program will be a community-based program. Whatever school that kid attends, we want the school to let us work with the kid at that school. I hoping they allow us in. We have 30 kids in Fas Trac still at City High. If we expand into elementary schools and West High—after we establish the program, I hope they still allow me to come in. I'll hopefully be working with the Mayor's Youth Empowerment Program, but right now I'm looking for money and ways to get that done. I doing this on faith. It's a calling for me to do this program and to help kids' lives in Iowa City. I believe that God's going to make a way for this to continue on, to grow and expand in areas of the community. It's not just a Southeast side thing—we have kids all over the community.

LV: Speaking of the Southeast side of Iowa City, do you think Fas Trac can help with community perception of that area?

HH: There's a lot of great stuff in this community, we have a great culture here, so I don't want kids and families thinking they just have to stick in this box of the Southeast side. We need to get people away from pointing at this side of town. We have to change the perception of these kids and how they think and feel about living here and about the community as a whole, so the community can start thinking differently about them, to see them in a positive light, to see them included.

We're starting community service all over town, working with elderly people and helping out. We're getting more stuff for kids to do so they can build more relationships with more people in town—this is one of the only places you can talk to football coaches, or talk to the mayor. You can walk into the Java House, or into the grocery store and know who people are. People have titles but are approachable here, and you can sit there and chat. They're no different than anyone else. I want them to see athletes to college people, say "how you doing," so they feel comfortable in their own environment so they can say, "this is my town, this is where I live and people really want me here." That's what I want to change. For them and Iowa City.

LV: *What can the community do to support students who are in Fas Trac and other programs?*

HH: I want the community to understand they need to think along with lines of what do they want from these kids. If kids can do this on their own with little support, how much can they do with support? That's what I want, support. Don't be quiet any more, step up, let these kids know that there are enough people in this community that really want to support them. I don't know where these people are, where you're hiding, but these kids need you. They need some people to step up and say, "we understand what you guys are trying to do and we appreciate you guys working to try to do that. Through all the other negativity and finger pointing, we appreciate you guys taking responsibility for your own actions." They need to hear that more from that community as a whole: "Good job. Keep doing good work." **LV**

Paul Sorenson can't think of a better job than being Little Village's features editor and will miss it dearly. Keep it real, Iowa City. He'll be watching you.

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RAISING THE DEAD



Photo Courtesy Rhino by Peter Simon

The Grateful Dead need to be rescued. Rescued from paunchy, balding nostalgia, rescued from the tribute bands, rescued from the scumbags who sold drugs in the parking lot at their concerts. Most of all, they need to be rescued from their hyper-recorded live career, spinning the same fifty songs again and again like prayer wheels lining a street in Tibet. That feat of endurance—for both the band and its fans—had its moments. But it means that the songs themselves have been played and heard so many times that they’ve lost the sharpness that made them special in the first place.

I’ve lived with the two 1970 Grateful Dead records for 40 years. Every time I’ve tried to put them away as childish things, they come back to haunt me. Though they were written and recorded at ground zero of hippiedom, they were a return to American roots music and themes of Western frontier life. The giddy Golden Gate utopian dream for which the Dead were poster children was by then pretty much gone, burned up by the rise of speed and junk in the Haight and the ugly political climate in the United States. The Dead, buffeted by legal, financial and personal problems, had

to turn the page and try something new, and like Huck Finn, they lit out for the territories to recreate themselves.

Workingman’s Dead begins with “Uncle John’s Band,” whose multi-part harmony was a conscious homage to Crosby Stills & Nash’s sound. But the way they failed to hit that target—veering out of tune half the time—gives it a more human, homespun texture. It contains my favorite couplet in all their work:

“I live in a silver mine and I call it ‘Beggars’ Tomb’/I got me a violin and I beg you call the tune.” This song is usually heard as a cheery call to hippie camaraderie, but it has millennial, apocalyptic undertones: “Come hear Uncle John’s Band/by the riverside/got some things to talk about/here beside the rising tide.” Uncle John is a pied piper leading the innocents away, “he’s come to take his children home.”

“Dire Wolf” highlights Garcia’s newfound love for the pedal steel guitar. The cheerful country bounce is belied by this sinister lyric: “When I awoke the Dire Wolf/600 pounds of sin/was grinning at my window/all I said was come on in.” Has there ever been a better cho-

rus than “Don’t murder me?” The Dead were graduates of the early ‘60s folk revival and knew their murder ballads. In “Dire Wolf,” they flipped the script, going from minor to major, and from murderer to victim, begging for their lives.

“Easy Wind” was one of the last songs the Dead recorded that was sung by Ron “Pigpen” McKernan, and it’s maybe his best. The loose-limbed boogie driven by dueling drummers banging their toms is a unique groove that any present-day beardo rocker should despair ever equaling. “Doctor say better stop ballin’ that jack/if I live five years I gonna bust my back.” Pigpen has a baritone bellow, similar to but rougher than Jim Morrison’s. The song is a sideways retelling of John Henry, with some of Neil Casady’s hard living Dharma bum mixed in. Where John Henry was a hero, the protagonist of “Easy Wind” is just a guy who likes to drink, fuck and break rocks.

In contrast with the sepia-toned retelling of folk tales that *Workingman’s Dead* embodies, *American Beauty* seems to push deeper into the Dead’s own hermetic imagist symbolism, beginning with the epic “Box of Rain.” “Sun and shower/wind and rain/in and out the window/like a moth before the flame.” Even when they were young, the Dead seemed to spend a lot of time contemplating death, the way Buddhist Monks will meditate focused on pictures of decaying corpses. “Box” ends with “such a long long time to be gone and a short time to be there.” Though they claim to have not put much thought into the choice, they chose their band name well. The Devil in “Friend of the Devil” isn’t so much evil as capricious, giving and then taking away 20 dollars; like the Buddhist demon Mara he’s a nuisance, distracting the singer with desire, keeping him awake with visions of “sweet Anne Marie.”

Like Huck Finn, the Dead lit out for the territories to recreate themselves.

Which puts into focus the paradox implicit in the Dead’s music: They chase some kind of transcendence, while at the same time celebrating earthly pleasures. They may try to pierce the veil in “Attics Of My Life,” but they can’t leave desire behind. They want to have it both ways—don’t we all?—and we all learn sooner or

later that we cannot. But they have the compositional skills and musical chops to make it seem possible, at least for the duration of a song. They were much ridiculed for extending a three-minute song to a half hour or more in concert, but I don’t think it was just self-indulgence at work. Their project was to stop time, to hold the feeling of the three-minute song

suspended for as long as they could manage.

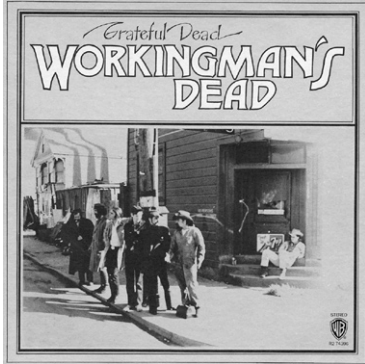
American Beauty also has less evocative moments, like “Sugar Magnolia.” It has a clever lyric, but it is about an idealized hippie’s “old lady,” and it comes off now as naive and cloying. “Till the Morning Comes” has a similar pre-feminist feeling. “You’re my woman now/make yourself easy” is not an imperative statement Gloria Steinem would embrace. I’m more enamored of the exhausted decadence of “Candyman,” in which they return to frontier myth-making. “Good morning Mr. Benson/I see you’re doing well/if I had me a shotgun/I’d blow you straight to hell.” Things

get even slower and sadder on “Broke-down Palace,” which echoes the 19th-century melodies of Stephen Foster. “Gonna leave this broke-down palace on my hands and my knees I will roll.” The image of the riverside echoes “Uncle John’s Band,” alluding perhaps to the biblical Jordan of gospel music. But the Dead got religion with Ken Kesey riding in the legendary bus Furthur—they visit the river but they never cross to the promised land.

The centerpiece of the album is “Ripple” which combines a simple folk melody with a lyric of lapidary perfection. “Reach out your hand if your cup be empty/If your cup is full may it be again/Let it be known there is a fountain/that

was not made by the hands of men.” Against the darkness of many of the other songs, “Ripple” evokes a feeling of spirituality, but it alludes rather than explains. “There is a road, no simple highway/between the dawn and the dark of night” recalls the bird flying through the light and warmth of Beowulf’s mead-hall from darkness to darkness. But it’s also a drinking song, Ripple being the brand name of a cheap wine much favored by Pigpen.

The record’s closing song, “Truckin’” is as close to a hit as the Dead achieved until “Touch of Grey.” It has been nearly worn out by over-



They spin the same hundred songs again and again like prayer wheels lining a street in Tibet.

exposure, but it does have a delicious edge of paranoia, being the tale of a traveling man drug dealer. He’s not who you imagine Lou Reed was waiting for, but he’s no mellow hippie. After the hymnal earnestness of “Attics Of My Life,” “Trucking” seems to both celebrate drug culture, while paradoxically putting the lie to any hippie ideal of endless mellowness. “What a long strange trip it’s been” has turned into a cliché—I’ve heard it quoted by Fox News anchors—but it’s a comment with layers of meaning way beyond the drug-slang double entendre. It’s the perfect summation of the entire decade of the 1960s.

As much as the Dead were a touchstone to generations of hippies, tie-dyes and twirlers, I’m not sure those fans were listening that closely. The Dead’s music became the soundtrack to their own hazy hedonism, but these records are anything but mellow. They synthesize folk, blues and country music and forge it into a new vernacular music. They turn again and again to death: the death of dreams, myths and innocence. Lyrically they recapitulate the imagery of the 19th-century American West, evoking the loneliness and precariousness of life on the wild edge. They update the Beats’ fascination with Buddhist thought and try to combine it with the outlaw frontiersman’s resolute independence. These two records refuse to pass into dated nostalgia because they tell the story of America in a way that looks both forward and backwards.

American Beauty’s name is lettered on the cover so that it can also be read as *American Reality*, and that duality is right there in the songs. I’m not sure any musical group ever produced music that so perfectly distilled the American experience, and did it with such gentle, sly, glancing blows. **lv**

Kent Williams once met Jon Provost, who played Timmy on Lassie. True story.

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TOO OLD TO STAY HOME, TOO YOUNG TO ROCK

Well, underage kids: The party is over. June 1st is here, and depending on who you ask, it means either the end of live music as we know it or that things are going to be basically the same. Only time will tell, I suppose, but I tend to agree with Will Oldham (a.k.a. Bonnie “Prince” Billy) who once said in an interview, “I figure kids are taking care of themselves for the most part, and I think the best thing we can probably do would be to make fake IDs more available.” Indeed! I got my first fake ID not to get into a bar but to get into a Wilco concert in Bloomington, Indiana, and as someone who has loved music from a very early age, I’m well aware of the plight of the minor. Still, let’s not forget that Iowa City will always have all-ages shows. Hell, we even have an all-ages venue (Public Space ONE), and more warehouse/basement gigs than you can count. For the near future, though, I’ll be sure to make a note of the age restrictions on any show that I cover in this column.

While the summer often means less action in the clubs as bands either take a summer break or hit the festival circuit, this month seems to be unusually packed with great songwriters, from the formerly famous to the currently famous to the should-be famous. In that first category is Eric Bachmann, former lead singer of the legendary Archers of Loaf. Since they disbanded in the ‘90s he’s been working under the name Crooked Fingers, which trades his old indie-pop energy for raspy, depressing, vaguely European-sounding music—but in a good way! A personal favorite of mine is the album *Red Devil Dawn*, which sounds kind of like Tom Waits fronting Devotchka. I played this CD (remember those things?) nonstop for

all of 2003. His more recent stuff has been met with mixed reviews, but I still think his show on June 26th at the Mill (21+) is a must-see.



Crooked Fingers plays
The Mill on June 26th.

Coming back to town after his sold-out and ridiculously entertaining Mission Creek show of 2009 is John Darnielle, mastermind of The Mountain Goats. Whether he’s recording on a boombox or with studio mastermind John Vanderslice, one thing has remained constant over his 17 (!) albums: great songwriting. It’s narrative, it’s descriptive, it’s heartfelt, sad, beautiful, poignant, funny. You get the picture: The guy puts words together extremely well, which is

I GOT MY FIRST FAKE ID NOT TO GET INTO A BAR BUT TO GET INTO A WILCO CONCERT IN BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

why he’s often described as “literary.” On his most recent album, he’s taken on the most famous piece of literature there is, the Bible. *The Life of the World to Come* features 12 tracks each named after and inspired by a biblical verse, though Darnielle uses this as a jumping off point to explore a variety of themes. It’s a spooky, interesting record, and I’m guessing songs on it will be featured heavily at his show at The Blue Moose on June 12th (all ages).

Speaking of men who record on boomboxes, local fellow Sam Locke Ward is releasing yet another album, this one a 2009 collaboration with Milwaukee noise legend Darren Brown, who was in Boy Dirt Car. Find John Scholtfelt’s review of it in the May issue. He still can’t stop gushing about it. Come out and get it on a gatefold vinyl at the release party, which goes down at the Yacht Club on June 11th (21+). And if you already know and like Sam, or if you don’t but you’re really into quirky songwriters and strange live shows, then I highly recommend heading to Public Space One on the 6th for Daniel Francis Doyle (all ages). This Austinite loops a bunch of angular guitars, then triggers them live while playing drums and singing out of a headset mic. I haven’t seen him before, but if he’s anything like some of the one-man bands who have rocked here before (Ill Ease, El Paso Hot Button), then it should be rad.

Lastly, if you’re not afraid of that glowing yellow thing in the sky, June is the real start of outdoor concert season. The Diplomats play down in the Ped Mall on the 18th, and the annual Iowa Arts Festival runs from June 4-6. Find the full details at www.summerofthearts.org. **lv**

Craig Eley is a music writer, promoter and American studies grad student, usually in that order. Got news on the music scene? Write to him at craig@missionfreak.com.

ROADSIDE CONTINUED ON PAGE 9 >>



White oak tree
Rochester Cemetery
Between West Branch & Tipton
July 2009

The Rochester Cemetery sprawls over two sides of a gravel road and spills into the forests beyond. It's the kind of place you dream of spending eternity: quiet, secluded, and teeming with life in spite of, you know, the people buried there.



Sun-dappled fern
Palisades-Kepler State Park
Mount Vernon
October 2009

While camping at Palisades-Kepler State Park near Mount Vernon, I woke early and slipped into the woods with my camera. I'm pretty sure this single fern, illuminated by early morning sunlight, is the reason I woke up before 8 a.m.

GABES

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Sun, June 6

The Icarus Account & Avian Sunrise

Fri, June 11

Cranial Decay & Snow Demon

Sat, June 12

Without a Face & Aktar Aktar

Sat, June 26

Bad Party

Fri, July 2

Tim Stop Trio, Alan Sweet & Amanda Miller, Daphne Willis, Megan McCormick

Wed, July 14

Lightning Bolt

Sat, July 24

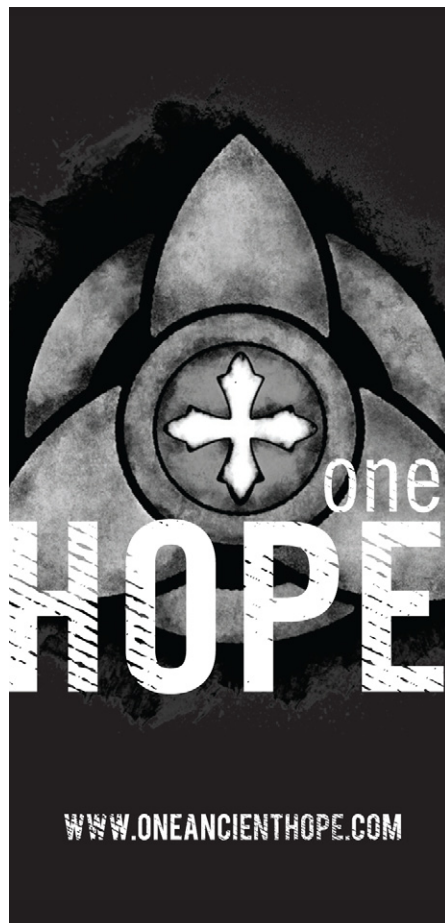
Ready the Destroyer
& The Post Mortems

Fri, July 30

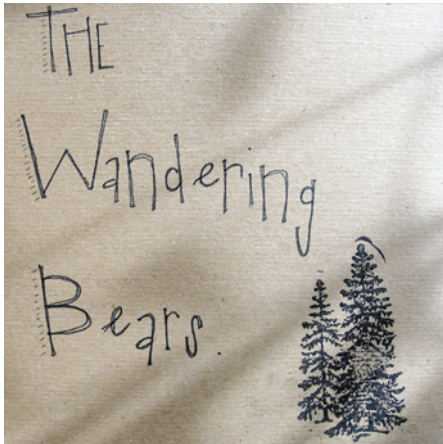
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The Wandering Bears

The Wandering Bears

Self-released

www.thewanderingbears.com

Iowa City indie pop quintet, The Wandering Bears, have offered up a potluck, of sorts, for their self-titled debut. The Bears have cribbed a little bit from nearly every great left-of-center pop act and placed it all in front of you in heaping, steaming, well-produced portions.

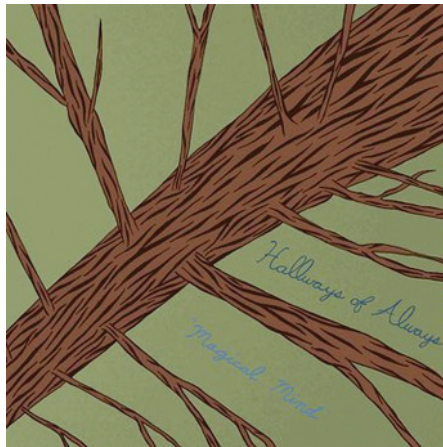
The group, comprised of members of The Western Front and Vagabonds, opens with the glitchy, down-tempo, electropop number "William S. Burroughs Teaches Photography" (they also have a knack for whip-smart-alec titles), followed by the alt-country swagger of "Tom Bodett Rearranges his Living Room."

Yet, The Wandering Bears are at their finest with meat and potatoes pop tunes like the bubbly, twee-ish "Oh! Sorry Sir." and the piano-driven "Michael May Dances Like a Man." They only really stumble on the tracks which veer into rock 'n' roll. Both "Going Down" and "My Way" come off a bit clunky and don't stack up well against the other six tracks.

The sweet spot on *The Wandering Bears*, though, is the one-two punch closing out the record: "Dialectic" and "Take Care, Kiddo." Both are stunningly mature break-up songs, something lacking on still emo-fueled Top 40. "Dialectic" still mourns being single, and doesn't try to circumvent sentimentality, but the clear-eyed appraisal of the relationship's shortcomings ("I get defensive/you're apprehensive") and reluctance to place blame is refreshing. So too are the harmonies on the second verse (featured during two of the finest minutes on the album), the vibes peppered in

during the climax, and the delicate, and evocatively picked acoustic guitar line.

"Take Care, Kiddo" may be a little condescending (if the title implies nothing else), but it's certainly a playful take on heartbreak. After the sultry, torch-carrying opening, the remaining four minutes are a celebration of all the other fish in the sea, and time healing all wounds. With call and response verses over piano vamps, an a capella, five-part harmony breakdown, and the hooky-as-hell chorus, "Take Care, Kiddo" is easily the finest pop song released in Iowa City this year.



Hallways of Always

Magical Mind

Long Play Records

myspace.com/hallwaysofthealways

Why would Iowa folkie William Elliott Whitmore and Erase Errata frontwoman Jenny Hoyston re-record the six songs from their 2006 EP *Hallways of Always* for a vinyl-only release? Only they know for sure, but on their return, this time calling themselves Hallways of Always, the performances do seem sharper. The vocals are certainly cleaner and clearer in the mix, but the chief difference is dropping many of the buzzing analog synthesizers for acoustic instrumentation. Both "Feast of a Thousand Beasts" and "You've Already Gone" featured lo-fi synths which have been replaced by a singing saw and a violin respectively.

Both Hoyston and Whitmore contribute new compositions, making it a full-length effort, which they've dubbed *Magical Mind*. Whitmore's latest, "Heavy Load," closes off the first side of *Magical Mind*. It actually relies on some of the very same electronics that were replaced by live instrumentation elsewhere as a tiny drum machine keeps pace with Whitmore's fingerpicking. The new Whitmore

cut is a meditation on perseverance. The chorus, "It's a mighty heavy load/But not any more than her back can hold" becomes a bit of a mantra, in fact, seeming to echo throughout the fading ambient hiss as the song ends.

Hoyston's new track, "Out of My Mind," may be the album standout. She's created a haunting track with only a shuffling acoustic strum and a bubbling sea of wheezes, hums and hisses. "Out of My Mind" is perpetually unraveling, as chirps and burps bounce off, swallow, fade into one another with only the guitar to keep any structure. But Hoyston's voice is the eerie thread which holds this psychedelic-tinged ballad together. She floats elegantly over Whitmore's cellar-deep growls during the chorus, sounding more saddened than crazy as she cries out the song's title.

John Schlotfelt is really going to miss Iowa City and it's bevy of talent. If you want to discuss Iowa City's fertile music scene or restaurants he should try when he moves to Chicago, get at him at john.schlotfelt@littlevillagemag.com.



Tin Kite

Internet Only Demos

Self-released

myspace.com/audreyrosetefanie

A Facebook message showed up in my inbox the other day, from Stefanie Drootin, member of the well-known Omaha band The Good Life. It announced the availability of an album's worth of songs she'd recorded with her friend Chris Senseney. No album title, no track order, unmastered. They went down into Stefanie's basement and just had fun with writing and recording songs.

"I didn't want to shop it to labels or give it to friends and ask them to put it out. I just

wanted to share it,” Stefanie said via email. “I had my eight-month-old baby strapped to my body during the entire recording. We recorded most of it live and didn’t stop takes if he cried or if a truck drove by.”

And indeed if you listen closely you can hear an occasional vocal contribution from her baby (as in “I’m No Good”), which only adds to the charm. But these songs sound anything but rough or unpolished. Stefanie and Chris are veteran musicians, so when they relax and let it rip, it still comes out sounding wonderful. Stefanie sings in a clear, pure tone with perfect intonation, but there’s nothing studied or careful about what she does. She sings the way she’d sing at home doing dishes, just for the pure joy of singing. She sounds, above all, happy.

Happiness, though, is boring, and these songs have their own modest drama. In “Sat There,” she sings, “Morning came you gave up on my kiss/you didn’t have to will to live/or keep me with your lips/I’m the one who left/ but you’re still the one who got away.” There’s some good old country heartbreak, but sung so sweetly that it takes away most of the sting.

“Don’t Bring Me Down” has some of the same joyful melancholy, delivered in waltz time: “What if the map was erased? No trace of personal space?” She sings about the unspoken agreement that sustains a failed relationship, and it’s heartbreaking, but at the same time irresistibly pretty. The arrangements are all simple to the point of transparency: guitars, drums, and occasionally some keyboards.

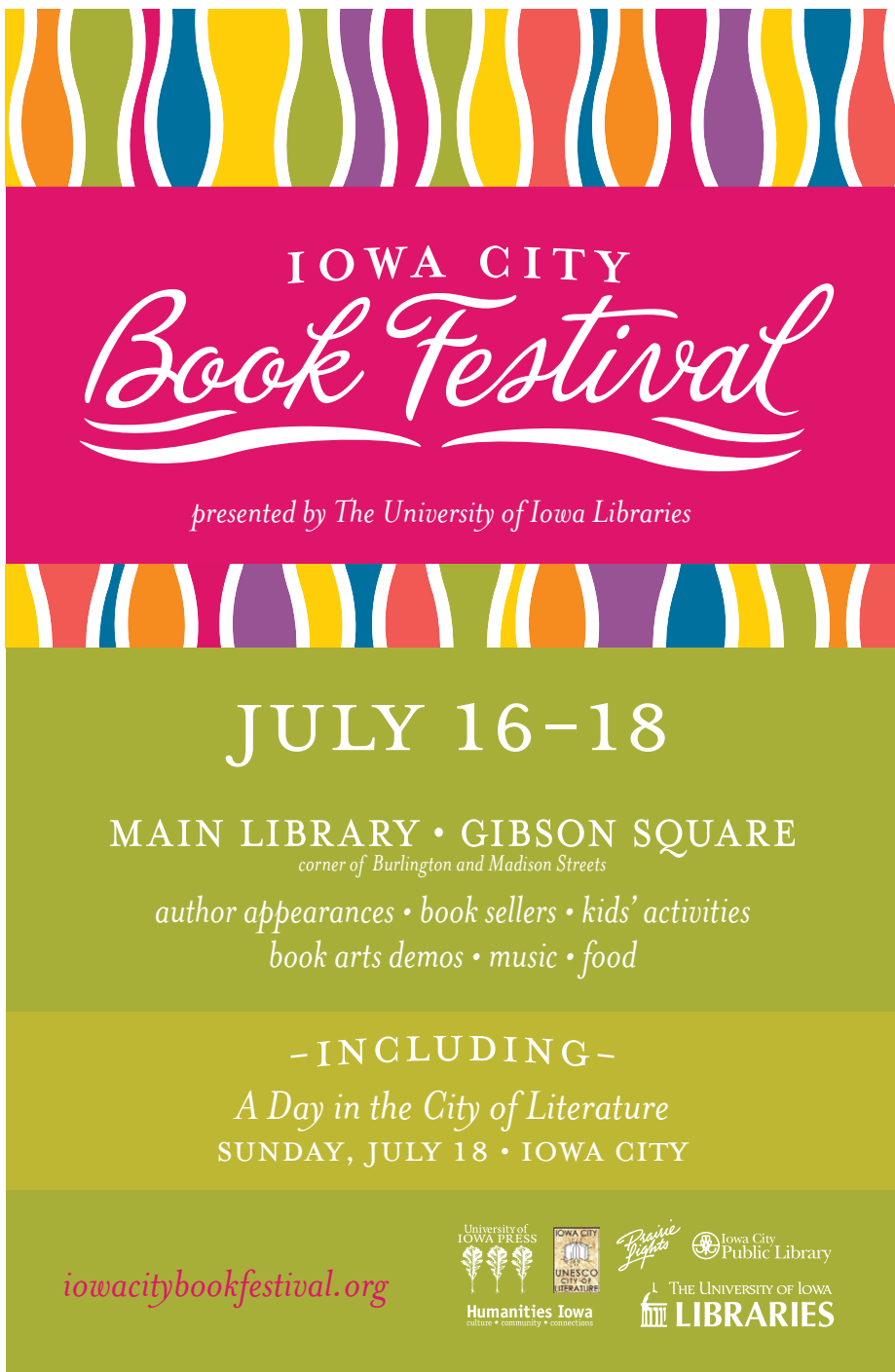
On a couple of tracks, notably “Running On Fumes” there’s some junkyard noise guitar grumbling away in the background, which shouldn’t work with in a country waltz. But it sits in the mix so politely, you’d miss it if it went away.

Tin Kite is a project that genuinely seems to have no commercial, careerist agenda. As luck would have it, Stefanie and Chris had the time, space and will to make a modest masterpiece, a labor of love that brings a little light and cheer to anyone who downloads it. A lot of people who download music think free means worthless, and with Tin Kite, that would be a huge mistake. It’s priceless.

“After we recorded these songs,” Stefanie said, “I didn’t want to feel weighed down by them. I didn’t want to feel like I had to have it mixed perfectly or mastered or even put the songs in the perfect order. It all just sounded so draining. I just wanted to share it.”

You can download it at drop.io/tinkite or www.cornwarning.com/xfer/TinKite.zip

Kent Williams



IOWA CITY
Book Festival

presented by *The University of Iowa Libraries*

JULY 16-18

MAIN LIBRARY • GIBSON SQUARE
corner of Burlington and Madison Streets

author appearances • book sellers • kids' activities
book arts demos • music • food

- INCLUDING -
A Day in the City of Literature
SUNDAY, JULY 18 • IOWA CITY

iowacitybookfestival.org

University of IOWA PRESS
IOWA CITY
UNESCO CITY OF LITERATURE
Humanities Iowa
culture • community • connections

Prairie Lights
Iowa City Public Library
THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
LIBRARIES



Reservations welcome
319.351.9145

Red Poppy
tea & hookah parlour

organic teas flavoured shisha tobacco
handblown glass art mya hookahs

www.redpoppyiowa.com 341 E College St, Iowa City, IA 52240

ART/EXHIBITS

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center of Iowa

55 12th Ave SE, Cedar Rapids

www.blackiowa.org

Our Sister's Many Hats, ongoing • Endless Possibilities, ongoing

AKAR

257 E. Iowa Ave. Iowa City

www.akar.design

Mark Shapiro and Brad Schwieger, thru June 18 • Sam Chung, Simon Levin and Sue Tirrell, opens June 25

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

www.crma.org

Grant Wood Studio and Visitor Center, Guided tours of Grant Wood's home and studio, Saturdays & Sundays, hourly 12-4pm

Art Bites "A look at From Monet to Picasso: The Riley Collection, June 2 • Creative Connections-Artists in Action, June 5 • Louis Sullivan and Louis Armstrong: Architecture, Jazz and American Culture, June 6 • The Grant Wood Window, opens June 19 • The Sky's the Limit, Marvin Cone's Clouds, ongoing • From Monet to Picasso, ongoing • Norman Rockwell: Fact & Fiction, ongoing • Malvina Hoffman, ongoing • Mauricio Lasansky, ongoing • Art in Roman Life, ongoing • Grant Wood: In Focus, ongoing

CSPS/Legion Arts

1103 Third St SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Come as You Are, June 2 • Brian Guidry, ongoing

Fair Grounds Coffeehouse

345 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

www.fairgroundscoffeehouse.com

Beth Oxler, Watercolor Paintings, thru June

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell

www.grinnell.edu/fulconergallery

Hybrid Media, thru June 5 • Harry Shearer: The Silent Echo Chamber, opens June 18 • Michael Van den Besselaar: Unconscious Optics, open June 18 • Mark Wagner: Face Value, opens June 18 • Bryan Drury: Feast, opens June 18

Herbert Hoover Presidential Museum

West Branch

www.nps.gov/heho

Iowa A to Z, ongoing

Hudson River Gallery

538 South Gilbert St., Iowa City

www.hudsonrivergallery.com

Sarah Goffstein, thru June

Iowa Artisans Gallery

207 E. Washington, Iowa City

www.iowa-artisans-gallery.com

Emily Reason, June 4-July 19

Iowa Arts Festival

Downtown Iowa City

www.summerofthearts.org

Complete schedule online

Opening Night, June 4 • Art Fair, June 5-6 • Global Village, June 5 • Children's Day, June 6

Johnson County Historical Society

310 5th St., Coralville

www.jchsiowa.org

African Americans in the Military, ongoing

Old Capitol Museum

Pentacrest, Iowa City

www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap

Iowa Youth Diaries, ongoing

Public Space One

129 E. Washington St., Iowa City

publicspaceone.wordpress.com

ANTIART, Opens June 4th, 5-8pm

University Museum of Art

uima.uiowa.edu

Check website for locations

Two Turntables and a Microphone, thru June 27 • UIMA@IMU, ongoing

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus

www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Mysteries in the Valley of the Sloths, ongoing

MUSIC

Blue Moose Tap House

211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City

www.bluemooseic.com

Mondo Drag w. Brian Olive, Alex Body, May 30, 8pm • Deception of a Ghost w. A Past Unknown, June 3, 5pm • Beaker Brothers, June 4, 9pm • Emery w. Queens Club, Kiros, Sent by Ravens, June 5, 6pm • School of Flyentology, June 5, 10pm • Warpaint w. datagun, June 7, 6pm • Mutiny in the Parlor w. The Bicycats, June 8, 9pm • Stick to Your Guns w. Abacabb, The Ghost Inside, Upon a Burning Body, June 9, 5pm • Collectible Boys w. Abbie Sawyer & The Instrumental, June 10, 9pm • The Mountain Goats w. The Beets, June 12, 7pm • Ursa Invincible w. Milosny, Micawber, Of Flesh Unseen, Terrapin

and the Wolves, June 15, 5pm • Kidz in the Hall w. 88 Keys, Coolzey, June 16, 5pm • Take Cover w. All The Right Moves, A Kidnap In Color, June 17, 5pm • The Uniphonics w. Tree Hut Kings, June 18, 9pm • Plagued By Saints w. 6 to the Chest, Reelfoot Rift, Emplify, June 19, 9pm • 1st Annual Metal / Hardcore Fest: Marla Singer, Dividing the Masses, Reaping Asmodeia, From Citizen To Soldier, Terrapin and the Wolves, Of Flesh Unseen, June 22, 5pm • Metal/Hardcore Fest: Close Your Eyes, The World We Knew, It Prevails, Structures, Waking the Cadaver, Without Remorse, Woe of Tyrants, Catalepsy, Within the Ruins, June 23, 1pm • Mac Lethal w. DJ Sku, F Stokes, June 24, 6pm • Haste the Day, July 1 • The Maine, July 17

Camp Euforia

5335 Utah Ave Se, Lone Tree

www.campeuforia.com

Full festival schedule online

July 16-17

Downtown Saturday Night

Ped Mall, downtown Iowa City

www.summerofthearts.org

Rae & The Honey Bees and Mutiny in the Parlor, June 19 • Tony Brown and Arthur Lee Land, June 26 • Cirque Stupendous, July 10 • Poetic Rebound presents a night of Dance, July 17 • The New Bodies and William Elliot Whitmore, July 24 • Alma Sub Rosa and Soula, July 31

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Kris Allen With Green River Ordinance, June 7, 8pm • Jace Everett, June 17, 7pm

Friday Night Concert Series

Ped Mall, downtown Iowa City

www.summerofthearts.org

Bambu and Awful Purdies, June 11 • The Diplomats of Solid Sound, Featuring The Diplomettes, June 18 • Iowa Summer Music Camp Jazz Combos, June 25 • Euforquestra, July 9 • The Recliners and Turkana, July 16 • B.F. Burt and the Instigators, June 23 • Amanda Miller & the Smoking Sextion and Clean Livin, July 30

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.iowacitygabes.com

All shows at 930pm unless otherwise noted

Open Mic with Garreth Spinn every Wednesday
Members of Morphine and Jeremy Lyons, May 30 • Mad Munks, June 4 • Salt & Swine, June 5, 6pm • The Brothers Burn Mountain, June 5 • Avian Sunrise, The Icarus Account, Jimmy Riches, Joel Bickford, June 6, 7pm • Blood of the Tyrant, Cranial Decay, Snow Demon, June 11 • Aktar Aktar, Without a Face, June 12 • Flight to Athena, June 15 • Liberty Leg w. The Old Man, June 17 • Druids, Tutt & Vondehaar, Verona Red, June 18 • Modern Day Satire, System and Station, June 19 • Bad Party,



Henry's Village Market 4125 V St., Homestead Fridays 4-7pm

www.henrysvillagemarket.com

Midwestern modernists may find themselves quite comfortable watching haute cuisine and couture go local. Whether you are a hipster, a hippie or just plain hip, the pioneering DIY spirit courses through the veins of Iowans, and of this we can be quite proud.

However, Midwestern hospitality has also held the door open for rampant sprawling geographies of nowhere, allowing shoddily built chain restaurants, big box stores and nondescript housing developments to dot the heartland, beating up the view. This summer, take a break from all of that by visiting the Amana Colonies, where high quality local, organic and handmade products have been in fashion since the 1850s.

The Amana area's top producers are convening for weekly farmers markets every Friday, 4-7 p.m., at Henry's Village Market, a family-owned business in Homestead, Iowa. Market highlights include a weekly "grill master," demonstrations of country livin', a garden tour, linotype printing press, baby goats and live music organized by eastern Iowa musician Dustin Busch.

Stock up on the finer things that big city money just can't buy: taps of the toe, fresh-squeezed lemonade, the last rays of sun as it sets over the prairie. Wherever you might have come here from, such things will remind you how very pleasant it is to be here now.

For more information, visit www.henrysvillagemarket.com and www.amanacolonies.org.

June 26 • The Vicious Guns, June 27 • Tim Stop Trio, Alan Sweet & Amanda Miller, Daphne Willis, Megan McCormick, July 2 • Lightning Bolt, July 14

Henry's Village Market

4125 V St., Homestead
henrysvillagemarket.com

Guy & Hannah Drollinger, June 4 • Castle Ride, June 11 • Dustin Busch, June 18 • Ben Schmidt, June 25 • Dustin Busch, July 16 • Ben Schmidt, July 23 • Castle Ridge, July 30

Iowa Arts Festival

Downtown Iowa City
www.summerofthearts.org
Complete schedule online
Live Music, June 4-6

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted
Study Hall, the game, Sundays, 9pm-Midnight
Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8pm, call 338-6713 to sign up

Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays
Maylane, Gospel Gossip, Dewi Sant, June 1 • French Quarter w. Olivia Rose Muzzy, Married in Berdichev, June 2 • Rosalee Motor Revival w. Jim Seem, Colloquialisms, June 3 • BF Burt & The Instigators, June 4 • Dave Bess w. The Ramblers, June 5 • The Tanks, Mynabirds, Ed Gray, June 8 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, June 9, 7pm • Grupo Fantasma, June 9, 8pm • Sam Salamone Trio, June 10, 8pm • David Zollo & the Body Electric w. Anna Laube, June 11 • These United States w. Shame Train and Breathe Owl Breathe, June 12 • The Western Front, The Wandering Bears, The Water Bears, June 15 • Kaiser Cartel w. Jeremy Messersmith, Shame Stevens, June 16 • Unknown Component w. Bethann Gavin, Harrison Harnisch, June 17 • Chicago Samba, June 18, 8pm • Mondo Drag, Centaur Noir (ex-Meth & Goats), June 22, • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, June 23, 7pm • Indigineous, June 24 • The Right Now, June 25 • Crooked Fingers w. So Cow, June 26 • Pretty Things Peepshow, June 27 • Jazz Jam!, July 2, 10pm • Jazz Jam!, July 3, 10pm • Joe & Vicki Price, July 17, 8pm

Orchestra Iowa

www.orchestraiowa.org
Pied Piper Concerts - Bass Ensemble, June 2-5, see website for times/location • Follies 2010 - "Viva Las Vegas", July 10-11, 17-8, Gallagher-Bluedorn Performing Arts Center (Cedar Falls), see website for times.

Public Space One

129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.myspace.com/publicspaceone
Check website for summer listings



DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

JULY 2-4 MAIN STAGE:

Friday starts at 4:30 pm:
United Jazz Ensemble
U.S. Army Blues Band
Bob Washut Dream Band

Saturday starts at 2 pm:

Equilateral
Public Property
Gabriel Espinosa —
"From Yucatan to Rio"
Roswell Rudd

Sunday starts at 2 pm:

Koplant No
Lake Street Dive
Paul Smoker Notet
Dr Lonnie Smith

Three side stages each day
— Youth, College & Local!

Friday:

3-10 pm Culinary Row
4-9 pm FUN Zone & Art Fair

Saturday & Sunday:

11am—10pm Culinary Row
12—9 pm Fun Zone & Art Fair

Visit our Beverage Garden
each evening on
Clinton Street!
Sponsored by Miller Lite.
Fireworks Sunday night!

www.summerofthearts.org

For a complete schedule!



Riverside Casino

3184 Highway 22, Riverside
www.riversidecasinoandresort.com

Diamond Rio, June 11, 8pm • Bachman & Turner, June 26, 8pm • Daryl Hall & John Oates, July 24, 8pm

Toyota-Scion of Iowa City Jazz Festival

Downtown Iowa City
www.summerofthearts.org

Full schedule online

Main stage schedule: United Jazz Ensemble, U.S. Army Blues, BobWashut Dream Band, July 2 • Equilateral, Public Property, Gabriel Espinosa, Roswell Rudd, July 3 • Koplant No, Lake Street Dive, Paul Smoker Notet, Dr Lonnie Smith, July 4

White Lightning Warehouse

www.myspace.com/whitelightingic

Sarah Johnson w. Tender Meat, more TBA, June 10, 10pm • Evolve Project w. Big Sands, Aisle, Pebble and Stone, June 18, 930pm • Cave, July 12, 8pm

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City
www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

* Mountain Standard Time, Smokin' Joe Scarpellino, June 2 • Black Thursday featuring Thrunch + Dredge + Nihil Seraph, June 3, 10pm • Amanda Miller and the Smoking Sextion + Shoeless Revolution, June 4 • Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Bands Art Fest Show, June 5 • Samuel Locke Ward & The Boo Hoos RECORD RELEASE PARTY!!!, June 11 • Lubriphonic, June 18 • Furious Frank + Porch Builder, June 19 • Andy Frasco Band + Collectible Boys, July 8 • Camp Euforia Pre-Party with Juno What + Dead Larry + MST, July 15, 8pm • Camp Euforia, June 16-17, Lone Tree, IA, all day (www.campeuforia.com)

THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE

City Circle Acting Company

Iowa Children's Museum
Coral Ridge Mall, Coralville
www.citycircle.org

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown, June 11-13 & June 18-20

Englert Theatre

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englert.org

Les Dames du Burlesque with Cirque Stupendo, June 18, 8:30pm

Old Capitol City Roller Girls

Coralville Marriott
www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com

Stateline Derby Divas, June 5 • Mixer with the Quad Cities, July 10

Penguin's Comedy Club

Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids
www.penguinscomedyclub.com

Check website for showtimes

Sean Morey, June 4-5 • Scott Novotny, June 11-12 • Uncle Larry Reeb, June 18-19 • Dave Dugan, June 25-26 • DC Malone, July 9-10

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids
www.theatrecreg.org

Rent, July 9-25

The University of Iowa Theatre

Main Theatre Building, UI Campus
www.uiowa.edu/~theatre

Check website for showtimes

Iowa Summer Rep featuring Theresa Rebeck: The Scene, June 22-July 11 • Mauritius, July 1-10 • The Family of Mann, July 13-25 • Omnium Gatherum, July 18

WORDS

Iowa City Book Festival

Gibson Square, UI Main Library
www.iowacitybookfestival.org

July 16-18

Iowa Summer Writing Festival

Various Locations
www.continuetolearn.uiowa.edu/iswfest

Complete schedule online

June and July

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com

Talk Art - Writers' Workshop, May 5, 9pm

Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
www.prairielightbooks.com

All "Live from Prairie Lights" readings at 7pm unless noted

Nick Reding, June 5 • Jenna Blum, June 7

CINEMA

Alexis Park Inn

1165 S. Riverside Drive, Iowa City
www.alexisparkinn.com

Aviaton Movie Night, May 4, 11, 18, 25, 6:30pm

Bijou Theatre

IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~bijou/

The Bijou returns in July

MidwestOne Bank Free Movie Series

Pentacrest, downtown Iowa City
www.summerofthearts.org

Shrek, June 12 • Forrest Gump, June 19 • Footloose, June 26 • The Dark Knight, July 10 • Bring It On, July 17 • Twister, July 24 • Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, July 31

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Planet Earth: Caves, June 13 • Planet Earth: Deserts, July 11

KIDS

Iowa City Public Library

123 South Linn St. Iowa City
www.icpl.org

Storytime at 10:30 Mon-Sat, 2pm Sun

University of Iowa Museum of Natural History

Macbride Hall, UI Campus
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Storytime Explorers: Whales and Dolphins, June 20 • Storytime Explorers: Dinosaurs, July 18

MISC

Iowa Center for AIDS Resources & Education

Chauncey Swan Parking Ramp
www.icareiowa.org

23rd Annual New Pioneer/ICARE Pancake Breakfast, June 6, 8am-1pm

PATV

206 Lafayette St., Iowa City
www.patv.tv

The Smartest Iowan game show Wednesdays, contestants needed, email smartestiowan@gmail.com

Trek Fest

Riverside
www.trekfest.com

June 25-26

Curses, Foiled Again

- FBI investigators said Lois J. Harvey, 40, handed a hold-up note to a bank teller in Columbus, Ohio, who informed Harvey she couldn't read it. While trying to explain the note, Harvey noticed an off-duty police officer in full uniform waiting in line behind her. She grabbed the note and hastily left. Informed by the teller what had happened, the officer went after Harvey, who, when caught, tried to eat the note. When the officer arrested her, she coughed it up. (*The Columbus Dispatch*)
- Authorities identified Joshua Tell Warner, 23, as the man who robbed three Oregon banks after receiving calls pointing out that the suspect was a deckhand on a crab boat who appeared on the television reality show "Deadliest Catch." Following his arrest at a traffic stop in East Peoria, Ill., Warner pleaded guilty. (Eugene's *The Register-Guard*)

Too Big to Prosecute

After investigators with Canada's Bank of Montreal assembled more than 35,000 documents pertaining to what could be the biggest mortgage fraud in Canadian history, government authorities told the bank they weren't interested in pursuing a criminal investigation against more than 300 Albertans, including mortgage brokers, real estate agents, lawyers and at least one member of parliament, whom the bank accused of generating \$70 million worth of phony mortgages in one year. "There just aren't enough police officers to investigate these crimes," said Chris Mathers, a corporate crime consultant and former Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer. "If you double the number of investigators, you will just have double the number of crimes being investigated and still have a whole bunch stacked in a pile and waiting to go." (*Canadian Broadcasting Corp. News*)

Above and Beyond

- Two Japanese police officers spent six evenings in a row hiding in a closet before finally nabbing a 16-year-old boy suspected of stealing 862 yen (\$9.72) in Wakayama Prefecture. (*Japan Today*)
- Joseph M. Veladro, 28, spared the world another lawyer by telling police in Port St. Lucie, Fla., that he stole more than \$300 in merchandise so he'd be charged with a felony that would keep him from going to law school. (West Palm Beach's *WPTV News*)

No Peeking

After students at a Pennsylvania high school were charged with child pornography for circulating cell phone images of a sex act

Tobacco Road

When researchers denounced R.J. Reynolds Tobacco for marketing Camel Orbs, mint- or cinnamon-flavored dissolvable tobacco pellets that they said too closely resemble Tic Tac breath mints and will appeal to children because they can be eaten like candy, Reynolds official David Howard noted, "Virtually every household has products that could be hazardous to children, like cleaning supplies, medicines, health and beauty products, and you compare that to 20 to 25 percent of households that use tobacco products." The difference, insisted Dr. Jonathan P. Winickoff, chair of the American Academy of Pediatrics Tobacco Consortium, "is that kids potentially will be watching grown-ups ingesting these products. The last time I checked, we don't have adults drinking toilet bowl cleanser in front of their kids." (*The New York Times*)



on school grounds, school officials found themselves being investigated for examining the video images. Parents complained that officials at Susquenita High School who confiscated pornographic images and videos from the students "passed around" and viewed the offensive material. "Of course, one or two people had to see the images to determine what they were, but if more than one or two top administrators saw them, there better be a good reason why," Perry County District Attorney Charles Chenot said, adding that employees who showed the images to people not involved in the investigation could face the same charges as the seven students involved. (Harrisburg's *The Patriot-News*)

Ironies of the Week

- After Wisconsin state troopers needed tire spikes to stop a tractor-trailer whose driver refused to pull over, authorities said the 44-year-old driver appeared to be sleep deprived. His cargo: energy drinks. (Minneapolis's *KMSP-TV News*)
- New York City fire investigators blamed a blaze that gutted five businesses and required 140 firefighters to extinguish on a worker installing a fire-safety door at a pizza shop. The worker, an employee of Ideal Fire Safety Systems, said his welding torch

apparently set some grease on fire. (*New York Post*)

Little Things Mean a Lot

Authorities arrested Rolando Negrin, 44, a federal security screener at Miami International Airport, who they said beat up a co-worker with an expandable police baton. According to the arrest report, Negrin explained that he endured repeated mocking about the size of his genitals after his Transportation Security Administration colleagues observed his private parts on one of the airport's full-body imaging machines until "he could not take the jokes any more and lost his mind." (*The Miami Herald*)

Way to Go

- Investigators said a car traveling at 92 mph ran off the road in Willowick, Ohio, then hit an embankment and went airborne. The car flew 173 feet, crashed into the side of an apartment building between the third and fourth floors, bounced off and landed in a parking lot, where police found the driver, Carmen Ritacco, 26, dead. (Cleveland's *WEWS-TV News*)
- An out-of-control sport utility vehicle veered across a median strip and six lanes of traffic in Fairfax County, Va., before jumping the curb and hitting two bicyclists on a bike path. The Dodge Durango killed one cyclist, 18-year-old Abdel Ouahid Chadli, and injured another before crashing into a tree, killing driver Gary Anthony Thorne, 31. The incident occurred on National Bike to Work Day. (*The Washington Post*)
- When Randal Grubb, 63, leaned out of his SUV to pick up mail he dropped onto the road in front of his home in Spring Township, Pa., he fell out of the vehicle, which then dragged him down the street and pinned him against a concrete wall. Grubb's wife, a passenger, wasn't able to stop the vehicle from rolling forward and called authorities, who pronounced Grubb dead at the scene. (Johnstown's *WJAC-TV News*)

Recidivist of the Week

Just one month after Douglas Gardner, 54, was released from a Vermont prison, where he spent nearly 20 years for a fatal drunk-driving crash, state police charged him with DUI when he drove a car down an embankment in Highgate. (*The St. Albans Messenger*)

Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Submit items, citing date and source, to P.O. Box 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.

How much flatulence would it take to become airborne?

I recently read in your online archive about the origin of "hoist with his own petard," in which you say that a petard was a small explosive whose name came from the French word for fart. That made me think: what kind of PSI are we talking about to lift oneself off the ground with flatulence? Assuming you had the precision of Le Petomane and could make a seal in a seated position, what would it take to get, say, a 180-pound man airborne? Could an equation be formulated to determine the amount of baked beans needed to reach liftoff?

—Kfraser34

You realize, K., that this question is idiotic. However, that's never stopped us before, and there's no doubt that from a scientific perspective the subject has its points of interest. So I assigned the job to my assistant Una, a professional engineer, who quickly obtained the relevant thrust equations from NASA and got to work computing the necessary forces. While Una and I found the results enlightening, for you—assuming you're the 180-pound man here—it wasn't such a good day. Rocket science works impressively when embodied in the space shuttle, but I'm here to tell you that on a personal scale it makes a real mess.

The thing is, the digestive system isn't optimally configured for propulsion. Our first problem is the shape of your sphincter. All you've got to work with is a pretty slender ring of muscle; no matter how good your control, it's not going to be able to direct and contain the flow of gas like a rocket nozzle. I suppose one could find some sort of attachment for this on the Internet, but we'll leave that to you.

The more immediate challenge is handling the necessary pressure buildup. Una devised an ingenious spreadsheet that factored in sphincter diameter, molar mass of gas, and other matters that nobody but your doctor needs to know about. We learned that getting you aloft—and I don't mean putting you in orbit, I mean just budging you off the launch pad—would require 800 newtons. Your basic fart generates 0.2 newtons. Hoisting's going to

take a lot more petard than that.

It was time, you should pardon the expression, to turn up the gas. Assuming a robust 23 cubic inches of flatus per emission, we computed the necessary exit pressure at 3,680 pounds per square inch. Problem is, your gut will rupture somewhere north of four pounds per square inch. Alternatively, if we took four PSI as our limit and instead ramped up the propellant volume, we discovered we needed about 17,600 cubic feet of gas. The

degrees Kelvin, and exhaust gas exit velocity at 12,000 feet per second. It wasn't pretty, K. It also didn't work, unless we were willing to accept catastrophic failure of the containment vessel—I'm sure you've heard the expression "flaming asshole"? It's fine giving your all for science, but you want to leave 'em something for the wake.

We'll let you think about it. In the meantime, you asked about beans. The most potent kind we know about are mature lima beans, which produce about 34 cubic inches of gas per pound ingested. So if your lower GI tract were somehow magically able to accommodate the volume, at 4 PSI you'd need 453 tons of lima beans to generate the requisite 17,600 cubic feet of flatus. Most of this would be carbon dioxide, but 30 percent would be hydrogen and 16 percent methane. Should you actually try to consume all those beans, for God's sake don't smoke.

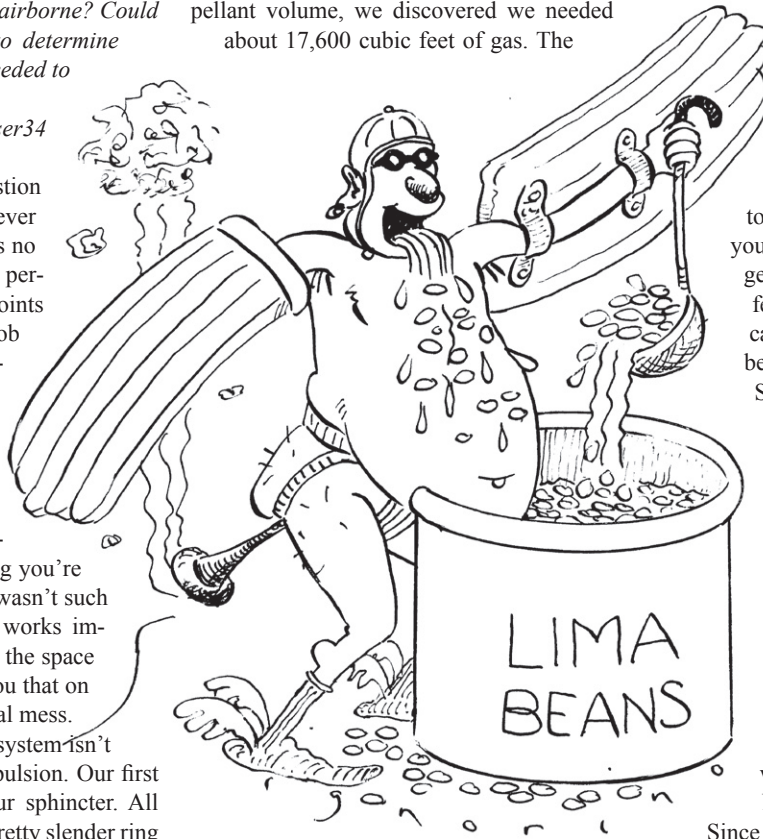
We advise a less spectacular but more practical approach. Think you can pump out a steady two PSI? If so, we'll hook you up to an air jack—essentially a super-strong balloon that uses compressed air to lift things. If you're sitting on a jack measuring a foot square, at two PSI we get 288 pounds of lifting power. Not the most glamorous way to travel, but hey, you're up.

Not good enough? Here's plan B.

Since flatus is lighter than air, you could save up enough to inflate a hot-air-type balloon. Assuming 180 pounds for you plus 20 pounds of apparatus, to get off the ground you'll need to fill a balloon 30 feet in diameter—a slow but sustainable approach to transportation. Resources don't get much more renewable, and you'll be sequestering greenhouse gases, too.

—CECIL ADAMS

Comments, questions? Take it up with Cecil on the Straight Dope Message Board, straightdope.com, or write him at the Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. And now you can subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast—search for "straight dope" in the iTunes Store.



observed volume of the human intestine is on the order of 300 cubic inches.

"I don't think he's got it in him," Una concluded sadly.

She wasn't about to give up, though. She resumed tapping away at her keyboard. I looked over her shoulder and saw a document entitled "Combustion of Fart Table."

"Una," I gasped. "You're not suggesting . . .?"

"It's our only hope," she replied.

I'll spare you the details—you probably remember the basics from college anyway. Una ran various scenarios. At one point we had the internal pressure up to 250 atmospheres, the combustion temperature at 3,600

ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR JUNE 2010

FOR EVERYONE—The road to somewhere new. June's vibes will tear up all roads leading to the past and break our links with life as we knew it. They will leave us with a whole lot of questions about the future, too. But June's vibes will also empower the innovators, the reformers, the new people, at the expense of the establishment. They are also strongly protective and supportive vibes, and many will find willing allies and sympathetic listeners as they make their way forward. June's aspects won't let us go backwards and they show us a future that is still mostly question marks. But they will also strongly support us as we create a future for ourselves and our loved ones.

♈ ARIES—A different idea. Get used to it. Your life is about change and rebellion now. Holding your newly rebellious spirit in check could backfire. Those in charge are still handing down ultimatums, but you're less inclined to cooperate. Others are in the mood to go along with you. Interactions with coworkers or dependents could set the spark. Soon, you could be openly discussing how to get around those foolish orders higher-ups are issuing. You'll need to update life goals in line with unexpected events, events that will also remove some big obstacles to progress.

♉ TAURUS—Stay on task. The big issues are taking care of themselves this month. The challenges are closer to home, and at work. Strong emotions could create unnecessary complications in both places. Your emotions could also lead you into unwise personal entanglements or power struggles that are best avoided. Do not let intense emotions rule your actions. Focus on getting the job done and staying out of trouble. Use your enhanced charisma to encourage and motivate others. Apply your good sense and hard work to making unavoidable changes go smoothly.

♊ GEMINI—Positive change. Recent changes have been hard on Gemini. But you are now in greater harmony with the forces of change—and with higher-ups. You'll find yourself present at important discussions. There is definitely still a tone of austerity and challenge underlying these discussions. However, with negotiation, you can help make necessary changes more palatable to all concerned. You can help integrate some genuinely inspiring new possibilities into future plans, too. The new planetary arrangement will also help you get better control of your own future. Unforeseen events will simplify choices.

♋ CANCER—Epicenter. Times are tough and Cancerians are feeling like sympathy central. Your message to others must be this: Think it through; then work it through. There are no magical cures. And don't look back. Events will soon block any return to the past and raise the cost of hesitation. The same pressures are motivating you to make big changes in your own life. Finances have been tight, but they will soon be tighter. Despite everything, the planets have erected a protective and supportive shield around your life.

♌ LEO—Emphasize the opportunities. There's no missing the stress and turmoil around you. But don't miss the opportunities now emerging everywhere. And don't neglect your ability to help yourself and others take advantage of these opportunities. You are in tune with the forces causing these changes and you have lots of leverage over the process of change itself—more than you realize. You can change anxiety about uncertainty and unknowns into enthusiasm for all the new possibilities. Deception and/or confusion is highly likely in romantic areas. Wait to see the whole picture.

♍ VIRGO—Step by step. It's complicated. Those at both ends of the chain of command are relying on you. Those in authority back you, but they expect backing in return. Those on the front lines expect your understanding and cooperation, too. Keeping everyone satisfied while you also keep things moving forward will be tough. However, most will understand your situation. BTW, they haven't written the textbook for what you are about to try. You'll have to improvise. A lot. You're taking the first steps to long-term success and personal fulfillment.

♎ LIBRA—Proceed with caution. An alluring, unconventional and unruly influence is settling into a key point in Libra's chart. Hint: Relationships could get changeable and unpredictable. This adds to an already tough planetary lineup, and there's more to come. Energy could get low and resources tight. Despite these impressive challenges, events will soon remove many obstacles to fulfillment of some of your fondest dreams. Do what is necessary to stabilize long-term financial prospects. Separate realistic from unrealistic goals. Events beyond anyone's control will reshape your future plans, making them more realistic, ultimately.


♏ SCORPIO—Tipping point. The balance of power in your life is shifting. If you've been wanting more control over where everything is going, in June you'll get your wish. Conditions are fluid and unpredictable, still, and they will get more so, but Scorpio has leverage, now. Your ideas are influencing the course of events. Your wishes are being respected. Voice your feelings judiciously, and don't be afraid of a little disagreement with family and/or friends. Feathers could easily get ruffled, but healing will follow. A little friction probably can't be avoided.

♐ SAGITTARIUS—Choices. Ideas and opportunities of many kinds are suddenly available. People are eager to smooth the way to a deal. However, you know there will be problems, no matter what anybody says. Still, you probably can't avoid a commitment. So check the fine print carefully, and add your own fine print. Some subtle moral and ethical issues are involved, stuff hardly anybody notices or cares about these days. Sagittarians are in a cycle when such seeming abstractions matter a lot—and these can come back to bite them in the butt.

♑ CAPRICORN—Patience. Everyone is finding ingenious ways to get around your careful plans—and bust your budget. That's okay. Really. There are planetary safeguards in place. Besides, you probably can't avoid some kind of agreement. Some people will eventually come around to your way of thinking. Others will convince you their way is better. Broad-based negotiation is the wave of the future. Carve out more personal time. Changes are afoot in your personal and professional life and you'll need time and energy to cope. Events will soon clarify your options.

♒ AQUARIUS—Luck is with you. Aquarians are experiencing a dramatic transition. Some intense planetary influences are leaving Aquarius. Brighter, simpler, more dynamic influences are taking over. You'll throw off sparks wherever you go. Lively, energizing interactions will become the norm. The strengths gained from your time of relative seclusion will be invaluable. The price? Shedding old, self-imposed limits on ideas about who you are and what you can achieve. Surprising events will help you introduce the new enhanced Aquarian to the world. Don't overreact to unexpected turbulence. Supportive and protective forces are at work.

♓ PISCES—Complexities. New planetary influences will soon reveal a deeper and more thoughtful Pisces. You've probably gotten used to living in the moment. You saw issues in black and white and went for it, or not. New planetary influences will reveal complexities and deepen your understanding. Where you once rushed in, you will hesitate, and think. You will also be increasingly inclined to detach and withdraw. Rapid change and innovation will be the norm where work is concerned. You'll need to track employment trends carefully to ensure your livelihood and employability.




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