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11TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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CREEPIN' IN THE
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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

VOLUME 12 | ISSUE 115
JUNE/JULY 2012

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Advertising and Calendar deadline is the
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A long slow shift

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

HEY KIDS! YOU ALREADY KNOW HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW! NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT...

How a Secret Memo Justifies a Kill List!

FIRST, THE OFFICE OF LEGAL COUNSEL DRAFTS ME--A MEMO PROVIDING A LEGAL RATIONALE FOR SOMETHING THE PRESIDENT WANTS-- LIKE AN EXTRAJUDICIAL PROGRAM OF TARGETED ASSASSINATION!

SO CAN I READ YOU? OF COURSE NOT! I'M SECRET!

NEXT, THEY SEND ME OVER TO THE WHITE HOUSE--AND, WELL, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT!

THE PRESIDENT USES THE AUTHORITY PROVIDED BY ME TO CREATE MY COUSIN HERE--THE KILL LIST!

LOOK OUT, PROBABLE BAD GUYS! MY JUSTICE IS SWIFT--AND UNILATERAL!

BUT--WHAT ABOUT DUE PROCESS?

EXCELLENT QUESTION! THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS, NOT MEN! AND WE BELIEVE THE REQUIREMENTS OF DUE PROCESS--WHEN APPLICABLE--ARE SATISFIED THROUGH INTERNAL DELIBERATIONS WITHIN THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH!

THOSE OTHER BRANCHES OF GOVERNMENT WOULD JUST BE IN THE WAY!

OKAY--BUT WHAT IF YOU KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON?

NOT TO WORRY! WE'RE VERY CAREFUL TO AVOID CIVILIAN CASUALTIES--

--BY LABELING ANY MILITARY-AGE MALE IN THE STRIKE ZONE A COMBATANT!

PROBLEM SOLVED!

AND THAT, MY BOY, IS HOW A SECRET MEMO IS USED TO JUSTIFY AN EXECUTIVE KILL LIST!

EXCUSE ME--WHAT ABOUT CHECKS AND BALANCES? OH GOD--NOT YOU AGAIN! CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT, OLD TIMER?

SOME PIECES OF PAPER DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT!

TOM TOMORROW © 2012... www.thismodernworld.com... twitter.com/tomtorrow

When I was in junior high and high school in the '70s (ulp!), there was kind of a dippy prose poem from the 1920s by Max Ehrmann called "Desiderata" making

2009), Hempton tells us that "preserving natural silence is as necessary and essential as species preservation, habitat restoration, toxic waste cleanup, and carbon dioxide reduction."

It's important to note that Hempton does not define "silence" as the complete absence of sound but rather "the

of American toads.

I often feel that I can never find true quiet here at home in Iowa City, whether it's the unadulterated sounds of nature or just plain silence. In fact, I'd say Iowa City is actually a pretty noisy place. One of the first things I noticed about the town when I visited it for the first time 27 years ago (ouch!) was that there were an awful lot of cars driving around. I know we're hardly the Chicago expressways, but traffic seemed both busy and widespread.

Of course, much of the "unquietness" of Iowa City is also part of its vibrant character that attracted me here in the first place. There's a lot of busy-ness and activity here—and a lot of great activity. I especially love the cultural and intellectual ferment and fervor, the mark of a happening university and community, all giving birth to creativity and innovation. Music is playing, artists are painting and sculpting, smart people are lecturing and debating, writers are writing and giving readings, politically active folks are activating, thousands are learning—it's all good, and it's all

who we are. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else.

But all of this commotion—the good and not-so-good—can be stressful and exhausting. I find it hard to find sanctuary from both the liveliness and the flat-out noise of Iowa City. Occasional quiet is thrust on us momentarily in the paralysis of a snowstorm or the involuntary unplugging of a power outage. But otherwise there's always a roar of traffic downtown or near the expressways or even near Scott Boulevard where I live on the relatively quiet far eastern reaches of town. A nice riverfront walk on the university campus is still accompanied by the constant growl of Riverside Drive. UIHC's rescue copter chops through the still

Is There a Place for Quiet in Iowa City?

the rounds. It became somewhat popular after Leonard Nimoy made a spoken recording of it in 1967 (on the album *Mr. Spock's Music from Outer Space*—I kid you not), and it really took off (number eight on the Billboard chart) when radio announcer Les Crane made a 45 rpm record (do you know what that is, kids?) of it and won a Grammy for his efforts. I confess to having a poster of the text on my bedroom wall. While the piece is a bit greeting-cardy, there's much in it I really can't disagree with. And that especially includes the first line: "Go quietly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence."

In late July, my family and I will make our way north on our annual trek to the Boundary Waters area of Minnesota. We rent a remote cabin with no electricity and running water. One of the things I most look forward to is the profound quiet of Sundew Pond. Gordon Hempton, an "acoustic ecologist," has recorded natural sounds throughout the world and is interested especially in capturing sounds of nature that will no doubt become extinct as we continue to devastate the world. In his book *One Square Inch of Silence: One Man's Quest to Preserve Quiet* (Free Press,

presence of everything." In fact, "silence is a sound, many, many sounds." But these are the sounds of the natural world—rain, wind, birds, flowing water.

This is the kind of quiet I relish at Sundew Pond—the erasure of the man-made sounds of vehicles, appliances, computers. Nothing restores me more than sitting quietly, unmo-



Photo by Dawn Frary

"Preserving natural silence is as necessary and essential as species preservation, habitat restoration, toxic waste cleanup, and carbon dioxide reduction."

—Gordon Hempton, acoustic ecologist

lest by technology, listening to the northern winds sigh through the pine branch-

es, the song of a white-throated sparrow, the honking of a merganser skimming across the water, the shuffling of a red squirrel in the duff of the forest floor. In late summer, when we will visit this year, the nights can in fact be eerily—and wonderfully—absent of sound. Our favorite time of year to visit Sundew Pond, actually, is the early summer, when the natural night silence can get quite loud with astonishing choruses of spring peepers and the trilling

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Nothing restores me more than sitting quietly, unmolested by technology, listening to the northern winds sigh through the pine branches, the song of a white-throated sparrow, the honking of a merganser skimming across the water, the shuffling of a red squirrel in the duff of the forest floor.

skies several times a day. And a solitary stroll is always interrupted by running into someone you know, which leads to a (yes, very nice and welcome) conversation about the latest book read or political outrage perpetrated.

I often love the sound and “noise” of Iowa City, but I often seek the silence it fails to give me. So I’d like to ask you—where do you find quiet sanctuary in Iowa City? Tell me, and I’ll share some ideas and favorite places in a future column. I won’t be quite as restrictive in my definition of “silence” as Gordon Hempton—frankly, the full-on “silence of nature” that he talks about simply does not exist within the environs of our community, let alone anywhere else where modern people live together. Being able to hear the voice of the natural world can be important. Inside quiet places are also okay. But I am definitely interested in places outside the self; quiet places can facilitate interior meditation and peace, but I can’t physically visit your mind and soul.

If you have an idea about where to go placidly amid the noise and haste, email me at thomaskdean@mchsi.com or, if you’re reading this online at littlevillagemag.com, leave me a message. If I get enough responses, I’ll share with you “The Quiet Guide to Iowa City” sometime soon. **lv**

Thomas Dean is a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars.

Pabst Brewing Company - Woodridge, IL

Pabst Blue Ribbon

BREWS OF THE MONTH: JUNE/JULY

For me, summer is synonymous with lawn mowing and lawnmower lager.

As a kid, my summer breaks were spent playing basketball in the driveway and mowing lawns up and down my block. I mowed a neighbor’s lawn just about every day. The heat was oppressive and sometimes the grass was ankle-deep and littered with (doomed) toys, but I loved mowing. It became a spiritual activity akin to meditation; I was always able to tune out the din of the engine to relax and think as I crisscrossed backyards. Lawn mowing is still a favorite pastime and one I can now punctuate with 12-ounce curls.

When it comes to lawnmower lager—the kind of cheap beer one can enjoy after mowing on a muggy day—I prefer Pabst Blue Ribbon and have decided to recommend it for June and July.

Yes, I understand PBR is an unimaginative recommendation, but it is the perfect compliment for sweaty summer toil and outdoor activities. Canned, available everywhere, and cheap, PBR hits the spot on steamy days. Whether you’re camping, grilling or kicking back after a long mow (or move; the annual Great Flux is fast approaching), crack open a cold one and enjoy. There is no need for the pretension of glassware.

There are, though, many lawnmower lagers. My old neighbor—who kept a Playboy calendar in his garage and mowed his own lawn—preferred Old Style. Regionally, there’s La Crosse Lager, Hamm’s, Grain Belt and Schlitz. The Canadians brew lawnmower lager, too: try Moosehead (my favorite) or Molson Canadian. Visiting Wisconsin? Get New Glarus’ Totally Naked.

Beware, though: Alcohol will dehydrate you. Beer is no substitute for water. Also, do not drink and mow. Not only is it a bad idea, one can be charged with a DUI or OWI under Iowa law. **lv**

ALCOHOL CONTENT: 4.74 percent ABV

SERVING TEMPERATURE: 35-40° F.

FOOD PAIRINGS: Lager compliments anything you can grill or barbecue, as well as spicy Indian, Latin or Asian dishes.

WHERE TO BUY: It is available throughout the city, though the variety of packages at each location varies.

PRICE: PBR can be found as cheap as under \$2 for 24-ounce cans and \$15 for a 30-pack. It is also available in bottles and on tap at many area bars.

—Casey Wagner



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PRO TIPS

Wayne Diamante, bestselling author of *Getting Your Hands Dirty: The Only Way to Skin a Cat* and *Firearms Etiquette in the Casual Setting* offers his astute observations and opens his heart and mind to reader enquiries in *Pro-Tips with Wayne Diamante*.

Read with informed consent as Wayne responds to his readers' questions with correct answers and step-by-step instructions on how to:

- Think fast while acting natural
- Form and keep internet friendships
- Use eye-contact to your advantage
- Discipline pets and children
- Miniature pizzas

Become involved with Wayne's power as a transformative influence by soliciting his advice on financial matters, immigration and contract law, cooking with foams, the clergy and solar power. Take advantage of Mr. Diamante's automotive expertise, or try to stump him with a real ethical puzzler. If you have questions, need advice or have your own Pro Tip please submit it to askwaynediamante@gmail.com.

*

Dear Wayne,
I'm having trouble with my 2001 Pontiac Grand Prix. The paint on my bumper is peeling, the side view mirrors are falling off and the alternator keeps catching fire. Is there anything I can do? Also, I'd like to get this fixed cheap.
Sincerely,
X

Dear Tara,
Here's the problem: There are only three kinds of people who drive Grand AMs, or Firebirds, or whatever piece of shit you were talking about. 1) douchebags, 2) skanky teenage girls, 3) people who were tricked. Number two seemed the least offensive, so that's why I greeted you as Tara in my salutation. In any case, I've prepared a catchall solution regardless which of these categories you fall into. You need to find the nearest building and drive that shit straight into it at high speed. Then you need to start turning your life around.
—Wayne

*

Mr. Diamante,
I am a recent college graduate and am attending my first formal soiree for my firm. I'd like to make a good impression. Depending

on the breasting of my suit, how should it be fastened?
Sincerely,
Chase

Chase,
I'm not sure what your angle is, but the fake boobs are a nice touch. Zipper.
—Wayne

*

Dear Wayne,
I'm new to the area and here because I need a fresh start. I'd like to make friends, maybe even look for romance, but I don't really have any relatable hobbies, or interests. Can you give me some tips on being more likeable and/or attractive?
Thanks in advance!
X

Dear X,
Making friends and being likeable and/or attractive is easy, here's how:
1) Don't be a fucker
2) Tell the truth
3) Use your head for thinking
Get that shit covered and everything else will take care of itself. Good luck.
—Wayne

*

Dear Wayne,
About a week ago I began developing a rash in a sensitive area. Can you recommend a poultice, or salve? I'd like to keep my remedy homeopathic and of course, gluten-free.
Thanks in advance! Sincerely,
X

Hi X,
The first thing you'll need is an old refrigerator box. Seal up all the seams nice and tight with some packing tape, but leave the top open. Next, dump in two five-pound bags of rice flour, three tablespoons each of flax-meal, chia seeds, witch-hazel and saffron. Throw in a twig of lavender and two splashes of rose water. Now grab a can of Krylon gold spray-enamel, hop in the box and have a friend seal up the top. Go ahead and start painting the inside of the box. As the vapors take hold, have a peek at your rash and reflect on why you're sitting in a box full of shit some guy in the paper told you to use rather than going to the doctor a week ago.
—Wayne

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BEYOND BIKE-FRIENDLY

From the outskirts of Rochester Avenue to heavily-trafficked downtown streets like Burlington or tree-sheltered lanes like Summit Street, “Share the Road” signs suggest that Iowa City is a bike-friendly town. But Mark Pooley, Audrey Wiedemeier and Brad Parsons beg to differ. For these members of Think Bicycles Coalition of Johnson County, an advocacy group for cyclists, signage is not enough. What Iowa City needs, they suggest, is a vision—one that includes key bicycling components cyclists want to see in Iowa City.

Although 30 percent of Iowa Citians use their bicycles to commute—making us number eight in the nation per capita—and the City of Iowa City encourages bicycle usage, and we have both Bike to Work Week (May 13-19) and RAGBRAI (the Register’s Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa, July 22-28), these forward-thinking cyclists invite us to think bigger. They’re asking Iowa Citians to consider two fundamental components of a bicycling network that reflect a metropolitan approach to increased connectivity throughout Johnson County: infrastructure and culture.

INFRASTRUCTURE THAT PROMOTES BIKE CULTURE

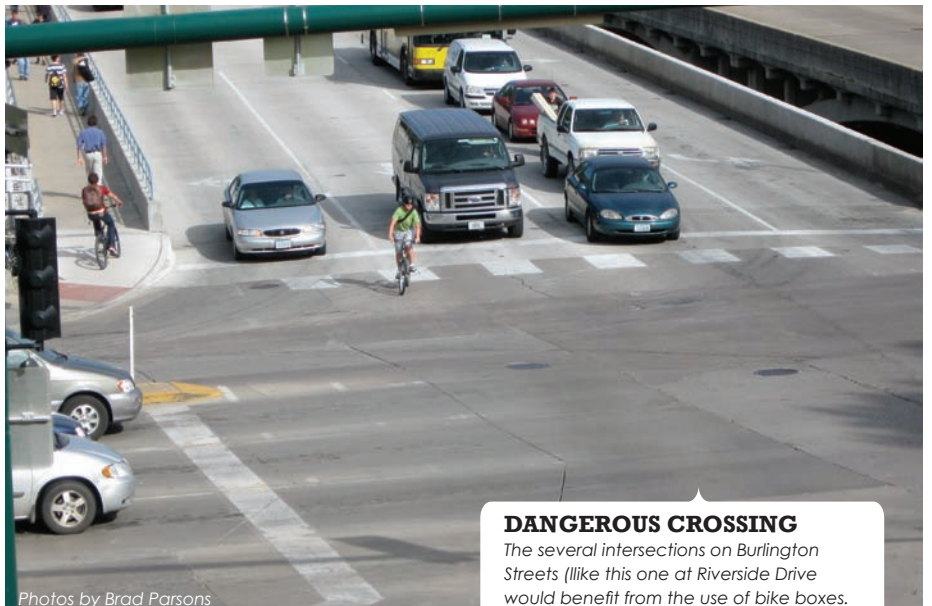
According to Iowa City’s Metropolitan Bicycle Master Plan, adopted in 2009 and online at <http://jccog.org/docs/file/transportation/bikePlan.pdf>, an integrated bicycle network implements intentionally-visioned infrastructure, increases comfortable and safe connectivity for bikers of all ability levels, revitalizes neighborhoods and promotes the demographic development of bicycle culture, all while transporting more people with less congestion. In spite of receiving a Bronze-level Bike-Friendly City designation from the League of American Bicyclists, Iowa City’s current bicycle infrastructure does not efficiently connect rural, residential and commercial sites.

Kris Ackerson, Assistant Transportation Planner for the Metropolitan Planning Organization of Johnson County, says that community focus groups solicited when creating the Bike Master Plan emphasized the need for education and enforcement. “Motorists, pedestrians and other cyclists are unhappy with people who ride and don’t obey the rules of the road,” he notes.

In spite of receiving a Bronze-level Bike-Friendly City designation from the League of American Bicyclists, Iowa City’s current bicycle infrastructure does not efficiently connect rural, residential and commercial sites.

Ackerson points to the innovative ways in which the city is implementing enforcement to meet their educational goals. The Light the Night Program (www.thinkbicycles.org/

light-the-night) allows people who are ticketed for not having the appropriate bike lights to disregard the citation if they go to a local bike shop and have front headlights and rear



Photos by Brad Parsons

DANGEROUS CROSSING

The several intersections on Burlington Streets (like this one at Riverside Drive) would benefit from the use of bike boxes.



CYCLE OF NEGLECT

Off-road infrastructures send the message that cyclists are second-class commuters.

In Other News

In the month that was May, 2012, Facebook was all aflitter with Iowa Citizens concerned about noxious fumes and evil corporations bent on invading the local airspace. As it turns out, one of the threats was real, the other was (at least partially) imagined.

The Iowa City Landfill Fire: May 25-?

At the time of this writing, 7.5 acres of landfill containing an estimated 1.3 million discarded tires have been burning for 11 straight days, spreading unknown quantities of particulates and other irritants across the area. The city has enlisted the help of Environmental Restoration, LLC (St. Louis, MO) to contain oil-based runoff from the fire (estimated well over 150,000 gallons). Iowa City Mayor Matt Hayek signed a Local Disaster Declaration document on June 1 and the City of Iowa City started an "Iowa City Landfill Fire" Facebook page to help citizens track updates. Ironically, the page has 170 "likes."

Urban Outfitters: D.O.A.

"If you support the arts you cannot support corporate art thieves using slave labor practices for manufacture after the theft. You can't have it both ways." So reads the "Boycott Urban Outfitters (Iowa Chapter)" Facebook page, started by local activists opposed to a bid to bring that company to the old Vito's location on the Pedestrian Mall. Though the activists deserve credit for bringing to light some truly abhorrent corporate practices, Urban Outfitters isn't interested in setting up shop in the proposed location. In an email, developer Marc Moen told us that "Urban Outfitters said the Vito's space is too small." Adding, "I can't comment on the main floor space other than that the interest in that space is encouraging and I'm confident it will have be a dynamic retail space."

reflectors installed. This kind of enforcement teaches cyclists about the state code and encourages them to utilize local resources.

In addition, the infrastructure focus of the Bike Master Plan includes installing wide curb lanes, separated bike lanes, "Share the Road" signage, public service announcements, wide sidewalks, multi-use trails, sharrows and bike parking.

To help the city move from a Bronze-level designation to Silver, Gold or Platinum status, Ackerson says, "We could do better incorporating bike boulevards and sharrows." When the current Bike Master Plan is updated, another round of public input will be solicited. Ackerson encourages citizens to get involved early in the planning process.

DISRUPTING CAR CULTURE

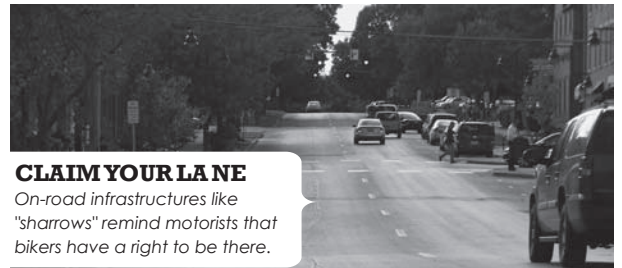
For Parsons, it is also important to address "how our infrastructure speaks to cyclists and motorists."

Parsons argues that symbolically, off-road infrastructures say one thing to cyclists and motorists alike—that cyclists should "Stay off the road!" This, for Parsons, is the most significant disadvantage to trails and bike paths. Their imagery and infrastructure do not promote cyclist culture, safety or the normalization of cycling as transportation. Instead, they reinforce the sense that roads are for cars, and bikes and pedestrians should choose another route.

On-road structures, such as bike lanes,

is to suggest that the cyclist should move over for the car—hardly a depiction that disrupts normal road usage, values and perceptions.

Instead, Parsons argues for a well-thought-out infrastructure to direct, mitigate and divert traffic in



CLAIM YOUR LANE

On-road infrastructures like "sharrows" remind motorists that bikers have a right to be there.



ways that promote a bicycle-centric ethos of shared usage, mutual rights and responsibilities and equity of access for multiple modes of commuting.

Bike boxes—a cutting-edge infrastructural element used in bike-friendly meccas such as Minneapolis and Portland—provide cyclists with a car-free, safe area to get started in the intersection; a bike box would make a great addition to the intersection of

THE LIGHT THE NIGHT PROGRAM ALLOWS PEOPLE WHO ARE TICKETED FOR NOT HAVING THE APPROPRIATE BIKE LIGHTS TO DISREGARD THE CITATION IF THEY GO TO A LOCAL BIKE SHOP AND HAVE FRONT HEADLIGHTS AND REAR REFLECTORS INSTALLED.

work through the psychology of car culture and our conditioning to respect road stripes to influence interactions between cyclists and motorists, as well as specific kinds of passing behaviors. When present, road stripes tend to influence motorists to pass closer to cyclists; whereas when lane designations are not present, motorists generally choose larger passing distances that they personally feel are safe.

"Share the Road" signage has much the same emotional impact. With imagery of a bicycle set at road's edge and a car taking up most of the sign's space, the rhetorical effect

Burlington and Madison Streets in front of the Campus Recreation and Wellness Center.

For not much more than the cost of paint and labor, sharrows—or the painted-on shared lane arrow, such as on Market Street—signify that bicyclist belong on the road by reminding drivers that cyclists have the right to the whole lane—and that both bikers and drivers have an obligation to follow all applicable traffic laws. For example, Summit Street is pretty bike-friendly, but the addition of a sharrow could cement this as a bike-prioritized route.

Road diets—where the road width or total number of lanes is reduced in order to add a center turn lane—reconfigure the right of way and decrease congestion, increase access to business and improve safety for all road users. This is an ideal infrastructure for wide streets with fast traffic, such as Gilbert Street from Market to Highway 6.

Although not emphasized in the Master Plan, bike boulevards are low-speed streets prioritized for bicycles as opposed to cars. In conjunction with traffic mitigation strategies,

- **NOT ENVISIONING**
- **WHAT WE WANT GETS**
- **US LESS THAN WHAT**
- **WE CAN SAFELY USE.**

such as cycle tracks, traffic circles and reduce speed signs that slow traffic down, bike boulevards return residential streets to neighborhood-, kid- and bike-friendly speeds. A great bike boulevard candidate is Bloomington Street eastbound from Dubuque Street.

ENVISIONING SAFE AND COMFORTABLE CONNECTIVITY

Here is where your vision comes in. How do we connect to the Westside? And what in the heck should we do with Lower Muscatine? Not envisioning what we want gets us less than what we can safely use. For example, think of the North Dodge sharrow debacle, where the current lane is too far over, behaving and signifying more as a restrictive, narrow-minded bike lane.

Each of us should take the time to figure out the natural and intuitive paths we take when crossing town. How can we make these paths friendly and safe for pedestrians, cyclists, kids, people with disabilities and motorists? Share your vision at the next bike planning meeting, which is expected to occur in July or August. To be added to the notification list, contact Kris Ackerson at (319) 356-5247 or kristopher-ackerson@iowa-city.org. **lv**

Raquel Lisette Baker is working on a PhD in English Literary Studies at The University of Iowa, specializing in Postcolonial Studies with an emphasis in African Literatures in English. She received a BA in Psychology from San Francisco State University and a MFA in Creative Writing from Mills College in Oakland, California. She teaches General Education Literature courses. Her short stories have been published in The Womanist literary magazine and the anthology Crux.



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R E S T *for the Weary*

Dear Dr. J,
I have trouble sleeping and I'm losing hope that I'll ever get a good night's sleep. I'm so tired that it is affecting my work (I can't concentrate), my health (I'm too tired to exercise), and my relationship (Sex? What's sex?). Please help!
-iSleepy in iCity

Dear iSleepy,

There is an old joke in medical school that goes something like, "We should probably spend a few minutes talking about insomnia for those very few patients that suffer from lack of sleep..." <insert dry laughter here>

The point? You are not alone.

In fact, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, about 50 to 70 million Americans suffer from some sort of sleeping disorder. Believe me, nobody's doing "it" and fatigue is a major reason.

Unfortunately, problems with sleep can be due to anything from bladder problems to anxiety to hormonal imbalances to blood sugar abnormalities—and many others. Enter Ambien, Lunestra, or—my personal favorites—any of the Benzo's. They usually work by drugging the sleepless into oblivion, which has immediate and obvious pay-offs. The problem? Addiction, liver disease, psychiatric disorders, not to mention, according to a recent article in the British Medical Journal, an estimated 472 percent increase in the likelihood of death by all causes, from car crashes to cancer ("Hypnotics' Association with Mortality or

Cancer: A Matched Cohort Study," 12 Feb, 2012). Yikes!

For most sleep sufferers, these prescription drugs are much less effective than a few simple alterations in daily routines: Kill your television, computer and any other electronics at least an hour before bed; go to bed at the same time each and every night; exercise regularly; drop the caffeine.

If that requires too much discipline, then at least make sure your sleep environment is conducive to rest.

Start with a dark room (get rid of those digital and LED clocks!), add a little white noise, open the windows or otherwise keep it cool, invest in a

comfortable bed and ask a chiropractor to recommend a pillow that is right for you.

For those who have tried everything, blood sugar levels and high insulin are often the culprit. Insulin is inflammatory which means it increases pain, excitatory so it keeps you awake, and also causes the release of cortisol, which wreaks havoc on sleep cycles by making our brain think it is time to get up—even if it is 3:00 a.m. Get a blood test to check for abnormalities in these areas, deficiencies in B or D Vitamins, minerals like Magnesium, or hormonal imbalances, like low DHEA and progesterone or high estrogens. Since any (or all) of our hormones can be involved, it's not so simple as to just throw the patient on Prempro

and call it a night. (But, oops, sorry about the cancer; Prempro proved to increase it in the Women's Health Initiative back in the 1980s).

While gathering the info to fix the underlying problems, implement some combination of meditation, melatonin, valerian, kava kava and passion flower. The choice of natural medicines and dosing is very patient-dependent and may involve a little trial and error before the right combination is achieved. The good news is that in most patients, the side effects

ABOUT 50 TO 70 MILLION AMERICANS SUFFER FROM SOME SORT OF SLEEPING DISORDER. BELIEVE ME, NOBODY'S DOING "IT" AND FATIGUE IS A MAJOR REASON.

are few, but be sure to talk to your doc first.

Once you fix deficiencies, remove toxic excesses and restore balance, most patients find themselves sawing logs in no time as well as waking with more energy to work, exercise and tackle anything that might pop up—even if it's your husband.

Until next time, be well! **IV**

When Dr. Jason Bradley isn't practicing Integrative Nutritional and Metabolic Medicine at Washington Street Wellness Center in Iowa City, he is often playing backgammon or his guitar—but never at the same time. Health questions can be emailed to drjbradley@gmail.com.

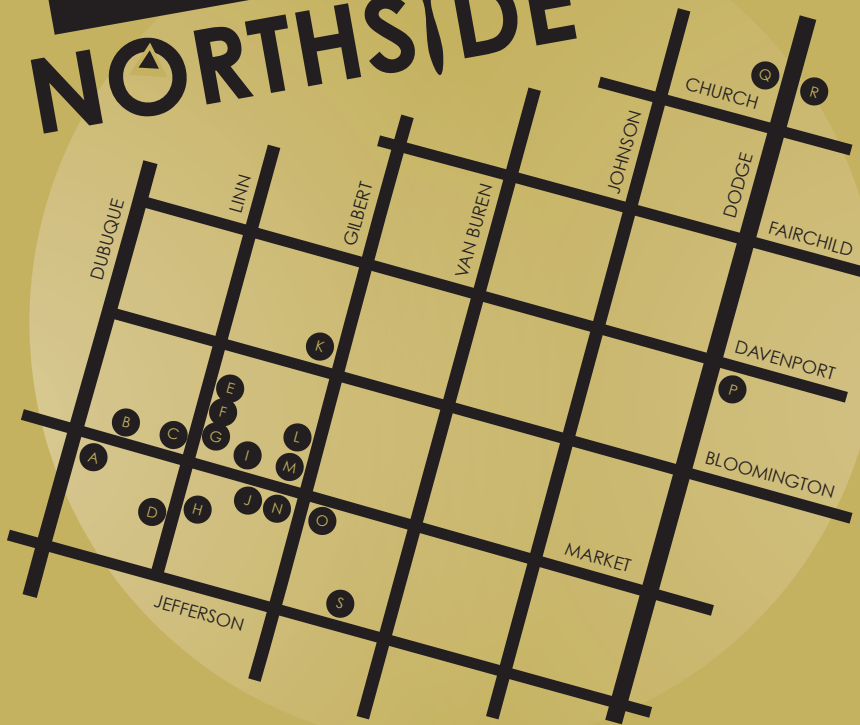


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The series is designed to highlight new work produced in Iowa City, so entrants must live or work in the Iowa City area at the time of submission. Please include your current address with your submission.

Submit your work to: htr@littlevillagemag.com. Please attach your work as a Word Document, PDF or Rich Text file. Your name and contact information will be removed from your entry and it will be judged anonymously. Judges are Andre Perry (UI Nonfiction MFA graduate and executive director of the Englert Theatre), Hugh Ferrer (associate director of the UI International Writing Program and board member at Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature) and Matt Steele (publisher and managing editor of *Little Village* magazine).

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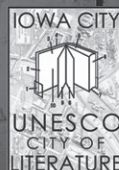
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THE BIRD

It might have been a bird. It hit the house with a soft thud, shuffled on the porch, and flitted away quickly as it came. It could have been a bat; it would have made no difference. It was aimless. It interjected into a cold Iowa evening, without meaning or significance, an inconsequential detail. We were trespassing on Kurt Vonnegut's former residence, a large, intricate structure, replete with delicate window architecture seldom seen once society deemed it excessive and uneconomical to design and build houses with anything other than concern for profit and production. The night was cold, dark, hushed. We sat on the porch facing east. To the south, Iowa City squeezed itself into an efficient grid. To the north, a red barn guarded a vast and pristine wooded area. The west was of no importance, at least in this perspective.

The porch swing might not have been there in the 1960s, but Vonnegut was. And in that house he began writing one of the most critically acclaimed pieces of fiction. *Slaughterhouse-Five* dealt with free will and the futility of human life. Billy Pilgrim, the comically frail and aimless protagonist, was always fighting in World War II; inhabitants of Earth and Tralfamadore were constantly, simultaneously, at war and at peace. Any event was preordained and meaningless. There was no meaning for the depravity of

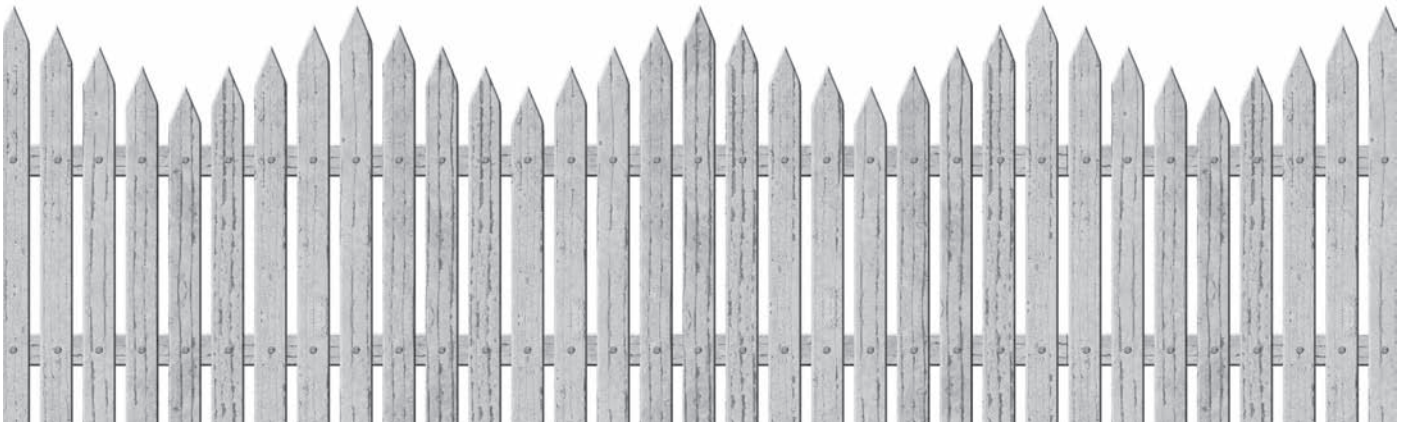
war. There was no meaning in the peculiar way Vonnegut lived to write about the bombing of Dresden, Germany in World War II. Vonnegut stressed the insignificance of it all:

There is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre. Everybody is supposed to be dead, to never say anything or want anything ever again. Everything is supposed to be very quiet after a massacre, and it always is, except for the birds. And what do the birds say? All there is to say about a massacre, things like 'Poo-tee-weet?'

The birds felt no need to pause and consider the scene, even when surrounded by utter destruction. Death was insignificant. And so was life.

And so it had to be a bird. Not because it was verifiably avian, but because there was no significance to its entrance in the night. We reflected on Vonnegut's writing and how he retold with such clarity and empathy the elegant suffering of humanity. The bird flew in and left the scene. It had to be a bird; it was painfully and dispassionately insignificant. The scene was beautiful and meaningless. And so was life.

Chelsea Bacon lives and works full-time in Iowa City. She graduated from The University of Iowa with a B.S. in Psychology.



GRAVEYARD SHIFT

WEIRD things are ordinary in our business but things get a little weirder in the summertime. Everything has fallen quiet again, as if the city has exhaled. The traffic has abandoned whole stretches of painted road and the side streets shroud over with full trees. Signals burn red and green at vacant intersections. These lights, and the others glowing in the air, make every haunted lane look like a dream, or an 80s music video.

Perfect conditions for prowlers, or for stick up artists. But where is anyone to stick up? Whole apartment blocks show every light burning but no furniture in the rooms. Even the taverns suffer on nights like this, each its own little space cheerfully lit but empty, like the box left behind when the shoes go out dancing.

Lastweekitwasallcapsandgownsandmoving trucks. Now it's this thick and gloomy silence. "It's blessedly fucking quiet!" hollers #118. "Can you hear that?"

His voice echoes in the lot of old St. Pats where three of us are parked waiting for our next call, me, #118 and #906. The radio hasn't chirped for an hour.

With the cowboy hat over his face, #118 stretches over his hood, beached like a whale. "Thank Christ, they're gone," he groans under the hat. "Give me workers and warehousemen, the woodwork drunks, the junkies and church house cats—"

"Old ladies shopping late," #906 pipes up. "Jesus Christ, I'm just so sick of their stupid shit."

I ask him: "What'd church house cats ever do to you?"

"I don't mean them. You know who I mean. I'm just happy they're gone."



Even the taverns suffer on nights like this, each its own little space cheerfully lit but empty, like the box left behind when the shoes go out dancing.

The engines of our cabs tinkle and June bugs sputter around the perimeter lamps. I can hear their wings batting from here. I ask him:

"Spot me twenty, bruh—the week's been rough and I need my whip."

"Get your whip from somebody else, I'm fucking busted."

"Exactly," is what I want to say but don't. Some of us seem relieved but everybody is broke. No point reminding them all.

Meanwhile, #906 sorts through his trunk of freeware scored from dumpsters and the levees of trash piled on the curbsides. The trunk is full of random clothes, outdated DVDs, a microwave with a smashed door, a computer monitor with food on it, a pile of books marked used, part of a kitchen table and a Louis Vuitton box.

The box makes a rolling sound when you gently wobble it back and forth.

"It's packed with dildos," #906 tells me before showing that he means it, "The street

giveth and the street taketh away, my friend!"

#906 selects a great big purple one and flips the switch but nothing happens. He rattles it at his ear, shrugging: "Needs batteries."

"Fuck I'm glad," groans #118. "Leave us your sex toys and go the fuck back to Chicago." "They're not from Chicago," I remind them.

When we get bored of needling each other, we'll go down to the shack and needle the dispatcher if he's not being a grumpy bitch. Sometimes we barbecue and there are many safety meetings. We share stories and talk about

how fucked up the cabs are. Mostly we are able to better recognize each other as human beings.

"Is that a radio?" asks #118. "I think he's checking you."

We perk up our ears and I hear it: "#202, CHECK."

I tell the radio: "Sorry, boss—I was out waxing my taxi!"

"Adventure time," says the radio, which is dispatch's way of telling me he's got an odd and perhaps unwanted call on the line, "I need you over at PDC."

So I ten-four the radio and wave sayonara to the boys and slow roll it to Prairie Du Chien Road where I find my fare waiting at the bottom of her drive. She is a drunk, a lonely lady stuck in her forties, a nurse with access to pills. Her rump is dropped on two sacks of dirt, her foot propped on most of a case of beer, a Silver Bullet tipped over her mouth.

Seeing the dirt, I pop the trunk and step out to load it.

"It's okay with the dirt?" she asks. "I'm going to Oakland."

I see the sacks are potting soil mixed with polystyrene beads.



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CAB CULTURE

“Oakland the street?”

“Oakland the cemetery. I need to get all the way in the back.”

“I can bring you to the gate but not inside. It’s after sundown.”

Shit, it’s after midnight and I sound like an asshole saying it like that. Now she gives me a long, sarcastic look, “Oh is it already?”

“It’s after midnight,” I keep dancing with her. “Cemetery’s closed.”

“Okay then. Just take me to the cemetery.”

So, off we go. And then we’re done, as the cemetery is only three blocks south, a mini-mum fare.

But she lays into me when I halt at the gate.

“I told you. I said I want to go in, it’s inside I want you to drop me off!”

“The cemetery closed at sundown.”

“So why are the gates open?”

The gates are never closed but this argument will get longer the more we sit here. So I wheel into the cemetery to the back, going slow and deep over dark hills and past the faintly lit Black Angel, all the way to the trees.

She tosses three sweaty dollars over my shoulder.

“Look,” I point at the meter, “The big red counter says it’s \$4.75.”

“That is all you will be receiving from me,” she says angrily.


I pop the trunk and even step out to unload the sacks of potting soil while she juggles her Silver Bullets and her cigarettes and her purse and a lighter.

“You aren’t going to ask me what the dirt’s for?”

“Did you want me to?”

“My best friend’s mother? She’s dead. She died last week. But they didn’t bury her well enough. They didn’t put enough dirt in her hole.” **lv**

Vic Pasternak won't take no for an answer but he gives it all the time.



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REFLECTIONS ON A SILVER BALL



On a Saturday afternoon, when the sun shimmers in the slight breeze of summer, two men huddle close in the darkness. In a back corner of the Deadwood, far from the reach of that sun and its shine, their faces are tense with concentration. Their eyes flit in all directions, lips pursed and jaws set. Occasionally one of the men swears and snarls as though bitten, arms thrown up wildly. His friend murmurs consolation, then slides into his place and sets his stance. Lights reflect off his face and his chin jerks upward as he releases the plunger and his mind is off chasing the silver ball.

Pinball's history, like a couple of other national passions—jazz and baseball—was born in the early part of a previous century, and has suffered periods of ill-repute and so many facelifts that it is hardly recognizable today from where it started. Once a bar-top game of chance, wherein the player had no control over the ball's course over a wooden playing field speckled with patterns of tiny pins, it is now a machine that has more parts, wires, lights and man-hours built into its construction than a mid-sized Ford (and which is still made by hand).

The two men I've described in the intro I'll refer to as Player One and Player Two. Player

One asks that I not use his name since he is supposed to be finishing up an afternoon's work at his office rather than sipping a pint and tapping away at the flippers of Medieval Madness. Player Two merely mumbles his name, watches me out of the corner of his eyes and makes it clear that he's not interested in talking, and probably not in being interviewed. His suspicion is fair; I am not holding

Like most barroom religions, pinball has its own language and rites, and its practitioners come from varied walks to worship at these altars of glass and light.

a drink, I am six-one, two hundred pounds, bearded, with eyes like manhole covers and the rosy pallor of a drowned man — I might not answer me either, except that I look like every other indoor kid.

"I just don't think that pinballers are really all that social, which is funny because I rarely play alone," says Player One. Player Two nods with his back to us as he gives the table a violent jolt. It's the paradox of the pinball player: together alone.

Like most barroom religions, pinball has its own language and rites, and its practitioners come from varied walks to worship at these

altars of glass and light. Here, you are as likely to find a middle-aged man on an extended lunch break as an early twenty-something who has just shed the thousand-hour Xbox stare.

In the early forties, a definitively American trait was directed toward pinball: senseless, deafening public outcry.

The notion of playing alone yet all together was a noncommittal form of socialization popularized by the arcade. The home gaming system effectively wiped out arcades, and as playing went online it inverted this paradigm. Now we are all alone playing with each other. Sure, you can now get your ass handed to you in an online shooter by an eleven-year old in Tupelo. But when it comes to pinball, you have to leave your house, have to hunt it down.

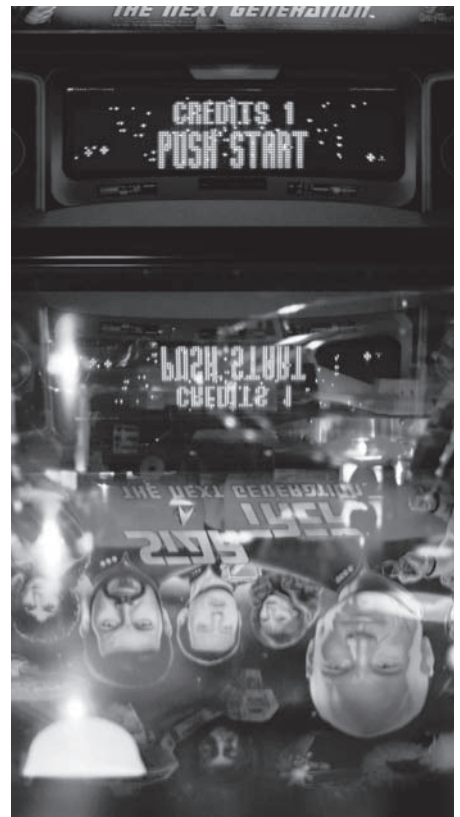
It can be hard to meet fellow players of pinball and harder still to strike up conversation, something that Aaron [just 'Aaron'], founder of Iowa Pinball Club is looking to change. "The Iowa Pinball Club is designed to get pinball enthusiasts to talk with each, to communicate," says Aaron. With his site, iowapinballclub.com, Aaron is looking to entice fellow players to share information, tips, favorite spots, upkeep, etc. "In Iowa there is no communication between fans, to let each other know what's out there," Aaron explains.

Many cities and states have organizations, bars and clubs dedicated to the preservation of the silver ball. Aaron has been a part of some of them, and is using his club experience to connect Iowans to each other, getting players to share buying tips, reveal businesses where great machines are hidden and essentially give away their secrets. Not always the easiest task. But such a community has its perks: maps to various establishments and machines, official high score keeping, tournament play. Aaron offers this invite to novice and professional alike, "We've got 31 members and we're looking for more like-minded folks."

This game of individual skill, one where player and machine conspire only to defeat their own previous efforts, has always been played in public. The player's myopic goal to be better, go further, is accented by the machine's bells and bucking and light show. The machine was designed to always attract attention.

In the early forties, a definitively American trait was directed toward pinball: senseless, deafening public outcry. Seen as a game of chance for the poor, and therefore gambling, the tabletop version was swiftly banned. Next





only in popularity to photos of busted stills, politicians lined up to have their pictures taken kicking a pinball game into the town's landfill. But this outrage did not put off the manufacturers—they simply stopped selling machines in the US and shipped them instead to the UK and Europe, where the game's popularity exploded among the café set. The industry took off overseas, but the majority of production stayed anchored in Chicago, where the last operational company, Stern, still continues today.

What brought the game out of the speak-easy era was the simple addition in the '50s of a pair of flippers controlled by button triggers. This element of control did not eliminate the chance that had been the initial allure,

but tempered it with the even more beguiling promise of skill. This is when pinball became, in essence, the game we have now: one that is simple to learn, easy to operate and nearly impossible to master.

This combination set off a frenzy on both shores of the Atlantic; American pinball was legal again and soon occupying every corner store, laundry, pizza parlor and corner of the American psyche. The pinball game encapsulated every aspect of the growing leisure industry: Its cost was low enough for everyone to operate, repeated usage allowed for the development of a particular skill-set and a dedicated amount of time taken from the pursuit of any other distraction created a self-rewarding waste of time.

Its popularity has risen and waned as public venues became scarce; the pinball machine is the only game that could never be fully assimilated into the private areas of our lives. And while few of us can afford the eight thousand dollar price tag that a quality machine costs to buy outright, no amount of programming could translate the magik of wood and steel to a home gaming system. The pinball table then remains tucked into the corners of our public lives, waiting for us to ease a couple of quarters into it and step out of the world for a few stolen minutes. **lv**

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A Little More Room for Art in Iowa City

GETTING TO WORK

ps+z (120 N. Dubuque) opened its doors in May with a Cheap Art Bazaar and Bake Sale.

You don't have to be a mathlete—or even a little mathletic—to know that there are multiple parts to an equation. You have the numbers of course, or parties involved. You have the function. Are they going to multiply? Divide? And what will the outcome be?

For art's sake, there's no better illustration of this than Public Space One's massive new undertaking: a brand new sibling space in The Wesley Center (120 N Dubuque St.) called—drumroll—ps+z. (Pronounced P-S-Z)

"Why Ps+z? There's a lot behind it, a whole marketing campaign," John Engelbrecht, Public Space One Director in the Jefferson Building and head of the new expansion down in the basement of The Wesley Center, tells me during a tour.

"It's taken from math. X, Y, and Z integers. The Z is the unknown variable. There's PS, which stands for private space, public space, print shop, project space...any of those things," John added. "We aren't going to define it. And Z? That's what happens in the space when you get a group of people together. It's about setting up a structure that is loose enough to define itself in the long term."

This is a place that could only fairly be described as intimately cavernous; sunlight slips in

through high windows, and though it's not a wide open area, small offices stem out from the main floor space. Chairs and tables are stacked like promising stalactites of learning. When those early cave artists—seeking protection from the

"We appreciate the value that art brings to the larger community and how it engages a deeper dialogue with our humanity."

-Paul Shultz, executive director of the Wesley Foundation

elements—were driven into stony shelters, they may have thought what a visitor to ps+z might think: There is so much potential here.

Ps+z is still in the set-up process, but they plan a big launch for late in the summer. The 1200-square-foot space makes for a spacious and welcoming new addition to Iowa City's gallery scene. The large open area—filled with familiar schoolhouse tables and chairs—is complemented by a back area that will house a print shop with an aquamarine tiled floor and summer peach-colored walls. The new print shop will be run by Chris Mortenson and Kristin Necessary, graduates of University of Iowa's photography and printmaking MFA programs, respectively.

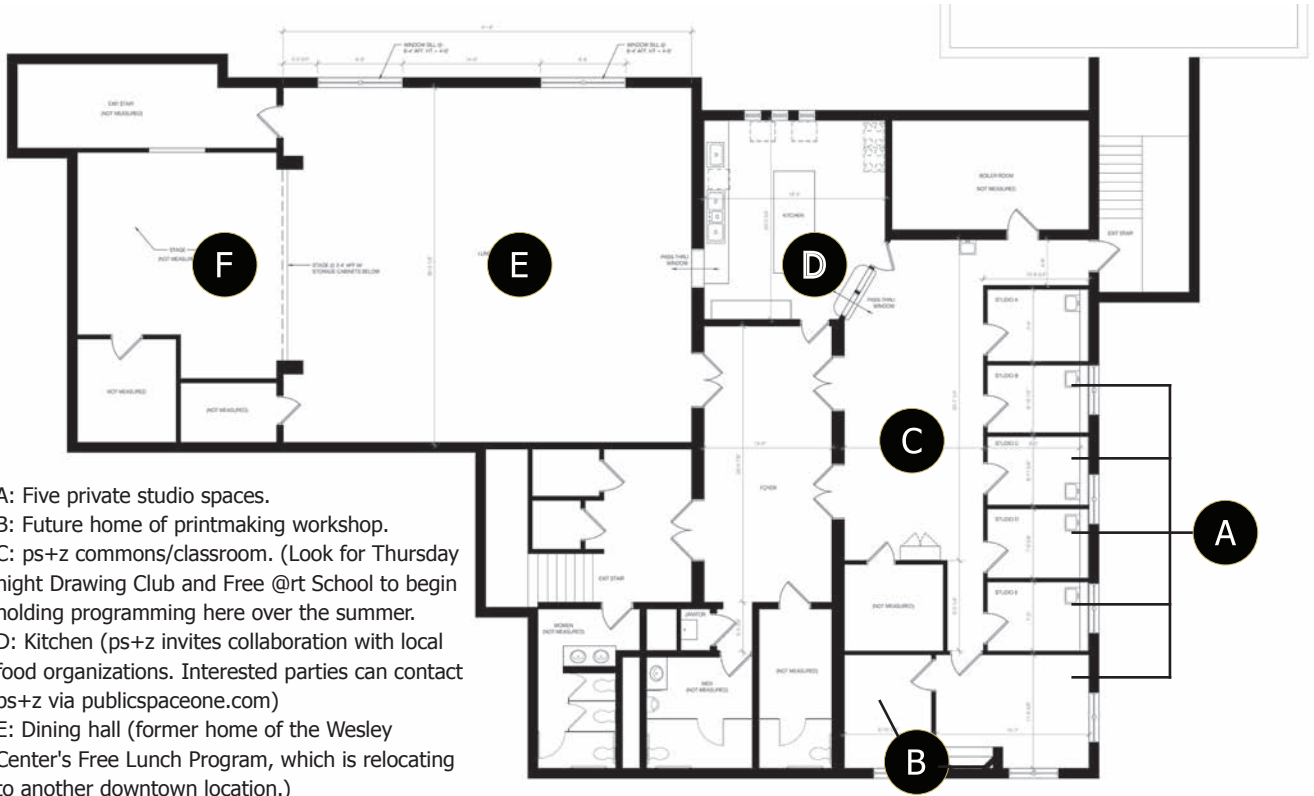
"I wish all the floors were that color," John admits. There's a large materials room, now empty but for table adorned with colorful blueprints. The small, 72-square-foot offices look cozy and comfortable. In short, they're the kinds of nooks that would bring out the artist in even the most modest individuals.

John mentions that the space was formerly a free medical clinic. In fact, the studio spaces were examination rooms at one time. "We're interested in community supported art ideas that allow various groups to utilize the space for their events," John said. "These five former exam rooms will be rented out to community artists in the broadest sense of the term."

John emphasized that he doesn't just have painters or printmakers in mind for these spaces, but writers, filmmakers, video artists and theatre groups as well, just to name a few. "We want the studios rented out to people working in different ways and encourage [them] in a collaborative fashion."

Renting these spaces will cost \$100 a month, John says. There is a strong spirit of renewal emanating from these offices. It's a welcome alternative to the vacant lots and

DUBUQUE STREET



- A: Five private studio spaces.
- B: Future home of printmaking workshop.
- C: ps+z commons/classroom. (Look for Thursday night Drawing Club and Free @rt School to begin holding programming here over the summer.)
- D: Kitchen (ps+z invites collaboration with local food organizations. Interested parties can contact ps+z via publicspaceone.com)
- E: Dining hall (former home of the Wesley Center's Free Lunch Program, which is relocating to another downtown location.)
- F: The stage offers potential use as a performance space, though ps+z emphasizes its potential for extended theatrical residencies and rehearsals.

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Like Public Space One, the outcomes of the ps+z equation involve the merging of community outreach and art. They'll both be run on small but realistic budgets and they'll both share common volunteers. Unlike Public Space One, however, ps+z will emphasize the questions themselves rather than the answers, it will facilitate the making of the work rather than the showcasing the final product. It's something John and The James Gang—a board of business-minded Iowa City

organizers investing in local art organizations like Mission Creek, The Iowa Youth Writing Project and Public Space One itself—have been wanting for some time.

With no affiliation with the University of Iowa other than keeping an eye on artists emerging from it, ps+z looks to establish itself as a linchpin within Iowa City for artists of all kinds who are looking to shape their craft. It's a different experience—and maybe a richer one—to build a community that promotes creative expression, and ps+z's transparency hopes to offer just that. If the studio spaces

get backed up, preference for renting the studios will be given to those who lack access to things like a press, expensive equipment and other studio amenities that are otherwise plentiful in the University.

"We want all kinds," John reminds me. "Art in Iowa City is in an interesting place. The University of Iowa programs are some of the top art programs in the country, but in a lot of ways that remains within the academic realm."

John sees ps+z serving as a bridge between the university and greater Iowa City community. "A lot of our artists have or are getting

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degrees from the [university], but we're also interested in the long term vision of art in this town, what it means to support artists who live in town or are here after their degrees," he said. "We want an art school program beyond the school . . . we have a lot of artists in town and a lot are interested in making what they do more visible and sustainable. The opportunity presented itself, and we had the programming and the passion to bring the space to life."

ps+z is a space within a space, existing within the Wesley Center, which is part of the Wesley Foundation of the Methodist Church, but the relationship between the religious-affiliated building owners and Public Space One/The James Gang has been a fruitful one built on shared support of Iowa City culture.

"We've been embraced in the space," John continues. "The Wesley Foundation has been great to work with. The other groups are all kind of interested to see what's going on, and there's a need for changes in the space and more people to use it to its potential."

Executive Director of the Wesley Foundation Paul Shultz notes, "The Wesley Foundation plans to support and encourage Public Space One to the best of our ability. We are thrilled that creative work will be

happening in our space. Arts in Iowa City enliven this community."

So what does the future hold for this bold new art frontier? John tells me the plans for ps+z are endless, so long as they think pragmatically and remain steadfast about making their nonprofit, grass-roots budget work for them to the best of its ability.

"There will be a Kickstarter campaign that will start up in June to help with the press and materials," John says. "The goal is for the space to sustain itself. Renting out the studios will cover us for the rest of the year of costs. Of course, Public Space One as a whole will continue with fundraising events."

John plans on "Free Art School" workshops, as well as various separate workshops, either free to the public or at a low cost. Lockers will also be available for those who want to store materials but don't necessarily need to rent full studio space.

Beyond artists and Wesley Center space, John believes ps+z will need passionate participation from the Iowa City community.

"This is an opportunity for other people to get involved," John said. "We'll be looking for a new art director, a gallery coordinator, and people to handle helping with workshops

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and studio rental spaces. Just the idea of a print shop being in here is like a business; it has to be run carefully to keep sustaining itself and functioning properly.”

However, despite functioning as a nonprofit work space, John sees a bright future for performances or interactivity in ps+z in unique new ways.

Follow the progress at ps+z by subscribing to the Public Space One newsletter: www.publicspaceone.com

John mentions a potential week-long summer camp for kids, paired with other programs throughout the summer. “Right now it’s a goal, but if it’s done right it would be really beneficial to the community and the artists in our space.”

John also expressed interest in showcasing writers via small readings, hopefully alongside some of the visual art that might also be produced within ps+z. “We’d like to work with the School of Art and Art History and even try to bring Intermedia Open House here,” John adds. “There’s a group of us who would love to see it grow.”

John notes that the partnership between Public Space One and The Wesley Center is one representative of communal spirit and interdisciplinary sharing. “Yes, The Wesley Center is a religious foundation,” he explains, “but the gist of us being here is that we are a community and we do things in this community. They wanted people who did good things for it.”

Paul Shultz adds, “We appreciate the value that art brings to the larger community and how it engages a deeper dialogue with our humanity. Even the process of creation brings energy and insight. We admire Public Space One’s collaborative approach to art and to artists. We are pleased that our space will be a part of that approach and can’t wait to see how our whole community will be impacted by what’s done and shared here.”

John believes there’s a fundamental bond underscoring The Wesley Foundation, ps+z and their shared building.

“I believe art can save lives,” he says, smiling. “I believe art saved my life, and to me that’s as powerful as any field or belief you could get into. If it gives your life meaning, that’s the most important thing.” **lv**

Russell Jaffe is filling in for R.A.D Wudnaughton, who was killed in a mid-horse collision and is currently recovering nicely.



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BLACK RAIN ONSLAUGHT

So, you are a composer and performer whose music requires close listening, preferably in the dark. Your recent Iowa City show at the First United Methodist Church blew the audience away—or, rather, it sucked them into an all-enveloping temporary autonomous zone created with pipe organ and electronics. This aural explosion transported some listeners into the nether regions of their minds, or off into the ether.

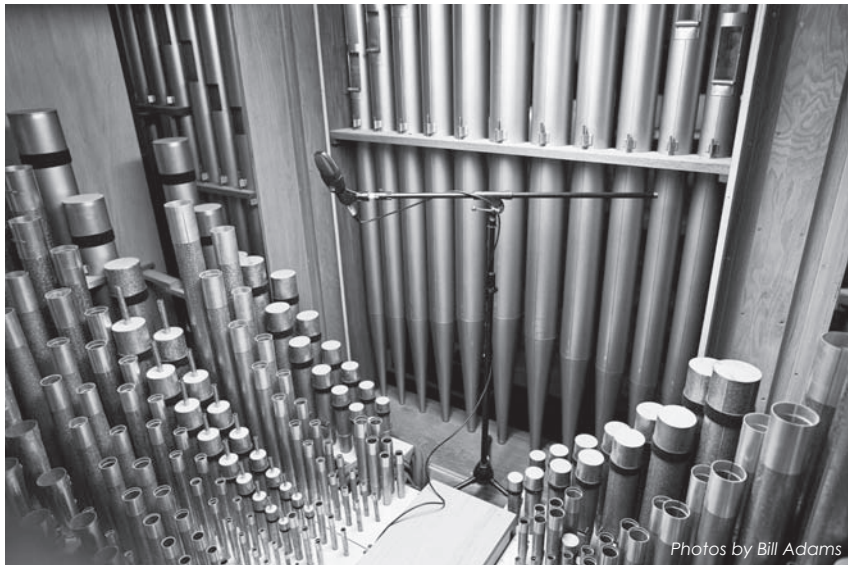
The Challenge: You will soon perform at this summer's Pitchfork Music Festival (July 13-15), a sun-drenched outdoor event in Chicago that is the exact opposite of that quiet, blackened church. Beer is flowing, friends are chatting and another band is playing off in the distance, penetrating your soundscape. What do you do? "A black rain onslaught that trumps everything else," Tim Hecker answers without a pause. "Pushing the PA into extreme zones. I tend to use force and physicality in a festival context rather than something more nuanced, which would be a setup for failure."

Much like his latest record, *Ravedeath, 1972*, his Mission Creek Festival appearance in Iowa City was anchored by a pipe organ set adrift in a sea of sounds that ebbed and flowed at high volumes. "I prefer secular performance spaces, but most pipe organs are situated in churches, and festival promoters tend to stick me there," he tells me from his home in Montreal, Canada. "The upside is that the acoustics are often amazing in those venues,

and the audience is captive."

What one hears in these performances is the sound waves generated by the pipe organ blended with an amplified, "treated" version of that instrument. Hecker then mixes these elements into washes of electronics, natural room acoustics and other aural ephemera. Wall of sound? Perhaps. Ocean of sound? Getting closer. What makes his music so compelling is that it eludes simple description—particu-

starts, but they didn't have enough dynamics. I riffed off of them on the organ, then recorded it within that space and demolished those sounds once again." Hecker calls it his awakening to the world of "proper" recording. "That was the first time I really went that far, moving out of the hermetic zone of the mixing desk," he tells me. "We used a lot of nice microphones and preamps and guitar amps to take advantage of the room sound."



Photos by Bill Adams

This discussion leads to an aspect of Hecker's life that some listeners are unaware of: academia. He is currently completing a PhD in the Department of Art History and Communication Studies at McGill University. "My interest in the pipe organ came out of my academic work," Hecker says. "For my research I traveled to a massive organ in Atlantic City, which has 33,000 pipes scattered throughout this huge building that seats thousands. That was the one thing that helped inspire my last album."

larily the "ambient" label he often gets stuck with. Rarely does ambient music reach out and grab you by the throat (or ears) the way Tim Hecker albums do. Their dynamic shifts and morphing, kaleidoscopic textures undermine attempts at distracted listening.

Ravedeath, 1972 is both a continuation of Hecker's previous recording strategies and a departure. The main difference is the integration of a carefully recorded pipe organ into sound sketches that he brought to a church in Iceland. "I had these pieces that were kind of half-baked," he says. "They had interesting

The Boardwalk Hall Auditorium Organ has several entries in *The Guinness Book of World's Records*. Not only is it the "largest pipe organ ever constructed" and the "largest musical instrument ever constructed," it is the "LOUDEST musical instrument ever constructed" (my emphases).

Tim Hecker started the PhD program at McGill six years ago and is now nearly done with his dissertation. Scholarship began as kind of a hobby, an interest he has pursued alongside music throughout his life. Luckily for him, one of the world's preeminent sound scholars, Jonathan Sterne, teaches in the same



city where he already lived. Sterne's long-awaited book *MP3: The Meaning of a Format* will be published at the end of this summer on Duke University Press. "Jonathan was a deal clincher," Hecker says of his decision to join the graduate program.

One of the odd things about my line of work is finding out that an artist I revere is also an advisee of one of my close friends and colleagues. "Tim has certainly done a lot to retune my ears, and he's one of a small group of people who have helped me rethink my relationship to aesthetics," Sterne says of the way he now asks questions and feels his way through problems. "Tim has added a measure of 'Timishness' to how I think about the world, and that's the most valuable thing. Also, he has one of my favorite qualities in a scholar: he is idealistic about the value and purpose of intellectual work. He believes in the importance of ideas."

In other words, Tim Hecker is one of the few people out there who can drop knowledge on your ass and bring a black rain onslaught to the Pitchfork Music Festival. **lv**

Kembrew McLeod teaches at The University of Iowa, and plans to sing Twisted Sister's "We're Not Gonna Take It" once a day for the rest of the summer.



40 YEARS of The Godfather

Forty years ago, throughout the spring and summer of 1972, a mob movie was making a killing at the box office, which was something of a surprise to its production company. Paramount had wanted Sergio Leone, of spaghetti-western fame, to direct it. They settled for a fairly young director whose biggest success at the time was an adaptation of *Finian's Rainbow*, a musical about a leprechaun and a pot of gold. Paramount had also failed to secure either Laurence Olivier or Ernest Borgnine for the lead role, and either Robert Redford or Ryan O'Neil for the crucial supporting role. Instead, the young director, Francis Ford Coppola, cast the cantankerous Marlon Brando (after Paramount's president had exclaimed, "Marlon Brando will never appear in this motion picture!") and a nobody by the

name of Al Pacino. Did Coppola make them an offer they couldn't refuse? To top it all off, throughout the movie's production, the bigwigs at Paramount threatened Coppola with a "violence coach" to help him add excitement to what they regarded as a long dull movie.

Thank God that Coppola won out. (Well, for the most part: He did throw in a couple more violent scenes). For the past forty years *The Godfather* has stood as a fulfillment of the promise of cinema, magically effacing the line between entertainment and art. Stanley Kubrick and your beer-bellied neighbor have both gushed that it's the greatest film ever made.

It is extremely well-made. Everybody notes the greatness of things like the cast (Brando, Pacino, James Caan, Robert Duvall, Diane

Keaton and all the pungent performances of the lesser-knowns), the script (by Coppola, Robert Towne and Mario Puzo, who wrote the popular novel it's based on), the chiaroscuro cinematography and Nino Rota's haunting score. But even the detail-work is marvelous. Revisit the sound-mixing in the scene where Michael meets Sollozzo and McCluskey in the restaurant. Throughout their conversation, you hear the periodic rumbling of a train, despite the fact that there's no train nearby. When Michael pulls the gun, the rumbling suddenly crescendos. Right before he puts a bullet through Sollozzo's skull, you hear the screech of brakes. I must have watched that scene thirty times before I consciously noticed those train sounds, yet they're crucial for just how plunged the viewer is into Michael's anxious urgency.

But the real source of *The Godfather's* obsessive magnetism runs deeper than technique. It pertains to how Coppola found a way of using the mob-movie genre to get into our heads and work on the tragic contradictions inside.

In short, it's all about *la famiglia*. Hollywood generally portrays mobsters as menaces with a pathological love of their family, from Howard Hawks's *Scarface* (1932), where Paul Muni has a creepy thing for his sister, to Raoul Walsh's *White Heat* (1949), where James Cagney has a creepy thing for his mother, to Brian De Palma's melodramatic remake of *Scarface* (1983), where Al Pacino really has

The real source of *The Godfather's* obsessive magnetism runs deeper than technique. It pertains to how Coppola found a way of using the mob-movie genre to get into our heads and work on the tragic contradictions inside.

a creepy thing for his sister. The horror these stories evoke has something to do with our fear that immigrants' selfish loyalty to familial traditions actively threatens the American project of liberal democracy and capitalism.

But since the early '70s, when *The Godfather*



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In this psychological thriller, Willem Dafoe plays a mercenary sent into the Tasmanian wilderness by a biotech company to hunt for an animal most people suspect doesn't even exist: the last Tasmanian Tiger. For people who like Dafoe, spectacular outdoors cinematography and creepy-looking animals.



Jiro Dreams of Sushi

Bijou | June 22-28

Where can you find the world's most sublime sushi? In a subway station. A ten-seat restaurant at a Tokyo stop is the only sushi restaurant ever to receive three stars from Michelin. This loving documentary chronicles how the 85 year-old Jiro Ono still restlessly pursues perfection, and how his eldest son Yoshikazu strives to live up to his father's towering legacy.

A Cat in Paris

Jean-Loup Felicioli
Bijou | June 29-July 5

Animated with the supple curves of a Modigliani, A Cat in Paris tells the story of a mute girl and her cat Dino, who slinks out at night to work with a cat burglar. The movie is yet one more reason--after all the great movies by Miyazaki and Pixar--to believe that we live in a golden age of animation.

was made, there's been so much transformation of the American family, and so much suspicion of American power, that audiences, especially men, have felt some nostalgia for the "good, old days" of patriarchy. *The Godfather*, as the title suggests, still injects into our veins that rush of beneficent male power and all its trappings: loyalty, violence, virtue, sacrifice, sexual power. From the very first swirling scenes of Connie's wedding, we all want to crowd into the Corleone's family picture. Through Michael, the main source of our identification as viewers, whatever grudging distance we try to keep from the family business melts into the full embrace of Vito's world.

At the same time, the movie offers us much more than a nostalgic vision of male power. The famous last scene, where the door shuts on Kate, hints that Michael's embrace of *la famiglia* will eventually destroy his own family. This tragedy is most poignantly played out in *Godfather II*, when Michael has his own brother killed, but it's powerfully latent in *Godfather I*. In the 1950s the great critic Robert Warshow pointed out that gangster movies were the closest thing Hollywood had to tragedies. But it isn't until *The Godfather* that the full force of their tragic potential is realized. Like no other mob movie, we yearn deeply to be a Corleone and yet stand in horror at what that longing entails.

Every Godfather devotee has to have a favorite scene. Mine is when Michael and Vito are talking business at a garden table. Vito digresses, "I like to drink more wine than I used to. Anyway, I'm drinking more." Michael responds sweetly, "It's good for you, Pop." For that moment, and that quiet luminous moment alone, Michael perfectly fulfills our longing to love and be loved by the Godfather. **IV**

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.

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Directed by David Gelb
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JULY 2 & 5

A CAT IN PARIS

Directed by Jean-Loup Felicioli

JULY
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The Iowa Opera House Project Brings Old Haunts Back to Life

Iowa was a lonely place not that long ago. The 19th century saw its quiet prairie oceans replaced with cultivated fields as diligent settlers traipsed westward across the continent. Railroad companies would soon lay down steel tracks across the state, ushering in new waves of settlers looking to call Iowa their home. Farmers' loneliness would subside as more and more culture seeped into the little communities of Iowa.

By the latter part of the 1800s, a New York theater troupe could hop the rail to bring big city escapades (and questionable morals) to the sturdy Iowa farm towns. This collision of attitudes was often reconciled in the opera house. The nomenclature lent an air of appropriateness to upright communities that prided themselves on their strong moral foundations, and the "opera house" became a place where theater troupes—considered by some to be

nothing more than roaming bands of ne'er-do-wells—could legitimately ply their craft.

The Iowa Opera House Project, masterminded by Iowa City (by way of Decorah) songwriter Sam Knutson, has a distinct vision: to create a roadshow, a family-friendly showcase of Iowa musicians that will once again fill these houses with music.

Along with Knutson, musicians Dustin Busch, Pete Becker, Ken Moehn, Darren and Molly Mathews (Thankful Dirt), Dave Moore, John Waite and Jordan Sellgren are all working to make this project a success. The first show of this summer will take place at 7:00 p.m. on Friday, June 8 at the Wieting Theater in Toledo.

Placing musicians in these opera houses touches upon a reality we have all heard of but rarely experienced. We instinctively seek to participate in a tradition that helped form



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the identities of our grandparents, and this is what the Iowa Opera House Project represents: acknowledging a particular way of life.

It is also about celebrating community by involving the community. Much like the rugged forebears who brought culture to the prairie, the Iowa Opera House Project has not wept over what has been left behind; rather, it makes use of the great abundance before us.



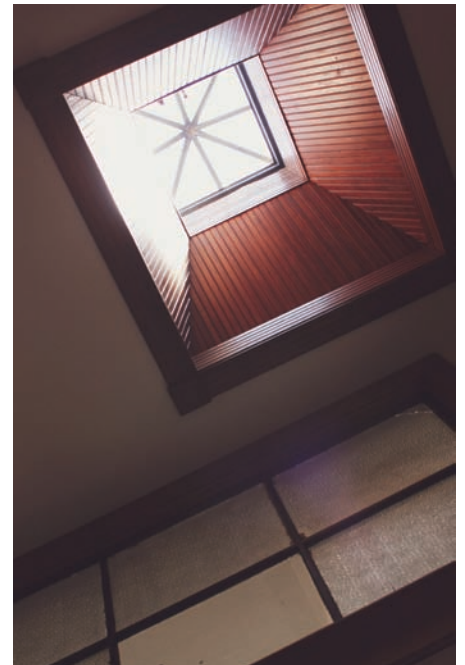
Ainsworth Opera House

When Sharon Gillis, Raquel “Rocky” Roberts, Anita Davis and Michael Zahs formed the group Ainsworth Community Together (ACT) to purchase and renovate the Ainsworth Opera House in 1988, the building was literally exposed to the elements. They showed us photographs documenting their work, and Roberts chuckled that to watch a movie in the theatre prior to the renovation would have required an umbrella.

Within the walls of this former feed store lies evidence of the Ainsworth Opera House’s importance to its community. Names, drawings and scribbles once covered the walls,

many of which were farewells from the sons of the community left before going to war.

Part of the building’s magic lies in the preservation work of Zahs, who owns an incredibly rare collection of films originally shown annually at the opera house as part of the Brinton Film Festival. He shares these features, including a collection of around 500 “magic lantern” slides, on regular occasions. Some of the films are reproductions made when he had the portions of the collection examined by the National Archive, which only reproduces films when there are no other known copies.



SHOW INFO: Each show will feature a combination of at least four of the following Iowa-based artists:
Dustin Busch
Sam Knutson
Milk & Eggs
Dave Moore
Thankful Dirt
John Waite

SHOW DATES:
 Toledo: June 8
 Albia: June 22 (\$8)
 Ainsworth: June 23
 Blairsburg: July 13
 Greenfield: July 28
 Elkader: August (TBA)
 Dubuque: August 25
All shows \$10, 7:00 p.m.

Pictured: The Wieting Theatre in Toledo, Iowa (p. 30)
The Ainsworth Opera House, Ainsworth, Iowa (p. 31, 32)

The Wieting Theatre

The Wieting Theatre was built in 1912 (the same year as Iowa City’s Englert Theatre, which is also celebrating its centennial this year) by Ella Wieting. It was built in memory of her husband Dr. Philip Wieting and its doors have been open almost every year since. One of the most striking features of the theater is the vintage stage curtain. Crafted in the Twin Cities, the curtain matches paint colors

from the period and depicts a river scene, perhaps inspired by Ella Wieting’s time in New York. A lot has changed in the theatre, including new seats, updated electrical work and a digital projection system, but our host Jim Roan was quick to point out the original wood floors throughout the theater, now as pristine and luxurious as they were in 1912.

The building was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1979, with efforts to fundraise for restoration beginning in 2008. The majority of the 1.3 million dollars invested in the project has come from various

TRAVEL >> CONT. ON PAGE 34

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THE ART OF PHIL HESTER

One day Rory Regan arrived at his father's pawnshop to find his dad and three of his dad's friends tortured and on the brink of death. Regan rushed to their aide, but was electrocuted and knocked out by a wire used to torture the men. When he came to, his father and the friends were dead, and the murderers were gone. Regan discovered that the electric shock had transferred the powers of the deceased men to him. He now had great strength, agility and fighting skills. Regan—donning a patchwork costume of stitched together rags—swore to protect his neighborhood from evildoers like the ones who killed his father. Ragman was born.

Iowa-based comic book artist and writer Phil Hester, 45, has never been assigned to work with Ragman. Hester has worked with many of the big names—Superman, Spider-Man, Hulk,

PHIL HESTER OF NORTH ENGLISH HAS BEEN DRAWING COMICS PROFESSIONALLY FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS!

Wonder Woman, just to name a few—but “The Tatterdemalion of Justice” eludes him.

“He’s a creepy and weird superhero, but that’s where my taste kind of bends,” explained Hester while drawing Batman at his drafting table.

Hester’s studio is a room inside his house in North English, Iowa (Pop: 990)—a 50 minute drive west of Iowa City. A town small enough to make cell phone signals vanish, small enough to confuse the all-seeing eye of Google Maps.

Piles of sketches are everywhere in Hester’s studio. At the top of one stack of papers, a large sketch of an enraged, snot-nosed Hulk glares at the room’s occupants. Bookcases stuffed with comic books line the opposite wall. A Spider-Man lunch box, a plastic Batman cup and a wide array of superhero action figures also sit atop and within the bookcases—if you look closely you can also spot a few awards.

Hester’s interest in comics started at age ten. “That’s when I really got into comics as a reader,” said Hester. “I sort of never grew out of that.”

He always enjoyed drawing, and when he turned 12 he realized that creating comics was a feasible career path.

"I can tell you the comic book issue that really made me want to become a comic book artist," said Hester. "There was this storyline in Iron Man, and it ended on a cliffhanger where Tony Stark, [the man behind the Iron Man mask], got pushed off the Helicarrier, [a fictional aircraft], without his armor on." Hester couldn't wait for the next issue's release, so he created and illustrated his own ending to the comic.

In high school, Hester would send samples of his work into Marvel and DC Comics every six months. "I was so clueless," he said. None of his high-school work was picked up. Fortunately, back then even the major comic corporations were gracious about writing back, and they offered Hester critiques and comments on some of his early drawings.

Hester's big break in the industry came in 1990, when he was 23. An editor at Marvel offered Hester an assignment to illustrate a comic about the popular antihero Namor the Sub-Mariner. "When I got that, I walked into my day job and quit," said Hester. "I gave them my two weeks, and I was like 'I'm working for Marvel now! Good bye!'" Hester didn't work for Marvel again until he was in his 30s.

He quickly realized it was possible to go months without getting a single assignment. "I went back to the day job and asked for it back," said Hester. "Thankfully, the [comic book] job I got after that was a regular assignment, so then I actually quit." Since then, Hester has only worked as a comic book artist. At the time of this writing,

he's been published more than 300 times.

From 2000-2004, Hester illustrated one of DC Comics' oldest heroes, the aptly named green-clad archer, Green Arrow, first created in 1941. This project established Hester's

really do that, or you'll drive yourself crazy."

One relationship Hester would like to rekindle is with Swamp Thing—DC's slimy hero who can inhabit any vegetable matter and use it to create a body for himself.

Hester had the opportunity to illustrate Swamp Thing at the beginning of his career. However, Hester doesn't feel like he did a good job.

"It was like playing for your favorite team," said Hester. "It was like being the worst Chicago Cub. It's like 'Wow, I'm playing for the Cubs! I'm stinking it up, but at least I'm playing for the Cubs.'"

"I'd love to go back to [Swamp Thing] now that I'm decent," he said. "Twenty years later I would like to show them that I don't suck as hard as I did when I was 26."

In addition to his writing and illustrating for the major comic companies, Hester has

also worked on many independent projects. He enjoys the freedom of the independent comics, but thinks they aren't feasible as a sole source of income. "I have to supplement my independent work with mainstream work," said Hester. "That's my day job. My day job is drawing Batman so I can write and draw indie stuff."

Even if he is less enthused about working on mainstream comics, Hester is still clearly a fanboy. "I never get too jaded like 'Oh, here's another day of drawing comics,'" said Hester. "To me it's exciting. Like, what I'm doing right now; I'm excited to draw Batman." **lv**

Michael Gallagher is a freelance journalist in the Iowa City area. His work has appeared in The Gazette, Iowa Watch, Iowa City Press-Citizen and the Grinnell Herald-Register.



Photo by Michael Gallagher



name in the industry, and also gave him the opportunity to help create new characters for the DC universe.

One of these characters, Mia Dearden, took over the role as Green Arrow's sidekick, Speedy. Dearden is recognized as one of the few comic book heroes who are HIV-positive, stemming

from a history of abuse and child prostitution. He also helped create the villain Onomatopoeia, who voices the sound of his actions. IGN comic book reviewer Daniel Crown called Onomatopoeia "one of the coolest new villains of the decade" in 2008.

Hester doesn't mind it too much when other artists take over the characters he created: "You have to let them go. It's like keeping track of old girlfriends. You can't



WEEKLY SPECIALS

ANGRY HOUR MONDAY-SATURDAY 4-6:30 pm \$2 DOMESTIC PINTS
MONDAY \$3 IMPORT PINTS 9 pm-Close TUESDAY \$2 16 OZ TALL BOYS 9 pm-1 am
WEDNESDAY \$1 PBR CANS 8 pm-12 am THURSDAY \$3 IMPORT BOTTLES 9 pm-Close
FRIDAY \$2.50 PINTS OF LEINIE'S RED 9 pm-Close SATURDAY MAKE IT A DOUBLE FOR \$2 MORE
9 pm-Close SUNDAY "SIN" SERVICE INDUSTRY NIGHT: WHISKEY \$3 7 pm-Close

DEADWOOD

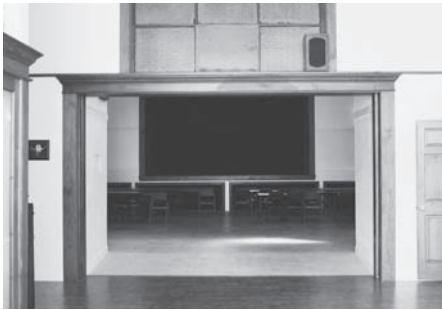
Tavern

**6 S. DUBUQUE ST.
IOWA CITY**

>>TRAVEL CONT. FROM PAGE 31

grants provided by state and municipal entities. Emmy-winning actor Michael Emerson (a Toledo native perhaps best known for his role as Benjamin Linus on *Lost*) is a veteran of the Wieting and lent his name to support the renovation efforts. In a 2009 letter of support he wrote, "There is no building in my hometown that looms larger in my memory than the Wieting ... I count myself lucky to have grown up in a town that could boast a true old-school performance hall." And performance hall it was: In the last century, the Wieting's stage has seen the likes of traveling minstrel and medicine shows, lyceum courses, school plays, graduations and political events. On July 1, contributors to the efforts will help celebrate the centennial of the theater. Perhaps even the ghost of Ella Wieting, whose presence in the theater has occasionally been noted, will be in attendance for the celebration. **lv**

Ryan Prochaska, townie, has worked as a professional preservationist for the National Park Service, provided scientific support in Antarctica to the National Science Foundation and NASA and has helped preserve and renovate homes around the Iowa City area for the last two decades.



Pictured: "Before" shot courtesy of Ainsworth Community Together. At right, a small museum displays pieces of the Ainsworth Opera House's storied past.



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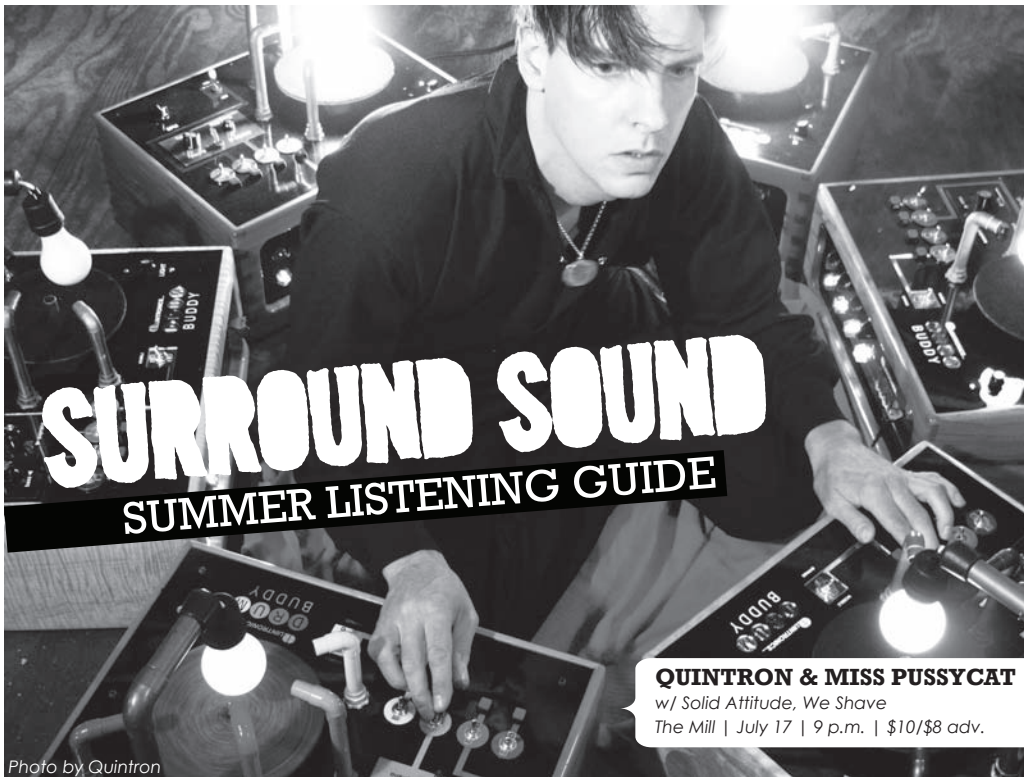
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SUMMER IN THE CLUBS! LIVE MUSIC VENUE GUIDE

Iowa City is what is known in the biz as a 'small market.' Acts on national tours book shows in Iowa City based on its geographical position within a half-day's drive of Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis and Kansas City—it's a great place to shoehorn a show in between bigger cities, to avoid a 'dark night' on tour. The local commercial live venues—The Blue Moose, Gabe's, The Mill, and the Yacht Club—take advantage of this to bring Iowa City audiences shows that pass by more out-of-the-way cities.

The summer music schedule in local bars is less hectic than it is in fall or spring, the traditional heavy touring seasons, but there's still plenty of interesting events to choose from.

BLUE MOOSE TAP HOUSE (211 IOWA AVE.)

The Blue Moose is in a nineteenth-century brick building that has been a music venue under different names and styles since the 1960s. When it became the Blue Moose they renovated part of the downstairs area into a concert room with a capacity of 600. The Moose books a variety of music, but is the venue most likely to host nationally touring indie-pop and hip-hop acts. It also features a separate venue upstairs, The Blue Room, which can be used

for smaller shows but more often functions as a green room for acts performing downstairs.

In June and July the Blue Moose will present some interesting shows. Des Moines' Parrenderos Latin Combo (June 9) bring South American heat; Destroyer (June 11) who, de-

few more dance and dubstep DJ nights announced; they've been a successful draw for the Moose.

THE YACHT CLUB (13 S. LINN STREET) AND GABE'S (330 E. WASHINGTON)

Scott Kading bought the Yacht Club building because when it had been open in the late '80s and early '90s it was his favorite bar. It's not exactly the same—there are no peanut shells littering the floor, for one thing—but it has developed a passionate following. Kading says "Our vision for the Yacht Club has never changed—have as much fun as possible ... we get to throw a party in a basement every night."

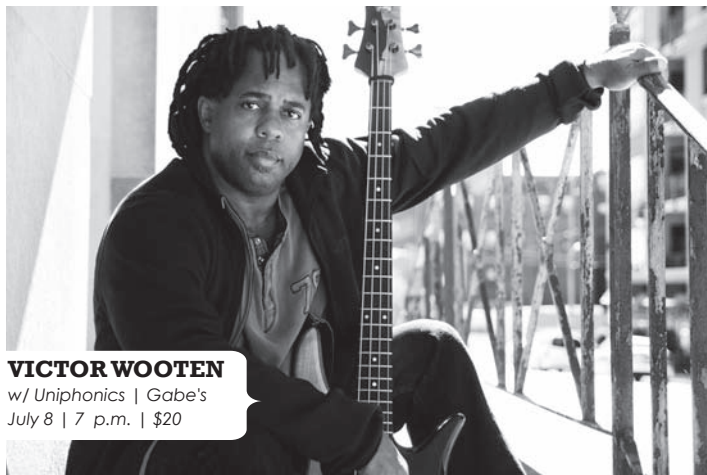
The Yacht Club features its regular lineup of dance parties on Tuesdays and jam sessions on Wednesdays. Local favorites like Dennis McMurrin (June 2), Dead Larry (June 16) and the Diplomats Of Solid Sound (July 6) prove that music, like beer, is often best when it's fresh and locally made.

Kading also bought Gabe's recently. Gabe's has been an institution in Iowa City for over 40 years, hosting countless memorable concerts in those years.

Since 2009 it has changed hands three times, but Kading is committed to living up to its storied past. "The potential is amazing. We haven't had a sold out show yet, but it's coming." Sadly, the regular downstairs customers—formerly the best free show in town—have moved on. "The previous two owners

went out of their way to ensure the old regulars are gone" Kading says, "We have spent the last six months cleaning the place up and making it a nice place to hang out again."

Kading listed several upcoming shows he was looking forward to at Gabe's: The Firecracker 500 Festival (June 28-30) returns with a stellar line up of punk and garage

**VICTOR WOOTEN**

w/ *Uniphonics* | Gabe's
July 8 | 7 p.m. | \$20

spite the name, crafts carefully made, radio friendly pop songs; Big K.R.I.T. (July 15), a popular and critical success as a hip-hop MC, representing Meridian Mississippi; two big metal shows (Motionless in White on June 13 and The Word Alive on June 26) are bound to appeal to the younger headbangers among us.

The schedule will fill out more in coming weeks, and there will probably be a



LAWNCHAIRS UNITE

Summer of the Arts brings shows to downtown throughout the summer.

as “glam-billy” but manage to echo both X and early Jefferson Airplane.

IOWA CITY JAZZ FESTIVAL

The Jazz Festival (June 29-July 1) is a free street festival that has been happening in downtown Iowa City on the first weekend in July since 1991. It brings internationally known Jazz musicians to perform in the open air, and also features local and regional jazz players. I spoke to Craig Kessler about this

year’s lineup. He was pleased that the festival secured The Heath Brothers as headliners. The Heath Brothers are still vital performers who have played with Jazz greats like John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock. Kessler said that the emphasis of the festival has been shifting. “I think they’re trying to see if they can’t cultivate some new people to look for younger talent.”

Kessler says, “even if it’s someone I’m not really familiar with, I always enjoy what happens. People ask me ‘who should I see?’ and I say ‘look, go see the whole thing, it’s free!’ And it’s always a gas. You never know what you’re go-

“People ask me ‘who should I see?’ (at Jazz Fest) and I say ‘look, go see the whole thing, it’s free!’”

—Craig Kessler

ing to get, but I look forward to all of it.”

The Marco Benevento Trio (June 30, 4:00 p.m.) definitely stretches the definition of Jazz, combining piano with synthesizers and live looping. Though you won’t hear him playing out of the Great American Songbook, he’s a fearless improviser and technically accomplished pianist. Todd Sickafoose’s Tiny Resistors (June 30, 6:00 p.m.), led by bassist Sickafoose, create an original sound with echoes of Frank Zappa at his most wistfully orchestral, Radiohead and the fearless improvisation of Miles Davis.

The Mill will be featuring Jazz Festival after-party jam sessions that will get started just as the festival’s outdoor activities wind down in the evening. It’s a place where the musicians who play the festival can sit in. In the tradition of after-hours clubs like New York’s legendary Hinton’s, The Mill will give listeners a front row seat at the raw creative process of jazz, along with pizza and plenty of cold beer. **lv**

Kent Williams gave up religion for Lent.

FIVE QUESTIONS WITH LOCAL MUSICIANS

With its relaxed pacing and breeziness, summer serves as a perfect time to relax and catch up on remaining projects. This is definitely true for music as school, work and/or life can get in the way of actually keeping up with what is going on. Using this idea as a launching point, I got in contact with a variety of local musicians and asked them how music has been treating them for the first half of this year, both live and on record. If you are active in Iowa City’s live music scene, the people that I’ve talked to will likely be familiar to you. If not, many of them will be playing around town over the summer and are certainly worth seeing live.

JOSH HOFFMAN (SUPERSONIC PISS)

Current favorite albums?: *A Commitment to Excellence* by Sister Fucker, *American Beauty* by Grateful Dead, *Pandemonium Shadow Show* by Harry Nilsson, *Tanglewood Numbers* by Silver Jews, and *Marquee Moon* by Television.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: Most of my new music comes from friends’ bands or bands I see on tour. Oozing Wound and ZATH from Chicago are totally blowing my mind.

Favorite local acts?: Big Box, NERV, Ginseng, Goldendust.

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: Stillsuit from Oakland on June 8 at my house with Supersonic Piss. Planning on going to Chicago for Bitchpork (not to be confused with Pitchfork) in July.

Favorite show so far this year?: I really enjoyed Featureless Ghost at The Mill, and Sister Fucker at Gabe’s. Overall though, the epic comedy show featuring David Cross, H. Jon Benjamin & Jon Glaser was the most amazing thing I’ve witnessed so far this year.

BRENDAN O’ KEEFE (CUTICLE, MEMBER OF GINSENG)

Current favorite albums?: *Fire* by Inner City, *I Say* by Erasure, *mmlsng mix49* by Natural/Electronic System and *Juicy J’s Rubbaband Business*.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: Mark Fell has possibly been around a while but this is definitely the year he blew up. Not sure if he would be filed as noise or dance music but his music is not hard to listen to in my opinion. Its challenging on the rhythmic level and that can really scramble the ear.

music, with Cleveland’s Hotchacha headlining. Surf-guitar legend Dick Dale returns (July 7), with Iowa guitar legend Dennis McMurrin opening up. Funk-bass virtuoso Victor Wooten will play Gabe’s the following night and Iowa City reggae favorites Public Property come back for a reunion concert on July 12.

THE MILL (120 E. BURLINGTON ST.)

The Mill is Iowa City’s oldest live music venue, celebrating its 50th Anniversary this year. Talent Booker Chris Wiersema says, “It’s the one venue that the median age isn’t 23. It’s more like 33, just because of its history and type of music, and it’s a restaurant as well. It isn’t just a concrete room with a stage at one end of it.” More than any other local music venue, The Mill has atmosphere, featuring some decorations in the front bar that go back thirty years or more. It also has Iowa City’s scariest basement, which few have seen and fewer still have seen twice.

The Mill’s emphasis, through most of its history, has been in acoustic American music. “Folk being the broad term,” says Wiersema, “Bluegrass is obviously a main thing, traditional folk, singer-songwriters from the ‘60s folk era. Because of that we have a stable audience throughout the summer.” But since changing owners in 2003, the booking has branched out to encompass just about every sort of music that would fit onto its small stage, or sometimes spill over onto the dance floor in front of it.

Summer highlights for The Mill include, Moonface (June 17), a project of Spencer Krug’s (Wolf Parade, Sunset Rubdown) playing wide-screen Bowie-esque Rock Music; Finders and Youngberg (June 28), proponents of Bluegrass’s new wave; Quintron and Miss Pussycat (July 19) play what they call ‘Swamp-Tech’ combining electronic music with pure Louisiana Weird; He’s My Brother She’s My Sister (July 6) describe themselves

Favorite local acts?: Goldendust, Muscle and Surgery

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: The only one I can think of is Grass Widow on June 3.

ALEXIS STEVENS

Current favorite albums?: I've been into *Boys & Girls* by Alabama Shakes and *Marqopa* by Damien Jurado. I don't know a lot about Alabama Shakes, but I can't get enough of them. I never got into any of Damien Jurado's other stuff, but this new album kind of slays me. Specifically the second half of the album—the first half is weird.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: As mentioned above, Alabama Shakes. They're new, right?



Photos by Adrienne Behning

Also, First Aid Kit. They're not brand new, but they're new to me and I love them.

Favorite local acts?: Lots! Emperors Club, Grand Tetons, Brooks Strause, Skye Carrasco, The Emilees, Rachel Marie and all of my friends' bands.

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July? Quintron on July 19! I saw him and Miss Pussycat perform once in Portland and it goes down as one of



my favorite shows of all time.

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: Sharon Van Etten's Mission Creek show. I may be a bit biased on that one.

<< ANDRE PERRY (THE LONELYHEARTS, DATAGUN, MISSION CREEK FESTIVAL)

Current Favorite Albums?: Twin Shadow's

Forget is my latest obsession though it isn't new. Cloud Nothings' *Attack on Memory* is still awesome, especially the first half.

Just starting to listen to *Bloom*—the new Beach House album—in-depth, but also listening to stuff from last year and beyond including: Tim Hecker's *Ravedeath, 1972*, Natural History's *Beat Beat Heartbeat*, French Kicks' *Young Lawyer EP*

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: Twin Shadow

Favorite local acts?: Emperors Club and Cuticle

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: Moonface (Spencer Krug's new joint) and Quintron & Miss Pussycat (full disclosure, it's a MCF presents show)

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: Tim Hecker at First United or Black Milk at Gabe's (full disclosure, both were Mission Creek Festival 2012 shows).

<< SHAWN REED (WET HAIR, NIGHT PEOPLE RECORDS)

Current favorite albums?: *Enter the Dragon* by Keith Hudson, White Mice's self-titled LP, *Mister Yellowman* by Yellowman. I'm always jamming down under stuff from New Zealand and Australia such as *Time To Go*, a compilation double LP recently put out by Flying Nun, the great New Zealand label from the 80s that's now back at it. I'm also jamming the *Six Impossible Things* and *Solomans Ball* 12-inches by The Bilders, which were just recently re-released. I recently scored one of my all time lost classics on vinyl: Solid Space's *Space Museum*. Everyone interested in post punk, cold wave or synth pop should hear it.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: Merchandise, Featureless Ghost, and Blanche Blanche Blanche.

Favorite local acts?: I sit close to Goldendust and the stuff Brendan O'Keefe is

doing. I saw Taterbug play a nice set recently that surprised me. Gem Jones is also making some cool recordings that are really wild and so different than anything anybody is doing locally, which I like.

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: I'm looking forward to the Wet Hair record release show with Grass Widow and The Outside World on June 3.

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: I really liked seeing Merchandise, Featureless Ghost and, recently, my old friend Russian Tsarlag. Dirty Beaches at Gabe's was good times too. I was blown away by Group Bombino at CSPS in Cedar Rapids. It was a tiny show, but it felt very, very special to witness.



PIETA BROWN (PICTURED WITH BO RAMSEY AND ALEXIS STEVENS)

Current favorite albums?: In the last few weeks I've been listening to the newest releases by Fatoumata Diawara and Tinariwen. I've also been enjoying an older favorite of mine, *Astral Weeks* by Van Morrison.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: I met a young artist named Krystle Warren when I was touring in Australia recently. She's from Kansas City but lives in Paris. She's got magic!

Favorite local acts?: So many local artists have influenced me including my dad Greg Brown, Bo Ramsey, Dave Moore, Bob Black and Al Murphy. I have not had the opportunity to check out many local shows in the last couple years because of touring. I look forward to having some time to check out some local shows this summer and fall!

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: I'm looking forward to playing the fest with my dad & co. on June 1! I heard Los Lobos and Carrie Rodriguez will be in town on June 2. And I look forward to Jazz Fest!

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: So many good ones. The Pines, Jimmie Vaughan, Iris Dement. I'm no good at favorites!

BRIAN JOHANNESSEN (GRAND TETONS)

What albums are you into right now?: Recently I've been listening to a shit ton of Jimmie Rogers and Hank Williams. I've also been hitting a lot of the new Justin Townes Earle and Joe Pug records, which I think go hand in hand. The single for the new Gaslight Anthem record is pretty awesome, I'm really stoked about that. Oh! And the new Norah Jones album **KILLS**.

Are there any new artists that you are into right now?: I've really been into the new Daughn Gibson record, *All Hell*. Talk about taking country in a whole new direction. He's really the only new guy I've been getting into. New to me, however, have been bands like Cloud Nothings, The Horrible Crowes and The Men. I guess Jack White's solo album is new, right? I love that album.

Favorite local acts?: **ALL OF THEM**. I am considering "Iowa" as local to answer this question because it really is just one big scene. I particularly like Christopher the Conquered, Alexis Stevens, Brooks Strause and The Wandering Bears. **GO SEE LOCAL BANDS PLAY.**

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: Always. June 6 at Gabe's is going to be Fairfield's electrifying Little Ruckus playing with Midstress and Robots Counterfeiting Money. I'm also keeping my eye out, as you should, for the date of Alexis Stevens' record release party in early June, that will be a lot of fun. And, of course, Destroyer on June 11.

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: I was able to see (and play with) Will Whitmore, Justin Townes Earle and Joe Pug in just a matter of months, which is like the holy trinity of songwriters for me right now, and all of those shows were exceptional and very special for me. It would have been a perfect year if I could have played with Craig Finn when he played at the Mill because that show was incredible. That one probably takes the cake.

BERNARDO MOREIRA (DREAM THIEVES)

Current favorite albums?: John Talabot's *FIN*, Porcelain Raft's *Strange Weekend*, Yppah's *Eighty One*, David's Lyre's *Picture Of Our Youth*, and Lapalux's *When You're Gone EP*

Are there any new artists that you are into

right now?: All of the above. Maybe they are not "new artists" per se, but they are to my ears

Favorite local acts?: Being careless with the word "local", I'd say Datagun, Surgery, DJ Espina, Centaur Noir, Alex Body. If it has electronic elements, I will be interested.

Are there any shows you are looking forward to in June and July?: I like music festivals. I always go to Camp Euforia. I'm also looking forward to either Jazz Fest (IC) or BluesFest (Davenport), depending which lineup looks better. It's a little bit silly to have them in the same weekend, no?

What's been your favorite show so far this year?: In Iowa City, I think JC Brooks & The Uptown Sound. Amazing live performance, amazing control of the stage by JC. Outside of Iowa City, Dr Dre and Snoop Dogg and M83 with Amon Tobin, both at Coachella Music Festival. **lv**

A.C. Hawley's favorite new artist is Tops. His favorite show so far this year was Dirty Beaches at Gabe's.

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SEX, BURLESQUE AND GENERATIONS

A father and son discuss the May 18 Iowa City screening of Frederick Wiseman's "Crazy Horse"

Patrick *pere*

So, Patrick, to summarize the weekend: We saw one piece by Les Dames du Burlesque d'Iowa City, and each of us also did our own thing. And we saw Frederic Wiseman's *Crazy Horse*. Let me try to start the conversation: how do you and I, as men in the United States in the 21st century think about world we live in with respect to men, women, beauty and sex?

The day after we saw the movie, I went to hot yoga. The group at the studio consisted of women of almost every age and most sizes, as well as a trio of men in our late forties and fifties. At the end of the session, I realized everybody in the room, to my mind, was beautiful. Maybe too tall or too short or too old or too heavy to be on stage in Paris, but beautiful because they were in their bodies and moving. I suspect that what we call beauty is actually a description of how we see the world, not of the world as it is in itself.

Also, I don't have a clue about how people your age generally think about these things.

My generation has grown up in a world of fantasy and science fiction, video games and pornography. As a result, I feel we have the potential to be far more open to ideas that don't exist within the norms of our everyday life.

In 1973, when I was 19, I had no clue about how feminism, and queer liberation, and AIDS and consumerism, and, yes, porn, were going to change things. What do you think?

Patrick *filis*

I think people of my generation would need to work to understand the specific type of art the burlesque show we watched is a part of, but that we are generally better equipped to appreciate it. I think that's a good thing; this sort of performance is intended to push boundaries. I think my generation can be in danger of worrying too much about our sexuality (what do I like, what don't I like, how do my ethics and morals complicate those desires, what do those things and their interactions say about me as a person, etc.), so a hypothetical point where we could both be unfazed by what we saw could be helpful; but that point wouldn't be burlesque.

I agree that beauty is a description of how we see the world, but I don't think that's the same as art. Art is the act of presenting a vision of the world to others and allowing them

to draw conclusions. In this way, I think burlesque is art, as it presents a vision of overt feminine sexuality we don't see in our waking lives. My generation has grown up in a world of fantasy and science fiction, video games and pornography. As a result, I feel we have the potential to be far more open to ideas that don't exist within the norms of our everyday life. But I don't know if my generation would be able to see past the casual sexuality on display, either because they are unequipped to understand it or unwilling to look farther.

Patrick *pere*

You say that part of the task someone your age faces is "what do I like, what don't I like, etc.?" I think one of the differences between being 19 in 1973 and in 2012 is that these "What do I like?" questions open differently.

I don't for a moment believe it's easy to come out if you're gay, or to seize control of your sexuality if you're a young woman, or to navigate the subtleties of attraction and rejection if you're anyone. I do think there are more things in popular culture that suggest our identities and proclivities, especially sexual ones, are fluid, socially constructed and incomplete. When I was growing up, if a man found beauty in another man's body, he had to search for places where that response was seen as normal. Now, there are more spaces in our world for that perception to go unreproved, and even celebrated.

On the other side, it seems many of the spaces that validate multiple forms of desire are commercial spaces. Like the *Crazy Horse*. And the commercial sphere is very unforgiving of certain kinds of imperfection. I think the sexiest moment in the documentary was when the choreographer/director was dancing his dance for the women in order to teach it to them. He was beautiful and the dance was too—but he can't make the kind of money he makes, or have the kind of stage and lighting and design, without relocating his beauty onto the women.

What concerns me is that the commercialization of sex, the making of desire into

a consumer choice rather than a path to—What? Enlightenment? Ecstasy? Love?—is just as oppressive as the repression that was around when I was coming up. What would you say is the greatest barrier to freedom and joy among you and your friends?

Patrick *filis*

I feel the commercialization of sex and interpersonal desire in general is only increasing as our ability to transmit and process images and information increases. Writing, and later radio and television, started the process

of allowing people to communicate to large audiences, across social and cultural lines. This can allow us to incorporate more varied beliefs and more complicated views of the world, but it can also bring about a homogenization of culture. In contrast, it seems the *Crazy Horse* and the people who work there have more freedom, since as an independent production team and a local venue they have more freedom to display and describe different ways of expressing sexuality without the pressure of producing something for mass consumption. It allows them to diversify as they choose, instead of as the market dictates.

So I feel that burlesques in general don't have nearly the same impact as more mass-market approaches. The overall impact is limited by its area of effect. Most people my age are bombarded daily by media just as sexualized as burlesque; the difference is, advertisements and television are usually less overt.

Both Patricks

We're conscious that we're both male, and that no women's voices are heard in this. We're conscious we've only begun this discussion. We hope we'll hear from others, in the comments, in your own writing, in the street. **lv**

Patrick Dolan teaches Rhetoric at The University of Iowa. Born in 1953, he was raised in London Ontario, Saskatoon Saskatchewan, Houston Texas, and Indianapolis Indiana.

Patrick Howes Dolan was born and raised in Iowa City. He attends the University of North Carolina at Asheville.



Lake Street Dive

Fun Machine EP

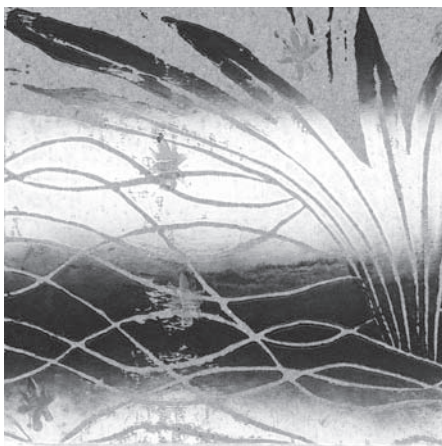
lakestreetdive.com

Lake Street Dive is a four-piece birthed from Boston's New England Conservatory Jazz program, mixologists of the perfect martini of soul, folk and jazz, shaken not stirred, and garnished with a sprig of indie-pop sensibility. This intoxicating formula is equal parts spare, precise percussion delivered by Philly native Mike Calabrese, brassy soulful vocals from Nashvillian Rachel Price, Minneapolisian trumpet counterpoint and guitar provided by Mike "McDuck" Olson, and plucky, slappy, buzzy doghouse bass lines provided by former IC townie Bridget Kearney, who got her start at the Preucil School of Music, and whose dad happens to be the Associate Dean of Research for the UI.

On Lake Street Dive's latest EP, *Fun Machine*, they bring their tightly-knit virtuosity to a collection of five influential covers. We have a rewired Jackson 5 cover with "I Want You Back," a tribute to Calabrese's Philly homeboys Hall & Oates ("Rich Girl"), George Michael's career pinnacle "Faith" reworked into a jump jazz shouter and their version of the classic "This Magic Moment," which owes as much to The Mamas and the Papas as it does to the Drifters. The sole original song, "Clear a Space," is a delightful nod to Motown and stands not at all in the shadow of the heavyweight contenders surrounding it. The climax of the EP is delivered with Price sounding a lot like Bonnie Raitt in a delicious gospel conversion of Paul McCartney's "Roll With It," from Wings' epic *Band on the Run*.

It is probably axiomatic to say that the work of a group of musicians is a sum of its parts. However there are bands on occasion (albeit rarely) who are able to display the texture and relief of each individual's contributions to

their work while still providing the coherence of a group. It is for this that I pull up a barstool and imbibe round after round of Lake Street Dive. —Mike Roeder



Noble Octopus

Like An Island

virb.com/nobleoctopus

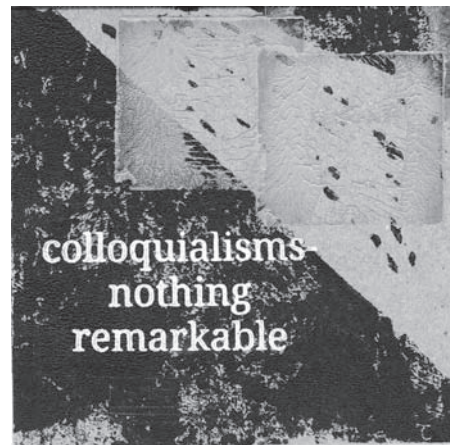
Since I've been writing music reviews for over a decade, I get to hear more than one album from some musicians. In 2009 I reviewed Noble Octopus' self-titled debut and said of it "The weakest link on the album is the singing. It can be perfect for the material, as in the later verses of 'Sound Of Cycling,' but in the first few lines of the same song Rohn sounds awkward. It's not that it's bad, but it could be better..."

I can't take credit for it, but on *Like An Island* Eric Rohn seems to have found his voice. It still has an introspective, shy quality, but he seems to have wrestled it under control and turned it into an effective instrument to put across these new songs. And the songs rate a proper Keanu Reeves 'whoah.' A bit like Beck's more reflective moments from the *Sea Change* era, without the ostentatious weirdness, or early Pavement, with some of the chaos and shenanigans stripped away.

The album's centerpiece, "And Then I Drive," has a one chord verse, a one chord chorus, and simple lyrics about long drives through Iowa fields. "And there's no sound as the sun slips down underwater. And there's no sound as the clouds fan over the plain." It's a perfect evocation of the Zen no-mind that takes over driving down Interstate 80. Seasons change in the course of the song, it's still the same road, but at the same time it's not.

In between the more conventional songs, there are several experimental ambient pieces. This might scream "FILLER!" in someone else's album, but like The Dude's rug, they really tie the album together. The

two impulses—to make quiet, well-formed pop songs, and to strike out into the territories of vague noise and drones—are remarkably well unified. I don't really know where he's going with *Like An Island*, but Noble Octopus make me want to go there with them.



Colloquialisms

Nothing Remarkable

colloquialisms.bandcamp.com

You may know the man behind Colloquialisms, Joe McNertney, if you shop at the New Pioneer Food Co-op, as the bearded guy behind the meat counter. He's also Eric Rohn's collaborator in Noble Octopus, and the two albums share similar silk-screened recycled cardboard covers. But despite some similar gestures, Colloquialisms is looser and veers off in strange directions. The first track, Mille Regretz, is McNertney's setting of a sixteenth-century chanson for distorted guitar, as a prelude to "Unfabled," a quiet, pretty song, made strange by Joe running his voice through an octave doubler effect and what sounds like a dog snoring through a distortion pedal. Add to that pizzicato violin and a fluttering recorder and you have something at the same time familiar and unusual.

"There's always the problem of dynastic succession," he sings in "You're Not Blinking." Then the song trails off into a reflective interlude of echoing guitar harmonics, toy xylophone and banjo. It's clear that it's deliberately unclear, but it's enjoyable to just go with it and let him do what he wants.

Which I guess is the charm of Colloquialisms. McNertney has some engaging musical ideas, but he resists conventionally professional ways to arrange them. For him, bringing them to heel would diminish them somehow, better to let them wander off into the underbrush and see where they end up.

"I never would've thought I'd evaporate into your arms" McNertney sings in "The Flower

I'd Forgotten," turning a love song into something strange and dreamlike. His voice on this song is what I can only describe as pleasantly lugubrious. *Nothing Remarkable*, as a title, is false advertising, a bit of self-effacing misdirection. It can be hermetically isolated at times, and at others warm and inviting, a hatful of paradoxes, with a side order of stuttering, barely controlled synthesizer muttering, lovely and unsettling.—*Kent Williams*



Wet Hair

Spill Into Atmosphere

De Stijl Records

Wet Hair's fourth LP, *Spill Into Atmosphere*, is the band's most accessible to date—a claim I lavished on their third album, 2011's *In Vogue Spirit*. The Iowa City trio soldiers along, refining their Krautrock infused ragga even further. Justin Thye (Goldendust) has joined Shawn Reed and Ryan Garbes on bass—taking over for the departed Matt Fenner—and Thye wasted no time making his work indispensable. Wet Hair's sun-baked jams no longer lie on the sand soaking up the sun, *Spill Into Atmosphere* is on the beach only long enough to turn around and guide its board back into some juicy surf.

Atmosphere opens with what might be Wet Hair's finest pop tune, "Grey Palisades." Garbes' rollicking drums come roaring out of the past from some lost surf-rock anthem, Thye's phase-shifted bass bubbles and playful synth lines romp about like hummingbirds

bobbing from blossom to blossom before Reed's baritone comes bellowing in, "Grey Palisades" is already the feel-good hit of the summer if you love Kraftwerk.

On the second track, "Color and Shape," Wet Hair finds a stutter-stepping groove on Garbes' Ganesh-like drumming. The oscillating keyboard work and undulating bass eventually sooth the savage beast at the kit and the track collapses in a heap, sweaty and euphoric

Wet Hair's "Grey Palisades" is already the feel-good hit of the summer.

as Reed winds the tune down with a lilting mantra.

The biggest improvement over *In Vogue Spirit* is that the tracks without live drumming don't feel as stale and lifeless compared to the tracks with Garbes wielding the sticks. "Blank Sunday" doesn't allow the minimalist, looped beat to shackle it to one speed or vibe. Wet Hair ride the same clip-clopped beat through a tightly wound and tense verse, a synth explosion of a chorus and a cacophonous, psychedelic break down at the end. On top of the sweet summery sounds of this poppier Wet Hair, the trio is also stepping up their arrangement game.—*John Schlotfeld*



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What's up with obnoxiously loud TV shows and commercials?

Just when I get the TV volume adjusted to the optimum level, a commercial comes on and rattles the house like a sonic boom. Who's the Einstein who decided I should listen to commercials at a level loud enough to rupture my eardrums?—Rick Gray

For as long as I can remember, home theater has had the same problem, namely, while the parts of a movie or TV show full of explosions are loud enough to strip varnish off a coffee table, dialogue at the same volume is barely comprehensible because it's too damn quiet. Thus you either have to constantly adjust the volume or resign yourself to the possibility of permanent ear damage every time you watch an action movie. What's the deal?—Dan Rosenbluth

Several audio techniques are at work here, two of which, interestingly, work in opposite ways. But the motive is the same: noise sells.

Viewers have complained about loud TV commercials since the 1950s but advertisers paid no heed, figuring people couldn't ignore your message if you screamed it in their ears. In the 1960s the FCC began warning broadcasters to lower the volume but made no serious attempt at regulation, and industry efforts to self-police didn't accomplish much either.

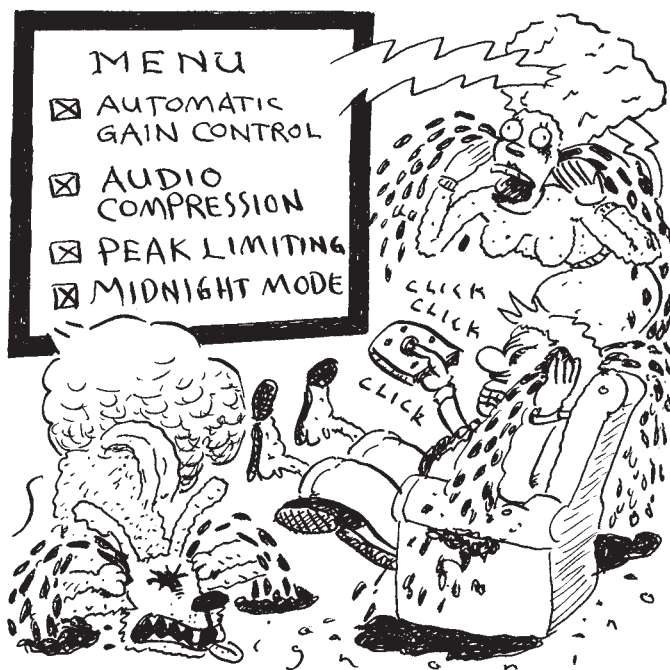
Things got worse in the era of digital TV, with improved technology greatly increasing the range of discernible sound volume, better known as dynamic range. Eventually Congress stepped in, passing the Commercial Advertisement Loudness Mitigation (CALM) Act in 2010. The law directed the FCC to set advertising loudness standards for broadcasters, cable operators and other video distributors. By December 13, 2012, a commercial's average sound level must be the same as the average loudness of the surrounding programming. The idea is that once you get the TV volume adjusted to a comfortable level you won't risk having your eardrums ruptured by a sales pitch.

Human ingenuity being what it is, the new rule may not entirely solve the problem. Imagine a commercial skillfully interweaving tranquil footage of bunnies and butterflies with equal intervals of air raid siren-level noise. On average, the result is 100 percent FCC compliant.

Improved TV technology works both ways, however. Check your owner's manual to see

if you have a function called automatic gain control, audio compression, or peak limiting. If you do, and you have the moxie to navigate through the byzantine array of menus and options on the average TV, they'll enable you to control the peak noise level. My assistants Una and Fierra discovered their five-year-old television had two of the aforementioned options, so there's a decent chance yours might too.

That brings us to the related problem of loud movies. Increased dynamic range during regular programming was designed to enhance



the vividness of the home theatre experience by reproducing the gamut of sounds you experience in real life. Unfortunately for your hearing, the approximation of real life favored by Hollywood tends to fixate on the whispers of the bedroom on the one hand and battling robots on the other.

Action movies are particularly problematic. Audio researchers found that whereas a typical episode of the sitcom *Friends* had a nontaxing dynamic range of 6.6 "loudness units," the 1999 film *The Matrix* had a range of 25 units. The eruption of noise during *The Matrix*'s action sequences is part of its charm, of course, but such extreme dynamic range pushes the limits of what even the most sophisticated home system can reproduce, making it virtually impossible to find a comfortable volume level.

Once again, though, technology is your friend. The Dolby 5.1 system, for example, includes a "midnight mode" that compresses the dynamic range, lowering the sound peaks and raising the valleys to make a concussive soundtrack more listenable.

But here's the surprising part. Where the movie industry uses increased dynamic range to make more noise, the music industry uses dynamic range compression to do the same thing. Dynamic compression is a major weapon in what's been called the "loudness war,"

the steady increase in the volume of rock and pop music. Going back at least to Phil Spector's "wall of sound," music producers and engineers have always been trying to make their records sound bigger and more exciting than the competition's, and one way of getting a song to jump off a jukebox is simply to make the recording itself louder.

Because you can only turn the sound up so far before it becomes distorted, it eventually became standard practice to compress the dynamic

range while cranking the gain until the song was uniformly loud—never mind the loss of sound quality. Since the mid-1980s the average loudness of CDs has increased by a factor of 10, a trend if anything exacerbated by the shift to MP3 players. How better to make a track really pop in shuffle mode than to torque its effective volume? Thus the curious paradox: a century of technological progress has culminated in popular recordings with less dynamic range than an Edison phonograph cylinder of 1909.

—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes Store.

Curses, Foiled Again

• Police investigating a fire at an automotive shop in Gloucester Township, Mass., accused Mark Trigg, 20, and Cameron Semple, 21, of setting the fire to cover up a burglary. Trigg had a master key to certain vending machines, but after he and Semple broke into the shop, they found the key didn't fit the machine there. When they opened a door to look for items to take, they triggered an alarm and fled. They soon returned, police said, to "wipe clean any fingerprints left behind." Trigg, "fearing he did not clear their fingerprints," set fire to the building and called 9-1-1 to report the fire under a false name. Trigg and Semple then "sat across the street and watched the firefighting operations," police said. An arson investigator identified Trigg as a suspect by calling the phone number recorded at the 9-1-1 dispatch center. Trigg answered and provided his real name. (*Gloucester County Times*)

• Robert Strank, 39, tried to rob a bank in Beavercreek, Ohio, according to police, but suffered a medical condition that prompted tellers to call for medics. Before they arrived, the stricken Strank handed one of the tellers a note demanding cash. Medics arrived, briefly examined Strank and then turned him over to police. (Dayton's *WDTN-TV*)

Buttinsky Dad

Randy Swopes, 52, of Waukegan, Ill., accepted a plea deal that kept him out of prison for sewing his son's butt. The boy, who was 14 at the time, was suffering from an anal fistula. Rather than take his son to the hospital, the father used a needle and thread to sew the fistula shut. The makeshift stitching was discovered when the wound became infected, requiring the boy to be hospitalized. (Waukegan's *Lake County News-Sun*)

The Don't-Show-Me State

Seeking to determine whether members of the Missouri National Guard dispatched to Joplin after last year's tornado to secure the city instead looted it, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch filed an open-records request. The guard denied the request, citing its exemption to the state open-records law. In fact, Missouri is the only state that shields the National Guard from public accountability, an exemption from the state's Sunshine Law that even the lawmaker who in 1987 requested it believes was

a mistake. "I'd have a hard time supporting any government entity paid for by tax dollars being exempted from the open-meetings law," former Sen. John Scott said. Denied access to records, the newspaper went directly to Brig. Gen. Randy Alewel, commander of the 35th Engineer Brigade. He confirmed that members of his unit were involved in the looting and that "disciplinary action was imposed on those soldiers." (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

When Guns Are Outlawed

State police who broke up a fight between two men in Upper Paxton Township, Pa., reported that one man attacked the other with two knives while the other man defended himself by wielding a flamingo lawn ornament. (Harrisburg's *The Patriot-News*)

Slightest Provocation

• Police responding to a domestic disturbance in Palmer Township, Pa., reported that Joyce Speciale-Detweiler, 53, beat her husband with a vacuum cleaner pole after they argued about his "facial hair style." Donald Detwiler said his wife attacked him even after he told her he planned to shave later that day. (Lehigh Valley's *The Express-Times*)

• After a man in his early 20s smeared his girlfriend's face with cake at a party, they both thought it was funny, according to San Diego police, who reported, "The girlfriend's brother, a male in his mid-20s, did not think it was funny. He took out a knife and stabbed the boyfriend and two other males attending the party." (*Los Angeles Times*)

Litigation Nation

Claiming the "ridged seat" of his 1993 BMW motorcycle caused him to have an erection that lasted two years, Henry Wolf sued BMW North America and Corbin-Pacific, the seat's maker. The lawsuit stated the severe case of priapism developed soon after Wolf completed a four-hour trip in San Francisco, causing him "continuing problems," according to his lawyer, Vernon Bradley, who noted that his client "is now unable to engage in sexual activity, which is causing him substantial emotional and mental anguish." (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

Drinking-Class Hero

When Jose Sanders, 22, tried to buy beer at a liquor store in Braselton, Ga. the clerk thought he looked too young, asked to see his identification but still wouldn't sell him beer. Sanders told the clerk to call the police, declaring, "I

have no worry. My whole intention is to buy this beer." When police arrived, they arrested Sanders for disorderly conduct. Assistant Police Chief Lou Solis said Sanders admitted using profanity after he became "kind of frustrated," but insisted he was just talking to himself. "Sometimes I talk out loud," Sanders said, explaining he has a medical condition that affected his growth, causing him to appear younger and making him a constant victim of discrimination. (Atlanta's *WSB-TV*)

Reasonable Explanation

• Sheriff's deputies dispatched to a vehicle burglary in Weber County, Utah, found Justin Atmore, 31, along with several burglary tools, including lock picks, pliers, knives, a screwdriver and bolt cutters. The arrest report said Atmore insisted he was just practicing to be a locksmith. Unconvinced, deputies searched Atmore's truck and found stolen purses and wallets, a camera, stolen DVDs, gems valued at \$5,000 and a stolen .380-caliber handgun. (Ogden's *Standard-Examiner*)

• Charged with grand theft after a surveillance video showed him stealing chairs and a carpet from a neighbor's apartment in Doral, Fla., Spanish-language television news anchor Frank Cairo, 48, explained, "I make half a million dollars and don't need to be stealing." (*The Miami Herald*)

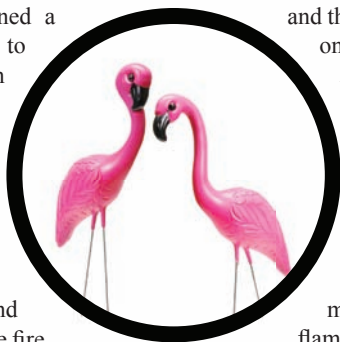
Covert Fashion

Noting the rise of concealed-weapon permits from 5 million in 2008 to 7 million today, at least three companies are creating clothing designed to hide the fact that the wearer is packing heat. Woolrich offers an entire concealed-carry line, including \$65 chinos that feature an additional pocket and stretchable waistband. 5.11 Tactical announced it is introducing a vest containing a frontal "stealth compartment" that hides the wearer's hand secretly holding a gun. Under Armor's appeal to the toting crowd is that the company's signature moisture-wicking fabric prevents rust. (*The New York Times*)

Driver's Ed Dropout

After crashing into a utility pole in Mercer County, Fla., Janelle Schwieterman, 17, was uninjured and returned to her home to get another vehicle. As she pulled out of her driveway, she drove into the path of a tractor-trailer and was hospitalized with critical injuries. (Miami's *WMLA-FM*)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.



ART/EXHIBITIONS

Akar

257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City
www.akardesign.com

New Works by Matt Kelleher, May 12 through June 4 * "Decals", July 6-20 * Inspiration: Birds, July 27 through Aug 10

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org

Exhibition Preview Reception: Looking Forward, Looking Back, June 1, 5:00 p.m. * Art Bites with Toby Olsen of OPN Architects, June 6, 12:15 p.m. * Walking Tour: Historic Automobile Row in Cedar Rapids, June 7, 6:00 p.m. * Mary Zeran @ the Studio, June 14, 7:00 p.m. * Extreme Makeover: Cedar Rapids Past and Present, June 24, 1:00 p.m. * Downtown Cedar Rapids Walking Tour, June 25, 6:00 p.m. * Frame the Fabulous at the Hiawatha Public Library, June 28, 6:00 p.m. * Altered Book-Ends at the Hiawatha Public Library, June 30, 1:00 p.m. * Downtown Cedar Rapids Walking Tour, June 2, 6:00 p.m. * Mary Zeran @ the Studio, July 12, 7:00 p.m. * Grant Wood Studio Open, July 26, 12:00 p.m. * Grant Wood Studio Open, July 27, 12:00 p.m.

Figge Art Museum

225 West Second St., Davenport
figgearg.org

"Thursdays at the Figge," Thursdays at 5 p.m. * Wine & Art!: Oil Pastels with Gloria Burlingame, June 7, 6:00 p.m. * Red White and Boom! Watch Party, July 3, 6:00 p.m. * When We Left Earth: The NASA Missions, July 21 through October 6, 2:30 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays

Legion Arts/CSPS

1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids
<http://legionarts.org>

"We're All in This Together" portrait and mural project, June 2, 9:00 a.m.

Public Space One

129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.publicspaceone.com

See website for June/July events TBA
Hideous Beast: Our Art Fair, June 2, 7:00 p.m. * Hideous Beast: Community Forum, June 2, 7:00 p.m.

Summer of the Arts Festivals

www.summerofthearts.org

Downtown Iowa City

Iowa Arts Festival, June 1-3 * Iowa City Jazz Festival, June 29-July 1

University of Iowa Museum of Art

uima.uiowa.edu/events

See website for event locations

(st) Art Summer: The Mansion, June 1, 5:00 p.m.

MUSIC

Blue Moose Tap House

211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City
www.bluemooseic.com

MeWithoutYou, Buried Bed, Imaginary Cities, June 2, 8:00 p.m., Destroyer, Sandro Perri, June 11, 7:30 p.m. * Motionless in White, After the Burial, June 13, 5:30 p.m. * OCD: Moosh and Twist and Aer, June 13, 6:30 p.m. * The White Elephant, The Sapwoods, June 23, 9:00 p.m. * The Word Alive, I See Stars, Make me Famous, Betraying the Martyrs, Crown the Empire, June 26, 5:30 p.m. * The Olympics, Danger Ronnie and The Spins, June 27, 7:00 p.m. * Big K.R.I.T. July 15, 7:00 p.m.

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts

1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa
www.coralvillearts.org

See website for showtimes

University of Iowa Summer Opera: H.M.S. Pinafore, July 13-15

Englert

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

The Perfect Pig, June 2, 10:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m. and 12:00 p.m. * Lake Street Dive, June 12, 8:00 p.m. * Music IC, June 16, 7:30 p.m. * Datagun, June 30, 8:00 p.m. * Kevin Gordon, July 6, 8:00 p.m. * Marc Cohn, July 12, 8:00 p.m. * Todd Snider and Hayes Carll, July 24, 8:00 p.m.

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www.icgabs.com

Mixology every Thursday

Emperor's Club, Death Ships, Grand Tetons, June 1, 10:00 p.m. * Mr. Baber's Neighbors: The Solar String Band, The Wholefamfamily, June 2, 10:00 p.m. * Grass Widow, Wet Hair, Outside World, June 3, 8:00 p.m. * Physical Challenge Dance Party, June 7, 10:00 p.m. * Camp Euforia Battle of the Bands, June 9, 8:00 p.m. * Rotary Club, Disgruntled Noisebox, Techno-Lincoln and the Technicolor Union, Cheefs, June 10, 10:00 p.m. * I Am the Avalanche, Morning Exit, June 12, 6:00 p.m. * Bayside, Polar Bear Club, Make Do and Mend, Into It. Over It., June 13, 6:00 p.m. * Soul Dance Party, June 14, 10:00 p.m. * Boom Chick, June 17, 8:00 p.m. * Poema, Theatre Breaks Loose, Almost Legendary, June 18, 7:00 p.m. * Firecracker Festival, June 28-30 * Dick Dale, Daddy-O, July 7, 9:00 p.m. * Public Property, July 12, 10:00 p.m. * Cloud Nothings, July 17, 8:00 p.m. * Husker Dudes, East Side Motors, July 21, 10:00 p.m.

Hancher Auditorium

www.hancher.uiowa.edu

See website for 2012-13 season announcement, coming June 7

Legion Arts/CSPS

1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids
www.legionarts.org

Surf Zombies CD-release show, June 16, 8:00 p.m. * Sauce Boss, June 27, 7:00 p.m. * Tinsley Ellis, July 5, 7:00 p.m. * John Gorka, July 21, 8:00 p.m.

The Mill

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

Study Hall, the game, Sundays, 9 p.m. - Midnight Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8 p.m., call 338-6713 to sign up

Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays, 9 p.m.

Kelly Steward & The Restless Kind, June 1, 9:00 p.m. * Rachael Marie, June 2, 9:00 p.m. * Statue of Liberty, Muscle, June 3, 7:00 p.m. * Montana Skies, June 5, 9:00 p.m. * David Dondero, Mechanical River, Sam Knutson, June 6, 8:00 p.m. * Hymn for Her, June 10, 7:00 p.m. * Michelle Lynn and The Bad Passengers, June 14, 8:00 p.m. * Stonebelly, Sapwoods, June 16, 9:00 p.m. * Moonface, Siinai, June 17, 8:00 p.m. * Paleo, June 19, 9:00 p.m. * Koplant No, June 20, 9:00 p.m. * The Apologists, The Sinister Sons, June 22, 9:00 p.m. * Wyld Nept, June 23, 7:00 p.m. * Finnders and Youngberg, June 28, 8:00 p.m. * The Violet Lights, July 3, 9:00 p.m. * Karaoke, July 4, 8:00 p.m. * He's My Brother She's My Sister, July 6, 9:00 p.m. * Catfish Keith, July 8, 7:00 p.m. * You Knew Me When, July 12, 9:00 p.m. * Mission Creek Presents: Quintron & Miss Pussycat, Solid Attitude, We Shave, July 19, 9:00 p.m. * White Denim, July 27, 10:00 p.m.

Performing Arts at Iowa

performingarts.uiowa.edu

See website for times and locations

Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore", July 13-15

Red Cedar Chamber Music

www.redcedar.org

See website for event locations

Music in Libraries concert, July 6, 7:00 p.m. * Music in Libraries concert, July 9, 3:00 p.m. * Red Cedar Chamber Music Summer Festival, July 10-17

Riverside Casino

3184 Highway 22, Riverside

www.riversidecasinolandresort.com

Jeff Civillico, Tim Gabrielson, June 1, 8:00 p.m. * Martina McBride, June 16, 8:00 p.m.

A-List



Insects: A Collection in Multiple Dimensions

By Kevin Chamberlain
Old Capitol Museum
Open May through July | FREE

We've all been to museums featuring bug collections, but the current exhibit in the Old Capitol Museum takes the idea a step further. University of Iowa graduate student, Kevin Chamberlain is a third-year MFA candidate with a focus in museum studies and has dusted off the UI Museum of Natural History's 100 year-old insect collection to create a multimedia educational display. Chamberlain's exhibit employs cutting edge techniques in photography, 3-D scanning, rapid prototyping, plaster molds and ceramics. Through image stacking, he was able to take ten photographs of each insect and create a final piece using the sharpest points of each image. These photographs are placed next to the actual specimen.

To get the community involved, Chamberlain designed and created 34 large-scale models of beetles which were subsequently decorated by preschoolers at Preucil School of Music. The painted bugs are also included in the display. Chamberlain says, "As Obermann Fellows, we talk about public engagement. Public engagement is a really beautiful thing for the arts, sciences and this university."

Summer of the Arts: Friday and Saturday Night Concert Series

www.summerofthearts.org

See website for details

Bambu, June 8 * Natty Nation, June 9 * Funkdaddies, June 15 * Porch Builder, June 16 * Orquestra Alto Maiz, June 22 * Roster McCabe, June 23 * Feralings, Mayflies, July 6 * Mad Monks, July 7 * Rod Pierson's "Not So" Big Band, July 13 * The Recliners, July 14 * Tallgrass, Tasty Trigger, July 20 * Henhouse Prowlers, July 21 * The Fez, July 27 * Brother Trucker, July 28

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.theatre.org

See website for showtimes

Lori Line, June 14 * Counting Crows (Downtown RAGBRAI show), July 26

Uptown Bill's

730 S. Dubuque St.

www.uptownbills.org

Art and Music Night, Thursdays at 6:00 p.m.

Open Mic, Thursdays at 7:00 p.m.

Saturday Night Music, Saturdays at 7:00 p.m.

Music with Michelle Lynn, June 12, 5:00 p.m.

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City

www.iowacityyachtclub.org

Open Mic every Monday

Dance Party every Tuesday

Jam Session every Wednesday

Smooth Money Gesture, Tasty Trigger, June 1, 10:00 p.m. * Dennis McMurrin and The Demolition

Band, June 2, 10:00 p.m. * Warbing Magazine

Release Show: American Honey, Home Grown,

Sneaky Priest, June 7, 10:00 p.m. * Big Funk

Guarantee, Day After Yesterday, June 8, 10:00 p.m.

* Natty Nation, Thunder Foot, June 9, 10:00 p.m.

* Greensky Bluegrass, Jesse White Band, June 14,

9:00 p.m. * Dead Larry, PB & The Jam, Item 9 and

the Mad Hatters, June 16, 9:00 p.m. * Henhouse

Prowlers, June 22, 10:00 p.m. * T.U.G.G., Jon

Drake and The Shakes, Chasing Shade, June 23,

9:00 p.m. * Diplomats of Solid Sound, July 6, 10:00

p.m. * Head for the Hills, July 12, 9:00 p.m.

THEATER/DANCE/ PERFORMANCE

City Circle Acting Company

www.citycircle.org

See website for times and locations

Guys and Dolls, June 15-24

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts

1301 5th St., Coralville, Iowa

www.coralvillearts.org

See website for showtimes

Nolte Academy of Dance Annual Concert: Seasons, June 1 and 2 * Guys & Dolls, June 15-24 * The Neo-Futurists: Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind, July 20-21 * Legally Blonde, July 27-29 * Camp Creamery: The Legend of Blackbeard's Gold, July 30 through Aug. 3 * Stepping on Stage with City Circle Acting Company, July 30 through Aug. 10

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

ICCT Presents: Honk!, June 8-10 * One Man, Two

Guvnors (National Theatre Live), June 29, 7:00 p.m.

* Frankenstein (National Theatre Live), July 14, 7:00

p.m. * The Tempest (Rebroadcast), June 23, 7:00 p.m.

Iowa Theatre Artists Company

www.iowatheatreartists.org

4709 220th Trail, Amana, Iowa

See website for details

Mrs. Mannerly, May 18 through June 10 * Stories of

Old Amana, June 20 through Aug. 18 * Wild Rosie's

Prairie Round Up and Chuck Wagon Bar-B-Q, June

29 through Aug. 12

Legion Arts/CSPS

1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

SPT Theatre Writers' Room: Sorry, June 1-2,

8:00 p.m. * Gateway Dance Theatre presents

"Tapestry", June 17, 7:00 p.m. * FRANKENBOY!

A Monsteropera, June 22-24

Penguin's Comedy Club

Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids

www.penguinscomedyclub.com

Christine Stedman, June 1-2, 7:30 p.m. * Pauly

Shore, June 6, 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. * Uncle Lar,

June 8-9, 7:30 p.m. * BT, June 15-16, 7:30 p.m. *

Marc "Skippy" Price and Rain Pryor, June 22-23,

7:30 p.m. * Steve Lott, June 29-30, 7:30 p.m.

Performing Arts at Iowa

performingarts.uiowa.edu

See website for times and locations

What the Butler Saw, June 21-27, July 1-11 * The

Woman in Black, June 28-30, July 5-7 * Sherlock's Last

Case, July 12-21 * Trouble is my Business, July 17

Riverside Theater

www.riversidetheatre.org

See website for showtimes and locations

Green Show, June 15 through July 8 * The Merchant

of Venice, June 15 - July 8

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.theatre.org

See website for showtimes

On Golden Pond, June 22 - July 1

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***** DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS *****



UPCOMING SHOWS

JUNE 15 } ALEXIS STEVENS
ALBUM RELEASE

JUNE 17 } MOONFACE FEAT.
S. KRUG OF WOLF PARADE

JUNE 23 } WYLDE NEPT

JULY 6 } HE'S MY BROTHER.
SHE'S MY SISTER

JULY 19 } QUINTRON
& MISS PUSSYCAT

JULY 27 } WHITE DENIM

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Calendar

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CINEMA

Bijou Theatre

IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
bijou.uiowa.edu

See website for showtimes

Sound of Noise, June 8-14 * The Hunter, June 15-21
* Jiro Dreams of Sushi, June 22-28 * A Cat in Paris,
June 29 through July 5 * Headhunters, July 6-12 *
We Have a Pope, July 13-19 * Shut Up and Play the
Hits, July 18 * Boy, July 20-26

Summer of the Arts: Free Movie Series

www.summerofthearts.org

See website for details

Night at the Museum, June 9 * The Sting, June
16 * Men in Black, June 21 * Big Fish, July 7 *
Hugo, July 14 * The Bourne Identity, July 21 * The
Goonies, July 28

Theatre Cedar Rapids

4444 1st Ave NE, Cedar Rapids

www.theatreocr.org

See website for showtimes

Goldfinger, June 5 * Some Like it Hot, June 12

LITERATURE

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

www.crma.org

Art Lover's Book Club: The Gardner Heist, June
21, 4:00 p.m. * Art Lover's Book Club: The Greater
Journey, July 19, 4:00 p.m.

Live from Prairie Lights

15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

www.prairielights.com/live

See website for June/July readings TBA

Uptown Bill's

730 S. Dubuque St.

www.uptownbills.org

Readers and Writers Group, Wednesdays at 6:00 p.m.

Spoken Word Open Mic, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.

KIDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids

www.crma.org

Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids
Public Library, June 1, 10:30 a.m. * Building Art:
Family Fun Day at the CRMA!, June 2, 11:00 a.m.
* Lego Landmarks, June 14, 4:00 p.m. * Mystery
Pajama Story Time @ the Studio, June 21, 7:00
p.m. * Glow-in-the-Dark Art at the Hiawatha Public
Library, June 26, 2:00 p.m. * Doodlebugs Preschool
Program at the Hiawatha Public Library, June 29,
10:30 a.m. * Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the

Cedar Rapids Public Library, July 6, 10:30 a.m. *
Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Hiawatha
Public Library, July 27, 10:30 a.m.

Iowa City Public Library

123 South Linn St. Iowa City

www.icpl.org

Storytime at 10:30 Monday - Saturday, 2 p.m.
Sundays

University of Iowa Museum of Natural
History

10 Macbride Hall, Iowa City

www.uiowa.edu/~nathist

Children's Day at the Iowa Arts Festival, June 3,
12:00 p.m. * MusicIC Program: "Lions and Tigers
and Bears, Oh My!", June 10, 3:30 p.m.

MISC

BIC (Bicyclists of Iowa City)

www.bicyclistsofiowacity.org

See website for ride times and locations

Bike Boxing Seminar: RAGBRAI Prep at the ICPL,
July 10, 7:00 p.m.

Englert

221 E. Washington St., Iowa City

www.englert.org

Englert Speakeasy: An Evening of Whiskey Tasting,
June 22, 9:00 p.m.

Legion Arts/CSPS

1103 3rd Street SE, Cedar Rapids

www.legionarts.org

Five Seasons of Love: A fashion event, June 9, 8:00 p.m.

Old Capitol City Roller Girls

www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com

See website for event details

OCCRG versus Des Moines Derby Dames (home),
June 9 * OCCRG versus Ohio Rollergirls (away),
June 16, OCCRG versus Demolition City Roller
Derby (away), June 17 * OCCRG versus North Star
Roller Girls (away), June 23

SUBMIT EVENTS

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GET REGULAR UPDATES

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ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR JUNE 2012

FOR EVERYONE—Invisible decisions. June will begin a long, slow tectonic shift. You might miss it in the rhetorical overkill. It might be obscured by waves of second-guessing and the pervasive hedging of bets. It could be easy to miss because practically no detail is decided for sure. Big decisions will be lost to sight in the dozens of little decisions they get broken down into. But make no mistake. People will move definitively and decisively in a new direction, toward a new and exciting goal. (Check LittleVillageMag.com after July 1 to find Dr. Star's July forecast.)

GEMINI (May 21-June 20)—Close to home. Important and wide-ranging financial discussions are foregrounded for everyone. However, people are sharing too much information. Emotions are running high. Impatience is at peak levels. There's too much enthusiasm for hastily conceived plans. Gemini is the facilitator. It's your job to keep these unruly discussions discreet, realistic and moving forward. The key is to keep the focus down-to-earth; be concrete, specific and factual. Help others clearly understand the real world consequences of their ideas. And don't hesitate to question your own assumptions.

CANCER (June 21-July 22)—Negotiate. Others are inclined to confront you this month or to use annoying power plays to keep you from saying what needs to be said. Private concerns will complicate the situation further. But you can't simply remain quiet to avoid these unpleasant discussions. The issues are too important to everyone. Underneath, people need and want to share their thoughts. Use your famous Cancerian intuition to find a safe path through the difficult emotions. Your efforts will help others uncover options they didn't know existed.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—Multiplier effect. The planets need Leo to understand and serve the needs of others, now. Your influence is greater than you think. You need to use that influence to get people moving in the right direction—the right direction for them. If you put your interests first, the planets will exact a price from all concerned. If you put your personal interests on the back burner for now and attend to the needs of others the planets will clear a path forward for everyone.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Safe passage. June's chart is a setup for Virgo. The issues are complicated and tangled and spring-loaded besides. Seemingly insignificant issues can easily flare up into big ones. If something gets started, it could be hard to stop it or even slow it down. Worse, it will be easy to set off a dispute that adversely affects career and family. If you have to choose, pick home and family. If you do, the planets will make sure everyone gets through it all safely.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Personal attention. Librans understand the seriousness of the issues their most

important friends and allies are discussing. But people are too enthusiastic about unrealistic notions; feelings are running too high. It will be hard for Libra's message of caution and balance to get through. Being excluded from such vital discussions is especially frustrating for Librans. It could also be unfortunate for those who don't hear Libra's advice. You're more likely to be heard if you focus your remarks on specific issues affecting individual lives.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)—Back to the future. Memories of old relationships occupy your mind. Sentimental recollections fill your time. Those memories will always be precious, but it's time to look to the future. You need to end commitments based on outdated sentiments and focus on changing realities, especially financial realities. You have a lot of influence over financial decisions. Use that influence to bring about the changes you now realize are needed. Reduce current expenditures. Avoid increasing debt or depending too heavily on savings and other assets.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Paradox. Sagittarius has a surprising degree of insight into and influence over unfolding events. Typically, Sagittarians bring confidence, breadth of vision, tolerance and luck to the table. This time they must bring their ability to see beyond the material, into the true sources of wealth—insights important to building a sound foundation for the future. A shakeup is due in your personal finances, but, when all is said and done, you should come out ahead. Professional and family relations remain delicate and volatile.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Introspection. You are at odds with almost everyone in your life on every important issue. Financial gains are leveling off. Work satisfaction is at a low. Psychological and spiritual matters are demanding more of your time. Immersion in psychological and spiritual issues is already providing insights that reduce the level of conflict between yourself and your world. This is the month to accelerate that process and start making bigger changes. The planets will provide the time, space and the freedom you need to maneuver.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Problem? What problem!? The world will seem a bit absurd to Aquarians in June. Many find

Aquarian ideas "unconventional" and, therefore, unacceptable. But right now, Aquarian ideas are proliferating. These ideas are causing problems for many—problems that Aquarians have trouble seeing as problems. In such circumstances, a playful, artful approach is probably the only thing that will work. Use humor to help people escape their mindset and see things the way Aquarians do. Their problems will begin to look more like opportunities.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Crossroad. The planets are calling on Pisceans to rethink their approach to work and life. They are prioritizing your higher purpose in life. Your ability to make others think more deeply and set higher standards for themselves will factor positively into your career development. Unforeseen events or sudden decisions will move you in this new direction. Home and family, relaxing with your friends—all that—will remain important, but life won't be the same, now, without your life mission to motivate you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-April 19)—Undercurrents. Financial opportunities beckon. It's true that conditions are wild and crazy. There are countless reasons to hold back, but you should probably move ahead anyway. Your luck is running high and there's a cosmic safety-net in place. There is one thing. You need to seek advice from experienced people. Look at the big picture. Think long-term. You need to synchronize your efforts with broader trends. Information at the local level is not reliable. Conditions there are uncertain and more turbulent than they appear.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20)—Think twice. In June, Taureans are even more impatient than usual. Circumstances are pushing you into serious financial commitments you might be able to tweak later, but which you can never undo. Also, trends are mixed. It's especially hard to manage risk and uncertainty. On the upside, people are in the mood for serious and very helpful heart-to-heart discussions. That's a positive because success will now depend more on sound relationships than dollar amounts. The right alliances will provide security that money can't buy.

—Dr. Star



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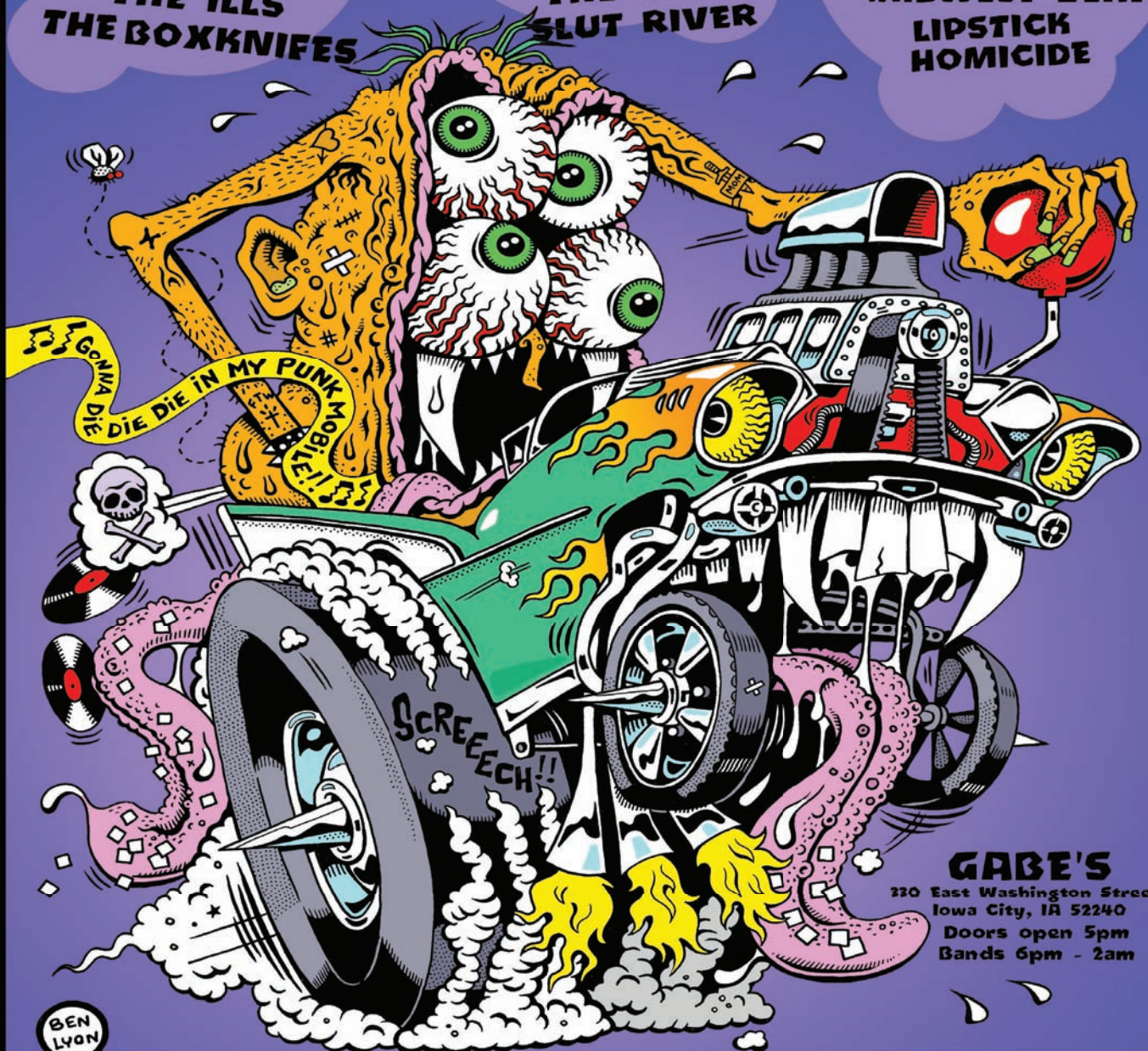
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OUTER MINDS
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THE DADS
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