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The final moments
The closing of Pearson’s Drug Store on Aug. 15 was an occasion for everything from sadness to anger; owner Pat O’Neill was cast as both a Jesus and a Judas; and the media descended like vultures. Little Village’s Adam Witte was there to witness the final moments as a not-so-innocent bystander.

Is there a DJ in the house?
DJ Vincent Lee Woolums presides over IC’s growing house-music subculture

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Iowa City as home

A n open letter to the people of Iowa City:

In all my visits to Iowa City, I have felt at home. I have felt at home because of the open-minded, independent and free-thinking people who are attracted to this community. It is these people who have made, and continue to make, Iowa City, overall, a welcoming and enlightened place to be.

So my recent decision to put the visits behind me and make the move to Iowa City came without hesitation. A transfer student, I came as many young people do—seeking a quality liberal-arts education in a liberal town.

For me, the literary lineage of the University of Iowa—and in turn, of the larger community—is a particular draw. I've long been attracted to the written word and its power—the power to educate, to liberate and to move people. It is not by accident that Iowa City, with strong literary roots, has grown to be so full of creative energy.

In my visits, I was delighted to discover many of the Iowa City institutions that have been nurtured by that energy. Many of these institutions are local businesses that celebrate independence and diversity. All of them are unique.

Unfortunately, the recent closing of Pearson's Drug Store reminds us that these institutions aren't guaranteed as permanent fixtures.

The day I moved into my apartment, my landlord told me of Pearson's and its soda fountain. A day later, I read of the pharmacy's sale to Hy-Vee.

I am always saddened by the loss of an independent establishment such as Pearson's. This community was saddened as well, as it should have been.

The days following Pearson's sale included coverage from the Iowa City Press-Citizen and other news outlets of Pearson's last days. Much was made of Hy-Vee's vision of turning the building into a Regal Liquor Store. There is still hope that Hy-Vee can be pressured into stepping out of its corporate skin long enough to see beyond profit.

While much coverage has been given to the Pearson's sale, there has been no questioning of the circumstances that lead to such a sale. The editorial voice of the Press-Citizen has been sadly silent. And from a reporting standpoint, the Press-Citizen articles have fallen short. Mention was made of the red tape of corporate pharmaceutical and insurance companies being too much for an independent pharmacy to survive with. Unfortunately, the news coverage failed to explore this issue.

Sadly, the effect of corporate conglomerations on independent business is rarely explored in the mainstream press. Perhaps that's because the media industry itself is about as conglomerated as it gets. A handful of entities now own the mainstream press, with profit margins placed over a responsibility to report aggressively and accurately. Attacking Big Business isn't healthy for advertising revenue, which fuels the media machine.

However, it is not my intent to rail against the Press-Citizen or corporate media in this letter.

I ask the people of Iowa City this: What kind of future do we want for our community? And beyond that, for our world?

If we fail to express our distaste for corporate conglomerations, then Pearson's will not be the last independent institution we say goodbye to. We must speak up and stand up against the trend of placing profit above all else. Should we remain silent, then we'll end up with the homogenized culture that today's advertising constantly attempts to sell us.

Of course, acting locally is where we begin. We must support all that makes Iowa City the unique community it is. This includes supporting our local and independent businesses. We must support them not only with our dollars, but with our voices. Ultimately, more important than the products we buy are the ideals we support.

Let's stand to keep Iowa City not just a place we call home, but a place that feels like home.

Sincerely,
Andrew Brodie, Iowa City, abrodie@weeg.uiowa.edu

Keep it local

L iked [the Aug. 1-15 issue], especially the "Pilgrims" piece, which showcases what a local newspaper can do best—cover important local issues. Which brings me to my complaint. I was saddened to see that E.C. Fish was brought back from Icon. Your zine is called Little Village, to represent Iowa City, but then you hire a political writer who lives in Minneapolis, Minn.?

There are hundreds of local political issues that need to be covered and dissected right here in I.C. The upcoming city council elections, the charter amendments, the police garbage searches and "knock & talks," sweatshops, Pearson's Drug becoming a liquor store, The Coral Ridge Mall's effect on small family businesses closing, the DEA raid on the Hemp Cat, the whole...
Stem-cell decision unnecessary, misguided, cowardly

President Bush's Aug. 9 announcement concerning government funding of stem-cell research ranked as one of the most highly touted of his rookie administration. The announcement was supposedly arrived at after months of painstaking research and conference with scientists, bioethicists and spiritual and moral leaders, and supposedly with no consideration of politics as usual. The announcement was also supposedly the opening salvo in a series of initiatives where Bush will assume the bully pulpit and address the moral dilemmas of our times. All of which makes the abrupt failure of the final announcement to live up to anything like an apolitical ethical standard all the more damning, as well as making the prospect of Bush as a moral leader seem nothing short of ridiculous.

Those who touted Bush's decision as "Solomonic" have missed the very basic point that, metaphorically speaking, the decision really does cleave the baby in twain and presents each contesting side with half a dead-infant corpse for its trouble. For the scientific community, being limited to 60 existing lines of previously extracted stem cells (which may or may not even exist—estimates on the acceptable lines of stem cells available in this country vary from a dozen to 30, with 60 supposedly representing all lines, regardless of quality, available worldwide) means trying to conduct research on a group of cell variations that falls far short of the sort of biodiversity the research requires. For the pro-life community—for whom it is an article of faith that life begins at conception—the cell lines extracted in the past are every bit as much the products of murder as those that might have been extracted in the future, and their use every bit as morally repugnant.

It is difficult to imagine the sort of moral calculus that produced a decision that both shortchanges the greater good by hindering useful biomedical research while violating the central thesis of those opposed to such research due to pro-life concerns. It is dead-easy, however, to see the political calculus behind this supposedly apolitical decision. Bush and his aides have described this decision as "balanced," and indeed it is, balanced precariously on the razor's edge between concern for the Catholic and religious-conservative vote in the next election cycle and the political fact that Bush has taken a decidedly unpopular stand on this issue—polls reveal a large majority in favor of unhindered research, much as they've always revealed a decided pro-choice majority in the abortion debate.

Indeed, it is because of the terminal nature of the pro-life argument that the abortion debate has remained an intractable one. Pro-lifers believe in absolutes—life begins at conception, period. By trying to gloss over a point that has divided Americans politically for decades and manufacture a consensus that cannot possibly exist—all the while presenting said consensus as an achievement for those whose convictions it violates—Bush is revealing himself as pro-life in those circumstances wherein it has been politically expedient to do so—indeed, the only reason the existing standards for stem-cell research were being revisited under a Bush administration was Bush's promise to the pro-life community that he would do so, implicitly within the pro-life context he supposedly shared. In announcing this decision, the president has revealed the strength of his stated convictions to be profoundly lacking. In expecting to maintain the support of both sides of the issue—as he all too obviously does—Bush has revealed a profound and repugnant amorality.

In the interest of fairness, I have to admit that had the president made a decision consistent with his stated moral position, this column would still have devoted itself to attacking his position. Not only do I not share the pro-life position in general, but I find it so divorced from reality in this instance as to be in serious danger of self-parody. Bush's decision, already seriously flawed in terms of the pro-life agenda, will not save one single solitary embryo from destruction. These embryos—which are technically not really embryos at all, but pre-embryonic cell clusters known as blastocysts—are the byproducts of in-vitro fertilization and exist in the thousands in surplus of those that are useful to childless couples seeking to reproduce. The decision, then, isn't whether or not to destroy these cell clusters—which, by the way, are destroyed by the millions within the human body when eggs fertilized by sexual congress fail to implant in the uterine wall, something that happens routinely in the reproductive cycle—but whether or not to merely leave them to their natural destruction or destroy them in a process that might save and enhance human lives. The possibility of their "decent burial," as has been suggested by more than one pro-life spokesperson, is so solidly in Cloud Cuckoo Land as to be unworthy of further comment, by me or, apparently, by the president.

Nor will this decision put an end to extraction of stem cells from embryos in projects funded by the private sector or by foreign governments. Bush's decision does nothing to ban this research—it merely denies it tax dollars—and obviously, nothing an American president could do would prevent the research from occurring in other countries. All of which means that the inevitable results of this research will be either the proprietary property of the private sector, and thus far more expensive than the result of public-sector research would be (a result utterly consistent with Bush's proven private-sector biases) or, worse, the licensed property of a foreign concern. By making certain that the cutting edge of research occurs elsewhere, Bush has pretty much ensured a brain drain of the finest American genetic scientists away from American universities to foreign colleges and private laboratories, to the detriment of the greater good and to the profit of the few.

In the end, it is irrelevant whether or not I...
Fish continued from page 4

share the moral assumptions of a president
who has presented himself as being—to
borrow a term, faith-based—or even
whether you do. What is relevant is
whether or not he himself can demonstrate
that such faith has been kept—that he is, to
borrow another term, acting in good faith.
By attempting to split moral hairs in what
has been an intractable moral debate in
this country and announcing the result as a
victory for both sides, George W. Bush has
shown bad faith above and beyond what
even his detractors could have reasonably
expected. The prospect of such a man
trying to use the presidency as a posi-
tion of moral leadership in the coming
months is one that can only be welcomed
by those of us paid by the word for com-
menting on his failings and absurdities.
Stay tuned...

Letters continued from page 3

enchilada we call the university of Iowa,
etc. etc. etc. For this you simply MUST have
someone who writes about these issues
LIVING AND BREATHING in Iowa City,
not some guy from Minneapolis. This per-
son must see the candidates face to face,
hear the discussions at the city council
chambers, see first-hand what it means to
lose a place like Pearson's Drug because
you had lunch there once a week.
Please, put someone local who under-
stands Iowa City in place of E.C. Fish.
Your magazine will be a lot better for it.
You owe it to your readers.

-Todd Schryver, Iowa City

And then there
were none—almost

A nd Then There Were None mystery
story fans will recognize this as the
title of one of Agatha Christie's best works.
Rather than a series of deadly happenings,
the same title could describe the attrition of
familial institutions in Iowa City. Not long
after arriving in Iowa City in the early
1970s, I witnessed the disappearance of
Donahue's Bar and the Epstein Brothers
Bookstore. Later, I lost such friends as the
Best Steak House, Hamburg Inn #1 and
Rossies' Cafe. And now with the closing,
after 70 years of service, of Pearson's Drug,
I feel the blight of McDonaldization has
gone too far. The proposed replacement of
Pearson's with a franchised liquor store
makes the pain feel even greater.

It is as if a corporate Armageddon has
arrived and we're living in an extension of
the parking lot of the Coral Ridge Mall.
True, we still have a few places like Jim
Harris' Prairie Lights. But will the mass-pro-
duced book machines like Dalton's and
Barnes and Noble soon drive him out? Will
some new franchise open with only Oprah
books written by Danielle Steel?

Fortunately, Iowa City does show some
hopeful signs. On the same day that
Pearson's closed, Uptown Bill's Small Mall
opened its door. Uptown Bill's is a series of
mini-shops owned and operated by persons
with disabilities. The mall includes a coffee
shop, a tea shop, a used bookstore, a furni-
ture and collectible shop, a computer graph-
ics and student services center, a photo-
imaging gallery, an art gallery and an inti-
mate entertainment venue. All the little
shops are sandwiched into a 3,000-square-
foot space. The mall's credo reads, "A habi-
tat for humanity" (thank you, Jimmy Carter).

Could there still be "love" in the time of
globalization and mega-malls? Is a small
mall really possible or just an oxymoron?
After all, the restrooms at Coral Ridge are
probably as big as the shops at Uptown
Bill's. And who is Bill? Why such a name-
less name for a mall? And run by persons
with disabilities? Are not the disabled per-
sons to be served, rather than to be
serving others?

Well, here is a chance to find out.
Iowa's smallest mall is just what it claims
to be. Miniature in space, the Small Mall
strives to be big of heart. It looks like a
business but operates with a very different
bottom-line. Its "profits" are people, diverse
people, who take the time and interest to
get to know one another.

The mall's name is a legacy of the late
Bill Sackter and his coffee shop, Wild Bill's,
still alive and well in North Hall on the
University of Iowa campus. Sackter was
mentally challenged man who became one
of the local community's best-loved citizens
in the 1970s and early 1980s. His exploits
were made into a television movie titled
"Bill" starring Mickey Rooney and Dennis
Quaid. The popularity of the movie—it won
two Emmy Awards in 1981—made Bill into
a national celebrity, an unlikely role for a
man who spent nearly half a century in an
institution for "imbedies and epileptics.
Both Iowa City and the university flew
their flags at half-mast the day Bill died:
June 16, 1983.

Shopping at the mall does carry some
risks. First, there is the risk of wishing for
more places where friendship and under-
standing are the main mission of a business;
and second, there is the risk of getting hit by
a wheelchair. Not all are skilled drivers, as
the bruises along the corridors attest.

Most visitors will be pleasantly surprised
by the attractiveness of Uptown Bill's Small
Mall. The miracle of the mall is that so
much has been done with so little (money,
not time and energy). Hidden behind the
colorful interior is work contributed by
area masons, plumbers and electricians
who made it possible for the mall to gain
an occupancy permit and meet accessibili-
ty standards. Many other area businesses
made donations to help the mall get rolling.

Uptown Bill's has no corporate stock-
holders eagerly awaiting announcement of
their annual dividend. There are, however,
over a hundred local community folks who
are serving on one or another of the policy
or advisory boards for the eight member
businesses. More are welcome.

In a world of bigger is better, can small
be beautiful? See for yourself. Uptown
Bill's Small Mall is located at 401 S.
Gilbert, next to one of the few remaining
"familial" landmarks, the Sanctuary Bar
and Restaurant.

-Tom Walz, Iowa City
Good Advices

Mail-order food

When you receive a food item marked "Keep Refrigerated," open it immediately and check its temperature. Optimally, the food should arrive frozen or partially frozen with ice crystals still visible, or at least refrigerator-cold to the touch. If perishable food arrives warm, notify the company if you think you deserve a refund.


Engagement rings

The setting refers to the arrangement of stones within the metal frame of the ring. A good setting is like the right picture frame: it needs to show off what is inside and be able to fit in with its surroundings. It is, therefore, important to find the perfect setting that goes not only with the stone the couple choose, but also looks good on the bride's hand. Engagement rings are popularly available set in gold and white gold. Silver is rarely used because it tarnishes and therefore is not a good representation for a marriage. Platinum, a metal used for rings prior to World War I, is now popular again in the rings worn by almost one-third of today's engaged women. Fourteen-karat gold and 24-karat gold are numbers which refer to the purity of the gold. Twenty-four karat is pure gold, while 14-karat is a blend with 14 parts gold and 10 parts of another metal.

Source: http://www.fivestarsoftware.com/engagementring.htm
The closing of Pearson's Drug Store on Aug. 15 was an occasion for everything from sadness to anger; owner Pat O'Neill was cast as both a Jesus and a Judas; and the media descended like vultures. Little Village's Adam Witte was there to witness the final moments as a not-so-innocent bystander.

I got there too late. My plan had been an egg-salad sandwich, a bowl of tomato soup and a vanilla coke. My Pearson's menu has been the same since I first went to the Bloomington Street Laundry nearly 10 years ago and needed a bite to tide me through the spin cycle. I loved Pearson's more for its anachronism than nostalgia—Pleasantville bubble landed on the corner of Market and Linn. Friendly people, hand-made food, free refills—it was just weird. When a friend told me that Pearson's was closing after 70 years of business, I vowed to be there on the last day; but when I strolled in at 4pm that rainy Wednesday, the fountain had already been closed for more than an hour.

I sat at the counter and, almost immediately, Lydia O'Neill, wife of owner Pat O'Neill, swept through the back doors carrying an enormous box.

"Fountain's closed," she told me. She smiled, but it was weary, like this was taking a really long time and no one was having fun anymore. "Sorry, but there is no more food." It sounded like she'd said that a lot in the past hour. I said I was sorry I missed it, and could I sit for a moment and just look around. She nodded and began stacking cups and lids into the box with the rest of the overstock.

Along the north wall, six women in matching polo shirts inventoried the greeting cards. Six Happy Ninth Birthday. ClickClickClack. Four Get Well Soon From Grandma. ClickClack. The staccato typing was constant, counting, counting. Behind the pharmacy counter, about a half-dozen folks in white smocks milled about, trying to figure out where this or that might go: Does this drug get locked up tonight? Is this going to Hy-Vee? I imagine that after 50 years in the same building (the original store, built in 1931, was torn down to make way for the parking lot), you're going to have some odds and ends that don't really belong anywhere. Up until the final moments, people trickled...
Little Village

A cameraman prepares Pearson's owner Pat O'Neill for the money shot.

in, sat at the counter until they realized the fountain was closed, and then wandered the aisles looking for something, anything, to buy that could act as a totem for Pearson's. People bought up all the Pearson's shirts, and when those were gone they bought the Pearson's travel mugs, and when those were gone they bought random toiletries, fingernail clippers and aspirin and dental floss. An older, gentlemanly looking man sitting at the fountain with me took a chrome napkin dispenser off the countertop. He made it almost all the way to the door before being collared.

All-week-long, the Press-Citizen had been running stories about Pearson's closing and what a sad thing it was. There was much ado about Pearson's opening 70 years ago, about it being an old-school family business that just couldn't make it in the modern world. Daily, there were letters from people all over the United States reminiscing over their pineapple-shake memories. Red-faced indignation at Hy-Vee's announcement that it would turn Pearson's into a Regal Liquor Store led the company to reconsider. This going-out-of-business had turned into a "Sign of the Times," with Pat O'Neill cast by some as a martyr of the Norman Rockwell ideal, and by others as a sell-out-to-corporate Judas. Whichever's the case, this had become bigger than just a story about a business going under.

Down the counter from where I sat, a newspaper photographer fiddled with his lens and flash, trying to get just the right focus on the chrome malt blenders, without a glare. He was one of three camera outfits milling about the place, bumping into workers trying to decide what to do the last sugar cone for or the last three slices of cheese left over from lunch: throw them away or sell them to the highest bidder? A couple times, the cameraman asked the workers to hold that pose for a second so he could get them in profile, the "CLOSED" sign providing a poignant backdrop. They obliged as best they could but more and more found something to do in the back. I had brought my girlfriend's Pentax but now felt a little sick joining in the feeding frenzy.

"Don't you take my picture," Lydia O'Neill told the man as she wrapped up a straw dispenser. "I look a mess." The cameraman shrugged and snapped a picture of the soup warmer instead.

In another corner, Pat O'Neill was being fitted with a lavaliere mic by a KGAN reporter. She fussed with the collar of his
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Then at 5pm sharp, O'Neill's wife begins to herd us all toward the door. What is about to come down, in journalistic human-interest terms, is the money shot.

The pharmacist's smock as he tried talking over her shoulder to two men in suits at a computer, tallying up what was left of the inventory. Pat O'Neill was extremely gracious, but it seemed all he wanted to do was clear everybody out and have the day over with.

At the front of the store, a man with a white mustache stood by the register, a magazine in his hand. Every time a customer came up to pay, he waved them past, looking at the clock. As the minutes ticked down to the final moment, he waited until everyone was checked out and then stepped forward to have his picture taken as Pearson's final customer. He didn't mind doing a couple of poses for the camera—handing over the magazine, handing over the money, taking the change, thanks for shopping—in order to make himself a part of history.

Then at 5pm sharp, O'Neill's wife begins to herd us all toward the door. What is about to come down, in journalistic human-interest terms, is the money shot. Big equipment bags are snatched up and carried into the parking lot where tripods with cameras focused on the door of the building have already been set up. The cameramen jockey for position, forming a semi-circle around Pat O'Neill as he steps outside and takes out his keys. A TV news van pulls up and a really familiar-looking guy hops out and works his way into the mix. It seems hard for the crews to get a shot of O'Neill without accidentally taking a picture of another cameraman, which would not fit the cultural obit at all. Flashes pop like crazy.

They focus on O'Neill's hands, turning the lock on the door, and the moment breaks my heart. Here is a man who worked for Pearson's going on 15 years, bought the business from his boss, tried to make it work... Even this humble moment, locking the door on his past, is not his. He turns the key in the door, lips pressed tight, and the click of shutters is all I can hear.

O'Neill hands the mic back to the TV reporter and waves a last time before disappearing quickly around the back of the building. The cameramen break down their lenses and walk to their vehicles. The familiar-looking TV newsman is on his cell trying to...
make sure they got all that back at the station.
I am glad it is raining.
I haven't really eaten anything today, figuring I'd get a couple egg salads for old-time's sake. I walk into George's and order a beer and a cheese sandwich. George's is a nice, dark bar—perfect for when you don't feel like being happy. Bruce Aune and Liz Mathis are on the television over the bar, talking about how the new Bush tax-relief checks are impacting Iowans. When they come back from commercial, there's Bruce going live to who's-his-face, the familiar guy I just saw a few minutes ago, in Iowa City. And there is the front of Pearson's, with Pat O'Neill locking up and walking away. He looks a little hunted as the camera watches him go.
I drink my beer and think about how what I just saw happen in real life looks like on TV. I don't see myself in any of the shots, and that's good. Because now I'm thinking about not even telling anybody I was there, maybe even denying it if someone asks.
Roll over Grant Wood

And tell Marvin Cone the news: Cedar Rapids American Gothic couples range from crass billboards to beautiful art

The first thing potential visitors to Overalls All Over, the outdoor exhibition of 30 couples based on Grant Wood's famous American Gothic painting, should know is this: The walking map provided by exhibition sponsors (the Cedar Rapids Area Convention and Visitors Bureau and Renaissance Group, Inc.) seems best suited for those in training for a triathlon. Even if you don’t try to walk from the Great America Building in downtown Cedar Rapids to the Eastern Iowa Airport, from the airport to the National Czech and Slovak Museum, and from the museum to Chicago (stops 27-30 on your handy map), visiting the first 26 couples, located in and around downtown Cedar Rapids, requires a good pair of cross trainers, a sizable water bottle and a compass.

The couples that make up Overalls All Over began as blank male and female figures with heads designed to look like the man and woman of American Gothic. Overalls All Over is Cedar Rapids’ take on a series of exhibitions presented in other cities, including Chicago, New York and Kansas City, and that have heretofore been limited to farm animals, most notably cows. The decision to focus on the instantly recognizable couple from perhaps the most famous painting by an American—an American who just happened to paint the canvas in Cedar Rapids—was a good one, and attracted plenty of interest from local businesses. According to the exhibition’s official web site (www.overallslover.com), each couple has been “sponsored by a civic-minded corporation and embellished by area artists.” The couples run the gamut from unabashed crass billboards for various organizations and businesses to thoughtful, beautifully executed works of art. In the latter category stand eight truly beautiful works worth spending some time considering. Here’s a suggested route:

Start your tour with Peter Thompson’s “Cone and Wood” (No. 3 on the official map), which is located on the walking path that runs along the railroad tracks between First and Second avenues. Thompson has painted his clothesless figures in the styles of Wood’s contemporary, and friend, Marvin Cone (the male) and Wood himself (the female), rendering rural scenes featuring farm land, barns and the like. In place of his pitchfork, the male figure holds a paint brush. “Cone and Wood” is one of three couples borrowing imagery from Wood and/or Cone, and perhaps the best. Thompson’s paintings are well-done, and good renderings of Cone and Wood’s rural scenes.

Follow the footpath until you come to Second Avenue. Once you cross the street and turn right, you’ll find “Field of Dreams” outside the Witwer Senior Center on the corner of Second Avenue and Third Street (No. 12 on the map). Dana Noble’s effort is quite similar to Thompson’s, though Noble fashioned a skirt for the female figure. Again, the male figure holds a paint brush and both sport a farm scene straight out of a Grant Wood painting. Noble’s effort is not quite as strong as Thompson’s in terms of detail and sharpness of image.

Double back to the tracks and follow the path toward Third Avenue until you find Catherine Jones Davies’ “Overalls Lost When Tech Stocks Tanked” (No. 13). This couple is decked out in scrap metal, barbed wire and steel barrels. He holds a paint can labeled “Stock Tips,” and both figures are painted to look dirty and distressed under their old caps bearing farming-related logos.

Interestingly, Davies’ work is the only one in the exhibition requiring technical advisers (Lynn and Everett Russell) and that has been sponsored anonymously. Davies’ couple is both wryly humorous and evocative of the economic plight of many in rural communities—even if they are day-traders.

Cross Third Avenue, and if there is no train blocking your path, walk toward Greene Square Park where you will soon encounter “He Wooden Smile, and Neither Wood She” (No. 21) by Jeff Gnagy. The two figures have been painted so they look as though they were carved out of a lustrous wood. Gnagy is one of only two artists who found a way to incorporate the house the couple stands in front of in Wood’s painting. In this case, a replica of the house replaces the top of the pitchfork the male figure grips. While the faux-carving effect is impressive, it is this clever inclusion of the house that is particularly noteworthy.

Just up the sidewalk is “Anatomical Gothic” (No. 22). Sponsored by Physicians’ Clinic of Iowa, P.C. and created by Ashleigh Bardkoll and Tom Newport, the piece features the two figures in their traditional wardrobe. However, her left side and his right side have been stripped and rendered as anatomical models. Though the idea is fairly simple and tied directly into the sponsor’s business, the work is done well and is quite striking.

Outside the Paramount Theatre, you’ll find Sharon Burns-Knutson’s “Marvin & Grant: Landscape & Sky” (No. 18), the third couple featuring renditions of Wood’s imagery and second to incorporate Cone’s. Knutson’s work boasts a vibrant color palette and strays from landscape art to a portrait of some fowl on the male figure’s back. The overall effect is ruined, however, by the set of Toyota keys the male figure grasps, a crass commercial nod to the work’s sponsor, Toyota Financial Services.

Walk to First Street, take a left and find “Prairie Gothic Blues” (No. 24) in the shrubbery outside of Smulokoff’s. Carol Macomber has rendered the figures in a deep midnight blue and dressed them in shifts of the same color. Images of prairie grass adorn the shifts and mark the faces of the figures as well. He holds a large plant. The overall effect is religious in tone, a solemnity not in keeping with the exhibition’s quasi-slogan, “Just try to keep a straight face!”

Keep walking down First Street past Steve Erickson’s “Wood You Be Mime?” (No. 25), which gets an honorable mention for its clever execution (the American Gothic couple as mimes), to the Great America Building, where you will find “Wood in Wood” by Karla McGrail (No. 27). McGrail has created the most impressive piece in the exhibition, covering her statues mostly in wood of different textures, sizes and types. The woman’s face, for example, is covered in small coin-shaped pieces of wood, while the man’s glasses have
He Wooden Smile,
and Neither Wood
She (No. 21) by
Jeff Gnagy

been built out of twigs. Into the woman’s
troch, McGrail has carved Wood’s visage,
and she has cut “Dr. Mc Keeby,” the name of
the dentist who posed for the painting, into
the man’s neck. The gothic window from the
house in the original painting can be found
in the woman’s skirt, while a windmill can
plainly be seen along the male’s pant leg.
McGrail’s contribution is stunning, both aes­
thetically and in terms of the amount of
effort clearly involved in its design and
execution.

A few of the couples are near misses,
falling just short of compelling artistry. Take,
for example, “Raising Local Interest Overall”
(No. 15), sponsored by, and located outside
of, Guaranty Bank and Trust at the corner of
Third Avenue and Third Street. Tom Newport
and Elizabeth Rhoads Read have covered the
couple in faux money, with Wood’s head
replacing the usual figures in the center of
the bills. The artists also cut the mannequins
horizontally in half and added clear plastic
receptacles full of coins (many of them
Canadian, perhaps to discourage thieves).
The addition adds quite a bit of height to
the couple, and they tower over the viewer.
The piece might be seen as an ironic com­
ment on the entire exhibition, pointing out
perhaps that the motivation behind the
project had far less to do with art than with
economic impact, but its sponsorship by a
bank suggests itself instead as an earnest
statement of support. As such, it is some­
what less interesting.

Though the sponsors have dubbed the
statues that make up the exhibition “paro­
dies,” it is surprising how few businesses or
individuals have chosen to parody the paro­
dies. Indeed, only one “unofficial” work
dares poke fun at the proceedings—a pair of
mannequins outside The Left Bank bar, 1200
Third St. SE, titled “Wood in the Hood.” The
mannequins changed outfits several times,
ending up in beach-wear: he holding a
beach ball and she sporting a black-and­
white, tiger-striped swimsuit with matching
elbow-length gloves.

Overall All Over itself is scheduled to come
down Sept. 17, with the couples being sold
off to raise funds for arts scholarshi ps or
improvements to Greene Square Park.

Iowa City may want to jump on the band­
wagon and come up with an exhibition of its
own to fill the void. The focus could be Opus
the Penguin, perhaps the most famous biped
ever drawn in Iowa City, or two-for-one
drink specials, the only couple that Iowa
Citians are likely to feel nostalgic about in
the coming months.

*
Is there a DJ in the house?
DJ Vincent Lee Woolums presides over IC’s growing house-music subculture

Iowa City has a strong and thriving house-music scene that attracts house fans and practitioners from throughout the state and even the country—yet for many locals, it goes undetected. The house-music phenomenon bubbles just underneath the surface of the mainstream. Iowa City-born-and-bred Vincent Lee Woolums, a mover and shaker on the home scene, knows about house and why it matters. He’s spun turntables at area gigs for many years and hosts the “Noise Radio” house-music program on KRUI, 89.7-FM, every Friday night. Vince and the show have been on the station in various incarnations for more than eight years. House music itself has been around more than twice as long.

“House music grew out of the post-disco dance-club culture of the early ’80s, particularly those in gay communities,” Woolums explained over mixed drinks at the Deadwood. “The name comes from a now-defunct club in Chicago called the Warehouse.”

“Frankie Knuckles led the Chicago scene, playing before mostly black, gay audiences,” Woolums continued. “He frequently mixed beat-heavy instrumental music with samples of vocals by anonymous, unknown soul divas.” That’s still a fairly solid description of how house music sounds, although now an everything-including-the-kitchen-sink barrage of musical styles has been thrown into the mix as house continues to gain popularity.

The tempo of house moves at a very fast pace, generally 120-130-beats per minute, and some house variations, like jungle, move at tempos twice as fast. Current best-selling house artists include Daft Punk and Basement Jaxx. Madonna and C+C Music Factory have had best-selling records that borrow heavily from the house style.

Iowa City has its share of house-music venues. Gabe’s has hosted regular DJ showcases under the Rotation DJs rubric for the last four years. “I remember when it first started,” Woolums said. “The 620 Club was tailing off towards closing and it was very apparent there was going to be emptiness in the market.

Local house DJ Vince Woolums

photo by Mike Breazeale
So seven of us started taking turns being DJs on Sunday nights and by two-and-a-half months we were so successful that we began performing on Fridays and Saturdays. Soon performers from all over Iowa became drawn to the scene and would come to play. DJs from all over the United States have since performed at Gabe's. Woolums considers Detroit's Terrence Parker his favorite of those who have traveled to play locally. Parker will return to Gabe's Sept. 22.

While DJs share the limelight with live music at Gabe's, The Alley Cat serves up the house almost exclusively. The Alley Cat has a more wild reputation than Gabe's too, with open displays of sexuality and drug-use rumored or reported. Such claims probably overstate the reality—especially when you consider the relative staidness of the local bar scene as a whole. Moreover, the fact that the place has such a reputation probably reveals more about house's reputation than The Alley Cat's.

Woolums has a more wholesome take on house, saying the scene attracts people of all ages, races, genders and sexual orientation. "While people who have never been to a show may think of it as some sort of rave orgy, that's not the case," he said.

House shows usually consist of a DJ on stage flanked by two turntables and a mixer. The DJ juggles vinyl on the turntables (individual styles range from showy to taciturn), mixing the music to create a seamless wall of sound. Most audience members either dance or appear to be trying to climb inside the pounding speakers. They rarely applaud, even when there is a switch of DJs. "It's a tribal sort of thing. It's not a concert," explained Woolums. "People don't go to sit and listen. Funny mammals that we are, we like to dance."

DJs scour record stores and second-hand shops for obscure vinyl, always hungry for something new to keep their shows fresh and surprising. They're proud of their stash and guard their finds jealously. (Woolums also works at Record Collector, a store that carries much vinyl for DJs.) "One of my friends found a multi-record of the whole Bible at Goodwill," Woolums said. "If there's a verse you want to use in your set, he's got it. That's really what it's all about. DJs take bits and pieces of songs and make them into something totally new."

British theorist Dick Hebdige calls this process bricolage and says it is the common feature of all subcultures before they become incorporated into the predominant culture. Indeed, house music has become used in television commercials and other mass-media productions to add a cutting-edge to whatever is presented. Woolums indicates that house music is becoming more popular in Iowa City and expects its audience locally will continue to expand.
Something not quite right?  

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**TRIVIA CONTEST**

Who did the Skeletons back up last time they played Iowa City?

If you know the answer to the above question, be the first person to email us at little-village@usa.net and you’ll win CDs from Slewfoot Records and tickets to the Slewfoot Showcase September 9th at Gabe’s.

Good Luck!

little village  
little-village@usa.net

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**ELECTRIC HEAD**

**TATTOO AND BODY PIERCING**

114 1/2 E. COLLEGE ST.  
IOWA CITY IA  
319-341-0070

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**CAVALCADE OF STARS**

Sept 5: Carter’s, Springfield, MO  
Sept 6: The Blue Note, Columbia, MO  
Sept 7: The Grand Emporium, KC, MO  
Sept 8, 9: The Duck Room, St. Louis, MO  
Sept 10: Gabe’s Oasis, Iowa City, IA  
Sept 11: Minneapolis  
More dates coming soon!
Riverside Pesto. A fountain of fresh garlic, sun-dried tomatoes and fontina, on a bed of house basil pesto sauce, overflowing with mozzarella.

The Buddha. The perfect balance of tomato slices, spinach, fresh zucchini and black olives, atop an olive oil and fresh garlic base, finished with a triple crown of mozzarella, white cheddar and feta cheeses.

Wedgetable Garden. Vegetable lover’s delight. Tomato sauce layered with a hearty combination of garlic, broccoli, pineapple, jalapenos, green olives, mushrooms, red onions, tomato slices and mozzarella.

Obi-Wan Kenobi. Barbecued chicken breast, parmesan, red onion and roasted peppers, sheathed in mozzarella, all layered on our house tomato sauce. "You will eat this pizza ... and you will be rewarded."

The Duke. A six gun salute of pepperoni, sausage, ham and beef, blanket ed in mozzarella and white cheddar, on a tomato sauce base. This town’s not big enough for more than one Duke.

Bootie Fruttie. A tropical blend of pineapple, mandarin oranges and sliced ham, atop tomato sauce, covered in mozzarella, then splashed with ricotta.

Love Supreme. A fusion of sausage, pepperoni, mushrooms, red onions and green peppers, laid down under a bed of white cheddar and mozzarella. Truly a love supreme.

Red Hot Pepper. A traditional fresh garlic and refried bean base, piled high with tomato slices, yellow onions, beef, jalapenos, hot sauce and mozzarella, oven baked, then topped with lettuce and chips.

The Nutcracker. An enchanting creation of mozzarella, parmesan, gorgonzola and fontina cheeses, sprinkled with pistachios and roasted peppers, all topping our house basil pesto sauce.

The Meatball Parmesan. This Italian classic is sure to please with red onions, parmesan cheese, meatballs, garlic and white cheddar, decorated with a layer of fresh sun dried tomato. Mama would be proud!

Chicken Fajita. Grilled chicken breast, roasted onion, red, and green peppers, mozzarella and monterey jack cheeses on a refined bean and garlic base. Served with sides of salsa and sour cream.

Chicken Alfredo. Grilled chicken breast, onion, mushroom, artichoke hearts, alfredo sauce, topped with mozzarella cheese.

Veggie Fajita. Roasted red and green peppers, zucchini, onion, mozzarella and monterey jack atop a refined bean and garlic base.

Fat Tony’s Roni. Flavor country! Pepperoni, gorgonzola, green olives, white cheddar and red onion on an olive oil and garlic base.

Pesto Chicken. Our house basil pesto sauce with grilled chicken breast, red onion, mushroom, feta and mozzarella cheeses.

Little Green Martian. Our house basil pesto sauce with zucchini, spinach, tomato, garlic and mozzarella cheese.

Veggie Alfredo. A delicious veggie alfredo combo of broccoli, onion, sun dried tomato, mushroom, light jalapeno and garlic with white cheddar and mozzarella cheeses.

Eatin’ Cajun. Spicy Cajun Chicken Breast, Red Peppers, Onion, Mozzarella and White Cheddar on an Olive Oil and Garlic Base.

Cinco Fromage. Mozzarella, White Cheddar, Monterey Jack, Feta and Parmesan Cheese a top your choice of our 5 sauces.

Medium ... $12.00  Large ... $16.00

Cast of the dragon

MYTHOS Belief in art

Ethnographic art • Antiquities • Museum copies

9 S. Linn St • Iowa City • 319.337.3760 • 11-6 daily
1 Gillian Welch, *Time (The Revelator)* (Acony)
2 Alison Krauss and Union Station, *New Favorite* (Rounder)
3 Various Artists, *Songcatcher: Music From and Inspired by the Motion Picture* (*Vanguard*)
4 Patty Loveless, *Mountain Soul* (Epic)

The recent success of the O Brother Where Art Thou soundtrack demonstrates that the trad-country movement may have finally broken through to the mainstream. From Ralph Stanley’s grave rendition of “O Death” to Emmylou Harris, Alison Krauss and Gillian Welch’s hypnotizing “Didn’t Leave Nobody but the Baby,” the disc combines the best of old and new to baptize the masses in the firewater of real country. So what’s next? Three new releases featuring country music by women suggest that it’s “ladies first” in the taking of this newly claimed territory. While not all the singers on these discs necessarily pass the trad-country cred test, they make up for it with talent and feel.

The suburban-born-and-raised Krauss’ latest album, *New Favorite*, features her bluegrass band Union Station mostly pickin’ and grinnin’ their way through a baker’s dozen of acoustic tunes. Besides being a world-class fiddler, Krauss also has a beautiful, sweet, high voice that conveys a wide-eyed vulnerability. She’s the girl who has been hurt by love and life but still believes in both. (Guitarist Ron Block also sings lead on about a fourth of the tunes.) Every song features top-notch instrumentation, but as Krauss doesn’t write her own songs, the appeal of each cut depends on the quality of the cut being covered. One of the best tunes is Gillian Welch’s quiet, sad “New Favorite,” from which the album gets its title.

Welch’s new CD, *Time (The Revelator)*, harkens back to a distant era when all instruments were crude and acoustic. Instruments here are played rudimentarily and sometimes out of pitch to suggest a lack of musical sophistication, with vocals sung intentionally flat. Joined by her partner David Rawlings, this Berklee College of Music graduate and daughter of Hollywood songwriters, sings and plays music steeped in rural Appalachia. While Welch’s country pedigree may not be authentic, her music reveals a deep love and understanding of the genre. The 10 self-penned songs wryly and acerbically comment on the foolishness of everyday life. The lyrics acknowledge the contemporary (there are lyrical references to Steve Miller and Elvis Presley), even while the sound purposefully evokes days of yore. Welch also has a sense of humor. She croons “I Want to Sing That Rock and Roll” in the old-time white-gospel style usually reserved for songs that rebuke rock ‘n’ roll as sinful. *Time (The Revelator)* is heartily recommended to O Brother fans and others who love raw, Southern traditional American music.

Welch also contributes to the soundtrack of *Songcatcher*, a movie that concerns a woman music scholar’s travels in Appalachia and features contemporary versions of traditional folk songs by an impressive roster of female vocalists. Welch’s rendition of the murder ballad “Wind and Rain” is only one of the many highlights, and the disc does an impressive job of including a host of old (Hazel Dickens), not-so-old (Emmylou Harris, Dolly Parton) and more recent (Iris Dement, Julie Miller) female country artists playing old-time music. There are some nice surprises (who could have imagined Deana Carter’s sensitive reading of “The Cuckoo Bird” or Maria McKee’s resolute rendition of the all-too infrequendy recorded Wayfarin’ Stranger?).

Patty Loveless also contributes a heartfelt version of “Sounds of Loneliness” to the *Songcatcher* soundtrack, but the real surprise is her wonderful back-to-the-roots CD, *Mountain Soul* (which also contains “Sounds of Loneliness”). Like the legendary Loretta Lynn, this one-time AOR country star is actually a Kentucky coal miner’s daughter. Loveless belts her songs out with a tear in her voice, whether she’s singing about love gone badly (“If heartaches were treasure I’d be the richest fool alive”) or the dangers of the mine (“And it’s there I read on a gravestone/you’ll never leave Harlan alive”). But don’t let these sample citations deceive you into thinking the album’s a downer. Loveless understands that life can be hard and cruel, which gives her all the more reason to celebrate the joys of daily existence, as in the gospel-inflected “Daniel Prayed” and “Rise Up Lazarus,” or the more secular joy of “Pretty Little Miss” and “The Boys Are Back in Town.” (It should be mentioned that those who enjoy Loveless’ foray into her past should purchase the last two Dolly Parton bluegrass records on the independent Sugar Hill label, which are also marvelous returns to a successful singer’s origins.) Go girls.

6 The Word

**The Word**

Ropeadope Records

What’s *The Word*? It’s Gospel, Allman Brothers-style blues and swinging pedal steel. It’s John Medeski (keys), the North Mississippi Allstars (guitar, bass and drums) and relative newcomer Robert Randolph (pedal-steel). The Word retools traditional songs, from gospel (“Call Him By His Name”—featuring an unearthly pedal-steel “vocal”) to hill-country blues (“Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning”), as well as working up some fiery gospel-blues of their own (“Waiting On My Wings”).

As you’d expect, Medeski pushes the Hammond B-3 envelope and the Allstars smolder throughout—but Randolph’s playing is so jaw-droppingly good that it defies hyperbole. Arising from a long line of steel guitarists in the House of God churches and the bluesy gospel player there-in, Randolph simply radiates throughout the entire album, his playing bathing every track in a halo of golden-white light.

6 Chocolate Genius

**Godmusic**

V2

On his sophomore release, Marc Anthony Thompson (aka Chocolate Genius) brings together late-night gospel, Shaft-style soul and smooth funk, while struggling to reconcile his sexual orientations with his religious upbringing. Thompson’s frustrations have led him to both physical and spiritual exhaustion—a feeling that emanates from the very core of *Godmusic*.

Whether worshipping the temple of a lover’s body in “Infidel Blues” (“Forgive me/no yes/I have sinned/But to drink her bathwater/I’d do it all over again”) or finding purpose in the blind obedience of desperate love in “To Serve You” (“I’m closer/day by day/I will do/whatever you say”), Thompson shows how the Gospel takes on many forms.

Saying a tearful good-bye to a living drug casualty in the hypnotically robotic “Planet Rock” (“There are better things than numb/to come back from/planet rock”), Thompson sadly accepts, and eventually forgives, the fallibility of human beings.
Can't we all just get along?

Bonny "Prince" Billy—aka Will Oldham, the man with more pseudonyms than Picasso had paint—played one of the year's best shows at Gabe's Aug. 15, performing with a five-piece band whose playing was endearingly raggedy but nevertheless glued together by the top-notch quality of Oldham's songs. Looking more comfortable on stage than he normally does, Oldham performed "I See A Darkness" (which served as the title track of his 1999 album and was covered by Johnny Cash), as well as an hour-and-a-half of songs from his gazillion other albums. My only problem with the show wasn't with Oldham, but with the audience: a homogenous crowd of white 20- and-30-somethings who have embraced Urban Cowboy Version 2.0, targeted for the authentic indie crowd. Kooky country hero Junior Brown, on the other hand, draws a diverse crowd as if he's a 1960s classic "Secret Agent Man" (who was quite possibly recovering from a hangover) buried his head in his hands and cried, "Oh God, please... please turn this off." I can't think of a better endorsement than that.

Shards of broken beats, video-game blips, busted-bass fuzz tones, spazzy tempos and angry, indignant howls—no, I'm not describing a Digital Hardcore act or other Wire magazine-endorsed avant-bleep weirdoes, but, rather, the new 'N Sync album, Celebrity. Granted, I'm overstating the album's freaky elements, because this is most definitely a POP! album, as the title of the absurdly defensive first single reminds us. Nevertheless, this is something different than what we've come to expect from boy bands; it's the sound of five multimedia boy-droids having an identity-crisis meltdown and capturing it in audio-diary fashion with the frenetic fury you'd expect from a bunch of punk rockers (punks, that is, with $200 haircuts and "ice" around their necks). Sure, these chiseled thoroughbred studs certainly haven't created another Kid A (there are actual songs on this album, thank God), but despite the jaded grumblings from hipster-doofooses, the songs are catchy, interesting and fun. In other words, it's a good (though perhaps not great) pop album.

An example of a great pop album is Quasi's gloriously beautiful The Sword of God (Touch & Go), in which this ex-husband-and-wife duo craft songs that are full of contradictions: The music is bright yet melancholy, with lyrics that lean toward the depressing side, but melodies that light up your life. Keyboardist Sam Coomes (formerly of Heatmiser) and drummer Janet Weiss (currently of Sleater-Kinney) make pretty pop music for those who are offended by the fact that this genre name is shared by the likes of 'N Sync. Miraculously, Coomes and Weiss are able to sculpt these songs, synths and harmonies into the best album in a series of stellar releases. Songs like "A Case of No Way Out" and "Fuck Hollywood" benefit from a fuller production sound (though they certainly don't sound slick), and their songwriting is better than ever. I don't ever really see a day when the Quasi-Pop kids and the 'N Sync-Pop kids will ever sit at the same lunch table, but I can at least dream. I mean, can't we all just get along? *
Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
Second Floor Ballroom, IMU
Sept. 4, 7:30 pm
Kurt Vonnegut Jr. has become unstuck in time. During the mid-'60s, Vonnegut had a two-year residency at the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop where he allegedly worked on his most famous novel, *Slaughterhouse Five*. Now four decades later, the shaggy-haired modern Mark Twain returns to impart his wisdom. But don’t expect Vonnegut to read from his latest novel. He’s retired from writing fiction. So it goes.

Vonnegut has written 17 novels plus several plays and nonfiction works. In addition to *Slaughterhouse Five*, his best and most enduring works include the darkly humorous and apocalyptic *Cat’s Cradle* (which also served as his masters thesis for his degree in anthropology at the University of Chicago), the anti-technological farce *Player Piano,* and the existential spoof *Sirens of Titan.*

While Vonnegut may be retired from fiction writing, my bet is that he’ll be anything but retiring as a speaker. Remember, he published his anti-war novel, *Slaughterhouse Five*, during the height of the Vietnam War. In the novel he had the temerity to accuse the United States of war crimes in the Second World War, where he served as a soldier and prisoner of war, for the nation’s aerial bombardment of the German city of Dresden. The mustachioed man with a Cheshire Cat grin is well-known as a feisty and opinionated orator who is not afraid to speak out against America’s sacred cows of materialism, celebrity and politics.

*Steve Horowitz*

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**Slewfoot Records Showcase**

**Gabe’s • Sunday, Sept. 9**

Back in 1982, a Springfield, Mo., band called The Morells came through town and created a ruckus with its rootsy American bar-band music. Often compared with groups like NRBQ, The Morells are best known for their independent release *Shake and Push*, which became a must-have party album. Used copies of the release, because of its limited printing, went for twice the list price at specialty record stores. The Morells broke up in 1983, the core group that backed a diverse array of performers including Carlene Carter, Caroline Mas, Dave Alvin, Steve Forbert and Syd Straw. Well, The Morells are back with a new self-titled release, and they’re traveling the country as part of the Slewfoot Records Showcase—Slewfoot’s a small label based in Crane, Mo. They’ll be joined by Springfield’s other premier band, The Domino Kings, who also show a penchant for guitar-based rock ‘n’ roll. The Domino Kings have had their retro honky tonk hailed by *Billboard* and *Entertainment Weekly*.

Another treat will be the appearance of Duane Jarvis, a former member of Lucinda Williams’ back-up band who co-wrote the song “Still I Long For Your Kiss” from her Grammy-winning *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*. Jarvis has also worked with Gene Clark, John Prine, Rosie Flores and Dwight Yoakum and has produced several CDs by Texas-based artists. Kansas City singer-songwriter Kristie Stremel and another Springfield group, Honky Tonk Chateau, will also perform. 330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788.

*Steve Horowitz*

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**ART of Cedar Rapids Museum**

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
An American Anthem: 300 Years of Painting from The Butler Institute of American Art, Sept. 9 through Nov. 18; opening reception, Sept. 8, 5-7pm, exhibition tour, 6pm • Remnants of Journeys Reconsidered, multi-media work by Cedar Rapids artist Velga Easker, through Oct. 7, Iowa Gallery.

**CSPS**
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384
Wall to Wall, two-dimensional works by eight young artists from Minnesota, Wisconsin and New York, Sept. 12-Oct. 28.

**Iowa Artisans Gallery**
117 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-8686
Native Mysticism and Everyday Life: Paintings by Gary Bigbear, oil paintings and graphite drawings by this Sioux City artist and Omaha Tribe member, through Oct. 1.

**Lorenz Boot Shop**
132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053
Photographs by Sandra Louise Dyas; monoprints and monotypes by Lucy David; sculpture, photos and prints by Chris Burred, all Iowa City, through Oct. 1.

**Mythos**
9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3760
Ethnographic art, antiquities and museum copies: specializing in African, Mayan Indian from Guatemala and Asian, ongoing.

**Northside Books**
203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330, Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm
smallWorks 2001, paintings and drawings by Sook Young Kim, Sept. 9-30; opening reception, Sept. 9, 3pm.

**Red Avocado**
521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088
Local Painting Exposition, through Oct 1 • Water Dance, paintings by Sarah Clunis, through September • Weathered, locally wood-fired ceramics.

**Ruby’s Pearl**
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032
Power of the Pussy: artist’s reception, reclamation of words and images used against women in today’s society, works by Ruby’s own
V-Week
Sept. 7-15
The Vagina Monologues • Hancher
• Sept. 14-15
Women’s Music Festival • Iowa City City Park
• Sept. 15
"Vagina" is the word of the month as the Obie Award-winning show, The Vagina Monologues, comes to Hancher, a "V-Week" of events kicks off and the Iowa Women’s Festival comes to town. Playwright Eve Ensler based The Vagina Monologues on interviews with a diverse group of about 200 women from around the world. The resulting script explores a range of subjects including puberty, sex, giving birth, sexual orientation and rape. A portion of the receipts from the Hancher presentation of The Vagina Monologues will support the V-Day Foundation, a non-profit global movement founded by Ensler to stop violence against women and girls. The money raised for V-Day will be directly donated to designated Iowa City grassroots groups that work to end rape and violence. "V-Week" activities include everything from a Women’s Art Walk to a Sexual Assault Awareness Rally and March (see calendar for details.) Finally, the Eighth Annual Women’s Music Festival features Zrazy and CommonBond Saturday, Sept. 15, from noon to 5 pm in Iowa City Upper City Park.
Kymbyrly, part of the Vagina Art Walk, Sept. 12, 5-8pm, on display through September.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220

Studiolo
415 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 341-8344
Sculpted Forms, paintings, drawings and sculpture by Des Moines artist Robert Sunderland, Sept. 1-30; opening reception, Sept. 7, 5-7pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Permanent collection exhibitions, ongoing • Temporary permanent collection exhibits: Drunk: A Video Installation by Gillian Wearing, featuring “I Love You,” a 60-minute single-channel video, shown Thursdays, 4pm, and Sundays, 1pm, through Nov. 4; Jules Kirschbaum: The Last Paintings, through Oct. 28; Invention in Lithography, through Nov. 11. • Tour of European and American paintings led by Pamela Trimpe, curator of painting and sculpture, Sept. 13, 4pm. • Related programming: Kathleen Edwards, curator of prints, drawings, photographs and new media, speaks on “Gillian Wearing and the Art of Exposure,” Sept. 6, 7:30pm.

Women Art Walk
Part of V-Week activities, downtown Iowa City, Sept. 12, 5-8pm

Clapp Recital Hall
University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Close Enough, jazz group featuring Frank Conroy, Dan Nuno, David Skorton and Geb Thomas, to benefit UI Arts Share program, Iowa Poet Laureate Marvin Bell will also read from his latest book, Nightworks: Poems 1962-2000, Sept. 1, 8pm • Organist Delbert Disselhorst, faculty recital, Sept. 7, 8pm • Flutist Tadeu Coelho with pianist Shari Rhoads, faculty recital, Sept. 8, 3pm • Prairie Voices: “Songs of the American West,” Anne Foradori, soprano and Valerie Cisler, piano, Sept. 9, 2pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384
Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer, postmodern, mythic American music from the Oregon folk duo, Sept. 12, 8pm • Melodion Band, polkas, Beach Boy covers and traditional Czech music, from Prague, Sept. 14, 8pm • CommonBond, with Zrazy, in conjunction with the Iowa Women's Music Festival, Sept 15, 8pm.
Gabe's
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
House of Blues presents Elektra recording artists from Chicago, Lucky Boys Confusion, plus other acts TBA, Sept. 2

Jolinn y Socko, with Vortis, Sept. 15.


Swing Out! The Big Band Show, Sept. 6 • The Blue Band, Sept. 7 • Big Wooden West Branch, 643-2100

Paramount Theatre
Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm

Man Planet, Sept. 1.

Chris Cagle, Black Diamond, Sept. 28, 8 pm.

First Avenue Club
with Cats and Jammers, Sept. 12 • Alto Heceta, Blues Jam Mondays, Latin Night Tuesdays

Huckfelt, original folk, blues, Sept. 9 • Bill Davis, acoustic folk, Sept. 10 • Jerry May, Sept. 11

The Mill
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Blues Jam Mondays, Latin Night Tuesdays

Kelly Pardekooper & The Devil's House Band final show, Stickman, Sept. 1 • The Trolls, Sept. 5 • Corey Basset (comedy), with House and Techno DJs, Sept. 6 • Still Gravy, with Nickel-Bag-O-Funk, Sept. 7 • Aswah Greggori & the Enforcers, with Ben Ripani, Sept. 8 • Edith Frost, with Cathryn Muselik Band, Sept. 9 • Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise, Sept. 11 • Trouble Hubble, with Cats and Jammers, Sept. 12 • Alto Heceta, with Cadillac Blindside and Speed of Sauce, Sept. 13 • Rival, with Harmony Riley, Sept. 14

Peterson, jazz piano, Sept. 16.

Huckfelt, original folk, blues, Sept. 9 • Bill Davis, acoustic folk, Sept. 10 • Jerry May, Sept. 11

First Avenue Club
1550 S. First Ave, Iowa City, 337-5527
Chris Cagle, Black Diamond, Sept. 28, 8 pm.

Fox Run Country Club
West Branch, 643-2100
Patrick Hazel, Sept. 7, 8pm.

The Marketplace
511 P St., South Amana, 622-3750, all 7:30-11:30pm
Dave Moore, Sept. 1 • Mad River Duo, Sept. 7 • Dave Olson, Sept. 8.

Martini's
127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536
Ashanti CD-release party, Sept. 7, 9:30pm.

Mondo's
212 S. Clinton, Iowa City, 358-0776
Roger Clyde & The Peacemakers, Aug. 29 • Manplanet, Sept. 1.

Northside Books
203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330
Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm
Deb Singer, classical guitar, Sept. 2 • David Huckfclt, original folk, blues, Sept. 9 • Bill Peterson, jazz piano, Sept. 16.

Paramount Theatre
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Swing Out! The Big Band Show, with Hunter Fuerte and His American Vintage Orchestra, Sept. 15, 8pm.

Ped Mall
Downtown Iowa City
Majjimba, Full Moon Howl, Sept. 2, 6-9pm.

Sal's Music Emporium
624 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 338-7462
Jennifer Jamison CD release party, Sept. 1.
## It's a Sale!

**For September 1 through 30**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sal's 4th Anniversary Sale!</strong></td>
<td><strong>ROLL THE DICE STOREWIDE DISCOUNT!</strong></td>
<td><strong>Don't Cook! Order Out From The Wedge 337-6677</strong></td>
<td><strong>Have MONA LISA GRAPHIC DESIGN Design Your Resume!</strong></td>
<td><strong>Nails by DIANE FREE Set of Acrylic Nails with $5 Off Your Next Manicure</strong></td>
<td><strong>GABE'S BEER GARDEN 25¢ TAP BEER</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Outer Skin 20% off Cloth &amp; Cotton Shirts &amp; Dresses &amp; To 20% off Leather Belts &amp; Bracelets</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Are you Bald? 10% Bald-person's Discount at Baldy's</strong></td>
<td><strong>Hair Design Walk-ins Welcome!</strong></td>
<td><strong>Uptown Bill's Small Mall 51 Ice cold 20 oz. sodas</strong></td>
<td><strong>Get your Vagina Monologues tickets at Hancher</strong></td>
<td><strong>Get your tickets for I Love You. You're Perfect. Now Change at Riverside Theatre</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Crisis Center Information Night 7pm</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Green Room $1.25 PBR $2.25 Gin &amp; Tonic $2 SUMMITS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Matt's Guitar Shed 30% off retail on any guitar</strong></td>
<td><strong>10-50% off Storewide Savings All Month Long!</strong></td>
<td><strong>Lots of new pieces at MYTHOS!</strong></td>
<td><strong>Get Your PC tuned for only $25 Fischer Digital</strong></td>
<td><strong>Stitch 'n' Bitch at Guinness Stout House Wine Slice of Pizza Shots (inc. top shelf)</strong></td>
<td><strong>$2 ROGUE Dead Guy Pints at The Sanctuary</strong></td>
<td><strong>Deadwood $75 Coffee</strong></td>
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<td><strong>10% Bald-person's Discount at Baldy's</strong></td>
<td><strong>SUMMITS 10-50% off Storewide Savings All Month Long!</strong></td>
<td><strong>NEMESIS TATTOO $5 Off Any Body Piercing or Tattoo</strong></td>
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### We are so there, honey!

Call Andria to Advertise!

**little village 621-5554**
Béla Fleck and the Flecktones
IMU Main Lounge • Sept. 11
Béla Fleck was inspired to pick up the banjo after hearing Flatt & Scruggs' "Ballad of Jed Clampett" and Weissberg & Mandell's "Dueling Banjos" at the age of 15. He went on to redefine the banjo as a musical instrument and blur the distinctions between such seemingly disparate genres as jazz, rock and bluegrass. Fleck, named after composer Béla Bartok, has played with his share of supergroups, including New Grass Revival, Strength in Numbers and his own Flecktones. There's just something about a guy synthesizing the music of Earl Scruggs, Charlie Parker, the Allman Bros., Aretha Franklin and the Byrds on a banjo. You have to hear it to believe it. 8pm. UI campus.

6pm • Mayflies CD-release party, Sept 8, 6pm • Slewedfest Records artists Duane Jarvis and Kristie Streml, Sept. 9, 5pm.
Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
Dave Moore, Sept. 7-8 • David Zollo, Sept. 14 • Steve Grismore Trio, Sept. 15.
Red Avocado
521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088, all 6:30-9:30pm
Reality Trio, Jazz, Wednesdays • Acoustic Jazz, Thursdays • Annie Savage, harpist, Fridays • Mad River Duo, clarinet and guitar, Saturdays.
UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Fall Music Festival, Sept. 10-14, 12-1pm, John Colloton Courtyard (in case of inclement weather performances will move to Colloton Atrium): Patrick Hazel, Sept. 10; Mike Williams, Sept. 11; McPortland, Sept. 13; Kathy Ogden, Sept. 14 • Evan Mazunikn, piano improvisations, Sept. 20, 12:15-1:00pm, Colloton Atrium.
The Union Bar
121 E. College St., Iowa City, 339-7713
The Disco Biscuits, Sept. 19.
Uptown Bill's Small Mall
401 South Gilbert St., Iowa City
Rafael Manriquez and Quique Cruz, celebrating Latin American Independence (Chile, Mexico, Brazil), Sept. 14.

Kelly Pardekooper and the Devil's House Band
Sept. 1, 11am, Magic Bus, Kinnick Stadium.
Béla Fleck and the Flecktones
Sept. 11, IMU Main Lounge.
House Concert
Featuring Amy Martin, Sept. 13, 7:30pm, Iowa City, 358-1349.
Market Music
Chauncey Swan Park, Iowa City
Musicians entertain Farmers Market-goers, 5-7pm, Wednesday evenings through August
Sept. 5: Joe Price.
Saturday "Just Jazz" Series
Plaza Fountain Stage in front of the Sheraton City Plaza Hotel, Iowa City, 6:30-9:30pm
Sept. 1: Blue Tunas.
Iowa Women's Music Festival
Sept. 15, 12-5pm, Iowa City Upper City Park
Carol Montag, 12pm; Mad River Band, 1pm; The Trollies, 4pm; CommonBond, 2pm; Zrazy, 3pm; crafts, food, etc.
Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
The Vagina Monologues, Obie Award-winning play by Eve Ensler based on interviews with 200 women, Sept. 14, 8pm, and Sept. 15, 2pm & 8pm.
APPETIZERS
Artichoke Crostini
Crab Cakes
Thai Basil Chicken
Baked Brie
Cheese Bread
Vegetables & Dip
Hot Wings

PIZZA
Pizza Fontina
Fresh Basil Pesto Pizza
Pizza Pimienta
Original Sanctuary Pizza
with your choice of spinach, broccoli,
artichokes, sundried
tomatoes, roasted red
peppers, chicken
& all the traditional
toppings
including anchovy...
baked on a stone hearth

ENTRIES
4 Cheese & Garlic Baked Rotini
Tuscan Tomato Pasta (V)
Scallops in Basil Cream
Fettucine Primavera (V)
Rosemary Garlic Pork Chops
Curried Chicken
Black Bean Chili (V)
Salmon in Tropical Fruit Sauce
Wild Mushroom Ravioli (V)
Pesto Rotini (V)
Mediterranean Vegetables (V)
Chicken Alfredo

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BAR SPECIALS $2 PINTS ALL NIGHT
Mon-Sierra Nevada Pale
Tue-Artist Colony Brown
Wed-Rogue Dead Guy
Thur-Guinness Stout

LIVE MUSIC
Fri & Sat Sept 7 & 8 - Dave Moore
Fri Sept 14 - David Zollo
Sat Sept 15 - club jazz with Steve Grismore Trio

Dinner Served until MIDNIGHT

(see related V-Week events under events section).

Iowa City Community Theater Exhibition Hall, Johnson County
Fairgrounds, Iowa City, 338-0443
Schoolhouse Rock Live!, musical based on the old educational TV spots, Sept. 14-29.

Old Creamery Theatre
39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262
Performance times: Wednesday, Friday & Saturday
8pm; Thursday & Sunday 3pm
Over the River and Through the Woods, new comedy by Joe DiPietro about a young executive and his two sets of grandparents who try to keep him from moving away, through Sept. 2. Home on the Iowa, Amana history revue by Thomas Peter Johnson, Sept. 5-16.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Performances Thursdays at 7pm, Fridays (except Sept. 28, no performance) and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2pm

AUDITIONS CALLS
Entries wanted for a night of womyn’s art, performance and music to be held at Lou Henri Oct. 13, all womyn are welcome to enter a piece and any man who wants to perform a womyn’s work is also welcome, talk to Laura at Ruby’s Pearl, 248-0032, for entries or info, deadline Sept. 12.

Art wanted for PATV’s Third Annual Silent Art Auction to be held Oct. 28 at First United Methodist Church, Iowa City: paintings, prints, photographs, pottery, jewelry, artist’s books and other unique pieces welcome; interested artists should contact PATV, 338-7035, to donate work; PATV will air a program with all artworks, titles and artists’ names in the weeks leading up to the auction; first deadline for getting art on television is Sept. 20 (the earlier works get to PATV, the more times they will be seen).

Art wanted for “Art in the Lobby” Riverside Theatre exhibitions, call 338-7672.

Riverside Theatre accepting material for its festival of one-act plays, Walking the Wire, scheduled for Oct. 12-14, must relate to theme, “Morning and Evening,” and not be more than 10 minutes long, deadline Sept. 21, call 338-7672 for more info.

Original artwork wanted for inclusion in IC Public Library’s ART-TO-GO, a collection of framed posters and juried, original artwork available for loan to library cardholders, open to artists living, working or exhibiting in the Iowa City or Johnson County area who have participated in at least one juried show, submit a slide of one framed original artwork accompanied by entry form available at the library, deadline Sept. 30.

WORDS
Prairie Lights
15 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City, 337-2681, all 8pm
www.iversontheater.org

1.5 minutes before curtain
$10 for any unused tickets

Student Rush:
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photo by Jeremy Erwin

Ruby's Pearl
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032
Ruby's Pearl Erotica Reading, womyn only this time; bring your own masterpiece, work-in-progress or someone else's to read; $5-$10 donation appreciated for this fund-raiser, although womyn of all economic capabilities are welcome; wine and treats provided; Sept. 7, 7:30-10pm. Ruby's Pearl Book Discussion Group, Eve Ensler's Vagina Monologues will be the first book discussed in this series of monthly meetings, Sept. 10, 7pm, at Dulcinea (corner of Iowa & Dubuque). The city fall fun festival, Aug. 31 - Sept. 2, 358-2455. V-week events (in conjunction with The Vagina Monologues at Hancher Auditorium) Women's Drumming Circle and Bonfire, Sept. 7, 7pm, at Dulcinea (corner of Iowa & Dubuque).

Events
Iowa City Fall Fun Festival
Multiple activities, entertainment, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, 358-2455.

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Young-at-Arts Garden for kids and hands-on art activities for kids of all ages!

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11am - 6pm
Middle Amana Park in the Amana Colonies
[Rain or shine]

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Kids $4
Tots Free

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INFO: 641-357-5177 www.festint.com

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Middle Amana

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Period Food
Comedy Acts
Games of Skill
Hello,
G Spot? It's Midge...I've just GOT to make myself an appointment... a week from Tuesday?
Oh, thank you, dear! You're a peach! Tà-tà, now!

Write Dr. Star at doctorwinkler@home.com
Strange but True!

Curses, Foiled Again
Police in Ruscombmanor Township, Pa., said Christian A. McDade, 25, is the man who robbed the same convenience store six times in five months. He was finally arrested after being photographed by a surveillance camera wearing a clear plastic bag over his face, which simplified identification. "It was a big relief when they told me they got my guy," said Larry C. Mattix, 68, the clerk who was victimized all six times.

Paul Fulham, 23, was sentenced to a year in jail after displaying a "sheer lack of criminal professionalism," according to defense attorney Finian Brannigan, who noted his client lifted his stocking mask to greet people while on the way to rob a store next to his childhood home in Drogheda, Ireland. "He was going through Christmas in an alcoholic haze and went to the only shop in town where he was sure to be recognized, as he had lived nearby all his life," Brannigan said. "He said hello to people he knew and was falling about all over the place and then couldn't get out of the door of the shop."

When Jet Skis Aren't Enough
Montana's Fish, Wildlife and Parks Commission approved emergency restrictions on "water skipping." The increasingly popular summer sport involves gunning a snowmobile down a bank or boat ramp into the water at full speed and hydroplaning across the water. The 500-pound machines, which aren't designed for water and don't float, will sink if they run out of gas, stall or slow too much. The commission's action was prompted by the July 8 death of Gary Hoyt, who drowned in a Montana reservoir after his snowmobile lost momentum and sank. He wasn't wearing a life jacket and couldn't swim.

Better Late Than Never
Jorginho Guinle, Brazil's most famous playboy, has been forced by financial circumstances to take his first job—at age 85. A bon vivant, who in his heyday seduced Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth and other celebrities, Guinle has been hired by a Rio de Janeiro travel agency to serve as a guide for rich Brazilians traveling in Europe and the United States. "I thought I would die before the money ran out," he said, "I lived too long, but I had a lot of fun, and now it's time to work."

Revenge of the Vegetable Kingdom
Thousands of foot-long and larger leaves from corn stalks fell like rain across the eastern edge of Wichita, Kan., Aug. 4 and 5, baffling authorities and weather experts. "It was a pretty large area where people reported it," Weather Data Inc. meteorologist Chad Pettera said, noting there had been no unusual weather that might explain the falling corn husks. National Weather Service meteorological technician Holly Kreutzer added, "There weren't strong winds. I don't see how they could have gotten blown up in the air."

Eugene Kamas, 69, was picking sweet corn near his home in Garden City, Minn., Aug. 4 when he tripped and broke a stalk of corn. He tripped a second time, and the stalk pierced the carotid artery in his neck. Blue Earth County sheriff's deputies arrived within minutes, but Kamas was dead at the scene.

Growing Up
To stop children ages 3 to 15 from drinking soft drinks, public schools in Belgium's Limburg province announced they would begin serving low-alcohol beer in school cafeterias.

Do As I Say, Not As I Do
Linda M. Harris, 53, the coordinator of the drunken-driving prevention program in Dona Ana County, N.M., was charged with driving while intoxicated. She was arrested in the parking lot at a DWI awareness picnic.

John Eric Conger, 58, the former director of drunken-driving prevention programs for Colorado, was found guilty of driving while his ability was impaired by alcohol. When Conger was the state transportation department's director of safety, he administered the Law Enforcement Assistance Fund, which provides state grant money to communities to beef up drunken-driving prevention. According to the Denver Post, the police officer who arrested Conger in Grand Junction was working under that program.

Bitter Irony
A man wandering in the street in Jacksonville, Fla., was struck and killed by a fire engine that had been dispatched to help him. Fire Lt. Glenda Hopkins said the fire engine and a rescue vehicle were responding to a 911 call for medical assistance.

Three highway workers fixing guardrails near Chester, Pa., were injured when a car struck a "Men at Work" sign, sending it flying. Patrolman George Pappas said the sign landed on the men.
Uptown Bill's small Mall

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