Putting to extremes
Extremism in response to extremism is no vice. That seemed to be the reigning principle as American officialdom, and its media cheerleaders, absorbed and processed the awful events of Sept. 11.

Spirit of America
Survey of American art offers reassuring imagery, and more, in uncertain times

Little Village welcomes your signed letters. Letters should not be longer than 400 words and may be edited for length, libelous content and clarity. Letters may be e-mailed to little-village@usa.net or mailed to PO Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244. Please include a daytime phone number and city of residence. Letters and other submissions become the property of Little Village and will not be returned without an SASE. We look forward to hearing from you.
Not to be confused with a regular advice column, Good Advices dispenses wisdom gathered from both the distant winds and local gurus and experts. If you have some good advice on pretty much any topic, call or email us with it. If, on the other hand, you need advice, do the same and we'll see what we can do.

Computer repair
I think the single most important consideration when your computer is acting up is the attitude you bring to the situation. The obvious and immediate question is what's wrong here? In most cases, with my own equipment or with a client's, there is nothing wrong with the hardware. What is usually wrong is a loose connection, a switch in the wrong position, or sometimes just a change in configuration. A TV repairman once told me that in half the service calls he made, the TV wasn't plugged into the wall. So...if your computer is not doing what it should, try this: Turn it off (if it ever came on). Look at all the cables: power cables, video cables, printer cables. Make sure they are all snugly seated and screwed in where necessary. Think a minute, and ask yourself, "Was the computer OK when I shut it off last time?" "What was the last thing I was doing?" If this doesn't get it, CHECK THE OWNER'S MANUAL. If you're still stumped, go away for a while and then come back and try it all again. If you're still not getting anywhere, then it's time to call tech support or a certified technician.

Source: John Fischer, Fischer Digital, Iowa City

Flirting
• Be friendly.
• Don't let past rejections cloud your judgment or make you paranoid about an interaction going on right now (that's fair to neither of you).
• Be prepared, both physically and emotionally. This means looking your best as often as you can (people do meet in the oddest places...), and not dragging past or present personal troubles into a new interaction.
• Use flattery.
• Say "Hello" with energy.
• Shake hands (depending on circumstances).
• Make immediate, direct eye contact.
• Repeat the person's name.
• Ask "no one ever asked me that before!" questions.
• Ask for your new friend's life story.
• Have something to say by keeping up-to-date.
• Play with a piece of clothing (i.e. dangling your shoe, playing with an earring, stirring a drink, adjusting your hair, etc.).
• Whisper.
• Help someone get out of an old routine, and into a new one (i.e. introduce them to some new activity or form of art or whatever).
• Leave them wanting more.
• Create and use nicknames.
• Drop Names" (i.e. show your connections to other people in your flirting partner's community).
• Wear, bring or carry something unusual.
• Limit the amount of time you flirt (to take the pressure off yourself if you haven't yet gotten to the point where flirting is just fun).
• Set a numerical goal (i.e. "I will flirt with four people tonight, for my own good...").

Source: The Fine Art of Flirting by Joyce Jillson

Mascara
To plump your lashes and make your eyes look beautiful, try this with your favorite mascara: Remove the wand from the tube and leave it out for 30 seconds. Dip it back in the tube and apply. The mascara dries just a little bit and goes on thicker.


Good Advices
An eye for an eye as the blind lead the blind

E.C. Fish

"If you're not going to quote Jesus about turning the other cheek or about loving your enemies, then you have no business quoting the Bible at all. So shut up."

— Kirk Anderson

Sept. 14, 2001
Minneapolis

The events of Tuesday, Sept. 11, 2001 are likely to live viscerally in every American old enough to retain a memory of the day. Thousands massacred suddenly, seemingly senselessly, in a way that caused each and every one of us to doubt, perhaps for the first time, the safety of ourselves and friends and families. I felt it too, as I rode the bus out of downtown, evacuated from my office at the foot of the tallest building in a city 1,000 miles away, from the hideous carnage I would see repeated over and over again that day through the miracle of videotape. Three days later, we are still saddened, still frightened, and as the shock wears off, increasingly angry that we have been made to feel that way.

Stop. Focus. Take a deep breath. Realize that the weapon of the terrorist is terror, that the applicable American Heritage Dictionary definition of terror is "violence committed or threatened by a group to intimidate or coerce a population, as for military or political purposes"; that the feelings we are dealing with represent that intimidation, that coercion; that we must not let those feelings serve the purposes of those that inspired them.

Realize that we do our dead no honor by letting our fear give way to bigotry, by attacking or even shunning those of the same ethnic descent or religious belief as the people who perpetrated this act. Realize that when columnist Ann Coulter writes, "We should invade their countries, kill their leaders, and convert them to Christianity"; when US Sen. Zell Miller recommends the bombing of Afghanistan with no consideration of "collateral damage" (a military term that translates into plain English as "slaughtered innocents"); when Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell describe Tuesday's events as God's revenge against gays, feminists and the ACLU; when members of Congress use this moment to lobby for defense spending and lay blame on their political enemies; when radio "personalities" use their forums to rage against the "ragheads"; realize that they bring profound shame upon themselves, the memory of those who died Tuesday and the values of this country. Realize that we have a responsibility to ourselves and our country not to let the terror and anger in our hearts lead us to tolerate beliefs and actions contrary to what we know to be right and fair.

Our leaders have told us that this is a struggle between good and evil. Any adult human being regardless of nationality should be able to tell you that the world is more complicated than that, that such distinctions are the simplistic stuff of children's stories, George Lucas films and George W. Bush speeches. A wise few might also clue you in to the fact that belief in just such a good-and-evil story, albeit with the roles reversed from the one the president is currently telling us, was precisely why 18 men willingly committed suicide on Sept. 11. What we are being asked to believe is every bit as dangerous in the long run, both to ourselves and the world at large, and lowers us to the level of our enemies.

If we are to emerge from this moment in our history with our liberties and our national identity intact, we would do well to temper the "quiet anger" the president has attributed to us, to temper it with a sense of quiet consideration. Decisions will be made in the next few weeks that will have profound and unforeseen impacts on our national way of life. Already, the trade-off between civil liberties and public safety and the constitutional question of war powers have become the topics of heated debate. As justified as our national sense of outrage may be at this moment, it is important that these decisions be made on fact rather than feeling, consistent with decency, truth and our national values. Any decision we make on a lesser standard can be counted as precisely the sort of disruption of our society Tuesday's attacks were meant to cause. •
extremism in response to extremism is no vice. That seemed to be the reigning principle as American officialdom, and its media cheerleaders, absorbed and processed the awful events of Sept. 11. Much of the rhetoric, analyses and calls for actions that emanated from television sets and op-ed pages was untethered from reality. And this phenomenon—which recognized no party lines—flowed from the top down.

The president was extreme in simplicity. In his Oval Office address to the country, George W. Bush explained the horrendous assault this way: “America was targeted for attack because we’re the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world.” Let us hope he does not actually believe this superficial, fairy-tale-ish view. It would be delusional to think that the evildoers who orchestrated and conducted this nightmare operation looked around the globe and decided that the United States must be destroyed because of its devotion to freedom and opportunity. The attack is a consequence of history and policy. The perpetrators were motivated by political, cultural and ideological concerns forged over years.

To state that, of course, is not to justify this foulest of deeds. But in the wake of such a tragedy, it is incumbent upon responsible leaders and citizens to grapple for a full understanding of the event and what led to it. Miami Herald columnist Carl Hiaasen wrote, “Kids, don’t waste your time trying to understand such lunacy.” He could not be more wrong. Understand we must.

In an email, author Micah Sifry, a long-time follower of the Middle East conflicts, observed, “Does anybody think that we can send the USS New Jersey to lob Volkswagon-sized shells into Lebanese villages—Reagan, 1983—or loose ‘smart bombs’ on civilians seeking shelter in a Baghdad bunker—Bush, 1991—or fire cruise missiles on a Sudanese pharmaceutical factory—Clinton, 1999—and not receive, someday, our share in kind?”

History did not begin on Sept. 11. Israel’s invasion of Lebanon in 1982 resulted in the deaths of 17,000 or so civilians. In recent years, the sanctions against Iraq may have destroyed the lives of perhaps half a million children. To establish context is not to excuse the murderers or to suggest such destruction was deserved. (Only Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson believe the latter; see below.) And reaching an understanding does not guarantee the appropriate response and actions will follow. But failing to seek that understanding does increase the odds mistakes will be made and the tragedy compounded.

Consider a post-attack article in Pakistan’s Daily Jang that reported, “Islamic militant groups say they are having trouble coping with a rush of young Palestinians volunteering for suicide bombings against Israel.” One
Muslim fundamentalist leader noted "suicide operations have become a means for Palestinians to vent their disgust at several decades of occupation." And a member of the Muslim fundamentalist movement Hamas told the paper, "Our movement cannot cope with all the candidates for martyrdom."

These extremists are not acting because they despise freedom and opportunity in Israel or the United States. The suicide attacks in Israel—and now in the United States—are reactions to specific actions and policies. Unjustifiable reactions indeed—but not mindless or senseless conduct born of impulse or jealousy. Bush claims this terrorism arises from resentment rather than the conflicts to which the United States has often been a party. He does a disservice to the nation by peddling such a willfully naive line.

"If there's collateral damage, so be it."

The more obvious—and predictable—form of extremism was best represented by Sen. Zell Miller. The day after the assault this conservative Democrat from Georgia declared, "I say bomb the hell out of them." On the Senate floor, he added, "If there's collateral damage, so be it. They certainly found our civilians to be expendable." Meaning that the United States should be willing to kill innocents and head in the moral direction of its enemies. Indeed, retribution against the authors of the attack may entail the loss of civilian life (and this may have even occurred by the time you read this). But the ugly reality of so-called collateral damage should not be diminished, let alone celebrated. A counterstrike should be a sad and somber event, not one of glee and blood-lust. One of the few reasonable voices on this point belonged to former Defense Secretary William Cohen, who told CBS News, "We will be descending into the lower depths of humanity" if the country decides to "engage in a wholesale slaughter of innocent people."

Many talking heads were not heeding Cohen. Before the identity of the guilty parties was established, a claque of pundits and hawks were demanding war. And talk of war is not normally an exercise of subtlety and reflection. Former Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger said, "There is only one way to begin to deal with people like this, and that is you have to kill some of them, even if they are not immediately directly involved in this thing."

"There is only one way to begin to deal with people like this, and that is you have to kill some of them, even if they are not immediately directly involved in this thing."

—Former Secretary of State
Lawrence Eagleburger

Americans? Does Lowry expect congratulations for assuming this difficult burden? This is a period of black-and-white pronouncements. Presumably, Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta expected to be believed when he professed that aviation "safety is always of paramount importance." Always? Anyone who flies through London or Amsterdam—let alone Tel Aviv—knows that the US government has taken a much less vigilant view toward safety than its European counterparts. In many European nations, airline and airport safety is the duty of the government. In the United States, it is often relegated to private contractors who pay their employees low wages. Efforts to raise these wages have been opposed by the companies. And when there was a move to submit these employees to FBI background checks—which would take time and entail some cost—the aviation industry successfully lobbied against it.

Laying blame

Extremism also took hold in the statements of national security experts who claimed that critics of the US intelligence community and restrictions placed on the spies were partially responsible for the death and mayhem in New York and Washington. Former Secretary of State James Baker wagged his finger at the Church Committee, the Senate panel that investigated CIA impropriety in the 1970s: "We went on a real witch hunt with our CIA.... We unilaterally disarmed in terms of intelligence." Baker, however, raised no dramatic criticisms of this unilateral disarmament when he was chief of staff for President Ronald Reagan or Secretary of State for President George Bush the first. Did he, too, let America down?

Former CIA director James Woolsey repeatedly charged that the CIA has been unduly hampered by regulations imposed in the mid-1990s that curtailed—but did not eliminate—the agency's ability to recruit human-rights violators and terrorists. These limits came about after it was discovered that a Guatemalan military official, who had killed the husband of American citizen Jennifer Harbury, had been on the CIA payroll. But placing thugs of this sort (and terrorists) on the agency dole can embolden them and cause them to feel as if they possess made-in-Langley protection. Remember Manuel Noriega, that prized asset of the CIA? By the way, Osama bin Laden once was a significant member of the Afghanistan mujaheddin resistance, which fought the Soviet Union in the 1980s—and which was trained by the CIA. It is disingenuous to suggest that these restrictions prevent the CIA from gathering information on terrorists. Woolsey acknowledged in one interview that such recruitments can still occur. And in June 2000, CIA spokesman Bill Harlow said, "The notion that our human rights guidelines are an impediment to fighting terrorism is simply wrong." He noted that the CIA has "never, ever turned down a request to use someone, even someone with a record of human rights abuses, if we thought that person could be valuable in our overall counterterrorism program." Moreover, in the years before these restrictions, the CIA had a pathetic record in infiltrating closed governments and tightly knit targets, such as the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, North Vietnam and the Viet Cong. Other hawks have used the occasion to urge the undoing of the rules that prevent CIA spies from posing as journalists or clergy. The point of this regulation was to not put American reporters and clergy who travel overseas in the crosshairs. Again, when the CIA was free to deploy such methods, it failed miserably in penetrating Castro's Cuba or the Viet Cong.

Will permitting a CIA man to pretend to be a journalist help the agency learn of the intentions of, say, bin Laden, who already does occasionally speak to bona fide reporters? The national security cadre have
also called for lifting the prohibition on government-sponsored assassination of foreign leaders—as if that could provide a magic bullet. Once more, history shows that CIA assassination efforts have never succeeded or contributed to US security.

The day after the attack, the Secrecy News newsletter quoted an administration official who remarked, "Tragic events almost inevitably result in the promulgation of legislation/executive action that reacts to the moment. Most often, these 'solutions' turn out to be short-sighted." Expect a slew of such initiatives to be sold to the public as necessary steps in the war against terrorism. And that will include a tremendous boost—more than 10 percent—in the Pentagon budget.

The American Taliban
One of the most extreme reactions to the horrific assault came—not too surprisingly—from Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. "The ACLU's got to take a lot of blame for this," Falwell said when he appeared on Robertson's television show. How so? Because, Falwell explained, the civil libertarians have opposed prayer in school. Robertson agreed. "God continues to lift the curtain and allow the enemies of America to give us probably what we deserve," Falwell remarked. (Talk about blaming America first.)

Furthermore, Falwell noted that "the abortionists have got to bear some burden for this because God will not be mocked. And when we destroy 40 million little innocent babies, we make God mad." Sept. 11 apparently was God's revenge. If so, the United States should forget about beefing up the CIA, increasing the Pentagon budget, building Star Wars or even improving airline security. Surely, a nation cannot defend against an act of God. But Falwell failed to explain why God has not similarly punished other nations where abortion occurs. Or why God, if he/she/it were truly angry, didn't merely smite those who piss him/her/it off?

But the Reverend was on a tear: "I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People for the American Way—all of them who have tried to secularize America—I point the finger in their face and say, 'You helped this happen.'" Robertson chimed in: "I totally concur." Here was one set of fundamentalists crassly taking political advantage of the murderous acts of another set of fundamentalists.

These are not days of understanding or reflection. They are days of horror, tremendous sadness and, unfortunately, exploitation.*
Art

Rob Cline

Spirit of America
Survey of American art offers reassuring imagery, and more, in uncertain times

In the wake of the attacks on the United States, art museums in New York City opened their doors to the public, free of charge, offering New Yorkers "sanctuaries of respite and consolation." That sense of consolation is available in Cedar Rapids, as well, thanks to a fortuitously timed exhibit that offers visitors a trip through the country's history, reintroducing us to our national character.

An American Anthem: 300 Years of Painting from The Butler Institute of American Art features 55 paintings from the first art museum solely dedicated to American art. Joseph Green Butler Jr. opened his museum in 1919 in Youngstown, Ohio, and the institute has built an impressive collection of works by Americans over the years, due in no small part to Butler's keen eye for developments in art.

The first painting on display in An American Anthem is a portrait of George Washington by Rembrandt Peale (1778-1869). In this time of enhanced patriotic feelings, Peale's painting, depicting a regal Washington in uniform gazing off as though imagining his country's future or reflecting upon its short past, is especially moving. Peale no doubt idealized the first president's image to some extent, but a very human Washington shines through.

Two paintings from the mid to late 1800s reflect the American spirit of individualism. William Tylee Ranney (1813-1857) painted "On the Wing" in 1850. The hunting scene features a child, a rugged hunter and a dog all looking intensely, out-of-frame at what is presumably a fowl. The hunter has his gun aimed so that he might add to the pile of birds at his feet. The hunter's steely gaze of determination suggests a hearty self-reliance.

Eastman Johnson's (1824-1906) "Feather Duster Boy" is the urban version of Ranney's hunter. The boy, rendered in dark color against a similarly dark background, offers his feather dusters for sale. Though the image is heavily shadowed, hinting at the difficulties of the young man's life, it is his efforts to pull himself up by his bootstraps that come to the fore.

One of the most stunning paintings in the exhibition is "The Oregon Trail" by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902). The work depicts a rather ragged band of travelers pushing forward toward the sunset in their covered wagons. A broken stove lies along the side of the path amid piles of dried bones, suggesting that many travelers have passed this way and faced significant hardships. However, the beautiful sunlight, the meandering stream and the varied landscape lend the painting a hopeful air. In the middle distance, some Indian dwellings are visible, but their presence does not appear to be an ironic statement about the injustices of "Manifest Destiny." Instead, they are rendered as something the travelers merely pass on their way to a promising new life.

George Luk (1866-1933) was a member of "The Eight," a group of artists led by Robert Henri. His "The Cafe Francis" depicts New York club owner James Moore—a florid, balding man sporting a bushy mustache—
helping a vivacious woman in an enormous feathered hat remove her wrap, as a band performs in the background. The two figures dominate the foreground and seem so real that one can imagine joining their light conversation. Both "The Café Francis" and Edward Henry Potthast's (1857-1927) "Afternoon Fun"—an impressionist painting of a crowded New York beach under beautiful blue skies—seem poignant as they depict lightheartedness in a city so recently touched by tragedy.

None of this is to say that An American Anthem is a non-stop cavalcade of patriotism. If "The Oregon Trail" downplays the plight of the Indians as America expanded to the west, "Ration Day at the Reservation" by Joseph Henry Sharp (1839-1953) movingly depicts the deprivation experienced on reservations. If "On the Wing" and "Feather Duster Boy" depict the ideal individual, Edward Hopper's (1882-1942) "Pennsylvania Coal Town" reveals the isolation an individual can experience in even (or perhaps especially) in an urban setting. If "The Café Francis" portrays white, upper-class Americans enjoying their leisure, "Hometime" by Romare Bearden (1912-1988) elucidates the life of hard-working black Americans, while Joe Jones (1909-1963) presents a stunningly rendered scene of social protest in his 1934 work "We Demand."

The exhibition also includes many abstract and hyper-realistic paintings created after World War II when artists struggled to find new means of expression in the aftermath of such devastation. From Adolph Gottlieb's (1903-1974) Jungian-inspired "Seer"—with its multiple eyes staring out at the viewer as from a dream—to Robert Rauschenberg's (1925-) "Ballot"—with its American flags, street signs and potted plant—much of this later work deals primarily with emotion rather than content. There are exceptions, including "Feeding Caitlin" by Janet Fish (1938-), a painting depicting a young girl feeding a baby outdoors while an older woman looks on. At first glance, the painting seems photo-realistic, but the garish colors and the varying clarity of objects that occupy the same horizontal position in the image create a vaguely disturbing effect.

Though many of the paintings in An American Anthem depict America's shortcomings and the vagaries of modern life, the exhibition is also a celebration of the history and mythology that make up our national consciousness. As such, it provides welcome and reassuring imagery in an uncertain time and suggests that artists will surely be among those who help us come to terms with recent events.
Iowa City’s alternative-country band The Mayflies makes music that evokes a mysterious and desolate American past. Think of early Byrds with a more simple and honest production. “When we say we play country, we mean the old classic stuff,” lead songwriter and bassist Patrick Brickel explained. “There’s no Nashville in us at all. We do what was called folk music before the ‘60s.”

The Iowa City band features purposely ragged guitar strumming, slightly off-the-beat drumming, rough and throaty vocals, and a choppy, wailing fiddle that together frequently create the sound of loneliness and a sense that everything’s not quite right with the world. Simultaneously, The Mayflies’ music has a sonic center that holds everything together and offers a nod and a wink to the notion of beauty.

Brickel said the band originally took its name from a line of an old ballad the group no longer performs—if it ever did. This kind of hazy history seems appropriate for a group that performs original tunes that resemble old, familiar classics you can’t quite put a finger on. The Mayflies had to change their name to The Mayflies of Johnson County after this spring’s performance at the prestigious South by Southwest music conference when a lawyer for a band from North Carolina (now known as Mayflies USA) contacted them about the redundancy of the bands’ names. Most locals still refer to the Iowa City band as The Mayflies.

The original “Mayflies,” of course, are the fragile, winged insects that develop from aquatic nymphs and usually live for no more than a day as adults.

Some nights in late May and early June, the Iowa streets are filled with their phosphorescent-like, pale lime-green bodies, tens of thousands of the small, beautiful cadavers making slippery the highways and sidewalks.

Talking with the four Mayflies at dusk in the Iowa City backyard of the band’s two married members, it seemed that everyone had comments to make about the group’s name. Band members (Stacy Webster, lead guitar and vocals; Annie Savage, fiddle and harmony vocals; James Robinson, drums and the previously mentioned Brickel) frequently spoke as one during our conversation. One member would begin a sentence that would be interrupted by another member who in turn would continue the thought, etc. Listening back to the audiotape of that night, I hear the different parts of the following sentence spoken by four distinct voices: “One thing we like about the name Mayflies is the combination of something kind of pretty and delicate and then gothic and silent and crazy and gloomy, like us.” Notice The Mayflies...
speak of themselves in the plural, in the all-for-one-and-one-for-all voice.
This wasn't always the case. Last spring, I saw The Mayflies execute a set at Gabe's that featured Bob Wills songs and mostly upbeat tunes by other artists. The group performed well but seemed less than inspired. A few months later, The Mayflies played Gabe's again but as a duo. The band broke up early this summer. Webster and Savage got married and busked around Ireland. Brickel and Robinson went their separate ways. But something drew these individuals together again. Each person was dedicated to the idea of having a music career. "We all want to make a living as musicians," Webster said. "Not as a side job, but as our full-time job."
They felt a chemistry when they performed together in the past, so the former members decided to recommit to the band, but this time with a new seriousness. Now, The Mayflies perform mostly original material.
Savage said one scribe called their music "Bertolt Brecht Country Music." She found the description apt because Brecht frequently wrote about the morbid and seedier sides of life. Brickel writes lyrics about falling out of love, a body hanging from a sycamore tree, a woman disposing of her abusive husband and finally feeling free, a once-loved woman coming back from the dead, and a still-loved woman dead for good. While the songs may be somewhat spooky, especially "Caroline" (the tune about the woman rising from the grave), Webster's vocals and Robinson's drumming often counterbalance the lyrics to keep the mood from becoming too heavy. Savage's fiddle laughs and cries accordingly, adding emphasis to the black humor or weeping about what happens in the song.
Don't get the idea, however, that The Mayflies are just a bunch of Luddite shoegazers. Their live performances are far from staid. "Annie's fiddle adds a punk energy to The Mayflies," Webster said. "People react to that." Savage added, "We're not embarrassed to play less than perfect when we're live because we get off on the energy of the audience and that causes us to take risks and play harder." And Robinson said, "I like to play the lively songs with volume, just pull out the sticks and hit hard."
While the band's namesake rarely live more than a day, The Mayflies seek a much longer life span as music-makers. The individual members' newfound commitment and the quality of their works suggest that will surely come to pass.*
### It's a Sale!
**For October 1-31**

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<td>1. Enlighten yourself at MYTHOS</td>
<td>2. Latin Nite! @ The Green Room</td>
<td>3. Talk/Art Bar at The Mill 9pm</td>
<td>4. Leven @ The Green Room</td>
<td>5. Ride Happy CAB OPEN 24 hrs now! 936-Caby</td>
<td>6. Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra @ Hancher 8pm</td>
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<td>7. The Fiddler's Picnic 12-6pm at Johnson County Fairgrounds</td>
<td>8. The Outer Skin IS A GREAT PLACE FOR GIFTS!</td>
<td>9. Are You Moving Out of State? Ellison is Your Man!</td>
<td>10. Are You Bald! 10% Bald Person's Discount @ Baldy's</td>
<td>11. Can you find g-spot Hair Design?</td>
<td>12. The Firebird @ Hancher 8pm</td>
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<td>29. Monday Blues Jam at The Green Room $1 Dom Bottles</td>
<td>30. Gabe's Beer Garden 25¢ TAP BEER</td>
<td>31. HAPPY HALLOWEEN!</td>
<td>32. We are so there, honey!</td>
<td>33. Call Diane to Advertise! 339-1202</td>
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The Moldy Peaches
The Moldy Peaches

Rough Trade

The Moldy Peaches' self-titled debut is chock full of wise, stoopid and nasty lyrics sung over some of the most purposely unprofessional instrumentation ever put on an album. "I am a goat in a moat with a boat," they sing on "Who's Got the Crack." The group's two members, Adam Green and Kimya Dawson, sing/croon/shout the words to most of these 19 short tunes in unison, but almost never in harmony. "New York City's like a graveyard," they complain in the first line of a song by the same name—on a disc that was coincidentally released on Sept. 11—blurted out with Ramones-like intensity. The imagery of lyrics like "all the tombstones, skyscrapin'," might seem prescient (like Leonard Cohen's '90s tune about a terrorist takeover of Gotham City, "First We Take Manhattan," or the Talking Heads '80s cut "Life During Wartime"), but the Moldy Peaches are talking about the death of New York City as the cultural capital of bohemian art. The song ends, "Singing in the city is like singing on the prairie/New York City's like a cemetery," followed by a few well-chosen spasms of guitar feedback.

Green and Dawson vocalize many of the songs in childlike voices that betray the twisted innocence of growing up: "Without 40 ounces of social skills/I'm just an ass in the crack of humanity/I'm just a huge manatee." They sing about watching cartoons together and spooning on one song and sucking dick for ecstasy on the next. They also offer a kick-ass punk-rock version of "Little Bunny Foo Foo."

The Moldy Peaches may not be for everyone, but the band takes risks on almost every song by challenging conventional notions of what music is, and by implication, what our social and cultural values are.

Steve Horowitz

Lucy Kaplansky
Every Single Day
Red House

One would have to be crazy to earn an advanced degree in clinical psychology, then leave an established private practice and a staff position at a prestigious New York City to become a traveling folk musician. So maybe Dr. Lucy Kaplansky is a little peculiar for turning her back on the big money and pursuing her muse, but listeners are all the richer for it. Kaplansky has just released her fourth disc for the Twin Cities' Red House Records, and it may be her best one yet.

Kaplansky started off as part of the New York Fast Folk scene with Suzanne Vega and Shawn Colvin. Kaplansky shares their passion for songs buoyed by human emotions and social concerns, but Kaplansky's voice is purer and sweeter than theirs. She's sung backup on records by Nanci Griffith, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Dar Williams and other honey-throated songsters. On Kaplansky's previous releases, she usually lets her voice overpower her material, but she's restrained herself here and lets the songs speak for themselves. She penned seven of these 11 cuts on topics as diverse as child abuse, loveless sex and her senile grandmother. The mood is introspective, as one might expect from a psychologist, and presumably therapeutic. She practices what Sigmund Freud called the talking cure by expressing her subconscious thoughts and feelings, except she shapes them into lyrics and music.

"One true word's gonna beat a pack of lies," Kaplansky croons on "Written on the Back of His Hand." Honesty seems to be the theme of Every Single Day. Kaplansky's clear voice accentuates her candor. She also sings wonderful cover versions of Julie Miller's quiet love song "Broken Things," Ira and Charlie Louvin's tender ballad "The Angels Rejoiced Last Night" and Steve Earle's pensively defiant "You're Still Standing There." Electric guitars, bass and drums ably back Kaplansky on most cuts, which keeps the sound lively and makes this release more folk-rock than folk, or alt-folk as it's called now—in the same way alt-country describes the counter-tradition of many Americana roots artists. This record may be gentler than most other discs with similar instrumentation, but Kaplansky endows it with the strength of her resolve to tell the truths of the human heart and mind.

Steve Horowitz

New York Dolls
I'm A Human Being (Live)
Sanctuary/Trojan

This re-released reissue of live, post-1974 Dolls is loose and lubricated. Live Dolls originals tend to sound as if they're mere moments from toppling: The pounding, overdriven "Mystery Girls" (and its addictive chorus of "Whoooooo are the mystery girls?") effortlessly infiltrates your psyche, and "Personality Crisis" is a slop-rocker that (surely) the Stones were themselves are occasionally spotty. But such sonic infractions are insignificant when contrasted with the sheer, raw power of the band throughout: the bombastic blues-noise of "Revolutionary Blues" alone makes a case for considering MC5 the primary influence on the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Of course, "Kick Out The Jams," "Shakin' Street" and "Ramblin' Rose" make relentlessly raw, requisite appearances, but the band's sludge-covered version of "Born Under a Bad Sign"—a song whose very structure buckles and groans under the weight of the five's reading—stands as "new" testament to their sheer, raw power. Consider yourself privileged to own this. A good companion for your worn-out copy of Kick Out the Jams.

Joe Derderian

MC5
Motor City Is Burning: The MC5 Live
Sanctuary/Trojan

Ahhhh...the furious noise of The MC5. Culled from various, unnamed live shows in 1969/1970, the Motor City Five's performances on this recently reissued (for the second time) compilation are consistently electrifying, though the recordings themselves are occasionally spotty.

But such sonic infractions are insignificant when contrasted with the tight peak power of the band throughout: the bombastic blues-noise of "Revolutionary Blues" alone makes a case for considering MC5 the primary influence on the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Of course, "Kick Out The Jams," "Shakin' Street" and "Ramblin' Rose" make relentlessly raw, requisite appearances, but the band's sludge-covered version of "Born Under a Bad Sign"—a song whose very structure buckles and groans under the weight of the five's reading—stands as "new" testament to their sheer, raw power. Consider yourself privileged to own this. A good companion for your worn-out copy of Kick Out the Jams.

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Putting the 'fun' in fundamentalist

In "Midwest Blues," a track from Red Meat's latest album, Alameda County Line (Ranchero), lead singer Smelley Kelley (yes, Smelley Kelley) sings about planning his escape from the tarnished Golden State and heading back to the farm by way of 80: "Midwest blues, Midwest blues/Now Iowa is calling me 'coz I've got nothing out here to lose/When I think about all the hell I've been through/there's no way I can pay all my California dues." Well, to paraphrase The Clash, Iowa's calling, and Red Meat will make a pilgrimage to Gabe's Oct. 13. They'll bring their shit-hot brand of Bakersfield country twang 'n' bang, epitomized by songs like the scorching "Buckeye" and "Mr. Heartache," the latter a witty ditty about having Monsieur Heartache over for conversation and coffee: "Sorry, I'm out of cream/Ever since my sugar left me/I've been running out of dreams." Although Red Meat sound more country than most contemporary Nashville artists, they don't get bogged down in the authenticity-correctness that plagues many of their faux-depression counterparts. They're country music evangelicals who know how to put the "fun" in fundamentalist.

One of hip-hop's greatest groups of evangelists is Brand Nubian, a fiery crew of radicals comprised of members of the 5% Nation of Islam. With the release of 1990's One For All, their (albeit brief) impact on the hip-hop world was only slightly less seismic than the earth-shaking power of Public Enemy's It Takes a Nation of Millions. They came along during the last gasp of so-called "conscious rap," a blend of cultural politics and hard rhymes that was soon supplanted by the cartoonish, materialistic thuggery of gangsta rap, which heavily informed the course of hip-hop through the rest of the 1990s. The Very Best of Brand Nubian (Rhino) weaves an alternative tale of a more positive direction in which hip-hop might have traveled, beginning with the awe-inspiring "All For One" and ending with "Don't Let It Go To Your Head," from their 1998 reunion album.

The epitome of this cynical, greedy, mule-like hybrid of gangsta street reporting and ruthless capitalism is Jay-Z, the latest, greatest heir to the corporate-rap throne. On paper, Jay-Z's rhymes straddle the line between repugnant greed and mundane professionalism; in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, Jay-Z's The Blueprint (Def Jam) is a stellar example of the weird transcendence that occasionally occurs when art and commerce copulate—a sort of cinematic Godfather meets Wall Street tale set to bangin' beats.

He starts off sounding like a record-store clerk ("I'd like to thank you for your purchase"), but Jay-Z soon turns up the heat (and beats) with the head-nodding lead track, "The Ruler's Back." The album's stand-out track is "Izzo (H.O.V.A.)," a mindbendingly complex collection of wordplay that you'll need a decoder ring from the hip-hop magazine The Source to understand: "H to the izz-o, V to the izz-A/Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA." Somehow, Jay-Z is able to integrate his sales figures and chart position into his lyrics and make them interesting, something he wouldn't be able to pull off if not for his uncanny command of the English language (and its slangy permutations), along with his spot-on taste in producers.

Crashing out of the gates with quick-as-lightning Speed Racer electro beats, Deedrah's Far and Away (Hadshot Haheizar) remix EP hypnosis, liquidizes and herbalizes the listener's mind with a hallucinogenic rush of ramp-shaking thump-a-thump techno and swerving sine waves that can equally be enjoyed bouncing on your feet or contemplating your navel. Another great piece of armchair electronica is The Avalanches' Since I Left You (Modular), which swerves its way through a minefield of snappy, crackling and poppy samples that drop, skip and jump their way from the laidback and trippy to the just-plain silly, all while avoiding the annoyingly eye-winky tendency of hipsters to underline the fact that they're being intentionally eclectic.

The most eclectic album of the year, thus far, is Bob Dylan's new Love and Theft (Columbia), a head-scratching collection that sounds very little like the swampy, ambient dirges of 1997's Time Out of Mind. Here, he moves from 1940s-era jazz-infused pop ("Moonlight") to shuck 'n' jive blackface balladry ("Po' Boy"), all while tossing in silly rockabilly ("Summer Days"), backwoods banjo picking ("High Water") and one recognizably Dylan-esque number ("Sugar Baby"). It's a downright weird album, but unselfconsciously weird.

Unfortunately, Dylan is one of the only notable people absent from the new Townes Van Zandt tribute album, Poet (Free Falls/Pedernales Records). Teeming with top-notch talents like Emmylou Harris, John Prine, Lucinda Williams, The Flatlanders, Robert Earl Keen, Steve Earle and Willie Nelson, this is one of the very, very few tribute albums that's worthy of its subject, an album that seamlessly (and beautifully) moves from track to track without sounding awkward or forced—and this is coming from a critic who called for an industry-wide moratorium on tribute albums six years ago.
Willie Nelson
Paramount Theatre, CR • Oct. 8, 8pm
Willie Nelson sings from the perspective of a poor homeless soul on the new Townes Van Zandt-tribute album, Poet. He delivers the song, Van Zandt’s “Marie,” with an authenticity and soul that suggest a deep knowledge of suffering. On his most recent album, Rainbow Connection, Nelson croons children’s songs and old chestnuts with a joyful exuberance that reveals he has never lost his youthful innocence. Nelson seems able to sing it all. In the past year he made a fine blues album with guest stars like B.B. King and reportedly has a reggae disc ready for release.

In an age of overrated superstars, Nelson must be the most underrated. He’s the man who wrote Patsy Cline’s signature song, “Crazy,” in the 60s. A decade later, he penned the best country concept album ever, The Red Headed Stranger, and then recorded several albums of popular classics (Stardust, Blue Skies) to much acclaim. Nelson started the Outlaw Country movement with Waylon Jennings, Tompall Glaser and others. He has sung duets with a disparate range of talented musicians from Julio Iglesias to Sinead O’Connor to Merle Haggard to Bob Dylan. Nelson’s already in the Country Music Hall of Fame and a shoo-in for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame because of his talents and the influence he has had on other Rock and Roll Hall of Famers like Neil Young. Nelson is also known for his desire to help others. He was the man who made Farm Aid, now more than a decade old, a reality. This year’s Farm Aid will be an international event to help farmers in England who have suffered as a result of the outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease. The Paramount is a perfect venue for Nelson’s laid-back style, providing good acoustics, comfortable seating and an intimate atmosphere that should make this show a must-see. 123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888.

Steve Horowitz
Aboriginal Art
The Frame Station Gallery • Oct. 13
This exhibit of paintings by Australian Aboriginal artists is partially sponsored by Scott Duncan, an Emmy Award-winning filmmaker living in Iowa City. Duncan was first introduced to the Warlukulangu artists while on assignment for NBC Sports, shooting a documentary film about the artists for the 2000 Sydney Olympics. “I spent many hours with the artists watching them work and listening to stories,” he said. “The bold colors and complexity of their work is amazing, but their humble nature and sense of community is what is truly inspiring.” The show opens at 11:30am and runs through Nov. 13. A special treat: One of the Australian artists will be in attendance. 1100 Fifth St. at City Center Square, Iowa City, 351-6898.

Fiddler’s Picnic
Johnson County Fairgrounds • Oct. 7, 12-6pm
These old-time, bluegrass, Celtic and folk musicians have been doing this for 31 years now. Isn’t it time that you got your old fiddle, mandolin or guitar out of the mothballs and came on down? Rain or shine, there’ll be a continuous stage show and parking-lot jam sessions.
M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art
110 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 351-1700
Life as a Collaboration: A Marriage of the Arts for 28 Years, joint exhibition by sculptor Nancy Lovendahl and jeweler designer and goldsmith Scott Keating, through Nov. 2, opening reception, Oct. 5, 5-8pm.

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.

Red Avocado
521 East Washington St., Iowa City, 351-6088
Weathered, locally wood-fired ceramics.

RSVP
114 E. Washington St.
Work by Saba, paintings resonating from Eastern and Western philosophies, opening reception, Oct. 5, 5-8pm.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5220
quiz & dollz by patti z, opening reception, Oct. 5, 5-8pm.

Studiolo
415 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 341-8344
Lori Rodenick: Body Language, whimsical ceramic story-telling figures; Constructed Paintings, intricately patterned abstractions by Mary Hark; through Nov. 10; opening reception, Oct. 5, 5-8pm.

T. Spoons
Old Capitol Town Center, Iowa City
Drawings by Mary Maye-Rowley and Steve Ford, lithographs by Suzanne Boen Anan, and digital art by Vaughn Meadows, opening reception, Oct. 5, 5-8pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Jeni Reeves, paintings and children's book illustrations, through Oct. 1; PVC + Joel Peck, intaglio prints, through Nov. 1; Boyd Tower West Lobby + Dennis Swanson, photocollege, through October, Boyd Tower East Lobby.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 353-1727
Frederick Brown: Jazz Paintings, 12 paintings of renowned jazz artists, Oct. 5-Dec. 16; Brown will present a lecture, "The Effects of Jazz on the Arts," Oct. 5, 3:30pm; Permanent collection exhibitions, ongoing; Temporary permanent collection exhibitions: 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 Kirschenbaum: The Last Paintings, through Oct. 28; Invention in Lithography, through Nov. 11.


Uptown Bill's small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Photography by David Young, 3 self-taught entomologist who takes photographs utilizing microscope technology; digital photographic images by architect Benjamin Chait.

Clapp Recital Hall
University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Austrian violinist Wolfgang Sengstschmid and pianist Daniel Grimwood perform a program of Anglo-American Fiddler Music of the 20th and 21st Centuries," Oct. 3, 8pm • "Fall Festival," The Old Gold Singers, with Voices of Soul, Oct. 5-8, 8pm • Composer's Workshop, Oct. 7, 8pm • René Lecuona, piano, Oct. 8, 8pm; John Muriello, baritone, and Shari Rhodes, piano, Oct. 11, 8pm; Maia Quartet, Oct. 12, 8pm; St. Paul Sunday Morning: Live with the Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 14, 3pm • University Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 14, 8pm • Annette-Barbora Vogel, violin, and Ayako Tsuruta, piano, Oct. 15, 8pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384
Stacey Earle and Mark Stuart, Oct. 3, 8pm • Austin songwriter Michael Fracasso, Oct. 14, 7pm.

The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350

The Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 5, 8pm; related events: the UI's Mala Quartet presents "From My Life: An Exploration of the Life and Cultural Identity of Czech composer Bedrich Smetana," Oct. 2, 4pm, in the lounge of the UI International Center • Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, Oct. 6, 8pm.

Iowa Memorial Union
UI campus
They Might Be Giants, Oct. 11, Ballroom.

Johnson County Fairgrounds
One Mile South of Iowa City on Old US 218
31st Annual Fiddler's Picnic featuring many of Eastern Iowa's old-time, bluegrass, Celtic and folk musicians on a continuous stage show, also parking-lot jam sessions, Oct. 7, 12-6pm.

Literary Walk/Tower Place Dedication
Downtown Iowa City, Oct. 13, 1-6:30pm
Live music, including UI Pan American Steel Drum Band, 2:30-4pm; Live music; Lazy Boys & The Recliners & Greg Brown, 4:30-6:30pm.

Lou Henri's
630 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-3637
Andy Parrott & Friends, Oct. 4 • Becca Sutlive, Oct. 5 • Rick Webber, classic blues, Oct. 11 • Dustin Busch, acoustic guitar & vocals, Oct. 12.


The Marketplace
511 S. Gilbert St., South Amana, 622-3750, all 7-11:30pm

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Wylde Nept, Sept. 29 • Sam Knutson Band, Oct. 4 • Bohemian Soul Tribe, Oct. 5 • Catfish Keith, Oct. 6 • Ross for City Council Fund-raiser featuring David Zollo, Oct. 7 • Terry Farmer, Oct. 10 • The Trolls, Oct. 11 • The Blue Band, Oct. 12 • Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 13.

Northside Books
203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330
Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
'Keb' Mo', Sept. 29, 7:30pm • Sing for the Cure, Sept. 30, 7pm • Cedar Rapids Symphony Pops; "Sousa Returns;" Saturday, Oct. 6, 8pm; Sunday, Oct. 7, 2:30pm • Willie Nelson, Oct. 8, 7:30pm • The London Piano Duo, Cedar Rapids Community Concert, Oct. 9, 7:30pm • Dennis James, organist, CRATOS concert, Oct. 14, 2pm.

Paul Engle Center
1600 Fourth Avenue SE, CR
Iowa Songwriter's Workshop, Oct. 30, 2-5pm.

* The Q
211 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 337-9107
Domestic Problems, Oct. 4.

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.

Rock's Roadhouse
1701 Hwy. 1 S, Iowa City, 358-1514
Patrick Hazel, Oct. 20, 8pm.

Salt's Music Emporium
624 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 338-7462
Shoes Joe and the All-Stars, Oct. 6, 6pm • Dave Olson and the One-Timers, Oct. 13, 6pm.

Sam's Pizza
321 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 337-8200
Mike & Amy Finders, Oct. 4, 10pm.

Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
Mark Helias Quartet, Oct. 4 • Dave Moore, Oct. 5-6 • Mark Gratama Quartet, Oct. 13.

Senate Chamber
Old Capitol, UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1667
Bonnie Choi, harpsichord, Oct. 7, 1:30pm.

Third Street Live!
1204 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 365-6141
Furious Jebidiah and Neutral Red, Oct. 4, 8pm • St. Somewhere, Oct. 6 • Gavity Crush, CD-release show with Leven and Joe Bonamasso, Oct. 12.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Baritone John Muriello and pianist Shari Rhodes, UI School of Music faculty members perform songs by Gerald Finzi, Francis Poulenc and Gustav Mahler, Oct. 5, 7:30pm • Preview of Oct08Efest, Oct. 5, 7:30pm.
The Union Bar
Iowa City, 319-339-7713
The Big Wu, Oct. 10 • Charlie Hunter, Keller Williams, Oct. 17.
Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
401 South Gilbert St., Iowa City
David Zollo, Oct. 2, 8pm.
US Cellular Center
370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1808
The Bellamy Brothers with Lacy J. Dalton, CR
401 South Gilbert St., Iowa City
8pm and Sundays at 2pm.
Performances Thursdays at 1pm, Fridays (except Van Zandt and Jane Milmore, through Oct. 28.
US Cellular Center
Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
Iowa City, 319-339-7713
Love, Sex and the IRS, 39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262
Old Creamery Theatre
Mesner Puppets from Kansas City, Oct. 6
University of Iowa, IMU Terrace Room.
The Bellamy Brothers with Lacy J. Dalton, CR
8pm: Thursdays
US Cellular Center
Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
Iowa City, 319-339-7713
Love, Sex and the IRS, 39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262
Old Creamery Theatre
39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262
Performances Wednesdays, Friday & Saturdays 8pm; Thursdays & Sundays 3pm
Love, Sex and the IRS, comedy farce by William Van Zandt and Jane Milmore, through Oct. 28.
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
Walking the Wire: Monologues at Riverside, Oct. 12-14.

**GUESS WHOSE TATTOO**

Congratulations to Belinda G. Rosenbaum of Washington, IA for guessing the bearer of this tattoo!

Enjoy your tickets to Riverside Theatre!

little village
little-village@usa.net

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**Clip & Save!**

**Live Entertainment**

**Non-Smoking Environment**

**Catering/Take Out Available**

**Wraps served with choice of tortilla:** Garden Herb, Flour, Spinach, Red Pepper, Wheat, Tomato Basil.

**Hot Wraps (w/ chips)**

1. Cheeseburger – 1/4 lb. Beef Patty, Lettuce, Tomato, Onions, 1000 Island Dressing, Swiss and Cheddar Cheese. $4.95
2. Bratwurst – Sauerkrat, Hot Mustard, Grilled Onions, Cheddar Cheese. $4.95
3. Jambalaya – Smoked Sausage, Grilled Chicken, Rice. $5.50
4. Garden Burger – The Original Garden Burger, Lettuce, Tomato, Onions, Sour Cream, Salsa, Pepper Jack Cheese. $5.95
5. Beans and Rice – Black Beans, Rice, Salsa, Sour Cream. $4.95
6. Buffalo Grilled Chicken – 1/4 lb. Chicken Breast, Buffalo Wing Sauce, Grilled Onions and Celery, Lettuce, Tomato, Choice of Blue Cheese or Ranch Dressing. $5.95
7. Philly Steak – Green Peppers, Onions, Mushrooms, A1 Steak Sauce, Cheddar Cheese. $5.95
8. Grilled Chicken and Swiss – 1/4 lb. Chicken Breast, Lettuce, Tomato, Onions, Mayonnaise, Swiss Cheese. $5.95
9. BBQ Bacon Burger – 1/4 lb. Beef Patty, BBQ Sauce, Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, Grilled Onions, Cheddar Cheese. $5.95
10. BBQ Chicken – 1/4 lb. Chicken Breast, BBQ sauce, Bacon, Grilled Onion, Lettuce, Cheddar Cheese. $5.95
11. Falafel – Lettuce, Tomatoes, Cucumber Yogurt Sauce. $4.95
12. Chicken Philly – 1/4 lb. Chicken Breast, Green Peppers, Onions, Mushrooms, Ranch Dressing, Cheddar Cheese. $5.95
13. Tuna Melt – White Albacore Tuna, Celery, Grilled Onions, Lettuce, Tomato and Pepper Jack Cheese. $5.50
14. Bacon Ranch Burger – 1/4 lb. Beef Patty, Ranch Dressing, Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, Grilled Onions, Havarti Cheese. $5.95
15. Salsa Burger – 1/4 lb. Beef Patty, Salsa, Sour Cream, Jalapeño Peppers, Lettuce, Tomato, Onion and Pepper Jack Cheese. $5.95
16. Steam Veggie Mix – Broccoli, Carrots, Cauliflower, Mushrooms, Ranch Dressing and Double Cheddar Cheese. $4.95
17. Blackened Cajun Chicken – 1/4 lb. Chicken Breast, w/ Beans and Rice, Cajun Spices, $5.95 and Pepper Jack Cheese. $5.95
18. B.L.T. – Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, Mayo, and Cheddar Cheese. $3.95

**Cold Wraps (also served hot)**

1. Tuna Salad – White Albacore Tuna, Celery, Lettuce and Tomato. $4.95
2. Ham and Cheese – Ham, Swiss and Cheddar, Lettuce, Tomato, Onion, Mayo and Mustard. $4.95
3. Turkey and Cheese – Turkey, Swiss and Cheddar, Lettuce, Tomato, Onion, Mayo and Mustard. $4.95
4. Veggie – Cucumber, Zucchini, Green Peppers, Mushrooms, Lettuce, Tomato, Onion, Lemony Vinaigrette and Havarti Cheese. $3.95
5. Clubhouse – Ham, Turkey, Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato, Mayo and Cheddar Cheese. $5.95

**Breakfast (all day)**

1. 2 Eggs, Sausage, Hashbrowns, Green Peppers, Onions, Mushrooms, Cheddar Cheese. $4.95
2. 2 Eggs, Bacon, Hashbrowns, Onions, Mushrooms, Cheddar Cheese. $4.95
3. 2 Eggs, Jalapeno Peppers, Onions, Mushrooms, Salsa, Sour Cream, Pepper Jack Cheese. $4.95
4. Hashbrowns, Wild Rice, Green Peppers, Onions, Mushrooms, Swiss and Cheddar Cheese. $4.50
5. 2 Eggs, Steak, Hashbrowns, Mushrooms, Onions and Cheddar Cheese. $5.95
6. 3 Eggs, Swiss and Cheddar Cheese. $3.95
7. 2 Eggs, Ham, Onions, Swiss and Cheddar Cheese. $4.95

**Smoothes**

1. Strawberry, Bananas, Vanilla Yogurt and Apple Juice 16 oz. $3.50
2. Mango, Bananas, Vanilla Yogurt and Apple Juice 16 oz. $3.50
3. Peaches, Bananas, Vanilla Yogurt and Apple Juice 16 oz. $3.50

**Beverages**

1. Coffee, Diet Coke, Sprite, Orange Soda 16 oz. $1.50
2. Mr. Pibb, Lemonade, Root Beer 16 oz. $1.95
3. Orange Juice, Apple Juice, Cranberry Juice 16 oz. $1.95

**Soup and Salad**

1. Cup of Soup $2.25
2. Bowl of Soup $3.00
3. Side Salad $1.95

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**Contact Information**

Phone: 338-1010
Fax: 338-2633
18 S. Clinton St.
Iowa City
Meeting Room A • Oct. 16: ICPL librarians discuss banned books, 2001 Carol Spaziani Intellectual Freedom Festival event, live on The Library Channel (local access channel 10), 12pm, Meeting Room A.

IMU Terrace Room, UI campus
Houston Ballet lecture-demonstration, Oct. 11, 4pm.

International Center Lounge Iowa City, 335-0128
“Peaceful Poet in the Middle of the South and North Korea Conflict,” Man-sik Lee, Oct. 15, 12pm.
Bakery & Café • Tower Place & Clock Dedication, 2pm • Children’s activities, 2-4pm • Readings by author’s featured on Literary Walk, 2-4pm • Live music, including U of I Pan American Steel Drum Band, 2:30-4pm • Iowa Avenue Literary Walk Dedication, 4pm • Live music: Lazy Boys & the Recliners & Greg Brown, 4:30-6:30pm • Authors Reception, 5:30pm, Biology Bldg. East and Skywalk.

City of Iowa City
Civic Center, 410 E. Washington St., Iowa City (unless noted otherwise), 356-5000
Oct. 8: Special Council Formal Meeting, time TBD, Harvat Hall; Special Council Work Session, time TBD, Harvat Hall • Oct. 16: Special Council Work Session, smoking in restaurants, 6:30-8:30pm, Harvat Hall.

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
Oct. 4: Citizens for the Future of Iowa City; open forum, 7pm, Meeting Room A.

Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
401 South Gilbert St., Iowa City
Alcoholics Anonymous Meeting, Mondays 6-7pm.

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
Core Neighborhoods Candidate Forum. Issue forum for candidates in the Oct. 9 city council primary, live on The Library Channel (local access channel 10), Oct. 2, 7pm, Meeting Room A.

Robert A. Lee Community Recreation Center
220 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 356-5100
Line Dance classes, Sept. 18-Dec. 18, Tuesdays, 7:15-9:15pm, fee is $3 at the door, pre-registration not required, for more information contact the IC Recreation Division, 356-5100 • Adult Art Classes, everything from magazine writing and guitar to printmaking and collage, call for more info.

Ruby’s Pearl
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 248-0032
Stitch n’ Bitch, bring your sewing, knitting or whatever and bitch or gab, every Wednesday, 6-7pm.

Iowa Football
VS Purdue, there, Oct. 6 • Michigan State, there, Oct. 13.

US Cellular Center
370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
CR Antique Show & Collector’s Fair; Friday, Oct. 5, 11am-9pm; Saturday, Oct. 6, 11am-7pm; Sunday, Oct. 7, 11am-5pm • Cedar Rapids Area Career Fair, Oct. 13, 10am-6pm.

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little village
little-village@usa.net
Can you find the G-Spot?

You have no idea, do you...

Can you find the G-Spot?

You have no idea, do you...

ARIES (March 21-April 19) Many minor bureaucratic details, delays, obstructions and irritations are littering the way. Financial issues could be sensitive too. So be careful not to miss the light showing brightly at the end of that tunnel. Don't lose track of all the financial solutions and opportunities springing up around you like dandelions in summer. You can start putting them to good use soon. It seems like you've been facing a solid wall of difficulties lately, but big cracks are appearing in that wall.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) There will be frank talk at work. Your ego will come in for a little jostling. These discussions will lead to understanding and positive change. Financial progress will require personal restraint. Actively resist expansion plans that threaten job security. Events need to unfold further before you can move safely on expansion initiatives. You might have a sudden urge to travel, but travel would be more expensive and troublesome than you expect. Bureaucratic changes and added paperwork could cause mild annoyance.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Chaos rears its head. The financial situation isn't working. Existing financial limitations are conflicting crazily with your dreams. A pitched battle over shared financial resources complicates the picture. You don't have much control over the battle or its outcome. There will be gratifying progress in spiritual, romantic and creative affairs. Matters at a distance will also attract and inspire. Translation: You'd much rather be doing something else somewhere else. An attitude of confident expectation is the proper one to take.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) You will need luck and restraint to get through these two weeks. Luckily, Lady Luck remains solidly in your corner. The restraint is up to you. Sharply conflicting demands and temptations of all kinds will proliferate, threatening your hard-won financial stability. Partners will be testy. Discussions, of which there will be many, will be spirited. Family members will be impatient at the very least. Luckily, when the dust settles, a satisfactory (if contested) solution will almost certainly appear.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22) Serious, hard-fought, but successful compromises on important financial and partnership issues are in the offing. Just about everyone could have something to say on the issues at hand. Your old friends, Confusion, Delay and Obstacle will also contribute to the proceedings. If you draw on your new reserves of personal strength, restrain impatience and ignore barbs, you'll do just fine. The outcome might not put an end to the matter, but it will provide a satisfactory basis for progress.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22) It will be nice to have the heavy artillery aimed at someone else for awhile. You can now do much needed damage control, consolidate your new position and prepare for the next big step forward. Potentially contentious exchanges will lead, in the end, to financial benefits and job improvements. The battles aren't over, but you will soon be in a much better position to solve remaining difficulties. Renewed creative efforts could lead to deeper involvement with philanthropic and humanitarian groups.
Strange Tails

Scientists are working to develop a genetically engineered cat that will not cause allergies. Xiangzhong "Jerry" Yang, the University of Connecticut professor who cloned the first mammal in the United States, said an allergen-free feline could be available for sale by 2003. Transgenic Pets, a start-up biotechnology company that has a contract with Yang to produce the cats, plans to sell the sneeze-free pets for $750 to $1,000 each.

A group of Portuguese-Americans in California's Central Valley engages in bullfighting from May to October, but instead of finishing off the animal with a sword, matadors use paper-frilled lances tipped with Velcro to signify the kill. Rather than pierce the bull, the lances, or "banderillas," stick to a Velcro patch on the bull's shoulder. The New York Times reported the variation is aimed at appeasing animal protectionists and accommodating a state law that prohibits killing the bull.

Second-Amendment Follies

Douglas Provost, 34, told police in Belvidere, Vt., that he was trying to swap a .22 pistol for some marijuana when the gun accidentally fired while four people were passing it around, killing one man. Provost said he then shot the three others in self-defense because he thought they were coming after him. Police said Provost had been drinking "quite a bit."

Fifty persons in Baltimore accidentally shot themselves in the first eight months of this year, mostly with illegal handguns. Police said the incidents often occur as the victims attempt to pull loaded handguns from their waistbands or pants pockets. Their fingers become stuck on the trigger, and they end up firing a bullet into their leg or groin. "Pulling it out to use it is obviously a problem," police Col. Robert M. Stanton said.

Messrs. Lucky

After Leslie Ann Wallace, 39, shot her 6-year-old son at home in North Fort Myers, Fla., she drove to her family's church and fired her shotgun at her 6-year-old son at close range as he stood outside. The bullet struck Kenneth Wallace's Bible, which deflected it, leaving him with only minor scratches to his arm. Noting that if the Bible hadn't gotten in the way, the teen-ager would have sustained the brunt of the blast and "very well could have died," Lee County Sheriff's Deputy Larry King insisted, "The Bible certainly saved his life."

A 56-year-old carpenter walked into Houston's Ben Taub General Hospital with a three-inch nail in his head, pinning open his lower eyelid. An X-ray and CAT scan revealed the galvanized nail punched through two sinuses, following the path used by brain surgeons to reach the pituitary gland, but missed by an eighth of an inch the eye itself and half a dozen other vital areas. The nail, which was shot from a cowoker's nail gun, broke the board it was fired through, but that apparently slowed it down just enough, according to Baylor College of Medicine radiology professor Dr. Anne Hayman. Indicating that if the nail had continued on, it would have gone through the skull itself and pierced the man's brain, Hayman called him "the luckiest guy in the world."

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

Unwieldable 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-Wanmeal. Barbecued chicken breast, parmesan, red onion and roasted peppers, sheeted 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, blanketed in mozzarella and white cheddar, on a tomato sauce base. This town’s not big enough for more than one Duke.

Boozie Frittie. 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 Meatballs Parmesan. This Italian classic is sure to please with red onions, parmesan cheese, meatballs, garlic and white cheddar, decorated with a layer of fresh sliced tomato. Mama would be proud!

Chicken Fajita. Grilled chicken breast, roasted onion, red, and green peppers, mozzarella and monterey jack cheeses on a refried 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 refried bean and garlic base.

Fat Tony 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 tomatoes, mushroom, light jalapeno and garlic with white cheddar and mozzarella cheeses.

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

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