Poet With a Hammer
You've probably seen him playing chess on the Ped Mall, looking like a down-on-his-luck sea captain or a slightly elfish Hemingway. Maybe you've overheard or even sat privy to one of his discourses on social-class structure. Either way, as much as you'd like to, you can't escape his words. In these troubled times, Iowa City writer Lizabeth Carpenter checks in with her old friend, the radical poet and human bullshit detector, Chuck Miller.

A brazen update
New translation of Greek comedy gets Iowa City world premiere

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.
Home work schemes
These schemes offer consumers the opportunity to make large amounts of money quickly and with almost no effort. Often they involve working from home using your PC. These schemes sometimes take the form of email processing: the Internet version of envelope-stuffing where consumers are paid to send letters or reports to large numbers of other consumers. They can also involve scheme-selling, where consumers are given a lot of information about how much money a scheme will make them and asked to buy a booklet or information page which will tell them how to do it. (In many cases, the scam operator’s so-called ‘information page’ simply tells the victims to use the same scam on other consumers). Usually they ask you to pay a registration or set-up fee before they provide you with the basics to set up the business. The most common concerns about these ventures are that they often dramatically overstate the achievable earnings and commonly they are vehicles to sell large numbers of low-quality or worthless products to consumers who are then unable to on-sell them. Protect yourself. Ask for proof that the project earnings are reasonable. Don’t make up-front payments for starter kits or information packages. Get legal advice before you invest.


Good Advices
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.

Becoming a private investigator
Q. What should I do to get started?
“Talk to investigators. Talk to attorneys. Basically, do a background. Find out what it’s like to be an investigator. Find out about the area you want to go into. Everything today is very specialized. For instance, an investigator I work with up in New York only works on patent fraud. If you want to do patent fraud, get your MBA. Study engineering. My cousin is an arson investigator. He has a chemical and technical background. Someone who wants to start out in this field, yes, go for it!

It’s not a shadowing profession. It’s not Sam Spade, it’s a good energetic, interesting, productive way of contributing and making a living. You’re doing the first thing you should do which is research.”
- Linnea Sinclair Bermadino

Q. What advice do you have for a young person just coming out of high school?
“Take a course in criminal justice to learn what the system is all about. Take journalism. If you take two years of criminal justice and two years of journalism, you’ll be an ideal candidate. Learn about photography, because we’re in the business where not only do we have to produce the information, we have to show proof of it, and the proof is in photography. Learn about the video equipment that’s being employed now.”
- Bob Brown

Q. Do female investigators perform as well as males?
“Women can do a lot more. We’re not intimidating to people; we can serve process a lot easier. I would open my door to a woman as opposed to a man. People will spill their guts to a woman when they won’t give a man the time of day. We’re sweet and nice and we’re not out to hurt anyone.”
- Pat Beltran

Source: http://www.secretsforprivateeyes.com/advice.htm

little village
VOLUME 1 • ISSUE 7 • OCTOBER 16-31 2001
Editor: Todd Kimm
Sales/Administration: Diane Wass
Art Director/Production Manager: Beth Oxler
Contributing Editor: Steve Horowitz
Distribution Manager: Ben Ramsey
IT Director: Phil Maul
Handy Man: Joel Cochran
Contributors: Lizabeth Carpenter, Rob Cline, Chris Wiersema, Joe Derderian, Mike Breazeale, Margaret Schwartz, Kembrew McLeod, Dr. Star, Dan Perkins, Stingray

PO Box 736
Iowa City, IA 52244
little-village@usa.net

by TOM TOMORROW

THAT’S WHY WE’VE ASKED CORRESPONDENT WANDA MCBRIDE TO GIVE US AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT THE MOTIVES BEHIND THESE SEEMING-LY INCOMPREHENSIBLE ACTS. WANDA?

WE HERE AT ACTION MCNEWS FEEL IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD POSSIBLY DRIVE THESE TERRORISTS TO COMMIT SUCH MONSESTIOUS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY--

THANKS, BIFF! YOU SEE, IT’S LIKE THIS: THE TERRORISTS HATE FREEDOM.

--TO EXAMINE THEIR BELIEFS AND PUT THEM IN HISTORICAL CONTEXT SO THAT WE MIGHT AVOID A REPEAT OF THE TERRIBLE EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 11,

THAT’S WHY WE’VE ASKED CORRESPONDENT WANDA MCBRIDE TO GIVE US AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT THE MOTIVES BEHIND THESE SEEMING-LY INCOMPREHENSIBLE ACTS. WANDA?

WELL, THANKS FOR THAT EYE-OPENING REPORT, WANDA! I THINK WE MIGHT BE TALKING PULITZER MATERIAL HERE!

PSHAW! I’M JUST DOING MY JOB, BIFF!

THAT YOU ARE, WANDA! THAT YOU ARE!

Little Village * 3
Poet With a Hammer

You’ve probably seen him playing chess on the Ped Mall, looking like a down-on-his-luck sea captain or a slightly elfish Hemingway. Maybe you’ve overheard or even sat privy to one of his discourses on social-class structure. Either way, as much as you’d like to, you can’t escape his words. In these troubled times, Iowa City writer Lizabeth Carpenter checks in with her old friend, the radical poet and human bullshit detector, Chuck Miller.

Behind the door of every contented, happy man there ought to be someone standing with a little hammer and continually reminding him with a knock that there are unhappy people, that however happy he may be, life will sooner or later show him its claws, and trouble will come to him—illness, poverty, losses, and then no one will see or hear him, just as now he neither sees nor hears others. But there is no man with a hammer ....

—from Gooseberries by Anton Chekhov

One can’t seriously shoot the breeze with radical poet, world traveler and adversarial citizen Chuck Miller without the subject of social classes and “the evils of capitalism” coming up. The events of Sept. 11 didn’t exactly sideline the perennially bristled Iowa City fixture, either.

“We can’t do much worse to them than they’ve done to themselves,” Chuck said of Afghanistan, the starved, war-ravaged, defiant country that an NPR commentator has called “the sink of human misery.” A war on that country, he said, would only amplify the evils of capitalism: “It would be the strongest, richest country picking on the weakest. That’s what capitalism is.”

I caught up with Chuck downtown a few days after the tragedies, playing chess. History was in the making and it seemed impossible, if not unthinkable, to concentrate on anything else.

It must be mentioned here that, according to one of his longtime friends, the first thing Chuck did after the events of that day was give blood for America’s injured, the blue-collar and bourgeois alike.

Mostly, however, he expresses no change of heart toward those in power. “What if bin Laden were in France and France wouldn’t extradite him? Would we bomb France?” he asked. Rather, he said, it’s the leaders of Pakistan and other poor countries who “are all crapping in their pants because they are worried they won’t get their loan from the IMF” if they don’t give in to US strong-arm demands.

An aside here about American power and human misery. Here in Iowa City, a wizened, angry man recently related to me B.F. Skinner’s theory that when people have what they need, they will not rise up. This man served three years in the Vietnam War and this October, with his electricity shut off and lot rent unpaid, he became homeless. Barely two weeks after Sept. 11, a woman collecting cans from among disdainful tailgaters near Kinnick Stadium had to duck several beers thrown at her. (I’m told the more experienced “caners” know to avoid tailgaters.) “Power, to me, means not being charitable anymore,” a civil-rights speaker told an interviewer in the 1980s...

But this is Chuck Miller’s story most of us will go under but some will struggle and survive will live to raise their swords and strike then the powerful will weep crocodile tears for the slain ones, will speak so reasonably of the tragedy of bloodshed while sharpening their weapons, remind us that terrorism must be stamped out ruthlessly but we will only shake our heads shake our heads—the waste, the uselessness while at the same time thinking “I spit on your grave”

—from “you feel the hollowness of being excluded,” Northern Fields, Coffee House Press, Minneapolis, 1994

Because his occasional attacks of reticence don’t always present a complete pic-
ture, I talked to some of his friends and watched videotapes of his visits to Kirkwood Community College classrooms to try and get a handle on this enigmatic, by turns compassionate, by turns abrasive "proletarian" (his word) poet. I was a student myself in several of his writing and literature courses. My sense is that Chuck speaks out strongly or else he hardly speaks at all.

"How about that for a nasty one?" Chuck said with a laugh after he'd read the above poem to a Kirkwood class. "It doesn't get much nastier than that!"

A student asked, "Can a poem change your life?" And I was struck by Chuck's reply: "The problem is, you change to some extent inside yourself, but the world around you pretty much stays the same. So you run into the world again in the same old way and then what's left of that change inside of yourself?—you're not sure if there's anything left...."

Now 62, Chuck Miller has authored 10 books of poetry, including How In The Morning and Northern Fields. His newest book, Crossing the Kattegat, was published last month by Mica Press of Madison, Wis., with printing by Route 3 Press (which also publishes the Wapsipinicon Almanac) of Anamosa.

Chuck first came to Iowa City in the 1960s to attend the Writers' Workshop. Since that time he has left for greener pastures...and returned. He has made devoted friends from among workers, writers, outcasts, chess players and the local intelligentsia. He has made decided enemies of some of those same people. He won two lawsuits against the University of Iowa, the first after the university fired him for his unconventional teaching practices, the second when he was denied a pay raise as a tutor. His criminal record was expunged with the help of lawyer Leonard Spies after Timothy Leary won a similar case in the Supreme Court—Leary was charged under the same pot-possession law that Chuck served time for in 1969.

I've known Chuck since 1995 when we both worked one of those NCS night shifts scoring grade-school essays. He is a compact Viking sort of figure, of healthy gray beard and recently shorn gray-blonde hair. You will know him especially by his booming, expressive voice and animated eyebrows. From what I remember, he was querulous with the NCS scoring regimen—protective of students' points—but mostly jolly outside the cubicle. Over those evenings, he began a romance with a coworker, a local animal-rights activist, and when he dropped out of the NCS project, which seemed inevitable, he continued to sit with her during our work breaks. Sadly, ironically, for a man whose own beliefs can seem uncompromising, her own activist demands left little time for Chuck, and the romance fell apart.

on a frozen morning you and your friends stood at the gate of the park where the brave hunters were to be allowed to shoot tame deer accusing them of murder

... i see you still stanchion in the grey-passage a thin girl in an old dress you remain against the obliterations of time

-from "For Grace," Crossing the Kattegat, Mica Press, Madison, Wis., 2001

The many times he has left Iowa City, he says he has found life to be just as crazy and absurd elsewhere, and so Chuck Miller returns. "You see a kind of deliberate structure in society to keep people at the bottom," he elaborated to Kirkwood students, "poor and desperate and miserable. And so once it dawns on you that it's all kind of planned out, that the rich people have control...and you have to work one absurd job after the other for low pay and poor conditions.... Most societies have rich people and poor people and it's the same where the rich deliberately got their foot on the necks of the poor and they don't take that foot off, and they talk a bunch of b.s. about improving things and changing things and this and that. But it's just bullshit."

When down on his luck Chuck, for his part, is able to locate resources, whether in cash, work or unemployment checks—though a little luxury goes a long way. He has lived in his car, in rented houses, in communes and heated shacks, on farms, with Eastern-bloc families, in prison, with girlfriends, and wherever in Iowa City's landlord haven he could find housing that didn't require a lease (evidently such places do exist).

we run in the new deep snow because it is harder that way—plunging down the precipitous inclines struggling and beating up the hills

-from "We run in the new deep snow," Crossing the Kattegat

Growing up, Chuck identified less with the street than he does now. Born to schoolteachers of lower middle class in a blue-collar region of southern Illinois, Chuck told me his parents faced absurd policies at work and likewise would enforce "weird, goofy rules" on him and his sister. His father was fired for exposing the school's hypocrisy against a black student. His mother taught at a time when schoolteachers weren't allowed to be married, so the family moved to a new district where she hid her marital status from administrators.

Chuck took to math and science first. His life had been so repressed in his hometown and with his parents, however, that at the University of Illinois, "numbers and formulas didn't make sense" in the way that words would. (Words, in Chuck's poems, often embody thoughts freed from oppressive niceties, and grammar that scorn conventional rules; free verse is, of course, the champion of poetry not-forms.) At Illinois, he discovered books, Kerouac in particular, and began to read and to write. More than one acquaintance has remarked that Chuck
has read more books than anyone they know. And his powers of recall seem astounding. Still, it's no surprise that he flouted the Illinois system, made bad grades and was placed continually on probation. He graduated from there with a bachelor's degree in philosophy.

why always in the morning? because you must begin your life over again each morning

fumble for your shoes
the leather thongs stiff and cold
fumble with your fly
make sure your prick doesn't get caught in the zipper
by then the shadows are stealing up grey and clean
the sun a later gamble
that might make it through this hung over sky
then the long walk out from the private shack of our dreams
barely holding together
to the car which is slowly disintegrating
if you can get it going
drive toward the world
only just functioning on the grey edge of night

they sit together on the edge of a raised flower bed quiet for a while
then one will make a remark
eyou all seem to understand respond subtly with some small
gesture or word
after a bit they lapse back into a silence

Chuck told a Kirkwood class, "Most American writers that write this fiction, sort of made-up stuff... they haven't lived through it, they're just sort of slopping along—oh yeah, this guy says that and this woman says that—it doesn't have that sense of authenticity. So that's why I don't like it."

A lot of people in Iowa City know Chuck Miller, or know different sides of him. One of his old friends, and a fellow chess player, Rick Webber, told me that Chuck is stubborn, a stubborn chess player. "He refuses to read anything about opening theory," Rick said, which can offer players different ways to set up strategy. "It's not about winning and losing with him, but playing the best he can. Chuck wants to learn it all on his own." When the middle falls out of his game, Chuck will fight back with fierce abandon. Rick told me this with a mixture of frustration and admiration. After I had finished writing this article, out of the blue, an acquaintance asked me if I knew Chuck Miller. This older gentleman has known Chuck for a long time as it turns out and told me how the Chuck he knows is usually angry, or sad, or brooding over something. He met Chuck years ago in life drawing classes, where Chuck was a model. Most
models put on a robe when they're not posing, he said, but not Chuck—he'd be walking around "hanging out there" and talking to "little old ladies" in the corner. I have to wonder if there was something confrontational in that act, and yet it's kind of admirable too.

Reading Chuck, listening to him, is like unplugging the TV, throwing a few things in a bag and thumbing back to your hometown: the cracked roads, your disrespecting people, the old stories and cruelties that have never been resolved. You want to say to him, get over it. You want to say, keep up the good fight. You're never quite sure if his resistance is truly political or hotly personal, and you wonder why that should matter at all. It is then disturbing and reassuring both, to know that a coal lit in the middle of the last century still burns hotly in the cool 21st.

The Actualist movement, Chuck told me, was "not anything so unusual really. The only difference in people was that in the 1960s people were full of effervescence, evolution and life. And now there is this entropic decline to a lower and lower energy level."

there's a blind man here in town frequently you see him on street corners stumbling around lost, unable to get his bearings or calling out obstreperously you know him slightly his condition makes him ask absurd questions of people he thrusts himself into their privately held realms angry and confused demanding to know this or that he's a big pain in the ass but as you watch him it occurs to you that this is the kind of blind man you would be -from "blind in one eye and can't see out of the other," Crossing the Kattegat

He sees the Students Against Sweatshops activities as hopeful, "a bit of a return to the old stuff." Though he has not involved himself with that young group, he is familiar with their advisor, Carolyn Levine of Muscatine, who was herself a '60s activist for reproductive rights.

The mention of women's issues opened another topic in which I am interested. "I have always been sympathetic with the women's movement," Chuck replied to my questions. "But if you try to make it with an individual woman, that usually means trouble. To me, women seem like collaborators—they kiss someone's ass, go for the richest guy, dress like the elite, they are always falling into this or that pattern. They

"You know—oh, the rich people have these experiences, or the conventional people, or the legal people, or the respectable people. But what about my experiences? What about all the people that aren't conventional and aren't rich and aren't legal? The weird people, see? Those are the ones I like." —Chuck Miller
Zerkel remembers how much women have liked him. One long-ago evening she ran into both Chuck and one of her female friends in a parking lot and introduced them. She laughingly recalls how they walked up to each other, immediately embraced and began kissing. They spent that same night together, not unusual for a man who carried on with one and often two girlfriends at the same time.

His autobiographical poems touch on a large, uh, sex drive, naked swims and menage a trois. From his talk and his poems, I gather that one or another of his "old girlfriends"—whether in Poland, England, or on the East or West coasts—have shut Chuck out, have changed or died. "You can't live with him and you can't live without him," is how one former partner tells it. It has helped my understanding to know that Chuck suffered humiliation when his youthful marriage to an Illinois woman (with whom he has a grown son) deteriorated to a rampantly faithless union.

In Siberia last July for a Volksmarch, he tracked down an old Russian lover. The woman's mother, brother and husband had since died and it seemed to him she "had distanced herself and was living an aloof sort of life." When he wanted to introduce her to friends, she rebuffed him. "Men," she had said, "always see women as some sort of appurtenance."

Later, when he was hospitalized after a car wreck, "She wouldn't even take my bloody hand," he said. In fact, she pulled away.

"If you are drawn to activist or rebellious women," I suggested, "it may be that their rebellion eventually goes against you? Because you're male, you come to represent the oppressor, the male establishment."

Chuck seemed aghast. "Fundamentally, after all these years," he said, "women puzzle me."

finally your destitute sadness
some lonely Siberian river flooding in spring
without a name
then we become like the rocks
our speech changed into "only a glance in the sky"


On a professional level, a few good women have helped advance Chuck's career—Kay Amert of Seamark Press who first discovered and published him, Struthers and the late writer Meridel Le Sueur who have both spoken highly of him and contributed book quotes. Zerkel said that as both a writer and a friend she has "always looked up to" Chuck and that he has been a help to her, a sympathetic listener in troubled times.

Between free lunches at the Wesley House, books and conversation, poetry, lap swims, extended travel, recent inheritance money, nights of ped-mall chess—he seems to have pieced together his own community, a life of motion and heat, one that moves him and his writing.

On the other hand, Chuck's attempts to earn recognition from the raucous, blue-collar writer Charles Bukowski, one of his influences, resulted in a perfunctory dismissal. Of Chuck's poetry, Bukowski wrote back: "This doesn't do anything for me."

"It's his right to speak his mind," Chuck said with a grin. "But then you saw which way your bread was buttered." There was a time, in the years that I've known him, when Chuck immersed himself in Bukowski. He taught Bukowski classes at Kirkwood, researched his life and spoke as if some sort of mantle were being passed down. Writing group members talked of Chuck's "fuck-you" phase—jokingly, but not really.

Chuck's poetry avoids the brutish extremes of Bukowski, though there is plenty of anger for the poor and against oppressors, meannesses, common stupidity. "you feel the hollowness of being excluded," he writes in the poem of the same title, "no plans for you and the others/the unemployed, the homeless, the starving/landless—/earmarked for destruction/—slowly you understand/you have to exist so the better off can be kept in line/ if they refuse to go along/they could end up like you/ that fear must be instilled in them"

Finally, Chuck has remarked that he was horrified to watch Bukowski, on videotape, attempt to kick a woman friend.

It's Meridel Le Sueur who has influenced him probably more than anyone except Kerouac and the Beats. Born in Murray, Iowa, in 1900, Le Sueur wrote stories of brutal conditions that existed for miners, farmers, young unwed mothers during the Depression. (Early on, she caught the attention of an editor at Scribners who suggested she try to write like Hemingway. "But fishin', fightin' and fuckin' weren't my major experiences," she replied.) She joined the Communist Party in 1924 and during the McCarthy era publishers shunned her. In the 1970s, she became a sort of resurrected Earth Mother. Chuck met her in 1983.

In a borrowed Cadillac, he and a friend drove to Le Sueur's home in St. Paul, then drove her to Iowa City for a reading. They talked through the night of writers she had known over the years. "For me it was like a feast of finding out something more than the official version," Chuck later wrote in the River King Reader Supplement out of St. Louis. His driver (and current publisher) Joe Grant remembers a remark Le Sueur made to Chuck as they discussed her contemporaries: "By God, you sure do know them all, don't you?"
Chuck wrote of LeSueur that she never lost her belief in the struggles of the common people, the beaten, the poor. He described to me how LeSueur pointed her finger at him and commanded, "Never forget who the enemy is!"

"I and my friends had tried to believe in the people... hoodwinked, conned, cheated, and beaten down," he wrote, "and yet always coming back somehow. Yet in most ways we hadn't managed to do it. Compared to her we were poor in courage, in joy, in empathy."

You understand that Chuck does not quite see himself as one of them—the beaten, the poor. He's not quite slumming either. Between free lunches at the Wesley House, books and conversation, poetry, lap swims, extended travel, recent inheritance money, nights of ped-mall chess—he seems to have pieced together his own community, a life of motion and heat, one that moves him on.

"An ability to articulate with compassion," is how a writers group member described Chuck's mastery of language.

The student pharmacist gives me my free prescription and I go out into the sultry night thinking of the vague anxiety in the women's faces and imagine all the people lying up in their rooms sweating, trying to fuck, oozing drinking too much, getting high, listening to their children cry wondering where their next whatever is coming from.

- from "Free Clinic," Northern Fields

"I want them to see [my poetry] as different from all the other stuff they have to read," Chuck told a class, "because when I went through most of that stuff it seemed so dead, so formal, so stiff, so unrelated to life, so much elitist. You know—oh, the rich people have these experiences, or the conventional people, or the legal people, or the respectable people. But what about my experiences? What about all the people that aren't conventional and aren't rich and aren't legal? The weird people, see? Those are the ones I like."

I am reminded of what poetry might accomplish, of what Chuck's poetry might accomplish, from an apt phrase in Lobotomy, an autobiography by song-writer/punker Dee Dee Ramone: "[Punk] gave everybody a chance to say something. That's revolution."

"What's my class position?" Chuck responded to a student's question. "My class position is, I hate the rich, fear the poor, and have contempt for the middle class." His robust laugh, as it can do, lent a humorous twist to his words. "See, it tells you how each class is going to give you trouble. The poor, if they give you trouble, they are going to attack you in the streets. The rich are going to exploit you throughout this whole system of business and money and government and laws—they've got control of everything. The middle class, they just go along with the rich—they say oh yes, we'll do your bidding, we'll kiss your ass too, if you ask us."

for Yoga Barbara

wends her way over in the chess café
would like to vote for Nader, she says
tells me he will be speaking here today in our town
but she fears that if Gore is beaten
Bush would take things back to the dark ages
and as she says "ruin all our lives"
but, i say to her, our lives are ruined already...
she might as well go ahead
and listen to her conscience
returning to the chess game
a kind of beautiful absurdity
hammering away on this abstract anvil
to reach a moment of consciousness
the day before the election
after hearing that most of my friends were voting for Nader
i decide to vote for Gore
to sort of balance things out
and since they say it's neck and neck
actually the most real thing would be not to vote at all
because none of this will free us from our oppression
but you've got to have some sort of strategy
however absurd or rear guard an action amidst these monstrous realities
late on election night in the early hours
still half asleep
i hear that Bush has won...
and a great sadness comes over me
i almost weep
the people have been beaten again
tried to...rise up...make their small choice count for something
but...could not
dark times...many will suffer

Crossing the Kattegat

"If you go away and you say, huh, this guy actually said some weird stuff about some things I've actually lived through," Chuck said, "then maybe it won't be so bad." •

Chuck Miller
What: Reads from his new book of poetry, Crossing the Kattegat
Where: Prairie Lights, 15 S., Dubuque St.,
Iowa City
When: Wednesday, Oct. 17, 8pm

Soul's solely of compassion

MYTHOS Belief in art
Ethnographic art • Antiquities • Museum copies

9 S. Linn St • Iowa City • 319.337.3760 • 11-6 daily
New translation of Greek comedy gets Iowa City world premiere

In Jack Lindsey’s 1962 translation of Aristophanes’ Lysistrata, Myrrhine expresses her disapproval of the eponymous character’s plan to stop the war between Athens and Sparta by saying, “O please give me the fire instead.”

In X.J. Kennedy’s 1999 translation of Lysistrata, Myrrhine puts a slightly sharper point on the matter: “I’d sooner walk through fire than give up fucking.”

Dreamwell Theatre presents the world premiere of Kennedy’s translation on Oct. 12. Kennedy, who is allowing Dreamwell to produce the show sans a royalty fee, will be on hand for the Oct. 26 performance and will participate in the “Two Cents Night” discussion after the show. His bawdy translation of the classic Greek comedy should spark a lively conversation.

Kennedy is an award-winning writer of poetry for both children and adults whose honors include the Lamont Award of the Academy of American Poets for his first book, Nude Descending a Staircase, in 1961; the Los Angeles Book Award for poetry; the Aiken-Taylor Award for Modern American Poetry given by the University of the South and The Sewanee Review; as well as Guggenheim and National Arts Council fellowships. Last year, he was awarded the National Council of Teachers of English Year 2000 Award for Excellence in Children’s Poetry. He is also a former editor of the Paris Review.

Despite Myrrhine’s reservations, a sex strike is exactly what Lysistrata has in mind. Her daring plan is to capitalize on the fact that men return from the front anxious to take their wives to bed. Confident the men will do anything—including make peace—to enjoy relations with their wives, Lysistrata turns sex into the tool for ending the conflict that threatens to tear Greece apart and render it easy pickings for any invading enemy. The women occupy the Acropolis and under Lysistrata’s inspired—and duplicitous—leadership, overcome their own libidos in order to save their country.

I attended the Oct. 4 rehearsal of the Dreamwell production, one of the first complete run-throughs on the stage in the basement of the Unitarian Universalist Church, which the company calls home. Director Jamie L. Ewing and his cast were working without a set, largely without costumes and without a complete grasp of all the lines. Still, it was apparent that Kennedy’s translation, with its mix of blank verse and Seussian iambic pentameter, is a clear-eyed take on the original text, an update that accepts and amplifies the play’s crude humor. Aristophanes may have had a political message to deliver back in 412 B.C., but even granting that, it is clear that Lysistrata is at bottom a sex (or lack-of-sex) farce. The jokes are obvious, unrefined and, if delivered skillfully, funny.

It was, of course, too early to tell how well the Dreamwell cast would handle the material. Indeed, the funniest moments of the night were delivered by Chas Haworth, who plays Myrrhine. Late for rehearsal, she walked on stage just in time to deliver her aforementioned line with a wry, innocent smile. Later in the evening during the break between acts, she struggled to memorize the lines for her second-act encounter with Dan Fairchild, who plays Myrrhine’s sex-starved husband. Brow furrowed in concen-

The women of Athens and Sparta drink wine to seal their oath of withholding sex from their husbands in Dreamwell Theatre’s production of Lysistrata.
tration, she fought to place lines like "I'll slide my slip off" and "I'll slip my undies off" in the correct order. On stage, Haworth and Fairchild struggled a bit with the more physical aspects of the scene but demonstrated a knack for its linguistic humor.

Other promising performances were turned in by Kristy Hartsgrove as Lysistrata, and the two leaders of the chorus of old men and women, Josh Sazon and Vicki Krajewski. Hartsgrove seemed poised to be a firm anchor for the production with her understated delivery and ability to use silence and facial expressions to nurse additional humor out of a scene. Sazon and Krajewski lead a six-actor chorus charged with filling in storyline gaps while engaged in their own elderly battle of the sexes. Again, physical aspects of their roles were in need of some smoothing out, but their characterizations were strong and likely to get stronger as opening night approaches.

Much of the play's humor has been highlighted by the strong direction of Ewing who, like all other Dreamwell directors, has had to make do with a limited and awkward space. Though the set was not yet built, it was clear that Ewing intended to get the most out of the space available, jockeying a fairly large cast about with skillful blocking. Also, Ewing delivers an inspired take on the deus ex machina motif that regular attendees of Dreamwell performances will particularly appreciate.

Ewing's decision to stage Kennedy's translation of Lysistrata stemmed from his desire to prove that a Greek comedy could fit into Dreamwell's commitment to produce edgy, challenging work. He discovered Kennedy's unproduced translation while thumbing through anthologies of Greek plays and knew he had found a version of Aristophanes' play that fit well with Dreamwell's philosophy. Kennedy's brazen approach to the text and Dreamwell's willingness to push the envelope should result in another quality production from the company.
This large level of weirdness
Showcase of local weirdoes promises surprises

There is this large level of weirdness and interesting stuff that goes on in this town, but it doesn't really get spotlighted too much since there is not a lot of money in promoting that kind of thing.” Matt Seeman is slapping bar codes onto Fear records in the back of the Record Collector while talking about the idea behind the upcoming Audio Report 1.0 show at Gabe's. The evening will consist of five distinct, homegrown audio acts and a video installation coupled with a visual display. Seeman continues, “Working here, I talk to enough people, and know enough people, that are doing stuff that is out of the norm.” Though he has co-promoted many a show in Iowa City, this is Seeman's first solo effort, meaning that he had sole discretion on whom to gather. The result is a sound experience that not even he can truly explain.

“You could say experimental, yeah, that would be the best thing. I don't want to pigeonhole anybody. When I booked all the acts, I told them that they had free rein to do whatever they wanted. Basically, I wanted people that were on the crazy side.”

Audio Report 1.0 is about improvisation. Imagine the highlight of every show you've ever attended. In hip-hop, it's the freestyle session at the end. In jazz, it's the variations. For rock, it's the extra encore with a flying-V guitar solo. Conceive of a show where that is all you get, free from the common "it doesn't live up to the record" mantra. Audio Report 1.0 offers the rare chance to hear music that you've never heard before—and may never hear again.

Starting with the debuting Flacid Trip, pigeonholing becomes inconceivable. The group works with five turntables and one laptop for what is likely to be a layering of free jazz into noise rock, turning both shapeless genres into a larger sound collage.

While Flacid Trip is first on the ticket, there is no opener; every group will have the same amount of time. Seeman says, "I hate that at shows where the opener gets three songs and the headliner gets all the time they want. I'm looking to give each performer about 45 minutes each."

Next in the line-up is the massively unpredictable Possum Sac. Having opened numerous local shows, they could end up turning in anything from a straight-rock set to performance art. "They're musicians, but they're artists first," Seeman says of the band. "So they'll definitely have a stage presence."

Next up is Blue on::Blue Eyes, a side project from the front man of The Vida Blue, Matt Davis. Most likely referencing early-'90s industrial, Davis' keyboard work will have more breathing room than his recent opening slot for The Faint provided.

Closing the show will be two of the openers from last spring's Kid606 show: Object and Books of the Bible. Carrying on the synthesizer mode from the Blue set, Object will throw a modified Speak & Spell toy into the mix. "He got this Speak & Spell and gutted it, then rewired it with a sequencer," Seeman explains. "He transformed it from being a toy that you'd use for sound generation to making it an actual instrument."

A warped children's toy is a tough act to follow, but the final act, Books of the Bible, has earned the top slot as well as a certain level of notoriety for its stage antics. The group is reportedly a side project of one or more members of Making Hey!, but nobody will say for sure. "The second time that Books of the Bible performed, he did this snake-oil salesman routine where he told everybody that [headliner] Kid606 hadn't showed up and that he was the new headliner, so a bunch of people left," Seeman recalls. As the headliner this time around, Books of the Bible has been given an open door to do anything they'd like. This doesn't seem to concern Seeman too much, though: "I've found that anytime that you do something really weird in this town that there's a whole segment of the population that comes out that aren't really represented in live shows."

And if audience members haven't had their senses completely overloaded, Green Can Productions, a local video studio, will provide loops and video orchestrations to visually sew these multiformal acts together. Mass-media manipulators Recom will supply their own visual aids.

Audio Report 1.0 will be, if nothing more, a breath of fresh air for everyone tired of predictable improvisation. Rare are the chances for an entire audience to be genuinely surprised by an artist's performance; Audio Report 1.0 offers at least that possibility.
November Weekend Madness Sale!

Call to make an appointment for any Saturday or Sunday in November and pay 1/2 Price!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Full</th>
<th>Fills</th>
<th>Gel Nails</th>
<th>Gel Fills</th>
<th>Manicure</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$50</td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$30</td>
<td>$20</td>
<td>$15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$12.50</td>
<td>$15</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>$7.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Every Customer will receive a FREE Gift!

Located in Beauty Biz
1001 25th Ave #4 • Coralville

Call for an Appointment
319.339.1201

The little village
little-village@usa.net

337-6677
FREE DELIVERY
Open 11-Midnight... Friday & Saturday Until 3 am

Frozen Pizzas
(Veggie Varieties Only)
Now Available At The NewPioneer Co-Op
Coke 2 Liters Now Available
Tasty Fresh Salads...$3.50
See Our Full Menu @ www.thewedgepizza.com

HOUSE PIZZA SPECIALS

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-Whannal. 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, blanketed in mozzarella and white cheddar, on a tomato sauce base. This town's not big enough for more than one Duke.

Boctie Fruitlie. 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 Hubcracker. 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 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.

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

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

Little Green Martian. Our house basil pesto sauce with zucchini, spinach, tomato, 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.

Ragin 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

Little Village ★ 13
**MUSIC**

1. **The Soundtrack of Our Lives**
   **Extended Revelation**
   *Telegram Records (A Warner Music Company)*
   The Soundtrack of Our Lives sprang from the ashes of Union Carbide Productions, one of Sweden's most important bands in recent memory. UCP made no small impact over here, either: They got Steve Albini to produce them and garnered fans like the Jesus Lizard and Sonic Youth. TSOL01, on the other hand, is kind of like Sweden's Beatles. And back in 1998 when this album was first released in Europe, they sounded like it too. Subsequent efforts (including this year's *Behind the Music*) sound a lot more like a tribute to the '70s guitar. But *Extended Revelation*, the band's third release, is pretty much an extended homage to the Fab Four. After all, the Kinks. The Good Times, from the ashes of Union Carbide Zen feel, sound like they're ripping anybody off. They're just cheerfully, unapologetically playing the music they love best.

For all that, TSOL01 never really sound like they're ripping anybody off. They're just cheerfully, unapologetically playing the music they love most.

Besides the decidedly psychedelic feel, *Extended Revelation* goes for a bit of millennial mawkishness as well—in addition to the "X2000" song title, the entire album is subtitled for the Psychic Weaklings of the Western Civilization. That's because in 1998 the most we had to worry about was whether our computers would unleash apocalyptic chaos with the rolling over of the clock.

We now know that we've got a lot more to concern ourselves with, enough to make the alarmists of the past sound like oracles. But *Extended Revelation* is a great, little trip into escapism, Britpop style.

**CD reviews**

2. **DJ Krush**
   **Zen**
   *Sony/Red Ink*
   What do you call a DJ who has deconstructed jazz, hip-hop, R&B and D&B without destroying them? Krush. The Japanese hip-hop producer offers an entire album of new material that sounds simultaneously boundary-pushing and retrospective. Now the seventh jewel in the crown of arguably the most flexible hip-hop DJ ever, *Zen* sounds on the outside like a redux of Krush's '95 release, *Meiko*. As on *Meiko*, Krush teams up with various collaborators, including Roots members Black Thought and Questlove. The new slew of artists, however, gives *Zen* a totally new dynamic. Although the CD begins and ends with solo instrumental tracks, Krush spends the remainder displaying what he can do for others: giving full and heavy bass bounce to Black Thought on "Zen Approach," high-pitched snare drum and symbol rolls to Kukoo Da Bagga Bonez on "Whut's Da Solution," and E.L.P.-worthy production to Company Flow on "Vision of Art." On "Sonic Traveler," Krush enlists Tunde Aiyeyemi on kudi and emili ako drums, hitting quicker and cleaner than any drum machine.

N'Dea Davenport, Sunja Lee and Zap Mama contribute three R&B tracks, each of which Krush supplies with sensuous layering—but not nearly as sensuous as Kazufumi Kodama's lush trumpet work on "Day's End," which hails back to the Krush's work with Toshinori Kondo. The standout track, however, is "Candle Chant (A Tribute)," featuring BOSS THE MC. Though the rhymes are spit in all-Japanese, the yearning of the vocals (reverbering like a monk chanting in a cave), paired with the minimal clinking of a music box, breaks any language barrier. Zen exposes the genius of Krush separately and when unified with his collaborators. DJ Krush teaches Zen and listeners get the nirvana.

Chris Wiersema

3. **AfroMan**
   **The Good Times**
   *Universal*
   Opening (and closing) with one of the surest house-party staples since the Beastie Boys' "Fight For Your Right," and replete with far too many pot-smokin', beer-drinkin', booty-chasin' and old-school hip-hop references to list, this sophomore effort guarantees AfroMan at least 15 minutes of fame.

The spirits of Run-DMC and Shock-G (Digital Underground) run playfully over late-'80s synths and drum machines (even featuring human beatbox on "Tumbleweed"). Sincere gospel ("Hush") mixes readily with locker-room lyricism ("She Won't Let Me."). Consisting mainly of loose and swingin' street-corner jams that assure enough cheesiness for all, *The Good Times* is nevertheless worthy of more than a spot on Dr. Demento. A mixed bag of "love, peace and afro-grease," the album's silliness only underscores its excellent songwriting.

Joe Derderian

4. **Tenacious D**
   **Tenacious D**
   *Epic Records*
   Recently, metal-guitar god Ritchie Blackmore abandoned hard rock in favor of acoustic Renaissance music.

Not since Spinal Tap's *Intravenous de Milo* has such a hole been burned in our collective musical loincloth. This next band has not only plugged that hole but filled many others too. Now prepare to have your asses blown out by Tenacious D.

Amalgamating every pretentious rock movement from prog-rock (ELP) to art-rock (Yes) to cock-rock (Led Zeppelin) on their self-titled debut, the abnormal acoustic duo of Jack Black and Kyle Gass (AKA "JB and KG") choose to rock out with full-band arrangements on both time-tested D classics ("Explosivo," "Rock Your Socks," "Double Team") and new songs, including a James Taylor-style strummer titled "Fuck Her Gently.

This celebratory orgy of Moogs and prog-rock riff-ery also offers a glimpse into the D's creative process: "One Note Song" captures the duo in the throes of songwriting (not really) and "Inward Singing" has JB hitting on how "nonstop rocking" is made possible by singing during inhalation as well as exhalation.

Joe Derderian
Everything but a Blind Melon box set

Joe Pernice seems bemused by the fact that many of his fans think he's a depressed dude—but you can't really blame them for jumping to conclusions. On "Working Girls (Sunlight Shines)," from The Pernice Brothers' magnificent new album, he glides over swirling strings, an up-tempo bass/drum/guitar/piano wall of sound and the catchiest, loveliest of melodies, all the while singing about "contemplating suicide with a graduate degree." Even the album's title, The World Won't End (Ashmont Records), is dubiously optimistic at best. (Talk about setting your expectations low. How about Puncture Wounds Don't Hurt That Much? Or The Gonorrhea Burns Less Than I Thought It Would?) Pernice's pet trick is to deftly marry introspective lyrics with a joyous melodic sound, and the album contains so many marvelous moments that it's impossible to completely catalog: the interweaving, polyvocal "Baaaaah-ba-ba-ba-bah" harmonies that burst from nowhere two minutes into "7:30"; the perfect bridge in Hurt That Much?; the up-tempo is laced with retro-futuristic sounds and herky-jerky pool break guitar that launches into the chiming neo-Byrds guitar that launches into the gorgeous, sing-songy "She Heightened Everything." The Pernice Bros. will shower us with their mellanjolly brand of pop when they stop by Gabe's Oct. 23. And they'll be supported by opening act The Kingsbury Manx, whose low-key, Velvety album, Let You Down (Overcoat), also treads the darker, murky waters of pop (though in a more drone-y, hypnotic way).

A day before, also at Gabe's, Ming + FS will cold rock all you party people, as will the Philly-born-and-bred Bahamadia, a bad mama jama whose heavyweight rep outweighs the lightness of her catalog (which consists only of 1996's Kollege and last year's EP, BB Queen). Ming + FS's recent release, The Human Condition (OM), is laced with retro-futuristic sounds and herky-jerky pool break beats that work equally well in the space-age bachelor pad and the sticky, rank and skanky dance floor of Gabe's. It's one of the best albums released recently by the trusty, rusty OM label, in part because the instructions found on the back cover—"File Under: Electronic/Ass Kicking Beats!"—don't lie.

A group I'd never expect was up for a musical ass-kicking (especially this late in their career) is The Damned, who are back from the dead with their new album Grave Disorder (Nitro). Having not cared about this band of campy, vampy guitar-strumming ghouls for over 15 years, I was caught off guard by the blast-from-the-past power of the lead track, "Democracy?," which sounds like it could have been lifted straight from their 1979 punk classic, Machine Gun Etiquette. Now down to two key members, Dave Vanian on vocals and Captain Sensible on guitars, these two aging, brittle Brits somehow resurrect the glory days and let the good times roll. This 13-song volley takes its cue from their 1977-1982 period of goofy, gothed-out slam jams; so if you're a fan, ya gotta get it, ya gotta get ta get it.

Speaking of punk-rock nostalgia, Manic Hispanic have made the year's best novelty record, where they "translate" well-known punk songs in the same way the self-proclaimed Mexican Elvis, El Vez, reworks the King's tunes for his audience of Latinos (and white, ironic hipsters). On The Recline of Mexican Civilization (BYO), The Clash's "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" becomes "Brown Man in O.C. Jail"; Rancid's "Ruby Soho" is reworked as "Rudy Cholo"; and X's "White Girl" becomes, you guessed it, "Brown Girl."

A band that got even better after it ditched the 1-2-3-4 pulse of punk was Joy Division (though, even early songs like "Warsaw" are unique enough to still sound special today). Available overseas, and now domestically, their four-CD box set, Heart and Soul (Rhino), carefully spells out why they were one of the greatest bands to release a mere two studio albums. So how does one make a four-CD set (crammed with 70-plus minutes of goodies each) from just two LPs? I mean, could you imagine a Blind Melon box set? Well, when your archive is overflowing with stellar unreleased songs, live tracks and assorted singles, you can get away with it. One can hear the blueprint of what became New Order, a group that rose from Joy Division's ashes, in Heart and Soul, which is more a moving memorial than anything else. The upbeat ending to this story is contained in the living, breathing document that is Get Ready (Reprise), New Order's first album since 1993's Republic. Here's another group I've ignored for nearly 15 years, so it's inspiring to hear them reach a new and different peak, pushing the guitars to the fore in a way they haven't done since their early, post-Joy Division days. Let us all pray for no Blind Melon box sets or any more releases by the truly awful post-Melon "supergroup" Unified Theory, who play melodramatic art rock (with a capital AOR) in a Meatloaf-meets-Jane's Addiction kind of way. Please, God. Oh, God, please.
Charlie Robison  
First Avenue Club • Oct. 17, 9:30pm

There must be something in the water down there in Texas—or maybe it’s the beer—that produces so many celebrated, multi-talented musicians. Like Lyle Lovett, Joe Ely, Townes Van Zandt, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Robert Earl Keen and many, many others, Lone Star homeboy Charlie Robison writes, sings and plays top-notch Tex-Mex, honky tonk and country blues with a nasty twang and a sense of humor.

Robison is on the verge of becoming as big a country star as his wife Emily of the Dixie Chicks. His version of the rollicking NRQ classic “I Want You Bad” made it into the country top 30, and the latest single, “Right Man for the Job,” from his new album Step Right Up, promises to be an even bigger hit. While Robison may be on the threshold of success, he’s not your typical TINN hat act. His style of country music rocks a bit too hard and his lyrics are a bit too smart—or maybe too smart-ass. He’s not above cheap wordplay (“Well, we kissed on the boxes of liquor and she reached down and grabbed her some Dickel”) or letting go with a wicked guitar solo (such as his blistering playing on the cut “Desperate Times”).

This Texas troubadour enjoys a reputation for being a great live performer. Catch him while he’s still playing small venues. 1550 S. First Avenue, Iowa City, 337-5527.

Steve Horowitz

**ART**

Akar Architecture and Design  
4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227

Dynamic Duo; works by husband and wife Chuck Hindes and Nancy Fink; Hindes, a UI ceramics professor, shows wood-fired ceramics; Fink shows botanical watercolors; through November.

Art at the Chamber  
IC Area Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 325 E. 1100 Fifth Street, City Center Square, Iowa City, 337-7447

Work by Truc Deegan and Nancy Fink.

The Art Mission  
114 S. Linn St., Iowa City

* Burning Bush,* mixed-media works by Barbara Robinette Moss.

Arts Iowa City  
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-7447

* Occupying the Layers of the Italian Landscape,* photographs of Rome by Robert Fox; *Map Series,* large figurative paintings by ISU faculty member Katherine Hannigan.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art  
514 3rd Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

* An American Anthem: 300 Years of Painting from The Butler Institute of American Art,* through Nov. 18; *Recent Acquisitions 2000-2001,* featuring wrought-iron gates designed by Grant Wood, Oct. 13-Dec. 9, Iowa Gallery. (See Words and Film/Video for more events)

Design Ranch Store  
335 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 354-2623

* Mountains & Diamonds: Paintings & Sculptures by Hu Hung-shu,* Hu Hung-shu is professor of design at the UI; *Lighting by Flos & Modern Italian Furniture by Zanotta,* Studio 168.

The Frame Station Gallery  
1100 Fifth Street, City Center Square, Iowa City, 351-6808


Hudson River Gallery & Frame Co.

* 538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488*

Catherine Jones-Davies, figurative and landscape oil paintings: James Casper, wood-fired ceramic tiles; through Nov. 9.

**Iowa Artisans Gallery**  
117 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-8686

William Nowysz: *Travel Journal in Watercolor,* through Nov. 9.

**Iowa State Bank and Trust**  
102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 356-5800

* Contemporary Quilts,* work by 11 quilters with local connections: Kathryn Jogerst, Cathy Mueller, Jo Betts, Berta Kallaus, Mary Ann Kelly, Joan Maxwell, Sugar Mark, Priscilla Wright, Connie Fund, Sue Evans and Trish Koza.

**Lorenz Boot Shop**  
132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053

* Safe as Houses,* new works on paper by Philip Kirk; *Mystery of the Lost Chorus,* archival digital prints by Michael Kehoe; through February.

**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 jewelry designer and goldsmith Scott Keating, through Nov. 2.

**Mendala Community Art Gallery**  
**Downtown Oxford**

Photographs and collages by Dan Eldon, photojournalist who was killed on the job in Somalia. See events.

**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 Sabzi, paintings resonating from Eastern and Western philosophies.
Cabaret
Hancher • Oct. 26-28
The Roundabout Theatre's new staging of this decadent musical classic was proclaimed by veteran New York critic Clive Barnes as “the best musical on Broadway.” Skulked along by some of the seediest and best-known songs in theater history—including the title song, “Willkommen,” “Tomorrow Belongs to Me,” “Mein Herr” and “Money”—Cabaret tells the story of an Englishwoman's romance with an American writer, set against the background of Germany at the dawn of the Third Reich. The musical is based on the observations of British writer Christopher Isherwood, who lived in Berlin from 1929 to 1932 and wrote a collection of stories based on his experiences. Playwright John Druten took one of Isherwood’s stories, “Sally Bowles,” and adapted it for the theatrical stage as I Am a Camera. That play was produced on Broadway in 1952, starring Julie Harris. The team of John Kander and Fred Ebb was engaged by Harold Prince to develop a musical version of the play, giving birth to Cabaret, and later the hit film starring Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli. Spm Friday, Oct. 26; 2pm and Spm Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27 and 28. UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160.

Fourth Annual Harvest Symposium
Old Brick • Oct. 18, 7-9pm; Oct. 20, 1-5pm
The Harvest Symposia are the brainchild of North Liberty regionalist writer and publisher Steve Semken. This year’s event sprawls over two days and offers hungry lovers of the local and the wild the opportunity to come together and feast. Thursday, Oct. 18, Paul Gruchow, author of Grass Roots and The Necessity of Empty Space, will deliver the keynote Harvest lecture. There will also be a local photography discussion with Howard Vrankin of West Branch. Saturday, Oct. 20, the symposium explores the native prairie landscape through art, poetry and dance. Former UI English professor Robert Sayre will speak on prairie restoration at 1pm; Joni Kinsey speaks on prairie art at 2pm; Mary Swander gives a poetry reading at 3pm and the Black Eagle Child Dance Troupe performs at 4pm. 26 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-7868.
NEW & USED CDS • POSTERS & MORE!

Saturday
Oct 20
Irene and the
Mad River Band
6pm

Saturday
Oct 27
Black Milk
6pm

Irene and the Mad River Band

624 S. Dubuque St. Iowa City
PH/FX 319-338-7462
salmarcia@mn.com

ENDORPHIDEN TATTOO

AUTOCLAVE STERILIZATION • BIOLOGICAL MONITORING

KRIS EVANS
tattoo artist/owner

REV. MATTHEW T. COOPER
tattoo apprentice/piercer

custom freehand original artwork
by appointment

632 S. Dubuque St. • 319.688.5185
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

MUSEUM

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

MUSIC

Clapp Recital Hall
University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Maia Quartet, Oct. 12, 8pm • St. Paul Sunday Morning: Live with the Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 14, 3pm • Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 14, 8pm • Annette-Barbara Vogel, violin, and Ayako Tsuruta, piano, Oct. 15, 8pm • OctBOB fest: Mark Weiger, oboe, and Shari Rhoads, piano, Oct. 19, 8pm • OctBOB fest: Maia String Quartet with David Weiss, Allen Vogel and Mark Weiger, oboes, Oct. 20, 8pm • OctBOB fest: Chamber Orchestra with David Weiss, Annette-Barbara Vogel and Mark Weiger, oboes, Oct. 21, 3pm • La Fosse Baroque Ensemble, Oct. 24, 8pm • Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 27, 8pm • University Choir, Oct. 28, 3pm • Patrick Jones, saxophone, with Laura Loewen, piano, Oct. 29, 8pm • Piano Festival Masterclass: Julian Lagerspetz, piano, Oct. 30, 9am-12pm

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384
Austin songwriter Michael Fracasso, Oct. 14 • Freedy Johnston, Oct. 16 • Honky-tonk hero Ray Wylie Hubbard, Oct. 19 • Iowa songwriters John Smith and Dave Moore, Oct. 20 • Ulleann piper Paddy Keenan, Oct. 21 • Sonia of Disappear Fear, Oct. 24 • Canadian troubadour Garnet Rogers, Oct. 30 • Mexican singer Lila Downs, Nov. 1

The Deadwood
6 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 351-9417
Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 20

First Avenue Club
1550 S. First Avenue, Iowa City, 337-5527
Charlie Robison, Oct. 17, 9:30pm

Gabe's
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
Angle, with Babel Section, Oct. 12 • Red Meat, with Will Whitmore and Bluezillion, Oct. 13 • Recom: Audio Research Report, Oct. 16 • Freedy Johnston, with the Kelly Pardekooper Band, Oct. 17 • Beef Wellington, with Poison Control Center and Shaking Tree, Oct. 18 • Ron Carrol, DJ Alert and others, Oct. 19 • Murder City Devils, with Botch and American Steel, Oct. 20 • Total Chaos, Oct. 23 • Ming and FS, Oct. 26 • Pernice Bros., The Kingsbury Manx, Oct. 29 • Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Oct. 24 • Jude, Michelle Branch, Oct. 25 • The Bent Scepters Reunion Show, Oct. 26 • rotation with Terrence Parker, Oct. 27 • Glasspack, Oct. 28 • Captured by Robots, Oct. 29 • Josh Martinez of Anticon, Oct. 30

The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Blues Jam Mondays, Late Night Tuesdays
Dave Olson Band with Sam Knutson and Shame Train and Ben Schmidt, Oct. 12 • The Greyhounds with Dr. Z's Experiment, Oct. 13 • Amor Belhorn Duon, Oct. 17 • Robert Walter's 20th Congress, with The Diplomats and Hop on Johnny, Oct. 18 • David Zolot and the Body Electric with Brother Trucker, Oct. 19 • Kevin B.F. Burt & The Instigators, Oct. 20

Psycho-Somatic with Racecar Radar and Burn Disco
Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
American mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade with the UI Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 17, 8pm.

Harper Hall
Voxman Music Bldg, UI campus, 335-1436
OCTOBOEfest, Oct. 20: Master class by Allen Vogel, 9:30am; College Oboe Competition winners' recital, 2pm; David Weiss, oboe, English horn and musical saw; Alpha Hackett Walker, oboe and piano, 3:30pm • OCTOBOEfest, Oct. 21: Master class by Allen Vogel, 9:30am.

IMU Wheelroom
UI campus, Iowa City

Literary Walk/Tower Place Dedication
Downtown Iowa City, Oct. 13, 1-6:30pm
UI Pan American Steel Drum Band, 2:30-3:30pm • Lazy Boys & the Recliners & Greg Brown, 4:30-6:30pm.

Lou Henri's
630 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-3637

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

Northside Books
203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330, Sunday Live!, all 2-3pm
David Huckflet, floppy-hat blues, Oct. 14 • Martha Eciey, classical piano variety, Oct. 21 • Nica's Dream, with special guests Andrew Knapp (trombone) and Marie Von Behren (vocal), Jazz, Oct. 28.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888 (unless noted otherwise)
Dennis James, organist, CRATOS concert, Oct. 14, 2pm • The Pasadena Roof Orchestra, Oct. 16, 7:30pm, 363-6254 for tickets • Cedar Rapids Symphony, "Classical Classics," Ani Aznavoorian, cello, Oct. 20, 8pm; Oct. 22, 7pm, 366-8203 for tickets • David Lanz, Oct. 21, 7:30pm • CR Symphony Children's Discovery Concert, "Circus Time!," Oct. 27, 2:30 & 4pm, 366-8203 for tickets.

Paul Engle Center
1600 Fourth Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Iowa Songwriter's Workshop, Oct. 28, 2-5pm.

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 Hazell, Oct. 20, 8pm.

Sal's Music Emporium
624 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 338-7462
Dave Olson and the One-Timers, Oct. 13, 6pm • Irene and the Mad River Band, Oct. 20, 6pm • Black Milk, Oct. 27, 6pm.

Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692

Terrapin Coffee Brewery
Corvalle, 341-6647
Mike & Amy Finders, Oct. 25, 7pm.

Third Street Live!
1204 3rd St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 365-6141
Gavity Crush, CD-release show with Leven and Joe Bonamasso, Oct. 12 • Benefit for the Victims and their Families of the Sept. 11th Tragedy, with Party Mix Specialists, Bohemian Soul Tribe, Skin Kandy and Greener, Oct. 14, 3pm • Party Mix Specialists, Oct. 20 • Fallen Roadies with the Stumblebums, Oct. 25 • Halloween party with Skin Kandy, Oct. 27.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Preview of OCTOBOEfest, Oct. 12, 7:30pm • Ingenuity on Percussion, Oct. 19, 7:30pm • Iowa Brass Quintet, Oct. 26, 7:30pm.

The Union Bar
Iowa City, 319-339-7713
Charlie Hunter, Keller Williams, Oct. 17 • Culture Featuring Joseph Hill, Oct. 18

Uptown Bar
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 399-0401
Alberto and Maria Valdivieso, Oct. 19, 8-12pm • UI Jazz group, Oct. 25, 10pm-1am.

US Cellular Center
370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Sipknot, System of a Down, Ramms tein, Mudvayne, No One, American Head Charge, Oct. 14 • Tool, with Tricky, Oct. 20, 7:30pm • Indoor Marching Band Classic, Oct. 29, 7pm.

Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
The Houston Ballet, Firebird, Oct. 12-13, 8pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Tap Dogs, November 1, 7:30pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-4384
Portrait of a Sissy, David De Bliek, Honolulu, Oct. 11-13, 8pm.

Dreamwell Theatre
120 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-7757
Lyistrato, new translation of Aristophanes' classic comedy by award-winning poet X. J. Kennedy, Oct. 12-13, 19-20, 26-27, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Cabaret, Tony Award-winning revival, Oct. 26 (8pm), Oct. 27 & 28 (2pm & 8pm).

Iowa City Community Theater
Exhibition Hall, Johnson County Fairgrounds, Iowa City, 338-0443
Performances Fridays and Saturdays 8pm: Thursday, 7:30pm and Sunday, 2:30pm
Moon Over Buffalo, comedy by Ken Ludwig (Lend Me a Tenor, Crazy for You) that centers on George and Charlotte Hay, fading stars of repertory theater in 1950s Buffalo, Oct. 26-27, Nov. 1-3, 9-11

Old Creamery Theatre
39 38th Ave. Amana, 800-352-6262
Performances Wednesdays, Fridays & Saturdays 8pm; Thursdays & Sundays 3pm.

Coralville, 341-6647

Sanctuary
Restaurant & Pub
405 S. Gilbert @ Court
351-5692 Mon-Sat @ 4pm

Little Village • 19
Love, Sex and the IRS, comedy farce by William Van Zandt and Jane Milmore, through Oct. 28.

**Paramount Theatre**

123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Footloose, Oct. 23-24, 7:30pm

**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.

**UI Theatre**

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
O Pioneers!, musical adaptation of the Willa Cather classic of late 19th-century life on the prairie, by UI Playwrights Workshop alumna Darrah Cloud, with music by Kim D. Sherman, through Oct. 21, 8pm, except Sundays, 3pm • Translated, by UI Playwrights Workshop student Joseph Ferron Hiatt, Oct. 18-21, 8pm (Oct. 21 3pm), Theatre B • Agamemnon by Aeschylus and Elektra by Euripides, Nov. 1, 7:30 & 9pm, David Thayer Theatre.

**COMEDY**

**The Mill**

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

**WORDS**

Becker Communication Studies Bldg.
Rm. 101, UI campus
Rae Armantrout, poetry reading, Oct. 26, 8pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

321 Chemistry Bldg.
UI campus
Mary Jo Bang, poetry reading, Oct. 19, 8pm.

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
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 • Oct. 17: Panel featuring community members discussing issues related to the ICCSD Equity Statement and its impact on the National Boy Scouts of America policy banning gays in the scouts, 7pm, Meeting Room A.
International Center Lounge

**Westmusic 60th**

FOR MORE INFO: 351-2000 / www.westmusic.com

"I will make time to make music again."
Bldg. East and Skywalk.
Lou Henri's
630 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-3637

PATV Silent Art Auction
First United Methodist Church, 214 E. Jefferson, Iowa City, Oct. 27
Large paintings, prints, ceramic pieces, artists' books and more, doors open at 10am and the bidding ends at 4pm.

Robert A. Lee Community Recreation Center
220 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 356-5100
Iowa City Recreation Division Halloween Parade and Carnival, Oct. 26, 6:15-8:30pm.

City of Iowa City
Civic Center, 410 E. Washington St., Iowa City (unless noted otherwise), 356-5236
Oct. 16: Special Council Work Session, smoking in restaurants, 6:30-8:30pm, Harvat Hall • Oct. 22: Special Council Work Session, 6:30pm, Harvat Hall • Oct. 23: Special Council Formal Meeting, 7pm, Harvat Hall.

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200
The Heritage Agency Legislative Forum, area state legislators discuss state funding of Iowa services, live on The Library Channel (local access channel 10), Oct. 15, 1pm, Meeting Room A.

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.

Becker Communication Studies Bldg.
Rm. 203, UI campus
Blush, film screening and discussion, Yu Yunshan, speaker, Oct. 26, 7pm, 335-0128 for more info • Raise the Red Lantern, film screening and discussion, Su Tung, speaker, Oct. 27, 7pm, 335-0128 for more info.

Bijou
Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Iowa City, 335-3041
Chopper, Australian flick compared to Reservoir Dogs, 7pm Oct. 12, 14, 16; 9pm Oct. 13, 15, 17 • Everybody Famous, Oscar-nominated Belgian film about a factory worker who dreams of becoming a songwriter, 7pm Oct. 13, 15, 17; 9pm Oct. 12, 14, 16 • Memento, lauded thriller by writer-director Christopher Nolan, 5pm Oct. 18-19, 21; 7pm Oct. 22-24; 7:30pm Oct. 20; 9pm Oct. 22-24; 9:30pm Oct. 18-21 • Nico and Doni, Spanish film about two teen-age boys who discover love and sex, 5pm Oct. 20; 7:30pm Oct. 18-19, 21 • Himalaya, French movie by Eric Valli about the lives of people whose ancient traditions survive in the modern world, 7pm Oct. 25-31; 9:30pm Oct. 25-31 • Rocky Horror Picture Show, 12am, Oct. 26-27.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
“Flying Cafe Europa,” readings, film and discussion, Oct. 18, 7pm.

MISC

Rocky Horror Picture Show, 12am, Oct. 26-27.


Including art from:
The Art Mission
Dan Coffey
Sandy Dyas
Vicky Grube
Iowa Artisans Gallery
Kymberly Koester
Louise Rauh
Grover V. Rosenkild
Gina Schulte
Kathy Thor
Patti Zwick

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
“Flying Cafe Europa,” readings, film and discussion, Oct. 18, 7pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
“Flying Cafe Europa,” readings, film and discussion, Oct. 18, 7pm.

Third Annual Public Access Television
Silent Art Auction
October 27th
10am-4pm
in the basement of
First United Methodist Church
214 East Jefferson Street
Public Access Television is a non-profit organization.
for more information call us at: 338-7035
patv@avalon.net www.icpatv.org

Includes art from:
The Art Mission
Dan Coffey
Sandy Dyas
Vicky Grube
Iowa Artisans Gallery
Kymberly Koester
Louise Rauh
Grover V. Rosenkild
Gina Schulte
Kathy Thor
Patti Zwick

If you know who is the bearer of this tattoo, please let us know by emailing us at: little-village@usa.net and you'll win 2 free tickets to Riverside Theatre!
ARIES (March 21-April 19) Straddling two uncertain and difficult situations, one local and one at a distance, is taxing indeed. It could also be expensive, and money will remain scarce for awhile. Your instincts are especially sharp and reliable now, but you are operating amidst increased confusion and pressure. Current negotiations seem slow-going and promise only modest gains. However slow the pace or modest the gains, these negotiations are laying a solid foundation for future achievements. Persistence will eventually yield generous rewards.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) Higher-ups are upset and increasingly testy because their plans have been torpedoed. Everybody's operative assumptions have been overturned. Strategic plans, once set in concrete, are now fluid, but they should be. They badly needed changing. Your instincts are especially sharp now and your luck remains strong so you can sort through the mess. Many friends and partners are beset by confusion, anxiety and outright fear. Taureans are less vulnerable to these things, however. You can have a calming effect.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Geminis are now on the move. The only thing more impressive than the heavy stuff going down around you is your skill and luck in dealing with it. The obstacles are truly daunting and your power seems, well, slight in comparison. However, your actions are gracious, nimble, well-thought-out and surprisingly effective. You will find a safe and acceptable way to go despite a continuing series of disconcerting events, mounting pressure, and the fear and confusion of others.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) You feel like a child underfoot. Lots of authority figures, people at higher levels in important areas of your life, are preoccupied and scrambling and just not paying much attention to you. Theyaren't keeping you informed. They aren't seeking your input. They don't mind that you are upset and worried. They are concerned that you question a lot of what they are doing. Don't worry. These people are moving faithfully, reliably and quickly to protect your interests.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22) Your urge to play, to create or just mess around has rarely been so strong. Nor has it ever been in such sharp conflict with your sense of social responsibility and your desire to help people out. Indeed, both urges are getting stronger, and so is the conflict between them. In the next couple of weeks you will find a thousand opportunities, in big ways and in small ways, to fulfill these needs and to resolve the conflict between them.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22) Certain parties still think they have power over you. They are getting ready to put you where they want you without regard for who and what you are, again. Their motives and their methods are doubtful. And they will not succeed. You will. When will these guys learn? Their hold over you has ended. Your ways have parted. They cannot delay your imminent success. Plan financial aspects of your coming expansion carefully. The economic road ahead is full of turns.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22) A rock and a hard place? You'll waltz right between them. Impenetrable fog? You'll see right through it. A rocking boat? You'll juggle six martinis on the deck of a rocking boat without spilling a drop. They should put Librans in charge of everything, make them prime minister, at least. But the plans want Librans to take it easy—play, even. Be patient with other mortals who aren't as clear­sighted or sure-footed right now—by a long shot.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21) There are clear signs of progress in long-standing family problems. All concerned are moving in a better direction. However, open conflict is still a distinct possibility. Pressures are building along financial fault lines again, too. Needed changes in financial areas will occupy you for awhile to come. Growing personal clarity will help bring solutions to these financial puzzles. Your old attitudes toward money are changing in a helpful way. Shake off occasional fatigue. Don't let worries get you down.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21) There is a lot of anxiety and potential aggravation over a problematic local issue. Public misunderstandings over this issue are upsetting and potentially embarrassing. Pressure is building up again between yourself and key partners over this and related matters. There is mutual affection and sympathy but there isn't enough of it. It isn't real trust, also. It just isn't possible to accomplish anything big right now. Foundations can be laid for solid accomplishments in the future. Your ideas will eventually be realized.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19) Negotiations between partners, yourself and higher-ups seem unsatisfying and unpromising. It isn't just the bickering, the arguments, the unres­olution of anything, the lack of resolution of anything. There is real trust, also. It just isn't possible to accom­plish anything big right now. Foundations can be laid for solid accomplishments in the future. Your ideas will eventually be realized.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18) Your pioneering and creative ideas are proving successful and attracting a lot of attention. People are considering the implications for their own lives. Immediate, complete acceptance is not in evidence, however. Lots of people are getting on board. Others are not sure they like what they see, but they aren't running in the opposite direc­tion, either. People in power are most hesitant. Time really is on your side. Your ideas will eventually achieve solid acceptance in the public mind.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20) You are famous for a questioning, combative approach to things and your cynical, hard-nosed take on new ideas and beliefs. However, in recent years, your attitudes have quietly undergone a transformation. It is important now to let people know your attitudes have broadened and softened. The success of business and personal relationships heavily depend on it. Introducing these new ideas into your old life could feel awkward. However, people will come to like and depend on the new you.
Strange eign man Left the store, poLice confirmed the can
When a store clerk in Troy, Ohio, reported hearing a can on a shelf ticking shortly after a foreign man left the store, police confirmed the can did emit a high-pitched whistle. Further investigation determined the can contained only green beans, and police could offer no explanation for the sound.

The Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio, Texas, has patented a "rapid deployment countermeasure system," which it said shields public figures from assassination far more effectively than cumbersome bulletproof vests. The person being protected stands behind an open door frame similar to an airport metal detector. When radar antennae sense fast-moving incoming objects, they deploy a bulletproof plastic blanket across the frame fast enough to stop a 9mm bullet fired from 20 yards.

Great Escapes
Charles Maneri Jr. of Cicero, N.Y., was arrested on a felony charge but escaped custody at his arraignment by answering to the name of another inmate who was being arraigned for violating an open-container law. A few minutes later, the bailiff called Maneri's name. When no one answered, sheriff's deputies realized what had happened. Sheriff's department spokesperson John D'Eредella said investigators were unsure how Maneri was able to make the switch since he is 37, 5-feet-5, 150 pounds and white, and the other prisoner is 16, 5-feet-8, 124 pounds and black.

Three prisoners escaped from a French jail in Corsica when officials received a fake fax ordering their release. Written on official stationery, the fax was signed by the magistrate who was investigating the men. Prison officials said they were so sure the fax was real that they never thought to check the number where it originated or contact the judge to confirm his order.

Seventeen inmates escaped from a Brazilian prison in Sao Paulo state by threatening a guard with a homemade cardboard gun. Globo News television reported the cardboard came from the prison's arts and crafts workshop.

Life in the Fast Lane
A Connecticut car rental agency began charging its customers who exceed the speed limit, using information obtained by monitoring the vehicles' global positioning system. The practice by New Haven-based Acme-Rent-A-Car came to light after a customer who rented a minivan questioned a $450 charge and was told the rental agreement warned that he would have to pay $150 if he drove over the speed limit. The man notified state authorities, who lodged a complaint against Acme seeking to stop the practice as deceptive.

Animal Detectives
Russian army deserter Viktor Borovik managed to elude authorities for six years on Kamchatka peninsula until he accidentally set his hideout on fire after drinking home-brewed alcohol. The smell of rotting flesh from burns covering 40 percent of Borovik's body attracted a bear. Hunters tracking the bear came across Borovik and took him to the hospital in serious condition.

Britain's MI5 spy agency disclosed that in the 1970s it devised a plan to train gerbils to catch foreign spies. The rodents were to be stationed at airports to smell passers-by. Whenever they detected a surge of adrenaline in someone's sweat, indicating the person was nervous and thus a likely suspect, the rodents were supposed to press a lever to alert authorities. The plan was dropped, the London Telegraph reported, after the agency discovered the gerbils couldn't distinguish between espionage agents and people who were just nervous because they were flying.

When Guns Are Outlawed
Police in Syracuse, N.Y., accused Willie J. Jones, 32, of trying to rob three people using gasoline and a lighter. A fourth victim, Dwight Furet, ran away after he said Jones doused him "from head to toe" and tried to set him on fire. He alerted the police, who found Jones bleeding from his chest. He insisted Furet stabbed him, but Furet said Jones probably stabbed himself with a machete he tried to pull from his pants after failing to set him on fire. Officers charged Jones after locating the 24-inch weapon and discovering Jones was wearing a machete sheath.

Occupational Hazard
Police detectives in Caracas, Venezuela, are getting sick from passive cocaine smoking. Authorities said large quantities of the drug, confiscated in more than 10,000 busts since July 1999, have been stored in cramped offices, where staff members cannot avoid inhaling particles. As a result, many employees are missing work and complaining of breathing difficulties.

Down in the Dumps
Fairfax County, Va., one of the nation's most affluent counties, has formed a Hoarding Task Force to deal with the problem of people accumulating items that appear to be useless or of limited value to the extent that their homes become unsafe or unhealthy to live in. In August, the Washington Post reported the task force has about 40 active cases and expects to handle at least 100 this year. "It's a growing mental health problem," county Supervisor Gerald E. Connolly said. "You've got somebody who's got a behavioral problem, but you've also got a neighborhood that's being held hostage by it."

Putting the Ban in Taliban
Mullah Mohammed Omar, the leader of Afghanistan's Taliban militia, issued a ban on lipsticks, chess boards, playing cards, satellite dishes, musical instruments, cassette tapes, computers, videos, television sets, films, film-making equipment, billiard tables and anything that is deemed a living thing, human or animal. The decree, which will be enforced by the Taliban's religious police, stipulates that "the prevention of evil and the promotion of virtue is the main and important task of the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan."

Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Send original clippings, citing source and date, to P.O. Box 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.
What Color is the Sky in your world?

It's Green at

Come Live in our world!
Become a Part-time Sales Professional!
8am-1pm M-F
or
3:30pm-9:30pm M-Thurs
& 3:30pm-7:30pm Fri

$8 + commission
Fun & Casual Environment

- Tuition Reimbursement
- Free Long Distance Credits
- Paid Time Off
- Medical, Dental & Vision
- 401K

MCI
1925 Boyrum
Iowa City 52240
1.888.236.7614

Hippie CAB
NOW OPEN
24 HOURS
936-Caby

@ The University of Iowa!!
www.uiowa.edu/scope

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
with Muckafurgason
OCTOBER 11
MAIN LOUNGE
Iowa Memorial Union

JACK JOHNSON
as seen with G Love & Ben Harper
OCTOBER 26
IMU WHEELROOM
TIX NOW ON SALE!!
Presented by Music Circuit & SCOPE

An evening with...
MARTIN SEXTON
NOVEMBER 13
IMU WHEELROOM
TIX ON SALE NOW!!

NEAL MccOY
NOVEMBER 28
MAIN LOUNGE
Iowa Memorial Union
TIX NOW ON SALE!!

All tickets available through Ticketmaster or The University of Iowa Box Office. (319)-363-1888 Tickets may be charged to University bill.
The University of Iowa encourages all people to attend University sponsored events. If you require special assistance, contact Fabiola Rodriguez at (319)-335-3205.