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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

AN EMERGENCY MEETING AT "THIS MODERN WORLD" CORPORATE HQ...
NOW THAT SPARKY'S A REPUBLICAN, WE NEED A NEW MASCOT
TO PROVIDE CAUSTIC COMMENTARY--
A.S.A.P.

I'LL PUT AN AD ON CRAIG'S LIST.

DON'T BOther--I
THINK BLINKY
WILL BE ABLE
TO FILL IN...

BLINKY? ARE YOU NUTS?
BLINKY IS A VERY NICE DOG WHO'S
NEVER HAD A STRONG OPINION
IN HIS LIFE! HE DOESN'T HAVE
AN ANGRY BONE IN HIS BODY!

UNBELIEVABLE!!

ER--YES, WELL--

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME,
I'M GONNA GO FIND THAT
TURNCOAT PENGUIN AND
KICK HIS SKINNY BUTT BACK
TO ANTARCTICA!

EHRH--BOB?

STEROIDS, BEEN SLIPPING
THEM INTO HIS DINNER
BOWL FOR A COUPLE OF
WEEKS NOW.

I'LL GO PLACE
THAT AD.
GOOD IDEA.

HAVE YOU PEOPLE SEEN THE
NEWS LATELY? ACCORDING TO
BOB WOODWARD, BUSH TOLD
SAUDI PRINCE BANDAR WE WERE
GOING TO WAR TWO DAYS BEFORE HE TOLD HIS OWN SEC-
RETARY OF STATE!

Now driving south

Oasis from the normal...
Where is Kerry?
Right where he needs to be

For those of us who take seriously the aphorism that a week can be a lifetime in politics, the prospect of the near half-year that separates us from the Presidential Election of 2004 is a thing of visceral dread. Never before has the Chinese curse about living in interesting times struck quite so close to home. On the one hand, you have an incumbent's campaign that is clearly being run by the same people who expected American troops to be greeted by showers of rose petals in the streets of Baghdad. On the other, you have an American populace of whom 70 percent are capable of swallowing, at least short term, such outright untruths as the notion that the 9/11 highjackers were Iraqi. This confluence of delusions, both private and mass, promises a political climate for this campaign that will be as volatile as it is surreal.

As horrifying a prospect as this seems to some of us, it is not frightening enough to keep some in the commentary community from trying to rev the engines of the Kerry campaign, which they seem to think is off to a slow start. "Where," they ask, "is John Kerry?" While some of this anxiety is understandable given the track record of the Democratic candidates of the last 20 years not named Bill Clinton—both Michael Dukakis and Al Gore were dogged by early, unanswered smears against their campaigns and were slow to catch fire—it is also a much more complicated question than those who ask it realize.

A good part of the answer to "Where is John Kerry?" has in fact been, "Right over there, giving a speech." With the exception of a ski vacation over the spring holidays, Kerry has been active as both a candidate and a senator, and has offered numerous critiques of the administration as well as a detailed outline of an economic plan. For all this activity, however, Kerry has had difficulty appearing where it counts—on the front page and the evening news. The failure of Kerry's coverage to keep up with his campaign is, however, only partially the result of the pro-status quo bias inherent in the corporate media, and in the final analysis isn't entirely such a bad thing. Though Kerry has been pushed off the front page, the stories appearing there in his stead—the activities of the 9/11 Committee, the uprisings in Iraq, the president's prime time press conference, and many, many more—have represented an unprecedented stretch of bad news for both the administration and the Bush campaign.

If Kerry's response to that news seems a bit muted, it should be remembered that it has not only been bad news for Bush, but for the nation and world. Incongruous as it might be in what is after all a political contest, the charge of playing politics with tragedy is one that could still stick. As indicting as recent events have been of administration duplicity and incompetence, Americans are still rather fond of killing the messenger—especially in the area of war news, it is a message Kerry delivers at his peril.

And while it is true that the Bush campaign has both outproduced and outspent Kerry's in the area of paid media, it is also true that they have so far done themselves no favor by doing so. Thus far the output of Carl Rove's crack team of image makers has consisted of a series of advertisements that offended a majority of Americans by trying to exploit the 9/11 tragedy for political gain (a cautionary tale for Kerry, certainly) and another series that lied demonstrably and repeatedly about Kerry's record and economic plan (and which the campaign has continued to run for weeks after they were debunked by most of the national press). While they have been successful in driving up Kerry's negatives, that trend hasn't kept pace with the recent precipitous fall in their candidate's positives, especially in the areas of compassion and trustworthiness.

None of this is to suggest that one can count on the Bush campaign to beat itself—though if the George W. Bush on view on the February "Meet The Press" interview and last month's news conference is the one they intend to send out on the campaign trail, they might do well to think of running a Rose Garden strategy. Still, one indulges complacency and overconfidence against a Bush at one's peril—the president, like his father before him, has shown a marked ability to rise like the killer at the end of a mad slasher movie, ready to wreak more carnage in the sequel despite his many wounds.

The president, like his father before him, has shown a marked ability to rise like the killer at the end of a mad slasher movie, ready to wreak more carnage in the sequel despite his many wounds.
The end of a fruitful era

I suppose it was inevitable, but the end of this summer will also be the end of an era. The Coral Fruit Market at the corner of Highway 6 and the Coral Ridge Zoomway will disappear forever. Visit it this summer. Not only will it be your last chance to patronize this hometown business, but it will be one of your few last chances to experience a passing way of life.

The Coral Fruit Market has been owned by the Carpenter family since the early 1960s, so it's a fairly deep part of this transient community's historical memory. At the Coral Fruit Market, you won't find a freshly paved parking lot, chic displays with the latest trendy trophy plants, or lifestyle classes in xeriscaping and the Zen of holistic gardening.

At the Coral Fruit Market, you won't find a freshly paved parking lot, chic displays with the latest trendy trophy plants, or lifestyle classes in xeriscaping and the Zen of holistic gardening. You'll find rows and rows of plants on old tables, a ramshackle sales building and some greenhouses that work perfectly well, though clearly showing their age. And you'll find some friendly local people who have run a family business for generations, lots of flowers and vegetables and herbs for your garden this summer, lots of crazy twisted old oak trees that you would swear might start talking to you like in The Wizard of Oz, some candy for the kids, and one of the last gasps of down-home business on the Coralville strip.

It wasn't that many years ago that the Coral Fruit Market was "way out there in the country" on 6. You would have even gotten arguments whether or not it was part of the Strip. "Way back" in the late 1980s, when I was in graduate school at The University of Iowa, my wife and I drove "all the way out" to the Coral Fruit Market for some tomato plants. We had not been married long, and we were living in an apartment with a balcony. Despite our condition of home non-ownership, we wanted to begin getting our hands dirty with even a tiny modicum of self-sufficiency. A tomato plant or two in a pot on the balcony would do. So we drove past the frontier of Coralville—the Eagle and the K-Mart (now Geico Insurance and McGregor Furniture)—and pulled into the dusty gravel driveway on the right side of the road, across the highway from the railroad tracks and miles of grass and trees. We probably spent five dollars or so, but it was a deposit on putting roots into home.

When we returned to Iowa City in 1999, we knew that the voracious megamall had sprung from the fields off Highway 6, and one of the first things we anxiously wondered was if the Coral Fruit Market was still there. Driving out Highway 6, we marveled at how the Strip had been transformed—in many ways neatened up, for sure, and certainly more prosperous, but also diminished in local character, and maybe even soul. But as we passed and passed the chain restaurants and new strip malls, and as the sprawl of the monstrous Corporate Palace of Coral Ridge loomed ahead of us, we caught sight of those crazy old twisted oak trees, the rickety long tables on the gravel and the ramshackle sales shack. Ah, it was still there!

In the last five years, we've banked some more good memories at the Coral Fruit Market with our kids. Our yard still boasts some hollowed-out gourds from the Market, which were purchased with hand-lettered-and-drawn photocopied instructions on how to turn them into bird houses. We have hosted more than one wren family in them.

Halloween has become a more elaborate affair at the Market, but still demonstrably homegrown. Many families, like ours, will no doubt cherish memories of simple pleasures like the kids shrieking through the haunted house (with the teen-age hosts being careful to ask the little ones if they want it scary or not), sticking their heads through wooden scarecrow and pumpkin cutouts, and bouncing little pillows attached to elastic cords at each other. The grand unveiling of the chosen pumpkin's weight was always a highlight. From our Halloween decoration box this fall, we'll pull out once again the small gourd shaped like a swan that our daughter Sylvia discovered at the Market.

And many families will certainly miss walking through the multiple rows of firs and pines in December, an evergreen forest that contains, once they discover it, the Christmas tree that will grace their living room.

Bowing to modern times, I've "Googled" the Coral Fruit Market, and found an Iowa gardening discussion list with a thread on the Coral Fruit Market's closing. Many remember special trips there with moms, dads, grandmas, grandpas, aunts and uncles, to get spring flowers and summer water-
melons, followed by ice cream at the Purple Cow (that’s before my time here).

Next year, these few acres will probably be earning someone else a lot more money. And, no doubt, the crazy twisted oaks will be cut down, the gravel driveway will be turned into an asphalt parking lot, the ramshackle store and greenhouses will be dismantled, and the rusting Coral Fruit Market trucks will disappear. A cement and glass strip mall will certainly rise, replete with fast food joints, insurance offices and chain stores, erasing the character of the corner into the endless suburban development of Coral Ridge. To get flowers, vegetable plants and Christmas trees near that location anymore, you’ll have to go to the big box home improvement superstore that has invaded a hillside on the other side of the mall.

Many will call the area “improved” once the bulldozers knock down the Coral Fruit Market, and some may even say it will be more attractive. But many more, I think, will sigh with regret as they snake their way through the increasingly clogged traffic of Highway 6, missing the shady, and a little shabby, acres with their own deep beauty, that were comfortable, family-oriented, intergenerational and friendly. I don’t think too many traditions will be made at the sub shop or chain hair salon that will no doubt replace the Market.

But there will be pieces of this place still scattered around the area for awhile, whether they be gourd birdhouses hanging from backyard trees, perennials breaking through the ground again in the spring, or fading photos of kids sticking their heads through wooden pumpkin cutouts in family picture albums.

Businesses like the Coral Fruit Market are important threads in the web of place and community that we build. We’re snipping those threads loose one by one, losing more and more of them to more “efficient,” “productive” and “contemporary lifestyle” businesses, almost all of which will not last more than a few years as market cycles threaten bottom lines. These new concerns, lacking any investment of tradition or emotion, will simply be abandoned at the first blush of trouble. I don’t know of any other place like the Market in our community. It truly is the last of its kind in Iowa City and Coralville. I urge you to take one last pass through a local institution this summer, to honor its history and memory, to buy one last basil plant for your secret-recipe marinara sauce, and to enjoy one last batch of late summer sweet corn from a place you and your grandparents maybe used to visit every weekend in the warm months. I guarantee that the moment will live on with you, tying you down into place, even if just a little bit, and even if only in memory. LV
No endless aisles of packaged cake mixes, no bleach-clean linoleum, no piped-in dentist-office Muzak punctuated with commercial jingles, no video rental and no cash registers. Instead, what you'll find at your local farmers market is an abundance of delicious, seasonal, farm-fresh produce raised with care and sold by your neighbors in a community-focused atmosphere.

Shopping the farmers markets may seem odd or even intimidating to the uninitiated, but once you start, it's hard to stop. The sights and sounds, the mingling with friends, the discoveries—such as an organic farmer who grows heirloom tomatoes from seeds her great grandmother saved—are all things that make you want to return every day.

Thanks to the proliferation of markets in our area, you can go every day—for half the year anyway. Some parts of the country enjoy long growing seasons and thus have markets that last all year, but in these parts, markets usually go from May through October. Different markets operate at different times and days, but once you get in the habit, you can use these markets to get food every day that actually is fresh from the farm, rather than just saying so on a label.

There are 45,000 households in Johnson County. If each shifted just $10 more of its weekly food budget from grocery stores to farmers markets, an additional $23.4 million would stay here in Johnson County rather than disappearing to some far-off corporate headquarters. Think about that next time that annoying yellow smiley face is screaming about rolling back prices.

Here are a few tips to make your farmers market experience a better one:

Tip #1: Get there early! Most farmers markets have strict policies about pre-selling. They are not allowed to sell at all until the market master announces the official opening, much like the opening bell at the Chicago Board of Trade. This makes people arrive early to stake out places in front of their favorite stalls. Get there early, look for the food that most appeals to you and wait for the whistle that opens the market.

Tip #2: Bring lots of singles. No, I don't mean that roommate who desperately needs to find a date (although perhaps one could); I mean $1 bills. Farmers appreciate exact change, and most things are sold in increments of 50 cents or a dollar. Bring plenty of singles, and keep them in your pocket—purse can be unwieldy.

Tip #3: Introduce yourself. Part of the

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**Farmers Markets**

**In Iowa City and the surrounding area**

Markets open May through October

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Market Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Days &amp; Times</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Iowa City Farmers Market</td>
<td>Lower level of Chauncey Swan between Washington &amp; College St</td>
<td>Wednesday, 5:30-7:30pm; Saturday, 7:30-11:30am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sycamore Mall Farmers Market (Iowa City)</td>
<td>West end of Sycamore Mall parking lot, Hwy 6 &amp; Sycamore St.</td>
<td>Tuesday, 3-6:30pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coralville Farmers Market</td>
<td>Morrison Park: Swimming Pool Lot</td>
<td>Monday &amp; Thursday, 5-8pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedar Rapids City Market</td>
<td>1350 A Street, SW, Riverside Roadhouse</td>
<td>Tuesday &amp; Thursday, 3:30-5:30pm; Saturday, 6:30-11:30am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noelridge Farmers Market (Cedar Rapids)</td>
<td>Collins Road &amp; Council St</td>
<td>Monday, Wednesday &amp; Friday 4-6pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairfield Farmers Market</td>
<td>Town Square, Burlington St.</td>
<td>Tuesday, 5-8:30pm; Saturday, 7:30am-12 noon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Farmers Markets</td>
<td>3375 7th Avenue East End Shopping Center</td>
<td>Wednesday, 3-6pm; Saturday, 8-11:30am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedar County Farmers Market (Tiffin)</td>
<td>South of Courthouse</td>
<td>Saturday, 7-11am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington Farmers Market I</td>
<td>Central Park, Downtown Square</td>
<td>Thursday, 5-7:30pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington Farmers Market II</td>
<td>1600 East Washington St., Highway 92</td>
<td>Orscheln/Pamida/USDA/FSA parking lot Sunday, 1:30-3pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellman Farmers Market</td>
<td>Slockett Park, Downtown Wellman</td>
<td>Tuesday, 4pm-6pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Branch Farmers Market</td>
<td>120 North First St., driveway area</td>
<td>Friday, 4:30-6pm</td>
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*continued on page 13*
Oasis in the World of the Regular

A seasoned regular reflects on the loss of the rock-solid apparition that is Mumm’s

Noah Seila

I'm fairly certain that each life is meant to endure a little instability caused by being betwixt the natural drama that the human cyclone creates and the inevitable trauma that second guessing where you decided to lay a floor plan brings about. Since I've been renting time on this planet, a few of these situations have arisen—most out of my control, some not—and I've been ailed with the curious dissatisfaction that comes with thinking that things aren't really that solid after all and maybe my life would be better if I dealt with it by just engaging in an imagined, narcissistic trudge through a muck of self loathing (whoa, my bad, that diatribe was a direct correlation to the amount of booze I've been drinking lately while listening to Elliot Smith and The Cure). It's an unwanted rarity when these epiphanies hit you. If you were to guess that the reason behind a sense of palpability resurfacing in my life was Mumm's, a lone saloon in perfect juxtaposition to the Iowa River and a McDonald's, then that guess would be one of the rarest things of all. Mumm's will soon be closing its doors, but just because the bar won't be there doesn't mean the people that bestowed upon it witty character and smoky charm, just as solid as the mortar and brick that house them, will quit drinking...er... I mean, quit being who they are while drinking.

In early 1999, I lost my grandfather, who had essentially taken on the role of father the last few years of his life, and then I lost my biological father a couple of months afterward. I remember standing on the steps of the back door of Mumm’s one warm evening with the salty fish stink of the Iowa River in my nose and the constant near-then-far-of early summer traffic crossing the Benton Street Bridge in my ears. In an attempt to build a little wall around me, which tends to happen when things go a little berserk in my little weird world, I induced a smidgen of reality-deprived reverie. As I watched the Iowa River pass by, I took my empty beer bottle and chucked it in, imagining the bottle shattering as it made its way between Lone Tree and Riverside. Eventually it, or the tiny fragments that once composed it, would end up somewhere in a larger river that would get dumped into a larger and would finally end up in the Gulf of Mexico. Sometime, a few decades ago, it was possible that a young
Robert Zimmermann had a similar experience next to a Minnesota lake while facing the daunting task of trying to figure out a way to fit his last name onto his high school basketball jersey, all the while strumming his guitar and singing “Blowin’ in the Wind.” That reverie, though, was pretty short lived, considering I was standing on ground with a urine concentration rivaling the radiation level at Chernobyl in the spring of 1986.

Mumm’s is really no place to wax poetic; it’s just accidentally poetic all the time. It’s not a place to compose any sort of deep and relevant life-affirming crap—it’s a bar for scars (good or bad) and the stories behind them. The more you dwell in the abstract, the less likely you are to realize the wonderful concreteness of the bar and the people who inhabit it. I stood there and giggled a little giggle to myself about how I, like that bottle, was morphing into something as superb (good or bad) and the stories behind them.

Mumm’s is really no place to wax poetic; it’s just accidentally poetic all the time. It’s not a place to compose any sort of deep and relevant life-affirming crap—it’s a bar for scars (good or bad) and the stories behind them.

I reentered through the biker-decaled backdoor and was one of the many Mumm’s faithful offered the privilege of witnessing something that every person on the planet should witness at least once in his/her lifetime. It was something like a derailed roller coaster—you don’t want to watch people dangle from 100 feet in the air but you’re eating a sno-cone and a corn dog and you can’t not stare. Granted, I’d seen something like this before, but now it made me feel great to be a regular. I was a piece of the collective unit and it snapped me back from the reality of things when they hit the fan.

This shouldn’t be taken as a kind of eulogy; eulogies are meant for people or places that have died or been destroyed. I have a sneaking suspicion that Mummey will be opening up at another location. Although I won’t be able to hear the squeaky front door almost come off its hinges, or hinge, as my friend Jay busts through it headfirst and yells, “My sister hunts bears with a stick!” I know these same people will congregate at a different place and make it their own, hopefully, with Mummey steering the whole lot of us toward and away from the rocks. If that’s not the case, so be it. Like I said before, there’s a certain comfort in not dealing with the reality of things when they hit the fan that may be a necessity for me, but I could and hopefully will always be able to count on Mumm’s for giving me, and us, a true ‘Oasis in the World of the Regular.” LV
A roadtrip into the South begs the question:
Is place still important?

Road trippin’ from Iowa to Tennessee may seem a dumb idea. After all, it’s 10-plus hours in the car each way and in this age of the Internet and the homogenization of America, what do they have there that we don’t have better here or can get quickly over the Web? Well, I still don’t know, but there are regional differences. Place still means something. Nowhere is this more evident than in the two places we visited—Memphis and Nashville. Each of these locations is distinct from the other, despite the fact that they are only separated by some 200 miles.

The most obvious difference between these two Southern cities is color. Downtown Memphis has an overwhelmingly African-American population. Sure, integration has taken hold and one can spot white people in the midst of the black population, but being white makes one feel like the member of a minority group. The opposite is true in Nashville. One can walk for blocks without seeing a dark face. Yes, there are some African-Americans present, but compared to even a place like Iowa City, Nashville seems color-less.

Several telling examples come to mind. Waiting for the Reverend Al Green’s Sunday morning service at the Full Gospel Tabernacle Church in Memphis to begin, we headed out for breakfast. We were warned Rev. Green’s service would last at least three hours, so we wanted to be prepared. We entered an IHOP fully staffed and almost fully patronized by black people. As white people, we were put at the head of the line and received faster service than the black customers. At first, I thought maybe this graciousness was part of the Southern hospitality given to all guests, and we were treated better because we were recognized as out-of-towners. However, this notion was soon dispelled when another group of white people entered and were given better help as well. The irony here is that the white head of household wore a shirt emblazoned with a Confederate flag. I admit regretting that I did not ask our black waiter or another customer what they thought of the shirt, but I observed that everyone ignored it and did not make a big deal. In the light of Dr. Howard Dean’s remark concerning Southerners with Confederate flags, I wondered if the fact that no one at this almost all-black Memphis restaurant paid no attention—Memphis, the city where Martin Luther King Jr. was gunned done—meant that wearing a Confederate flag did not have racist overtones, or if it did and no one wanted to start a fight on a sleepy Sunday morning.

Later that night we attended the Crown Royal Comedy Soul Revue at The Pyramid, a large structure that holds 20,000 people and serves as the home of the Memphis Grizzlies professional NBA team. We were among the handful of white people in the audience, a fact that did not go unremarked on from the stage. Several of the black comedians brought this to the attention of the house and then told jokes about the differences between white and black people. “Do you know the difference between white pornography and black pornography?” one comedian asked. “White pornography has a plot and dialogue. ’Excuse me, Ms. Smith, it appears that your husband

continued on page 12
come for a fine mediterranean experience.

fresh seafood, steaks, vegetarian and chicken dishes prepared for your culinary delight with the fresh flavors of the mediterranean.

steaks-pastas-vegetarian

Afterwards, browse the Prairie Lights annex, enjoy the art work displayed throughout, stay the night and take home some fine wines and food for your next meal.
is not at home. May I come in?... While in a black porno movie, they don't say nuthin'. They just get right to it, unh-unh.” While the humor might appear degrading to blacks, it was taken as a form of community—black people pronouncing themselves as different from their white counterparts.

In contrast, we spent the next night at Nashville's legendary Bluebird Cafe, famous as the home for country songwriters on the way up. We saw three different songwriting acts at various stages of their careers. The first sang a tune that he proudly announced had just been recorded by Hank Williams Jr. called “Why Don't We all Just Get a Longneck?”, which featured that infamous Nashville country wordplay as he speculated that if all the world leaders sat down at a bar and drank together, there would be no more wars and conflicts. (Incidentally, one of the black comedians the previous night had made a similar thesis—saying that if Bill Clinton was still president he would go over to Iraq with his saxophone and a big bag of weed and wouldn't leave until everyone was happy.) The next songwriter worked in a similar vein, offering a song that was a big hit for John Michael Montgomery, “Sold (The Grundy County Auction Incident).”

The third, Jeffrey Steele, was much better and didn't rely on corny puns. The emcee said Steele currently had three songs in the Top 20, but I couldn't tell you which ones, and like the other singers, his songs were clearly grounded in the lives of white Southerners. I spotted just one black face in the audience.

So what does this all mean? Memphis is black; Nashville is white—so what? Maybe it doesn't mean shit to a tree. These are just the simple observations of a tourist. However, on the visceral level, this analysis shows that there are still significant differences between places. The color issue brings this to the surface in Memphis and Nashville, but how about the dissimilarities in places 200 miles apart here in Iowa? Is Iowa City significantly different than Ames, the Quad Cities from Des Moines, etc? I used to think not, but now I am not so sure. Place is still important, despite the seeming homogenization of American life and the growth of the World Wide Web. Where you're from and where you live are still important in defining who you are.
beauty of shopping and eating this way is that you’re shaking the hand that raised the vegetable. Once you’ve found a farmer whose food you like, get to know him or her. These are people who are passionate about what they do and enjoy talking about it when they’re not too busy selling. They’ll know a lot about how to store and prepare whatever you get from them. In addition, they’ll be happy to share growing tips and hear what you’d like to see at the market next year.

Tip #4: Ask questions. Find out where the food was grown and when it was picked. Ask whether the farmer uses sustainable and/or organic methods. Many farmers follow organic guidelines but don’t bother with the bureaucracy of getting certified organic. Once, when I was explaining the basic concepts of sustainable farming to a friend’s grandfather, he listened patiently as I intoned about the splendor of heirloom tomatoes and compared till to no-till. When I finished he said, “Son, in my day we just called that ‘farming.’”

Tip #5: Bring a bag. You’ll find it much easier to handle everything if you come prepared. Many people even bring those little two-wheeled baskets. Juggling three plastic shopping bags while counting change in the middle of a jostling crowd can be frustrating, so bring a comfortable backpack or something with a shoulder strap.

Tip #6: Look for your favorite chef. Naturally, I hope that chef is yours truly, but even if it isn’t, look for him/her at the farmers market nearest his/her restaurant. Not there? Ask why not next time you stop at the restaurant. It’s important that the local restaurants buy as much as they can from the local farmers.

Armed with these tips, you should be well on your way to a successful farmers market experience. The only challenge left is to build up a resistance to that “contagion of the multitude that mistakes frenzy for efficiency,” to reject the false allure of so-called “convenience” in favor of more important, more meaningful, more delicious options.

LV

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Iowa Arts Festival

Thursday June 3  Black Hawk Mini Park - 7:00pm
Help kick off the Iowa Arts Festival with Community Night! Experience great music from young local talent!

Friday June 4  Main Stage Iowa Ave - 7:00pm
Join us for Jesse Winchester and local favorite Big Wooden Radio!

Saturday June 5  Main Stage Iowa Ave - 12:00pm
Acts include Dave Moore - Presented by River City Dental Care™; Mike and Amy Finders; and David Zollo & the Body Electric; Kevin B.F. Burt and the Instigators. Stay downtown ‘cause you don’t want to miss Nitty Gritty Dirt Band at 8:00pm

Sunday June 6  Main Stage Iowa Ave - 12:00pm
Acts include Letterpress Opry; Stones in the Field; and Johnny Kilowatt and the Count.

Go to the website for additional schedule information www.iowaartsfestival.com

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Twenty years ago, Elvis Costello memorably quipped, “Writing about music is like dancing about architecture—it’s a really stupid thing to want to do.” In 17 words, the recovering New Waver laid waste to the project of music criticism, both journalistic and academic. I read that quote long before I began writing pop music criticism on a regular basis, so I guess I didn’t learn my lesson. Nor did any of the other hundred scholars, journalists and musicians who gathered in Seattle last month for the Experience Music Project’s annual pop conference, this year titled “This Magic Moment: Capturing the Spirit & Impact of Music.”

Split roughly 60-35-5 academics, music critics and musicians, EMP’s hybrid conference isn’t really all that rockin’; nor is it a staid, button-down affair, at least compared to other academic conferences I’ve attended. After returning, I compared notes with a university colleague who attended a comparative literature conference the same weekend. Both dog and pony shows had plenty of gray-haired men in the audience who, during Q&A time, preferred to deliver mini-lectures that attempted to show just how much more they knew than the speaker, rather than simply asking a question. But that’s pretty much where the similarities ended. For instance, I’m sure there were no papers delivered at my colleague’s conference titled “Trialectic: Fucking with Walter Benjamin” or “Locust Abortion Technician Meets Hamburger Lady: Monstrous Femininity and the Power of Horror in Subcultures of Abjection.” Nor were there any panels at the comparative literature event on—here’s a new concept—“Critical Karaoke.” More on that later.

“This American Life’s” Sarah Vowell delivered the keynote address, with live musical accompaniment from the Mekons’ Jon Langford. Witty and clever, pretty much to a fault, Vowell dug into American history and song, connecting “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” to folk songs about President Garfield’s assassin and others lost to historical memory. Broken up by Langford’s live renditions of the songs Vowell spoke of, and interspersed with incidental music, she finished her keynote by making everyone, including rock critic veterans Robert Christgau and Greil Marcus, sing along to the “Battle Hymn.”

The next day provided an evening with Christian Marclay at the Seattle Art Museum, where conference participants got an informal guided tour by the sound/visual collage artist. Marclay was one of the first to push the boundaries of DJ-ing in the 1980s by breaking apart records, randomly arranging and gluing them back together to create a very literal, physical collage of sound sources. Even though we were in the presence of the artist’s aura, the most interesting thing about his 20-year retrospective was Marclay’s found footage films. Conceptual collages tend to be interesting in theory, but not in execution. Not true with Marclay’s Video Quartet, a four-screen, four-channel panoramic sound and video mindfuck composed of hundreds of musical moments from film. A banjo pluck from Deliverance collides with other disparate sounds from The Sound of Music, Gentlemen Prefer Blones, Barbarella and A Hard Day’s Night to create a cacophonous symphony of sound. Best enjoyed on drugs, I’m sure, though this piece needed no such enhancement.

Back to Elvis Costello’s quote: It’s a funny and penetrating comment, but not all that insightful, or correct. Really. You could say that writing about anything is like writing about architecture, for there’ll always be some disjuncture between the object under examination—painting, film, literature, etc.—and the act of writing, even when you are studying literature itself. For those who like thinking about and analyzing music, the EMP Pop Music conference was heaven on earth, at least for a weekend. At its worst, though, the occasionally severe attention to (and worship of) the minutia of musical history was as exciting as niggling over the specifics of quantitative methodologies—standard deviations, sampling errors and the like.

Lastly, what the hell is Critical Karaoke? Iowa Writers’ Workshop graduate, ex-SPIN contributing editor and UC-Davis professor Joshua Clover assembled a crew of eight individuals, Mystery Train and Lipstick Traces author Greil Marcus among them, under strict marching orders. They were told to pick a song in advance and write a short form essay about the song, then read it aloud while the music played beneath. Just like karaoke, the panelists had no idea when their song was up, so each went scrambling to the mic when he or she recognized the opening strains of his or her song. Speaking of interesting-only-in-theory moments, this is one of those events that easily could have crashed and burned, but it worked perfectly. Marcus, white-haired and bespeckled, used this moment to tap into what I had assumed was a nonexistent sense of humor, surprising us all. Explaining why he thought Roxy Music’s “More Than This” was a towering piece of art, he admitted that a closer read of the lyrics revealed that they were really, really stupid.

“Free as the wind and hopefully learning,” he read, shaking his head, “why the sea on the tide has no way of turning.” Marcus, like myself, had previously only fixated on the beautiful chorus and melody. So he did what any self-respecting dancer of architecture would do: seize the song back from this pleasure-crushing moment of criticism. “More than this—there is nothing,” Marcus read, “For me, those will always be the only lyrics.” By forcing critics, as a song bubbled underneath, to capture in their writing what makes music so exciting in the first place, Critical Karaoke summed up why the conference itself was such a successful event.

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**Dancing about architecture at annual pop conference**

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**prairie POP**

Kembrew Mcleod
Matthew Wright
A Ways To Go
Self-released

Maybe it's just that it's spring, but lately I've had this uncontrollable urge to toss my hat in the air, whistle and swing on lampposts. It can't hurt that I've been listening to Matthew Wright's first CD, a disc chock-full of infectious energy and youthful optimism.

The Tipton musician's 2003 release, A Ways To Go, is a tasty mix of jazz, funk and rock. Upon a solid scaffolding of jazz fusion, Wright has hung bright pop guitar licks, syncopated rhythms and catchy chord changes. But what kicks the package over the top is Wright's voice—strong, agile and full of a kind of restrained yearning.

The music draws on a diverse range of influences: echoes of early Stevie Wonder, Jack Johnson's slow acoustic funk, an occasional Pat Metheny-ish guitar lick. In the bouncy piano riffs and jaunty vocals of "Separation," Wright assumes the hip bal­ladeer sensibility of Harry Connick Jr. But he melds these influences into a vision very much his own.

The 22-year-old penned the songs and plays both a mean guitar and piano on the disc, which he recorded at his alma mater, the School for Music Vocations at Southwestern Iowa Community College in Creston. He and his jazz school cohorts clearly understand how to create swing. When Wright scats, "I'm not just wasting time" in "It's All in Love," the lyric pushes against a rhythmic feeling of having all the time in the world.

Wright's lyrics deal with personal struggle and growth but touch on wider topics, too. On my favorite tune, "Another Song in E," Wright sings about the "fate of nations" and corporations, and all the while we're locked in our house, praying it's OK/Got to stop and say, there's got to be another way.

There's a refreshing lack of self-absorption and irony here, an evocation of the possibility of personal and collective change that's neatly mirrored in much of the record's chord changes, a shift from minor to major key, for example, when the lyrics describe a shift in attitude. And Wright makes the occasional over-earnest lyric work by tripping it around on his swinging phrasing. In the end, it's music that grooves.

For more info, check out www.matthewwrightmusic.com.

Andy Douglas

85 Decibel Monks
Tack Fu Present the Production Team:
85 Decibel Monks
Tack Fu Productions

In hip-hop, producers can be the stars of the record. Probably the best-known example of this is The Neptunes, who create CDs full of beats and invite popular artists like Snoop Dogg, Ludicris, Busta Rhymes and Nelly to rap over the sounds. Top billing on the discs goes to The Neptunes because what's underneath the vocals really is the most important thing happening. Iowa City has the 85 Decibel Monks, Tack Fu Productions' team of producers who scavenge for sounds from obscure records and other off-the-wall sources and then blend them together using a computer to create musical landscapes for local rappers to do their stuff. The 85 Decibel Monks have just issued their first disc as headliners.

As would be expected, the emphasis here is on the instrumentation and mixing more than the rapping, and several of the tunes are completely instrumental. That does not mean words don't matter; they are just more judiciously applied. Consider the track "Message for Goyum." While the meaning of the title is unclear (is it a misspelling of the Yiddish word "goyim" or is there a person named Goyum?), the song's message is strong and clear. Producers Tack Fu and The Chaircrusher (aka Kent Williams) seem to have unearthed a documentary recording about how modern rebels are co-opted by the system to profit the mainstream establishment and effectively quash real rebellion. The narrator's phraseology is cut up for maximum effect through the use of repetition ("Their so-called anti-establishment outlook is the calculated product of the calculated product of the calculated product!")
the calculated product of the establishment press") and other editing techniques. The track practices what it preaches, as it appears on a small, local, independent label.

Tack Fu and Chaircrusher together and separately handle almost all of the production chores on the disc, but there are some noteworthy exceptions, including Drumk's "Mongolian Fire," a strange mix of acoustic Asian music, simple drum beats and percussion and electronic static noises. But Tack Fu and the Chaircrusher are the real stars here. They work their magic as a team on a number of stellar cuts such as the operatic "Russian Percussion" and the spookily sexy "Lie Down Beside You" (with cello by Erin McCusky and vocals by Rachel Kann and Cousin of Bad Fathers), and independently on others, including my favorite track Chaircrusher's elegiac "Interlude in E Minor." www.tackfu.com.

Steve Horowitz

Mike and Amy Finders Band
Where You Are
Neighborly Records

Mike Finders is getting to be a great songwriter, and on Where You Are, the addition of a great fellow lead singer and band seems more like finishing touches than ever before. Not to take one speck away from the wonderful Amy Finders (vocals, mandolin) and backing musicians, which include probably the best this area has to offer on fiddle (Al Murphy), stand-up bass (Billy Valencia) and dobro (Dustin Busch). It's just that as Mike Finders matures as a songwriter, his songs (and his presence in them) more and more take center stage.

On "Muscatine," concerning that misbegotten river town a few miles down the road, Mike sings, "Washin' me clean on the banks of Muscatine/Even though the bottom you can hardly even see/Did I come to this old river or did it come to me?" Here and later on the CD, the Finders manage to breathe new life into the time-worn conventions of the river song with charms that include choruses no amount of water can wash away. Then there's "Chuck Brown," about that all-too-familiar staple of dying small towns: the fat cat who seems to own everything: "The smart ones leave and they don't come back/The others drink beer and eat Big Macs/Most everybody ends up workin' for old Chuck Brown."

It's a tribute to Mike's songwriting chops that tunes like these give covers by Harlan Howard, Merle Haggard and IC's own Dave Moore a run for their money. Mike's vocal delivery has also improved and he sounds perfectly fine now without Amy's support. (For better or worse, Mike's vocals are so confident on "Oregon," a song about getting out—and not having to get out—of Iowa, that he comes awful close to impersonating Jay Farrar).

None of this is to suggest that Mike Finders should drop his compatriots and leave for the singer-songwriter circuit. No, we're looking at an all-this-and-heaven-too situation here. Amy and the band are better than ever and just as indispensable. (And one thing we don't need more of is lone troubadours.) The Mike and Amy Finders Band is a real community (other townies appearing include Dave Zollo, Marty Letz and Annie Savage) that sings about real community (the not-quite throwaway "Back in the Band" being a more light-hearted example). Where You Are was recorded locally and possesses that laid back feel we've come to expect from rootsier Iowa City outings. While maybe not as jaw-dropping as Crystal Blue Morning, the Finders' last effort, Where You Are is stone solid and wonderfully outward looking, presenting as it does an instantly recognizable but slowly disappearing world. mikeandamyfinders.com.

Todd Kimm

Correction
In last month's review of a release by The Blue Band we incorrectly stated that BillyLee Janey used to play with the band; that was, in fact, BillyLee's son, Bryce. LV
CALENDAR

ART/EXHIBITS

AKAR
4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227
Recent Work by Mark Shapiro, North Carolina, May 7-20.

Arts Iowa City Center and Gallery
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
Jars and Vessels: Woodfired Ceramics by Eric Gorder and Samuel Johnson, through May 16.

Arts Iowa City/The Galleries Downtown
218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-7447
Picasso to Pollock: Richard Weisman Collection, nine portraits from Andy Warhols athletic series, through May 4; reception April 30, 5-8pm • SPACE THEORY PHYSICS, ART, DESIGN, and SOUND, Jeremy Fadden, Nancy Purinton and Naomi Schiedi, through May 16 • Melting Pot—Contemporary Art of All Mediums, ceramic sculptures by Chris Burd, ceramic penis birds by Dean Adams, mixed media sculpture by Kathy Thor, fused glass plates by Rob Fassler, through May 16.

Arts Iowa City Studios Tour
May 23, 1-4pm
Tour the studios of Tom and Kathy Wegman, beadwork, 1007 Kyle Drive, IC; Jan Friedman, fiber art, 1409 E. Davenport St., IC; Laura Young, landscape and still-life art, 50 Lakeview PL NE, IC; Richard Sjolund, nature and scenic photography, 2528 Sugar Bottom Rd., Solon; tickets available at all artist studios, but it is suggested you begin at the Wegman studio.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Villa to Grave: Roman Art and Life, 150 Roman objects—sculpture, frescoes, jewelry, furniture, coins and other decorative art objects—displayed in a recreated Roman architectural setting, through Aug. 21, 2005 • Nine Portraits to Gauguin: 19th Century Prints and Drawings from the Permanent Collection, through July 25 • Mauricio Lasansky: The Nazi Drawings, April 18-Oct. 3. (See Words listing for more)

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Five Painters, work by Sara Didonato, Albany, NY; Vicky Grube, Iowa City; Marilyn Schechter, Detroit, Mich.; Lisa Schoenfielder, La Crosse, Wis.; and Elizabeth Zechel, Brooklyn, NY; all through May 16 • Jury Duty, exhibition by CSPS creative director Mel Andringa based on the controversial mural project created for the Federal Courthouse in Cedar Rapids during the 1930s; Recent photos by Sabine Goiiz; both May 19-July 4.

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660
Five Portfolios by Viktor Pivovarov, through May 17, Print and Drawing Study Room, Bunting Library, Lower Level • Annual Student Art Salon, April 30-May 17; Art Faculty Biennial, featuring works by Bobbie McKibbon, Will Pergl, Jill Schrift, Merle Zirkle and visiting professor Matthew Kluber, April 30-June 6; opening reception for both exhibitions April 30, 5-6:30pm. (See Words listing for more)

Hudson River Gallery
538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488
Landscape oil paintings by Deborah Zisko and Michael Martin, through May 21.

Iowa State Bank & Trust
102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City
Works in fiber and pastel by Jan Friedman, Carmen Grier and Sharon Burns-Knutson, through May.

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

AN UNCOMMON EYE, acrylic paintings by Louis Picek; FOIL FROCKS, foil paintings by Peggy Polson, both through May.

Mt. Mercy College
Janalyn Hanson White Gallery, Cedar Rapids
Senior Thesis 2004 art exhibit, through May 22.

Public Space One
6 1/2 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
Carina Batty Art Reception, photo collages, April 30, 4:30-6:30pm • The Kettle Show, a collection from John Soukup/Kettle, May 30-June 20.

Ruby's Pearl
323 E. Market St., Iowa City, 248-0032
No matter what I do all you see is my vagina, B&W photos by Shine Chisholm, through May; closing reception May 29, 6-8pm.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
Faces of Immigrant Iowa: A Century of Art, uses photographs and memories to connect Iowas past and present history through the family experience, through May 9 • Senior Art Show, May 14-June 6; reception with live entertainment, May 14, 6-10pm.

UI Main Library
4 UI campus, Iowa City
Four Decades of Walter Hamady and The Perishable Press Limited, through July 5, Patient and Visitor Activities Center East gallery.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Oil paintings by Sharon Burns-Knutson, Cedar Rapids, through May 14, Watercolors and graphite drawings by Shirley Malloy Wehr, through May 28, Boyd Tower East Lobby • Prints by Diana Behl, Iowa City, through July 5; Patient and Visitor Activities Center East Gallery, eighth floor John Colloton Pavilion • 26th Annual UI Hospitals and Clinics Staff Art Show, May 7-June 25, Main Lobby, first floor General Hospital, and in the Patient and Visitor Activities Center West gallery, eighth floor John Colloton Pavilion • Prints by Diana Behl, Iowa City, Patient and Visitor Activities Center East Gallery, eighth floor John Colloton Pavilion.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
MFA 2003-2004, works by recent MFA graduates of the School of Art and Art History, May 7-30; opening reception May 7, 5-7pm.

MUSIC

Clapp Recital Hall
University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Collegium Tumum, April 29, 8pm • Kenny Wheeler, jazz trumpet, Johnson County Landmark Jazz Band, May 1, 8pm • Electronic Music Studios, May 2, 8pm • Kantorei, May 4, 8pm • Women's Choir, May 5, 8pm • Music Honors Convocation, May 6, 8pm • University Choir, May 7, 8pm • World Percussion Ensemble, May 8, 8pm • Philharmonia and All-University String Orchestra, May 9, 3pm • Last Chance Percussion Concert, UI Percussion Ensemble, May 9, 8pm • Maia Quartet Honors Concert, May 11, 8pm • Jeffrey Agrell, horn, Evan Mazunko, piano, May 14, 8pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
FIRE! in a Crowded Theatre is a series of ghost stories highlighting the audiences complex role in the highly theatrical post-9/11 world. And Anton Jones hip-hop inspired Tokens-n-Change follows two homeless artists lost in a world of race, class and gender stereotypes. Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160.

A-LIST

The Iowa New Play Festival
UI Theatre Bldg., May 3-8
Each year, the Iowa New Play Festival spotlights fresh works by students in the Iowa Playwrights Workshop. There's nothing more cutting edge than watching the work of these grad students meet the skills of the UI Theatre Department's actors, directors, stage crews, etc. This year, over a dozen new plays will be presented in productions and readings. Production performances are 5:30pm and 9pm each day of the festival week, utilizing all the main performance spaces of the Theatre Building. Readings are at 2pm. (See calendar entry for details.)

Some highlights include Andrew Barrett's FLESCH, billed as a dark comedy of sex, religion and trips to the mall. Laura McPherson's FIRE! in a Crowded Theatre is a series of ghost stories highlighting the audiences complex role in the highly theatrical post-9/11 world. And Anton Jones hip-hop inspired Tokens-n-Change follows two homeless artists lost in a world of race, class and gender stereotypes. Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160.
10 Downey Street
West Branch, 643-4545
Jys, jazz/blues five-piece, April 30, 8pm; The Barley Band, Celtic four-piece, May 1, 7pm; Kevin Burt, May 2 & 3, 11am-3pm; Nick Stika, May 7, 8pm.

Gabe's
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Blues Jam Mondays, Funk and Jazz Jam Tuesdays
Natty Nation, Public Property, April 30; The Gglitch, May 1; Lucky Boys Confusion, May 5; Goraj Mahal, Dr. Zz, May 6; Heart of Gold Band (Grateful Dead tribute), May 7; Commel, May 8; Swing Crew, May 12; Joe French Birthday Party, May 14; Dave Zollo & The Body Electric, Firewood Revival, May 15; Drum Circle open jam, May 19; Guatemalan Orphanage Benefit, May 20; Slats, May 21; Transcendental Hayride, May 27; Skunk River Band, May 28; Regina, May 29.

Gus' Food & Spirits
2421 Coral Court, Coralville, 545-4290
Rich Webster Band, April 30; Nikki London, May 1; Rich Webster Band, May 8; Tornadoes, May 15; Dogs on Skies, May 22; The Janes, May 28.

Hispanic Cultural Festival
May 8, Columbus Junction
DJ music/Bernabe, 11am-3pm; Open Mic, 1-3pm; El Dueto/Valentin Ruiz and Eugenio Solis, 3-4pm; Calle Sur/Edgar East and Karin Stein, 4:30pm-5:30pm; Dave Moore and Dustin Busch, 6pm-7pm; Calle Sur Quartet Music Tropical/Edgar and Karin's quartet, 7pm-8:30pm; La Madrugada, La Banda Guadalupana, Las Vegas Ballroom, 9pm, (See Dance and Festivals for more)

Iowa Memorial Union
Iowa campus, Iowa City
Jonny Lang, Ingram Hill, May 4, 8pm, Main Lounge.

The Java House
211 E. Washington St., 341-0012
WSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am.

Martini's
127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536
Shows at 9:30pm
The Moe Band, April 30; Saul Lubaroff Group, May 1; Eric Madison Blues Revue, May 2; Soul Searchers, May 8; MCMurton Johnson Trio, May 14; Merrill J. Miller Band, May 15; Back Beat Syndicate, May 21; Bryce Janey Duo, May 22; Billy Lee And The Compact 3, May 28; Shoe Money, May 29.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8pm; All music 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Coach Mahler and the Athletes, Orphan Train, April 29; Mike Butterworth of the Nadas, April 30; Wynde Nept, May 1, 8pm; Jackstraw, bluegrass, May 5; 9:30pm; Willy Porter, singer/songwriter, May 6; Markus Hartnet, Mike Herzog, May 7; Stuart Davis, May 8; Grace and Beauty, ragtime, May 9, 8pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Mighty Wurlitzer pipe organ concert, organist Clark Wilson, May 2, 2pm; Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra, "Romancan Slavia," May 3, 8pm.

Public Space One
6 1/2 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City
Six organs of Admittance, The One AM Radio, May 5, 8-11pm.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
"Divas" Broadway's Best Showstoppers, benefit performance for Riverside Theatre's education programs. Featuring Kristen Behrendt and Marcia Hughes with Jenifer McVay on piano, May 1, 8pm; 2pm, 2pm.

Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
Jazz Jam w/ Steve Grismer, Thursdays Music at 9:30pm
Clay Moore Trio, jazz guitar from Minneapolis, April 30; Dave Zollo, May 1; UI Jazz Combo Final Classics, May 4-6; Jason Danielson Quartet, May 7; Saul Lubaroff Trio, May 14; Mike Chesnik Trio, May 15; Gizmo Funk, May 21; Sam Knutson, May 22; Steve Grismer Trio, May 28.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
New Horizons Band Ensemble, May 11, 2:30pm; Voices of Experience, May 18, 2:30pm; Spring Dance with Silver Swing, May 20, 7-9pm; Dr. James Christensen, cello, Dr. Richard Caplan, piano, May 26, 2pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
John Collaton Pavilion Atrium
Patrick Haggerson, Native American flute and drum music and Inca pan flute music, April 4; 12pm-12pm; UI Elementary Education Students, May 6, 9:30-10:30am; Sigourney Elementary School Fifth and Sixth Grade Choir, May 12, 12-12:45pm.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
"KSUI Know the Score Live," Kenny Wheeler, jazz trumpet, April 30, 5-7pm; "KSUI Know the Score Live," May 7, 5-7pm.

Uptown Bill's small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Mud River Open Mic, Fridays, 8pm; Irish Slow Session, Celtic jam (for more info contact Tara Dutcher, tara@schooleragarmngotts.com), Sundays, 2-4pm; All shows 9pm unless otherwise indicated.
Drew Hayward, Adam Stomp, Rick Vornbrock, April 29; Ben Schmidt, May 1; Kimberli Lambert, May 6; Patrick Brickel, May 8; Grace and Beauty, May 9; The Unsung Forum, May 13; Benefit for United Action For Youth, May 15; Potluck Dinner and Jam, May 20, 5-9pm; King Toad, Shoeless Joe, May 22; David Rogers, May 27; Terrapin Isle, May 29.

Voxman Music Bldg.
UI campus, Iowa City
International Tubist Day concert, May 1, 12pm.

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
Blues Jam hosted by Shade of Bocchus, Sundays 8pm-12am; Jam Band Jam hosted by Doggman Music Company, Wednesdays, 10pm.
Amelia Ruby, Andrew Cantin, 7pm; Turntables and Dreams, 10pm. April 29; DJ Jagger & The Jagoffs, The Slats, The Reacharounds, April 30; Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band, May 1; Public Property, May 7; Orphan Auction, May 8; Emmett's Roach, May 14; Bob Marley Tribute, May 15; Jonathan Rock, May 21; Shelter House Benefit, May 22, Awareness (DJs) May 29.
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
West Branch, 643-4545
Salsa Dance, May 15 & 29, 9pm (workshop 8pm).
Noopoor Dance Troupe, Cedar Rapids, May 1, 1pm.
"The Rhythms of India: Classical and Ancient Dances," (salsa, bolero, meringue), 7-8:30 May 8, Columbus Junction
S. Linn St., Iowa City
Space/Place Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
10pm May 15, 7:30pm; May 16, 3pm.
in his bed, May 28-July 4.
Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 336-1160
Carmen, by Georges Bizet, UI Martha-Ellen Tye Opera Theater, April 30-May 1, 8pm; May 2, 2pm.
Old Creamery Theatre
Price Creek Stage, 39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-508-5755
11:15-minute Play Festival, April 28-30, 8pm • Time Traveler Live in Iowa City, May 3, 4-7pm • Spellbinder by Magic Man Nate Stanforth, May 6, 7pm • Indicator Species, puppets on a bus propelled by French fry grease, May 9, 4-11pm • The Christian, by Chris Sobbing, prostitution, religion and ladies in sun dresses, May 24-29, 8-11pm.
Ruby's Pearl
323 E. Market St., Iowa City, 248-0032
"How to get Stupid White Men Out of Office Discussion," May 20, 7-11pm • Roundtable discussion about massacres, May 21, 8-9pm, must be 18 or older to attend.
Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
Life Story Theater, May 14, 3:30pm.
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-7503
"The Rhythms of India: Classical and Ancient Dances," Noopoor Dance Troupe, Cedar Rapids, May 1, 1pm.
10 Downey Street
West Branch, 643-4545
Salsa Dance, May 15 & 29, 9pm (workshop 8pm).
Hispanic Cultural Festival
May 8, Columbus Junction
Tropical Dance demonstration/Ignacio Reyes and Co. (salsa, bolero, merengue), 7-8:30 • Ballet Folklorico de Davenport, 4-6:30pm, 5:30-6pm. (See Music and Festivals for more info).
Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Dance of Iowa Recital, May 1, 1pm & 6pm • Lord of the Dance, May 20, 7:30pm • Cherie Chittenden Dance Recital, May 22, 7pm; May 23, 2pm & 6pm.
Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
Spring Dance with Silver Swing, May 20, 7-9pm.
Space/Place Theatre
North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City
Undergraduate Concert, UI Dance Department, April 29-May 1, 8pm • Dance Forum Concert, UI Dance Department, May 15, 7:30pm; May 16, 3pm.
UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Life-size puppet show about burn prevention and fire safety, Kids on the Block, Inc., Columbia, Maryland, May 6, 12-1:15pm, John Colloton Atium.
UI Television
UI Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Iowa New Play Festival, May 3-8, Production performances 5:30pm and 9pm: The Complaint, by Randy Noojin, May 3, Theatre B; Shot in the Light, by Peter Gil-Sheridan, May 4, David Thayer Theatre; FLESH, written and directed by Andrew Barrett, May 5, E.C. Mable Theatre; FIRE! in a Crowded Theatre, by Laura McPherson, May 6, David Thayer Theatre; Tokens-N-Change, by Anton Jones, May 7, Theatre B; When Cows Fly, by Cristina Pippa, May 8, E.C. Mable Theatre. Script readings 2pm, Cosmo Catalano Acting Studio: Midnight Mass, by Nancy Hoffman, May 3; Jeans n Tennis, by Dan Sullivan, May 4; Circus Tracks, by Sarah Hammond, May 5; Father Bob, by Christopher Leyva, May 6; All Mine Wool and a Yord Wide, by Marnie Glazier, May 7; Undergraduate work, May 8.
US Cellular Center
370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-2600
Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey Circus, May 26, 4:15pm.
Auditions, Calls, Etc.
Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5224
Entries wanted for Senior Art Show, bring one entry to the Senior Center on May 12, 8-10am • If you are an artist or craftsperson age 50 or older, you're invited to participate in the Elder Arts and Crafts fair June 4-5 during Iowa City Arts Fest. call for info.
Comedy
The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 345-4350
Public Space One
6 1/2 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City
Nonfiction reading by local writer, May 4, 7-10pm
Ruby's Pearl
323 E. Market St., Iowa City, 248-0032
"Forming multiple loving and sexy relationships," discussion and support for people who desire an alternative to traditional monogamous coupling, May 7, 8pm.
Shambaugh Auditorium
Main Library, UI campus, Iowa City
UI Writers' Workshop faculty member James Galvin and poet Laurie Kutchins reading from their contributions to the nature anthology A Place on Earth, April 30, 8pm.
Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Readings by Sigourney Elementary School Fifth and Sixth Grade Choir, May 12, 12-12:45pm, John Colloton Pavilion Atium • Linda Grady, lecture on traditional Feng Shui, May 19, 12-1:30pm, East Room, 8 John Colloton Pavilion.
UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 355-1727
"YKUI Know the Score Live," April 30, 5-7pm • A celebration of the UI Writers' Workshop, with Frank Conroy, Ethan Canin and others reading from their works and talking about the workshop experience, May 7, 5-7pm.
FILM

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Rome: Power & Glory, Part 4; Grasp of Empire, May 15, 1pm.

Public Space One
6 1/2 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City
Paul Rust Film Screening, May 11.

FESTIVALS

Beethoven & Blooms at Brucemore, garden hat luncheon with musicians from the Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra, outdoor art market, evening family barbecue and ice cream social, May 22, 12-7pm, call 366-8203 for more info.

Hispanic Cultural Festival
May 8, Columbus Junction
5K Run, 8am • Food and other vendors, 9am, Main Street
• Cultural Exploration, 10am-4pm • Parade of Flags, 4pm
• Children’s activities • Performances, 11am-7, (See Music and Dance listings)

Brucemore
2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
201 little village | calendar

Arts a la Carte Benefit, English Tea Party, music by pianist Alan Swanson, tour of historic Phillips House, May 2, 3-5pm, John Fitzpatrick residence, 721 North Linn St., Iowa City, limited space, RSVP to 341-8561

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
International AIDS Candlelight Memorial, May 16, 2-4pm.

Public Space One
6 1/2 S. Dubuque St, Iowa City
Stitch ’n’ Bitch, knitters, Tuesdays, 4-6:30pm, emily­maloney@uiowa.edu for more info • Halo Tournament, May 2, 4-7pm.

Rod Sullivan for Jo. Co. Supervisor
354-7399
Softball fund-raiser, May 22, 2:30-5:30pm, Happy Hollow Park, corner of Governor and Brown, Iowa City • Listening Lunches, Thursdays, 11:30am-12:30pm: May 6, Joensey’s, Solon; May 13, Old Chicago, Coralville; May 20, Karen’s Kones, Lone Tree; May 27, Pizza Ranch, North Liberty.

Sheraton Hotel
Downtown Iowa City
1st Annual Building the Library Collection Fundraiser, live auction featuring nine social events with Iowa authors, hors d’oeuvres, desserts and beverages, May 2, 6-8pm, call 356-5249.

Ushers Ferry Historical Village,
Cedar Rapids, 286-5763
Dolls on Parade, demonstrations, contests and, of course, a doll parade, May 22-23, 1-4pm.

MISC.

College Green Park
Iowa City
Intro to Bike Mechanics Class w/ Bicichica (Irene Schroeder), bring a throw-away shirt, wrenches (crescent and metric allen), screwdrivers, tire irons and WD-40; May 20, 3-5pm.

The Music Loft
87 16th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
"Secrets of Songwriting Success," workshop featuring Jai Josefs, A&R staff at Taxi in LA, May 22, 9:30am-3:30pm. Contact crsongwriters@mchsi.com or call 319-362-4208.

School for the Performing Arts
209 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 341-0166
Acting and music classes and lessons for all ages and abilities. Scene study, Kindermusik, group guitar and more. No audition necessary. Call or visit www.schoolperformingarts.com to register or for more info.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
"Gandhian Thought: Applications for the 21st Century," Tom Walz, Tuesdays, May 4-25, 10:30am.

The revolution won’t be televised, but you can read about it

Books for a better world, by Mike Palecek, former federal prisoner, congressional candidate, newspaper reporter.

Please visit: www.iowapeace.com
Curses, Foiled Again

When Indiana State Trooper William Etter stopped a pickup truck because the bed was piled so high that the load blocked a temporary license plate in the rear window, he discovered that the cargo was 900 pounds of marijuana. "It was piled up in big bags," Etter said after arresting driver Adan Gallegos, 21, and passenger Jesus Villegas-Ochoa. "Once you first stopped it, it was obvious—you could smell it."

Suspicion Confirmed

New York City Department of Transportation officials admitted that most of the buttons pedestrians push to activate walk signals at street crossings haven’t worked for years. The city deactivated most of the pedestrian buttons when traffic signal controls were computerized. As a result, the New York Times reported, more than 2,500 of the 3,250 walk buttons still in place “function essentially as mechanical placebos.” Michael Primeggia, the department’s deputy commissioner of traffic operations, said that removing the disconnected mechanisms would cost $300 to $400 per intersection, or about $1 million altogether. Besides, he pointed out, even if the button doesn’t work, “the public is always going to get a walk signal regardless.”

Slightest Provocation

Larry Harper, 56, died at his home in Pearl, Miss., after being shot in the chest by his nephew, Antonio Stapleton, 24, whom Harper shot in the leg. According to Harper’s son, the shooting started after the two men argued about some barbecue. Stapleton was angry, Timothy Harper said, because “the barbecue was gone. He paid for it.”

Police in Winter Haven, Fla., reported that a brawl at an upscale retirement home began at the salad bar when William Hocker, 86, objected because Lee Thoss, 62, was picking through the lettuce. Witnesses said that after the two exchanged insults, Thoss began punching Hocker in the face. Another resident, Allen Croft, 79, tried to grab Thoss, who bit him in the arm. Thoss’ mother, Arlene, also a resident, was cut on the arm trying to break up the fight and bystander Harry Griffin, 92, cut his head when he was knocked to the ground. “All the old folks were either getting up to help or trying to get out of there,” police representative J.J. Stanton said, noting that no charges were filed but home administrators asked Lee Thoss to move out.

Carry-On Items

Baggage screeners at Boston’s Logan Airport discovered the severed head of a harbor seal in a canvas cooler belonging to a Colorado man in his 40s. Investigators said the man explained that he is a biology professor and found a dead seal on a beach, then cut off the head to take home “for educational purposes.”

British customs agents arrested Neenah Nyana Jaithe, 48, at a London airport after she arrived from Banjul, Gambia, with 187 pounds of illegal snails, catfish and goat meat crammed into her bags. “That’s a significant amount of meat,” Customs and Excise official Kathryn Corcoran said.

Second-Amendment Follies

Police in Greensboro, N.C., charged off-duty Baltimore police detective Darren I. Sanders, 37, with bringing a concealed pistol into an assembly where admission is charged after his pistol discharged at a college basketball game between Maryland and Wake Forest. The pistol fired when Sanders sat down after standing up to cheer, police said, wounding the detective in the rear end.

James Joseph Minder, 74, resigned as chairman of the board of Smith & Wesson Holding Corp. six weeks after his election when the Arizona Republic reported that he had spent more than 10 years in Michigan prisons in the 1950s and 1960s for a series of armed robberies. Asked why he hadn’t disclosed his criminal past to the other directors of the 150-year-old gun company, Minder said, “Nobody asked.”

Human Holstein

After giving birth to a son last May, a Norwegian woman sold more than 130 gallons of breast milk, earning $9,430. “I’m making some money on this,” Anette Lie told the Kanal 24 radio station. “I’ve gotten my driver’s license and bought a car, everything paid by breast milk.” Lie credits her hormones for her milk production, observing, “I apparently have lots of them.”

Urban Assault Vehicle Follies

Authorities in Hawaii reported that a man in his 40s drove a sport utility vehicle into the ticket lobby of Maui’s Kahului Airport. Flames from the vehicle, which was about 20 feet from the United Airlines ticket counter, rose to the ceiling, according to Lowrey Leong, head of the Transportation Security Administration on Maui, who said no one was injured but that outgoing flights were grounded for hours.

Police in Fairfax County, Va., said that Josuel P. Galdino, 25, struck a man with his sport utility vehicle and dragged him more than eight miles. Galdino called police after arriving home and discovering the body of Fitsum Gebreegziabher, 27, when it became dislodged from the SUV. “He said he thought he ran somebody over at the interstate and by the way the man is dead, laying in front of his house,” police representative Sophia Grinnan said. The state medical examiner’s office said that Gebreegziabher’s death resulted not from the impact, but as a result of being dragged 8-1/2 miles.

Dim Bulb in America Junior

Canada has issued a patent for a commercial jet design that would protect passengers in an emergency by breaking apart and letting the sections parachute gently to the ground. The aircraft would be built in separate parts, then sealed together. In an emergency, anything from a mechanical failure to a missile attack, the pilot could push a button to sever the parts with controlled explosions or by using a “laser cutting” device. Experts pointed out, however, that a parachute-equipped plane would be too heavy and cost too much. “For a big airliner, it’s just not feasible,” David Greatrix, associate professor of aerospace engineering at Toronto’s Ryerson University, said. “It’s just such a wacky idea.”

Compiled from the nation’s press by Roland Sweet. Submit clippings, citing source and date, to POB 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.
Dear Ruby:

This might sound strange, but I am having trouble with my lover-friend's cat. We met, we have great sex, and I think that I am falling in love. But sometimes when we are having sex, her cat hops on the bed and watches! My lover-friend is incredibly sensitive about her cat. She told me she even broke up with someone once because he didn't like her cat. I am totally weirded out by the cat watching us, but because I am so disturbed by it, I'm afraid that she is going to think that I don't like the cat and break it off with me. What to do?

—Cat's Got My Tongue

Dear CGMT:

Being a cat-lover myself, I can see how this situation might make you nervous. I have also been absolutely de-charmed by a suitor, more than once, who did not take a fancy to my dearest sweet muffin-cakes. Also, it is totally normal for animals to watch each other, especially when they are doing something interesting, like having sex. But if you feel uncomfortable about Bootsy on the bed, then it is of the utmost importance that you bring it up. Cats are powerful creatures. Since your lover-friend is obviously under the spell of cat love, it will be important for you to be delicate in your approach. Bring the cat a special treat to show that you like the kitty (a little kitty-kiss up, so to speak). As cats are also sensitive creatures and easily offended, I would suggest that you talk about it outside of the cat's territory. That way, your lover-friend will not feel like she has to defend sweet Bootsy's honor and you can relax without the little peering perv-cat around! Just let your sweetheart know that you really enjoy her cat's company, but in those more intimate and revealing moments, you would like it if the cat stayed curled on the couch and not in the middle of your love nest. If your lover-friend is as great as you say she is, then she will hear you out. Happy heavy petting.

Speaking of petting! May is National Masturbation Month and we want to encourage everyone to give themselves good pets this month!

We do not claim to have all the answers, but we do have extended experience, both personal and professional. Questions should be mailed to Ruby's Pearl, 323 E. Market St., Iowa City, IA 52240 319-248-0032 or emailed to rubyspearl@excite.com.
TAURUS (April 20-May 20) Creative, romantic and financial matters will change significantly. However, your ability to profit from these developments, long term, will depend on your ability as a mediator—on your ability to create consensus and cooperation where there are none. You will have to inspire others, especially impa­
tient and suspicious people to accept needed changes. The scheming of others could affect your long-term financial interests. Irrational and cooperation where there are none. You will
grow in the way of progress. Use your considerable
mediator—on your ability to create consensus
changes. The scheming of others could affect
people with pretty strange ideas could stand
in your many partners.

CANCER (June 21—July 22) Your impulse is to maintain order and stability at all costs. You are feeling impatient and combative as events threaten to spin further out of control. Financial difficulties will ease significantly, but the changefulness of the times makes lasting prosperity and security elusive. Overall, the situation is confusing you and sapping your strength. The solution lies in widening your system of friendly alliances, in more humane and selfless ideals, and in a more congenial, optimistic approach. You will soon have the opportunity to take things in this direction.

LEO (July 23—Aug 22) Your best approach to May's many challenges and surprises is to remain agreeable. As things get more and more complicated, this tactic will work increasingly well. You will experience a noticeable increase in your charisma. Encourage moderation and compromise in others. Romantic and creative activities could get entirely too lively—and unconventional—raising issues you aren't prepared to deal with and raising eyebrows in high places. You will also experience an improve­
ment in your cash flow situation. But caution is advised. Chancy and unpredictable factors continue to affect your finances.

VIRGO (Aug 23—Sept 22) Initially, you are not well positioned to take advantage of positive developments. Also, those you must deal with can be a little harsh with each other, if not with you. And you are personally under much pressure to bring consensus out of chaos. But the tide is turning in your favor. You will soon be able to reach out from
incomplete information. But you can't control the content or direc­
tion of recent discussions in your
work, but you were able to impose a helpful simplicity. You have succeeded in head­
ing off any frivolous and wasteful changes. You must soon give ground to more enthusiastic, amicable and aggressive types who will not be easily discouraged. Big changes are coming despite the many unknowns and troublesome financial limitations. Don't try to turn back the clock. The future is on the way. Take comfort from the fact that you are functioning under supportive and protective influences.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20—Feb 18) Aquarius continues to enjoy a degree of insula­
tion from the commotion that has overtaken most of the rest of the zodiac. It has been a good time to let the world pass you by, sort through things and set a new course. You will soon be drawn into the action again, but, by then, the commotion will have calmed somewhat and taken on a friend­
lier tone. Look forward to renewed progress in long-term financial matters. Unexpected events will provide a strong positive stimulus and help clear away winter cobwebs.

PISCES (Feb 19—March 20) While Pisceans are feeling responsible for much of the commotion surround­
ing them, they aren't particularly disturbed by it. They know it is moving things in a good direction and that a solid foundation is being laid for a better future. The goal is not in sight. In fact, it isn't even fully defined, yet. But there is still a margin for error and opportuni­
ties for experiment. The budget remains a limiting factor, but not as limiting as it has been in recent months. Realism and practicality are still important considerations.

ARIES (March 21—April 19) Bright lights appear at the end of the tunnel. Financial affairs as well as health and work issues, stalled for months, will begin to move forward. Aries must move carefully as ongoing changes absorb new resources. Be aware of possible power plays and misdeeds in certain important financial matters. Loyalties may be tested. There is a strong emphasis on personal, family, and home
affairs. You will soon be able to reach out from your private base of operations to put good things in motion and guide events to your advantage.
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