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As a lesbian alumna and a gay UI staff member who wish to see our queer community thrive, we are excited to announce the brand new Rainbow Alumni Network at The University of Iowa, for GLBT and allied alumni! A group of UI staff and alumni are organizing our inaugural reunion, set to happen May 6-7, 2005. We invite you to return to Iowa City for this event and connect or reconnect with friends, faculty, staff and current UI GLBT students.

Program information and pre-registration is online at www.iowaalum.com/rainbow. You can also request information in the mail by calling Carlos (335-3059).

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Excited to keep the GLBT energy going at Iowa,
Jodi (Lundquist) Linley
Carlos Fernandez Serrato
Lust for life

The executive and legislative branches of the United States government went on high alert recently, with Congress in emergency session and the president rushing back from his Crawford, Texas, ranch to sign their actions into law at a moment's notice.

Given the number of incipient crises facing the nation in matters of both foreign and domestic policy, such a display of urgent activism would seem completely warranted were it not for the fact that exactly none of those crises were addressed by their actions. Instead, the full might of the regime was brought to bear on the fate of a Florida resident who has become a much-exploited poster child for what I now can only think of as the "life fetishist community"—those for whom the presence of a heartbeat, or even the biochemical potentialities of a frozen zygote, outweigh all other considerations. Terry Schiavo, the Florida resident in question, has been in a persistent vegetative state since a cardiac arrest nearly 15 years ago, and has lately been maintained in this state against the wishes of her legal guardians and the strict orders of the jurisdictional courts by politicians trying to establish their "culture of life" credentials for the next election.

There is little to indicate any other motive on their part. One might expect that a genuine concern for the sanctity of life would result in legislation that would at least attempt to address the issue in the general case, for the benefit not only of Schiavo, but for those other Americans who might find themselves in a similar position now or in the future. Instead, the legislation considered addresses only Schiavo's situation, specifying her by name and giving a Federal court jurisdiction of her case alone. Families of other persistently vegetative patients are presumably advised to get their own lobbyists.

In pursuit of this one instance of governmental micromanagement, however, the president and the Republican Congressional leadership embarked on a bizarre game of procedural anything-goes, one that further belied any claim they may have plausibly made toward having made a principled stand on the issue. Senate Majority Leader, probable 2008 presidential contender and practicing heart surgeon Bill Frist (R-Tenn.) certainly didn't let mere professional ethics prevent him from criticizing Schiavo's neurologists and his diagnosis of her condition, a move roundly denounced by medical ethicists who have pointed out that Dr. Frist's counter-diagnosis was made both outside his area of expertise and in complete absence of examination of the patient or formal consultation with her physicians. Democratic strategist Jim Jordan put it far more bluntly: "quackery."

Nor, it would seem, were the bounds of simple good taste considered a barrier. They certainly played no part in the business of issuing Congressional subpoenas ordering Schiavo to testify before a House committee.

Though Schiavo's testimony would probably be every bit as insightful and informative as that of the average Bush cabinet secretary, it is obvious that no one involved expects a woman who hasn't been able to express herself meaningfully for 15 years to actually appear. Instead, these subpoenas are aimed at establishing a basis for holding those whose actions might prevent such a theoretical appearance—those, for example, who would follow the Florida court order—in contempt of Congress. Given an abuse of subpoena power that in effect establishes a precedent for Congressional kidnapping at whim, such contempt is richly deserved.

The actions taken by Congress in the Schiavo case have been both radical and extreme. They have also been so in keeping with government as practiced by the current regime as to seem like Congressional business as usual. Rule by exception—the full might of the regime was brought to bear on the fate of a Florida resident who has become a much-exploited poster child for what I now can only think of as the "life fetishist community."
A tribute to Erv

Erv passed away in early March, and so did an important part of our community. Most of you probably didn’t know Ervin Lovetinsky unless you were a personal friend or took your car to his shop on Madison Avenue to be repaired. I don’t think Erv ever appeared on “most influential” lists in the local newspaper. He was never voted Iowa City Person of the Year. I doubt he would have been interested in the black-tie Englert Theatre Gala Grand Opening event. But the Iowa City/Coralville community lost something very significant and fundamental with the passing of Erv Lovetinsky. We lost a significant piece of the fabric of longevity, honesty, trust and neighborliness.

I met Erv in the late 1980s. My wife Susan and I had been married for only a few years, and I was a UI graduate student...in other words, we didn’t have much money. Relatedly, we owned an old, not entirely reliable Chevy Citation.

The car wasn’t behaving very well. I forgot the details now, but it had something to do with noises and clunks in the front end. I had taken the car to a couple other places in town—chain outlets—and was treated to some dire horror stories about how the front end was about to fall apart, and if I didn’t spend several hundred dollars soon, I would be starting a career as a splat on the highway. One mechanic actually stuck a crowbar up into the underside of my car on the lift, pulled down on something and announced, “See? Loose as a goose.” On the one hand, I didn’t want this dire diagnosis to be true (the money thing). On the other hand, my gut was telling me I was being hosed. I wanted a third opinion.

Susan was teaching English as a Second Language to adults at the time. One thing we learned quickly about the international community in town was that the people in it developed networks of support and survival very effectively. We figured that someone in the group would have figured out who was a good, honest car mechanic that charged a fair price. Sure enough, when Susan asked her class, a number of her students immediately said, “Take it to Erv’s, by the university.”

Eventually, we figured out they were talking about a nondescript garage behind the QuikTrip (now Kum and Go) gas station at Madison and Burlington, Lovetinsky’s Auto Repair. “Erv” was Erv Lovetinsky. So one day I drove the Citation over and was greeted by an older, unshaven gentleman in a blue jumpsuit and baseball cap, wiping his greasy hands on an equally greasy cloth.

The embroidered name on his chest said “Erv.” I told Erv my tale of woe and what the previous mechanics had said. “Ah,” Erv said, shaking his head and tossing the greasy rag aside, “they’re just trying to scare you. I’ll take a look.” And so he did. If memory serves me correctly, it was something as simple as a sticky brake caliper. I think my bill came to something like twenty bucks, if that. Erv now had another regular customer.

Some months later, when Susan and I moved to an apartment in Coralville, we discovered to our delight that Erv lived a half-block away in a modest house on Sixth Street. We never became social intimates, but it was a special delight to wave and say hi to him on weekend walks as he tended the flowers in front of his house. These are the kinds of ties, small but strongly knotted, that bind us to place.

Those who study such things say the essence of community is founded in social trust. While my relationship with Erv was in the realm of service and commerce, the trust I had in him nevertheless became a significant chunk of the mosaic that comprised my love for and devotion to Iowa City. In the years after we left Iowa City—as we lived and worked in several other communities and states over eight years before returning to what
we realized was home—finding a new auto mechanic was a regular necessity. We always looked for “someone like Erv.” We never quite found anyone like him, someone in whom we invested our complete trust. And when we would dream of the community we had left and loved, “Erv’s” always bubbled to the surface as one reason we wished we could return.

Many scholars of place, even those working in the airy intellectual heights of follow-the-phenomenology-of-Heidegger, would probably find my feelings about Erv and Iowa City entirely unsurprising. For such thinkers, the everyday, the quotidian, the “place-ballet” of living one’s daily life is what place is all about. Feeling at home in Iowa City, then, is just as much, if not more, about taking my car to Erv’s for an oil change as it is about attending a literary reading at Prairie Lights, attending an orchestra concert at Hancher Auditorium or enjoying the fresh beauty of a prairie spring day.

Susan and I, now with a larger family, moved back to Iowa City in 1999. By then, Erv had retired. I was delighted, though, to discover that “Erv’s,” in its essence, still existed. One of Erv’s mechanics when we lived here in the late 1980s was Gary Harapat. By the time we moved back, Gary had graduated to owner.

Gary Harapat is as much a great mechanic, honest trader and sterling community member as Erv Lovetinsky. It seems Erv taught him well. When our aging van started making a strange engine noise, Gary doggedly tracked it down to a minor malfunctioning valve rather than assuming the worst possible engine disaster. When I walk by the shop on Madison Street and Gary is tinkering under the hood of a car in his lot, he always waves.

I’m sure Erv was proud and happy to pass along his shop to Gary. The letters on the outer wall of the plain rectangular building say “Lovetinsky Harapat Auto Service.” And you can still find the shop in the phone book under “L.” Even today, with absolutely no disrespect to Gary, I’ll tell my wife that I need to take the van to “Erv’s.” And that’s what I write on our calendar: “van—Erv’s.”

I was sad to see Erv’s obituary in the newspaper last month, even though I haven’t seen him at all for many years. Erv was 78. I learned that he and his wife built the house on Sixth Street in Coralville, where Susan and I would often say “hi” to him as we passed, in 1949 when they were first married. They lived there for the rest of Erv’s life. Very, very few people can make that wonderful claim today, especially in a transient community like ours.

Erv’s obituary says he was “a good and kind man, who appreciated the quality of life, his family, customers and friends.” Very simple but very true words, and very significant. You won’t find Erv or Lovetinsky Auto splashed across brochures from “Technology Corridor” economic development groups, the Chamber of Commerce or the Convention and Tourism Bureau. In the hand-wringing debates about the supposed “brain drain” and how to keep young Iowans in the state, you won’t find one mention of Erv Lovetinsky or his legacy. But, really, it is the kindness, honesty, fairness and neighborliness of Erv and those like him that are the bedrock of place and the ties that keep us grounded in and devoted to our community. We should all remember Erv for being a great exemplar of what’s special about Iowa City and Coralville.

We never quite found anyone like him, someone in whom we invested our complete trust. And when we would dream of the community we had left and loved, “Erv’s” always bubbled to the surface as one reason we wished we could return.
"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." —Genesis 1:24-26

Springtime brings us that special sensation of rebirth, with the belief that we can start again, that what was dark and fearful can be made light and loving. There can be no clearer symbol of optimism and faith than the act of planting a seed. As farmers and gardeners across the northern hemisphere ready their fields and plots for planting, they are resolute in their conviction that their fond expectations of spring will reap solid sustenance when autumn returns.

That faith is not unfounded; there is ample precedent that when one is a good steward of the land, the harvest will be bountiful. If one is not a good steward, as America learned in the 1930s, one will harvest a dustbowl.

What happens, though, when we step back and look at a broader landscape, not just a garden or a farm or a single growing season, but many farms over many seasons? The process is slower, but the gains and losses are proportional. Consider what at first appears to be a conflict, a conflict between the “dominion” offered over all the earth in the Genesis quotation above and the equally ancient ideas set forth by Chief Seattle of the Suquamish people: “This we know: the earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth.” Seattle continues: “All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.” Starts to sound a lot like Matthew 25, doesn’t it? “As ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Taken together, the words of Old and New testaments, as well as those of Chief Seattle, draw a picture of a world where humans are not ruthless dictators of the planet but attentive gardeners, nurturing it. “Dominion” means more than just the power to do as you please, to run roughshod over the planet pillaging and plundering. It involves respecting, tending, caring and sustaining. It involves stewardship. This is why it is antithetical for the “Christian right” to stand against the “environmental left.” In the beginning, God created a garden.

Farmers, who care for the quality of their product and the quality of their families’ lives, care for the soil. Agribusiness workers, who care for their job security and the bottom line, douse the soil with poisons that pollute not just their land, but the land, water and air of the whole world. Farmers believe themselves stewards of the land, working in harmony with the structures and the diversity nature provides. Agribusiness workers believe themselves distant corporate executives that know better than nature how to produce the food the world needs.

When Wendell Berry said, “eating is an agricultural act,” he illuminated the connections, between the plant and the plate, between the farm and the family, between the harvest and the hearth. Eating is not merely consuming, it is the vital link in the food chain that makes us who we are. When we plant a seed in the springtime, we are praying for our families to be happier, healthier and stronger when the harsh realities of winter circle around again.
The last night at Dolls on Feb. 26 was much tamer than I expected. Of course they broke some rules, as most people do on their last day of work. Some steal the stapler or spit in their boss' coffee. The exotic dancers at Dolls, Inc. pulled other women onto stage, stripped them down to their G-strings and simulated sex acts. Non-stripper after non-stripper mounted the stage and got stripped.

Some people have all the fun, especially all the men in the room, wide-eyed and smiling, hooting and hollering. Male customers, of course, always outnumber the female ones at places like Dolls.

I went up near the stage and sat near Gypsy Dolgos, a supporter of sex workers and co-owner of Ruby's Pearl. Ruby's was a feminist sex shop in Iowa City before it closed March 26, exactly one month after Dolls. The owners said they just weren't making enough to keep the place open.

Dolgos believes stripping can be an act of compassion, giving lonely people a way to feel sexual affection from women.

A stripper was making her rounds onstage, giving “dollar dances” to the men and few women sitting at its edge. The strippers try to bill these as previews to private dances, which cost more. The really acrobatic dancers can flip and contort themselves, landing their knees near a man's ears and their crotch inches from his face, bouncing their pelvis up and down.

For this service, he gives her a dollar.

The stripper will then move to the man in the next occupied chair. At Dolls, the dancers could touch their customers, but not vice versa. So, this next man might find his face becoming the meat in a tit-sandwich.

He gives her a dollar.

And then the next man. She might breathe heavily in his ear and make him forget about his wife and kids.

A dollar.

He could have bought a Coke with that.

When the stripper on this night gets to Dolgos, I watch as she stoically stands to receive her service. She lets the stripper press her breasts to her cheek, and then she hands her five dollars.

I'm next.

Before she even starts, I shake my hands and yell, “I don’t want titties in my face!”

She can't hear me over the Metallica and says, “It’s OK, I won’t pull you up on stage!”

by Melody Dworak
This assurance is not enough. I'll go to strip clubs because I want to be the nice alternative, the supportive feminist that respects exotic dancers for their skill. I don't need their service.

I shove my bill toward her, anxious that a boob might graze my cheek. The males are certainly gawking, and if her soft surface nears mine, this will certainly thrust me into an immediate girl-on-girl fantasy, exploiting my feminine image for a pleasure that I don't own. It's a mental objectification that I object to.

Most people on their last day of work steal the stapler or spit in their boss' coffee. The exotic dancers at Dolls, Inc. pulled other women onto stage, stripped them down to their G-strings and simulated sex acts.

She finally gets the point as I keep waving my hands.

"How about a high five?" she says.
Yes!

**Sex as commodity, taboo and life**

Stripping and cosmetic sales are probably the only two jobs where women make more money than men. The strippers at Dolls were independent contractors. In a way, such a job allows them to be their own boss. While the professional constraints and club rules give them a certain amount of control, they still have to answer to the airbrushed fantasies of their customers.

A stripper friend of mine used to let me hang out with her while she got ready for work. She would bathe, shave her armpit and pubic hair and apply lotion to her fake-baked skin and make-up to her face. Her hair was dyed blond and her nails were press-on. She spent hundreds of dollars on image maintenance—money that she can write off. She constructed her image each night like this before she went to “the grind.”

Dr. Gigi Durham, a UI associate professor who studies media and the politics of the body, agrees with the idea that strip clubs are “live pornography.”

“Fundamentally, their purpose, ideology and economics are the same;” she said. “The construction of sexualities in contemporary American society is geared toward the voyeuristic, to the objectification of women for the purposes of male arousal, and to framing sex as not a natural human tendency but as a commodity and taboo.”

Porn certainly is a taboo in Coralville and Iowa City, one that restricts adult entertainment businesses to areas zoned as heavy industrial or commercial-intensive.

John Yapp, associate planner for the Iowa City Planning and Zoning Commission, attributes the grouping to the nature of adult entertainment and the cultural reaction from the larger community.

The Iowa City City Code spells out the details of buffering the “negative aspects” of these zones from residential areas. Noise, fumes and porn must keep their distance.

Contemporary community standards judge what is obscene and what is tasteful. The controversy surrounding Dolls’ lawsuit against Coralville has prompted some to charge that communities are trying to eradicate sex businesses.

The city of Coralville recently bought out land in a heavy industrial zone on the north side of Coralville for a redevelopment plan involving The Environmental Project (formerly the Iowa Child Project). The plan is to build a fake rainforest and real convention center.

Dolls Inc., the only strip club in the Iowa City/Coralville area, lived on this land for almost nine years before the purchase and its final night in business Feb. 26.

Wayne Grell, owner of the club, contended in several newspapers that the city of Coralville rezoned land that he had bought in order to suppress the strippers’ right of free expression.

The Iowa City and Coralville zoning maps show areas zoned for future adult entertainment in the south. Yapp said the land there is flatter and can accommodate other needs of this zoning type.

He added, however, that although the city allows the businesses in these zones, those who own the land might refuse to sell land to these types of businesses.

**Owning your desire**

No one’s claiming a bunch of blue-haired church ladies closed down Ruby’s...
Pearl. But one wonders if the increasingly conservative climate in our country contributed something to the market for dildos and butt plugs going a little soft.

When Ruby’s Pearl first opened in 2001, I was the ripe and buxom age of 20, burgeoning on adulthood. The shop welcomed sexual curiosity; sex was no taboo. My first interaction with the Ruby’s staff came during my crusade to inseminate language with euphemisms for female masturbation. I was annoyed that men could choke their chicken, spank their monkey or stroke their pole, while women could do little more than play with themselves.

We came up with a list of almost 50 phrases. Yes, now women could rub their nub, dig in their garden or play their clitar.

Although Ruby’s was always a type of sex shop, its mission spanned a spectrum of services that allowed more sexual freedom than afforded by places like Dolls for both men and women.

“When you look someone in the eye and say, in effect, ‘this is a part of my sexual self that I want validated,’ well, to me that’s a form of communion with humanity. I feel like my sexuality is mine to design.” - Jayne Swift

Ruby’s sold educational books like The Survivor’s Guide to Sex by Staci Haines, which gives sex advice to adult victims of child abuse, and “cuntsignment” items from local artists. They hosted art shows and readings of erotic poetry.

And of course, there was “The Garden of Eden.” This curtain-enclosed area housed dildos and vibrators, butt plugs and anal beads—items that sold out first during Ruby’s going out of business sale.

Jayne Swift, a graduate student in the UI Women’s Studies department, sees the closing of Ruby’s as a real loss for the community.

“There’s no place to go where people accept their extreme fetishes,” she said, “and no place to find a good harness.”

Once a man entered Ruby’s and confided a problem to Gypsy Dolgos: He couldn’t get hard. He had had cancer and lost the ability. Dolgos said his biggest concern was that he couldn’t give his partner the kind of pleasure she wanted and deserved.

Dolgos fitted him with the proper gear—a dildo and harness—that would allow him to sexually please the woman he loved. When he returned to pick up the harness he’d ordered, he told her the dildo was incredibly successful.

Over the Internet, people can still find items like the ones Ruby’s sold. But it’s just not the same as being there to buy in person, in the flesh.

No one will show you how to strap on a harness. You’ll have to Google extra hard to find the truth about phthalates. No one will give you that face-to-face acceptance.

“When you go into a space, instead of clicking on the Internet, you are in effect owning your desire,” said Laura Crossley, who’s co-owned and managed Ruby’s since it opened.

Swift shares the same enlightened notion about walking into a sex shop, grabbing the porn of her choice, paying for it and walking out.

“When you look someone in the eye and say, in effect, ‘this is a part of my sexual self that I want validated,’ well, to me that’s a form of communion with humanity,” she said. “I feel like my sexuality is mine to design.”

Sex positive, pussy positive, prick positive, liberated, validated Life.

Life comes from sex, after all. It’s more than a metaphor.

“Sex is one of my primary preoccupations,” said Heather Daggett, another co-owner of Ruby’s. “I believe that sex is misused and misunderstood by the majority of people. If people were sensitive enough and took the time to connect with themselves sexually, they wouldn’t have so many hang-ups.”

Even I have my hang-ups.

I write erotic poetry. I was convinced at one point that the law might think my poems were prurient and obscene. I had to go through Stuart Smallian affirmations.

Me: ‘manartisti’ ‘manartisti’ ‘manartisti’ manartisti.

Cultural Mirror: Who are you kidding? You’re just a horny bastard.

Ruby’s gave us artistic horny bastards a place to feel at home.
Ruby's gave us artistic horny bastards a place to feel at home.

**Hope endures for the dirty-minded**

When sex is in public view and not buried in the bedroom, our society has a hard time accepting pleasure for pleasure's sake. Sex must hide behind partnership, literature, science, politics or art.

It's better than nothing, though. These forms allow the community to engage in non-threatening discourse through events like this month's *Unzipped: An Erotic Art Show*.

Iowa City's Chait Galleries Downtown, 218 E. Washington St., is hosting this event to discuss sexuality and challenge taboo.

Gallery owner Benjamin Chait said, "Shaking things up a bit by pushing the edges of local convention simply heightens the individual's recognition of their relationship to their community by examining their beliefs, values, opinions, etc, as well as those of others."

The gallery plans music, art, performance, edibles and beverages. Servers will serve in the painted buff. The show runs April 14-16. Call 338-4442 for more information.

**Give me sex**

Jayne Swift told me she felt "a weird synchronicity to the fact that both Ruby's and Dolls are closing around the same time."

I did too. Ruby's is definitely an emotional loss for me, after four years of physical, emotional and sexual growth.

While I can live without Dolls, a good friend of mine lost her primary source of income when it closed.

*Unzipped* gives me hope, though. When community standards grow too restrictive, the artists, intellectuals and scientists should stand up and say:

Give me sex, or give me death. IV

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Iowa City photographer seeks female amateur or semi professional models to pose for Fine Art Nudes. Models chosen will be compensated. Set up an appointment today to see how easy it could be to earn some extra cash.

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Globalization has brought many changes, not all of them grim. One of the most unexpected novelties wrought by globalization—with the aid of the Internet and the quick-and-easy distribution of MP3 music files—has been the exportation of the Ramones and the reinterpretation of these punk legends in strangely mutated ways.

A dub reggae version of “Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue” from Greece? Check. An electro-pop cover of “53rd and 3rd” from Hungary? Check that, too. A skanky version of “Somebody Put Something In My Drink” by a Russian ska band? I never thought that was possible, but, yes, check. How about a mixed-gender group from Britain that reinterprets ABBA songs in the style of the Ramones? They’re called, of course, GABBA.

Added together, these examples comprise a new sub-genre of world music, Ramones World Music. Although you can’t buy most of these songs in stores, they’re but one mouse click away from hours of slack-jawed, head-scratching bliss.

Musical cross-pollination, of course, long preceded the Internet. To name but one of many examples...in the mid-1960s, James Brown famously stamped his unique style on African-derived music, helping give birth to funk. By the late 1960s, Nigerian pop star Fela Kuti took that JB style and reinterpreted it to launch his own Afro-funk music into the universe. It eventually found its way back to the United States—and to Paul Simon.

To cite a much less inspiring case, Bob Marley exported Jamaican reggae, making possible Eric Clapton’s version of “I Shot the Sheriff” and inspiring a million Trustafarian/Rasta-Aryan bands on US college campuses. And I won’t even start with “The Sign,” that lilting track by Ace of Base, who can charitably be characterized as Sweden’s greatest reggae band...

While we’re on the subject of Sweden—home of ABBA, which, in the late-1970s, rivaled Volvo as the country’s most lucrative economic export—let’s return to GABBA, a self-proclaimed “Discopunk sensation.” The band’s home page (www.gabba.co.uk) states they were “created by Stig Honda, the eccentric Japanese Professor at the Osaka Rock and Roll High School. In search of the formula for pop perfection, he accidentally fused the raw energy of New York punk music and the pretty melodies and harmonies of Scandinavian pop, and GABBA was born.” Their revamped version of “Knowing Me, Knowing You,” ABBA’s most touching breakup song, is, quite simply, brilliant. Or deranged. Or just stupid. Actually, all of the above. The same is true of “Waterloo,” though they really shine on original songs like “Hej Ho Let’s Go” and their genetically rewired mash-up “Super Shock Trooper,” which finds common ground between ABBA’s “Super Trooper” and the Ramones’ “Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment.” My rock critic super-powers fail me when trying to describe the resulting sensory overload.

It’s a strange world out there, and I haven’t even gotten to Banana Gang—yes, Banana Gang—that ska-inflected band from the former Soviet Union (apparently, as I discovered a couple years ago, ska is huge in the Balkans). Although ska and punk have been fused many times before (Operation Ivy, Rancid, etc.), it’s a bit different to hear a ska-punk band with a Russian accent singing a lesser 1980s Ramones song: “Somebody Put Something in My Drink.”

Another curiosity from the former Soviet empire is Ramon Da Silva, a Hungarian Pet Shop Boys-influenced outfit obsessed...
with the Ramones who, as legend has it, recorded an album titled *Ace of Bass* with Spades Leave Home. Their masterpiece is an electronically percolating version of “53rd & 3rd”—a curious track that celebrates male prostitutes. Oddly enough, the song works in its new context, new genre.

International electro-pop Ramones reinterpretations are more common than you’d think. (Now there’s a sentence!) I recently found a synapse-frying French group called No Bluff Sound, who cover, appropriately enough, “Psycho Therapy”; however, the best of the rest is Peru’s Da Lama, who sing the synth-pop-tastic “Ik Sloeg Haar Half Dood,” better known as “Beat on the Brat.”

Another notable version of “53rd & 3rd” was recorded by Pri-V. In three minutes and 10 seconds, this Russian group manages to fuse wimpy 1990s indie rock guitar jangle, proto-industrial drum machine squall and yowling, growling death metal. All while covering the Ramones.

But for every genre-busting band, there’s a more traditional, straightforward Ramones-loving outfit that upholds the punk pioneers’ tradition of 1-2-3-4 buzzsaw rock. At the top of my list are Germany’s Melones, Russia’s Kabzone, Belgium’s The Dirty Scums and Argentina’s Bullet Treatment.

Despite my descent into (and eventual acceptance of) intercontinental Ramones mania, the one track I still can’t wrap my head around is the Greek group Mika (featuring Jah Paul II), which rewired my soft, mushy brain with their electronica-fied space-reggae cover of “I Wanna Sniff Some Glue.” Picture dub reggae madman Lee “Scratch” Perry producing the Ramones (rather than the similarly crazy Phil Spector), and your imagination won’t even come close to replicating the real thing—unless, of course, you’re already out of your gourd.

Around the world in 80 clicks, and only one brain aneurism. Gimme gimme shock treatment. **iv**
FOOLHARDY

Foolhardy
Foolhardy
www.foolhardy.net

Making fresh, accessible, poppy rock music these days is a slippery business. But it's still a tempting undertaking for many musicians.

The challenge in Foolhardy's new CD is to sound individual, while at the same time sounding enough like everything else so as to be accessible and familiar. On this eponymous debut, Foolhardy (basically former Pompeii V member Michael Hardy) takes up the challenge, and with simple but immaculately constructed songs, largely succeeds.

The opener "White Trash Rain" establishes the template. The verse bubbles along with chiming guitars, followed by a left turn in the chorus and Beatles-esque harmonies in the bridge. "Dead Weight" borrows a few chords from the Allman Brothers' "Melissa," and some of that band's '70s mellowness. The lyrics, though, are bleak and poisonous, delivered in the sweetest voice possible: "...I was your dead weight...I know you're happy as can be, that little asterisk is me."

I don't mean to make Foolhardy sound so derivative; what Hardy does is a bit like what a hip-hop producer accomplishes with a sampler: pulls bits and pieces out of the musical ether that feel right, and stitches them together into something that makes a new whole. The music has a surface sheen of polite conventionality, but something dark and sad roils underneath.

Hardy's not afraid to make unexpected left turns, as on "The Cruelest Month," where he drops in Pink-Floyd-esque digressions to avoid going over the line into Huey Lewis obviousness.

Recorded in Berlin with German musicians, the deft, transparent production by Berliner Guy Sternberg only enhances the songs. He has a knack for making each instrument in the mix stand out clearly. The vocals are bedded perfectly with the other instruments, not so loud that they're in front of everything else, yet still clear and intelligible. It's a big-studio, widescreen sound.

The real surprise, after repeated listens, is that while Foolhardy sounds almost studied in its pursuit of a radio-ready, commercial sound, it maintains a certain plain-faced, guileless innocence, even given the bleakness of the lyrics. What Cheryl Crow, or Counting Crows or Blink 182 are trying to simulate, Foolhardy is doing for real.

Foolhardy, joined by a lineup of veteran Iowa City musicians, will perform at a CD-release party April 8 at the Mill.

Kent Williams

The Decemberists

Picaresque
Kill Rock Stars

In literature, the term picaresque refers to a type of novel in which a likeable rogue goes on a long journey, meets colorful people and shamelessly engages in a series of dubious escapades. The most famous examples would be Miguel Cervantes' Don Quixote and Mark Twain's The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. While The Decemberists' Picaresque lacks a central character, the songs themselves are largely told in the first person by the protagonist or observer. The tunes take the listener on a time-shifting, stream-of-consciousness expedition into the imagination, peopled by infant monarchs, suicidal lovers, vengeful sailors, military wives and boy ghosts. As with classic picaresque tales, the art and purpose lie not with the narrative's resolution but in the trip itself.

If it sounds like the Decemberists are getting all literary on you; never fear. While the literary merits of the disc are important, lead singer/guitarist/writer Colin Meloy's words here function as lyrics, not lyric poetry. The songs are sung and played, not recited, and the instrumental parts are essential in setting the mood, delineating character and moving the story forward. For example, the deep rumble of drums underneath a strummed guitar opens "From My Own True Love (Lost at Sea)" and immediately lets the listener know something dark and foreboding has happened. Jenny Conlee's jaunty, slightly off-kilter accordion introduction to "The Mariner's Revenge Song" suggests the happy insanity of the sailor/narrator, and when the tar finds himself in the belly of a whale alone with his nemesis, you just know how much the mariner will delight in slowly torturing his enemy. The other band members include Ezra Holbrook on drums, Nate Query on accordion and Chris Funk on theremin and pedal steel guitar.

The Decemberists recorded the album in a former Baptist church in Portland, Ore., with producer Chris Walla (guitarist/keyboardist of Death Cab for Cutie). The vocals and instrumentation resonate and give the sound a spatial sensibility. One can hear the silence between the notes, whether it is a plucked guitar or Meloy taking a purposeful sigh between a verse and chorus. Meloy sounds like a combination of the lead vocalists from the '80s' greatest alternative bands—a bit of the lonely ache of R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe's murmuring atop the articulate desire of The Smith's Morrissey. The Northwestern American Meloy even sings with a bit of a Victorian British accent.

Meloy and his mates give the songs a staged musical reading. They even dress up in different character costumes on the CD cover to match the protagonists of some of the more intriguing personalities here, such as the ghost on "Eli, The Barrow..."
Boy," the male runaway streetwalkers in "On the Bus Mall" and the trench-coated female spy of "The Bagman's Gambit." The effect is one of musical theater.

As mentioned, the lyrics have a distinct literary quality. Meloy is primarily a storyteller. These songs tell tales and deftly employ the standard techniques of foreshadowing, suspense and character-driven plotlines. Meloy also uses quaint and old-fashioned words such as "palanquin," "quailed" and "consumptive wretch" to set the scenes just right. He even makes allusions to other tunes to evoke moods and attitudes in language: "Matching blue raincoats" re: Leonard Cohen's "Famous Blue Raincoat," "We have power lines/in our bloodlines" re: Jimmy Webb's "Wichita Lineman," etc.

The Decemberists' latest release tells a number of different stories, but the focus is always on the narrator. We live in our minds, the songs suggest, so be careful. One never knows what's lurking inside.

_The Decemberists play the Mill Dec. 6._

Steve Horowitz
In Walter Salles' The Motorcycle Diaries, Gael Garcia Bernal co-stars as a young Ernesto Guevara de la Serna, nearly finished with his medical degree but deciding to take a recreational road trip through South America with his biochemist friend Alberto Granado (Rodrigo de la Serna). During the journey, these two friends see example after example of injustice and poverty. Granado decides to continue his medical career, but “Che” Guevara, transformed, begins to consider political change through revolution.

What could have been a paean to a hero or a biographical critique, in the hands of Salles and the deservedly Academy Award-winning screenwriter Jose Rivera, becomes an accessible and even sympathetic story about two young guys confronting the problems and possibilities of life. A sprinkling of modest and funny moments—Ernesto’s boorishness on a dance floor, a near-Keystone-Kops moment in Chile, various motorcycle accidents—lighten the tale, allowing viewers to see the men as equals, to each other and to us, even as the characters of a famous revolutionary and a less famous (but no less important) medical leader are being forged.

Salles’ choices with regard to illustrating the evolution of a revolutionary are relatively subtle; the most effective device he uses (perhaps self-reflexively) is the idea of the camera. There are two explicit uses of photography during the story: a snapshot that Guevara gets into a local newspaper to try and smooth the pair’s financial difficulties with a little fame, and a less famous (but no less important) medical leader are being forged.

At first, the images from Guevara’s imagination, presented to the film viewer full-screen, seem like something from an ethnographic magazine; they are in black and white, they focus on human faces against backgrounds of poor fields or humble constructions, and they are (almost) still images, lagging motionless for a few seconds before the movie camera. Increasingly, though, the images become more obviously in motion. A horse moves in the background. A person shifts from foot to foot. A pair of sorrowful eyes blinks.

It is as though Guevara had been exposed to the idea of looking at poverty before—he surely must have been, as a medical student—and is now realizing that photographic, sociological descriptions of poverty, while poignant and honest, treat people as vistas and do not offer solutions to their troubles. Guevara sees the people through this lens, because it is the lens he has been taught to use, but in his view, the people are moving. They are alive. He knows the personalities behind the expressions, and the personalities haunt him.

Rivera builds on Guevara’s increasing awareness and concern, but it is Salles who clinches the arc, choosing to end the film with a montage of these black-and-white un-photographs, which—rather than proselytizing about poverty or acting as a cheesy retrospective look at the journey—give viewers the illusion of having a chance to know Che not by seeing him, necessarily through the lens of someone’s interpretation of history, but by seeing with him through his own mental camera’s lens.

The only nods to the factuality of this story are some scattered facts and quotations, a few seconds of Alberto Granada himself at the end of the film, some photographs shown with the credits (including the real photographs of Guevara and Granado from that newspaper and of Guevara at Chichen Itza), and the incredible faithfulness of the camera to the actual route taken by Guevara and Granado (perhaps the most rigorously accurate scenic photography in recent film).

Far more important is the narrative. Bernal and de la Serna, both of whom get almost too much soulful-gaze time on the screen, breathe vitality into the film with wonderfully complex performances. Rivera composes a folk song of a screenplay, complete with verse-like episodes and the occasional wry or thought-provoking line. And Salles leaves us with the faintly disturbing notion that we, too, have been taught to see the troubles of the world as inert photographs—but also with the inspiring notion that we are at liberty to reimagine how and what we see, and to allow ourselves to be affected.

The DVD, released this February, is plain in presentation and a little weak on special features, though it does feature an unusual and satisfying variety of language options—subtitles and voiceovers for multiple languages.

Thanks to That’s Rentertainment, 202 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 338-0977 for lending the DVD for this review.
CALENDAR

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis.
Mail entries to Little Village, P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 or email little-village@usa.net

Art/Exhibits

American African Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
Bronzeville to Harlem, sculpture by Preston Jackson, photographs by Carl Van Vechten about the Harlem Renaissance, April 2-Sept. 6; opening April 2, 2-4pm.

AKAR
Clay soda-fired vessels by Minnesota artist Jeff Oestreich, April 8-21.

ARTS Iowa City
Jefferson Bldg., 129 E. Washington St.

AKAR
Clay soda-fired vessels by Minnesota artist Jeff Oestreich, April 2-Sept. 6; opening April 2, 2-4pm.

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. 25; Joan Luffring-Zug Bourret: From a Life of Photography, works by this Iowa photographer, through May 22 • 20th Century American Prints, through May 29. (See Words listing for more)

Chait Galleries Downtown
218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 338-4442
Exploration with Oil, painting re-envisioning the ordinary by Jan Zeller-Redmond, through April 9 • Dale Dvokly, naturalistic ceramic sculpture, through April 15 • Unzipped: An Erotic Art Show, two and three dimensional art, music, performance and cuisine, April 14-16 opening.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
The Paper Sculpture Show, interactive exhibit, through May 8; orientation session free and open to public, April 5, 5:15-6:30pm.

Design Ranch
701 E. Davenport St., Iowa City, 354-2623
Get Real, classic modern furniture by Charles and Ray Eames, George Nelson, Isamu Noguchi and Alvar Aalto, through April 17. (See Words listing for more)

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-289-4660
Bobbie McKibbon-Drawn West, works by Grinnell College professor of art Bobbie McKibbon, April 8-June 5; opening reception April 8, 5-6:30pm.

The History Center
615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501
Christian Tiemeyer: A Quarter of a Century with the Cedar Rapids Symphony, traces the history of conductor Christian Tiemeyer's years with the CR Symphony, through May 8 • Lebanese Among Us: Americans for A Century, examines the Lebanese experience, beginning with their migration to Linn County in 1865-1930, through July 10. (See Words listing for more)

Hudson River Gallery
538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488
Paintings and sculpture by Diane Naylor, April 15-May 21; opening reception April 15, 6-8pm.

Iowa Artisans Gallery
207 E. Washington, Iowa City
Day of the Dead and Mexican Tattoos: Original Prints by Charles Barth, through April 17; black and white photography by Conrad Marvin, April 22-May 29.

Iowa State Bank & Trust
102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 337-8615
Kids Art Exhibit, works from Iowa City Community School District, Regina, Hentage Christian, Willowood and Solon elementary school children, through April 30.

Janalyn Hanson White Gallery
Mt. Mercy College, Cedar Rapids, 363-1323
Cinematic Claustrophobia, installation by Michael Arrigo, through April.

Lorenz Boot Shop
132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053
The Rabbit in Concrete Shoes, oil paintings on black Arches paper by Sharon Burns-Knutson; also Landscapes; pastels; Body and Soul, and mixed media and photographs by Rita Svoboda Tomanek; both through June 1.

Many Facets
125 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 341-4562
Images of Spring, oil paintings by Richard Cone; through May.

MC Ginsberg Objects of Art
110 E. Washington St., Iowa City
Works by Finnish textile designer Anne Kyro Quinn, through May.

Mt. Mercy College
Cedar Rapids
Children's Art Exhibit, artwork of Eastern Iowa elementary, middle school and high school students, through April 8. Mt. Mercy Art Department, Fourth Floor Warde Hall.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library
30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500
Photographs by Alexander Hammid and Jan Lukas, works by these two significant figures of 20th century Czechoslovak photography and film, through May 31 • Upkra Selections, series of more than a dozen framed photographs by Joza Upkra depicting quintessential prints of pilgrims in kroje, Czech and Slovak folk dress, through April 17 • Bohemian Gardens: Exquisite Artistry from the National Museum in Prague, through September. (See Words listing for more)

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Work by Claire Joseph, Iowa City artist; sculptural and painting media, particularly relating to gender issues and politics—with humor, through April 29.

Salon Studios
420 First Ave., Coralville, 358-0064
Landscapes and portraits by Ruth Muir; florals by Lila Riman. (See Words listing for more)

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
30 Years, 30 Images, photographs of people and places taken by IC's Jonathan D. Sabin over the last 30 years, through April 10.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Functional ceramic pottery by Samuel Johnson, through April 19, Main Lobby, First Floor John Colloton Pavilion • Painted silk scarves by Jan Gipple, April 23-July 25, Main Lobby Gallery Space, First Floor Roy Carver Pavilion • Aging in America: The Years Ahead, photography by Ed Kash and essays and interviews by Julie Winokur, April 1-June 24, Patient and Visitor Activities Center Galleries I, II and III, Eighth Floor John Colloton Pavilion.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Interventionist College: From Dada to the Present, selection of more than 100 works by more than 30 artists of a range of 20th-century collages, through April 3 • Tohm Judson: Symphonic Synchronicity (10 minutes later), site-specific sound piece by composer Tohm Judson combines sound from events happening simultaneously around the world that are partly controlled by the movement of visitors through the gallery, through April 24 • The Face of Difference: Gender, Race and the Politics of Representation, exhibition opening with Abigail Solomon-Godeau, speaker, April 7, 7pm (See Words listing for more)

Music

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
The Heroes of Pastor Town, Brent Eric Watkins presents oral history and piano performance tracing transformation of American popular music by African-American composers 1900-1925, April 2, 6pm • African-American Spirituals lecture and concert with Kevin McBeth, April 7, tour at 6pm and concert 7-8pm.

Carver Hawkeye Arena
SCOPE Productions, Iowa City, 335-3395
Brooks & Dunn, country duo, with guest Gary Allan, May 1, 7pm.

Clapp Recital Hall
UIC campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
The Rage of Louis, Benjamin Britten, UI Martha-Ellen Tye Opera Theater, April 1, 2 & 3, 8pm • St. Lawrence String Quartet, April 7, 8pm • University Choir, April 8, 8pm • Women’s Chorale and Camerata, April 9, 8pm • Iowa Chamber Music Coalition, April 10, 8pm • Center for New Music, April 10, 8pm • Kenneth Fse, saxophone; Benjamin Coelho, bass; and Uriel Tsachor, piano, April 11, 8pm • Iowa Brass Quintet, April 13, 8pm • Nobuya Sugawa, saxophone, Minako Sugawa, piano, April 14, 8pm • Kantorei, April 15, 8pm • Piano Festival with Jason Sifford, April 18, 8pm • Scratch and Bang: Music for Strings and Percussion, April 22, 8pm • Johnson County Landmark jazz band, April 23, 8pm • Volkan Orhon, bass; Ksenia Nosikova, piano, April 24, 3pm • Maia Quartet, April 26, 8pm • University and Concert Band, April 27, 8pm • Basic Tse, saxophone; and Uriel Joselson, soprano; Uriel Tsachor, piano, April 29, 8pm • Jazz Repertory Ensemble, April 30, 8pm • UI Chamber Orchestra, May 1, 8pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
The Rage of Louis, Benjamin Britten, UI Martha-Ellen Tye Opera Theater, April 1, 2 & 3, 8pm • St. Lawrence String Quartet, April 7, 8pm • University Choir, April 8, 8pm • Women’s Chorale and Camerata, April 9, 8pm • Iowa Chamber Music Coalition, April 10, 8pm • Center for New Music, April 10, 8pm • Kenneth Fse, saxophone; Benjamin Coelho, bass; and Uriel Tsachor, piano, April 11, 8pm • Iowa Brass Quintet, April 13, 8pm • Nobuya Sugawa, saxophone, Minako Sugawa, piano, April 14, 8pm • Kantorei, April 15, 8pm • Piano Festival with Jason Sifford, April 18, 8pm • Scratch and Bang: Music for Strings and Percussion, April 22, 8pm • Johnson County Landmark jazz band, April 23, 8pm • Volkan Orhon, bass; Ksenia Nosikova, piano, April 24, 3pm • Maia Quartet, April 26, 8pm • University and Concert Band, April 27, 8pm • Basic Tse, saxophone; and Uriel Joselson, soprano; Uriel Tsachor, piano, April 29, 8pm • Jazz Repertory Ensemble, April 30, 8pm • UI Chamber Orchestra, May 1, 8pm.
IC International Doc Fest
Iowa City • April 14-17

An international film festival right here in Iowa City? Last year’s festival garnered worldwide attention as filmmakers George Stoney and Vanalyne Green, together with IC native Jim Haverkamp, juried a competition of 34 short (less than 30 min.) documentaries. These included festival winner Myth of Father, directed by Paul Hill; Haverkamp’s Sundance-winning Monster Road and a variety of pieces from around the world. A shorter version of the festival went on to tour six Iowa cities.

This year’s jurors include Academy Award nominee Sam Green (The Weather Underground) and Guggenheim recipient Rebecca Baron (How Little We Know of Our Neighbors). The festival lineup includes such treats as Lights in the Delta, about what happens when gambling casinos descend on the poorest county in the US, and Fala tu - Lives of Rhyme, which follows three amateur Brazilian rappers.

Films will be screened at the Bijou and Tippie Aud., Papa John Business Bldg. www.icdocs.org for more info.

Nialle Woods

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IC native Steven Jepson, baritone, with Steven Swedish, piano, April 9, 8pm • The Del McCoury Band, April 14, 8pm • Swing Into Spring, Old Gold Singers, April 16, 8pm • New Horizons Band, April 24, 3pm.

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
IC native Steven Jepson, baritone, with Steven Swedish, piano, April 9, 8pm • The Del McCoury Band, April 14, 8pm • Swing Into Spring, Old Gold Singers, April 16, 8pm • New Horizons Band, April 24, 3pm.

Faith United Methodist Church
1000 30th St. NE, Cedar Rapids
Ferron and Tret Fure, double CD-release concert, April 22, 8pm.

Gabe’s
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788
Early show: The Rocket Summer, Brandston, Cartel, Umbrellas; Late show: hip-hop with Untied Nationz; April 1 • Kita, Burnout, April 3 • Early show: Zao, Sinai Beach, Leven, Goodbye Anabelle Lee; Late show: The Leah Quenelle All-Stars featuring Happy, Liberty Leg, April 4 • Gift of Gab, Lateef the Truth Speaker, Guilty By Association, Rebel’s Advocate, Plus Tax, April 5 • Brothers Past, April 6 • The Dog & Everything, The Primetime Heroes, Ticonderoga, Catchstone, April 7 • Pelican, Sicbay, Zombi, Holy Smokes, April 8 • The Album Leaf, Black Mountain, Marah-Ma, Roots of Orchis, April 9 • Japan’s DMBQ, The Forty-Fives, The Tanks, April 10 • Bane, Silent Drive, With Honor, Ignite the Will, April 11 • Early show: Dillinger Four, Toys
Blues Jam Mondays
DJ Jagger and the Jogoffs, Bottomfeeder, April 1 • Otell Burbridge and the Peacemakers, April 2 • Reggae DJ, April 5 • Franky Malloon, Porchbuilder, Martian Waters, April 7 • Pomeroy, April 8 • Finger Print. Recordings hip-hop show CD release, April 9 • Cool-Zey. Bottomfeeder, Miracles of God, April 12 • Shanti Grove, The Gliglitch, April 14 • Liquid Soul, Jensen Connection, April 15 • Aswah Greggori and the Enforcers. Blue Island Tribe, April 16 • Melissa Ferrick, April 19 • Euforquestra, Public Property, April 20 • Storytime, Goldbricker, April 22 • Mr. Blotto, April 23 • Unyted Natyzon, April 29.

Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, 335-1160
Jazz vocalist Nienna Frelon, April 9, 8pm • UI Symphony Band, April 20, 8pm.

IMU Ballroom
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-3395
Colorado bluegrass quartet Yonder Mountain String Band, April 28, 7pm.

The Java House
211 E. Washington St., 341-0012
WSU’s “Iowa Talks Live from the Java House,” Fridays, 10am
Tom Nothnagle, April 1 • Brian Joseph, April 15 • Brenda Weiler, April 22. (See Words and Theater listings for more)

Martini’s
127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5358
Shows at 9pm
Soul Power DJ, April 1 • Diplomats, April 2 • Soul Patrol DJs, April 8 • Blues Instigators, April 9 • Dennis McMurrin Trio, April 15 • UBT DJs, April 16 • The Gir DJs, April 22 • Bruner/Johnson Trio, April 23 • Soul Patrol DJs, April 29 • The Saul Lubaroft Quartet, April 30.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8pm • 2nd & 4th Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7pm • All music 8pm unless noted otherwise
Catfish Keith, April 2 • The Decemberists, Okkervil River, April 6 • Foolhardy, CD-release Party, April 8 • Melissa Rose Ziemer, Jeffrey Morgan, April 10 • The Diplomats of Solid Sound CD-release dinner show, April 12, 7-9pm • Myshkin’s Ruby Warblers, April 14 • Half Fast, April 16 • James Apollo, April 17, 8pm • Barclay Martin, April 20 • Big Band Jazz Night, April 21 • Brenda Weiler, April 22 • Jim Carstenson, April 26, 8pm • Stuart Davis, April 29 • Willy Porter, April 30.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
CR Symphony Pops Concert, “Film Scores to High Scores,” April 9, 8pm; April 10, 2:30pm, 366-8203 for tickets • CR Symphony Children’s Discovery Concert, April 16, 9:30am & 11am, 366-8203 for tickets • Barbary Coast Dixieland Band, April 17, 2pm, 363-6254 for tickets • Fab Five Showchoir Extravaganza, April 25 & 26, 7pm • Mighty Wurliutz Theater Organ Concert, guest Dave Wickerham, May 1, 2pm, 364-6300 for tickets.

Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
Music at 9:30pm
Kevin Gordon, April 1 • UI Faculty Jazz Jam, April 7 • Dave Moore, April 9 • Northern Iowa Jazz Lieder Ensemble, April 23 • Benchwarmer, April 30.

Siren Club
124 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 248-2840
Thursday Nights, Jacqueline Krain and The Ringers, 9pm-12am
Lacy Boy and the Recinlers, April 1, 9pm-1am • Saul Lubaroft recording second album, April 2, 8pm-12am • Ernie Peniston, April 8, 9pm-1am • Ellie Parker, “The People of Paris,” April 9 • Mike Bader with Flat Cat, April 15, 9pm-1am • Janiva Magness Band, April 16, 9pm-12am • Kelley Hunt, April 22, 9pm-12am • Kevin FB Kurt and the Instigators, April 23, 9pm-1am • Chicago Blues with Larry McRae, April 29, 9pm-1am • Gary Gibson Group, April 30, 9pm-1am.

Stars Guitars
Town & Country Center, 3639 First Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 866-362-1861
Acoustic jam session every Friday night, 7-9pm.

Trinity Episcopal Church
320 E. College St., Iowa City, 335-1603
David Bellugi, recorder; Ivan Battison, accordion, April 4, 7:30pm.

UL Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of Ultznc, Iowa City, 365-6417
Colloion Artron, noon (unless noted otherwise)
Big John and His Guitar, singer/songwriter, April 8 • Gary Nasif, singer, April 15 • Heritage Christian School, choir of elementary students, April 22, 11:30am • Strigindo Medicsoum, medical student string ensemble, April 26, 12:30pm.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
IC pianist Dan Knight and Iowa guitarist Don Blev, April 1, 5pm.

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@hoolperformingarts.com), Sundays, 2-4pm • All shows 7pm unless otherwise indicated • April Fools’ Open Mic, April 1, 8pm • Shoelace, punkability, April 2 • Gilded Bats, April 9 • The Unsung Forum (songwriters’ workshop), April 14 • Bill’s Benefit Birthday Bash, April 16, 12-10pm • Brace for Blast, April 23 • Bree Nettie Cline-White, April 30.

U. S. Cellular Center
370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211
Lonestar, Judd Hughes, April 9, 6pm.

Voxman Music Bidg.
UI campus, Iowa City
Harper Hall
Arthur Weisburg, bassoon, April 1, 6:30pm • David Bellugi, recorder; Peter Karioff, harpsichord, April 3, 2pm • Charles Castlemen, violin; Rene Leucuna, piano, April 5, 8pm • Summit Chamber Players, April 6, 8pm • Mary Horozanicki, violin, April 20, 8pm • Illinois State University Faculty Brass Quintet, April 21, 5:30pm • Anthony Arnone, cello; Iowa City Chamber Orchestra, April 23, 8pm • UI Saxophone Ensemble, April 29, 8pm.

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
No Rules Open Mic, Sundays; Hip-Hop Night, Tuesdays; Jam Band Jam, Wednesdays. 10pm
Public Property, April 1, 9pm • Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, April 2, 9pm • Steepwater Band, Stark Machete, April 7, 9pm • Euforquestra, April 8, 9pm • Jensen Connection, Alma Howe Hayride, Shelter Belt, April 9, 9pm • Midnight to Twelve, April 10, 6pm • Jake Dilley Band, THOS, April 14, 9pm • Mer, Scottie Long, Catch Stone, April 15, 9pm • Goodyear Pimp, April 16, 9pm • Know Boundaries, The Crest, April 21, 9pm • Joe Price, April 22, 9pm • One Love Sounds Reggae Jam session, April 23, 9pm • Shame Tran CD-release party, The Humbugs, April 29, 9pm • Brother Trucker, Patrick Brickell Band, April 30, 9pm.

Dance
CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Latin dance classes, Saturdays, 3:30-5:30pm, 364-2188 • Cristina Moura in Like an Idiot, contemporary dance performance from Brazil, April 21, 22 & 23, 8pm.

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Fax (319) 354-8973
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E-mail: tech@techiowa.com

Corvalis
Riverview Square
474 1st Ave.
(319) 338-6274
Fax (319) 338-7788
E-mail: hgrani@techiowa.com

| calendar | little village | 19 |
Hancher Auditorium
Ul campus, 335-1160
Cookin', Korean martial arts/drumming/dance set in a restaurant kitchen, April 15, 7:30pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Dance of Iowa Recitals, April 30, 1pm & 6pm

Space/Place Theatre
North Hall, Ul campus, Iowa City
Afro/Cuban Drum and Dance Ensemble, Ul Dance Department, April 1-2, 8pm • Swing a Club: Facing Cancer, St. Olaf Dance Department, April 9, 8pm • Diego Carrasco/Minna Fukushima Thesis Concert, April 14, 15 & 16, 8pm.

Auditions/Opportunities
Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Auditions for Prosperity, a new play by Chicago playwright Keith Huff, April 12, by appointment only.

Theater/Performance
Arts a la Carte
20 E Market St, Iowa City, 354-1526
Tango Variations and the Iowa Waltz, self-reflexive dance-drama about the collaboration of an Argentine woman and an Iowa man on the production of a film documentary, April 30, 7pm & 10pm, receptions following performances; May 1, 2pm.

Iowa City Community Theatre
Exhibition Hall, Johnson Co. Fairgrounds, Iowa City, 338-0443
Fri. & Sat. 8pm; Sun. 2:30pm
The Secret Garden, by Lucy Simon and Marsha Norman, dirigted by Terry Pitts, April 6, 2pm • The Battle That Stopped Rome, produced by Riverside’s ongoing partnership with Cornell University, April 1, 5pm; April 2, 2pm.

The Java House
211 E. Washington St., 351-9529
WSSU's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am
Live excerpts from Tennessee Williams' The Glass Menagerie performed by the cast of the Ul Theatre production, director Alan MacVey and dramaturge Bryon Moore discuss Williams' life and work, April 1-2, 5:30pm • Elulenspiegel Puppets celebrate their 30-year anniversary, early childhood development products presented by Melissa Blum, April 29.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
You’ve Earned It, Don’t Lose It, Suze Orman, April 20, 7pm • Fiddler on the Roof, April 21, 7:30pm.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Thursday & Sat., 7pm; Fridays & Saturdays, 8pm; Sundays, 2pm (unless noted otherwise)
Big Love, Charles Mee's vaudeville/tragedy update of Aeschylus' Suppliant Women, presented as part of Riverside's ongoing partnership with Cornell College; through April 10.

Senior Center
28 S. Linn St., Iowa City
Tango Variations and the Iowa Waltz, self-reflexive dance-drama about the collaboration of an Argentine woman and an Iowa man on the production of a film documentary, April 22, 2pm.

Theatre Cedar Rapids
102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
7:30pm Thurs.-Sat and 2:30pm Sun. (unless noted otherwise)
Steel Magnolias, by Julia Sweeney and Marsha Norman, April 6, 10pm • The Necklace, by Israel Horowitz, April 16, 1pm • The Battle That Stopped Rome, produced by Riverside’s ongoing partnership with Cornell University, April 1, 5pm; April 2, 2pm.

UI Theatres
Theatre Bldg., Ul campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams, E.C. Mabie Theatre, April 7-9, 14-16, 8pm; April 10 & 17, 3pm.

U.S. Cellular Center
370 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, 398-5211
Sesame Street Live's Out of This World, April 5, 7pm; April 6, 10:30am & 7pm.

Comedy
The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Comics in Action, improv, April 19, 9pm.

Words
African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
The Heroes of Parlor Town, Brent Eric Watkins presents oral history and piano performance tracing transformation in American popular music by African-American composers 1900-1925, April 2, 6pm • African-American Spirituals lecture and concert with Kevin McBeth, April 7, 7pm & 10pm. April 14, 12-1pm; Iowa Writers' Workshop instructor and author Marilynne Robinson on the Underground Railroad in Iowa, April 21, 7pm • Poet Tyani Witherspoon reads from his book of poetry and song, Stand, April 30, 2pm.

Brucemore
2160 Linden Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
You've Earned It, Don't Lose It, Suze Orman, April 20, 7pm • Fiddler on the Roof, April 21, 7:30pm.

Conference on White Privilege
Central College campus, Pella, April 27-30
"Women Activists: Their Fight Against White Privilege, White Supremacy, and Oppression." Anti-racism activists and thinkers, including Dr. Peggy McIntosh, who is credited with popularizing the term "white privilege" in her 1989 article "Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack." For more info: www.whiteprivilegeconference.com.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Noble Pen Writers' Group, April 7, 7pm • Reading by Iowa poet Marvin Bell, sponsored by Noble Pen, April 10, 2pm.

Design Ranch
701 E. Davenport St., Iowa City, 354-2623
Furniture designer Eames Demetrios reads from The Eames Primer, April 1, 5:30pm.

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660
Reading by author Pete Fromm, April 25, 8pm.

The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Poetry Slam, April 6 & 7, 9pm.

The History Center
615 First Avenue SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501
"Up to Appomattox," Bill Thomas performs the role of Private Ralph Tripp, remembering the Civil War as
The Java House
211 E. Washington St, 341-0012
WSU's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am.

Live excerpts from Tennessee Williams' The Glass Menagerie performed by the cast of the UI Theatre production, director Alan MacVey and dramaturg Bryan Moore discuss Williams' life and work, April 1 • Renee Davis of the Chicago 7 discusses his "call for a new humanity," April 15 • Authors Patricia Bryan and Thomas Wolf discuss their book Midnight Assassin: A Murder in America's Heartland, April 22 • Eulenspiegel Puppets celebrate their 30-year anniversary, early childhood development products presented by Melissa Rennie Davis of the Chicago 7 discusses his "call for humanity," April 15.
Curses, Foiled Again

An agency that serves the poor in Fostoria, Ohio, called police after thieves broke in through a back door and stole a safe. The safe was empty, according to Susan Simpkins, director of the Fostoria Bureau of Concern, who explained that the agency had been intending to throw it out, but it was too big to move. "It is really quite comical," she said. "It was very heavy, and they did us a favor by taking it."

Lucky for Whom?

Hong Kong police reported that two Chinese men, ages 26 and 27, were shipping stolen goods to the mainland when police saw them and gave chase. The suspects were arrested when their boat broke down. Police official Anson Lo said that the contraband was a shipment of Buddhist Pines, commonly called "good luck" trees.

Double Trouble

Constable Chris Legere pulled over a car going 96 mph outside Alexandria, Ontario, and issued a ticket to the 18-year-old driver. Hours later, Legere stopped the same car, this time traveling in the other direction at 91 mph. Although the driver looked the same, Legere said that an identification check showed she was the twin sister of the first driver.

Toe the Line

Jaywalkers in the Philippines risk having wet rags dropped on their heads as punishment after more than 20 trucks hit the streets of Manila equipped with blanket-size white rags and water containers to keep the rags wet. If the wet-rag patrol fails to curb jaywalking, Metro Manila Development Authority Chairman Bayani Fernando insisted that he would turn to paintballs from war games against jaywalkers. "Paintball could easily stain clothes and would be very effective to teach undisciplined pedestrians a good lesson," he said.

Great Balls of Fire

Two unnamed men from Montana reported to police in Denton, Texas, that two teenagers robbed them while they were passing through town. According to the Denton Record Chronicle, the victims said that they were on their way to Baton Rouge, La., because they needed money and had read on the Internet that a medical school there would pay $100,000 for testicles.

Monkey Business

Two women who helped care for the famous gorilla Koko sued the San Francisco Gorilla Foundation, claiming that it fired them for refusing to show Koko their breasts. The lawsuit by Nancy Alperin and Kendra Keller accused foundation president Francine Patterson of seeking to have the women bond with the gorilla by performing "bizarre sexual acts with Koko."

The foundation maintains that Koko understands a sign language vocabulary of more than 1,000 words. "Through sign language, as interpreted by Patterson, Koko 'demanded' plaintiffs remove their clothing and show Koko their breasts," the lawsuit said. "Patterson pressured plaintiffs to perform such acts, regularly and consistently, and on at least one occasion, outdoors where others could see."

A month after the women's lawsuit, a third woman, Iris Rivera, filed her own suit, accusing Patterson of repeatedly pressuring her to expose her breasts, insisting that Koko was signing "she wants to see your nipples." Although Alperin and Keller refused to expose themselves, Rivera said that she acquiesced.

Way to Go

Police in Dario, Nicaragua, reported that Jose Angel Torres Padilla, 22, was fishing with friends when he put a live fish in his mouth and joked that he was going to eat it. The fish squirmed, however, and slipped down his throat, choking him to death.

Molly Jerman, 22, tried to do a handstand on the railing of a second-floor hotel balcony in North Fort Myers, Fla., but toppled over and fell to her death after calling out to a friend, "Watch to see what I can still do."

Derek Kieper, 21, died near Lincoln, Neb., when the Ford Explorer he was riding in hit a patch of ice, skidded off the road and rolled over several times. Authorities said that the driver and another passenger were wearing seat belts and suffered minor injuries, but Kieper, who was in the rear seat, wasn't wearing his seat belt and was ejected from the vehicle. The Lincoln Journal Star reported that Kieper had recently written a column for his college newspaper attacking seat-belt laws as intrusions on individual liberties. "There seems to be a die-hard group of non-wearers out there who simply do not wish to buckle up no matter what the government does," he wrote. "I belong to this group."

Kinky As They Come

A 25-year-old man told police in Savannah, Ga., that he was sexually assaulted by two women he spotted outside his mobile home while drinking and using cocaine and invited to join him. He explained that he could remember little from that point until he awoke to find a metal object protruding from his rear end. Police Sgt. Mike Wilson said doctors at Memorial Health University Medical Center surgically removed what they identified as "one half of a pair of food tongs" and turned it over to police.

Cover Up

The city council in Villahermosa, Mexico, voted to ban indoor nudity, warning that offenders face up to 36 hours in jail or a fine of $121. "We are talking about zero tolerance...for a lack of morality," said city councilwoman Blanca Estela Pulido of the Revolutionary Institutional Party, which governs the Tabasco state capital. Villahermosa is noted for its sweltering heat and humidity, and citizens traditionally have houses that provide plenty of ventilation, including open windows. "Because we walk past the windows, you see a lot of things," Pulido said, indicating she was confident that citizens who catch a glimpse of offenders would report them to police—even though the law also threatens jail for peeping Toms.

Squatters from Outer Space

Scientists reported that the power output of the solar panels of the Mars Opportunity rover probing the surface of Mars had dropped to 500 watt-hours per day because they were being clogged by the heavy Martian dirt. NASA rover team leader Jim Erickson said that the panels' output soared close to their maximum 900 watt-hours per day after an unexplained phenomenon regularly cleaned layers of the dust. The second rover, Mars Spirit, which operates on a different part of the planet, hasn't been cleaned, however, and its clogged panels have had their power output drop to 400 watt-hours a day.

Compiled from the nation's press by Roland Sweet. Submit clippings, citing source and date, to POB 8130, Alexandria VA 22306.
**FORECAST FOR APRIL 2005 • BY DR. STAR**

**ARIES** - You want change and you're ready to lead the charge. But you will need informed allies ready to make sacrifices and take risks. The troops will initially balk, but you know what you're doing and events will want to slow the pace, mend fences and build a consensus. That's good. But you will need to maintain forward momentum. While you are willing to do what's necessary, enthusiasm is no substitute for cold cash. Don't be discouraged or impatient. Events will tip your way.

**TAURUS** - Your role in matters will become increasingly important as April progresses. Indeed, your influence will reach a high point as you are called upon repeatedly to channel raw, unruly, mixed motives into cooperative discussion and negotiation. In most cases, expectations and confidence will rapidly outrun budgets. People will have to invest their time and energy to build needed capital. Strive to ensure that your own motivations are clear and clearly understood by others. Relations with authority figures of all kinds could be confused and strained. Think hard before you speak or act.

**GEMINI** - If you are feeling feisty, even a little irritable, that's to be expected. Intuition could get you in hot water, though, especially if you push others into premature or irresponsible action. You are right to seek a better life for everyone. The stars expect that of you these days. However, people need encouragement to succeed. Not just inspiration and drive. Later, your power to motivate others will lessen as they become more inclined to think, discuss and seek consensus and cooperation. Tact, timing and thoroughness are key this month.

**LEO** - Your concern about the direction of events is valid and your insights could save everyone a lot of trouble. However, not everyone will see it your way. Progress will remain hard. Be subtle, but stick to your guns. A steady, deliberate approach will work best. You will also need to shift from confrontational to conciliatory as April progresses. You could also encounter drama and intrigue where you might least expect it. Hang on to what you know is valuable. Let go of things that weigh you down and hold you back.

**VIRGO** - The emphasis remains on work and professional matters. Some issues will be having a tough time getting their way. Things will begin to resolve themselves by month's end and Pisceans will slowly chill out, a little. However, the resolution will involve some setbacks. Some pricier options. Avoid intrigue and power plays. Manipulators are hard at work.

**LIBRA** - You face a mix of opportunities and challenges that don't quite add up to rapid progress. Your luck will hold, however, as a new cycle of wealth creation is beginning. Financials will ease and confidence will be high and well founded. Your influence is also on the rise. Valuation, doubt or hesitation could have more serious ramifications than you'd imagine. Fortunately, events will soon begin to whittle down the possibilities, simplifying the decision-making process. Partner(s) can see things more clearly at this time.

**SCORPIO** - You might feel in charge as April opens, but be careful about using any of your authority. The situation is unstable with a high probability of misfires, no matter how careful you are. The odds favor a foul-up all month and more so as the days pass. As April ends, your influence lessens and static increases dramatically. People are torn between risky and divisive actions and a slower, consensus-based approach. Any undue pressure you exert could backfire. Intuition will serve you better than conscious analysis this time out.

**SAGITTARIUS** - As April opens, you'll feel like you're pushing that proverbial rock up the proverbial hill, or like the irresistible force that smacks head on into the proverbial immovable object. But your natural enthusiasm will come back. While obstacles and opponents won't just melt away, you will be able to inspire and unify those who are searching for solutions. April's tough aspects hit you at a comparatively harmless angle. Although your path won't be clear, your choices will be helpfully well defined. Avoid intrigue. Don't be manipulated. Dodge power plays.

**CAPRICORN** - You must balance many considerations and satisfy many people if your plan is to succeed. Careful planning is required to develop a goal and a strategy that will satisfy those affected. Once a plan is formulated, leave the hard sell to others. Your role will be to unify those who must accept the proposal if it is to proceed. Be prepared for unexpected events. The situation is extremely changeable. Adjust tactics as needed. Planetary influences promise eventual success. Financials are likely. Adjust to shifting dynamics in family relationships.

**AQUARIUS** - You will continue to be startled by what people do and how some overreact to your input. But a strong stimulus is needed to jump-start your agenda and keep it moving. You will doubtless be relieved when the emphasis shifts toward forming teams to do the work. Things might go from a rolling boil to a simmer but friction will ease and momentum will remain strong. Your work with others will change the direction of events. Selecting pricier options. Avoid intrigue and power plays. Manipulators are hard at work.

**PISCES** - Prickly and feisty, Pisceans will get even more so because they're not everyone will see it your way. Things will begin to resolve themselves by month's end and Pisceans will slowly chill out, a little. However, the resolution will involve decisive, irreversible financial choices, some voluntary, some not. The options that remain will be the soundest ones. Don't cling to the options that fade. Some things are no longer up to you. You will get something that works if you are patient and don't balk at reasonable compromise(s).

Contact Dr. Star at chiron@mchsi.com
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