GOING GLOBAL

INSIDE:

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Interview with Yoko Ono

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Letter from the Editors

Little Village would like to extend its apologies to a writer whose poem appeared in the April issue under the incorrect name. “‘Synthesia,’ she said” was written by Evan Hartley, not Lee Wathen, and we are sorry for the accidental misrepresentation of someone’s personal work of art. Normal safeguards against inaccuracy were not in place during the editing process for this particular issue, and it is unlikely to happen in the future.

Alissa and Melody
Dwelling on Abandon

Looking for new ways to plant younger roots

A perennial subject of Iowa hand wringing is the exodus of young people from the state. This year’s legislature entered the fray by establishing the “Generation Iowa” commission. Not a bad idea—consult your target population.

Over the past few years, a lot of ideas have been floated and programs implemented. Some have been way off base, some pretty good. Those who think big tourist attractions have something to do with wanting to stay here are sorely misguided. The “Great Places” initiative from the Department of Cultural Affairs is much closer to the right mindset for what attracts and plants people. Probably the most obvious truth is that strong career opportunities for young people are essential. But “good jobs” are not a silver bullet. Connection to place is about much more than a paycheck or a job description.

When we’re thinking about what makes people want to stay in a place, we should not focus exclusively on the exotic but also—if not more—on the everyday. The branch of philosophy called phenomenology helps us understand why. Briefly (and, yes, philosophy professors, I know I’m probably butchering the idea), phenomenology as developed by the philosopher Martin Heidegger, especially in Being and Time, focuses on how the human relationship with the world, our "structures of consciousness," is expressed and enacted in phenomena—in buildings, in landscape architecture, in everyday objects. "Dwelling," or how we exist in the everyday world, is central to our being.

In The Poetics of Space, phenomenologist Gaston Bachelard says our understanding of the world is framed by our homes. Architecture professor David Seamon emphasizes movement—how our experience is rooted in the "place ballet" of our everyday movements in simple activities like washing the dishes or moving back and forth between the locations of our everyday life (home, work, school, house of worship, market, recreational and cultural spaces, etc.).

I’m not claiming any kind of special prescience or precociousness, but I do recall a special awareness I came to when I was in elementary school. Within six blocks of my house in Rockford, Ill., where I grew up, were my school, my grandparents’ house, my friends’ houses, the neighborhood drug store where I bought candy and comic books, the church parking lot where we played softball and rode our bikes, the branch library where I spent inordinate amounts of time (no, not reading Heidegger), and so forth. I remember a flash of observation that my world was within my coherent grasp, and I thought that was pretty neat. This kind of relationship with the world outside me—this phenomenological understanding—is called an “insidedness” with the world. I felt inside—and connected to—my place.

So what we really need to do to keep people rooted is to make sure that our everyday lives are easy, enjoyable, meaningful, coherent . . .

There may be some short-term economic rationalization for how we build living, working, playing and shopping facilities these days, but their sustainability, in terms of both dollars and the environment, is very limited in scope.

Iowa City does a lot of things right in terms of the practice of the everyday, and it certainly can continue to make improvements. But my larger purpose here is to point all communities’ thinking in a different direction—and to ask those young people (or anyone) to consider the real priorities in choosing a place to live. Our energies and commitments, I think, should be primarily focused on making our everyday lives pleasing and cohesive. That’s what ultimately gives our lives-in-place meaning and longevity. I know putting it on a billboard won’t create the “wow” factor, and it might be hard to create a clever governmental program with a catchy name around the idea, but “the practice of everyday life,” as Michel de Certeau put it in the title of a book, is ultimately what gives us all a sense of belonging. IV

Thomas Dean’s grandparents, neighborhood friends, library branch, favorite drug store and elementary school in Rockford, Ill., are now all gone.
The Blushing Berry

Raspberries, blackberries, strawberries and cherries: The berries are coming! They should come to fruition in approximately that order, which leads to a whole month of joy for the gardener and the forager, as well as the cook.

Raspberries are probably native to Asia, though some botanists disagree on this point. Acclaimed food writer Waverly Root points out that regardless of what proof the scientists may have, you can taste the Orient in the raspberry: “It breathes the Orient - rich, exotic, spice-laden, with a hint of musk.”

Now the raspberry grows, wild and cultivated, throughout much of the temperate world. Even so, it was considered quite a luxury until very recent times. George Bush, Sr. was not the first Presidential candidate to be accused of being out of touch with the common man. Indeed, Mr. Root tells us that the Whigs attacked Martin Van Buren during his 1840 campaign for “wallowing lasciviously in raspberries.”

Today, raspberries do command a premium, but that is more a function of economics. Packaging, transporting, and attempting to buy and sell them out of season are what make for $4.50-half-pints.

If you have a sunny spot to spare, raspberries grow voraciously here in the Heartland, and one starter shoot costs less than that half-pint.

Strawberries, too, have a long history. Virgil wrote of them, though only to warn children picking them to beware of snakes. They have been cultivated for hundreds of years, but the cultivation has not led to any substantial improvement in quality. That is, unless you count shelf life and ship-ability as improvements.

The fresh strawberry, especially the rare little Alpine white, is at its peak this time of year. The slightly larger and much more common reds are the perfect accompaniment to your last crop of rhubarb, which should be coming in about now.

Also, if you have yet to discover the miraculous marriage of strawberries with balsamic vinegar, you must avail yourself immediately. Simply toss fresh, sliced strawberries with balsamic vinegar. Trust me.

The cherry has more history than its minor part in presidential lore, as well. To again refer to Waverly Root, the story of George Washington and his cherry tree “was an invention of Parson Weems, in his The Life of George Washington.” Still, wild cherries have grown all over the northern hemisphere for thousands of years and are relatively easy to grow in your own orchard, provided you can manage to harvest them before the birds do.

Treasured for their versatility, berries will make a delightful, seasonal addition to your summer table, whether served raw or in any of a thousand recipes, they are as packed with nutritional value—especially vitamin C and antioxidants—as they are packed with flavor.

It's About the Food is a monthly feature of Little Village. Chef Kurt Michael Friese is co-owner, with his wife Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay, serves on the Slow Food USA National Board of Governors, and is editor-in-chief of Edible Iowa River Valley. He lives in rural Johnson County. Questions and comments may be directed to devotay@mchsi.com.

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2 mangos, peeled, seeded & diced
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1 green bell pepper, seeded & diced
1 red onion, peeled and julienened
2 serrano peppers, seeded & minced
1/3 c. cilantro, chopped
2 limes, juiced

Simply mix all the ingredients and let stand refrigerated at least one hour. It is better, though, to make 1 day ahead and stir occasionally. It lasts in the refrigerator for about 3 days. Absolutely fantastic with almost any grilled item, especially pork, veal or salmon.
COFFEEHOUSE CLASH

Little Village reviews the area’s sudden bounty of caffeineries

Little Village has, over the years, given great attention to the concept of a “third place” - somewhere neither work nor home, a neutral ground free from the pressures of either.

For more and more people in Iowa City and nationwide, coffee shops fill that crucial role - though they’re different things to different people. For students, they’re somewhere to study without being completely shut off from the world, with easy access to badly needed chemical fuel. For folks still attached to the archaic notion of “dating,” coffee shops are the perfect low-pressure starting point. For the aetheroers and socialites, a little coffee can get the perfect banter. And, as any good high school navel-gazer knows, coffee shops are the perfect place to kill hours and hours contemplating the meaning of life.

When I first moved to Iowa City three years ago, I noticed a terrifying lack of these essential spots - the only real coffee shops downtown were Java House and T. Spoons. Each has its own charm, but no coffee shop can be a study lounge, a pickup joint, a social club, and a philosophy roundtable at the same time, and coffee shops are like underwear - if they don’t fit right, it can ruin your whole day. So it’s been great to imagine that they’re flavored with the tears of excellence, GFD is the coffee house to match all the other great things in Iowa City.

The food is so good that its vegetarian- and vegan-friendliness is beside the point - I don’t care if you polish off a t-bone for breakfast on an average Tuesday, the Tempah Reuben will change your life. At least for the moment, there’s less of a social scene here, though it’s getting more crowded as word spreads. The calm, well-lit, airy atmosphere makes it good for studying, but the relatively limited hours will scare off night owls. GFD has also made frequent contributions to local culture by hosting a rotating display of local art, which they’ll hopefully keep up.

Java House (Washington St.):
211 1/2 E. Washington St.
(319) 341-0012
Monday - Saturday 6:30am - 12:30am
Sunday 7am - 12am

The 800-lb gorilla of Iowa City coffee - and we could do worse. Easily the best coffee in town, and their desserts are a diabetic’s fever dream-come-true.

It’s almost constantly packed, which, combined with the room’s merciless acoustics and the audio mix of big-band blare, lends the joint a raucous, almost bar-like atmosphere. Some people claim to come here to study, but the lack of real food, unrelenting noise level and sheer density of bodies make that an exercise in either frustration or self-delusion. Finally, while it may technically be local, Java House gets knocked for so clearly aspiring to a placeless, corporate - one might say Starbuckian - anonymity. The art and music haven’t changed in nearly three years, and in their mandated black T-shirts, the baristas seem dourly interchangeable.

Java Juice
122 E Washington St
(319) 358-5932
Sun-Th 7am-2am
Fri and Sat 7am-12pm
Open 24 hours during Finals

Java Juice is nice for a few reasons. First and foremost, their hermetically sealed Quiet Study Room is a godsend for frayed, end-of-semester nerves - especially since everyone seems to respect the sanctity of its quiet more than, say, the library’s.

Though recently scaled back, the hours here still beat anything else in town. And they offer something unique - a TV, usually tuned to Comedy Central and perfect for taking short (or long) breaks from that big deadline.

The coffee, while a few cuts above truck-stop joe, seems flat and flavorless compared to other IC shops. The array of defrosted chicken nuggets and (no joke) freshly shrink-wrapped Gem Donuts definitely caters to the junk food crowd. But whoever conceived the $1.00 plate of French fries deserves a medal - they’re a perfect salty accompaniment to cramming. I like to imagine that they’re flavored with the tears of freshmen.

Grounds For Dessert
345 Dubuque St.
(319) 338-2024
M-F 6:30am-10pm
Sat-Sun 8am-10pm

If you’re a coffee lover, a big eater, and/or a serious student, say hello to your Holy Grail. Perhaps slightly behind Java House in brewing prowess, but way ahead in every other measure of excellence, GFD is the coffee house to match all the other great things in Iowa City.

(Footnote: I'm taking bets on how long it'll be before the trademark suit over their logo hits).
Most people wouldn’t drive an hour and a half to go to a coffee shop—because most people live lives of quiet, sheep-like desperation. This place offers some things you can’t get anywhere in Iowa City, so I say throw off the yoke of conformity and go for it.

It’s actually primarily a used bookstore, bigger than any in town, with hours’ worth of self-indulgent browsing on offer in its many nooks and corners. But it also serves a standard array of coffee drinks and some great food, including brick oven pizza.

**Coffee shops are like underwear—if they don’t fit right, it can ruin your whole day.**

Most important of all, Revelations serves one of the best ice cream shakes I’ve ever had—including an espresso version that features coarsely-chopped coffee beans and is sure to have you bouncing off the walls. Amazingly, I’m not aware of any coffee shop in Iowa City that serves a real shake (Java House’s ice-based Frappes don’t count), so you’ll have to go to the land of levitating dot-com millionaires to get your fix. You know you want to: You’re a loner, Dottie—a rebel.

**Other Options:**

**Deadwood:** Yes, they serve coffee. No, playing cricket darts in the back room does not count as studying for calculus, even if you’re doing your own math.

**Oasis Falafel:** A never-empty pot of diner-style Joe makes this a good place to get a boost along with your Middle Eastern grub, and they don’t mind you spreading out your books. You damned hippy.

**T. Spoons:** Good for a cuppa on the go, and they have some
When friends and family heard I recently had the opportunity to interview Yoko Ono, the most common quip was, “Did you ask her why she broke up the Beatles?” They were kidding, but this oft-repeated comment says a lot about how most people view her.

After Yoko became virtually inseparable from John Lennon—soon after they met at Ono’s art show opening in 1966—she became a musical and cultural pariah. But even though she is seen as a witch, a no-talent dragon lady who put a spell on Lennon with her siren’s scream, most people miss the fact that John met Yoko at the opening of her high profile London art show. Yoko wasn’t simply riding on his coattails.

She’s been a working artist for a half century, and at the ripe old age of 74, this unusual woman has found herself in the unlikeliest of positions: Yoko is now a disco diva.

Over the past six years, she has enjoyed a string of number one hit singles on the Billboard dance chart, with her songs being remixed by the likes of the Pet Shop Boys and other dance music producers.

Spring 2007 marked the release of two new albums of remixes bearing her name: Open Your Box and Yes, I’m a Witch, which also contains remixes by the Flaming Lips, Spiritualized and Public Enemy’s Hank Shocklee, among others.

I spoke with Ms. Ono last month, when she called me from her home in New York City above Central Park.

KM: Did you ever expect to become a number one dance artist so late in your career?

YO: No [laughs], I didn’t. But, you know, I love dancing, I love dancing. I could dance all night—I think that’s why it translates so well.

KM: Even those early records from the early 1970s, like “Why?”—that driving beat—or “Mind Train,” those sound like dance records to me. I also really like your mid-1990s remix album you did with Tricky, Ween, Cibo Matto and the Beastie Boys.

YO: Oh my god! Oh, yeah. I’m glad someone was listening. Those were good, weren’t they? I love working with and collaborating with young artists. It’s exciting, and it keeps my music fresh.

KM: As an artist, what was it like to hear your own work reinterpreted and remixed?

YO: I think it’s great. In the beginning, I didn’t want to do it. In the beginning, I was a bit nervous and I didn’t want to do it, but then I heard the Orange Factory mix, and I loved it. It was great, and so I went for it.

KM: Can you tell me about the first time someone approached you to do a remix of your old work, what you thought?

YO: I think it’s great. In the beginning, I didn’t want to do it. In the beginning, I was a bit nervous and I didn’t want to do it, but then I heard the Orange Factory mix, and I loved it. It was great, and so I went for it.

KM: Why?
YO: Because I didn't want anyone to touch what we did, and I felt the stuff that I did in the 1970s and 1980s was just right. Every note was right. Especially “Walking On Thin Ice”—that's the one everyone wants to redo. The song has that special memory of John in the last moment, and all that kind of thing.

But then the thing is, the remix came out so beautifully, I was crying. I thought, "What am I doing here?” I was the one who did “Unfinished Music #1” and “Unfinished #2”—all that collage work. I was telling the world, “Go and do it,” but then I was getting to be the one who was saying, “No, don’t touch any note!” [laughs]

So then I said, “Let’s go!” And it was great. These people got the original tracks, including outtakes, so there was a liberal amount of sounds to work with.

KM: I've heard other unauthorized remixes of your work floating around the Internet. What do you think of people remixing your work without permission?

YO: I think it’s beautiful that it’s staying interesting, and it’s flattering that they want to work on it, but it’s just that it’s a different game because they have a limited amount to work with—because they’re just using the actual records.

KM: What are your favorite remixes on the new records?

YO: I think each one is really interesting, and I’m not just saying that. Part of it is because it is my music, what they did with it, and it is exciting that they even bothered to remix it. Their take is so interesting and not what I would have expected, but I can’t pick a favorite. However, “Every Man, Every Woman”-I wasn’t expecting it to be so powerful. It was great. But no, I can’t choose because I’m too subjective.

KM: It seems that there’s a mischievous quality about your work, do you think that’s true?

YO: Well, first off, I said, “Yes, I am a witch.” Don’t you think that is a kind of, you know, ha-ha to them?

KM: Yeah, you’re right.

YO: I could have been killed by my sense of humor [laughs]. I have to be very careful.

KM: What do you mean you could have been killed by your sense of humor?

YO: Some people take it very seriously and get very angry.

A more in-depth overview of Yoko Ono’s unconventional, controversial career will be featured in next issue’s profile, titled “Oh, Yoko!”

Kembrew McLeod lives in Iowa City. You can listen to his specialty radio program on KRUI, “The Ministry of Reverend Eleven’s Happy Time Radio Hour,” on Mondays at noon.

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Dear Iowa City,

I’m writing you in hopes of achieving a kind of closure. I’m leaving you. I know—the timing of this is tragic. In these last few weeks, you and I have had a good time. You’ve extended your blossoming branches open like hugs, full of gifts. You’ve been so affectionate of late: your sunshine, your giant cloudless blue skies. But, Iowa City, how quickly we forget the months spent in darkness—your cold, impossible pose.

Stopping by on a cross-country trip some years ago, I admired you like a ceramic mini-village that lonely people put on fireplace mantles. I thought you were quaint. I crushed on your brick houses, brick streets. I imagined famous writers living inside them, doing mundane and perhaps mildly immodest personal things: eating a fallen Cheez-It off the floor, picking at a toenail, flossing between molars. And then I went “downtown.” It was summer then, and the boys had pink Mohawks, and the girls had big skateboards. The Ped Mall was the best kind of carnival. I fetishized your fire escapes, grabbed my Spicy Peanut noodles from the Z’mariks and kept on for Nebraska.

“Do you think Iowa City could like me?” I asked my travel companion.

“Yeah,” he said, his tongue merely shrugging.

“No, but I mean, like, do you think it could like-like me?” I repeated my inquiries in the desperate manner that those affected with this type of sudden affliction repeat their inquiries. I whined, and in his most supportive way, Dan, my travel companion, turned up the Moulin Rouge soundtrack and sang very loudly.

Turns out, Iowa City, you did like-like me. When you asked me to live with you some months later, I took inventory of my closet. I would need more gingham skirts, whimsical plaids and cowgirl boots to boot. I would become a prairie lass, but in that rock-star-country-girl-going-to-be-badass-poet way.

I would say “this side of the Mississippi.” I would eat corn. I would build it and hope something came of it. I would, perhaps, pet a pig. (I did.) Oh, the halcyon days of our courtship, Iowa City! How I sang Dar Williams with such feeling! How the anticipation of our love affair adhered itself to my bosom like a wardrobe malfunction (wait a minute ... !)

The first few days didn’t go very well, as you know, Iowa City. Or rather, the first few months. They say it takes a while to get used to a place. I wandered the streets wondering where the rest of the city was, why suddenly all the boys had on prepster-prep baseball caps instead of Mohawks. I missed home, falafel. Non-white people. The word “bag” instead of “sack.” Kindly, you replied—at least in culinary-part—with Oasis. We hit our stride then, you and me. The days were sunny and long and filled with Keats. I inhaled so largely on the days you smelled like poop, as though to breathe in your pheromones, in hopes of regarding you with even fonder understanding. Some days you’d cover up your earthly smell with the pungent odor of cheap, plastic-y colognes sold at department stores in malls. I would smell past that then, and even

We picnicked here on Vegan Cajun Tofus. Those were the good days. You loved me, and the park had more trees.
sometimes – yes, sometimes – I would even devilishly dive into your enormous spritzing excess and sniff. Yes, Iowa City, we had our moments. But things aren’t working anymore.

I want to tell you something because I care about you. Iowa City, you have a drinking problem. I know, I know. I’m the kettle. During our courtship, I even became a bit more kettle-like based solely on the ratio of calories to cost of PBR pitchers at the Foxhead. But seriously, you have a problem. You house more bars than I’ve ever seen ever. And they’re mostly sports bars … with girls gone wild going wild inside. I’m no prude. I know, we can all enjoy a little libation from time to time, but IC, it’s not just the drinking. It’s the puking. In public. On the sidewalk. And the way you act, all in packs with brightly colored tee shirts on. How you get boisterous and slovenly. Sometimes you say really inappropriate things and you think you’re absolutely charming—or perhaps excusably young. At least stop with the neon tee shirts—which reminds me of my next complaint.

Also, I never mentioned it while we were an item—at least to your face—but you have a bit of a fashion crisis on your hands. There’s no rule anywhere that says you have to wear Hawkeye paraphernalia every day, is there? And when dressing up for bar night (see above) a collared shirt and jeans are not a “style” make. Also, waiting on the corner for the bus in a miniskirt and tank top in February is straight-up dumb. Is grabbing a coat really that hard? I don’t understand some of the choices you make, Iowa City. Tanning became not-cool years ago. I’m not quite sure if you heard, but they linked it to skin cancer. And fake freak-show weirdness. And wrinkles.

Did you know that wearing Uggs and gaucho pants is also linked to wrinkles? You should stop doing that. Again, I am just saying this because you’ll be on the market again, and I really want what’s best for you. To be fair, I find your fashion crisis rather charming and even perhaps a bit liberating. After being with you Iowa City, you’ve taught me that I can leave the house with a kind of devil-may-sweatpants attitude. For better or worse.

Then there’s your absurd sense of time and climate. You have, like, two days of springtime before the bleeding sun sets in. And in those two days, you decide to have a big rockin’ party you call a tornado. And that’s the nice weather. The rest of the time, you’re heart-breaking-froze. You make everyone look like turtles, tucked into their scarves, spines braced into a slight curve. A funny thing happens: People don’t look at people in the cold. It’d be like observing someone else’s suffering, a rude nosiness. We all feel alone, sole explorers braving the arctic College Green on the way back to camp Co-op.

BREAKIN’ UP continued on page 22

How we Sharpied our love on the bathroom walls. And when they painted over it, I etched us into a table when Bryce wasn’t looking.

You bought me a cheese sandwich with pickles. I bought you a dollar-fifty beer. We were meant to be.
SEARCHING FOR IOWA ABROAD

Over 60,000 people live in Iowa City—a good number of them vacate during university recesses, and even more hop to other cities after fulfilling their educational goals. This makes the town a lily-pad jump to the next life adventure, and sometimes that hop is more of a leap over the Atlantic or Pacific. Little Village asked four ex-pat-for-now photojournalists to document those things abroad that remind them of their once home in the I-to-the-C.

Roppongi At Night

Roppongi is an entertainment district in Tokyo, and nothing like where I actually live. It’s fast, noisy, crowded and up all night. The taxis keep up with demand by being so expensive people only use them as an absolute last resort. To give a comparison, a base rate in NYC is $2.50, here it is around $5.00, and it only goes up from there. At bar close in Iowa City, hailing a cab can be quite taxing. Some cab companies don’t even answer their phone lines at night on weekends.

Little Deere

Every year in the mountains of Japan, Kiyosato has a county fair. It’s incredibly comforting, and yet unsettling at the same time, to see so much Americana in an area so void of it on any other day. There isn’t a huge John Deere presence here, the agriculture centers around rice and fruit. I can’t imagine there is much use for big John Deere tractors, but the image of them, in Japan, or anywhere, is quintessentially Midwestern.
One for the Art

My first photography show was at Public Space One, in 2004. I was there at the start as a volunteer, and I cherish what we accomplished with the space. Last year, I bought space at Design Festa, Japan’s biggest art event, where over 5,000 people exhibit their work twice a year. PsONE was a place where anyone could share original art or performance, and the best part was that it didn’t cost anything. There aren’t many places like that in rural Japan—then again, there aren’t many places like that anywhere.

Sweet Chops for Bodypops

I must say that if I were to consider Iowa City’s scantily clad as worthy of homage, it would not make me a misogynist. Secondly, strange hippy energies abound here in springtime, the colors and exuberance of which this outfit reminds me. The many full-time pedestrians, of all colors, shapes and sizes, especially appreciate the lush greens that are reborn on her tree-lined streets.

Market to Market

An open market in Shanghai sells green tea leaves, flowers and berries. A perennial hit, Iowa City hosts three Farmers’ Markets from late Spring to mid-Autumn. Find the most colorful parking lots at Ace Hardware on North Dodge Street, a hop, skip and jump from Goosetown Market; at Sycamore Mall, for the southeast side market goers; and at Chauncey Swan, catty-corner to New Pioneer Co-op on Van Buren Street. For downtown dwellers and employees, stopping at New Pi to supplement Farmers’ Market spoils is The Thing To Do on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings.
East Winds

I'm not sure where it is moving to or what's going on with it now, but when I lived in Iowa City the best teachers were sitting behind little tables and on the floor gluing things together at Willowwind School, where I used to volunteer occasionally. In Gimcheon, South Korea, the best teachers are facing the chalkboard, waiting for me to turn around so they can throw erasers at me, steal my notes and continually find new ways to walk all over my lesson plan and force me to let go. They can't spell helicopter on their own yet, but they can say "Matthew Car!" And, yeah, it's as cute as it sounds.

Hot Wheels for Big Boys

Small scooters are common all over Europe, but especially in Spain, where a teenager needs only 16 years to drive one as opposed to the age requirement of 18 to drive a car. Lines of them are parked here in Barcelona, which reminded me of the UI library parking lot in Iowa City.

Tabula Rasa

A whole city with nothing to say? Surely that cannot be, and despite the clean bathroom walls and these giant blank canvases in the subway station, of course it is not. Nonetheless, I'm sure there are many residents of Iowa City that will be horrified and saddened to know that the South Korean Sharpie market is apparently going untapped. Concerned citizens interested in lending a hand to the company's Northeast Asia division are encouraged to contact the Iowa City Writers' Bloc. Tell them you are interested in missionary positions, and watch how quickly those cute, principled loners respond!
Caffeinated Kicks

While I definitely appreciate God's playing "Everywhere With Helicopter" on his righteous sound system for me every time I enter my classes, and every time I enter a restaurant, and every time I enter the only coffee shop in this little town, I still long for the musical selections of the baristas at the Tobacco Bowl. They always kept my favorite coffee shop full of sounds that were as strangely beautiful as its unforgettable odor. Sometimes I feel so lonely for a good mocha that even R.J.'s bottomless Eurythmics collection would find a happy place in my heart. On days when I feel especially far from home, it is nice to come here and be reassured that poetry freaks and art-holes the world over love to come together for late night coffee and weird conversation.

Universal Arch

It was the last and grandest Moorish palace in Spain before the Christians re-conquered the country in 1492. Here, the spout of the many uniform fountains in the Generalife Gardens of Granada's Alhambra Palace resembles the arch of water flowing from the Weatherdance fountain in the Ped Mall.

Photographers

Megan Walton graduated from Iowa in 2004 in psychology and international business and has spent the last three years teaching English with the JET Programme in Japan. After she leaves Japan in July, she hopes to work in photography or publishing.

Matt Steele is a UI graduate who studied art and anthropology and currently works as an English Teacher in Gimcheon, South Korea, where he is constantly thanking his lucky stars that he didn't study anything employable.

Kerry Lane is a UI graduate who now teaches music, geography and English at an international school in Shanghai, China.

Adam Greenberg lives in Velez Malaga, Spain and can be reached at adamgreenb@gmail.com. This is his third appearance in Little Village.

Melody Dworak contributed to text.
The Road
Cormac McCarthy

The new Cormac McCarthy novel, The Road, contains an element that has not made Mr. McCarthy famous. That is the element of tenderness. He gives us a world destroyed. A father and a son are walking across a trashed out landscape made of chunks of concrete, burned out buildings, the leavings of a civilization imploded upon itself. The man and the boy are walking, each in his own world. They hope to make it to the coast to find what? They don't know. McCarthy presents his usual hard-scrabble world, carried by dialogue between father and son. What will become of them? What will become of us all? The writing of course is peerless. It's why you're there. Pb. 14.95 --Don't miss.

My Happy Life
Lydia Millet

My Happy Life by under-appreciated American novelist, Lydia Millet, reads a little bit like Heidi or some other sweet gem from your childhood written by Franz Kafka on a bad day. It is told from the point of view of a young woman trapped in an abandoned asylum of some sort. Instead of going crazy, she spends her time examining the linoleum and the small cracks in the wall. She remembers dreadful events without judgment, without pain. Our protagonist is a wonder. As a reader, I found Millet's nameless protagonist mesmerizing as she remembers her past bit by bit and becomes somehow wise in her solitude. The voice is unlike any other I've found in fiction. Pb 13.00 --Not depressing.

Gate of the Sun
Elias Khoury

Elias Khoury is the greatest Palestinian novelist working today. His most important book, The Gate of the Sun, has just come out in paperback and everyone should read it, all 528 pages of it, and then sit quietly. Yunes, an injured freedom fighter (or so he sees himself), lies in hospital telling his life story in bits to those he loves around him. This is not a political screed, but the tale of the life of a political man, deeply in love with his wife. He is a man who has spent months in refugee camps and over years has come to a deep understanding of Palestinian life. Khoury, a newsman from Beirut, who has listened and understood the stories of many different kinds of Palestinian, weaves a complex Scheharazade-like novel of huge depth. Pb 15.00 --No hidden agenda.

Black Swan Green
David Mitchell

Finally available in paperback is David Mitchell's most accessible novel, Black Swan Green. This is the tale of a 13-year-old boy told in 13 chapters (Mitchell believes that a month equals a year during puberty). He lives in England in suburban town. He stutters, as does the author, and Mitchell's description of how it feels to stutter from the inside is brilliant indeed. You might call this a coming of age tale except that he has hardly come of age at the end of the book. What Mitchell has created is a year in the life of a young man told with such empathy and humor that readers simply must find out what happens to his young personality as he grows. Pb 13.95--He wrote Cloud Atlas, remember?

Ticknor
Sheila Heti

Canadian, Sheila Heti, is new to the American literary scene, but her slim new paperback, Ticknor, should fix that. She gives us George Ticknor—or rather, George Ticknor's mind—as he makes his way through a snowy night to dine with the great 19th century historian of the Peru, William Prescott.

Ticknor's life has been a failure, while his friend Prescott's has soared. Ticknor broods on this as he wanders through the snow. Heti's ability to get inside another's mind, especially a mind so quirky, is wonderful and may remind the reader of some of Ishiguro's early books. Perfectly compact. No word wasted. Oh, Canada!

Paul Ingram is a short man who lives in Iowa City. He has an overbite caused by his mother's fear of orthodontia. She has since died, leaving him with no chance to confront her about the effect this has had on his life. Most people see him as an introspective low-testosterone male, who has been known to make them laugh. All the rest is books.
Brian Troester
Self-titled
Self-released
www.briantroester.com
www.myspace.com/briantroester

Marengo’s Brian Troester (say it TRAY-ster) certainly knows how to capture the qualities of small town summer evenings. He’s lyrically right on, waxing nostalgic about bumming cigarettes from his brother and once more driving past the sign that announces the time (“King Of Locust St.”), but that’s only part of it. Raunchy guitars, the crack of the drums and sweet melodies bridge the gap between Cheap Trick and Ryan Adams’ most personal work.

This is Troester’s first solo effort (self-titled, sometimes referred to as The Laundromat Sessions), but he’s not new to fans of local music. He perfected his role as the frontman with the band Charly Spoon, and this record is brimming with the confidence of a singer/songwriter who has the tools and experience to make those sounds in his head a reality. It’s almost never complimentary to slap a “retro” label on an artist, but Brian successfully paints in broad swaths of the ’70s without ripping them off.

In live situations, Troester is backed by his brother Tony on second guitar and Chad Mueller on bass, but The Laundromat Sessions is strictly Brian’s baby. He’s joined by his drummer/producer Steve Junge, presumably because percussion was the only instrument that Troester (who’s credited with vocals, bass and keyboards) couldn’t play himself.

Home recordings often sound like the work of amateurs or, worse, perfectionists who shave off the rough edges to the detriment of the songs. Brian’s managed to record an album “between dog barks, crying children and phone calls” that seems like quality studio work. Maybe not quite to the standards of super-produced modern radio hits, but certainly on par with, say, a Go-Gos record from the ’80s. In other words, great.

Ballads like the aforementioned “Locust Street” aren’t as likely to catch your attention as the rockers, and I didn’t see the need for the poky “Parade” to be reprised at the end of the album. Of course, if it weren’t for the slow ones to put the brakes on once in a while, the absolutely brilliant rockers like “The Last Song” or “It’s Over Now” might not pack that almighty wallop. If you can listen to this record twice and not end up whistling “Last Song” throughout your day, you’re a heartless cynic, my friend.

Naturally, if hearing the dusty old Kiss ballad “Beth” on the radio makes you cringe, this album might not be for you. It’s full of that sort of squirmy honesty and pomp that fits like a square peg in today’s music scene. For fans of hard rocking tunes best heard with the top down, however, you won’t find a better collection.

William Fare works and lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, pretending that rock music will someday provide a career. Like Lester Bangs, he mostly thinks that pop culture peaked with punk rock and has been coasting since Reagan took office.
Art/Exhibits

**African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center**
55 12th Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863


**AKAR**
257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
Granatelli, Mendes and Meyers, May 4 through May 23 • Ayumi Horie & Harlan House, May 25 through Jun. 15.

**Brucemore**
2160 Linden Drive SE,
Cedar Rapids, 362-7375


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

Midwestern Visions: Grant Wood, Marvin Cone and Beyond, through Sept. 2 • Dance, Dance, Dance: The Dancer in Art, through Sept. 2 • About Face: Portraiture from the Collection, through Oct. 28 • Stan Wiederspan: Box Chapel Opening Reception, May 4 through Aug. 5 • Children's Illustration Comes to Life with Ezra Jack Keats Classics, May 6.

**Faulconer Gallery**
Grinnell College
1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Student Art Salon, May 4 through May 21 • Jill Davis Schrift: New Work, May 4 through Jun. 3.

**Fifteenth Annual Marion Arts Festival**
City Square Park, Uptown Marion

Sat., May 19 from 10am to 5pm
www.marionartsfestival.com

**National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library**
30 16th Ave. SW,
Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

*Homelands: The Story of the Czech and Slovak People*, ongoing.

**UI Hospitals and Clinics**

Project Art of UIHC,
Iowa City, 353-6417

All exhibits, Patient & Visitor Activities Center, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion unless noted otherwise.

Sharon Burns-Knutson's drawings and paintings, May 8 through Aug. 3 • Randy Richmond photographic and digital amalgams, May 8 through Jul. 17 • Shawn Sato photography, through May 28 • Ryan Bredlau sculpture, May 7 through Jul. 26.

**UI Museum of Art**
150 North Riverside Dr.,
Iowa City, 335-1727


Music

**CIBO Fusion**
685 Marion Blvd.,
Marion, IA, 319-447-1414
Gayla Drake Paul, every Friday from 6-9pm.

**Clapp Recital Hall**
U1 campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
All music 8pm unless noted otherwise. Richard Steinbach and Howard Helvey, piano duo, May 2 • Kantorei, Jason Rausch, conductor, and Camerata, Brian Bailey, conductor, May 3 • University Choir, Allyssa Haecker, conductor, Women's Chorale, MariSS Jacobson, conductor, May 4 • UI PanAmerican Steel Band with Ray Holman, May 5 at 3pm • Anthony Arnone, cello, and Alan Huckleberry, piano, May 5 • UI Chamber Orchestra, William LaRue Jones, conductor, May 6 at 3pm • Iowa Percussion, Dan Moore, director: Last Chance Concert, May 6 • Iowa Summer Music Camp: Faculty Recital, Jun. 12 • Iowa Summer Music Camp: Percussion Faculty Recital • Jazz Combo concert, Jun. 26 • Iowa Summer Music Camp: Jazz Concert, Jun. 30 at 10am.

**CSPS**
1103 Third St. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
All music 8pm, except Sundays, 7pm.

Les Yeux Noirs, May 2 • Angela Karioitis, May 4 and 5 • Shawn Mullins, May 8 • Alice Peacock w/ Craig Cardiff, May 12 • Old Blind Dogs, May 17 • Eric Taylor, May 19 • Carrie Rodriguez, w/ Tim Easton, Jun. 3.

**Englert Theatre**
221 E. Washington St.,
Iowa City, 688-2653

The Diplomats of Solid Sound w/ The Diplomettes, May 10 at 8pm • Edie Carey & Ben Schmidt, Jun. 15 at 7:30pm.

**Hancher Auditorium**
UI Campus, 335-1160

David Gonzalez - ICN Broadcast, May 3 at 10am • The Bobs, Jun. 1 at 7:30 pm.

**Harper Hall**
Voxman Music Building, UI Campus, 335-1603
All music 8pm unless noted otherwise. Iowa Summer Music Camp: Piano Concert/Demonstration, Jun. 22 at 7pm.
The Java House
211 E Washington St.,
Iowa City, 335-5730
Twenty Something White Guys, May 11 at 5pm • Cain Brewer, May 18 at 8pm • Java Jews, May 25 at 8pm.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St.,
Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm. All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Amos Lee, May 1 • Landen Boyer, Jami Beste, Samuel Locke-Ward, Rachel Feldmann, Kate Kane, Nikki Lunden, May 3 • Pieta Brown feat. Bo Ramsey, May 4 • Damon Dotson Band, May 5 • The Trollies, Pelusa, May 6 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, May 9 • Heathers, Baby Teeth, Great Lakes Music, Skursula, May 10 • Orquestra de Jazz y Salsa Alto Maiz, May 11 • Wylde Nept, May 12 • Eric Nassau w/ Shame Train, May 15 • The Mike Finders Experiment, May 16 • Women’s Music Showcase, May 17 • Grand Chapeen w/ 2 Cow Garage, May 18 • Kelly Pardekooper, May 19 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, May 23 • Miracles of God, Paul Cary, The Rusty Buckets, May 24 • Great Lakes Music, Barn Burning, May 25 • Needle Up, Guns, Dead Larry, May 26 • Starlings, Truckstop Souvenir, May 29 • The Beaker Bros., May 31 • Strua-La-Palooza, Jun. 2 • Brave Combo, Jun. 7 • The Pines, Bare Bone Orchestra, Jun. 8 • John Lakes Rock’n Roll Recital, Jun. 10 • Awful Purdies, Jun. 14 • Nor River City w/ Tom Feldman and the Get Rites, Jun. 15 • Rebirth Brass Band, Jun. 20 • The Honeydogs, Ryne Doughty, Jun. 21.

The Picador
330 E. Washington St.,
Iowa City, 354-4788
Physical Challenge Dance Party, Thursdays, 9pm. All music, 9pm unless noted otherwise.
Hot Buttered Rum String, Mr. Baber’s Neighbor: The Solar String Band, May 1 • Gore Gore Girls, Dollyrots, Thee Almighty Handclaps, The Rusty Buckets, May 2 • The Nadas, Josh Davis Band, Tanner Walle, May 3 • Dear In The Headlights, Ten Years Burning, May 4 at 6pm • Racebannon, The Tanks, Total Fucking Blood, Medusa, May 4 • Fair Warning, Harvey, Mistaken for Heroes, May 5 at 5pm • Cinco de Mayo Karaoke Party w/ Bil Francis, May 5 • Dick Dale, The One Night Standards, May 10 • Pretty Girls Make Graves, Love of Diagrams, Call Me Lightning, May 11 • Minus The Bear, Honorary Title, Chin Up, Chin Up, May 12 at 7pm • Rwake, The Feeding, Race to the Bottom, May 13 at 6pm • Sightings, Lwa, Mauul, May 14 • Forgive Durden, TBA, May 15 at 6pm • Battletorn, May 16 • Animal Collective, Sir Richard Bishop, May 18 at 6pm • Brother Trucker, Dick Prall, Pendergast, May 18 • Tornavanche, Haymarket Riot, May 19 • The Album Leaf, The Lymbyc System, May 21 • Juan Prophet Organization, May 22 • Orquestra de Jazz y Salsa Alto Maiz, May 25 • Unsane, 400 Blows, Mouth of the Architect, May 26 • The Fucking Champs, Birds of Avalon, Red Fang, May 28 • King Kong, TBA, May 30 • Piestbird, Pit-Er-Pat, May 31 • Dr. Z’s Experiment, Homemade Headtrip, Obsidian’s Dream, The Grasshoppers, Jun. 2 • The Devil Wears Prada, Drop Dead Gorgeous, Dance Gavin Dance, At The Throne of Judgment, Jun. 9 at 5:30pm • The Chariot, Misery Signals, I Am Ghost, I Hate Sally, Jun. 13 at 6pm • The Red Chord, Through the Eyes of the Dead, Despised Icon, All Shall Perish, See You Next Tuesday, Jun. 22 at 5:30pm • Melt Banana, TBA, Jun. 26.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Mighty Wurlitzer Theatre Organ Concert, May 3 at 7pm • Cedar Rapids Symphony Masterworks VII w/ Lukas Vondracek, pianist, May 5 at 8 pm • Dottie Rambo, Jun. 22 at 7:30pm • Gordon Lightfoot, Jun. 30 at 8pm.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC,
Iowa City, 353-6417
All exhibits, Patient & Visitor Activities Center, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion unless noted otherwise.
High School Musical, May 11 at 12pm • Sigourney Elementary School Chorus, May 18 at 12pm.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr.,
Iowa City, 335-1727

Uptown Bill’s Small Mall
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Open Mic Night, every Friday, 8-11pm, all other performances, 7pm.

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
Blues Jam, Sundays, 9pm; Throwdown: Free Dance Party, Tuesday nights; Open Jam, Wednesdays, 10 pm. All music, 9pm, unless noted otherwise.
EOTO, May 27 • Camp Euforia Battle of the Bands, May 31 at 8pm • Diplomats of Solid Sound w/ The Diplomettes, New Beat Society, Jun. 1, Dennis McMurrin and the Demolition Band, Jun. 2 • The Dig Angees, She Swings She Sways, The Burning Halos, Jun. 7 • MEES, Dave Matthews Tribute, Everwonder, Jun. 14 at 10 pm • Bad Fathers, Jun. 15 • New Beat Society, Dr. Z’s Experiment, Jun. 29 • Hunab, Obsidian’s Dream, Jun. 30.

Theatre/Performance/Dance/Comedy

Campbell Steele Gallery
Downtown Marion,
319-373-9211
Liars Theatre, Tue. through Sat. from 10am-5pm. Visit liarstheatre.com for ticket and performance information.

Engler Theatre
221 E. Washington St.,

Iowa City, 688-2653
Hamlet, May 3 through 5 at 8pm, May 6 at 2:30pm • Disney’s High School Musical, May 18 and 19 at 8pm, May 19 and 20 at 2pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
National Dance Academy, May 6 at 1pm and 6pm • Dance Company Recital, May 19 at 2pm and 6pm • Studio Dance Recital, Jun. 1 and 2 at 7pm • Ballet Academy Dance Recital, Jun. 3 at 6 pm • Janet Long Dance Recital, Jun. 9 at 7pm • Cherie Chittenden, Jun. 15 and 16 at 7pm.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672

Theatre Cedar Rapids
102 Third St. SE,
Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
Thursdays, Fridays, & Saturdays: 7:30pm; Sundays: 2:30pm.
The Full Monty, May 5 through May 18, 2:30pm and 7:30pm.

Words

Prairie Lights
15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City, 337-2681
All reading 7pm unless noted otherwise.
John Scalzi, May 3 • Mark Slouka, May 4 • Alexander McCall Smith, May 5 at 5pm • Sherman Alexie, May 7 • Masha Hamilton, May 8 • Elizabeth Berg, May 10 • Bruce Carlson, May 15 • Jim Crace, May 21 • Zachary Jack, May 25.

Film/Video

So. Dubuque St. - Train Depot Business District
Businesses offering sales and services in the 600 block of S. Dubuque

Guaranteed Shoe & Boot Repairs
624 S. Dubuque
Iowa City, IA 52240
(319) 337-8678
TheShoeDoctorIowa.com
Authorized Repair Shop For: Birkenstock®, Dr. Martin®, Vibram®
Hours: Mon - Fri: 8am - 5:30pm, Sat: 9am - 1 pm

Sales of New & Used Bikes
Independent Fabrication KHS
Service On All Makes & Models
Minor Repairs While You Wait
319-338-8900
www.thebrokenspoke.com

Sweet Livin’
(319) 337-5015
• Thousands of collectible records
• Fine used stereo equipment
• Scads of vintage, costume and contemporary jewelry
• Variety of artwork and antiques
*** Mention this ad and get 10% off any purchase ***
Bijou Theatre  
UI Memorial Union  
UI Campus, 335-3258  
Visit bijoutheater.org for show times  
Unconscious and The Rules of the Game, Apr. 27 through May 5  
Climates and The Animation Show 3, May 4 through May 10.

Uptown Bill’s Small Mall  
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401  
Movie Night, Sundays, 6pm

Misc

IC Pride Meetings  
Iowa City Public Library  
Iowa City Pride Planning meetings are held the first and third Sundays of each month at 4 pm. For more info, or to get involved, e-mail Bridget at bmalone@kirkwood.edu.

Kripalu Danskinetics  
Basement of Old Brick, Iowa City, 354-1188  
Classes available this Spring, Wed. from 5:30-6:45pm, through May 23. No prior experience necessary.

CMC Adult Spelling Bee  
Xavier High School, Cedar Rapids, IA, 319-363-4993  
A fundraiser for the Catherine McAuley Center for Women, May 2 at 5:30pm.

Chalk the Walk  
Downtown Mount Vernon, 895-9513  
Iowa’s first-ever Madonnari Festival, presented by the Mount Vernon Parks and Recreation Department, May 5-6.

NAMI 5K Walk  
Lower City Park, Iowa City  
Benefit fundraiser for National Alliance on Mental Illness, May 5 at 9am.  
Register at nami.org/namiwalks.

A-LIST

2007 Summer of the Arts  
Ped Mall • May 18 - Jun. 28

The Friday Night Concert Series is free! Come and immerse yourself in live music from local bands each and every Friday night from the middle of May to the middle of September right here in Iowa City’s backyard: the Pedestrian Mall. You can dance if you want to, or just enjoy some fun in the fountain and let the kids climb on the playground equipment. Come hungry because downtown restaurants and a wide variety of food carts will be there to satisfy your appetite.

- May 18 - City High & West High Jazz Ensembles  
- May 25 - Lazy Boy and the Recliners  
- June 8 - The Beaker Brothers  
- June 15 - The Mayflies  
- June 22 - Burlington Street Bluegrass Band  

M.C. Ginsberg and the Downtown Association of IC, in partnership with the Bijou Theatre present Saturday Night Free Movie Series.

The Saturday Night Free Movie Series, features music, short films by local filmmakers, as well as a feature-length film held on the UI Pentacrest. It’s the quaintest outdoor theater. So grab a blanket, some lawn chairs or just cop a squat in the lush green grass and relax and enjoy the movie.

- May 19 - Grease  
- May 26 - Some Like it Hot  
- June 9 - In and Out (part of Pride Month)  
- June 16 - Star Trek 2: The Wrath of Khan  
- June 23 - Clue  

The Sheraton and the Hotel Vetro present The Iowa Arts Festival. This is the 25th anniversary of the Iowa Arts Festival. It’s another free event this summer that features approximately 120 local and regional artists displaying and selling their artwork. Also in tow: a music festival; an Iowa filmmakers showcase called “the Iowa Picture Show”; and “Culinary Row,” which serves regional and ethnic food, and a variety of activities and entertainment, for children and families.

- June 1 - Main stage: The Roches, Nanci Griffith  
- June 2 - Main Stage: Too Much Yang, Euforquestra, Lake Street Dive, The 100’s, Sarah Borges, The Subdudes.

For more information, visit www.summerofthearts.com.

Pride Day  
Various Locations • Jun. 16th

Ah, Pride Day: the only day to wear rainbows with impunity from the Fashion KGB. This year’s Iowa City Pride Day funds on June 16th, kicking off the night before at the downtown Friday Night Concert Series featuring The Mayflies.

Free summer events make living in Iowa City easy-like-a-Sunday-morning, and no summer event does as many colors as Pride. Events on the 16th begin at 9:30 a.m. with a seven-mile bike-ride for Pride, beginning at College Green Park at 600 E. College Street in Iowa City. Where the Pride Ride ends, the parade and rally begin.

Featuring music, fire trucks and floats, this is one day you can take candy from strangers.

According to its Web site, pride.queerconnections.com, the community welcomes everyone to march in the caravan, which ends in a rally in front of the Old Capitol building on the Pentacrest. Oh, if you like to watch, the parade embraces that, too. Music and “rousing” speakers are completing part two of Pride Day, Iowa City-style. The parade and rally run from 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Part three of this event takes place in Shelter #2 at Upper City Park, 200 E. Park Road. Picnic Pride Family Style runs from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m., and vendors are selling shaved ice, burgers and brats, according to the Web site.

The nearby pool is providing part of the entertainment—rainbow Speedos may or may not be present—but if people watching while cooling off in the City Park Pool doesn’t tickle whatever fancy might be on your Pride Plate plate, the live music and games provide another option.

Pride.queerconnections.com recommends contacting Bridget Malone at Malone.Bridget@gmail.com for information about creating accommodations or becoming a vendor for the event.

So come out to celebrate queer identity—whether it’s your own or your friends’ and family’s—and don as many rainbows as you like. Color coordination is also welcome, of course. Who can say “No!” to a Sharp Dressed Queen?

As Maude and Cat Stevens sing, “If you want to be free, be free!”
Caffeinated Buzz

snacks that can fill in for breakfast in a pinch. But while some may find the mall a good place for studying or socializing, it ain’t me, babe.

Tobacco Bowl: Ah yes, a smoker’s paradise. The Tobacco Bowl is IC’s one and only café that allows smoking. The Bowl offers a wide variety of cigarette brands, both national and international as well as cigars. It’s a great study place if you’re one who thrives on nicotine.

House of Aromas: Deserving of mention for their bubble tea, but the main aromas I’ve experienced in this house are those of burnt coffee and the consistently filthy men’s room. I really hope downtown Iowa City can support all of its current coffee houses for the long term, but if someone has to be thrown to the sharks, this place is a sacrifice we should all be able to agree on.

David Morris is a graduate student whose hopes and dreams have not quite been crushed. He has, like a much less sexy version of Cat Power, lived in (coffee) bars. In fact he’s probably in one right now, grading your final paper... oh god, he’s RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

Bye-Bye, Iowa City

Okay, yes. Some of my grievances are vain or frivolous. I guess maybe the real reasons for our separation are harder to approach, so I find solace in flashy excuses. Also, I think you sensed it, this end. Perhaps you were even asking me to take the initiative here.

You never wanted to make a commitment to me, Iowa City.

“Iowa, listen,” I said, “I’m smart and I have this solid resume. Look, here are these fancy degrees! May I have a full-time job with health benefits somewhat related to something in my field, please?”

And you said: “Silly Kristin, everyone here is smart and the two jobs in your field are taken. The answer is no.”

I thought maybe you were just playing coy. Like maybe this was a kind of sexy game, where I simply had to prove myself for your love. Like you were James Spader and I was Maggie Gyllenhaal in Secretary. (Secretary, I could be a secretary, does it have benefits? Do you know of any openings?)

So I chained myself to your ankle in a wedding dress, but you never came to get me. I sat soiled instead. No longer a winner, some farm girl, I was a crazy person in a funny outfit with too many jobs and too little income.

Iowa City, I don’t understand you. If you really wanted me, like, really wanted me--for keeps--wouldn’t you be more willing to make our arrangement more financially feasible?

I guess that’s the thing. You never wanted me for more than a tryst.

And hurt feelings aside, I suppose I can respect that you want this to end. I can assess our relationship and realize that indeed, it was not all a farce. I fell in love here.

Yes, Iowa City there is another man, a real-live man and not a city. He’s way less drunk and far more fashionable. We’re heading West in a covered wagon together. I also met some excellent friends, witnessed famous writers doing many mundane and mildly (or otherwise) immodest personal things. I wrote some stuff. I learned how to cook better when I wasn’t eating at Lou Henri’s.

What I am saying is this: I came to you, a wide-eyed, little wanna-be, and I’m leaving you, a bit more wise-assed, a bit wiser, and maybe even a bit unwisely. Thanks for that. Indeed, we will always have London, Paris and Iowa City.

Kristin Hatch will listen to “Iowa City Adieu” by the Autumn Defense on her way to Oakland this summer. Thanks Little Village. You’re cool. Bye, bye, Iowa.
**ARIES**—Events at home are driving changes in many other areas. The behavior of a youngster, or burdens affecting your creative and romantic life, maybe all of the above, is weighing heavily. The situation is complicated, the issues are real and in many ways, you are alone in uncharted territory. Even so, the situation can be handled more safely and comfortably than you probably think. Life-long lessons are recently learned, you will need help. Be true to your principles. Keep your emotions in check. Some issues will only be resolved in time.

**TAURUS**—It's a good time to tread water, comfortably and securely. The planets are empowering you and protecting you from negative effects. It's tempting and rather easy to overextend now. Rather, use this time to consolidate and lay a foundation for the future. Family and home related issues are burdening you heavily enough to make a difference in your decisions. However, prospects for a positive resolution of these issues are very good. The outcome will benefit you financially or at least not cost you as much as you might have feared.

**GEMINI**—Your situation looks sticky but things aren't as bad as they appear. Most of those depend on or from whom you take orders had to go back to the drawing board. They have options, just not as many as everyone would wish and things have to be refigured and rerouted. Hence the holdups. You have room to maneuver and, despite the static and the obstacles, your efforts will soon bear fruit. Stalled legal and financial issues are moving ahead. Power freaks with whom you must deal have been hobbled.

**CANCER**—Despite some challenges, and lots of static, prospects for a positive resolution of financial and work related issues are quite good. But be aware that some important and complex issues will stay unresolved. Powerful people are at odds with each other and unsure how to address these issues that will eventually affect you. It could be months before final answers are forthcoming. You are also a little closer to the center of controversy than is comfortable. Still, the basic tone of the debate is reasonable and benevolent. Remain confident.

**LEO**—The best aspects for Leo this month affect matters close to home: family, neighborhood, children, friends and work. The prospects for affairs farther from home and projects that require the cooperation of the community or large networks of people are under more doubtful planetary influences. Still, May promises remarkable achievements. Much will depend on your ability to maintain self-confidence. Substantial and lasting progress is ensured. Some benefits might be delayed. Also, tricky issues will need to be resolved down the road. Keep an eye on long-term financial affairs.

**VIRGO**—There are obstacles to progress in projects that need community approval or broad cooperation. But this is a good month for clearing the air and renewal. The planets are pushing you to step back, to see the larger picture. You may have taken things about as far as possible without a wide-ranging reappraisal of your place and direction in life. May offers you a chance for such a reappraisal and the opportunity to bring home and family life into harmony with this new vision of yourself. A big step toward a fresh start.

**LIBRA**—Gentle, loving, reasonable Venus, your ruling planet, is involved and somewhat at odds with powerful people, including your superiors at work. This situation will cause}

**SAGITTARIUS**—You are likely to receive significant benefits from distant places in May. Despite your considerable influence over a complex local situation, genuine progress is elusive on the community, neighborhood and family scenes. Long-term financial wellbeing is the issue beneath the other issues. Presently, the health of your long-term finances depends heavily on your job. You are slowly losing the power and the inclination to cover for people who are bending the rules. You or someone else might have to pay a price soon for cutting corners.

**CAPRICORN**—Decisive action isn't really possible right now. Temper, immaturity, impatience, power plays, red tape and delays of many other kinds are blocking progress, each in its own way. Positive developments will come from more subtle sources. An improvement in long-term financial conditions will come along with a psychological boost, lightening the mood at home and improving family relations. This might not help remove those roadblocks in the outside world. However, the beneficial effects on your peace of mind and the quality of home life will be a welcome difference.

**AQUARIUS**—Burdens imposed by health limitations or emotional difficulties are weighing especially heavily. And between circumstances in the community and conditions in your own life you are kind of being forced to choose from a helpful but decidedly limited range of options. However, a partner or close associate will be able to work some magic for you, blending your desires and preferences with available resources to create a decidedly more tolerable situation for all concerned. Underlying influences are protective and supportive. Unilaterally imposing your own will on the situation won't work.

**PISCES**—The planets are ensuring that your desire for change will take you in good directions. They are also helping you avoid pitfalls. However, there are limits on what kind of change you can seek. The authorities at home and at work are taking a fairly hard line. They only seem to want to hear about the most mature and thoughtful expressions of personal freedom. The good news is that everyone working together is about to come up with a plan that improves your work situation and your cash flow considerably.

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**Forecast for May 2007**

**ARIES**—Events at home are driving changes in many other areas. The behavior of a youngster, or burdens affecting your creative and romantic life, maybe all of the above, is weighing heavily. The situation is complicated, the issues are real and in many ways, you are alone in uncharted territory. Even so, the situation can be handled more safely and comfortably than you probably think. Life-long lessons are recently learned, you will need help. Be true to your principles. Keep your emotions in check. Some issues will only be resolved in time.

**TAURUS**—It's a good time to tread water, comfortably and securely. The planets are empowering you and protecting you from negative effects. It's tempting and rather easy to overextend now. Rather, use this time to consolidate and lay a foundation for the future. Family and home related issues are burdening you heavily enough to make a difference in your decisions. However, prospects for a positive resolution of these issues are very good. The outcome will benefit you financially or at least not cost you as much as you might have feared.

**GEMINI**—Your situation looks sticky but things aren't as bad as they appear. Most of those depend on or from whom you take orders had to go back to the drawing board. They have options, just not as many as everyone would wish and things have to be refigured and rerouted. Hence the holdups. You have room to maneuver and, despite the static and the obstacles, your efforts will soon bear fruit. Stalled legal and financial issues are moving ahead. Power freaks with whom you must deal have been hobbled.

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