little village
Iowa City’s News & Culture Magazine

2001 – 2011
THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES ...
Dear Chris,

First of all, I would like to say that I am guided in all that I do by your ability to take something big, something with universal meaning, and connect it to something local, something closer to home, thus giving this small thing here, here with us, the power of something much larger. I think the first time I saw this in your work was in your drawing “Fuck New American Painting”, which, incidentally, you and your two colleagues, Zoe Hawk and Joyce Ho, were three out of forty graduate students nationwide, selected for inclusion in “New American Painting”, 2011. That meant that the Painting Area within the School of Art and Art History at the University of Iowa was tied with Columbia and Yale Universities for the highest number of painters selected. Last year the Painting Area had four painters selected, the highest number of any school. Congratulations Megan Dirks, Zoe Hawk, Joyce Ho, Mary Laube, Andy Moeller, Chris Reno Ellen Siebers!

Now, thank you Chris for “All Thunder / No Lightning” something small made large.

Now Chris Reno and Josh Black
Thank you for serving as the jurors for the first Annual Kangying Guo Artists Grant. Thank you for the time it took you to evaluate the many, strong proposals. I join you in announcing this year’s winner Katie Hargrave for her proposal, “White Pines: Resistance and Reconciliation in Colonial and Contemporary America”.

Sincerely,
David Dunlap, Associate Professor
School of Art and Art History
University of Iowa
Administrator,
The Kangying Guo Artists Grant
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This issue is dedicated to our beloved friend and teacher, Jennifer Marie Lewis.
ISSUE #1 OF LITTLE VILLAGE WAS PUBLISHED IN JULY 2001. It’s on file at both local libraries, and it’s totally worth seeking out. Every page in the issue evokes a potent sense of place—a place so cantankerously in love with itself, it could only be this place: Iowa City. In the opening pages, the founding editors introduced themselves with a promise “to listen to the people of Iowa City and make Little Village their magazine.” Not to simply walk around loving everything, but to proudly, critically, humorously, intelligently and honestly reflect this place. Warts and all.

Since then, hundreds of locals have contributed thought-provoking work, amplifying Iowa City’s cultural production and helping our town get the attention it deserves as a “City of…” lots of stuff! On behalf of all that have given to the cause, thanks for writing, thanks for reading and, of course, thanks for advertising. We couldn’t have done it without you. Now, let’s party a little, shall we?

Here are a few events we’ve got lined up this summer to help celebrate our 10th. We hope to see you there!

06.21 Del The Funky Homosapien comes to Iowa City!

This summer, our guest of honor is one of the truest artists ever to play the rap game. Del the Funky Homosapien (Hieroglyphics/Deltron 3030/ Gorillaz) will make his first ever visit to the state of Iowa and it will start with a visit to the Iowa City Skate Park! This event is presented by local skate shop The Full Kit (332 E. Washington St.), which is also turning ten this summer. Stop by their store for details if you want to catch a skate with one of the coolest rappers in the world!

In the evening, the coolness continues at United Action for Youth (355 Iowa Ave). Del and producer/manager Tion Torrence (Bukue One) will enjoy some UAY-produced live hip hop and present a panel on the business of being an artist: How do you push yourself creatively? How do you market your work so you can do it for a living? Del and Tion are going to break it down for us, from 5:30-8:00 p.m., at the UAY.

Del the Funky Homosapien (with live band) w/ Serendipity Project, Bukue One, Mac Lethal
BLUE MOOSE TAP HOUSE (211 IOWA AVE.) - 10 P.M. - FREE SPONSORED BY: THE BLUE MOOSE, LEINENKUGEL’S AND THE WEDGE PIZZERIA

This show is going to get started sort of late for the 21+. Thanks to our sponsors for hooking it up so Del and his crew can bring the funk to Iowa City for FREE! You all rock!

07.15 Dave Powers & Max Jacobson (CHICAGO/Klektik) Three-hour house music tag-team set
Chaircrusher (Cornwarning/LittleVillage) Disco/Soul/House/Techno/Dubstep Eclectic Mix
YACHT CLUB (13 S. LINN ST.) - $TBD

Factoid: In issue 1, July 2001, the very first ad in LV history is on page 2, for Rotation, the electronica series that Kent Williams helped produce at the old Gabe’s, starting long before he became arts editor for Little Village. Plan on a sweaty night at the Yacht Club on July 15, as Chaircrusher and his crew show you they still know how to make the bass bleed.

Little Village events at the Iowa City Book Festival

07.17 Hot Tin Roof (Reading)
PUBLIC SPACE ONE (129 E. WASHINGTON ST.) 12:30-1:30 P.M. - FREE
Like Little Village itself, this monthly competition spotlights great new writing coming out of Iowa City. Please join us as the honorees read their work for the Iowa City Book Festival. (Read more about Hot Tin Roof on page 20.)

07.17 Roast This Town 2 (Reading)
THE MILL (120 E. BURLINGTON ST.) - FREE
Opinions delivered with a dash of sarcasm, a twist of wit and a heaping spoonful of love for this crazy little town of ours. (Details on page 15)
To be honest, I never imagined I would ever write about this subject, but this month I want to explore ... here goes ... the fate of soap operas!

Sudser fans (and some media mavens) shuddered this spring when ABC announced it was canceling *One Life to Live* and *All My Children*. This leaves *General Hospital* as the only soap left on ABC, and one of only four left on all three major networks. I would certainly never argue that Great Art has been compromised with the decline of the soap opera genre. But I will say that soap operas did something that no other kind of television show—and very few kinds of artistic media at all—could do.

OK, I guess I have to confess why I might know remotely anything about soap operas at all. My mother was an avid *As the World Turns* aficionado (its 50-plus-year-old self also a casualty of the soap massacre this past year). *ATWT* was her “story.” She also watched two or three others for various periods of time, but *As the World Turns* was her constant habit.

And I watched it, too. There, I said it. And I’m sure many of you out there—men included—watched your mom’s “stories” as well, or even did so of your own volition!

At midday during summer and Christmas vacations, I’d plop down on the couch with my peanut butter and jelly sandwich and catch up with what was happening in Oakdale, Illinois with my mom over the noon hour. And on days I was sick during the school year, it was a special privilege to catch a quick glimpse of the doings of the Hughes and Stewart families. (I also admit to being an avid *Dark Shadows* fan purely out of my own desire, but of course that was about vampires, werewolves, witches, time travel, the creeping hand of count Petofi and other cool stuff.)

So what is it that “daytime dramas” do that nothing else does? For me, I think I was swept up in my mom’s “story” because of its every day (and everyday) nature.

By this I mean its recurrence every day. By their sheer daily appearance, soaps were able to create a world that in some ways came closest to replicating real life more than anything else television could do. For some, that relentless repetitiveness is a mark of the genre’s inherent weakness. But I have written often in this column about the importance—and even profundity—of the mundane, the everyday, the formation of connection to place through the repetition of daily work and habits.

By their sheer daily appearance, soaps were able to create a world that in some ways came closest to replicating real life more than anything else television could do ... I think I was swept up in my mom’s “story” because of its every day (and everyday) nature.

I found comfort and meaning in that regularity even as a child, and I think that was the source of my affection for my mom’s “story.”

My first association with *As the World Turns* and the “re-enchantment of everyday life,” to steal (and perhaps abuse) a phrase from Thomas Moore, is with my childhood nap. At 12:30 p.m. Central Time each weekday, the TV would sound the organ glissando of the opening theme song, and I would shout, “Tuh tuh time!” That was my toddler nomenclature for “naptime.” Obviously, my daily slumber coinciding with Mom’s story was no coincidence at all. But I dutifully marched off to bed, secure in our predictable routine.

As I grew older and “tuh tuh time” went the way of diapers and formula (this was the 1960s), I stuck around to watch what happened after that organ music started and that globe started turning on the opening credits. *As the World Turns* remained a part of my daily routine, but in a different way. As the days and weeks and years slipped by, *ATWT*’s Oakdale, Illinois became something of a real place. That I lived in Illinois helped the “reality” a bit for me—I could imagine this community not too far away from where I lived. And I was always tickled when Lisa would mention going to Rockford—hey, that’s where we live!

But Oakdale was realized through the living rooms, kitchens and occasional fake backyard of the community’s families. Our experience of place in real life is truly more about our interactions with and in these everyday locations. The prominent and exotic aspects of where we live tend to fade into the background as we become more intimate with place. The Old Capitol, while certainly an inspiring edifice for all Iowa City residents, is much more compelling to visitors, high school students and their parents on college scouting trips and University job candidates. I don’t think Mom’s story ever showed Oakdale’s downtown, for example, and I have no idea if it boasted a space needle or even an Old Capitol.

**U R HERE continued on page 8 >>**
ELECTION SEASON, IC-STYLE
Three city council members—the estimable Mike Wright, Regenia Bailey and Ross Wilburn—have announced that they won’t be running for re-election this fall. Also Mayor Matt Hayek, though he will be looking to retain his at-large seat. That means no fewer than four council seats are in play.

I want you to run. I even put the voting pattern maps online to show you how. Visit LittleVillageMag.com/yourtownnow.

On June 1, after my column is due, the city will have information packets for you detailing exactly how to run for office. I’ll post what I can on my Facebook page, but for now, a few bits to get you started:

• Wright and Hayek have at-large seats, meaning that anyone in the city can vote for them.
• Wilburn represents District A, which includes much of the west and south of the city.
• Bailey represents District C, which includes the central and much of the north of town.
• The election will be held on November 8.

To appear on the ballot, you’ll need to fill out a petition signed by people eligible to vote in Iowa City.

Our charter stipulates that the number of signatures gathered must represent at least 2% of the number of people who last voted for the same office. Last time around, 4,685 people voted (fewer than 10% of all eligible voters!), so count on gathering 95 signatures. The official deadline for submitting petitions is 40 days before the election, or late September.

Win, and you’ve got a council seat for four years. Go get ’em.

VITO’S REDUX
The city council officially fronted the Moen Group $250,000 for an estimated $1 million rehab job on the former Vito’s. The deal is being pitched as representing 12.5% of the project’s total $2 million cost, but to be fair, $1 million of that went to Moen’s purchase of a handsome, 112-year-old, 9,000-square-foot building. That’s roughly $111 per square foot, a nice deal for Moen on a fixer-upper. The city’s really underwriting a quarter of the projected cost of upgrading the building.

Some local media outlets reported this as a grant, but the money is slated to be repaid through a tax increment financing (TIF) arrangement. The TIF plan will last for eight years, during which Moen agrees that the property will be assessed at no less than $1.56 million, and during which he may not lease any part of the building “as an eating and drinking establishment, restaurant, or residence.” So retail.

Happily enough, city economic development officials project $31,250 in extra property tax revenues from the newly rehabbed space, exactly enough to cover the cost of the advance. A skeptic might say that we’ve just given Moen an interest-free loan in exchange for the opportunity to gamble that we won’t lose money in the bargain.

An optimist has to look at the deal’s broader implications for a whole lot of comfort: This works if businesses surrounding the rehabbed space benefit, too. Moen’s challenge is to add a retailer that generates its own audience and keeps it downtown to shop at other stores. To my ancient mind, that sounds a lot like the old lie “a rising tide lifts all boats.” We’ll learn soon enough about the tenant Moen thinks best fits the bill.

RUBBER STAMP
Former Vito’s owner Mike Porter might’ve been surprised to see that another one of his bars, The Summit, was denied liquor and dance permits. That’s what it said, at least, in the minutes of the May 3 city council meeting posted on the city’s website. It takes some digging through the information packets distributed weekly to council members, though, to find that the permits weren’t denied after all.

Maybe someone was on a roll: Porter’s record in these sorts of proceedings isn’t exactly perfect, and city staff might’ve gotten used to writing “Staff recommends denial” whenever one of his licenses comes up for renewal.

But wow. For all its authority in municipal matters, I never thought the city government had the power to make me feel badly for Mike Freaking Porter!

DONATIONS DISCOURAGED TO BETTER DISCOURAGE DONATIONS
The Pedestrian Mall got a couple of minor tweaks in May. For starters, nonprofit organizations with presences on the Ped Mall will no longer be allowed to accept monetary donations. This stupid change is designed to avoid conflict with the city’s stupid anti-panhandling ordinance. It’s also designed to irritate police by putting another rule on the books that, if taken seriously, would further divert resources from things like fighting actual crime and preserving the peace.

Well, okay, it’s really just the work of a bunch of busybody Chamber of Commerce types. And it could’ve been more restrictive: City staff recommended that no one be allowed to set up tables on the Ped Mall for any reason.

Which brings up another reason for you to run for city council. A lot of the decisions I discuss here—and plenty of others that affect the quality and character of life in our city—start out as directives or recommendations from city staff. Those folks aren’t elected and work under a different set of presumptions and expectations than does the council.

WELL PLAYED, MR. HIGGINS
Elliott Higgins, Student Government Liaison, got approval of an expanded Informational Disclosure and Acknowledgment Form; it will now include info about Iowa law regarding security deposits. Good on ya, Elliott!
They make decisions based on their expertise, which they’ve developed by focusing their professional attentions on certain areas. So the council is there, in part, to balance recommendations made by staff who aren’t paid to look over their shoulders and consider every single social and cultural ramification of their suggestions. You should be part of that balance. You should be on city council.

DIVISION IN THE RANKS
The current council seems to like voting unanimously, but May saw dissenting votes on a couple of matters covered in recent editions of Your Town Now.

Councilors Connie Champion and Mike Wright voted “No” on rezoning a parcel of land near Dane Road and Mormon Trek from agricultural to intensive commercial.

As I mentioned last month, the council voted to drop the fines for under-21 violations. May saw the second of three votes on the matter; the current motion sets the penalty for first-time infractions at $300, $500 for second-time violations and $625 for those who still don’t get the hint. Matt Hayek, Susan Mims and Mike Wright voted “No” to the measure.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHOPPING CENTERS
The council deferred a vote on a resolution to pay John Millar of Divaris Real Estate $50,000 as a consultant on downtown development. A companion measure authorizes the city to work with the university in this effort, with the UI kicking in half of Millar’s fee.

It’s not like Millar lacks serious academic credentials. “John,” Divaris’ website gushes, “a Certified Senior Shopping Center Manager (SCSM), has been a faculty member of the University of Shopping Centers.”

I couldn’t not quote that. A bit more seriously, Millar’s name has been banging around city and university circles for a while now—he spoke here in February and I discussed him in the March issue of Little Village. A city that’s gone condo-crazy in recent years is about to bring on board a developer of “lifestyle centers,” a developer who might not draw as clear a distinction between neighborhood and mall as the rest of us.

Nothing against Millar—he’s apparently good at his job. If he’s caught the attention of our top officials, that speaks well for his business sense and ill of our government’s drift toward the Chamber of Commerce set.

Bob Burton is on Facebook. You should totally friend him.
Inhabited as soaps are (or were) with doctors and lawyers, the hospital and courtroom were the only other locations we would regularly, if ever, see outside of the characters’ homes. Yet the community as a place was fully realized in my imagination.

A caveat: The last time I watched As the World Turns, or any soap, was at least thirty years ago. From what fringe knowledge I have of soaps today, much has changed. In the 1960s and 1970s, fighting grizzly bears, international kidnappings, Amazonian adventures, clones and crazy billionaires threatening to freeze the world with their blizzard machines did not ever happen in Oakdale. I’m not saying the plots were “realistic” even back then, though. The serial divorces and affairs that kept plots going were plenty lurid for their time.

Even so, what drew me back, even as a kid, to As the World Turns in the noonday heat of summer was, I think, Nancy Hughes’ iced tea on the patio or iced coffee (what an exotic idea in 1965!) sitting around the kitchen table, Grandpa Hughes doling out comforting words of wisdom to Tommy (OK, so the kid had the same name I did—how cool is that?) in his basement workshop or Dr. Bob Hughes coming home after a hard day at the hospital.

This is what soap operas did that no other kind of TV show did or can do. They created worlds where the routine and the everyday were part and parcel of a fully realized place and the drama, whether quotidian or lurid, that unfolded there. Even though I haven’t visited Oakdale for three decades, I will miss it now that it has disappeared from its ethereal home in the airwaves.

Thomas Dean recently watched a few episodes of Dark Shadows on Netflix. Even though he saw a lot more funny bloopers and cheesiness than he noticed as a kid, he still thinks it was one of the coolest things on TV ever.

Thomas Dean recently watched a few episodes of Dark Shadows on Netflix. Even though he saw a lot more funny bloopers and cheesiness than he noticed as a kid, he still thinks it was one of the coolest things on TV ever.
BREAKFAST BLAND

Regis Philbin’s announced retirement, after 28 years, from the syndicated Live franchise that he shared first with Kathie Lee Gifford and then with Kelly Ripa, hasn’t exactly set the industry trade papers on fire. At age 79, it’s safe to say that Philbin already peaked as an entertainer. His oft-parodied mannerisms have long since passed into the collective unconscious, and his retrograde studio now functions mostly as a New York City tourist attraction, filled daily with the kinds of aunts and uncles we try to avoid at family reunions.

Regis Philbin, who has appeared on television more than anyone else in the history of the medium, is calling it quits.

I’m sure some people will call him the “gold standard,” and he’ll get a requisite standing ovation at the Emmys this year, but in the grand scheme of things nobody really cares. If anything, we’re all just kind of marveling at how long that guy was actually on.

According to The Guinness Book of Records, Regis Philbin has appeared on television more than anyone else in the history of the medium. He cut his teeth as a bumbling sidekick on The Joey Bishop Show in the late ’60s, mugged his way through a few decades of amusing panel shows and, eventually, built his nest at two of the most frighteningly ambitious blonde women in the history of television. He looked like a Rat Packer’s pesky little brother, tragically uncool but still steeped in a showbiz tradition that seems familiar and tasteful. He was an inveterate ham without a trace of humility (his longtime friendship with Donald Trump makes perfect sense), but he was ruddy-nosed and demonstrably Catholic.

His popularity seems to certify all those studies claiming that television viewers, on a mass scale, tend to gravitate toward recognizable character types, regardless of a performer’s talent or personality. Regis grew up in the Bronx, the son of a Marine, and for that Americans liked him. When he spoke fondly of his college days at Notre Dame, he made it clear why he lasted so long—and so effectively—in the public eye: He exemplifies an ethnic archetype that mainstream America deems suitable, at least for morning television. Every time he interviewed Nathan Lane, you could almost hear the grandmothers on Long Island nodding with approval.

Did Regis Philbin have talent? Sort of. He knew, better than anyone, how to be on television. That’s a rare skill.

Philbin hails from the first wave of great TV broadcasters (“presenters,” as they were called in David Frost’s England); men with thick hair and wide smiles who keep the segments running on time. They came up, as entertainers, in a marketplace similar to today’s local-news industry, taking their act from city to city seeking exposure. They hosted kiddie shows and coffee-break interview programs, introduced Saturday morning cartoons and wisecracked during late-night “B” movies. They showed us hidden-camera stunts and sitcom blooper reels, endorsed terrible products and sometimes even turned up on our doorstep with a giant check from Publisher’s Clearinghouse.

Broadcasters were well-spoken but certainly not intelligent, handsome and well-mannered but not even remotely sexy. They were the kind of guys who would have done well for themselves in sales. They wore gold watches, drove red sports cars, made love to blonde wives and always voted Republican. They were postwar Americana. For the past sixty years, they were television.

These men, however, are now dropping like flies. Back in December, 77-year old Larry King delivered his final rambling interview for CNN. Tom Snyder and Merv Griffin died within weeks of each other. Stroke victim Dick Clark now slurs his way through every painful on-air appearance, lending grave symbolism to his patented New Year’s Eve “Countdown.” Even Pat Sajak might soon retire from his post at Wheel of Fortune to join Bob Barker on the golf course in Florida.

Philbin’s retirement marks the death of the American Broadcaster, at least in the incarnation that we’ve always known Him. Latter-day versions like Andersen Cooper and Ryan Seacrest are too dynamic and intense, too indicative of the hyper-competitive landscape of modern media. They’re not broadcasters the way Regis was.

I certainly don’t feel smarter than Andersen Cooper, and I’m not as effective as Ryan Seacrest. But I do feel superior to Regis Philbin. Cooper and Seacrest are better than me. Regis Philbin is not. Cooper and Seacrest invoke my jealousy when I see them on television and I am not happy for their success. Regis, on the other hand, was a befuddled everyman, about as deserving of a show as Larry King, or Tom Snyder, or any other bland, inoffensive broadcaster who got “in” while the TV game was still amateurish and accessible. Maybe that’s why Regis Philbin was so charming to so many people. We liked him because we didn’t want to be him. And really, who the hell would? IV

Patrick Howley has become a magazine writer in Washington, D.C. He will miss writing his column in Little Village, and is thankful for the exposure. He will also miss The Bluebird Diner.
Just beyond a living and dining room of baby walkers and a collection of type-writers stands a 180 lb. fiberglass book, basking in Iowa City’s eastern sunshine. In the home of Lauren Haldeman, an artist in every sense of the word from her paintings on the wall to the paint in her fingernails, the massive sculpture takes up almost all of the space of her back sunroom.

The project—which will include 30 massive books throughout the Iowa City area—sprouted in recognition of Iowa City’s designation as a City of Literature. The statues will have a similar visibility to the 75 “Herky on Parade” statues placed throughout the city in 2004.

In 2008, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) designated Iowa City as the third City of Literature in the world, the only one in the United States. Haldeman created the Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature logo and has it painted on the back cover of her BookMark.

A native of Fairfax, Va., Haldeman arrived to Iowa City’s historic campus in the fall of 1997, eager to get her feet wet in a city with such a reputation for its writing and art. “There was just nothing comparable to it on the East Coast,” Haldeman said. “I fell in love with it.”

Haldeman stayed in Iowa City after being accepted to the University of Iowa’s prestigious Writer’s Workshop, focusing on poetry. “It was intense being surrounded by so many influences,” Haldeman said of her instructors and fellow classmates. “But it was an incredible experience.”

Fourteen years later Haldeman and her husband, Bill, a native Iowan, have set up their homestead in Iowa City’s historic east side. Her front porch has an eclectic collection of art and, inside, her love for typewriters (quite appropriate for the BookMark project) is apparent.

While Haldeman’s day job is as a web designer and editor for The Writing University, an online source of local Podcasts, journals and information about the university’s many writing programs and schools, her primary responsibility and apple of her eye is her 10-month old daughter, Eleanor, or “Ellie.”
“She loves it,” Haldeman said. She watches me through the windows and bangs on the glass.”

For the last two months, Haldeman has made the BookMark a primary focus. While balancing her daytime responsibilities and parenting with Bill, she reserves 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. every night—just after Ellie goes to bed—to concentrate on finishing her piece. She credits Bill as her backbone for taking care of Ellie while she juggles the project. Now she smiles in relief for the project’s impending completion and unveiling in June.

Jeanette Pilak, executive director of Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature, said Haldeman’s creativity sparked her interest.

“I learned about some talent or facet of her artistic life that I never knew before,” Pilak said about Haldeman’s talents in poetry, graphic design, illustration, accordion playing, puppeteering and performance art. After the idea came into fruition, Pilak urged Haldeman to throw her hat in the ring.

“I knew she had the abilities, creativity, energy and shared love of the City of Literature, that it would be a good match,” Pilak said.

Standing in her sunroom, Haldeman’s eyes scan the book as she questions the color of the typewriter on the cover. Inside the huge open book are many tiny versions of published works from authors with ties to Iowa City.

“It was really neat painting these little covers,” Haldeman said, holding up her last three to add before her project is deemed complete. “It really made me feel more intimately connected to the authors and the books.”

Erin Tiesman is a freelance writer who lives in Iowa City. She has a lazy cat named Otis and she loves the Beatles, stand-up comedy and naps.
T

hough it may look like any other fountain of sudsy goodness, the tap line behind the bar at Short’s Burger & Shine (18 South Clinton St.) is an icon. Its ever-changing cast of 10 Iowa-brewed beers symbolizes the camaraderie, passion and growing consumer demand that is driving a beer brewing renaissance in the Hawkeye State.

Ranging from a massive, 30-barrel operation on a family farm to a tiny, 10-gallon homebrewing system in a former bank, Iowa’s 19 indigenous breweries are producing liquid bread that is beginning to generate in-state pride and worldwide praise. And with a newfound freedom to brew whatever they want, excited brewers say the sky is the limit and the best is yet to come.

“Iowa is putting out a lot of good beer,” said Teresa Albert, co-owner of Millstream Brewing Company in Amana. Sitting in her brewery’s new taproom annex, overlooking 20-barrel brewing vats, a testament to her words hung on a nearby wall: the prestigious World Beer Cup gold medal, awarded last fall to Millstream’s Vienna-style lager, Schild Brau Amber.

And not only is Iowa brewing good beer, more brewers are brewing more of it. According to David Coy, president of the Iowa Brewers Guild, one-third of the state’s breweries—both Iowa-based and restaurant chains, like Granite City—have opened in the past five years.

Coy remembers a time not so long ago when he was told at a Happy Joe’s that both kinds of beer—Bud and Bud Light—were available. Now, he says, “[Iowans] understand there is a different variety of beer than your mass-produced domestic lager.” Having embraced craft beer, he said, the state is a different market today than it was in 1997, when he began brewing at Des Moines’ Raccoon River Brewing Company.

Thanks to Iowa brewers’ close-knit kinship and united effort to change state law, Albert said there are now no disadvantages to brewing in the state. Previously, beers over 6.25 percent alcohol by volume (ABV) were classified as liquor and sold through the Iowa Alcohol Beverage Division. Unwilling to deal with the state distributor, brewers limited themselves to making a handful of styles that they could sell themselves or through wholesalers. Last spring, legislators raised the ABV limit to 15 and Iowa brewers are now free to brew whatever they want, said Doug Alberhasky, store manager at John’s Grocery.

Despite the excitement and explosive growth, Iowa beer lovers admit that the state’s industry has a long way to go. Both Alberhasky and Albert said a vigilance toward quality control is essential to producing good beer and, collectively, Iowa brewers have yet
Due to inconsistencies caused by infections or faulty capping and packaging, Alberhasky said there are Iowa beers he would not sell to his “worst enemy.”

Regardless, there is a strong consensus that the future for Iowa beer is bright. More Iowans are choosing to drink beer brewed in their own state as a growing number and variety of Iowa beers are being plugged into taps.

“That’s an easy choice for me,” says Nate Kaeding, Iowa City’s favorite NFL placekicker and co-owner of Short’s.

“Am I going to drink a great beer from somewhere in Iowa, or am I going to drink a good, okay beer from some huge conglomerate corporation?” He said.

Kaeding holds up a pint of Peace Tree Hop Wrangler and offers a proud endorsement of the Knoxville, Iowa brew: “I would put this up against anything that anybody is going to brew anywhere.”

Casey Wagner
Great River Brewery
332 East 2nd Street, Davenport
→ greatriverbrewery.com

**Hours:** 4-9 (Monday-Wednesday), 4-11 (Thursday), 12-11 (Friday and Saturday), 12-6 (Sunday)

Another brewery with the Mississippi in sight and a casino nearby, Great River brews, in my opinion, the best beer in Iowa. Though the brewery lounge does not offer any amenities other than the picnic tables and bean bag toss set up outside the front entrance, nothing else is needed when enjoying a couple of creamy milk stout foundation to dominate.

**MUST TRY BEERS**

**Farmer Brown Ale**
Newcastle has officially been put to shame. The taste mirrors its nutty aroma complimented with slightly toasted chocolate and caramel malts.

**Redband Stout**
This one is for those who love their stouts like their coffee. Espresso beans from Davenport’s Redband Coffee Company are infused into Great River’s Straight Pipe Stout (also excellent). For the smell my notes say, “Espresso! Coffee! Roasted!” The taste is tamer, allowing the smooth chocolate from the milk stout foundation to dominate.

**UPCOMING EVENTS**

Check out the brewery website for information about tapping parties for limited release or seasonal beers at the Great River lounge and its companion bar in Iowa City, Old Capitol Brew Works & Public House.

Worth Brewing Company
826 Central Avenue, Northwood
→ worthbrewing.com

**Hours:** 5-9 (Wednesday), 5-11 (Friday), 12-11 (Saturday)

Owned by the husband and wife team of Peter Ausenhus and Margaret Bishop, Worth is worth a visit for beer lovers, especially homebrewers. Ausenhus brews on a 10-gallon Sabco system, which is essentially a large-scale homebrewing kit. (Many microbrewers use similar systems for testing recipes.) A favorite among the locals, the taproom offers five year-round beers, a seasonal and two guest taps. To visit the beer garden in the back, customers walk through the brewing room and are welcome to ask the owners about the brewing process.

**MUST TRY BEERS**

**Field Trip IPA**
Worth’s IPA offers an excellent balance between malts and hops. Each whiff is loaded with grapefruit, orange and lemon citrus, but is balanced by caramel. The taste is not as bitter as one expects from the smell, but still offers a lot of hoppy citrus.

**Oatmeal Stout**
Smooth and creamy like an oatmeal stout should be. Scents of oatmeal, molasses, caramel, dark chocolate and a little coffee. Roasted chocolate and coffee dominate the taste, leaving a nice bitter aftertaste, but there is still a little sweetness.

**LIST OF INDIGENOUS IOWA BREWERIES**

**Brewpubs**

- Appanoose Rapids Brewing Company
  Ottumwa
  www.appanooserapidsbrewingcompany.com

- Beck’s Sports Brewery // Waterloo
  www.barmuda.com/becks

- Blue Mountain Culinary Emporium (closed temporarily) // Orange City
  www.bluemountainemporium.net

- Court Avenue Brewing Company
  Des Moines
  www.courthavenebrew.com

- The Depot Restaurant & Lounge
  Shenandoah
  www депоtdeli.com

- Front Street Brewery // Davenport
  www.frontstreetbrew.com

- Lost Duck // Fort Madison
  www.duckbrewing.com

- Old Man River Restaurant and Brewery
  McGregor
  www.oldmanriverbrewery.com

- Olde Main Brewing Company // Ames
  www.oldemainbrewing.com

- Raccoon River Brewing Company
  Des Moines
  www.raccoonbrew.com

- Third Base Brewery // Cedar Rapids
  www.thirdbasebrewery.com

**Breweries with taprooms**

- Great River Brewery // Davenport
  www.greatriverbrewery.com

- Hub City Brewing Company // Stanley
  www.hubcitybrewingcompany.com

- Millstream Brewing Company // Amana
  www.millstreambrewing.com

- Peace Tree Brewing Company // Knoxville
  www.peacetreebrewing.com

- Toppling Goliath Brewing Company
  Decorah
  www.tgbrews.com

- Worth Brewing Company // Northwood
  www.worthbrewing.com

**Production only breweries**

- Angry Cedar Brewing Company // Waverly
  www.angrycedar.com

- Madhouse Brewing Company // Newton
  www.madhousebeer.com
ROAST THIS TOWN

Sunday, July 17 // 6:30-8 P.M. // THE MILL (120 EAST BURLINGTON)

We all love living here, especially during the summer, but—as with any relationship—there are certainly times when life in Iowa City can just about drive you crazy.

Whether it’s the drunken coeds puking on our lawns, the busybody city council that would probably collect daily stool samples from everybody in town, just to make sure we were all eating right—with hefty fines for inadequate fiber levels, of course—or the naval-gazing academics who’d rather talk about the cultural implications of rain than share their umbrella with you, there’s no shortage of things about life in this town that more than deserve to be lashed to a spit and roasted over the hot coals of our collective wit from time to time.

And what better way to do that than in public, surrounded by your fellow townsfolk, bearing witness to the occasional absurdity of life in this town that we all love so much?

Think of it as scream therapy, but for a town, except funnier, and with cute waitresses and beer.

- Yale Cohn

more info at www.littlevillagemag.com/roast

LOCAL WITS, HELP US PUT THE EXCLAMATION POINT ON THE IOWA CITY BOOK FESTIVAL, JULY 15-17

SUBMIT YOUR ROAST - Have you ever wanted to tell off an entire town? Have you ever wanted to tell off this town? Yeah, we thought so. Here's your chance:

→ Roast IC in Iambic Pentameter! Express your tainted love with a Shakespearean sonnet.
→ Prose, poems, songs, short skits or monologues—basically anything you can perform on stage in front of a crowd.

Tell us how you really feel—Put your roast in essay form (But keep it under 1,000 words there, Tolstoy.)

Submission deadline: June 30

Send it in! Email your roast to us here: Roast@LittleVillageMag.com and Matt and Vik, our “voices of reason,” will judge them anonymously.

Yale Cohn photo by Heather Atkinson
American Reason photo by Cliff Thompson
If any given band is lucky enough to last for a full quarter century, and release a dozen studio albums, you might expect them to bring a little baggage along when they come to your town. For Yo La Tengo, that baggage travels in the form of multiple side projects, at least one of which will be on display when they arrive at the Englert Theatre on June 21. Will you be treated to a set of Yo La Tengo songs that start with the letter S? The band’s desire to open for themselves under the guise of their garage-rock alter egos, Condo Fucks. The first album of that project—Fuckbook—was released in early 2009 to much critical acclaim. When the band began planning their current tour, McNew said the band realized that, because of the diversity of their discography, they “had a lot of options as far as different ways that the band could present itself.” Rather than just picking one persona and sticking with it, he said they “just decided to be prepared for all of them.” Thus the Spinning Wheel was born and categories were selected that divide up Yo La Tengo into its many forms. The options include, but are not limited to; The Freewheeling Yo La Tengo, which is a kind of acoustic Q&A session; The Sounds of Science (Parts 1 & 2), which is instrumental music composed by the band to accompany the films of French surrealist Jean Painlevé; and Dump, McNew’s rarely performed side project. An unexplained category on the Wheel is “Sitcom Theater,” which has the band perform—live on-stage—the entire script of a popular television show. One night in Chicago they performed the famous “Chinese Restaurant” episode of Seinfeld and, on another night, in Los Angeles, they performed an episode of Spongebob Squarepants, with McNew in the titular role, which he said is a character he’s “pretty close to.” McNew assured me in our interview that the band is traveling with a secret stash of sitcom scripts, ready for a reading at a moment’s notice.

All sitcoms aside, McNew said the Wheel shows have been good for the band because it has allowed them to perform material that is not part of their regular show. Within the categories of Songs Starting With S and Name Game—in which they perform only songs that include a person’s name in the title—Yo La Tengo reach deep into a catalogue of over 200 original compositions. During a two-night stand at Brooklyn’s Bell House earlier this spring, McNew said, “We played one song we hadn’t played in 16 years and another song we hadn’t played in eight years.” They’ve been
allowed to revisit songs that might otherwise get lost in such a large catalogue. He said they are enjoying the challenges of recalling distant tunes, no matter how well they are (or are not) prepared: “That on any given night you could, after the spin of a wheel, put on any one of a dozen different shows, that you’re kind of prepared for, but not really, it’s exhilarating.”

Exhilarating sure, but Fate is notoriously fickle and when the Wheel makes her choice, even if it is the same choice night after night, there is no turning back, much to the frustration of band members. “The idea of playing the same thing...two nights in a row, is maddening. We’ve never done that before. We’ve never ever played the same set two nights in a row,” said McNew. When I asked him about the specific categories the Wheel had landed on in recent shows, he was quick to point out that it has never once landed on Condo Fucks, much to the chagrin of the band members. As a result, they have been tossing a few of those songs into the encore of the performance, mainly “out of frustration.”

If the prospect of facing randomness is too much to bear for the average fan, fear not, for after the first 45-minute set, plain-old amazing Yo La Tengo will come back out onto the stage for a second half and perform songs of their own choosing. In recent shows they’ve been drawing material from a wide swath of their recorded history. There are sure to be many screeching guitars as well as the beautiful, quiet moments we have come to expect from these indie-rock stalwarts. It is not in question that it will be a good show; the question is what kind of show will it be?

When I asked McNew if the band had ever considered a veto of fate, he had only this to say: “You live by the Wheel, you die by the Wheel. We have to do what it says.”

Ian Richard McCuskey is an Iowan in exile, currently residing in Nashville, Tennessee.
Dead Kennedys were punk provocateurs that made satire a central part of their concerts, song lyrics and, for that matter, band name. (Lots of baby boomer parents felt it was offensive, but for lead singer Jello Biafra, “Dead Kennedys” was a metaphor for the death of the American dream.)

They were political pranksters in the tradition of the Fugs, whose song “Kill for Peace”—performed at a major 1967 anti-war protest—shares its DNA with Dead Kennedys’ “Kill the Poor” (and, for that matter, Swift’s “A Modest Proposal”). Like many satirists, they walked a fine line between humor and bad taste. During one 1984 performance, for instance, Biafra and his bandmates mounted the stage in Ku Klux Klan hoods—then pulled them off to reveal Ronald Reagan masks.

Rightwing reactionaries weren’t their only targets. In the 1979 single “California über Alles,” they skewered the hippy-dippy worldview of California’s highest elected official. “I am governor Jerry Brown,” Biafra warbled, “my aura smiles and never frowns, soon I will be President!” In the song, Brown’s “Zen fascists” and “suede denim secret police” were going to dose the masses with “organic poison gas.”

The same year Dead Kennedys released “California über Alles,” their frontman ran for mayor of San Francisco (he appropriated as his campaign slogan the old advertising tagline, There’s always room for Jell-O). Jello Biafra gained publicity with platforms that were both serious and irreverent—banning
cars and making businessmen wear clown costumes within city limits—and he ultimately received 6,591 votes and finished third out of a field of nine candidates. Current U.S. Senator Diane Feinstein, who the punk singer made a habit of antagonizing, won after a runoff election.

A few years later, in the mid-1980s, Biafra woke up to find nine police officers in his residence. “You are under suspicion of trafficking in harmful matter,” he was told. Harmful matter?, he thought. What’s that? The matter in question was a poster his group included in their 1985 album Frankenchrist—a reprint of an H. R. Giger painting that depicted a surrealistic landscape of penises.

As Biafra later put it, “Can you imagine any matter more harmful than finding a cop in your bedroom?” A politically motivated district attorney prosecuted Dead Kennedys and its independent record company Alternative Tentacles (charges were pressed just before election day). The trial ended in 1987 with an, um, hung jury, but not before the band broke up and the label nearly went out of business.

Jello Biafra was one of the leading lights of the 1980s “pop underground.” This loose confederation of punks, pranksters, hackers, hippies and other subcultural types mostly fell below the radar. The Church of the SubGenius played a key role in this scene. The SubGeniuses trace their origins back to the 1950s, when the Church was purportedly founded by J. R. “Bob” Dobbs, the “world’s greatest salesman.”

In reality, the Reverend Ivan Stang and his collaborators invented this religion after putting together a satire of wacked-out rightwing religious tracts published by Jack Chick and others: SubGenius Pamphlet #1, also known as The World Ends Tomorrow and You May Die! Laced with a heavy dose of dada humor, its collage-heavy visual style drew on the cut-and-paste look of punk rock album art and flyers. Much like the Dead Kennedys-affiliated Winston Smith—whose re-appropriations of 1950s advertising imagery underscored the dark underside of suburban culture—SubGenius publications helped popularize an ironic retro aesthetic that is commonplace today.

Misfits of all stripes embraced the SubGenius meme. Rev. Stang sent out copies of SubGenius Pamphlet #1 to leading figures in the underground comics, zine, and music scenes—like cartoonist Robert Crumb and conceptual art-rock group Devo. “Finally,” Crumb exclaimed, “a religion even I can believe in”; Robert Anton Wilson called it “the best of all the One True Religions.” Stang said he and his followers were waging a war against a “Conspiracy” perpetrated by “The Normals” that preached conformity.

“I first found The Book of the SubGenius in college and I glommed onto it,” says Pagan Kennedy, a writer who graduated from college in 1984 and became involved in the underground zine publishing world. “I first read it when I was 19 or 20, and it was just this transmission that I connected to. It used a visual language that made a lot of sense back then.”

The SubGenius ideal transcendent state of “slack”—the pursuit of perpetual leisure, independence and original thinking—proved to be a powerful meme. It left traces on everything from the free and open source operating system Slackware to Richard Linklater’s zeitgeist-defining debut feature Slacker (1991). The mock religion was also appealing because it provided an absurdist answer to Moral Majority bible-thumpers like Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell.

It found an audience in the 1980s on university campuses, especially after indie rock college radio stations began airing Stang’s weekly radio show, Hour of Slack. The Church of the SubGenius gained new life in the early-1990s, when hackers, hobbyists and other computer enthusiasts found each other online via SubGenius user groups. The nerds had infiltrated punk rock—and, later, popular culture—which would never be the same again.

After dabbling in Satanism for most of his life, Little Village columnist Kemrew McLeod became a born again Christian on the eve of the predicted May 21 Rapture. Since then, he has returned to his life of crime, drugs and prostitution.
CONTEST OVERVIEW
Each month a selected piece of creative writing up to 1,000 words will be published in the pages of Little Village, Iowa City's News and Culture Magazine.

Oh, and the author will receive an honorarium of $100. That's right, $100, to one writer, every month.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES
 Judges will consider creative work in all genres and formats up to 1,000 words. These might include short fiction, short literary nonfiction, poetry, or even two pages of dialogue from a play or scenes from a graphic novel. Work may be pulled from a larger piece, but it will be judged on its ability to stand on its own. We are only interested in work that has not been published elsewhere—in print, online, or otherwise.

The series is designed to highlight new work produced in Iowa City, so entrants must live or work in the Iowa City area at the time of submission. Please include your current address with your submission.

Submit your work to: htr@littlevillagemag.com. Please attach your work as a Word Document, PDF or Rich Text file. Your name and contact information will be removed from your entry and it will be judged anonymously. Judges will be Andre Perry (UI Nonfiction MFA graduate and executive director of the Englert Theatre), Hugh Ferrer (associate director of the UI International Writing Program and board member at Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature) and Matt Steele (publisher and managing editor of Little Village magazine).

WWW.LITTLEVILLagemag.com/htr

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Ranking system: At least two judges will read every submission. Finalists will be read by all three. Deadline will be the last day of the month, every month. Work to be featured in January will have been received between November 1st and 30th; author of the work selected will be notified by December 15th.

Work will not be rolled over for consideration in the next month, no matter how highly it was ranked. However, if your piece is not selected, you may resubmit the same piece for consideration in another month, including the following month.

Winners are eligible to enter again only after 12 months have passed since the publication of their work. Little Village does not publish in July. Work submitted between May 1st and June 30th will be considered for August publication.

RIGHTS
Submitted work must be the intellectual property of the entrant only.

For all published pieces we buy first North American and worldwide rights for the print magazine. All subsequent rights revert back to the author.

Submit your piece now to htr@littlevillagemag.com

HOT TIN ROOF

A PROGRAM TO SHOWCASE CURRENT LITERARY WORK PRODUCED IN IOWA CITY
We are awake in Iowa City
At the rising of the sun while others still are sleeping
We are awake in Washington State
Swaying with the trees
We are awake in Chicago’s side
And on the rooftops of inner city
We are awake, standing tall
While in our ears the silent trumpets are blazing
We are awake at the invention of dawn
We are the late and lazy
We move toward the colleges, with students of collegiate minds
Who wear collegiate ties
We move just as skillfully in bare feet and canvas shoes
But on our backs and in our mouths we can’t carry lies
We move toward those who call us down
They question our pure intentions
We are the intelligent and gifted youth
Who know not what the mission is
We are the anti-war pacifists
Who enlist ourselves in our parents wars in silence
We are the obedient and disassociated
Who the system jaded
We are the disobedient with blazing eyes and passions
Who in times of tired desperation
Tried to slit our wrists or bash our heads in
We are the straight and gay alike
The colorblind who don’t believe in black or white
We are the children left behind

We with dreams conceived at birth
Who keep the hope and are hopeless
We with flags instead of brand name logos stitched on six dollar shirts
We with affluent parents at birth
Sons and daughters of the dollar
We with poor parents and absent fathers
Who never touched a bill
We are the nameless graves of suicides
Suggested by pejorative friends
We are the nameless graves of automobile accidents
Of drunk drivers or the high-headed allured
We are the nameless graves of hopeless high schools
Of cut funding, budgets, and lack of supplies
We write, while we paint, while we speak, while we sing
We are silent no longer
We are the future, the past

The resounding echoes of time
Who either slept in the streets
Or in undeserved beds
Who either slept in with dreams or didn’t sleep at all
We are the saintly screamers
We want love; we need love
From anybody who supplies it
We want a fix; we need a fix
Chasing girls, or boys, or guns and drugs to gain it
We are those in pain who never complain
We are the poets without publishers
Who parented themselves
The painters of napkins and walls
The singers with songs of hope
The young who have grown too old
We are awake in Oklahoma
In the barns with longing hearts
We are awake in Boston
Searching for excitement to satisfy our eclectic tastes in the shops of Chinatown
We are awake on Interstate 69
We won’t die or rest until we are done

Brennan Bogert is a cross country runner, aspiring poet and photographer. Next fall he will be a junior at Iowa City Regina High School.
GROWING UP AT WAR WITH TERROR

We asked Clear Creek Amana Junior Luke Andrews for his perspective on the recent killing of Osama bin Laden and on coming of age post-9/11. Luke was 7 years old when the Twin Towers fell.

When I first heard about Osama bin Laden’s death, I didn’t believe it. One of my friends sent me a text message that said, “We got him.” My immediate reaction was disbelief and repulsion. I was disgusted that he was so excited about Bin Laden’s death. I woke up the next day and Democracy Now was on Free Speech TV. They were interviewing a reporter who has done a lot of great work in Iraq and Afghanistan and his opinion was like mine: We should not be celebrating a man’s death; it’s barbaric and sick. Yes, he was a very horrible person and, yes, he killed thousands of American citizens and deserves to spend the rest of his life in a small cell, living in fear, but is it right to react the way many Americans have? Is it civil?

I was in first grade when I came home from school and saw the twin towers burning. I walked up my stairs and saw both my parents watching the TV with their mouths open. I moved closer to them, confused, and turned to see two buildings on fire. That’s all I remember of September 11, 2001.

It wasn’t until I was older that I found out what really happened. I was about 14 or so and I was watching a documentary on the Discovery Channel. They showed the towers falling, the people screaming, and they told me who did this horrible deed. The show told me who I was: an American. Seeing the towers fall hit me at the core; it was like somebody had punched me in the soul.

Every time I see something about 9/11, I get this rage that washes over me and I instantly feel like someone has to pay for this outrage to innocent citizens. 9/11 inspired me to become a military pilot and defend this nation, what it stands for and its people. I waited and heard his name for years: Bin Laden, the number one enemy of the United States. And I wanted to kill him with my bare hands, but then something changed. I started maturing and my dad began to tell me about the war and why we shouldn’t be there. I realized how right he was.

I hated the fact that we were in Iraq and Afghanistan. I added up the facts and figured it was pointless. We were, and still are, wasting young lives, sending this country into debt and making the rich richer by being there. How many families, friendships and lives have been torn apart and destroyed because the United States wanted one man dead? Osama’s death doesn’t change the fact that thousands of people are dead on both sides, many countries hate the U.S. now and the U.S. is in major debt. So my opinion on his death is that it’s nothing more than a morale boost for the soldiers who are serving in Iraq and Afghanistan and for Americans back home.

My generation knows that the United States is not invincible.

So, what will the death of Osama bin Laden bring? I think al-Qaeda is going to have a lot more trouble now that one of their masterminds and leaders is dead. I believe they will become slightly disorganized for a time and the U.S. military will take advantage of this and hopefully disrupt some part of their operation. But, eventually, they will get another leader—if they don’t already have a new one. Then, in my opinion, one of two things will happen. One: al-Qaeda will use Osama’s death as propaganda to recruit more people and get more resources and become much more powerful. Two: al-Qaeda will lose support, won’t get as many new recruits and will become rebels fighting the government of Iraq and Afghanistan. Both countries will become friends with the U.S., and life will be grand for the whole world.
My positive scenario may seem far-fetched, but I think it can be done if the U.S. starts building schools, hospitals, water treatment plants, etc. and stops bombing, shooting and killing anyone unless fired upon first, or unless they are clearly an open threat to U.S. troops. We can win civilian support in the major cities first and then move out from there. But we cannot build a government for them; that should be done on their own. It will take awhile, but if we let them do what they want to do, and have very few troops in those countries, I think it can happen eventually.

I believe my generation won’t be changed much by Osama’s death. He has already changed our lives. I’m not sure if it’s for the worse or better. My generation knows that the United States is not invincible, and that the major threat to the United States is not a country like Britain or Japan like it has always been. Now we know that a threat can come out of nowhere, use anything as a weapon of mass destruction and disappear. This makes trusting people difficult and makes minorities seem like instant threats to our lives in every dimension.

Without being able to identify any nation as being the enemy, I’m afraid life will become harder for minorities and being a “normal” American will be at the center of life: Having a college education, getting married, having 2.5 kids, a house in the suburbs and an acre of land to call your own. You know, the ‘American dream.’

We have already seen extremist laws emerge in Arizona and discrimination against Arabs is an open topic at airports and transit centers. I am afraid this will even lead to violent outbursts against minorities. I can see the most violence being in the South, especially on the U.S.-Mexican border, as Americans become increasingly outraged and openly violent towards minorities. I have no idea how to stop it, but I really think things will get much worse before they get better.

Osama bin Laden’s death is just another example of violence, and I predict the fear of an unknown enemy will continue to cause civil unrest. At a time like this, with such a long way to go as a society, I see very little cause for celebration.

Luke Andrews goes to Clear Creek Amana High School. He is 17 and a soon-to-be senior. He plans to get his private pilot’s license during the summer. He loves to fly, mud in his truck, do his own mechanic work and run. After high school, Luke plans to go to the University of North Dakota with an Air Force ROTC scholarship and major in Aviation Science or, in other terms, get his commercial pilot’s license.
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Summer in Iowa City may bring with it a decrease in the number of students but, like parking places downtown, the city’s many stages always manage to stay occupied. This season brings a selection of theatre from the silly to the sublime, focusing often on families—many, though not all of the productions listed here, are suitable for family groups.

**Riverside Theatre**

- **Two Gentlemen of Verona**
- **Ah, Wilderness!**

No summer in a self-respecting City of Literature—or, for that matter, any self-respecting city of any size in the United States these days—would be complete without some Shakespeare. Riverside Theatre obliges in its usual stylish fashion by offering not only Shakespeare but a little Eugene O’Neill to spice things up. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Ah, Wilderness!* will run from June 17 through July 10 at the Riverside Theatre Festival Stage in Lower City Park. The former is among the sillier plays Shakespeare ever wrote, and Shakespeare does silly as well as he does anything. Expect manic love triangles, disguises and rampant comic effects. *Ah, Wilderness!* is a sort of young man’s coming of age story from 1906. Expect love, heartbreak, recklessness, high spirits and familial barbs and love.

Tickets and more information are available at riversidetheatre.org or by calling 319-338-7672.

**Dreamwell Theatre**

- **Henry V**
- **Soldier’s Daughter**

For a very different take on Shakespeare, check out Dreamwell Theatre’s production of *Henry V*. It is always slightly worrisome to hear a director say “Our cutting retains the interesting questions” of a play, but a *Henry V* that focuses on doubt seems like an appropriate interpretation for our current historical moment—although how the doubt will work without the glory is hard to know. It will also be interesting to see how they represent the vasty fields of France in the basement of the Unitarian Universalist Society. Check it out June 3-12. Tickets and more information are at dreamwell.com.

Another side of war will be on display at Dreamwell’s production of *Soldier’s Daughter*, which takes place on a farm—and will be performed at Janet Schlapkohl’s farm—where a girl is waiting for her father to return from his latest tour of Afghanistan. Performances will take place July 15-23.
The University of Iowa

• The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds
• I Do! I Do!
• Lost in Yonkers

Things are not slowing down for the summer at the UI Theatre Department. Iowa Summer Repertory Theatre features three plays, all looking at different kinds of families.

Paul Zindel is probably best known for his wonderful, funny and heartbreaking young adult novels, most notably *The Pigman*. But he also wrote a wonderful, funny and heartbreaking play called *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* about two girls and their single mother who, though they all work against each other, are still desperately trying to hold their family together. The production runs June 21-July 7 in the David Thayer Theatre.

Iowa Summer Rep also offers other takes on families—one in the musical *I Do! I Do!* and one in Neil Simon’s *Lost in Yonkers*. The former is a two-character number (from the creators of *The Fantasticks*) and it similarly explores a couple’s relations over time. The latter is one of Neil Simon’s classics about a nutty, quirky family in 1942. *I Do! I Do!* runs July 1-24 in Theatre B, and *Lost in Yonkers* runs July 14-23 in E.C. Mabie Theatre.

More information and tickets are available at uiowa.edu/~theatre.

Old Creamery Theatre

• Love Letters
• G.I. Jukebox
• If You Give a Mouse a Cookie
• The Queen of Bingo

More entertainment, for a variety of family configurations, is available this summer at Old Creamery Theatre. They’ll offer a dinner theatre at Fireside Winery of June 9, July 23 and July 28 with a performance of *Love Letters*, a play about a couple that’s told through their correspondence over many years.

*G.I. Jukebox*, running June 2-July 3, takes you back in time to USO tours of times past, so if you like that sort of thing, it should be up your alley. It may provide the glory-of-war side of the story that Dreamwell’s *Henry V* lacks.

Old Creamery invites you to keep coming back for more

More information on all their shows is at oldcreamery.com or by calling 800-35AMANA.

Finally, stay tuned for more to come! Hancher unveils its 2011-2012 calendar on June 6 at hancher.uiowa.edu. And, you can sign up for announcements from Working Group Theatre at workinggrouptheatre.org.

Laura Crossett is a writer, a librarian and an Iowa City native. She has been a theatre-goer since she was tall enough to climb on a seat.
Talking Movies

SCOTT SAMUELSION

IT’S GETTING HOT IN HERE
Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh in 1951’s Streetcar

Now that our summers are spent in a series of air-conditioned rooms punctuated by occasional hot walks to air-conditioned cars, have our fieriest passions cooled off?

Elia Kazan’s A Streetcar Named Desire as the entrance into motion pictures of “the Method,” the lifelike style whereby actors recreate in themselves the emotions of their characters. Marlon Brando, who’d played Stanley Kowalski on stage, brought to his character a fire-like ferocity sparked by night after night of portraying the Southerner in the sultriness of summer. One of the unforgettable images of movie history is Kowalski’s sweat-soaked body as he cries “Stella!” to his wife, who then minces down to him like a cat in heat.

Nina Simone was once asked why her song “I Want a Little Sugar in My Bowl” was so popular; she replied, “Because it’s about sex, my dear.” Ultimately, the same goes for heat in the movies: It’s about sex, my dear. When Marilyn Monroe coos in The Seven Year Itch, “When it’s hot like this, you know what I do? I keep my undies in the icebox,” it does anything but chill the undies. And Lawrence Kasdan’s Body Heat, with the seldom-shirted William Hurt and the deliciously sweat-gazed Kathleen Turner, is as close as you get to porn in a respectable—or at least semi-respectable—movie.

My fear is that in our climate-controlled culture the movies have lost their heat. It used to be that we flocked to their cool comforts in order to see our fevers portrayed on screen. Now that our summers are spent in a series of air-conditioned rooms punctuated by occasional hot walks to air-conditioned cars, have our fieriest passions cooled off? Have our movies become too disembodied, too virtual? How many palpable drops of movie sweat can you recall since, say, 1995, the year of Michael Mann’s extremely cool Heat?

Lee Kuan Yew, Singapore’s long-time Prime Minister, nominated Willis Carrier’s invention as the greatest innovation of the past millennium. Like the moving pictures, another pretty good innovation of the past thousand years, air-conditioning has certainly made this feverish life of ours a little more bearable. But the fact remains that reality sweats and humanity stinks. May we never lose our native funkiness!

Scott Samuelson teaches philosophy at Kirkwood Community College and blogs about music with his eight year-old son at billyanddad.wordpress.com.

In 1925, Willis Carrier, the inventor of the air conditioner, convinced Paramount Pictures to install his relatively new system in the Rivoli Theater, their big movie house under construction in Times Square. It was a brilliant decision. Throughout the early years of cinema, movie attendance had dropped precipitously off whenever summertime humidity was compounded by an audience’s body heat. With the installation of “cool comfort,”

Heat puts us squarely into our bodies and thereby evokes all the abilities and vulnerabilities of our animal natures: our needs and desires, frailties and passions.

The metaphorics of heat are blazingly obvious. No doubt there’s any number of papers by freshmen in film studies about how the jurors in 12 Angry Men get metaphorically hot under the collar because they are literally hot under the collar, or how Do the Right Thing uses the Brooklyn heat wave to demonstrate that race relations in America are incendiary.

But heat in the movies is more than a symbol system. Heat puts us squarely into our bodies and thereby evokes all the abilities and vulnerabilities of our animal natures: our needs and desires, frailties and passions.

In Do the Right Thing, Spike Lee uses sweat to make us feel the skin—and hence skin colors—of his protagonists. On the one hand, heat is a common denominator, which is why the greatest conversation starter of all time is how damned hot it is. One of the most charming scenes in Do the Right Thing is where a fire hydrant is opened and the black neighborhood empties from their steamy apartments to enjoy the spray.

On the other hand, heat individuates. We get too hot to be around each other and whatever is barely tolerable about our cohorts becomes unbearable. The racial tensions of Do the Right Thing literally ignite a riot, in which the fire hoses are turned not on the blazing pizza joint but on the bodies of the angry rioters.

You could even say it was heat that remade acting in the movies, insofar as many cite...
Heat’s Top 10 Movie Performances

Akira Kurosawa, *Stray Dog* (1949)
“A stray dog sees only what it chases”—and when a heat wave sweeps through bombed-out Tokyo, a stray dog barely sees that.

Elia Kazan, *A Street Car Named Desire* (1951)
The essence of heat can be summed up in one very loud, desperate word: “STELLA!!”

John Huston, *The African Queen* (1951)
Some actors can cry on demand. Humphrey Bogart could sweat on demand.

Sidney Lumet, *Twelve Angry Men* (1957)
Heat is the thirteenth man capable of bringing out the best and the worst of the other twelve.

When it’s really hot out, all you can do is open your window and watch your neighbors murder each other.

Martin Ritt, *The Long Hot Summer* (1958)
It’s stiff competition: the sweat on the torso of a young, muscly Paul Newman in a wife-beater vs. the sweat on the cleavage of a gorgeous Joanne Woodward in a summer dress. The sweat on the fat of Orson Welles is also a contender.

David Lean, *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962)
A movie of such dry heat that it makes your throat scratch.

Ingmar Bergman, *The Silence* (1963)
A theologian might say that heat is the felt absence of God.

Sidney Lumet, *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975)
Heat, it seems, can drive you to rob a bank to pay for your male wife’s sex reassignment surgery.

A movie that makes you wonder if air-conditioning is the solution to racism.

What makes a summer festival in Iowa City special? Partly, it’s simply closing down the streets and getting people to relax and hang out in the city; it’s the only time downtown Iowa City reminds me of the Leidesplein in Amsterdam or the Grand Place in Belgium. Then there’s the music, which is world class, and never sounds better than when it’s allowed to vibrate in the open air. Sure, it might rain, or it might be beastly hot, but can you say you really live here if you never sweat or get soaked? And don’t forget to eat fried plantains and drink some ice-cold ginger juice.

Iowa Arts Festival
summerofthearts.org

The Iowa Arts Festival kicks off the summer season combining visual arts, a crafts flea market and an eclectic musical line-up.

Friday, June 3

Joe Ely, the man who practically invented Alt-Country, headlines Friday night. Ely will appeal to an older crowd, but punk-rockers take note, Ely and the Sex Pistols made their first records the same year.

7:00 p.m. - Crooked Still
9:00 p.m. - Joe Ely

Saturday, June 4

Saturday night Alejandro Escovedo closes the main stage. Starting out as a punk rocker, he has become one of the deepest modern songwriters in the pop idiom. Escovedo is a little bit country, a whole lot of rock and roll, but he’s a true original, an incendiary performer and a genre all his own. Come early in the day to catch local heroes Sam Knutson and Dave Zollo, but the whole Saturday line-up is stellar.

12:00 p.m. - Doug & Lisa Frey with Dale Beeks
1:30 p.m. - Sam Knutson
3:00 p.m. - David Zollo and the Body Electric
5:00 p.m. - Teddy Thompson
7:00 p.m. - Bottle Rockets
9:00 p.m. - Alejandro Escovedo and the Sensitive Boys

Sunday, June 5

Sunday becomes eclectic with thoughtful pop from Austin TX’s OrganicThink Machines, a dance performance by Poetic Rebound, concert band music from the Iowa City Community Band and old-timey Country from Bob & Sheila Everhart.

11:00 a.m. - The Organic Think Machines
12:00 p.m. - Poetic Rebound
1:00 p.m. - Iowa City Community Band
2:30 p.m. - Bob & Sheila Everhart
Iowa City Jazz Festival
summerofthearts.org

The Jazz Festival is in its twenty-first year, and has always managed to be a pleasant summer outing and a showcase for internationally respected jazz musicians and ensembles. It’s also a showcase for school jazz bands and local talent, so if the main stage acts don’t do it for you, check out the up and comers at the side stages.

Friday, July 1

Vocalist Carmen Bradford has some of the relaxed poise of classic voices like Sarah Vaughan and Ella Fitzgerald. But, she grew up in the age of Aretha and Diana, and you can hear some of their soul in her singing as well.

4:30 p.m. - United Jazz Ensemble
6:00 p.m. - DePaul College Jazz Band
8:00 p.m. - Carmen Bradford w/ Iowa Jazz All Stars

Saturday, July 2

Saturday’s lineup is for young upstarts—Kneebody bringing hip-hop and electronic influences together with heavy compositional chops, sounding a bit like Frank Zappa’s more reflective moments. Josh Roseman Unit updates the late 60’s Miles Davis sound, fronted by Roseman’s cool, fluid trombone.

2:00 p.m. - North Corridor All Stars
4:00 p.m. - Elsie Parker and the Poor People of Paris
6:00 p.m. - Kneebody
8:00 p.m. - Josh Roseman Unit

Sunday, July 3

Ambrose Akinmusire is another young jazz musician, noted for his ability to rip through pan-tonal note clusters while maintaining some of Clifford Brown’s liquid cool.

Pianist Randy Weston was early on a great fan of Thelonious Monk, but went on to find his own distinctive style. In the 1960s he pioneered fusing African music into jazz on his Uhuru Suite, and toured Africa before settling to live and perform in Morocco for five years. Still a vital and dynamic performer at 85, his music spans the entire history of modern jazz.

2:00 p.m. - Kevin Hart and the Vibe
Tribe with David Hoffman
4:00 p.m. - John Ellis and Double-Wide
6:00 p.m. - Ambrose Akinmusire Quintet
8:00 p.m. - Randy Weston

FESTIVALS continued on page 32 >>
Firecracker 500 Festival
firecracker500festival.com

In the evenings during Jazz Fest, hit the Blue Moose for a 3-day celebration of Punk and Garage Rock. The Firecracker 500 Festival is chock full of local legends with a few choice out-of-towners; it’s the perfect way to get rude after hanging with the polite jazz heads & their fold-up camp chairs.
See calendar (p. 41) for lineup.

Friday Night Concert Series & Downtown Saturday Night

Start every weekend evening off with some great music down on the Ped Mall!

**June**
10 Beaker Brothers
11 Roommate
17 FUNKMASTER ft. Katharine Ruestow + Big Funk Guarantee
18 Rae and the Honeybees
24 Adobanga + Dr. Z’s Experiment
25 Winters/Gratama Group + Mad Monks

**July**
8 Bambu
9 Mumfords
15 Burlington Street Bluegrass Band

**August**
5 Hexbreakers + Clean Livin’
6 New Broom
12 Sand in the City
19 Orquesta Alto Maiz
26 Bermuda Report + OSG
27 Sarah Cram and the Derelicts + Awful Purdies

**September**
2 Euforquestra

**July 15–16**
Starting out as a party thrown for a couple hundred of Euforquestra’s dearest friends, Camp Euforia has turned into a hot ticket for any Midwesterner who likes their music groovy and jammy. A camp-out with music by Euforquestra, Uniphonics and Lick It Ticket, under the stars outside Lone Tree? A brilliant idea that gets better every year. 

Kent Williams
## BookMarks Locations - visit bookmarksio.org for up-to-date info

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In his 1992 book *A Sound Education*, Canadian composer and theorist Murray Schafer made this observation about contemporary life and listening: “As people have moved to cities over the past century they have developed a preference for close-up sounds, as is evident in the recording and broadcasting industries. One might almost say we have lost the ability to hear at a distance.”

Summer, though, presents the opportunity for musical sounds to be heard from much greater distances than at any other point in the year: Car and apartment windows are open, backyards and barbecues are in full-swing and summer concerts reshape the downtown Iowa City soundscape on Friday and Saturday nights. Schafer, who literally coined the word “soundscape,” was well aware of the distance that amplified sounds could travel. In *A Sound Education*, which is a series of 100 listening exercises, this entry comes in at #26: “How many sounds can you list that come from a greater distance than the objects producing them can be seen? Examples: wolves howling ... outdoor rock concert.”

Schafer called these exercises “ear cleaning,” and thanks to them, as well as his work as an anti-noise pollution pioneer in the ’60s and ’70s, he’s somewhat of a cult hero among a particular subset of nerds who call themselves acoustic ecologists. For the last two years, said nerds have celebrated Schafer’s birthday (July 18) with an event called World Listening Day.

At its core WLD simply encourages people to get out in the world, whether urban or rural, and listen to sounds. The more involved can host an event of some kind, or do some field recordings (best done with giant nerd headphones pressing against your nerd glasses). If that seems like the kind of thing you’re into, drop me a line and let’s see if we can do a cool event. Last year, I just went and recorded some kids at the fountain in the Ped Mall and the sounds of College Green Park (yes, with headphones and glasses). Both recordings came out pretty nice.

All that being said, acoustic ecology isn’t for everyone. I’m not even entirely sure it’s for me. Many of the overall ideas about acoustic ecology and “ear cleaning” I find somewhat unsettling. For starters, they imply that we’re all inherently dirty, that somewhere a purer, more true way of listening exists if only we have the audacity to find it, mostly by sticking microphones up in other people’s business. That just doesn’t seem right to me. And while I’m really overgeneralizing here, instead of “ear cleaning,” I’d like to suggest that, this summer, everyone take themselves on a little “earcation.” Rather than scrubbing your ears up and making them presentable, or taking them on workout laps of thinking really hard about sound, let them...
wander around a little bit, try new things and experience the incredible soundscape of Iowa City outside of the club music scene. As radio genius Ken Nordine would say, “Stare with your ears.” And when you get around to doing that, here are some things I would suggest.

First, attend an outdoor concert with a group of friends with the express purpose of not really listening to the music. In most contexts, I find this act disgusting, but that’s what summer concerts are for: listening to each other as much as listening to the artists. If you’ve ever been to Chicago’s Ravinia Festival, you know what I mean. I don’t even think I could tell you who played when I went there, but I sure as hell remember the great picnic I had.

Second, open a beer, sit on your porch and listen to recorded animal sounds. If you have a record player, head down to the main library and check the card catalogue for Sounds and Ultra-Sounds of the Bottle-Nosed Dolphin (for real). Or, if you are rocking a CD player only, try out Sounds of North American Frogs. These are seriously, legitimately fantastic albums. Two of my all-time faves, no joke.

Third, if that sounds dumb, then really delve into a new genre. Two years ago I forced myself to try opera and, it turns out, I love it. Not every day, not even every week, but when I need an earcation, opera is my new go-to.

Fourth, if you want some straight-up acoustic ecology, I think Hickory Hill park immediately after a good rain sounds amazing. The birds will sing, the creek will rush, your feet will make that funny sound in the mud.

Lastly, if music you must, try to seek out unamplified musical sounds. They are so rare I think many of us find them almost disarming, but they’ve been known to happen at small places around town: house shows, Public Space ONE, the Intimate at the Englert Series (disclosure: this series is co-sponsored by Little Village). I hope that, and all of the live music in town, keeps you busy until August.

Craig Eley is a music writer, promoter and American studies grad student, usually in that order. Got news on the music scene? Write to him at craig@missionfreak.com.
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“You got a mug attached to your hand, it says ‘#1 Dad’ but it’s all bad.” It’s a lightweight premise, but Angle’s rhymes are so deadly mock-serious it’s hilarious.

Throughout both CDs there’s little of the boasting that comprises most hip hop. Angle is more of a storyteller. Even on “It’s Your Boy”—the one boast track—he’s disarmingly modest: “My American Dream consists of less nightmares to discuss.” And “Idle Chatter” is a brilliant string of contemporary cliches “Congratulations on your graduation finally/tomorrow it’s supposed to get up to 90 degrees … oh man this is my jam I love this song turn it up! Remember to put your change in the cashier’s cup.”

No track on either CD has any filler verbiage, and Angle never pretends to be anything he isn’t.

Of the two CDs, I think I prefer Purify’s production on Angleoneous. Tremayne’s work on Lil Different sounds cleaner and more digital, along the lines of new school R&B. Purify’s beats have more grit, based around acoustic drumbeats and vinyl samples. I guess I’m old school. But, focusing on Angle’s voice, there’s no doubt he’s mastered the craft of hip hop.

“...to sublimate their insanity, Angle is a serious, level-headed dude. Who a musician is should be irrelevant when judging their music but, in hip hop, personality is everything. Angle doesn’t clown, he spits straight. He has a deep bass voice and his diction and phrasing are impossibly tight. On “Positives,” from Angleoneous, he speed-raps a blizzard of words with super-human precision. On Lil Different, Angle’s deadpan humor comes through on “Deadly Grounds”—delivered in second person to a caffeine addict."

Local Albums

ANGLE

Angeloneous/Lil Different

Angle is an unusual hip-hop MC. He’s been in the Army Reserve for over a decade, an employer whose drug testing policy would disqualify many people from the hip-hop world. Not having put out a CD in five years, he puts out two at once, each with different producers. I’ve known the guy since the late ’90s (and full disclosure) have done mastering work for him. Where a lot of MCs use hip hop to sublimate their insanity, Angle is a serious, level-headed dude. Who a musician is should be irrelevant when judging their music but, in hip hop, personality is everything. Angle doesn’t clown, he spits straight. He has a deep bass voice and his diction and phrasing are impossibly tight. On “Positives,” from Angleoneous, he speed-raps a blizzard of words with super-human precision. On Lil Different, Angle’s deadpan humor comes through on “Deadly Grounds”—delivered in second person to a caffeine addict.

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Wed. – Fri. 11 - 9
Sat. – Sun. 11 - 5

Sunday Brunch 9 - 1
Seasonal Live Music Fri & Sun
Ed Gray
Old Bending River

It’s impossible for me to be objective about Ed Gray. I’ve seen him play more shows than I can count and I still don’t know what to expect. I’ve been at his house when he comes home from his shit janitor job and mixes a drink to wash the taste of a working man’s humiliation out of his mouth. I can’t wait to see what odious pop warhorse he will turn curiously affecting with his transgressive cover version. “Wildfire?” “Rhinestone Cowboy?” As Garrison Keillor said of Claudia Schmidt, when Ed sings a song, it stays sung.

Old Bending River comes five years after The Late Gray Ed Great, a superlative album of Ed’s broken-hearted Americana. Ed has an intimate baritone that makes you lean in to catch every word. His conversational lyrics find the surreal in the mundane and the heartbreak in the quotidian. His singing ranges between a bus-driver’s grumble and a homeless schizophrenic’s brief bowl.

Old Bending River, produced and engineered by Peter Becker and Josh Carrollach, finally bring Ed’s songwriting and performance into sharp focus. Peter Balestrieri’s saxophone and Katie Burnes’ cello complete the arrangements with subtle touches.

“Samson” might remind you of Tom Waits’ savage country waltzes, but even the venerable Tom never came up with a lyric like “Hey Storyteller, please spare the details, as the noise from your throat is like wind through slit sails.” “Egg Timer Man” sounds a bit Stephen Foster, a little like Raffi’s kiddie tunes, but it asks “What now shall we burn that the room’s on fire but our feet’s so cold?” It perfectly frames an unsatisfiable yearning that tips over into self-destruction.

“Why did the rat chew a hole through the wall and ignore that the door was wide open?”

Ed is like that rat. As attractive and accessible as these song are, Ed never takes the easy way in. Old Bending River proves that as obtuse and stubborn as Ed Gray can be, there are few songwriters anywhere that are his peer.

Dream Thieves
Ocean Spell
dream-thieves.com

While Americans were going nuts for Blondie, The Cars and a plethora of other skinny tie bands in the New Wave ’80s, an underground scene sprang up in the U.S. and Europe, centered around the use of the then-new synthesizers and drum machines. Gary Numan, Depeche Mode and New Order were the commercially successful tip of the iceberg, but many other bands never broke out of their local art and music scenes. Recent re-issues, like The Minimal Wave Tapes compilation from Stone’s Throw, and Camino Del Sol by Antena, are at last exposing the wider world to this music.

It’s the kind of deeply emotional dance-pop that New Order seems to have forgotten how to make.

Which brings us to Ocean Spell, Dream Thieves’ debut album, which echoes ’80s synth-pop but incorporates it into a thick, shimmering shoegazer wall of sound, fronted by Andrea Sheehan’s pure vocal tone. Andrea’s voice brings to mind Mazzy Star’s Hope Sandoval, but also ’60s French icons like Jane Birkin and France Gall.

Thus, Dream Thieves is almost perfectly optimized for this post-modern moment, standing on the shoulders of just the right giants to maximize their cool. But that would only amount to surface sheen without great songs. Ocean Spell contains nothing but.

On “Upside Down,” frenetic drums and soaring synths couch an enjoyably devious vocal melody. The title song builds up from spacious dub echoes into a full-on wall of sound. It’s the kind of deeply emotional dance-pop that New Order seems to have forgotten how to make. Ocean Spell is both dreamy and danceable, which has always been a perfect combination.

Kent Williams

Wet Hair
In Vogue Spirit
De Stijl Records

On Wet Hair’s third full-length LP (11th release overall), In Vogue Spirit, the band has embraced many of the same sun-baked sounds of their peers. Where contemporaries like Peaking Lights came at Reggae and dub through the backdoor of drone and noise, Wet Hair has found the middle ground between Krautrock’s spaced-out synths and the sunny rhythms of Jamaica. Much of the ease the band finds with this marriage is due to the addition of Matt Fenner (of Iowa City punk group Solid Attitude) on bass.

Album opener “Echo Lady” would have already been one of the most upbeat Wet Hair tunes yet, but with Fenner’s bass chugging along to Ryan Garbes’ cymbal splashes, “Echo Lady” actually has the kind of steam

ALBUMS continued on page 40 >
that should have you rolling down your window this summer. Nearly every track is
leavened by Wet Hair’s new member.

Fenner’s bass is not the only game changer here. In Vogue Spirit has also replaced many
of the dark, syrupy synth lines with brighter
keyboard parts full of movement. Both “Tarantula” and “Fade Til Morning” not only
benefit from the bubbly boost of Fenner’s bass
but also feature almost playful, farfsa-aping
key lines that’ll actually get you whistling.
And, of course, it’s almost impossible to not
at least nod at Shawn Reed slowly embracing
coherent vocals and melodies.

This is by no means a pop record. Listen
to the groovy, goopy wind-down at the end of
“Fade Til Morning,” or the glowing embers of
a song that warm into the flame-up of “Liquid
Jesus”—you’ll find that Wet Hair is still feeling
experimental. Garbes and Reed still concoct
dense arrangements and, now, Fenner nimbly
accentuates them. These are some experimental
jams to get sweat dripping off your handle-
bar mustache.

John Schlotfelt is happy to see what appears to
be a second straight “year of the pitcher” for
Major League Baseball.

I felt like I was a part of the album, sitting in the house
and watching them sing
these songs.

one of these things is excellent on its own, so
I couldn’t figure out what was troubling me
about Jovials.

I figured out my confusion when I listened
to Grizzly Bear’s Yellow House again. I think
that Grizzly Bear’s sound is far heavier than
the River Monks’ gentle folk-pop sound, but
there is some similarity in terms of production
values and use of effects. Grizzly Bear
recorded Yellow House in founder and lead
man Ed Droste’s mother’s house on Cape
Cod. Likewise, The River Monks recorded
their album at member Nick Frampton’s house
in Creston, IA and at Frampton’s parents
house in Clive, IA. Both the resulting albums
are striking for the intimacy that they convey.

I felt like I was a part of the album, sitting in
the house and watching them sing these songs,
but the album was difficult for me because that
feeling of intimacy is one that I haven’t
gotten from an album in a while, perhaps one that is
becoming harder and harder to come by.

As Grizzly Bear does on Yellow House, The
River Monks put you in the middle of their
songs, increasing their emotional impact and
highlighting their simple strength and intense
musical complexity. Their well-constructed
songs require the closeness of a home studio.
This can be heard on songs like “Winter’s
Backdrop” that sound like they are being
played specially for a single listener. This
intimacy and the band’s musicianship make
Jovials a rather compelling debut.

The River Monks take their name from a
literal translation of “Des Moines,” their home
town. At first, their music seems as straight-
forward as their name but, as I kept listening,
nothing about it stayed simple.

The River Monks are a trio with Ryan Stier
as the primary songwriter for the group. The

A.C. Hawley is affiliated with Mission Creek
and generally around town. He likes Top Gun,
My Bloody Valentine and The Yuppie Handbook.
He is the host of Crysanthemum Soundsystem
on KRUI (10 p.m.-12 a.m. Thursdays).
**ART/EXHIBITS**

**Akar**  
257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City  
[akardesign.com](http://akardesign.com)  
Ceramics by Ron Meyers and Chuck Hindes, June 24 thru July 15 • 20 Artists’ take on dessert plates, July 22 thru Aug. 12

**Amana Heritage Museum**  
705 44th Ave, Village of Amana  
[www.amanaheritage.org](http://www.amanaheritage.org)  
Passport to History: GPS Adventure, Monday-Friday, June 15 thru Aug. 12 • Craft Demonstrations, Saturdays, thru Sept. 3 • Village Walking Tours, June 3 and July 1, 5:00 p.m. • Lily Lake Bike Tours, June 10 and July 8, 11:00 a.m. • Industrial Tours, June 17 and July 15, 3:00 p.m. • Amana Wine Walking Tour, June 24 and July 22, 3:00 p.m.

**Cedar Rapids Museum of Art**  
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids  
[www.cрма.org](http://www.cрма.org)  
Like Mother, Like Son: The Photography of Joan Liffring-Zug Bourret and David B. Huisinkveld, thru Aug. 21 • Shout Freedom! Photo League Selections from the Columbus Museum of Art, thru Sept. 4 • Looking Forward, Looking Back: Architecture of Downtown Cedar Rapids, then and now, thru Sept. 9 • A Show of Hands: Ceramics from the Collection, thru Oct. 9 • Grant Wood Studio Reopening, April 2 thru Dec. 31, 12:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m. • Art Bites “Tour the Treasures” with NCSML Curator Stefanie Kohn, June 1, 12:15 p.m. • Collectors’ Circle Tour of a Private Collection, June 1, 7:00 p.m. • Junior Docent Training at The Grant Wood Studio, June 4, 1:00 p.m. • Paint-Out in the Garden Fundraiser, June 9, 10:00 a.m. • Paint-Out Artist Reception & Auction, June 10, 5:30 p.m. • Joan Liffring-Zug Bourret, “Pictures and People: A Search for Visual Truth & Social Justice,” June 30, 7:00 p.m. • Art Bites “Learning to Break the Rules: How the Photo League Changed Photography,” July 6, 12:15 p.m.

**Figge Art Museum**  
225 West Second St., Davenport  
[http://figgeart.org](http://figgeart.org)  
Free Art School Makes Money, June 3, 5:00 p.m. • Free Art School: Free Art (John Wilkes) Booth, June 4 in the Ped Mall • Puppet Conspiracy: The Standard Model, June 8, 6:00 p.m.

**Herbert Hoover National Historic Site**  
110 Parkside Drive, West Branch  
[www.nps.gov/who](http://www.nps.gov/who)  
See website for volunteer details

**“Our Sisters’ Many Hats” Exhibit**  
Thru Sept. 7

**Public Space One**  
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City  
[www.publicspaceone.com](http://www.publicspaceone.com)  
See website for times and locations

**Summer of the Arts: 2011 Iowa Arts Festival**  
[www.summerofthearts.org](http://www.summerofthearts.org)  
See website for time and location

**University of Iowa Museum of Art**  
[uiowa.edu](http://uiowa.edu)  
First Friday reception: Hotel Vetro Lobby/Formoso restaurant, June 3, 5:00 p.m.

**University of Iowa Museum of Natural History**  
10 Machbridge Hall, Iowa City, IA  
[www.uiowa.edu/~nathist](http://www.uiowa.edu/~nathist)  
June and July events were TBA at time of publication. See website for announcements.

**MUSIC**

**Blue Moose Tap House**  
211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City  
[www.bluemoosieic.com](http://www.bluemoosieic.com)  
Emduhah with The Lady Killas, Rahlan Kay and Phoenix: Hosted by DJ NYJ, June 2, 9:00 p.m. • The Mayflies with Whitney Mann and Sad Iron Music: Mud Dauber Records Label Showcase, June 3, 9:00 p.m. • IEMATMYFRIENDS with Low/Lives and Break Up Art, June 4, 8:00 p.m. • Roommate with Skye Carrasco, The Lonelyhearts and Grand Teton, June 11, 9:00 p.m. • Horseback with Aseethe and Blizzard at Sea, June 13, 8:00 p.m. • The Laureates with Wolf Wars and one TBA, June 16, 8:00 p.m. • Joe Jack Talcum with The Bassturd, Coolzy and Samuel Locke-Ward, June 17, 8:00 p.m. • Born of Osiris, June 18, 5:00 p.m. • The Wandering Bears with LWA and The Western Front, June 18, 8:00 p.m. • Del the Funky Homosapien with Mac Lethal, Bukue One and Serendipity Project, June 21, 10:00 p.m. • Secret Cities with Homebody Fury, Danger Ronnie and The Spins, June 23, 8:00 p.m. • R. Stevie Moore with Tropical Ozoo, Samuel Locke-Ward and The Boo Hoos, June 26, 7:00 p.m. • Pujol with Boxknifes and one TBA, June 29, 8:00 p.m. • Bill Callahan with Neal Morgan, June 30, 7:00 p.m. • Firecracker 500 Festival with The Coathangers, HOTT, Half Rats, The Bent Scepters, Shut River, Techno Lincoln & The Technicolor Union, Boxknives, July 1, 6:00 p.m. • Firecracker 500 Festival with Paul Cary, The People’s Temple, Solid Attitude, Terrible Twos, Black Belts, Big Box, Supersonic Piss, July 2, 6:00 p.m. • Firecracker 500 Festival with Strange Boys, White Mystery, Liberty Leg, Wolf Wars, Surf Zombies, Lipstick Homicide Delvis, July 3, 6:00 p.m. • The Get Up Kids with The Globes, July 8, 8:00 p.m. • Milk & Eggs with others TBA, July 9, 8:00 p.m. • Chiodos with The Color Morale, Close to Home, The Air I Breathe, July 10, 5:00 p.m. • Excision, July 14, 7:00 p.m. • Daphne Willis and Katie Quick, July 15, time TBA • Battles, July 17, 8:00 p.m. • DJ Shadow, July 18, 8:30 p.m. • Blitzen Trapper, July 25, 9:00 p.m.

**Englerg**  
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City  
[www.engletterg.org](http://www.engletterg.org)  
John McCutcheon, June 11, 8:00 p.m. • Yo La Tengo, June 21, 8:00 p.m. • Intimate At The Englert: Horse Feathers, June 22, 8:00 p.m. • Intimate At The Englert: Haley Bonar and Holcombe Waller, July 1, 8:00 p.m. • Intimate At The Englert: Jolie Holland, July 15, 8:00 p.m.

**Gabe’s**  
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City  
[www.iowacitygabes.com](http://www.iowacitygabes.com)  
See website for times TBA

Steez and Johnny on Point, June 4 • Circus!, June 11 • Hello Ramona, June 17 • Oculus CD Release Party, June 18 • PB and the Jam with Chloroform, June 24 • Dubstep Summit V4, June 25 • Jessica Lea Mayfield, July 3 • Warner Drive, July 12 • Delicate Steve, July 15 • Green Square Meals Fundraiser, July 16 • Free Energy, July 18 • Yam with UV Hippo, July 21 • Dubstep Summit V5, July 30

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**JUNE/JULY 2011 | LITTLE VILLAGE 41**
Calendar

Hancher Auditorium
www.hancher.uiowa.edu
June and July events were TBA at time of publication. See website for announcements.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City
www.icmill.com
Pub Quiz, Sundays, 9:00 p.m.-Midnight
Open Mic with J. Knight, Mondays, 8:00 p.m., call 338-6713 to sign up
Tuesday Night Social Club, Tuesdays, 9:00 p.m.
Joy Kills Sorrow with Alexis Stevens, June 1, 9:00 p.m. • Everyday/Everynight with Homebody Fury, The Poor Nobodys, June 2, 9:00 p.m. • Simon Joyner and The Parachutes with Miracles Of God, The Lonelyhearts and Doug Nye, June 3, 9:00 p.m. • Theodos with Gauntlet Hair, June 4, 9:00 p.m. • Benefit For Pat’s Learning Adventure: Dave Moore, Nicole Upchurch and Marcy Rosenbaum of the Awful Purdies, The Emiles, June 5, 5:30 p.m. • Parentheticals with Advance Base, June 7, 9:00 p.m. • Paleo with Brooks Strauss, Laura Goldhammer, Princesses, June 8, 10:00 p.m. • Greg Brown: Record release show, June 9, 8:00 p.m. • Joely Cape and The Bad Loud with Cory Branan and Lipstick Homocide, June 11, 9:00 p.m. • Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. with EMA, Caroline Smith and The Goodnight Sleeps, June 14, 9:00 p.m. • David Zollo and the Body Electric, June 17, 9:00 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, June 22, 7:00 p.m. • Willy Porter, June 23, 8:00 p.m. • Ravens and Chimes with Dream Thieves, Datagun, June 25, 9:00 p.m. • God-Des and She with Old Man’s War, June 26, 8:00 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, June 29, 7:00 p.m. • Marnie Stern with Safe Words, July 4, 8:00 p.m. • Sleepy Kitty with Cowboy Indian Bear and one TBA, July 8, 9:00 p.m. • The Recliners, July 9, 7:00 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, July 13, 7:00 p.m. • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, July 27, 7:00 p.m. • Colourmusic with Morning Teleportation, July 28, 9:00 p.m.

Orchestra Iowa
See website for locations
Pied Piper Concerts - Bass Ensemble, June 1-3, June 5 • Mahler 5 - Classical Series, June 11-12
Performing Arts at Iowa
performingarts.uiowa.edu
See website for event locations
Nico Esposito, piccolo, Tim Carey, piano, June 1, 7:00 p.m. • Nicola Mazzanti, piccolo and Tim Carey, piano, June 2, 7:00 p.m. • Iowa Piccolo Intensive Gala Recital, June 3, 6:00 p.m. • Iowa Summer Music Camp Faculty Recital, June 14, 7:30 p.m. • Iowa Summer Music Camp Band and Orchestra Concert, June 17, 7:00 p.m.

Public Space One
129 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.publicspaceone.com
Replacing the Robots, June 1, 9:00 p.m.

Red Cedar Chamber Music
See website for event locations
Music in Libraries concert, July 7, 7:00 p.m. • Music in Libraries concert, July 10, 12:00 p.m. and 3:00 p.m. • Red Cedar Chamber Music Summer Festival, July 11-18

Riverside Casino
3184 Highway 22, Riverside
www.riversidecasinoandresort.com
Huey Lewis and The News, June 18, 8:00 p.m. • Xtreme Muzik - The Tour featuring Big & Rich and Gretchen Wilson, July 30, 8:00 p.m.

Summer of the Arts: 2011 Iowa Arts Festival
See website for times and locations
Crooked Still, Joe Ely, June 3 • Doug and Lisa Frey with Dale Beeks, Sam Knutson, Dave Zollo and the Body Electric, Teddy Thompson, Bottle Rockets, Alejandro Escovedo, June 4 • The Organic Think Machines, Poetic Rebound Dance Performance Co., Iowa City Community Band, Bob and Sheila Everhart, June 5

Summer of the Arts: 2011 Iowa City Jazz Festival
See website for times and side stage lineups
United Jazz Ensemble, DePaul College Jazz Band, Carmen Bradford with the Iowa Jazz All Stars, July 1 • North Corridor All Stars, Elsie Parker and the Poor People of Paris, Kneebody, Josh Roseman Unit, July 2 • Kevin Hart and the Vibe Tribe with David Hoffman, John Ellis and Double-Wide, Ambrose Akinmusire Quintet, Randy Weston, July 3

Summer of the Arts: Friday Night Concert Series
www.summerofthehearts.org
Located in the Ped Mall
See website for details
The Beaker Brothers, June 10, FunkmaSter with Katherine Ruestow and Big Funk Guarantee, June 17 • Adobanga with Dr. Z’s Experiment, June 24 • Bambu, July 8 • Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, July 15 • Shame Train with Glitch’d, July 22 • Kevin BF Burt and The Instigators, July 29

Summer of the Arts: Downtown Saturday Night Series
www.summerofthehearts.org
See website for details
Roommate with The Lonelyhearts, June 11 • Rae and the Honeybees, June 18 • Winters/Gratama Group with Mad Monks, June 25 • Mumford with In Tall Buildings, July 9 • Surf Zombies, July 16 • Rego with Danika Holmes, July 23 • Brighton MA with Dewi Sant, July 30

Uptown Bill’s
401 South Gilbert Street
www.uptownbills.org
Open Words, Wednesdays, 6:30 p.m.
Arts & Music, Thursdays, 6:00 p.m.
Open Mic, Fridays, 7:00 p.m.

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City
www.iowacityyachtclub.org
Open Mic every Monday
Dance Party every Tuesday
Jam Session every Wednesday
Great American Taxi with Evergreen Grass Band, June 2, 9:00 p.m. • Big Funk Guarantee with Nikki Lunden and The Paper Hearts, June 3, 9:00 p.m. • Dennis McMurrin and The Demolition Band, June 4, 9:00 p.m. • Good Gravy with Jefferson County Green Band, June 8, 9:00 p.m. • Omega Dog with Attic Party, June 9, 9:00 p.m. • Chasing Shade, June 11, 9:00 p.m. • Dead Larry 7th Anniversary Show, June 15, 9:00 p.m. • The Gallery with Austin Taft Soundtrack and Homebody Fury, June 16, 9:00 p.m. • Amanda Miller and The Super Secrets with Ben Soltau and FunkmaSter, June 17, 9:00 p.m. • Porch Builder with Tasty Trigger, June 18, 9:00 p.m. • Matt Truman Ego Trip with Matthew Grimm, June 23 • Mos Scocious, June 25, 9:00 p.m. • Uniphonics with Pick It Ticket, July 1, 9:00 p.m. • Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band, July 2 • Mary Magdal evacuation tour with Tooth & Nail, July 7, 6:00 p.m. • Evergreen Grass Band, July 8, 9:00 p.m. • Camp Euforia Preparty: Juno What?! with Aaron Kam and The One Drops, July 14, 9:00 p.m. • Camp Euforia, July 15-16 • Shame Train with Shipbuilding Co., July 22, 9:30 p.m. • The Gglitch’d CD Release with Pre-Apocalyptic Junkyard Orchestra, July 23, 9:00 p.m.
Hoover House’s 140th Birthday Party
(a benefit for Joplin, Missouri)
Saturday, July 30 | 8 a.m.-8 p.m.
West Branch

For those that would love to do RAGBRAI, but might only have time in their schedule for a day trip, consider hopping on the trail and pedaling your way to merry olde West Branch. As RAGBRAI passes through on July 30, the historic Hoover House will celebrate its 140th anniversary, treating all comers to live music, refreshments and “a full day of musical, artistic and educational programming.” Veterans for Peace will kick off the day’s events with an 8 a.m. presentation and hourly programming will ensue, mainly featuring local music and possibly a band or two visiting from Joplin, Missouri.

Joplin, Missouri? Yep. While the old bones of the Hoover House itself could, no doubt, use some financial support for maintenance, the generous stewards there have informed us that this event is intended to serve as a fundraiser for tornado relief in Joplin, Missouri, “A town that was once good to us,” they say. They’re hoping to feature some Joplin bands, but at the time of this writing, just days after the tornado, details are not yet confirmed. Either way, organizers invite you to help them send some love back Joplin’s way by hopping on over to the Hoover House’s anniversary celebration.

THEATER/DANCE/PERFORMANCE

Blue Moose Tap House
211 Iowa Ave, Iowa City
www.bluemooseic.com
Super Happy Funtime Burlesque, June 10, 9:00 p.m.

City Circle Acting Company
www.citycircle.org
See website for times and locations
West Side Story, June 17-19

Englert
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City
www.englert.org
West Side Story, June 17-19 • The Mikado, July 28-31

Hancher Auditorium
www.hancher.uiowa.edu
June and July events were TBA at time of publication.
See website for announcements.

Penguin’s Comedy Club
Clarion Hotel, 525 33rd Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids
www.penguinscomedyclub.com
Check website for showtimes
Dwight York, June 3-4 • BT, June 10-11 • Carlos Mencia, June 16 • Chris Stedman, June 17-18 • World Series of Comedy, June 22-25 • Chris Schlichting and Dannie Spann, July 1-2 • John Bush, July 8-9 • Larry Reeb, July 15-16 • David Koechner, July 22-23 • Don Reese, July 29-30.

Performing Arts at Iowa
performingarts.uiowa.edu
See website for event locations
Music IC: Where Literature and Music Meet, June 24-26

CINEMA

Bijou Theatre
IMU, UI Campus, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~bijou/
See website for showtimes
AMERICAN: The Bill Hicks Story, June 10-16 • Orgasm Inc., June 17 and June 19-23 • A Film of David Lynch Following His Master’s Footsteps… Throughout India, June 18, 7:00 p.m. • 13 Assassins, June 24-30 • Meek’s Cutoff, July 1-2 and July 5-7 • Potiche, July 8-14 • Bill Cunningham, New York, July 15-21 • Poetry, July 22-28

Figge Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
http://figgeart.org/
Film: In a Dream, June 2, 7:00 p.m.

Summer of the Arts:
Free Movie Series
www.summerofthearts.org
Located in the downtown Pentacrest
See website for details
Inception, June 11 • Dirty Dancing, June 18 • Goldfinger, June 25 • The Waterboy, July 9 • Little Shop of Horrors, July 16 • The Sting, July 23 • The Blind Side, July 30
Calendar

University of Iowa Museum of Art
uima.uiowa.edu
See website for details
First Friday reception: Hotel Vetro Lobby/Formoso
First Friday reception: Hotel Vetro Lobby/Formoso restaurant, Screenings of Man Ray’s Emak Bakia, June 3, 5:00 p.m.

KIDS

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids
www.crma.org
See website for locations
Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library: Bloom ‘n’ Zoom In, June 3, 10:30 a.m. • SmArt Saturday, June 4, 10:30 a.m. • Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Cedar Rapids Public Library: Frida & Friends, June 24, 10:30 a.m. • Party at Grant Wood’s: Free Family Fun Day!, June 25, 12:00 p.m. • Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the CRPL: Extreme Makeover, Sistine Chapel Edition, July 1, 10:30 a.m. • Doodlebugs Preschool Program at the Hiawatha Public Library: Posin’ with Rodin, July 29, 10:30 a.m.

Figge Art Museum
225 West Second St., Davenport
http://figgeart.org
Family Event: Pull up a Chair!, June 16, 1:00 p.m. • Spin Art on the Plaza, July 29, 5:00 p.m. • Spin Art on the Plaza, July 30, 10:00 a.m.

Iowa City Public Library
123 South Linn St. Iowa City
www.icpl.org
Storytime at 10:30 Mon-Sat, 2 p.m. Sun

UI Museum of Natural History
www.uiowa.edu/~nathist
See website for “Storytime Adventures” and “Night at the Museum” details TBA

MISC

Amana Heritage Museum
www.amanaheritage.org
705 44th Ave, Village of Amana
AHS Potato Pancakes & Bratwurst at Amana Farmer’s Market, June 3, 4:00 p.m.

Old Capitol City Roller Girls
www.oldcapitolcityrollergirls.com
See website for locations
versus Omaha Roller Girls (away), June 4 • versus Minnesota Roller Girls, June 11

Old Capitol Museum
Pentacrest, Iowa City
www.uiowa.edu/~oldcap
See website for locations
Old Capitol Museum Blood Drive, June 4, 10:00 a.m.
Curses, Foiled Again

- Dexter White, 41, called 911 in North Charleston, S.C., complaining that he paid $60 to a drug dealer for crack cocaine but received only $20 worth of drugs and that the dealer refused to give him his $40 change. White said he smoked his crack before calling the cops, who arrested him anyway, for disorderly conduct. (Charleston’s WSCC-TV)
- No one spoke to the 911 operator who answered a call in Onondaga County, N.Y., but the operator overheard three men in a car planning break-ins. The men also mentioned their location. Realizing one of them had “pocket dialed” his cellphone’s emergency number, the operator alerted sheriff’s deputies. When one of the callers announced, “there go the cops now,” the passing deputy turned around, stopped the vehicle and found tools reported stolen from a local business. Arrested were brothers Ronald J. Euson, 30, and Thomas Euson Jr., 28, and their cousin, Allen Euson, 29. (Associated Press; Syracuse’s The Post-Standard)
- When Lewis and Clark County Sheriff Leo Dutton received a text message from a Helena, Mont., teenager asking to buy marijuana, Dutton realized the boy had misdialed his drug dealer’s number. He directed the texter to meet a detective posing as the dealer. When the texter arrived with a friend, the detective identified himself. One of the boys fainted. No citations were issued, but Dutton said they faced worse punishment from their parents. (Helena Independent Record)

Poetry Ph.D.s Cheap

Ninety-three of 162 U.S. public research universities have adopted a “differential tuition” scale that charges students in potentially high-earning fields more than those with less earning potential. Business and engineering students typically pay more than English majors, for instance. Before 1988, only five institutions used the sliding scale, according to Glen Nelson, who researched the issue while at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. In the past three years, Nelson said, 18 institutions have adopted the practice, with business students paying 14 percent more tuition and engineering students paying 15 percent more. (Omaha World-Herald)

Define “Certain Goods”

FBI Special Agent Frederick C. Kingston decided to take a joy ride in a 1995 Ferrari F50, which was being stored in Lexington, Ky., as evidence in a car-theft case. Within seconds of leaving the warehouse, Kingston lost control of the high-performance vehicle, which “fishtailed and slid sideways” and then crashed into a curb, bushes and a small tree, according to his passenger, Assistant U.S. Attorney J. Hamilton Thompson. Declaring the rare automobile a total loss, Motors Insurance Co. sued the government for the $750,000 it had paid the stolen car’s owner five years before the FBI recovered it. The Justice Department refuses to pay the Michigan company, insisting it is immune to tort claims when “certain goods” are in the hands of law enforcement. (Detroit News)

No Detours

A 24-year-old German man told authorities he became trapped in a women’s prison in Hildesheim after he noticed its open gate and mistook it for a shortcut to a nearby park. By the time he realized his blunder, the gate had been locked. Mayor Henning Blum happened to be passing the prison when he heard the man’s cries for help and notified police, who freed the man and began investigating why the prison gate wasn’t closed. (Reuters)

Guilt Ridden

When police pulled over a car in Rensselaer, N.Y., a 21-year-old male passenger bolted from the car. He jumped into the Hudson River, whose current carried him 250 feet downstream before he could grab a branch and hold on until police rescued him. The unidentified man explained he fled because he thought officers had a warrant for his arrest. No warrants were outstanding. (Associated Press)

Counter-Revolutionary Spirit

Although 41 percent of adults in England and Wales support independence for Scotland, according to a poll by the market research firm YouGov, only 29 percent of Scottish adults favor breaking away from the United Kingdom. (Reuters)

Don’t Thump the Melons

As many as 115 acres of watermelons exploded in China’s Jiangsu Province after farmers there overdosed the melons with the growth stimulator forchlorfenuron during wet weather, turning them into what Chinese news media described as “land mines.” The 20 farmers affected were using the chemical for the first time, hoping to capitalize on a surge in watermelon prices. (Associated Press)

Fourth-Amendment Follies

Citizens have no right to resist unlawful police entry into their homes, according to the Indiana Supreme Court, which ruled in a separate case that same week that police serving a warrant do not need to obtain a judge’s permission to enter a home without knocking. (The Times of Northwest Indiana)

Way to Go

- When a woman found a man using the bathroom of her apartment in Fayetteville, Ark., she screamed. The man, identified as John Standridge, who was homeless but spending the night in a neighboring apartment, then ran out of the room with his pants around his ankles, tripped, fell down the stairs and died. (Northwest Arkansas’ KHBS-TV)
- Louisiana State Police reported Jacques Luckett, 27, rear-ended another car on I-20 outside Ruston, then, for some reason, got out of his car and lay down on the road, where another vehicle ran him over. He died. (Monroe’s News-Star)

Revolting Grammar

A ceremonial banner hung in China’s Forbidden City intended to congratulate local police for catching a suspect in the theft of rare handicrafts. Instead, it appears to be an invitation to revolution. Actually it’s just a typo, a common occurrence in Mandarin Chinese, which is rife with homonyms. The slogan read, “To shake the great strength and prosperity of the motherland,” but the word for shake, “han,” is pronounced the same as the intended word: guard. When pictures of the subversive-reading banner were posted on the Internet, many Chinese reacted not by demanding freedom but by mocking the literacy level of the person who designed the banner. (The New York Times)

Compiled from mainstream media sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
How can I make my own spaceship?

What would it take to make a homemade spaceship?

—Matt B.

Depending on how you define "homemade," "space," and "ship," you can get a craft into space, or at least a respectable distance off the ground, for somewhere between $500 and $2.5 billion. I realize that’s not very helpful for budgeting purposes, so let me tell you what you get for your money at the different price points. Rather than begin at one end of the continuum and work my way to the other (my usual practice), I’ll start at the ends and finish in the middle—the better to clarify what you could do, Matt, before explaining why you probably won’t.

First let’s define those terms. By homemade I imagine you mean something you can throw together in your workshop à la the Wright brothers. Where space flight is concerned this seriously limits the possibilities, so let’s include any craft constructed by anyone other than a national government.

Next, what do we mean by space? The commonly accepted threshold is 100 kilometers up, or about 62 miles. That’s the so-called Kármán line, roughly the point at which the air gets so thin that a winged craft would have to exceed orbital velocity to generate enough lift to stay aloft. In the interest of affordability, however, we may want to adopt a more expansive definition. More on this below.

Finally, ship. If we limit ourselves to a capsule with people in it, this is going to be a short column. Instead, we’ll define a ship as a payload—basically anything you can heave aloft.

With that in mind, here’s the menu of space-flight possibilities:

First, orbital human space flight. I throw this in mainly to establish the boundary condition, since it’s never been accomplished by any non-government entity, and only three governments—the U.S.S.R., the U.S., and China.

It’s not cheap. The space shuttle Endeavour, for example, cost $1.7 billion to build, plus hundreds of millions more per mission.

The private sector offers two cheaper routes into space. One is orbital flight with no people aboard. Space Exploration Technologies Corporation, better known as SpaceX, boasts that it can put a satellite into orbit for $54 million. The other possibility is suborbital human space flight, which so far has been accomplished by one craft: SpaceShipOne, a rocket plane akin to the old X-15, built by aerospace pioneer Burt Rutan and funded by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen. Cost: $28 million.

Suffering from sticker shock? Let’s jump to the Baltic-and-Mediterranean corner of the board and consider stratospheric flight. OK, the motive power is a weather balloon, not a rocket, and the highest you can get your payload is 20 to 25 miles, well short of space as usually defined. However, the cost is under $1,000, and the payoff is pretty cool. Last year two amateurs, one from Brooklyn, the other from the UK, cobbled together ingenious instrument packages on the cheap (the Brooklyn guy used a mini video camera plus an iPhone with a GPS tracking app). The result, easy to find with a little Googling: photos and video showing in haunting detail the curvature of the earth, the thin layer of atmosphere, and beyond it the blackness of space.

Nonetheless you may be thinking: balloons are nice, but I want rockets. Fine. We’ve got one last option: suborbital instrument flight. I spoke with Ky Michaelson, driving force behind the Civilian Space eXploration Team, or CSXT, which he says is the only amateur operation so far to launch a rocket into space.

They did it in 2004 using a 21-foot homemade rocket that went 72 miles straight up and then came straight down. Total time for the flight, which was duly witnessed by the Federal Aviation Administration: just over 14 minutes. Cost, including a couple previous failed attempts: roughly $350,000.

Maybe you could surpass that feat, Matt, but I’m not betting the ranch, for two reasons. First, the 72-year-old Michaelson is one of a vanishing breed of self-taught rocketeers, raised on chemistry sets, hot rods, and Sputnik. Today’s whiz kids grow up staring at computer screens, not the stars. Second, the next frontier for amateur roketry is orbital flight, a steeple to climb for both technical and regulatory reasons—no way are the authorities letting amateurs shoot flaming bombs over populated areas.

Not to get all heavy on you, but that’s why I’m down on the prospects for space travel in general: it’s too hard. Sure, NASA wants to turn its space transport chores over to private companies, and there’s a decent chance that’ll happen. We’ll have plenty of commercial satellites, the occasional space probe, maybe someday a Mars mission. And there’ll always be bored billionaires willing to bankroll the latest venture into the unknown. But space tourism, popularly-priced lunar flybys, that kind of thing ... sorry, I don’t see the business case. Then again, that’s Mr. Practical talking. Mr. Starry-eyed Dreamer says: prove me wrong.

—CECIL ADAMS

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago 60611. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes Store.
ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR JUNE 2011

FOR EVERYONE—Compass. This June, the process of change hits those things we base our major life decisions on. The rules of the game, rules we thought were eternal, will start changing, too. The world around us will start working differently than it did. The level of flux will reach startlingly high levels. And it won’t go back to the way it was. Much of this will strike many of us as a relief, even if it is unsettling. If you chose your goals carefully enough in the first place, they’re still good. Just change the way you go about achieving them, even if the ground is moving beneath your feet. Change your tactics, not your goals. For the July forecast, check LittleVillageMag.com/astrology anytime after July 1.

ARIES—Clearing. Sometimes we try to work out new plans using old ideas and nothing works. Worries overwhelm creativity. Circumstances can lock us into old patterns. In June, all of the above changes. Insights will dawn. Worries will subside. Circumstances will open up. But you could be surprised with the direction things take. Rather than immediate concrete results, you will experience a deepening understanding of your goal and the means necessary to achieve it. You’re still in an expansive cycle and you should soon see an increase in disposable income.

TAURUS—Tremors. Economic changes now taking place are completely out of your control, of course. You can only do so much to protect your assets. Countless changes, large and small, are also taking place at work. They have you worried, a bit. Things are surprisingly fluid. There’s nothing imaginary about your concerns. However, you’ve just begun a new cycle of personal growth and financial expansion. One way or another, these changes will work strongly in your favor. The planets also offer support with current plans and ongoing issues.

GEMINI—Combat anxiety. The future is coming on fast and it isn’t at all clear where things are headed. Your personal and professional lives are being directly affected, more so than those of other people. Events will soon clarify issues and weed out unrealistic possibilities. Your decisions and determination will play a critical role in shaping events and determining the direction of your life. It’s especially important to be realistic. But “realistic” does not mean “pessimistic.” Be mindful of the healing, uplifting processes now at work in your mind.

CANCER—Flow. Recently your characteristic reliance on emotion and intuition has been producing mixed messages and conflicting impulses. It was getting really hard to navigate, especially in these complicated times. But you can start trusting emotion and intuition again. That will help reduce your growing alienation from those in power, among other things. Powerful new feelings will soon rise to the surface, removing blocks, expanding your horizons and setting clear, new directions. You can move past deadends you thought you’d reached. Any financial constraints you have been experiencing will also ease.

LEO—Grounding. Leo’s big ego, their love of drama, especially drama with them at the center, could be all that holds Leo together when they’re hit by a big cosmic disintegrator ray. Otherwise, waves of unfamiliar feeling, unusual ideas and major changes in the lives of people who are important to you might prove overwhelming. Your famous ability to thrive amidst drama will help you hold things together for everyone. Idealistic friends can provide vital support and guidance. You will need to adopt a more realistic, disciplined approach to finances, long-term.

VIRGO—Decoding. Things will soon get even more complicated. Discussions will have a subtext that only a Virgo could love. But you will not only be in harmony with extraordinarily complex and rapid currents of change, you are uniquely qualified, and inclined, to grapple with the issues. And you will have access to higher-ups. This is Virgo’s moment to shine. Keep in mind, though, it will take a lot of time and hard work to achieve the goal. The rewards could be spectacular ... over time. Careful spending softens financial bumps.

LIBRA—Economic threshold. Avenues that were blocked will soon open. Brand new paths will emerge, too. However, very little will be straightforward. You’ll need clarity to sort through the possibilities, freedom to maneuver, and endurance. Take advantage of any opportunity to put old issues permanently behind you; free yourself to pursue new possibilities. The planets indicate long-term financial gains and the possibility of debt relief. They stress the importance of eliminating a debt burden if the opportunity arises. Small local projects have far-ranging potential. Eccentric or erratic associates need to show more restraint.

SCORPIO—Tough love. Scorpio usually prefers to work quietly behind the scenes. However, you could find yourself speaking out in tight spots and delicate situations. You could even surprise yourself by speaking in support of those you once opposed. Often, it could be a matter of letting off financial difficulties. You are increasingly dependent on cooperation and partnership in financial areas. For that to work, you’ll need to clear some things up. Be sure to choose your words carefully. There’s a possibility of open conflict.

SAGITTARIUS—Realignments. The planets are shifting power in favor of Sagittarius. Increasingly, events and decisions will go your way. Also, people are taking a generally more thoughtful, Sagittarian approach to issues. You might need to speak up in defense of friends in the work place, especially where finances are concerned. People will acknowledge the importance of what you have to say, but you will need to tread lightly. Issues are more complex than they appear and you could step on someone’s toes unintentionally. Nerves are frayed and an incident is possible.

CAPRICORN—Grace. Events related to work and health will push your priorities inward. They will gradually shift in the direction of deep psychological healing and self-cultivation. The increasingly complex and fluid nature of the world around you will strengthen this tendency. So will strains in key relationships, at home and in your professional life. These potentially daunting challenges will be made easier by a spirit of camaraderie and playfulness and the strength you derive from your own inner discoveries. Good luck and helpful coincidences will lend a hand, also. Financial strains ease.

AQUARIUS—Home sweet home. Many people you see on a daily basis are in some kind of turmoil. Some in troubled relationships are going through just plain weird stuff. People’s living and working arrangements are in flux, too. There’s no end in sight. Maintaining a calm, stable, secure home base is essential. It’s your prime refuge and source of strength. It is the basis of your success in the world. You need to be especially careful about whom you invite in during the current cycle. You might need to tighten your budget.

PISCES—Calm words. Piscians feel the full emotional force of the turmoil others are now experiencing. You see the long-term implications of these turbulent changes, too. Your response to events will be very influential. So it’s important for everyone that you respond calmly and reassuringly. Suppress the urge to scold or blame, especially at work. Recently, someone has been making irrational, downright loopy moves that seriously affect your cash flow. A moderating influence will start bringing this situation under control. Community involvement is particularly uplifting and could bring economic benefits.
Author appearances by New York Times best-selling authors Elizabeth Berg and Jane Hamilton and many others, book sellers, kids’ activities, teen events, book arts demos, music, food

A DAY IN THE CITY OF LITERATURE — SUNDAY, JULY 17

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