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Correction: The prints by Amanda Maciuba published on p. 10-11 of the issue 155 were mistakenly attributed to Jaime Knight. Little Village regrets this error and apologizes to both artists.

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The wolves have returned to Iowa. Or at least a wolf.

In February, a man hunting coyotes shot a gray wolf in northeast Iowa’s Buchanan County. This is the first documented wolf in Iowa since 1925, which reportedly could have been an escaped captive animal. Before that, according to the 2012 Iowa DNR wolf status report, there hadn’t been a valid wolf recorded in Iowa since the 1880s.

The wolf has had a troubled history with humankind. The “only good wolf is a dead wolf” mentality led to their methodical yet zealous extirpation in the United States. By 1974, the year the gray wolf earned protected status via the Endangered Species Act, only 300 were left in the lower 48. There are currently no biological or population management reasons to hunt wolves. It is purely “recreational.”

Despite its federal delisting, the wolf is still protected in Iowa. The Iowa hunter said he thought the animal he shot was a coyote, and the DNR excused him because he brought the carcass to authorities and “cooperated.” Even so, the female *Canis lupus* was twice the size of a coyote, and the DNR has warned those who enjoy shooting animals to “make sure of your target. If in doubt, don’t shoot.” Such discretion was sorely lacking.

This month, my family and I, as usual, head to northern Minnesota near Ely and the Boundary Waters. We have learned much about wolves, especially thanks to the International Wolf Center in Ely.Over the years, we have seen or heard wolves in the wild several times. They have even responded to our own howls over the still, dark waters of a nighttime pond.

My family does not fear wolves—there’s little to fear. In the past 100 years, there have been two human fatalities in North America due to wolves. Compare this to domestic dogs, which kill 25 to 35 people per year, or hunters, who kill nearly 100 people per year in the U.S. and Canada.

Chickasaw writer Linda Hogan’s essay “Defy the Wolf” in her book *Dwellings* is set in Ely, and she beautifully expresses the attraction of the wolf. Hearing “the howl of wolves breaking through a northern night” stirs one to “[remember] the language of that old song. It stirs inside the body, taking us down from our world of logic, down to the deeper lost regions of ourselves into a memory so ancient we have lost the name for it.”

Much of what my family and I love about the North Woods is embodied in the wolf. As Hogan says, northern Minnesota is “a terrain that is at the outermost limits of our knowledge, and it is a shadowy world, one our bones say is the dangerous borderland between humans and wilderness.” My family certainly doesn’t demonize this compelling forest creature, but neither do we romanticize it. We respect the wolf very much, and we always hope for an encounter.

According to the DNR the Iowa wolf most certainly came from Minnesota or Wisconsin. As Orlan Love said in The Gazette’s May 7 article, “The confirmation of the animal as a wolf … closes the circle on big predators that, though once exterminated, have re-entered Iowa, at least in small numbers—black bear, mountain lion and now the wolf.”

However subtly, Iowa is rewilding, which is good news. Iowa ranks 49th in the country for least amount of public land. As an ecosystem, Iowa’s overly domesticated landscape is...
almost entirely dysfunctional. The wolf is a key ecological species, and its reintroduction can help set nature’s scales right, even increase biodiversity. One wolf obviously won’t do that in Iowa, and full species recovery in America’s corn belt is doubtful. But the Buchanan County wolf gives hope to reclaiming our essence as creatures of the natural world.

The Buchanan County wolf gives hope to reclaiming our essence as creatures of the natural world.

Most of us seek wildness in some way, are compelled by it, drawn to its plaintive howl across a dark lake or meadow. It strikes sympathetic chords in our primal core. As the wild returns to Iowa, we are all better—and more complete—for it. 

Thomas Dean is a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night.
FLOWER POWER
At your next party, crown your guest of honor with a ring of blooms.
BY FRANKIE SCHNECKLOTH

While summer is relaxing in many ways, it can also bring about a busy (but fun!) social calendar: There are weddings, showers and backyard picnics to attend. I don’t know about you, but I always enjoy meeting at a friend’s house for a farmers’ market dinner or dancing a summer night away at a wedding someone else has planned. When it’s my turn to host, however, it can sometimes be panic-inducing, so I’m taking the next few Crafty columns to tackle summer party preparation and planning.

For June, I’ve decided to make floral crowns. This is the perfect project for the guest of honor at any party you’re hosting this summer. Just about everyone loves flowers, so if you feel like going crazy, I’d wager a bet that your other guests wouldn’t mind a crown of their own.

Ideally, wait to assemble the crown until just before your party or event as you want the flowers to be as fresh as possible. If you need to make it ahead, store in a plastic bag in the refrigerator. You can plan ahead by making the wire crown base and thinking about how you’d like the crown to look—it’s good to think about what flowers you will use instead of stumbling in blindly.

**Step One** | Snip a length of heavy wire that measures at just over twice the circumference of your head. Wrap the wire twice so it makes a circle that will sit on top of your head. Tuck sharp ends in.

Starting where you tucked the ends in, begin to wrap floral tape over the bare wire, overlapping as you go. Continue until you’ve covered the entire crown and no wire is visible. In

**Supplies:**
- Floral wire (22 gauge)
- Heavy wire
- Floral tape
- Assorted flowers and greenery (I used a variety of blooms in differing textures and sizes and selected one statement flower to be the focus. Alternatively, you could fill the whole crown with big, bold blooms for a very dramatic look.)
- Sharp scissors
- Small vase with water

Photos by Frankie Schneckloth
addition to covering up the wire, the tape also adds the tiniest bit of stability as it unifies the two lengths of wire into one.

**Step Two** | Snip single flowers down to smaller stems. You can leave stalks of flowers (like Snapdragons or Bells of Ireland) in one piece and use them as your starting layer. Flowers with multiple blooms coming from a single stem can be snipped apart and used as filler. Place all stems in a water-filled vase.

**Just about everyone loves flowers, so if you feel like going crazy, I'd wager a bet that your other guests wouldn't mind a crown of their own.**

**Step Three** | Start to add flowers. I used my longest, tallest stalks to create a nice base layer. Using floral wire, secure the stem to the crown. Continue wrapping the stem around the crown, attaching it with floral tape or wire in multiple places; this will give the stem a good solid hold. Once your base layer is established, you can weave in filler stems of smaller flowers and leaves. You can make little bundles of mixed flowers and wrap the ends in floral tape to hold them together. Keep a tail of tape about 3 inches long to use when connecting little bundles to the crown. Working in one direction around the crown, attach bundles. Try to overlap your bundles so you can hide your tape. For extra hold, use floral wire in addition to the tape.

If you attach the flower bundles so they go in one direction, you should be able to hide the crown’s framework. Make slight adjustments to hide any visible floral tape or wire behind blooms, and if stems are popping out, snip ends or weave them in.

**Step Four** | Once you’ve filled in the crown as you like, find a spot for your focal flower if you’re using one. I positioned mine to hit above my temple.

**Step Five** | Check out your handiwork in a mirror and fix pieces that seem to be falling out or areas that are a little more bare than others.

*Trying her hardest to ignore their trendiness, Frankie Schneckloth really just can’t deny a flower crown.*

**Brew of the Month: June**

**Beyond the Pale IPA**
Stevens Point Brewery | Stevens Point, Wis.

When camping on cloudless, moonless nights, it is hard not to look up and admire the vast, dark, star-stippled sky. My eyes are always drawn to the Big Dipper, and I fruitlessly try to find the Little Dipper (I can never remember where it is). I search for the little red dot that is Mars and scan for the outline of the Milky Way, which is usually drowned out by light from nearby cities. Regarding the infinite space above puts me at ease, calming my work- and deadline-weary nerves, and it’s something I plan to do many times this summer.

The beer of the month, Beyond the Pale IPA brewed by the Stevens Point Brewery of Stevens Point, Wis., not only pays homage to celestial beauty by including a dose of Galaxy hops and printing the night sky on its label, it is also a tasty brew to sip while unwinding under the stars.

Pour Beyond the Pale into a favorite pint glass. The beer’s color is deep gold with a light copper tone. Two fingers of dense, eggshell-colored foam will develop and dissipate slowly and evenly, leaving trails of lace on the side of the glass. A burst of ripe, freshly cut citrus and tropical fruit greets the nose. Scents of pineapple, mango, kiwi and cara cara orange complement and work in tandem with a pleasant floral hop quality. A little pine is present as well.

The flavor is a tasty balance that mostly mirrors the aroma: pale malts, caramel, floral hops, pineapple, mango, kiwi, tangerine, a touch of grapefruit, pine and a little zest. The floral hop aroma led me to believe the beer would be a bitter pill, but it is not; instead, its 64 IBUs offers a pleasant bite. According to the brewery, Galaxy hops impart notes of passion fruit, which I am unfamiliar with and could not discern, but that does not mean they’re not there—I am sure they are.

**Serving Temperature:** Serving temperature: 45–50°F.

**Alcohol Content:** 5.5 percent ABV.

**Food Pairings:** Spicy cuisine, such as Thai or Indian. The New Pioneer Food Co-op’s curried tofu is a campsite favorite of mine, and it would pair well with Beyond the Pale.

**Where to Buy:** Beyond the Pale is available at most major beer retailers.

**Price:** $5–$6 per six-pack of bottles, $13 per 12-pack of cans.

*Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City*
ON MAY 29, the Board of Supervisors failed to reach agreement on a measure to formally declare June "Pride Month" in Johnson County, with Supervisor John Etheredge as the lone dissenter in a 4-1 vote.

Well, Supervisor-y folks, we don’t need you to tell us it’s Pride Month. Because it’s Pride Month!

Here is a list activities going on this June (Pride Month):

Screen Glow GLBTQ Film Series  
FilmScene—June 13-23

Big Gay Bar Crawl  
Starts at Studio 13—June 16, 8 p.m.  
($15-$20)

Pride Karaoke Night  
Studio 13—June 17, 10 p.m.

Pride Open Stage  
Studio 13—June 18, 10 p.m.

IC Kings Pride Extravaganza  
Studio 13—June 19, 8:30 p.m.

Pride Picnic in the Park  
City Park—June 20, 5:30-8:30 p.m. (Free)

Iowa City Pride Parade  
Downtown Iowa City—June 21, Noon

Festival in the Ped Mall  
Iowa City Ped Mall—June 21, Noon - 5 p.m.

Pride Party  
Studio 13—June 21, 1 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Follow iowacitypride.com for updates—more events are sure to be added.
"This is ridiculous," he says, to no one in particular.

"Which part?" I ask him.

He thinks for a moment.

"All of it."

Little does he know. Little do I.

They run tests in the ER, which come back clean.

"Good news, Mr. Cohn. You didn’t have a heart attack tonight, but we found some dark spots on your lung that are pretty troubling. Here, call this number and make an appointment to go get a biopsy. Soon."

After the biopsy, the doctor calls with the results. "It’s not cancer," he tells us. Much rejoicing is had. Three hours later he calls back, "I’m terribly sorry, but I was looking at the wrong chart earlier … "

So, cancer it is then. More tests are done. Treatment plans are devised.

I stay in Chicago for six weeks of radiation, followed by six weeks of recovery.

His pain ebbs and flows, mostly flows, but three months go by and it’s remission city. So far so good. Sometimes these things turn out okay, right?

And yet, and so—a month later, much more pain, much worse than before. The cancer is back, more places than it had been: bigger, stronger, meaner.

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The pain only stops when he does. It remains a constant—capricious, unfair and unnecessary. When you’re already dying, constant pain is overkill, the universe running up the score, but there are no rules here. Well, just one: There are no rules here.
and, not quite 10 months after that first 3 a.m. trip up Ridge Avenue for the heart attack that never was, he dies.

* 

Even before cancer, things were declining, and people would ask me, because that’s what people do. “Is your father ever going to retire? Have they thought about moving? They have places, you know, for people who ... need help. My grandmother moved to one.”

These were all fair questions, but I knew he never would. Not him. “He’ll never leave this house unless it’s feet first on a stretcher.”

And he did. And I helped carry the stretcher down the front steps.

* 

He had been at home for almost three months before he couldn’t be there anymore, declining steadily, his body and his mind racing to see which would check out first.

I fed him, I washed him, I clothed him, I cooked for him, I did his laundry. I wheeled him to the toilet when he could still make the trip, changed him in bed when he couldn’t.

It was nothing he hadn’t done for me countless times, what all parents have done for their children.

You do your best, just like new parents do, making it up as you go because you’ve never done this before, but it’s still full of surprises.
That’s another rule: There are always surprises.

I know this cancer will take his life, but I don’t know how. I ask his hospice nurse what actually kills people who are dying of cancer. She tells me there’s usually some event, which sets things off and speeds up the process. “Things move fast after that.”

Days become weeks become months, one indistinguishable from the next as the fatigue sets in. When my tank is empty, my back wrenched from lifting him in and out of bed, on and off the commode chair, in and out of the shower, his hospice nurse suggests respite care—moving him elsewhere, “for a short break,” just for a few days—so I can get some rest.

This suggestion has been made before, a number of times, but I dismissed it.

This time, I agree.

Leaving the nursing home is the first time I really cry. It feels like such a cliché, “I just put my father in a home,” I think. I hate clichés.

When he comes home, he’s home for less than a day when his “event” happens. This moves him beyond my ability to care for him at home any longer.

The ambulance comes, two fit young men in crisp white shirts and their hydraulic stretcher, to take him to the hospital.

Together, we lift him onto the stretcher, swaddled in the bedding I’d put on the bed only a few hours prior, the bedding he’s now bleeding out into. We wheel him to the door, just a few feet away, and they tell me they have to move him into a stair chair to take him down the stairs. Another move, another trauma.

“Let’s just carry him down in the stretcher,” I say.

“I’m sorry sir, but our policy is that—”

“I have a policy, too. And it’s to keep my father as comfortable as possible at all times.”

They look at me, they look at each other. They are fit young men. Challenge accepted, they shrug. We carry him down.

While they prep the ambulance he tells me he’s cold, even though it’s warm out. He’s almost always cold lately, so I run inside and grab a hat to put on his head. It’s a Bears hat, which he had given to me once, and now I’m giving it back. Stay warm, dad.

At the hospital they ask him a series of questions to check and see if anybody’s home.
What’s your name? What’s your birthday? Do you know what year it is? Do you know where you are?

He answers the first question correctly, he knows his name, but he gets the rest wrong.

“Do you know where you’ve been, Mr. Cohn?”

He doesn’t answer right away, lets the question sink in for a bit. I think, by now, he knows.

“To hell and back,” he says. “And I’m thirsty. Do you have any juice?”

The nurse laughs. I laugh. He laughs. He gives us that gift. It’s a beautiful gift. Even cancer has rimshot moments.

*  

The day after his memorial service was Mother’s Day. There was a lot of food around, so I walked some over to the neighbor’s. He’s the father of my oldest friend, and he had just started chemo and couldn’t make it to the service.

I can’t save his life, I can’t beat his cancer, but I can bring him bagels and lox, so I do that. We eat, we talk, I make plans to take him to a movie, something he and my father did with us countless times while we were growing up.

When I walk home there’s a man on the porch with a young girl.

“Hello,” he says, “My name is Pablo. I read about your father; he was my attorney, and I wanted to come see you. This is my daughter.”

He gets teary-eyed as he tells me how he had been in trouble, how my father had helped him, how he worked hard and got his life together and became a barber. How he used to come cut my father’s hair to work off his fee. A familiar narrative.

“I wouldn’t be with my daughter if it wasn’t for your father,” he tells me, “I can never thank him enough for that. She’s my life.”

“Thank you for saying that,” I say, getting teary myself, “It means a lot.”

I cry, but I feel better.

I feel better because even though I don’t have my father with me anymore, to thank for all he did for me, she now has hers. And through that, through her, he lives on.

Happy Father’s Day, Dad.

Yale Cohn hopes you’re reading this issue of Little Village outside in the sun with someone you love.
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WE MOVED!
- BUT WE STAYED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD -
One wavy day in Wavy World, a happy fuzzy family with their pet Hashtag Cat were going on a UFO trip to Swirly town to meet mayor Fuzzy. On the way there, they found some weird metal thing sitting by the mayor’s office. They wondered if it was a meteor or something else. They went down there to check it out. It was actually an alien that tried to attack the mayor. They took out their high tech cell phones to call 911 and no one answered. They were all freaked out and went back into their UFO and flew back home. Fuzzball is the dad of the family. Sarah is the mom. Aron is the older sister and Mia is the baby. Robby is just the brother. And he is the third wheel. And the aliens were the crab people.

**HASHTAG CAT VS. CRAB PEOPLE**

The Fuzzball family pet faces trouble in the red spot.

Illustration by Adam Burke

All the waves in Wavy World collapsed into a bunch of waves because planet Neptune landed on the purple wave. Without Purple, the people of Wavy World did not have happiness but it is okay because they have happy lives.

Meanwhile, back to the Fuzzball family, they went into their UFO’s refrigerator and found a cherry. Fuzzball gave it to Mia the baby and then they saw the crab people right behind them. The Fuzzball family threw avocados at them and then the crab people’s UFO crashed into the ground. And luckily there was only one crab people UFO. Once the family arrived to their home, Sarah went down to the house and grabbed the other UFO they had to drive with Mia and herself. They had to be split up so they would be safer. They gave everyone high-tech phones to call each other if anyone was in trouble. And then Robby kept talking and talking to Fuzzball but this caused them to go off course. Fuzzball wanted Robby to leave him alone but it was already too late.

Planet Neptune and the purple wave collapsed and exploded into a bunch of pieces of mass. Wavy pieces of mass. They were happy that they grabbed enough grapes from the purple spot of Wavy World before this happened. And then they tried to go the orange spot and get oranges. They grabbed enough oranges to last a month, but they knew they would run out eventually. So they were going to wait a year to get more. They also got some apple juice to save Mia a drink if she got cranky. Since the crab people live in the red spot of Wavy World, when they went to get apple juice and cherries, they killed all of the crab people and had enough crab dinner to last a year.

Then, they went to the yellow spot and grabbed a bunch of lemons and other stuff. Like pineapples too. Then they went to the blue spot of Wavy World to get fresh water. They then also got blueberries and blue raspberries. The Fuzzball family also got their favorite drink! Blue Slushies! That’s how Fuzzball people cool down. Whenever they get mad, they drink slushies to cool down their nerves.

Hashtag Cat was meowing for help because it was still in the red spot of the Wavy World.

This story was written during an afterschool writing workshop of the Iowa Youth Writing Program, a non-profit outreach collective that provides low- and no-cost language arts and creative opportunities to youth in Iowa. It’s part of the chap book What Are You Doing? For more information visit iowayouthwritingproject.org.
So the Fuzzball people go back to the red part to get roses and pomegranate. But most importantly get back Hashtag Cat. Hashtag Cat was fighting a bunch of crab people all by herself with a light saber. They got Hashtag Cat and then put all their food and drink into the UFO and got more roses and pomegranate. Then they went to the white spot and got milk and coconuts from the Wavy Trees. The Fuzzball’s had a radio in their UFO and then listened to the Fuzzies on the radio. Then they went to the green spot of the world and got avocados, carrots, green apples because they are all Robby’s favorite snack.

Then they went to the brown spot of the world and went camping and stayed there for the night. The family had a bunch of camping equipment in their UFO to last the night. They slept there one day and there were no crab people there so the Fuzzball family was safe. But they all had swords to keep them safe just in case.

The bright moon was dangling over them. Like someone was playing with a yo-yo. Soon, they would go to Swirly World to take the swirls because of Planet Neptune’s crash with Wavy World. They wanted to replace the broken Waves with Swirls from Swirly World.

When approaching a Swirly person, the Fuzzballs waved to say hello and the Swirly person screamed and floated away. Robby said that that was super mega weird and the whole family of Fuzzies were weirded out and creeped out.

When they got back into their UFO, they had Swirly World radio stations and then they heard the song, “Everything is Awesome” by The Swirlies. They went back to Wavy World and then replaced half of the lost Waves with Swirls...

To Be Continued...

**All the waves in Wavy World collapsed into a bunch of waves because planet Neptune landed on the purple wave. Without Purple, the people of Wavy World did not have happiness but it is okay because they have happy lives.**
In 1958, Paul Krassner founded The Realist, a magazine that inspired a generation of satirists and alternative-media moguls. You can draw a straight line from Krassner’s groundbreaking magazine to independent publications like the one you are holding in your hands. (However, when People magazine dubbed him the “father of the underground press,” Krassner shot back, “I demand a blood test.”)

Other independent publications such as I. F. Stone’s Weekly and The Village Voice debuted before The Realist, but Krassner’s magazine had the biggest impact on the 1960s literary landscape. It pioneered an envelope-pushing style that laid the groundwork for “New Journalists” such as Tom Wolfe; its contributors included Ken Kesey, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer, Lenny Bruce and Joseph Heller. The Realist had many taglines over the years, but the most apt was “The Truth Is Silly Putty.”

Because Krassner launched it with nothing more than a title and some loose change, he relied on friends and favors to keep the magazine afloat in the early days. He reached out to Mad magazine art director John Francis Putnam, who designed its logo and contributed a regular column named “Modest Proposals.” The Realist emerged as an adult analogue to that subversive kid’s magazine, and its popularity grew throughout the 1960s—reaching 100,000 subscribers at its peak.

With Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, Krassner co-founded the Youth International Party, or the Yippies—a name he coined. They plotted several absurdly serious spectacles, including an October 1967 protest/prank that brought together the politicized antiwar wing of the counterculture and the spiritual descendants of Kesey’s Merry Pranksters. Krassner observes, “It was West Coast mysticism mixing with East Coast politics.”

The Yippies held a press conference to publicize their antiwar rally. “It was a mutual exploitation,” Krassner tells me. “If we gave good quotes, they gave us good publicity.” There, they demonstrated a (fake) new drug named Lace—which caused people to take off their clothes and have sex. “We held a press conference and demonstrated this with live hippies who fucked in front of all the press,” Abbie Hoffman recalled in an interview that appeared in the seminal book Pranks! “It was a good put-on.”

Time magazine and several other news outlets covered it, especially because the Yippies claimed they were going to use Lace on the cops. Krassner was to play the reporter who accidentally got sprayed—and laid—but to his dismay he was scheduled to speak at an Iowa Writers’ Workshop event: “It was a literary conference that went on for a few days,” Krassner says. “I recall that I spoke about publishing The Realist, and censorship. Robert Stone, the novelist, was there and so was the San Francisco Mime Troupe.”

While in Iowa City, Krassner procured a big bag of cornmeal that the Yippies used in a mock-magical rite that would help them...
levitate the Pentagon. But before they could cast their silly spell, they had to deal with some bureaucratic red tape. “We applied for permits to raise the Pentagon 100 feet,” Hoffman said, but the request was rejected.

“How high do you want to levitate the Pentagon?” Krassner remembers a bemused government official asking, clearly in on the joke. The proposed height of 100 feet was deemed too high—if you’ll pardon the pun—“so we finally bargained them down to three feet.” Krassner and his Yippie pals got their permit, which they used to gain press attention. “It made for a good quote,” Krassner says. “And it served as an organization tool, using media manipulation to inform people about the demonstrations at the Pentagon.”

Another classic Krassner provocation was his red, white and blue “fuck communism!” poster, which was a kind of semiotic prank. By letting these two highly charged words battle it out in the same sentence, it showed how absurd it was for uptight people to get so worked up over either word. “I liked the incongruity of it,” Krassner says. “The same people who were rabid anti-communists were the same ones who got so up in arms over the word fuck.”

One Realist subscriber bought 25 posters and had them sent to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, the John Birch Society and presidential candidates Lyndon B. Johnson and Barry Goldwater. Krassner joked, “If the post office interfered, I would have to accuse them of being soft on communism.”

Kembrew McLeod plans to spend the summer trying to levitate Kinnick Stadium.
POWERS HUNGRY
Fourteen titles in, this epic police procedural series still turns readers on.
BY ROB CLINE

POWERS

powers is what I always recommend to folks who have grown tired of traditional superhero stories. I have been an avid reader of the ongoing series by writer Brian Michael Bendis and artist Michael Avon Oeming since the title of the first volume, Who Killed Retro Girl? and just finished reading Gods, the 14th volume.

In Powers, detectives Christian Walker and Deena Pilgrim investigate crimes involving individuals with superpowers. It’s a fairly straightforward premise, but this isn’t merely an episodic cop story with amped-up characters. Powers, which launched in 2000, features what can rightly be called an epic storyline, grounded in Walker’s history as a former ‘power’ who has been engaged in battles of one sort or another since before the dawn of humanity.

What drew me to Who Killed Retro Girl? was the idea of a superhero comic starting with the death of a hero. Sure, the death—and subsequent resurrection—of heroes has become commonplace throughout the various comics universes, but I was intrigued by the use of a hero’s death as a jumping-off point for a police procedural—a story about cops working the streets to find the killer.

What has kept me reading is the potent combination of Bendis’ text and Oeming’s art. Comics are driven by dialogue, and Bendis has a penchant for creating long strings of dialogue that give a conversation weight

COMICS NOIR | Christian Walker and Deena Pilgrim investigate crimes involving superpowers while also dealing with their own troubles.

Fifty Shades of Kale | By Drew Ramsey, Jennifer Iserloh
Brassicas: Cooking the World’s Healthiest Vegetables | By Laura B. Russell, Rebecca Katz
The Essential New York Times Grilling Cookbook | By Peter Kaminsky, Mark Bittman
Patio Pizzeria | By Karen Adler, Judith Fertig

With farmers market season in full swing, it’s the perfect time to explore new produce and flavors. June brings kale to the local markets, and those new to the vegetable can flip through recipes in the parody cookbook Fifty Shades of Kale. Find recipes that will make you scream like “Zucchini and Kale Bites” and “Hot Bacon and Kale Eggs.” The milder-mannered Brassicas: Cooking the World’s Healthiest Vegetables features more chaste veggies like broccoli and cauliflower, both of which also come into season in June. Pick up the book later when Brussels sprouts start popping up in October. Both Fifty Shades of Kale and Brassicas offer beautiful full-color photos.

Find some grilling inspiration this summer in The Essential New York Times Grilling Cookbook. This book features some of the news organization’s best grilling stories and recipes, like “Smoky Brisket” and “Greek-Style Fish with Marinated Tomatoes.” Or think outside of the grill box with Patio Pizzeria, which includes recipes for grilling artisan pizza and flatbreads like “Radicchio Gorgonzola and Fingerling Pizza” and a ricotta loaf with grill-roasted butternut squash (available in the fall), red onion and sage.

For a complete list of Iowa’s vegetables by season, download the “Fresh Vegetable Guide” from the Iowa State Extension: extension.iastate.edu/foodsavings/page/whats-season. —Melody Dworak
and reality, while also cluttering up a page: Dialogue balloons often pile atop one another and the reader must follow the threads, linking them together to find the source. This can mean reading an exchange a few times to capture the nuances of who says what to whom, but Bendis’ dialogue crackles with wit, and the rereading is nearly always a pleasure.

Of course, the dialogue only works if the story is worth telling, and Bendis’ story—twisting, complicated and revealed in bits and pieces (in part because Walker’s memory isn’t whole)—is a good one. He delves deeply into the questions raised by the notion of superpowers—issues of responsibility and morality, loyalty and self-interest, fear and hope, short-term expediency and long-term necessity. But while all of this is in play, he ensures that the story is fundamentally about the characters. Walker and Pilgrim are people we quickly come to root for, even as they make mistakes and fail to trust one another.

In fact, we become so invested in Pilgrim—who finds herself awash in trouble that even her sarcasm and bravery can’t overcome—that when her character didn’t appear in the book for a number of issues, I was worried my enthusiasm for Powers would wane. Fortunately, Walker’s new partner, Enki Sunrise, brought plenty of drama to the story, and Pilgrim’s return was perfectly timed and executed.

All of Bendis’ narrative is brought to life by Oeming’s distinctive art. In the early going, Powers has a fairly slick, cartoon-like feel. Over time, as the storylines have acquired complexity and the tales have gotten darker, the art has reflected these changes. Certainly, a noir-ish tone has been in play from the very beginning, but the book grows grittier over time. Violence and sex are often graphically depicted, and while Oeming isn’t offering up realism, his stylized vision of Powers’ world is palpable and affecting.

Oeming accomplishes much with his color palette, which, for example, often finds the sky rendered in deep reds or other unusual colors. He also has a gift for facial expressions: A character’s anger, confusion, pain or smugness is easily read, allowing for the creation of moments—sometimes funny, sometimes poignant, sometimes shocking. Even when Bendis’ tangle of dialogue falls away, much is still communicated.

Bendis and Oeming haven’t shied away from risk over the course of the run. The opening issue of the seventh volume, Forever, is set in the deep past as two nearly human creatures battle on a lonely landscape. There is no dialogue beyond some grunts, and it is certainly out of keeping with what has come before. But it is also the launch of Walker’s origin story, and therefore essential to the overall story the creators are telling.

Forever is easily one of the most memorable volumes in the series, and it serves as a sort of pivot point, providing context for much of what we’ve seen in the early stories as well as for much of what is to come.

At the end of Gods, a disaster has struck and our heroes find that their roles—and the rules they follow—are about to change. I’m looking forward to diving into the 15th volume, Bureau, and hope that many more will follow.

Born colorblind and therefore convinced he’d never enjoy graphic forms of storytelling, Rob Cline was first bitten by the comics bug in college. The resulting virus lay dormant for many years before it was activated by the inscrutable work of Grant Morrison. Now Cline seeks out the good and bad across the comics landscape as the Colorblind Comics Critic.
The Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (CRMA) is honoring the 50th anniversary of hometown native Carl Van Vechten’s death with a retrospective of photo portraits the artist took of cultural icons during the period between the two World Wars. **Carl Van Vechten: Photographer to the Stars** will be on view all summer and closes Sept. 7.

Van Vechten, who was born into a wealthy Cedar Rapids family and was well educated, became part of New York City’s cultural elite at the outset of the 20th century. He enjoyed a long career as a critic, writer, photographer and benefactor of the arts until his death in 1964.

Van Vechten’s arrival in New York at the beginning of the 20th century coincided with two of America’s most significant cultural movements: the Jazz Age and the Harlem Renaissance. Both events shaped his art and life as a New York socialite. Like many of his white peers, Van Vechten frequented the Harlem nightclub scene. His experiences there provided the grist for his most notable and controversial work *Nigger Heaven*, a fictional account of life in Harlem—renowned as America’s black cultural capital.

*Nigger Heaven* quickly became a cultural phenomenon. The novel portrayed Harlem as a bustling center of intellectualism, cultural richness, political activism and unbridled sexuality. It popularized the Harlem Renaissance and made the neighborhood that birthed it a hotspot for white voyeurs like Van Vechten. Some even credit the novel for making the great Harlem cabarets, like the Cotton Club, famous.

But *Nigger Heaven* also split the black intellectual and activist community. Literati Langston Hughes, Wallace Thurman and Nella Larsen championed the novel. Meanwhile, historian and political activist W.E.B. DuBois and scholar Alain Leroy Locke disavowed it. DuBois disparaged *Nigger Heaven* “an affront

**FIGHTING RACISM AT HOME AND ABROAD** | Van Vechten’s 1941 portrait of boxing champion Joe Louis highlights the essence of an American hero. Photo by Carl Van Vechten

**ART CITY**

**IOWA CITY CARNAVAL PARADE**

**Downtown Iowa City—June 7, 3 p.m. (Free)**

Last year marked the first Iowa City Carnaval, and organizer and UI theater arts associate professor Loyce Arthur has decided to make it an annual event. The parade falls outside of the traditional pre-Lenten timeframe but is otherwise a vivid slice of Afro-Caribbean color, music and dance. Local Carnavalists have created elaborate costumes and displays for the event. For more information on dancing and marching in the Carnaval parade, visit facebook.com/IowaCityCarnaval.

—Adam Burke

**FROM MONTAUK TO MOBO OPENING**

**B Gallery—June 6, 5-8 p.m. (Free)**

Drawings by Phillip Ochs explore architecture and landscape on handmade paper. The compositions starkly depict Midwest landscapes, particularly homes and gardens, through simple color lines. B Gallery is in the Hall Mall (114 1/2 E. College St.).
to the hospitality of black folk and to the intel-
ligence of whites.” While the NAACP came out against the novel, the National Urban League lauded it.

In 1932, Van Vechten’s artistic interests turned to photography when Miguel Covarrubias, a Mexican painter, caricaturist, ethnologist and art historian, introduced Van Vechten to the 35mm Leica camera. By the following year, Van Vechten was taking portraits of his friends and associates, an elite clique made up of great American icons such as Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald and George Gershwin.

The significance of Carl Van Vechten’s photographic work lies in the fact that this wealthy, well-educated and well-traveled Cedar Rapids-born New York socialite came of age during the Jazz Age, characterized equally by America’s progressive politics and by Jim Crow racism. The portraits he created are a document of the figures who shaped the culture and politics of America during this era.

In addition to his writing on Harlem’s cultural significance, Van Vechten also photographed many African-American icons of the early 20th century such as writer Langston Hughes, boxing champion Joe Louis, opera singer Marian Anderson (photographed at the time the Daughters of the American Revolution banned her from singing in Washington, D.C.) and a very young Lena Horne.

Though he is best known as a chronicler of the Harlem Renaissance, Van Vechten hardly stuck to black subjects. His retrospective at the CRMA also includes portraits of stars as many barely remember them. A very young Orson Welles is seen here, photographed before his radio fame let alone his screen glory. Jimmy Stewart and Laurence Olivier also look younger than most recall them. Salvador Dali is hamming it up for the camera. Henri Matisse and Georgia O’Keeffe pose with icons of their art. F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edna St. Vincent Millay are both frozen in ponderous moments. George Gershwin, Tallulah Bankhead, Marlon Brando, Grace Moor, Aaron Copland, Cesar Romero, Lillian Gish and George Cohan round out the exhibition.

In 1946, Van Vechten gave a collection of 153 photos in his body of work to the Cedar Rapids Community School District. Another 29 were given posthumously in 1996. The rest of his papers and photographs are in collections at Yale University, Fisk University, The Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute and the Museum of the City of New York. The works donated to the CRMA for this exhibit reflect Van Vechten’s commitment to raising interest in the arts.

“[He] wanted his photos to teach and to inspire children. You have to understand that these subjects were the ultimate pop stars of their day. People knew them through movies, radio and magazines—the media of the day,” explained CRMA Director Sean Ulmer. “These were all famous people who knew they were going to have their portrait taken, so they were projecting an image to the care of another artist whom they trusted. I think they speak very articulately across many decades,” Ulmer concludes.

All photographs are black-and-white gelatin silver prints, about 10 inches by 13 inches framed. Most are shot off center with considerable shadow for effect.

Jimm Duncan is a badly failed painter who has been writing about more successful artists in Des Moines Cityview, Pointblank, The Iowan, IA, DSM and iowaartists@blogspot.com for 20 years.

Summer films have easily identifiable trends, and recently the trend has been a potentially pernicious (but sometimes enjoyable) kind of technological fetishism operating at all levels: Characters in films meld with machines while we the audience gaze in awe at the increasingly intricate, computer-generated machines and their orgies of destruction.

These action films often come wrapped in self-conscious, adolescent wish-fulfillment: “I know very well I’m a big dumb movie,” Pacific Rim and Transformers say, “but that’s the whole point, so it’s okay.” Sometimes all this winking cynicism makes me long for the days when gleeful pulpiness, giant robots, poor dialogue, wanton destruction and karate were the provenance not of $200 million productions, but of films like Robot Jox (1990).

Robot Jox is a low-budget film of a different era, written by legendary science fiction author and Iowa Writers’ Workshop grad Joe Haldeman (The Forever War, 1974) and directed by almost-legendary cult director Stuart Gordon (Re-Animator, 1985). Its subject matter would be very much at home in today’s big-budget market: In a post-apocalyptic, dystopian world, the Market (i.e., NATO) and the Confederation (i.e., the USSR) settle disputes for territory not through the covert waging of war, but through a spectator sport in which two mechs fight each other. Think The Hunger Games (2012) with giant robots.

HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE
Will the top jocks fall to the new generation of genetically engineered tubies?

Illness is never convenient. But UI QuickCare is.

TALKING MOVIES

WATCH THIS INSTEAD: ROBOT JOX

The earnestness of 1990 cult hit Robot Jox shines bright in a world filled with inflated Michael Bay-esque adventures. • BY PAT BROWN

NOW SHOWING

Godzilla
Directed by Ishiro Honda
FilmScene—June 6-12
Although Toho Studios’ Godzilla (or Gojira, the Japanese name) franchise quickly became fun kitsch, the original is a different kind of film, an overt condensation of postwar Japanese anxieties—including (perhaps unnecessarily) actors with the pedigree of a Shimura Takeshi (Seventh Samurai). As one of the original sci-fi orgies of destruction, it’s still capable of taking its subject matter seriously.

Jurassic Park
Directed by Stephen Spielberg
Backpocket Brewery Beer Garden—June 12 at sunset
Backpocket is screening Stephen Spielberg’s 1993 classic as part of its “Movies on the Beer Garden” series. Movies are projected—you guessed it—in the garden, where patrons can order pizza and beer. Local beer and the best monster movie ever made? My guess is that they’ll be, uh, flocking this way.
The mechs are piloted by revered military-sports heroes—the eponymous “robot jox”—and the film begins as the Market and the Confederation vie for control of Alaska. Achilles (Gary Graham), the top jock, must soon leave the game in disgrace, ceding his place to a young generation of “tubies,” humans genetically engineered specifically to pilot mechs.

The pulp sci-fi story is matched by brash dialogue, broad characterizations, awkwardly mediocre acting and evident disregard for (dubiously accomplished) realism in anything but its giant robots. Again, here it is of a kind with today’s summer flicks: The aesthetics of its future-technology and the institution of “robot jox” resemble (probably not uncoincidentally) those of Pacific Rim. The care with which it films the functioning of the mechs as they move, attack and change form—allowing for budgetary and technological differences—is not unlike a Michael Bay movie. Today’s big films dress up the content of yesterday’s low-budget flops and forgotten straight-to-video actioners in flashy new garb, selling you on “realistic,” outlandish effects and dialogue that “knows it’s bad.” The goal here, arguably, is getting the audience enraptured in technological spectacle, even while it knows it’s being duped.

Still, Robot Jox stands apart from these movies because of a rather subtle difference in its sensibility: There’s an admirable earnestness that is entirely lacking from today’s inflated pulp adventures. It’s still self-conscious to some degree, inasmuch as it doesn’t fully expect to fool you. For example, when robot jock Tex (Michael Alldredge) exaggeratedly drawls, “you ain’t usin’ ma DNA to make no tubies!” you’re not supposed to believe in him as a character.

The earnestness of Robot Jox does not quite reside in its characterization—it’s delineation of an inhabitable world—but rather in its wholehearted embrace (as opposed to a cynical exploitation) of the idea that nuance and full-bodied characters are not necessary components of a good pulp story. The conflict between Achilles and his Confederation opponent Alexander, for example, isn’t deeply expounded upon because the point is the conflict itself: watching two absurdly macho men physically, cartoonishly exhaust themselves trying to destroy each other. That the point is the fight itself rather than dramatic or metaphorical meaning doesn’t take the form of a clever joke shared with the audience, but is simply the way the scene works. When set against today’s destructive mechs, monsters and robots, Robot Jox illustrates that there’s a difference between knowing one’s genre conventions and using them cynically to mesmerize audiences.

What we have in Robot Jox is a movie that doesn’t try to have its cake and eat it too (like Pacific Rim) or turn its cake into a Master’s thesis on existentialism (like The Edge of Tomorrow), but just cake. And if its characters are the same sort of technological fetishists and (literally) jocks who populate today’s blockbusters, at least the audience itself is never caught up in being mesmerized by technological illusionism—the mechs are quite unconvincing, even if the fights are surprisingly well-directed. This is one of the truly good bad movies.

For an enjoyable, even humorous time involving man-machines and PG-13 gore, I’d recommend watching Robot Jox instead of this summer’s expensive and expansive crop. And the best part about Robot Jox? At 84 minutes, it’s about an hour shorter than today’s plodding blockbusters.

Pat Brown also recommends Stuart Gordon’s Christopher Lambert-starring Fortress (1992) for more B-grade awesomeness.
It was not a swirly day in Swirly world. The swirls that the Fuzzballs took really removed much happiness. The People of Swirly World sent a message to the Fuzzball people telling them how upset they were. The Fuzzballs were really scared and even Robby started to freak out. Fuzzball decided to build a machine on Minecraft World to give to the Swirly people to make things better.

Minecraft World was created when the Fuzzies replaced the lost waves with Swirls. This caused a chain reaction and turned their beloved Wavy World into a beautiful new place they called Minecraft World. They could build anything and everything was 3 dimensional and squarish.

Fuzzball started building the machine, GET SWIRLY 5000. They went through the mines to find silver. While looking for the silver, they ran into the perfect source of gold which was much better than silver. Fuzzball and Robby took their pickaxes and smashed as much gold as they could to bring back. They used the gold to finish up building the ultimate GS5000. Fuzzball finished the machine and then headed back to Swirly World to give the upset people of Swirly World the machine. They all rejoiced in happiness because now they can make as many swirls as they wanted to. The Swirlies and the Fuzzballs decided to throw a huge party to celebrate. They all brought avocadoes, carrots, and pineapples to make the best frozen fruit smoothies. Also, they wanted to make the Minecraft World’s favorite, Blue Raspberry slushie. While this party was happening, a mysterious UFO appeared. It was not the Fuzzy people’s or Swirly People’s. They all thought it was the dangerous crab people and it was! The Fuzzzies and Swirlies pulled out their golden swords as the UFO landed and waged a furious war. The saddest part was that there was only one Crab Person and he wanted to just eat some food. The Fuzzies and Swirlies instantly killed him and then had a bunch of crab meat for dinner. The Fuzzies and Swirlies from this point on created this day as a holiday and named it FuzzSwirl day, where they all gather and celebrate by eating their favorite foods and killing a Crab Person. The Fuzzball Family went back to Minecraft World and no live happily with a solid friendship with the Swirly People.

—Madilyn, Horace Mann Elementary.
13TH ANNIVERSARY BIKE RIDE
JUNE 21, 2014

11AM: COLLEGE GREEN PARK
12PM: RED’S ALEHOUSE (N. LIBERTY)
3PM: BACKPOCKET BREWING CO. (CORALVILLE)
6PM: GEORGE’S BUFFET
75TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

$25/RIDER INCLUDES:
- FOOD AT EVERY STOP
- $10 DONATION TO MYEP
  (MAYOR’S YOUTH EMPOWERMENT PROGRAM)

More information at littlevillagemag.com/13years
HOLY WAVE w. Rusty Buckets, Maiden Mars  Trumpet
Blossom Cafe, $5, 9 pm

FRI. JUNE 6, 2014
Salsa Night  Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon, $5, 10 pm
First Friday Jazz Series  Orchestra iowa, $12, 5 pm
Danika Holmes  Cedar Ridge Vineyards, Free, 6 pm
David Zollo & The Body Electric  Fireside Winery, 7 pm
Shyster Diamond  Jo Casino, Free, 8 pm
Two Bit Maniac  Mendoza Wine and Music, $3, 8 pm
Justin Morressy  11th Street Precinct Bar & Grill, Cover, 9 pm
Jessica Egli, Rai Dioactive, Alex Flesher  High Ground Cafe, Free, 8 pm

SAT. JUNE 7, 2014
Iowa City Community String Orchestra  Englert Theatre, Free, 10 am
Beginning Group Guitar  West Music Marion, $60, 11 am
Iowa City Community String Orchestra  Englert Theatre, Free, 12 pm
Uke Can Do It!  West Music Coralville, $40, 12 pm
Irish Sessions  Uptown Bill’s, Free, 4 pm
BrewBQ & The Blues  Millstream Brewery, Free, 5 pm
Bill Hook and Jim Kasper  Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 pm
Beaker Brothers  Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Cover, 8 pm
Jalan Crossland  Cafe Paradiso, Cover, 8 pm
Transit Authority  Elkader Opera House, $10-$20, 8 pm
Free Fallin’ (Tribute to Tom Petty)  Diamond Jo Casino, Free, 8 pm
Grace Duo  Mendoza Wine and Music , $3, 8 pm
Cosmic  11th Street Precinct Bar & Grill, Cover, 9 pm
Andy Carlson & Casey Cook w. the Iowa City Acoustic

MUSIC

ONGOING:
MONDAYS: Open Mic with J. Knight  The Mill, Free, 8 pm
TUESDAYS: Blues Jam  Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 pm
Lower Deck Dance Party  Iowa City Yacht Club, $2, 10 pm
WEDNESDAYS: Open Mic at Cafe Paradiso  Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 pm
BSP’s Open Jam Wednesdays  Brady Street Pub, Free, 9 pm
Karaoke with Emerald Johnson  11th Street Precinct Bar & Grill, Free, 9 pm
Free Jam Session & Mug Night  Iowa City Yacht Club, Free, 10 pm
THURSDAYS: Daddy-O  Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 pm
Open Mic  Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 pm
Soulshake  Gabe’s, Free, 10 pm
Mixology  Gabe’s, $2, 10 pm
SATURDAYS: Karaoke  Checkers Tavern, Free, 9 pm

WED. JUNE 4, 2014
Spiritual Drum Circle  Journey Church, Donation, 5 pm
The Old 57’s  Rusty Nail, Free, 6 pm
Smith Studio Jazz Concert  El Dorado Mexican Restaurant, Free, 7 pm
Murder Junkies  Gabe’s, $10, 10 pm

THU. JUNE 5, 2014
Lynne Hart w. Richard Wager & Pat Smith  Clinton Street Social Club, Free, 8 pm
Dueling Pianos  Diamond Jo Casino, Free, 8 pm

ABOUT THE CALENDAR

THE LITTLE VILLAGE CALENDAR serves hundreds of area venues and reaches 150,000 readers per month. Listings are published free of charge at littlevillagemag.com/calendar, on the free calendar app Best of I.C. (iOS, Android) and in Little Village Magazine (on a space-available basis).

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Electronic music today is often equated with dubstep, a subgenre that has exploded into the American consciousness in a way that no one could have imagined. But electronic music is so much more than dubstep’s drops and wobbly bass notes. The Producer’s Showcase series has been highlighting electronic music’s diversity, and the fourth and final show will be the cherry on what has been an all-around excellent musical experience.

Headlining the night will be Strategy. Hailing from Portland, DJ Paul Dickow’s music is predictable in its unpredictably. His live sets range from dub and techno, to acid house, to experimental and ambient. The diversity of his music is also represented in his discography: He has appeared on a range of labels like 100% Silk, Endless Flight and Kranky. And while his music takes a bit from everywhere, his sound is definitely oriented towards the dance floor.

Coming into town with Strategy is Dreamlogicc, an Oakland-based producer who utilizes a live set-up of synthesizers, drum machines, sequencers and keyboards to move the crowd. Given that he did much of his early work in Chicago, his sound focuses largely on the lower end of the frequency range and recalls music like deep house and footwork that came out of that city’s electronic scene.

Also pulling from the Chicago template is m50. When he is not DJing at WNUR in Chicago—one of the best alternative stations in the U.S.—m50 is travelling the globe, spinning sets that merge Chicago house and acid with bass and a darker streak. Owner of the boutique label Kimochi Sound, m50 likes to explore the outer, futuristic reaches of the electronic music landscape. If his previous sets are any indication, Iowa City will be in for a special set that will take listeners forward while still being rooted in classic Chicago and Detroit electronic sounds.

Local duo, Giant Question Mark, will also be playing. Their live sets are excellent, offering a mix of skillfully executed dance music with many left-field elements. Also on the bill are Sky Fauna, an artist that explores all realms of electronic music, and Arbiter, a DJ whose old KRUI show was routine listening for me on Saturday nights.—A.C. Hawley
When I first saw the lineup for this show, I was slightly confused. Stagnant Pools is a druggy, shoegaze-influenced pop band, which is the antithesis of what I remembered Clap Your Hands Say Yeah to be—a poppy outfit in the vein of The Shins. Over time, CYHSY have taken on the darker elements of post-punk while still highlighting the lyrics and vision of band leader Alec Ounsworth. Nine years out from that cheery—and overhyped—first album, their pairing with Stagnant Pools’ Enas brothers makes a bit more sense and will make for an entertaining show. —AH

Hate missing shows? Of course you do. Sign up for the Weekender and get weekly email updates. Email weekender@littlevillagemag.com.
Dear Wayne,

Do you have any tips for quick weeknight meals? Things get so hectic with my kids’ constant soccer practices, dance recitals, doctor appointments and god knows what else that preparing and eating a healthy dinner in a timely fashion is nearly impossible.

Thanks in advance!
Barb

Dear Barb,

When I’m in a pinch, my go-to healthy meal for the kids is straight-up Helper. No hamburger, no chicken, no tuna bullshit, just the Helper in a pan of boiling water. I might do some instant potatoes if time allows. For you health-nuts out there you can also grind up a handful of Flintstones Vitamins and throw it in with the slop. Don’t get me wrong; this stuff tastes like whatever they put in car batteries, but I’m sure the good folks at Betty Crocker and General Mills are only dehydrating and powdering the finest ingredients and preservatives for the consumer public.

Bon appetit!
Barb

Dear Barb,

When I’m in a pinch, my go-to healthy meal for the kids is straight-up Helper. No hamburger, no chicken, no tuna bullshit, just the Helper in a pan of boiling water. I might do some instant potatoes if time allows. For you health-nuts out there you can also grind up a handful of Flintstones Vitamins and throw it in with the slop. Don’t get me wrong; this stuff tastes like whatever they put in car batteries, but I’m sure the good folks at Betty Crocker and General Mills are only dehydrating and powdering the finest ingredients and preservatives for the consumer public.

Bon appetit!
Barb

Dear Linus,

I’m starting a flute band and we need a good, make-that-great name. Any ideas?

Sincerely,
Linus

Dear Linus,

Not a problem, I’m full of excellent band names. You and your band of windy troubadours shall henceforth be known as “King Henry VIII and the Tooter Dynasty.”

You’re welcome,
Wayne

Dear Wade,

Don’t be so glum chum, there are lots of great gifts out there! My family scraped together the enrollment fee for an online law-enforcement certification class and a coupon for a Dilly Bar at Dairy Queen. I’ve got to tell you, I’m excited about becoming a cop! There are a ton of sh!tballs I know who are going to get bumped up to the top of my “to do” list. That’s right, I’m talking about you, Cody. You better get that piece of shit Pontiac off the street in front of my house, because there’s a new sheriff in town, asshole. I’ma make it rain with all sorts of misdemeanors and tickets up in this bitch!

Legally,
Wayne
Temper the bitterness with a quiet smile, for nothing on this earth is ever entirely sweet. Horace, Odes II.16

Quiet Smiles May 16 – June 22, 2014

For a full listing of events and programs, visit grinnell.edu/faulconergallery or call 641.269.4660

Mary Cassatt, Two Little Girls Playing in a Sandbox, c.1880. Soft-ground transfer pencil drawing on paper, 7.75 x 6 in.
The Price | Old Creamery Theatre—May 29-June 15 ($9-$28)

In the aftermath of a parent’s death, one of the most daunting tasks for surviving children is dealing with the deceased’s earthly possessions. Conflict can escalate between siblings when sorting out beloved family heirlooms, and in Arthur Miller’s *The Price*, old tensions surface when the main characters reunite after their father’s death.

Victor and Walter Franz are estranged brothers who chose opposite paths in life. Victor gave up higher education to care for their destitute father, while Walter pursued a lucrative career as a surgeon. After their father’s death, Walter returns just as Victor is arranging to sell their father’s furniture. Together for the first time in 16 years, the brothers struggle with their relationship and societal expectations of success, as secrets about their father come to light.

A continuation of themes previously explored in *Death of a Salesman*, the original 1968 Broadway production of *The Price* premiered to mixed reviews from critics who felt the need to compare it to Miller’s seminal work. That didn’t stop it from running for 429 performances and garnering a Tony nomination for best play. Three years later, NBC adapted the play for TV, a production that earned George C. Scott an Emmy nomination for his portrayal of Victor.

Compared to Miller’s more famous works, *The Price* is rarely performed today. Take advantage of the opportunity to see a lesser-known work of one of the best American playwrights that is raw in its examination of siblings who are forced to size each other up. —Jorie Slodki
Savage Love

MAKE THE CALL

In this edition of Savage Love, overreacting could make for phonys and hypocrites. BY DAN SAVAGE

I’ve got a question I doubt you’ve ever gotten before. It has a bit of everything: sex-work etiquette, long-distance phone interaction and a het cis chick anxious not to lose her tolerance badge. Here it goes: A few months ago, I started getting hang-up calls from numbers I didn’t recognize in Boston. Then weird texts started showing up, trying to set up “dates.” I responded to the first few because I figured someone was giving out a fake number that just happened to be mine. (I kept my cell phone when I moved from Boston to Seattle.) But after the fourth or fifth call/text from a different unknown number, I turned to the internet. Google informed me that my phone number is identical, except for area code, to a trans escort working in Boston. Then weird texts started showing up, trying to set up “dates.” I responded to the first few because I figured someone was giving out a fake number that just happened to be mine. (I kept my cell phone when I moved from Boston to Seattle.) But after the fourth or fifth call/text from a different unknown number, I turned to the internet. Google informed me that my phone number is identical, except for area code, to a trans escort working in Boston. I’m getting one or two calls or texts per week meant for this other woman. They’ve started to get more explicit. Because of the time difference, they come at weird hours. I don’t know what I should do.

I can ask my phone company to block each number individually, but that’s a pain in the ass. I can text the correct area code to the men who are writing to me looking for the trans escort, but I don’t really want to help people too stupid to read a phone number correctly. I suppose I could report the whole thing to the Boston police, but I doubt they’d care, and I don’t have any moral objections to sex work, I just don’t want people to call/text me asking for it. Aside from changing my phone number, which has been my sole number for almost eight years, anything else you can suggest?

—Stupid Phone And Messages

You claim to have no moral objections to sex work, and you say you’re a tolerant person. But you’re thinking of siccing the police on a trans sex worker—and for what? One or two calls or texts per week. As pains in the ass go, SPAM, that sounds like a pretty piddling one.

You know what constitutes a major pain in the ass for a sex worker? Being harassed by the police and swept up in the criminal-justice system. You’re right, the police are unlikely to drop everything to solve your problem. But you shouldn’t call the cops on this woman regardless, SPAM. If your call was answered by a lazy cop who would rather hassle trans sex workers than go after criminals who are actually hurting people, this woman—a woman...
who hasn’t really harmed you in any way—could wind up getting badly hurt. The criminal-justice system is rough on sex workers generally, SPAM, and it’s absolutely brutal to trans women who do sex work.

Here’s another idea, SPAM, and a better one: Call the trans escort and have a conversation with her. You’ve got her phone number. As distressed as you are to receive these calls and texts—and, again, one or two a week doesn’t seem like that big of a deal—that sex worker will probably be more distressed to learn that she’s losing so many potential (and numerically illiterate) clients. I have known and loved a few sex workers—loved in a strictly platonic sense—and most would change their professional phone numbers regularly to rid themselves of time-wasters and clients they didn’t want to see again. The sex worker whose calls you’re getting may be willing to change her number, SPAM.

The best way to demonstrate that you don’t have a moral objection to sex work is to assume sex workers are reasonable human beings and treat them accordingly. Because sex workers are human beings, SPAM, and most human beings are perfectly reasonable. If we were talking about a Fox News personality, my advice might be different—but we’re not talking about a Fox News personality, are we?

"I am a 43-year-old female who’s in a six-month relationship with a 26-year-old male. At first it was a FWB arrangement, but after about two months we decided to be exclusive. We explore many things that he wasn’t able to explore with younger women. But he does not orgasm from vaginal or anal sex. He comes only if he masturbates. He says he has reached orgasm only once during vaginal. He agreed to stop masturbating to see if that would help. No change. I suggested a urologist, but he’s a college student with no insurance. Please help me to help him. It’s not a big issue, but he’s going to need to be able to do this when he gets married and wants to start a family.

—He Can’t Come"

He can so come—he just needs to crank himself over the edge using his fist. Needing his own fist to finish may be the result of deathgrip masturbation techniques, and he could retrain his dick with some time and effort. But it’s not fair to say that “he can’t come.” He can and he does. If a woman can’t come from vaginal intercourse alone, which 75 percent of women can’t, but can come during oral sex or when mixing fingers or a vibrator into vaginal intercourse, we don’t say, “She can’t come.” We say, “This is what she needs to come.”

This is what he needs to come. Maybe that will change with time, experience and some effort to mix up his masturbatory routine (get that boy a Fleshlight), but it’s possible that this is how his dick works. Women who need oral or a vibrator to climax shouldn’t be made to feel bad or be told they’re somehow damaged, HCC, and guys who need a little jack at the end shouldn’t be treated like they’re damaged either. His dick works.

And when it comes time to have kids, he fucks her wife until she’s satisfied, pulls out, jacks himself past the point of no return (aka “orgasmic inevitability”), shoves his dick back in, and blows his load all over her egg(s). No problem.

Contact: savagelovecast.com. mail@savagelove.net @fakedansavage on Twitter.

READ THE FULL SAVAGE LOVE COLUMN EVERY WEDNESDAY AT LITTLEVILLAGEMAG.COM

LIT TERATURE

THU. JUNE 5, 2014
Bridges to Contemplative Living with Thomas Merton
Prairiewoods, $5, 6 pm

THU. JUNE 5, 2014
Bridges to Contemplative Living with Thomas Merton
Prairiewoods, $5, 6 pm

FRI. JUNE 6, 2014
Mark Leibovich Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

FRI. JUNE 6, 2014
Mark Leibovich Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

SAT. JUNE 7, 2014
Jam Session Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 pm

SAT. JUNE 7, 2014
Jam Session Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 pm

MON. JUNE 9, 2014
Leah Eskin Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

MON. JUNE 9, 2014
Leah Eskin Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

TUE. JUNE 10, 2014
Walter Bargon Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

TUE. JUNE 10, 2014
Walter Bargon Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

WED. JUNE 11, 2014
Anne Germanacos Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

FRI. JUNE 13, 2014
Jeffery Renard Allen Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

SAT. JUNE 14, 2014
Jam Session Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 pm
University Club Writer’s Group Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 2 pm
Ladd Library Book Club Cedar Rapids Public Library-Ladd Library, Free, 3 pm

SUN. JUNE 15, 2014
Iowa City Poetry Public Space ONE, Free, 5 pm

MON. JUNE 16, 2014
Jonathan Blum Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

TUE. JUNE 17, 2014
Erik Therme Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 pm

For full listings go to littlevillagemag.com/calendar.
I’ve noticed sometimes colors look different when I alternate eyes. It’s easiest to perceive when looking at something that’s soft white. When I close my right eye, the white has a bluish tint to it; when I close my left eye, it has a reddish tint. Is there a name for this? Is this normal, am I insane, or do I have some special kind of vision? It’s been like this since I was a kid. —drewtwo99, via the Straight Dope Message Board

Hard to say what’s going on—the medical literature is pretty thin. But my guess is there’s a researcher or two who’d love to get a look at your eyes. Here’s what we know:

1. The closest I can find to a name for what you describe is unilateral color blindness, a condition in which one eye has normal color vision and the other doesn’t. I’m far from certain that’s what you’ve got. Those with UCB tend to think one eye is bad and the other good, not that both eyes skew equally to opposite ends of the spectrum. You might take one of those online color vision exams, testing one eye at a time, and report back. Pending further insight on that score, we’ll call your condition differential color vision.

2. UCB is generally described as rare. DCV may not be. Whenever someone posts online saying they’ve got it, dozens of others chime in to say “me too.”

3. There are several well-established reasons for a difference in color perception between eyes. The first involves defects of the cornea or lens. One of the first symptoms of cataract—an opacity in the lens—is that objects become blurry and have a yellow-brown tint.

4. With age, the lens commonly hardens and becomes denser, causing it to scatter blue and violet light. This will make purple objects appear redder to older people, and blues will appear less vibrant. But the effect is usually the same for both eyes, and you say this is something you’ve noticed since childhood. So that probably isn’t what you’ve got.

5. Another thing that may contribute to a difference in color perception is an artificial lens,
or no lens at all. I’m assuming this doesn’t apply to you, Drew; I mention it because it’s interesting. The lens normally helps filter ultraviolet light; once it’s gone, or replaced with a non-filtering artificial lens, you can see UV light, which is perceived as whitish blue or violet. A famous example is the French Impressionist painter Claude Monet. Monet suffered from cataracts late in life and to remedy this had the lens in his right eye removed in 1923. The effect on his vision, it’s claimed, can be seen in the series of paintings he produced from 1922 to 1924 known as The House Seen from the Rose Garden. The first works in the series feature warm colors, such as reds, browns, and yellows; those completed after the operation, though depicting the same scene, are dominated by blue and violet.

6. Another reason for a difference in color perception is disease-caused damage to one of the optic nerves. One of the diagnostic rules of thumb taught to medical students is that color vision anomalies affecting just one eye are “acquired color vision defects,” which generally are a sign of disease or some other condition picked up after birth. In contrast, garden-variety color blindness, which affects both eyes equally, is usually congenital. The importance of this distinction is that acquired color vision defects likely indicate a problem requiring treatment, whereas congenital defects don’t.

7. But there are exceptions, which brings us back to unilateral color blindness. A number of research papers appearing in the 1940s through the 1970s called attention to cases of congenital (that is, inherited) color blindness affecting one eye only. In unilateral deuteranopia, for instance, one eye lacks all or most of the cones that perceive green, sharply limiting the number of colors that can be distinguished, while the other eye is normal. But the affected eye can be easily identified—it’s the one that can’t see reds and greens (the paler shades anyway). That doesn’t describe you.

In sum, we haven’t a clue. Clearly this is a promising field of study for an enterprising grad student. We await further reports.

—CECIL ADAMS
Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 350 N. Orleans, Chicago 60654.
COMMUNITY (cont)

WED. JUNE 11, 2014
Iowa City Open Coffee Iowa City Area Development Group, Free, 8 am

THU. JUNE 12, 2014
Workplace (R)evolution 2014 DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Cedar Rapids Convention Complex, $50-$100, 7 am
Local Government Affairs Iowa City Area Chamber of Commerce, Free, 7 am
Men’s Prayer Group: Getting Perspective on Life Prairiewoods, Free, 7 pm

FRI. JUNE 13, 2014
New Bo Open Coffee Club Brewed Cafe, Free, 8 am

SAT. JUNE 14, 2014
Color Vibe 5k Green Square Park, $40-$50, 9 am

TUE. JUNE 17, 2014
Better Choices, Better Health Sycamore Health Center, Free, 9 am
For full listings go to littlevillagemag.com/calendar.

KIDS

ONGOING
MONDAYS: Toddler Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am
Play & Learn at Ladd Library Cedar Rapids Public Library-Ladd Library, Free, 10 am
TUESDAYS: Play & Learn at the Downtown Library Cedar Rapids Public Library-Downtown, Free, 6 pm
Tweens on Tuesday Iowa City Public Library, Free, 2 pm
WEDNESDAYS: Preschool Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am
THURSDAYS: Preschool Storytime Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10 am
Story Time at Ladd Library Cedar Rapids Public Library-Ladd Library, Free, 10 am
FRIDAYS: Play & Learn at the Downtown Library Cedar Rapids Public Library-Downtown, Free, 6 pm

Curses, Foiled Again

Police charged Shanwaz Khan, 30, with being the brains behind a car-theft ring in Birmingham, England, after he attracted their attention by driving a $90,000 Audi with the personalized license plates “S2OLUN” (stolen). “This was a clear jibe at the authorities,” Detective Constable Mo Azir said after investigators who noticed his car traced it to a group of high-end thefts and subsequently linked Khan to more than 80 car thefts and car jackings. “The joke is on him now, though, as he starts a long prison term.” (Britain’s Daily Mail)

A clerk thwarted a robbery at a gas station in Ann Arbor, Mich., after a man hopped over the counter with a weapon in hand. The clerk flipped the man, who was knocked unconscious when his head hit the floor. The clerk fled to his car and called police. Meanwhile, the robber’s accomplice tried to awaken him but couldn’t and grabbed cash from the register. She dropped most of the money while fleeing but couldn’t and grabbed cash from the register. She dropped most of the money while fleeing but couldn’t and grabbed cash from the register. She dropped most of the money while fleeing but couldn’t and grabbed cash from the register.

Egypt’s Al-Tahrir TV claimed to have proof that the United States conspired to cause the so-called Arab Spring revolutions: a 2001 episode of “The Simpsons.” The news anchor introduced footage that “shows animated figures dancing, flying airplanes and dropping bombs on what must be Syria, because there are other animated figures below in Arab garb.” She then claimed that a flag painted on the side of a jeep was the Syrian opposition flag, proving that the war in Syria is part of a global American conspiracy, because in 2001 “there was no such thing as the flag of the Syrian opposition.” The anchor emphasized, “The flag was created before the events took place.” (Israel’s Arutz Sheva)

Silver Lining

Oil spills aren’t all bad, according to a proposal by Kinder Morgan to triple the capacity of its pipeline from Alberta to Burnaby, British Columbia. “Spill response and cleanup creates business and employment opportunities for affected communities, regions and cleanup-service providers,” the energy company pointed out in its 15,000-page submission to Canada’s National Energy Board. Kennedy Stewart, who represents Burnaby in Parliament, said proposing that a spill would actually benefit the local economy “takes the cake.” (The Vancouver Sun)

Problem Solved

Chinese authorities set up two giant water cannons to fight air pollution in Lanzhou, the capital of Gansu province. The long-range sprayers shoot a fine mist of tap water 2,000 feet into the air, where, it will “stick to the dust and form larger particles and fall back down to the surface under gravity,” according to Martyn Chipperfield, professor of atmospheric chemistry at the University of Leeds. He explained that although the falling mixture would reduce pollution, it could also cover people with mud. (Britain’s Daily Mail)

Spicy Lit

The Chipotle restaurant chain began featuring original stories by Toni Morrison, Michael Lewis, Malcolm Gladwell and Jonathan Safran Foer on its bags and drink cups. Foer, the vegetarian author of “Eating Animals,”...
proposed the idea to Chipotle’s CEO, Steve Ellis, who put him in charge of the project. “What interested me is 800,000 Americans of extremely diverse backgrounds having access to good writing,” Foer said, pointing out, “I wouldn’t have done it if it was for another company, like a McDonald’s.” (Vanity Fair)

**First Things First**

Yale University basketball player Brandon Sherrod left the team to join Yale’s a cappella glee club, the Whiffenpoofs. The group, formed in 1909, comprises 14 rising seniors who take a year off school to travel the world and perform. The 6-foot-6 Sherrod averaged 6.8 points and 4.3 rebounds with the Bulldogs, who finished this past season 19-14 and are expected to challenge Harvard for the Ivy League title next season. “This is supposed to be the year, and you want to play with your guys,” Sherrod said, “but the Whiffenpoofs is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.” (Associated Press)
with its audience. These communities, which are typically built through extensive touring, allow bands like Eufórquestra to eschew traditional artist-label relationships for more direct, fan-to-artist connections.

The pinnacle of this relationship for Eufórquestra came with the success of their Kickstarter.com campaign, which raised money for their fifth album and most recent album, *Fire*. By crowdsourcing funds, the band was able to get right into the studio with producer Kyle Hollingsworth of The String Cheese Incident.

When Eufórquestra moved from Iowa City to Ft. Collins, Co., that period seemed to mark a change in the band’s songwriting from the more sprawling, jazzy, world-beat instrumentals of the first two albums, to a more focused style with an emphasis on vocals and lyrics that began with their 2009 album, *Soup*. *Fire* continues this direction but ups the ante by bringing in some guests. Hollingsworth joins Eufórquestra on keyboards, propelling the greasy instrumental “Instant Coffee” with his Hammond B3 skills. Kim Dawson of The Motets contributes vocals to “Take Me Dancing,” a classic disco funk with scribbly, funkadelic-style analog synths. Later, Gabriel Mervine brings some hot trumpet to a second line march in “Momo Lolo,” and Elliot Martin of John Brown’s Body sings on the reggae track “Solutions.”

My favorite track on the album is the Cisco Kid, groove-lifting “64-18” (likely a reference to Colorado Amendment 64, Article 18 legalizing personal use of cannabis)—a dirty, head-bobbing funk groove that stands up like a faded high.

Bringing Hollingsworth on to helm the sessions for *Fire* appears to have resulted in the most consistently funky and loose Eufórquestra release to date.

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**BONNE FINKEN**

*Fairytales/Love Affairs*

bonnefinken.com

I have an ambivalent relationship with commercial pop. I got my first transistor radio in 1966, when we lived in San Jose, Calif., so my seminal experience of pop music was at the moment when Motown, The Beatles and psychedelic rock collided. The mainstream was a lot less calculated and more varied than what you hear on the corporate Clear Channel radio.

“**My Heart,” brings the epic pop of Kate Bush to mind, combining timpani, strings, a choir and an analog drum machine into a science fiction symphonic bombast.**

Bonne Finken’s *Fairytales/Love Affairs* is definitely of the mainstream. You’ll hear the same combination of post-Nine Inch Nails electronica and sing-along hooks that animate the music of Katy Perry, Miley Cyrus and Lady Gaga. The difference between those artists and Finken is one of musical substance. Finken beats them hands down on vocal chops: she has the range and control of vocal timbre that they can only dream of, and it’s real, not autotune.

Finken’s lyrics don’t try to shock or titillate. There’s nothing trite about them—it’s her delivery that makes them work. The words “My world was filled with stars” don’t mean that much on the page, but when Finken sings them on “Magic,” soaring over a crunchy beat and raw synth bass, it works. And her wordless melody fills the songs out better than any clever verbiage could.

Finken puts a lot into her melodies as well. “Say You Do” twists and turns sinuously, and at the end of the chorus a half dozen overdubbed Finkens intertwine. As it’s written, “trees and forests blur in adaptation” is probably the least successful lyric of the album, but the meaning is in her voice, the melody and the arrangement—you don’t have to be a poet if you can sing like that. My favorite track, “My Heart,” brings the epic pop of Kate Bush to mind, combining timpani, strings, a choir and an analog drum machine into a science fiction symphonic bombast.

Finken brings back some of what I miss from 1966: popular music that isn’t just calculated, forgettable radio fodder that will wear out in a few months. *Fairy Tales/Love Affairs* has a commercial sheen and pop accessibility without sacrificing substance. She’s a perfect Iowa diva: confident, not afraid to cut loose and wail, but still down to earth. The diva next door!

—Kent Williams

**EUFÓRQUESTRA**

*Fire*

euforquestra.com

The jam band genre is often less focused on the style of music played by the band and more focused on the community the band has...
GEMINI (May 21-June 20): In Marcel Proust’s novel Swann’s Way, the narrator speaks of how profoundly he is inspired by an older writer named Bergotte: “Each time he talked about something whose beauty had until then been hidden from me, about pine forests, about hail, about Notre-Dame Cathedral . . . with one image he would make that beauty explode into me.” I bring this to your attention, Gemini, because in the coming days I suspect a great deal of beauty will explode into you. Why? I think it’s because you’re more receptive than usual to being delighted and enchanted. The triggers could be anything: exciting people, eavesdropped conversations, good books, surprising music, and who knows what else?

CANCER (June 21-July 22): “Little horses cannot carry great riders.” So says a Haitian proverb. Now, in accordance with the astrological omens, I’m urging you to meditate on its meaning for your life. Here are four possible interpretations: 1. Are you a “little horse” trying to carry a “great rider” who’s too much for you? 2. Are you a little horse that could grow into a bigger, stronger horse worthy of a great rider? 3. Are you a “great rider” who is in need of a horse that is big and strong enough to serve your big, strong ambitions? 4. Would you like to be a “great rider,” but you can’t be one as long as you have a horse that is too small and weak?

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22): Declare victory, Leo. Even if victory is not quite won yet. Even if your success is imperfect and still a bit messy around the edges. Raise your arms up in elated triumph and shout, “I am the purified champion! I am the righteous conqueror! I have outsmarted my adversaries and outmaneuvered my obstacles, and now I am ready to claim my rightful rewards!” Do this even if you’re not 100 percent confident, even if there is still some scraping or clawing ahead of you. Celebrate your growing mastery. Congratulate yourself for how far you’ve come. In this way, you will summon what’s needed to complete your mission and achieve final, total victory.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Give special attention to what will last the longest. That’s my main recommendation for you in the coming weeks. Devote less of your energy to transitory pleasures and short-term hopes. Turn away from the small obsessions that demand far too much of your energy. Withdraw from the seemingly pressing concerns that will soon start to fade because they really aren’t that important. Instead, Virgo, devote your love and intelligence to the joys and dilemmas that will animate your life well into the future. Express reverence and care for the mysteries that will teach you and teach you and teach you for years to come.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): My favorite bridge in the world is the Golden Gate Bridge. In the hundreds of times I have driven on it over San Francisco Bay, it has never let me down. I’ve always gotten from one side to the other without any problem. In addition to its reliability, it uplifts me with its grandeur and beauty. What’s your most beloved bridge, Libra? I suggest that in the coming weeks you make it your lucky charm, your magical symbol. Why? Because the next chapter of your life story requires you to make a major crossing. You will traverse a great divide. Having your favorite bridge as a shining beacon in your imagination will inspire your strength and courage as you travel.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): U2’s Bono has called Leonard Cohen’s song “Hallelujah” “the most perfect song in the world.” It is mournful and triumphant, despairing and uplifting. It’s a riddle that improbably offers cathartic release. Over 300 recording artists have done cover versions of it, and it has even been the subject of books. And yet it was a challenge for Cohen to compose. He wrote more than 80 verses before choosing the few he would actually include in the final version, and in one famous session he resorted to banging his head on the floor to stimulate his creative flow. “To find that urgent song,” he said, took “a lot of work and a lot of sweat.” I nominate “Hallelujah” to be one of your sacred symbols for the next 12 months. Scorpio. From your strenuous effort, I predict, will come masterful creations.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Let me outline the breakthroughs I hope to see for you in the coming months. First, what is pretty good about you will not interfere with what is potentially great about you, but will instead cooperate with it and boost it. Second, your past accomplishments won’t hold back your progress; you will not be tempted to rely on them at the expense of your future accomplishments. And third, the brave ideas that have motivated you so well won’t devolve into staid old dogmas; you will either renew and reinvigorate them or else move on to a new set of brave ideas.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): If you are in even moderate alignment with cosmic rhythms during the next 12 months, you will be a connoisseur and master of recycling. I’m speaking metaphorically here. What I hope is that you will reanimate worn-out inspirations and convert faded dreams into shiny new fantasies. You will find ways to revive alliances that went off track. A once-vibrant stick or trick that lost its cool could be retrieved from the ash heap of history and turned into a fresh, hot asset. Gear yourself up for some entertaining resurrections.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): I wish I could tell you that your power animal this month is the eagle or dolphin or panther. Having a glamorous creature like that as your ally might boost your confidence and charisma. To be paired with one of them might even activate dormant reserves of your animal intelligence. But I can’t in good conscience authorize such an honor. That’s not what the astrological omens are suggesting. In fact, your power animal this June is the bunny rabbit. Please understand that there is no shame in this. On the contrary: You should be charmed and appreciative. It signifies that you will be fertile, fast, a bit tricky and very cute. (To read an essay on the mythology of the rabbit as trickster, go here: http://tinyurl.com/rabbittrickster.)

PIECES (Feb. 19-March 20): The Buddhist meditation teacher Chogyam Trungpa said that one of the best ways to become fearless is to cultivate tenderness. As you expand your heart’s capacity to feel compassionate affection for the world, you have less and less to be afraid of. That’s the opposite of the conventional wisdom, which says you become brave by toughening up, by reinforcing your psychic armor. Of all the signs of the zodiac, you Pisceans are best set up to benefit from Trungpa’s method—now even more than usual.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): “We are born with whirlwinds, forest fires and comets inside us,” writes novelist Robert R. McCammon. “We are born able to sing to birds and read the clouds and see our destiny in grains of sand. But then we get the magic educated right out of our souls. We get it churched out, spanked out, washed out, and combed out. We get put on the straight and narrow path and told to be responsible.” That’s the bad news, Aries. But now here’s the good news: The next 12 months will offer you a series of excellent opportunities to re-magic yourself. If you have not yet caught wind of the first invitation, I bet you will soon.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): “When given a choice between owning an object and having an experience,” says art critic Holland Cotter, “I always choose the experience.” He prefers to spend his money on adventures that transform his sense of self and his understanding of the world. I recommend that approach to you in the coming weeks, Taurus. The most valuable “possessions” you can acquire will be the lessons you learn, the skills you hone and the relationships you ripen.

HOMEWORK: What other sign would you want to be if you could take a vacation from your actual sign? Why?

—Rob Brezny
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