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EDITORS’ LETTER

IT’S THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF THE YEAR. Mission Creek, the area’s largest arts festival, is set to begin in earnest in a few weeks, and that means we have the honor of reading the writers we love, talking about—and to—some of the artists we (and they!) most admire. For these next two issues, Little Village becomes something of a fanzine, and we wouldn’t have it any other way.

The women and men featured in this issue encourage us in our efforts to go against the grain. Our Colorblind Comics Critic interviews the legendary Gary Groth, a delightful thorn in the comics establishment’s side for 40 years. JHP art-errorist from the storied band Faust shows what it means to remain outside the mainstream for almost half a century. And Alison Bechdel discusses the discomfort that comes with finally being on the inside after making a life on the fringe.

MCF also reminds us of the talent and wealth of expertise within our own community. This issue’s contributors include a Krautrock expert, a previously published Bechdel authority and even a White Russian connoisseur. Plus, we feature the two newest, homegrown projects to join the James Gang, an organization that has helped support talent and expertise in our community year-round for more than a decade—including as an early supporter of a nascent Mission Creek.

The dialogues in these pages remind us of the privilege of residing in a community with such a rich pool to draw from. Using the knowledge and resources of our community in a way that serves our readers is one way we show our appreciation for it. It is also the historical role of alt-weeklies like LV to go against the grain. As always, let us know how we’re doing.

—LV Editors

Little Village is an independent, community-supported news and culture publication based in Iowa City. Through journalism, essays and events, we work to improve our community in the Iowa City, Coralville and Cedar Rapids area according to a few core values: environmental sustainability, affordability and access, economic and labor justice, racial justice, gender equity, quality healthcare, quality education and critical culture.

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Since 2001 Proudly Publishing in Iowa’s creative corridor


Photo by Ian Land
THE JAMES GANG INITIATION

The latest additions to the community-building organization's family welcome each other to the fold. • BY LUCY MORRIS

The James Gang has been behind many of the institutions that make Iowa City thrive, but it’s likely you’ve never heard of it.

For 14 years, the community-building organization has quietly facilitated the start of some of Iowa City’s most accomplished arts, humanities and community groups, including Mission Creek, Public Space One and the Saturday Night Free Movie Series. Each of those organizations eventually went on to expand and gain the support of other institutions: Mission Creek became part of the Englert Theatre, PS1 is now affiliated with Legion Arts and the movie series joined Summer of the Arts.

That these organizations moved away from what the James Gang calls its “umbrella” is exactly the point: It exists to help nascent organizations find their footing. Rather than providing funding, it lends burgeoning groups its nonprofit status and the resources that come along with that, with the goal of helping them ultimately take off on their own: “Go Public” is its tagline.

To further assist with that, the James Gang, named for philosopher William James as a nod to his theory of Pragmatism, connects its projects so that they can pool resources and knowledge about grantwriting, fundraising and media outreach.

Two of the James Gang’s newest endeavors—that’s code for its partner organizations—the Center for Humanist Inquiries and draft: the journal of process, represent the breadth of the James Gang’s current reach: a hub for humanities and a literary magazine. The founders of those projects, Daniel Boscaljon and Rachel Yoder, interviewed each other about their two different projects.

"Our goal is to empower students to become better critical thinkers, more comfortable with inquiry."

—Daniel Boscaljon

Daniel Boscaljon: When we were researching CHI, we found a few different university sanctioned organizations that seem to function more or less like humanities think tanks. None of the particular programs, however, shared our focus on public humanities. Few free online courses focus on humanities content, and those that did focused on providing answers, or facts, instead of helping students learn to ask better questions. Our goal is [more] to empower students to become better critical thinkers, more comfortable with inquiry, than to simply provide information.

If resources weren’t a hindrance, what would CHI look like in its ideal form? In its ideal form, I would love for CHI to serve as a model for the public and digital humanities. I’d love for it to serve as a home for scholars who want an excuse to teach interesting interdisciplinary classes that escape official university designations. Ideally, it’d be a resource for the global community to find a challenging site to learn how to think more richly. It’d become a space that could resolve the “crisis in the humanities” by allowing students to remember why value remains importantly non-economic in nature.

What’s most exciting to you about your upcoming plans for your programming? Most of last summer and fall has been spent trying to provide content for our online library of classes and lectures. This year, I am going to participate in a podcast called thesacredprofane, focused on critical analysis of culture from a post-theistic perspective. Additionally, I’m hoping to begin collaborating with other nonprofit organizations to offer workshops designed around questions of creation, interpretation and appropriation—ways of thinking more intentionally about the processes that we too often simply do thoughtlessly. Finally, I hope to add a blog to the site as a supplement to the lectures we post.

Daniel Boscaljon (Center for Humanist Inquiries): What are the major drafts that led to the current incarnation of draft?

Rachel Yoder: The idea for draft—a journal that features first and final drafts of stories, essays and poems along with author interviews about the creative process—was one that the other founding editor, Mark Polanzak, presented to me when we were still in grad school. It arose partly out of a desire to have a reason to keep talking shop about writing after grad school and partly from a need we had for this sort of text to use in our own teaching. We started by publishing an Issue 0, what we thought of as a practice issue in which we’d figure out what sorts of questions we wanted to ask and what sort of layout worked best. That was a wonderful learning experience, and, for Issue 1, we were able to find a designer who shared our vision and was able to translate that into the journal. We’re just about to send Issue 6 to the printer, and we continue to refine our process and format. We’ve expanded from just publishing stories to the inclusion of essays and poems.

We’ve begun to cross-reference our interview questions with places in the drafts that are

CONT. >> ON PG. 8
Minimum wage hike raises questions about equal pay in Johnson County

“Why do we need to raise minimum wages? Why is our money worth so much less than it used to be? Isn’t this the real issue?” —Jeff Pierce

Equity at Iowa shines light on UI’s gender stories and disparities

“It’s so strange. We were the first state to let women do so many things, yet we squandered so much of their energy by giving them less opportunities, less pay, less chances to contribute to research, less career mobility. Imagine what Iowa could have been if we hadn’t just opened the door, but had put a room worth living in on the other side instead of making it open onto a two-story drop.” —Nialle Sylvan

Street harassment gets mapped

“I just want to remind people who seek to minimize this issue about something. Certainly, not all men behave this way. However, ALL women have experienced it.”

“Very sad to announce that the Google Map created to identify sites of harassment has been extensively trolled - real posts have been deleted or modified, and other posts have been created with pro-harassment messages. Obviously, we should have expected that this would happen, but we wanted the map to be open to anyone who wanted to participate. I have salvaged a current version of the map that we will be using for our project during Anti Street Harassment Week. Disheartening to think that we receive this level of backlash simply for trying to make our community safer for everyone.” —Stella Hart, End Street Harassment Iowa City founder

LV Recommends: Casey’s General Store

“I used to have knock down, drag out (well, me talking and the students talking back) fights with Kirkwood students about Casey’s. I’m a CITY BOY from NEW YORK CITY, USA and CHICAGO, PLANET EARTH! DON’T tell me your dirty gas station trashwheel pizza is good! DON’T dare do it.” —Russell Jaffe

Interactions may be edited for style and clarity.
pertinent. And each issue winds up being a bit different, with drafts that are formatted differently or showcased in new ways, so our work as editors and curators keeps evolving.

*draft’s* website is superb—you do an excellent job of showcasing the print journal’s benefits without duplicating it, but you also have a blog that allows for web-based participants to become inspired, rather than dispirited, about the creative process. What are you thinking of doing to continue to expand in both publication presences? We’re actually going to be expanding into the wonderful world of podcasts, with a show called *Beautiful Failures* that we’re producing in partnership with the Iowa Writers’ House. Not only will this be a place where we feature bonus material to complement our print journal, but we’ll also be able to take advantage of the wealth of writers who pass through Iowa City and interview them about the role that failure plays in their creative lives. We’re always working to make the creative process more approachable, and this podcast will be another step in our work.

In your work at *draft*, you find writers willing to share their process with the magazine, expose first drafts and share final drafts. Have you found writers share your passion for teaching (and process), or does convincing them require large amounts of effort? It’s been surprising and heartening how open folks have been to participating. Almost everyone who we’ve ever contacted has said yes. They don’t always wind up having drafts we can use, or having the time to be involved but, by and large, we get positive responses and writers wanting to participate. We all know how agonizing the writing process is. I think *draft* strikes writers as a really comforting project. That we’re all making messes on the privacy of our computers as we write—even the writers who we most admire and feature in *draft*—makes us all feel less alone.

Lucy Morris is Little Village’s News & Culture Editor.

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>> Cont. from pg. 6
s a connoisseur of both stoner flicks and all vodka-related beverages I was thrilled to learn of a Big Lebowski-themed restaurant opening in Robins. Advertised as a bar and grill, this establishment, opened in February by Shawn and Nola Bodensteiner, was practically begging me to come judge their White Russians (Caucasians, in the parlance of our times). Having waited tables at a similarly Dude-themed eatery last fall (in Evanston, Ill.), I assert there may be no one in eastern Iowa more qualified to lay down an assessment of this cocktail. So I grabbed my beau and set out to drink not one, but four of them.

The parking lot was jammed when we pulled in shortly after 6 p.m. on a Saturday evening, but there was room at the bar and the bartender smiled knowingly when we asked for the only beverage anyone should ever order at a restaurant called Lebowski’s. Our drinks came in tumblers straight out of the film and they were frothy and delicious, if packing a little less of a punch than I would have hoped. Which, on the whole, describes Lebowski’s to a T.

Considering that the film from which it takes its name wholeheartedly earns its R-rating, this joint was pretty family friendly. And while the Dude’s easygoing mug grinned out at me from the art on the walls and the menu boasted The Dude burger, the lighting was too bright and the atmosphere just didn’t lend itself to sitting and drinking.

Overall, the White Russian was a tasty classic made well. The coffee liqueur was in perfect ratio to whatever cream was used. A splash more vodka and it would have been altogether perfect. Each round was totally consistent, which suggests that it is the recipe, not the bartender, which needs adjustment. As it is, I was able to consume several of them without feeling the tell-tale humming in my lips that means I should take an Uber or wait an hour while nursing a large glass of water before I drive. Which, considering the deliciousness of the drink, and Lebowski’s somewhat out-of-the-way location, is probably a blessing.

—Sarah M. Jarmon

**WHITE RUSSIAN**
- 2 parts Kahlua
- 5 parts vodka
- 3 parts fresh cream

**Step One:** Pour over a tumbler filled with ice

**Step Two:** Suck through one’s unkempt mustache.
ALISON BECHDEL WORKS IT OUT

The Fun Home creator on queerness, fame and therapy.
BY HELEN RUBINSTEIN

When Alison Bechdel began Dykes to Watch Out For in 1983, it was with a single sketch in a letter to a friend labeled “Dykes to Watch Out For, Plate No. 27.” The “27” was fanciful—there were no other panels, yet—and even as Bechdel’s syndicated strip developed an increasingly devoted following over the next 25 years, an interviewer in 2007 still called the comics hard to find.

By then, the dwindling of the indie publishing landscape had propelled Bechdel to write Fun Home (2006), a memoir that was surprisingly successful for a cartoon that uses literary classics to elucidate the connection between a daughter’s sexuality and her father’s death. Like the memoir that followed, Are You My Mother? (2012), it’s a book that rewards multiple readings with its richly layered personal and intellectual inquiry. Bechdel was awarded a MacArthur Fellowship in 2014.

Over the phone, she spoke about changes in her career and in her sense of self with characteristic candor, intellect and warmth.

Little Village: For a long time, you were writing and drawing for the counterculture, but the MacArthur and the new Broadway play based on Fun Home place your work squarely in the mainstream. What has that shift been like? It has been very unmooring, and I feel like I’m still sloshing around in its wake, trying to figure it out. I can’t help but mistrust it a little bit. I’m very happy about it in many ways, obviously—it feels like a validation of what I’ve been doing all my life. To get recognized by more than 10 people is pretty awesome. But having spent so much of my career on the margins, fighting to get in, it’s very weird to find myself on the other side of that door. Perhaps some of it is just getting older, starting to learn that things really change as time goes on.

Even the subculture portrayed in Dykes to Watch Out For has become more mainstream. That’s what I mean—change happens and accumulates and all of a sudden the world is a different place. I’m still trying to adjust to that. So much of my identity was formed as an outsider, it’s hard to know quite what to do with myself as an insider.

I’m working on a story now that I keep trying to convince myself anyone could read. And that wasn’t the case when I was writing Fun Home or Are You My Mother? Those are very personal, weird stories, and FH just by some strange fluke did manage to capture a big audience. I don’t really trust that I can do that at will. But I’ve always wanted to be able to write about my own life and have that be something anyone could relate to. The memoir I’m writing now, it’s an exercise memoir, about fitness. Which is something lots and lots of people do: They work out, they have a relationship to their body. And it’s still odd for me to feel like I can have that kind of rapport. But why not?

I feel like I’m always unintentionally dumbing down what I write, and I’m challenging myself as a cartoonist to not do that. My art does give me a depth and complexity that I wouldn’t have with just prose. Maybe it’s my subject matter—drawing people riding bikes. It’s hard to turn that into a complex intellectual experience. But maybe that’s part of the point, maybe I just need a rest from all this, maybe I just need to go for a bike ride.

Is this new project in some way a rest from the intellectual exercise of AYMM? Yes. Although I wonder if I’m ruining the only untainted part of my life. Exercise is the place where my mind does shut up, you know? So do I really want to drag my mind into that place and contaminate it? I don’t know.

Has your approach to writing about other people changed since the publication of FH and AYMM? I do feel much more skittish about it. When I was younger, when I was writing the book about my dad, I felt like the territory was mine. Even though I was revealing stuff about my father’s life and incidentally about my mother’s most intimate life, I felt like I had some legitimate ownership of that material too, having been brought up in that household. But over the years I’ve seen the repercussions of that, not just to the people in my family but to myself, to have given away my own intimate experience. I don’t regret doing it, I’m glad I did—I had to do it—but there was some privacy loss. I didn’t think I believed in privacy. But as I get older, I guess I can see where there’s perhaps something to be said for at least a shred of privacy.

How does that loss make itself felt? Maybe this is also just an aspect of getting older, but I feel like I’ve kind of lost part of my personality, part of the thing that makes me whatever rich, strange, particular person I am. It’s...
like it’s off of my hard drive now. Because I put it out into the world, it’s not a part of me anymore. But maybe that’s what happens as you become less self-conscious—all that neurotic baggage starts to dissipate. And that too is part of the way I always defined myself. Without that, I’m a little adrift.

Your MacArthur Award gave a lot of legitimacy to cartooning but also to memoir, which your mother considered “a suspect genre.” It’s hard for me to ever eradicate my mother’s voice inside my head saying those things. But I’ve always identified with being an underdog as a cartoonist, trying to be respected in the world; as a lesbian, trying to get respect in the world; but I haven’t really felt the marginalization of being a memoirist. By the time I embraced memoir, it seemed like that was a pretty cool thing to do. And that people had already worked out their reservations about it. But maybe not.

I do think cartoonists still get a pass, or a kind of latitude, that a prose writer doesn’t. I’m not sure why, except that cartooning is still a new exciting thing.

How central is queerness to your thinking about yourself as an artist? It fits in with everything we’ve been talking about. My sexuality hasn’t changed, but I feel much less queer than I used to feel. I know there are still huge struggles going on—look at these bills people are trying to pass to keep trans people out of bathrooms, or to allow cake makers to refuse to make cakes for gay people. So I don’t want to suggest that everything’s fine now and I’m not queer. I know I would be in a lot of trouble in a lot of places in this country and the world, just being who I am. But what a great thing, to get to not feel queer, to get to that experience in one’s historic period.

When I was a young person coming out it was like I just signed up for this crazy marginal life. I thought that’s what it would be. I knew it was a much better deal than people a generation or two before me, but I still had no
When it comes to comics, Gary Groth is both a champion and an iconoclast. Equally committed to the notions that comics deserve the full range of critical attention and that superheroes are simply ridiculous, Groth has earned the status of legend in the industry through his ongoing work with Fantagraphics Books and The Comics Journal.

In this email interview, Groth reflects on his career, and considers whether anything redemptive might be done in the superhero genre (his answer won’t surprise you). He also has a few suggestions for what you should be reading right now.

Little Village: 2016 is the 40th anniversary of Fantagraphics Books and The Comics Journal. As you look back over four decades of dedicated and acclaimed work as both a publisher and a critic, are there moments that stand out for you as times when you accomplished a key goal or moved the needle in terms of how comics are viewed by readers, critics and creators? There are certainly flashpoints I could cite: Publishing Love & Rockets #1 in 1982; signing on previously unpublished and unknown cartoonists Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez, Peter Bagge, Daniel Clowes and Joe Sacco in rapid succession (1982-1986); publishing The Complete Crumb Comics beginning in 1987; championing Jack Kirby’s fight to reclaim his original art (and his dignity) from Marvel in the mid-’80s; publishing Chris Ware in book form for the first time in 1993; publishing The Complete Peanuts beginning in 2004; publishing The Complete Zap Comix in 2014.

But, really, when you refer to “moving the needle in terms of how comics are viewed by readers, critics and creators,” which was nicely put and certainly one of our primary goals, I think it’s the sheer critical mass of what we’ve accomplished over the years—the long, tenacious, inch-by-inch slog to force the public, the book establishment, the critical establishment, the comics establishment, to take comics seriously as an art form and to take its place next to fiction, film, music et al. in the public consciousness. There’s no one thing that did this; it was a long, hard fight.

We fought this war on two fronts: The Comics Journal, which was a relentless (pre-internet) forum of contentious and contested discourse about comics, and the comics themselves. We’ve been criticized for having a conflict of interest by publishing a critical magazine about comics and publishing comics, about which there is some truth of course—but I’m firmly convinced that it took both to transform the public’s perception of comics.

Your work has included a commitment to preserving comics history through interviews. Are there conversations you particularly remember or treasure? Moments of insight that taught you something new about comics or shaped your ongoing critical work? Most of my critical insights about comics were extrapolated from writers and critics who wrote about other forms, because there were so few critics who wrote about comics who had a fully formed critical grasp of comics. Don Phelps would certainly be an exception to that, and his eloquent writing about comics was always a guidepost. My frequent conversations—and debates—with Gil Kane helped hone my attitudes toward the form.
Looking over the interviews I’ve done, there are different slants to them. Some were contentious, closer to debates than interviews, such as Todd McFarlane or my illuminating (to me) one with Scott McCloud and Steve Bissette about creators’ rights. [There were] those that were more journalistic or historical in nature—I think my interview with Kevin Eastman is a high point, but there are a number of interviews I did with Silver Age artists like Carmine Infantino and Joe Kubert. I love the interviews where we get into the nitty gritty of the art and the art-making and explore the philosophical disposition of the artist: Robert Crumb, Ralph Steadman, David Levine, Burne Hogarth, Art Spiegelman, Chris Ware, off the top of my head—Jesus, but so have superheroes in the wider culture—not in comics, but in movies. In 1976, no adult would be caught dead watching a superhero TV show or movie—the genre was considered so juvenile that it wouldn’t even be watched on television. Now, it’s the gold standard of pop culture. Which tells you something about how pop culture has evolved over the years. Sadly.

What’s being published right now (by Fantagraphics or by others) that’s exciting to you? Any new creators you think we should engage with right away? Veterans doing vibrant work at the moment? I have to say, truthfully, that I think we’re publishing, qualitatively and quantitatively, the history of comics—Gahan Wilson (his latest, Gahan Wilson’s Out There, collecting his Fantasy & SF gag cartoons, as well as his short stories) and Charles Rodrigues (his latest, Gag on This, possibly the most funniest and most offensive cartoon collection ever published); original graphic novels by young cartoonists such as Liz Suburbia, Noah Van Sciver, Julia Gfrörer, Leslie Stein, Dash Shaw and Simon Hanselmann; we just released Frank in the Third Dimension, our first 3-D book, composed of a series of Frank tableaux by Jim Woodring; and a graphic novel for September release that I predict will be heralded as THE debut graphic novel of the decade, Emil Ferris’ My Favorite Thing is Monsters, an absolutely stunning tour de force that reads like a combination of drawing by Robert Crumb, Otto Dix and George Grosz and writing by Robert Musil and Joseph Roth. I can’t even begin to describe how good this is.

We are publishing an oversized original art collection by Jaime Hernandez, one of the most masterful draftsmen and storytellers to emerge in the last 30 years, and let us not forget Blubber, Gilbert Hernandez’s current comic book that brings the subconscious and the id back into independent comics with a vengeance. Oh, and did I mention that we’re publishing our first pop-up book in the world, in conjunction with the NYT, by young cartoonists such as Liz Suburbia, Joseph Roth. I can’t even begin to describe how good this is.

Rob Cline seeks out the good and bad across the comics landscape as the Colorblind Comics Critic.
HOT TIN ROOF: MARCH
G-L-O-R-I-A • CHERYL GRAHAM

Hot Tin Roof is a program to support new literary work produced in Iowa City. Each month one writer is published and granted a $100 honorarium. The series is supported by the Englert Theatre, UNESCO City of Literature USA, M.C. Ginsberg Objects of Art and Little Village.

The Woods Memorial branch library, a small white stucco building, sits on a plat of North First Avenue that would have been considered the outer reaches of Tucson when the branch was opened in the late 1960s. The air inside is cool, but not cold, a respite from the desert heat. Natural light seeping in through a strip of high, narrow windows undercuts the low hum of fluorescents. The smell is clean and new, air-conditioned through creosote bushes and palo verde trees.

In 1978 I was 16 years old, and dedicated to my mission of reading every back issue of Rolling Stone, cover-to-cover, in chronological order. Popular music was my religion and my salvation. I spent hours in my room listening to records, poring over album artwork and scrutinizing liner notes with a kind of monastic devotion. Each Tuesday night when the library was closing, I placed the copies neatly back on the shelf, hoping nobody would mess them up in the coming week, so I could pick up where I’d left off.

I must have been up to 1975 or ’76 with the back issues, because I kept seeing advertisements for a record called Horses. The album cover was starkly black-and-white, and the gender of the person in the photo would have been in question were it not for the name: Patti Smith. The ads were always accompanied by critics’ raves, but if this record was so great, why hadn’t I heard of it? Why hadn’t I heard it? As far as I knew—and if anyone would know, it would be me—Patti Smith had never been played on the radio in Tucson. A look at the 1978 play logs of KWFM, the city’s mighty “album-oriented” station, likely reveals a heavy rotation of the Doobie Brothers, the Eagles and Bob Seger. Never mind that Patti Smith’s third album was released in March of that year (Horses being her first)—as far as anyone in Tucson was aware, California country rock was the sound and the vision.

So who was Patti Smith, anyway? She surely looked nothing like my hometown hero, Linda Ronstadt. She didn’t possess the same earthy femininity and coquettish sexuality, nor did she have the same laid-back, stoner vibe of any of the southern California
bands dominating the airwaves at the time. I think I knew she was from New York, but it might as well have been Mars—I was 16 and had been out of Arizona maybe twice. Quite unexpectedly, I found a copy of Horses in the record section one night at the library, and took it home.

The album cover provides no indication of what kind of music is inside. Patti Smith doesn’t even look like a musician at all. The photograph (this is also the first time I see the name Robert Mapplethorpe) is cool monochrome, and the portrait is hard to read. There’s an openness to the gaze, but there’s an edge to it, a kind of youthful defiance, mixed with a weary detachment. The image doesn't exactly beckon you to take out the record and give it a spin. In fact, it kind of dares you to. But I figure if Rolling Stone liked it, it must be good. Still, I feel some apprehension when I lower the needle to the vinyl.

The first song begins with a simple, plodding chord progression on solo piano. For the first four measures, I am lulled into thinking, maybe this is some kind of avant-garde classical album. And then, after that hypnotic 4-bar, 12-second intro:

I jump. That voice, raspy and snake-like—it scares me. My heart beats a little faster as the tempo builds, the guitar licks around the piano and the drums come in. I listen intently to the first stanza, and then, as the sneer becomes a song, she sings:

I go to this here party and I just get bored
Until I look out the window, see a sweet young thing
Humpin' on the parking meter, leanin' on the parking meter
Oh, she looks so good, oh, she looks so fine
And I got this crazy feeling and then I'm gonna—ah-ah—make her mine

Wait—what?!? Oh-my-god-oh-my-god-oh-my-god. This is a woman, singing about a woman, in a way that no one has ever done. My heart is racing, and I can't quite believe what I'm hearing.

Counting the time, then you came to my room
And you whispered to me and we took the big plunge

This is the kind of thing that, when you hear it, even though you know you're alone, you look around to make sure nobody else sees you. Because you want to have this singular experience all to yourself, but you also know it's dangerous. Because if somebody hears what you're hearing and sees you hearing it, they will know what you know, and sense, even a little bit, what you feel. And they won't understand. They won't understand and they'll think it's bad and weird and wrong and subversive. And it's definitely weird and subversive. But it's not bad, and it's not wrong. It's glorious.

Thank you, Patti Smith. You changed my life. And you saved it.

Cheryl Graham has lived in Iowa City since 2008. She is an artist and illustrator, and is currently enrolled as a graduate student at the University of Iowa Center for the Book.
Writer, actress and photographer Lisa Jane Persky is surely the only participant in the early CBGB punk scene who also appeared in *When Harry Met Sally*. After moving to Greenwich Village in the early 1960s, she met several colorful characters—from Divine and Debbie Harry to Lance Loud and Yoko Ono (the latter of whom was Persky’s building’s superintendent when she was a little girl).

Starting Mar. 22, Persky is bringing downtown New York to Iowa City in her photography show *X-Offenders: A Year in the Life of a Proto-Punk (1976)*, hosted by the Englert Theatre’s Douglas & Linda Paul Gallery. She will also appear in a series of events that includes a reading, writing workshop, film screening and artist talk during the week of Mission Creek Festival.

Persky’s photography show features dozens of previously unseen images of punk bands such as Blondie, Suicide and The Mumps, as well as Off-Off-Broadway playwright H.M. Koutoukas and John Waters collaborators David Lochary and Divine. The photos span 1976 through February 1977, when an up-and-coming Blondie flew to Los Angeles for their first gig at Whiskey A Go Go. During that trip to L.A., Persky auditioned for her first role on television, which kicked off a successful acting career and maybe the universities could tell because I didn’t get into either school that I most wanted to go to.” Instead, Persky enrolled in the University of the Street—where she majored in badassology, with minors in acting and photography.

Persky previously attended New York’s High School of Art and Design and had always wanted to work in the arts, which led to her joining the punk paper *New York Rocker* as a founding staff member. “I wanted to play,” she says, “so I sought out fun things to do and said yes to anything I was offered that might fit my freewheeling agenda. My idea was as general and open to ridicule as it sounds.”

Her striking photo of Debbie Harry, which is included in the Englert show, appeared in issue three of *New York Rocker* (Blondie’s first cover story). “When I started working on *New York Rocker* in ’76, I became interested in casual composed portrait photography, lighting—especially low-light situations—with no flash,” Persky continues. “Everyone in the scenes I was circulating in—primarily theater and music—was young and beautiful, and I took pictures of who I decided to or who was around whenever time allowed.”

During this period, she also appeared with Divine in a stage production of Tom
"My idea was as general and open to ridicule as it sounds."

—Lisa Jane Persky

played Dirty Dee in the craptastic masterpiece *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*, about a mad scientist who replaces Kiss with animatronic impostors.

She has recently been revisiting her New York roots with an in-progress memoir and a piece for the latest issue of *The Pitchfork*

Review (#8), which served as a springboard for this photography exhibit. Persky is also preparing a show catalog that will go into some detail about her photographs, whose negatives had been stored in archival sleeves for forty years.

“I regret not having done more of it,” she says, reflecting on missed photo-ops, “but it was costly to shoot and to process film, and I never had much money. I worked several jobs simultaneously. None of the gigs paid much and *New York Rocker* was a labor of love.” At long last, these photographic labors of love—Persky’s love letters to downtown New York—will finally see the light of day. In Iowa City, of all places.

Kembrew McLeod’s book on punk, disco and Blondie’s *Parallel Lines* will be published on Mar. 26 in Bloomsbury’s 33 1/3 series.
Deer Tick has evolved and adapted over the years where similar indie-rock bands have faltered and burned out. While not without their share of a hard-partying and rock and roll lifestyle, their sincerity keeps their craft authentic and their fanbase steadily growing. I’ve seen Deer Tick songs performed live a dozen times, but each time is fresh and compelling; Deer Tick is a band with a pure love for creating music, and it shows. John McCauley, the band’s singer and guitarist, has an endearing, candid way of writing and performing that’s also present in his conversational style. I spoke with him about Deer Tick’s upcoming spring tour—their first acoustic one—which will stop at Mission Creek Festival.

Little Village: What will be different about an acoustic tour versus what you’ve traditionally done with electric? Well, I think a lot of people have come to see us over the years. They’ve never seen an acoustic guitar on stage with us before. They’ve heard them on the records. I don’t know, I thought it would be a good idea for us to go just do things differently for once and maybe we won’t get so sick of our own songs. Trying to reimagine them in a new way.

When was the last time you toured? Uh, I have no idea [laughs].

A while ago? Yeah, we took most of last year off. We probably would have taken a break anyway but it happened to be a good time for me just having a kid and everything.

Now that you have your daughter, how are you spending your off-year? I’ve just been hanging with her. It’s been a lot of fun. A lot of parents don’t get spend this much time with their children, especially when they’re first born. I was really happy to have that opportunity. It’s been different. I haven’t really had a lot of time to write. You’d think in a year I would have accomplished more than I did, but I’m happy nonetheless, just to spend time with her.

Do you play music to her? Like lullabies? Oh, she doesn’t like lullabies. She likes real music, it’s pretty great [laughs].

She sounds like a good kid. Doing anything else? New hobbies? I’ve picked up a couple new instruments that I’ve been learning how to play. Mandolin and Bouzouki.

What’s the bouzouki? It’s a Greek instrument that kind of made its way into Irish folk music. So I’ve been learning the Irish variation of the bouzouki. It’s got eight strings and a cool quality to it.

Is it something you want to use professionally or are you just kind of figuring it out? I think I’ll end up using it on some things. I’m gonna bring it along on tour and play it on a few things. I’m not the best at it though, I’m only gonna test it out [laughs].


So I hear Deer Tick might have a new album coming out? I would just kind of say I have no idea. I’d like to get it out by the end of the year but, I don’t know, we kind of came up with some big ideas for it. If we just made another record, it wouldn’t be good enough for us, we’d feel like we failed. We’re really clinging onto this idea that we can make two records at once. A folk record and a rock record. But they wouldn’t be like the same songs recorded a different way, it would be two totally different records.

That’s exciting! Yeah, we’re just writing and demoing stuff. We’ve gone to the studio to work on a few songs. But then they’ve kind of all just turned [into] the same-sounding thing. We didn’t do a very good job of distinguishing between the folk
songs and the rock songs. We need to, like, start over again, or be really strict about how we record each song.

Is there a band member who’s really good at taking charge of that? I think I’d be good at that. I don’t know, I guess when we went into the studio we didn’t know what we were doing. I don’t think we tried hard enough. And then we came back with a bunch of stuff that was like, “Well, this doesn’t work.” But we’re not abandoning the songs, we just have to redo them. The last thing I want to do is put out a bunch of over-produced junk.

Would it sound similar to any of your previous albums? I know rock is your core but some of your albums have different sounds to them. Born on Flag Day is your most country, Divine Providence is your most punk. I don’t think we’d be worried too much about trying to recreate anything. I think some of the folkier stuff will be kind of reminiscent of War Elephant, but the rock stuff—what I hear in my head—is something we haven’t touched on yet musically.

Do you have a favorite musician that you’ve worked with? I would love to record with Marshall Crenshaw. He played with us at our 10-year anniversary shows. He was really fantastic and is such a great guitar player, and it was fun having him up on stage with us. I would love to just do something, you know, get something on tape.

Has your approach to music changed now that you have a family? I haven’t written enough stuff since she’s been born to give you an answer to that. I guess when you have a family, there’s a question that starts bugging you in the back of your head, like, “Am I doing the right thing with my life?” or, “Is this what I’m really meant to do?” It’s put me in a funny spot because my band really hasn’t been working that much … I’ve had some pretty close to severe mental breakdowns trying to figure out what the hell I want to do. I think the best thing for me is to just finish this record with Deer Tick and take it on the road and just see what happens. If we didn’t do this acoustic tour, I might lose interest in the whole thing, so I’m really happy that this came together, to get something going again.

Chelsea Pfeiffer lives and works in Iowa City but travels frequently for Deer Tick shows.
expectation that things would change this fast or this much. So if I sound a little bewildered, it’s because I am.

Has your understanding of the stories you told in *FH* and *AYMM*? changed since the books’ publication? Definitely. And that’s odd, because I find myself having to do a lot of publicity around the play, and I have to talk about the book as if it’s still somehow current. But it’s not. I’ve gotten so much additional information, I’ve had so many further thoughts about my family. I know that story is missing a lot of things, I know that it’s wrong in some ways. It’s based on the best information I had at the time, but now that story is different. But it’s not like I have any compulsion to write an updated version. This one is just out there, and now has this additional life as a play. So it’s been interesting trying to navigate my relationship to it as I get older and it doesn’t.

Do you feel affection toward those projects, as artifacts of your past?

I certainly feel affectionate toward *FH*. I feel much more ambivalent about the book about my mother. It’s such a strange book. I put so much work into it, and I don’t have anything like the sense of resolution or relief that I felt after writing about my dad. There’s an interesting review that came out by Heather Love [in *Public Books*], suggesting that *FH* is very much an Oedipal story—it’s about combating the father, slaying the father—but *AYMM* was about that place before language, this pre-Oedipal zone in our lives, and that is necessarily a much murkier place. I like to think that, yeah, I was trying to do something that was necessarily not a tight, tidy narrative. But I still feel a little bit like that book just didn’t work. That’s not a pleasant feeling, but it’s a feeling that is motivating.

I wonder if in some sense *AYMM* is a truer book because it doesn’t allow itself to have that satisfying narrative arc. I like that interpretation too.

Did the process differ between books?

No. It was very similar, and, in fact, because *FH* seemed to go so well, I let myself keep doing what I was doing, keep indulging my discursive whims and letting stuff take me wherever I wanted it to go, trusting that people would go along. But I think it got a little out of hand, I think I needed to rein things in a bit. That’s always my problem. I can’t tell you what it is I’m trying to say until I’ve found a way to say it, and that usually entails huge amounts of digression and confusion. I wish I could just make an outline.

"So much of my identity was formed as an outsider, it’s hard to know quite what to do with myself as an insider."

—Alison Bechdel

This one is just out there, and now has this additional life as a play. So it’s been interesting trying to navigate my relationship to it as I get older and it doesn’t.

Seeing the therapeutic relationship drawn out in *AYMM* was so enlightening. I’m curious how you understand that relationship between writing and therapy. Therapy has been so useful to me, and very much in connection with my writing. For me, when I’m writing these stories, I’m trying to get to my feelings. It’s very hard for me to know what I’m feeling, to really be in touch with my feelings, and therapy is my remedial method of doing that. If you’re writing, you have to understand your emotions.

The longer I’m in therapy, the more complicated it seems to get. Like, I always think I’ve ripped up the last layer of linoleum but then there’s another layer. Sometimes I feel like I should just stop and see what happens. Maybe I’ll feel more relieved if I’m not always excavating the kitchen floor. But I don’t know, I don’t think that’s really true either.

Helen Rubinstein lives in Mount Vernon and her unfaithful imitation of *Are You My Mother?* can be found in the Beyond Category issue of the Seneca Review.
FAUST ON FIRE

The Krautrock band has been avant-garde for nearly 50 years and there’s no end in sight. • BY LIV CARROW

Faust has always seemed mythical and legendary. Perhaps naming a band after a legendary work of literature will do that. But Faust is truly a rare and wonderful band. In a world where struggle, irrelevance and obsolescence are built into most band’s careers, they’ve existed in one form or another for 46 years, and in that time have managed to maintain relevance as musical envelope-pushers and avant-garde performers, developing an expanding, diverse international fan base, collaborating and touring with artists from different genres and generations. Currently existent as two wholly separate and independent entities (Faust and faust), the band has weathered literal decades of legendary and mythical status, riding the tides of almost half a century making cutting-edge music.

The latest incarnation of the group, fausT, will appear in Iowa City’s Mission Creek festival, and I was fortunate to speak with original band member and co-pilot Jean-Hervé Péron, or, as he refers to himself, JHP art-errorist, on behalf of Little Village. The spare, poignant 2014 album jUSt [pronounced Just Us],” says JHP.

“It was just Zappi and myself recording basic ground tracks which are good enough to be listened to on their own, but which also left enough room for any artist if they felt like it to jam on it. So, we will take this concept to the U.S.A. We’ve taken it to France and the Netherlands, and it works fine! We invite a few artists and they play with us, local artists. We have 18 gigs and on 14 gigs we have local guests. I am shooting from the hips!”

The U.S. tour roster includes touring member Maxime Manac’h and appearances from an assortment of players such as songwriter Barbara Manning, experimental percussionist Tim Barnes, composer Braden Diotte, Jürgen Engler of industrial band Die Krupps, composer Ulrich Krieger and violinist Ysanne Spevack (“I met her in LA, where I helped her taking care of her goat, which is a nice way to meet,” says JHP).

Shooting from the hips is nothing new for faust, as improvisation and loose ends have been an explicit part of their sound, concept and politics from the beginning. Along with bands such as Can, Neu!, Amon Duul, Popol Vuh and Kraftwerk, Faust were at the vanguard of the Krautrock phenomenon in 1970s Germany. Krautrock
drew stylistically from early electronic and noise music, jazz and psychedelic rock, and philosophically engaged concepts borrowed from Dada, Situationist and Fluxus art movements. JHP traced these connections to the way faUST continues to work today. “I would say basically Faust never, ever works. We never practice, I don’t think we ever will. What we do is we get together, we jam together. When a theme is developing, we try to go a bit deeper in that but we leave a huge room for spontaneity. We are very much into Dada and Fluxus things. You can’t plan Dada. Dada happens. Fluxus is, it just is. Between happening and being, that does not give much opportunity for planning and rehearsing. That’s the way we work. Hopefully we don’t disappoint you. Don’t come with any expectation, come with an empty mind so we can fill it.”

“I observe very attentively to what’s happening around me,” JHP continues. “I listen carefully to what my ears are hearing and what my eyes are seeing. I look at it carefully and that creates ideas, combinations. Zappi lives near Berlin, I live near Hamburg. When we meet eventually, then everyone of us proposes our own dreams, themes and ideas. Either we develop them or we ignore them. It is not very disciplined, I’m afraid.”

As for music he’s interested in today, JHP leaves the hip cred and encyclopedic geekery to his vinyl-crazed fans. “For me, friendship is more the thing. See, I don’t listen much to music. I leave everything up to chance. I listen to whatever is in reach of my ears. If I am driving long distance, which I love, I turn the radio on and: Here comes music. Especially at night. Or, some friends send me their productions, or they send me productions of someone they like and they would like me to listen to. So I listen to it. When we were doing this Avantgarde Festival, which we did for 20 years, I was intensively listening to music, because I had to. Hundreds of people would apply to play here. But generally, no, I never listened to music.

“There was a time, a long time in my life, when there was always music in my head. And it was at some point I even started saying, ‘Where is the button to turn this off?’ I would just close my eyes and hear music. I could even interact with the music. Now this has stopped, fortunately, unfortunately. Instead of that now I just have tinnitus. It’s very Stockhausen. It’s cool, it changes, sometimes just a little bit of tinnitus, sometimes it’s damn heavy.”

Beyond the month-long U.S. tour, 2016 has an exciting twist for faUST, who will perform in China for the first time. “It’s very interesting … maybe it’s like closing a door, saying, ‘We’ve made it to China, that’s very nice, it’s time to stop.’ Or, on the other hand, opening the door, saying ‘OK, we’ve got China, let’s go!’ and start anew. It’s only four days, it’s a door cracking, actually. We hope with this to make an impact that will open other doors.”

JHP personally looks forward to accompanying his daughter, Jeanne-Marie Varain, also an artist, on her global projects, and assisting her with continuing the Avantgarde Festival.

But after 46 years of performing, when I asked what the best part of being part of this band was, he deftly answers: “The food. That’s what really matters with faUST.”

Liv Carrow received a B.A. in German Studies after submitting a 200 page thesis on Krautrock. She’s still paying for it today.
Are you planning an event? Submit event info to calendar@littlevillagemag.com. Include event name, date, time, venue, street address, admission price and a brief description (no all-caps, exclamation points or advertising verbiage, please). To find more events, visit littlevillagemag.com/calendar.

WED., MAR. 16

/FAMILY: Spring Break Camp: New Zealand, Iowa Children's Museum, $7-25, 9 a.m.
/CRAFTY: Intro to Stringing: Dazzle in Pearls, Beadology Iowa, $58, 10 a.m.
Baroque Glitz Earrings, Beadology Iowa, $58, 2 p.m.
/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Dancing in the Streets,’ Adler Theatre, $40-50, 7:30 p.m.
/MUSIC: Autumn Kid, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 7 p.m.
Ike Reilly Assassination, The Mill, $12-15, 8 p.m.
/CINEMA: The Picture Show: 'Babe: Pig In The City,' FilmScene, $2.50, 3:30 p.m.
/LITERATURE: Art Lover’s Book Club, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, Free, 4 p.m.
/CRAFTY: English Paper Piecing, Home Ec. Workshop, $30, 6 p.m.
/MUSIC: Kathy Mattea, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $25-30, 7 p.m.
The Beggarmen, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $10-15, 7:30 p.m.
The Holophonics, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
Alisabeth Von Presley and Gerard Estella, Opus Concert Cafe, $20, 8 p.m.
/FOODIE: Millstream Brewery Tasting, NewBo City Market, Free, 8 p.m.

THU., MAR. 17

/FAMILY: Spring Break Camp: Japan, Iowa Children’s Museum, $7-25, 9 a.m.

/FAMILY: Spring Break Camp: Africa, Iowa Children’s Museum, $7-25, 9 a.m.

LEUKEMIA & LYMPHOMA SOCIETY BENEFIT: KICK ASS RED LIPSTICK BURLESQUE REVUE
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts
Sat., Mar. 19, 8 p.m., $25
Photo by Danforth Johnson

Kick Ass Red Lipstick Burlesque Revue, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $25, Sat., Mar. 19 at 8 p.m.
Vitality Dance Studio in Cedar Rapids is sending its burlesque troupe, The Va Va Voom, south to the CCPA for a one-night show to benefit the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. The event is also in support of Vitality founder Cat Cantrill’s nomination as the LLS Woman of the Year. Kick Ass Red Lipstick is an online group of support and empowerment for women that seeks to expand the goals that Vitality pursues locally, giving women the “gift of transformation” and encouraging them to invest in themselves. The studio offers classes in burlesque, lap dance and belly dancing, as well as fitness and confidence courses. The Va Va Voom debuted in August of 2014 and has been entertaining Cedar Rapids and the surrounding area ever since.
Doodlebugs at Hiawatha Library: Meet The Masters, William H. Johnson Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

/MUSIC: Jazz After Five, The Mill, Free, 5 p.m.
Friday Night Live Music: Craig Erickson, Cedar Ridge Distillery, Free, 6 p.m.
Alisabeth Von Presley and Gerard Estella, Opus Concert Cafe, $20, 8 p.m.
The Problems with Flannel Season, Crystal City, Iowa City Yacht Club, $10, 8 p.m.
JAM-E-TIME, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 p.m.
See Through Dresses + Gosh! + Ronin + Earth Witch + Morphine Dream, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
‘Springqueen’ Queen Tribute ft. A Very Special Bowie Tribute, River Music Experience Redstone Room, $15-18, 9 p.m.
Benoit Plouard with Haunter, Chris Wiersema, The Mill, $8, 9 p.m.

/CRAFTRY: Gyrls Night Out: Branced Fringe Earrings, Beadology Iowa, $58, 5:30 p.m.
Craft Party: Open Wide Pouch, Home Ec. Workshop, $35, 6 p.m.

/TEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Peppa Pig Live: ‘Peppa’s Big Splash,’ Paramount Theatre Cedar Rapids, $29.50-49.50, 6 p.m.
‘Lost in Yonkers,’ Iowa City Community Theatre, $9-17, 7:30 p.m.
‘Steel Magnolias,’ Giving Tree Theater, $16-26, 8 p.m.
Chris “BOOM BOOM” Johnson, Penguin’s Comedy Club, $12-15, 7:30 p.m.

SAT., MAR. 19

/COMMUNITY: 33rd Annual Maple Syrup Festival, Indian Creek Nature Center, $5-10, 8 a.m.
Goodbye Winter, Hello Spring! Guest Vendor Market, NewBo City Market, Free, 4 p.m.
/CRAFTRY: Lampwork Headpins, Beadology Iowa, $98, 10 a.m.
Woodblock Printmaking Workshop, American Gothic House Center, Free, 12 p.m.
Pearl Knotting, Beadology Iowa, $58, 2 p.m.
/MUSIC: Ukulele Social Club, Uptown Bill's, Free, 4 p.m.
Kris Lager Band, Cedar Ridge Distillery, $5, 7 p.m.
Uptown Bill's Live: Dunlavin Green, Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.
Keith Soko, River Music Experience Community Stage, Free, 7 p.m.
Rick Springfield: Stripped Down, Paramount Theatre Cedar Rapids, $35-65, 7:30 p.m.
Alisabeth Von Presley and Gerard Estella, Opus Concert Cafe, $20, 8 p.m.
Scarlet Runner, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 p.m.
Haunter + We Also Let Blood + Oh Merde + Arizona Landmine, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
/MUSIC: 2nd Annual 80's Night ft. Plastic Relations, Iowa City Yacht Club, $5, 8:30 p.m.
AREA EVENTS

SPORTS-AND-REC: English Country Dance, Iowa City Senior Center, Free, 7 p.m.
THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Lost in Yonkers,’ Iowa City Community Theatre, $9-17, 2 p.m.
Kick Ass Red Lipstick Burlesque Revue, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $25, 8 p.m.

SUN., MAR. 20

CRAFTY: Painting Class with Renee Reeder, Lion Bridge Brewing Company, $30, 2 p.m.
Artifactory’s Art in the Afternoon: Ceramist Shumpei Yamaki, Beadology Iowa, Free, 2 p.m.
THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Lost in Yonkers,’ Iowa City Community Theatre, $9-17, 2 p.m.

MON., MAR. 21

MUSIC: Pine Travelers with Soul Phlegm, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m.

TUE., MAR. 22

CRAFTY: Hubble Stitch Bracelet, Beadology Iowa, $58, 5:30 p.m.
CINEMA: Bijou Horizons: ‘Office,’ FilmScene, $5, 6 p.m.
LITERATURE: Garth Greenwell Reading, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.
MUSIC: Blues Jam, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 p.m.
That1Guy, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $15-18, 7 p.m.

WED., MAR. 23

MUSIC: Star & Micey with The Multiple Cat, Dan Tedesco, River Music Experience Redstone Room, $8-10, 6 p.m.
Songs, Stools, and Stories, Paramount Theatre Cedar Rapids, $38-48, 7:30 p.m.
LITERATURE: Jesse Lee Kercheval, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.
THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Paperback Rhino, Public Space One, Free, 7 p.m.
CINEMA: Late Shift At The Grindhouse: ‘The Visitor,’ FilmScene, $4, 10 p.m.

THU., MAR. 24

MUSIC: I See Stars, Chunk No Captain Chunk with Exit, Emergency, Get Scared, White Noise, Gabe’s, $16-20, 5 p.m.
Unamused Dave + Anergrams + Bankshot + Closet Witch + Archeress, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 7 p.m.
Frogleg with Rude Punch & Soul Phlegm, Iowa City Yacht Club, $7, 8 p.m.
Breaking Benjamin with Starset, Adler Theatre, $32.75-
37.75, 8:30 p.m.
Frankie Teardrop with Wild Firth, Hot Tang, The Mill, $6, 10 p.m.
/CRAFTY: Free Metalwork Tutorials, Beadology Iowa, Free, 5 p.m.
/FOODIE: Exile and Lion Bridge Collaboration Beer Release Event, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 6 p.m.
/CINEMA: Music Is The Word Documentary Screening: ‘Theremin - an Electronic Odyssey,’ Iowa City Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.
/LITERATURE: BYOBook, The Mill, Free, 6 p.m.
Jonathan Lee in Conversation with Garth Greenwell, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.

FRI., MAR. 25

/COMMUNITY: Iowa City History Series with Tom Schulein: Tracing Some Significant Manufacturing Concerns in Iowa City and Coralville, Iowa City Senior Center, Free, 1 p.m.
/COMMUNITY: STEM Family Free Night, Iowa Children’s Museum, Free, 5 p.m.
/MUSIC: Jazz After Five, The Mill, Free, 5 p.m.

That1Guy, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $15–18, Tue., Mar. 22 at 7:30 p.m. Eastern Iowa is getting another opportunity to experience the weird wonder of That1Guy, aka Mike Silverman, as he swings through Cedar Rapids on his latest tour. This classically-trained (San Francisco Conservatory of Music) musician is known for his percussion techniques, including the heavy use of body-as-instrument, and the instrument he invented that goes by the delightful moniker of the Magic Pipe: it’s 7 feet tall, and boasts an impressive collection of steel plumbing pipes and joints, orchestral bass strings and electronics. Silverman got his start on the jazz scene and often used to tour with Buckethead as The Frankenstein Brothers. As That1Guy, he plays 150-200 shows a year, in the US and Canada.
EDITORS' PICKS

MUSIC: Blues & Roots Series Feat. Toronzo Cannon, River Music Experience Redstone Room, $12-15, 8 p.m.
Bob Hillman, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m.
Motherlode, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 p.m.
Heather Styka + Benjamin Cartel, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
Quad City Gospel Meets New York Jazz, Adler Theatre, $7-22, 8 p.m.
An Evening at the Ecopolis: Awful Purdies, Jeff Biggers, Old Capitol Senate Chamber at UI, Free, 7-30 p.m.
Jake McVey, Blue Moose Tap House, $5-7, 8 p.m.
EGI with Live Broadcast & In The Attic, Iowa City Yacht Club, $7, 9 p.m.
Nato Coles and The Blue Diamond Band with Rational Anthem, The Starry Nights, The Mill, $8, 9 p.m.

LITERATURE: Daniel Raeburn, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.

THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: SPT Theatre, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $20-25, 8 p.m.

SAT., MAR. 26

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

DOLLHOUSE FILM FEST
Public Space One
Sat., Mar. 26–Sun., Mar. 27
Still from ‘Catalyst’ by Serena Fath

Dollhouse Femme Film Fest—Iowa City, Public Space One, Freewill Donation, Sat., Mar. 26–Sun., Mar. 27 at 8 p.m. Co-sponsored in Iowa City by Public Space One and Chicago performance venue The Dollhouse DIY, this touring film festival dedicated to female-identified filmmakers will show a series of short films Mar. 26–27, with all films playing each night. An art exhibit titled ‘We Are Survivors,’ curated by Jessica Pleyel, accompanies the festival (gallery opens an hour before the screenings begin). The following films will be showing: ‘Catalyst’—Serena Illuminati Fath; ‘J Nugget’—Charlotte Kennett; ‘Never’—Angelica W. Malerba; ‘Untitled’—Holly Arsenault; ‘Revenge of the Flower Gang’—Amanda Kang; ‘Playing Games’—Hannah Welever; ‘The Night Smokers of Chicago’—Eve Studnicka; ‘Day/Night’—Emily Esperanza & Abby Young; ‘Intentions’—Hannah Spazzground Schiff; and ‘Feel the Fear’—Sarah Steam. Serena Illuminati Fath is the festival curator.

MUSIC: Blues & Roots Series Feat. Toronzo Cannon, River Music Experience Redstone Room, $12-15, 8 p.m.
Bob Hillman, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m.
Motherlode, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 p.m.
Heather Styka + Benjamin Cartel, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
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Jake McVey, Blue Moose Tap House, $5-7, 8 p.m.
EGI with Live Broadcast & In The Attic, Iowa City Yacht Club, $7, 9 p.m.
Nato Coles and The Blue Diamond Band with Rational Anthem, The Starry Nights, The Mill, $8, 9 p.m.

LITERATURE: Daniel Raeburn, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.

THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: SPT Theatre, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $20-25, 8 p.m.

/CRAGHTY: Metal Ring Embellishment, Beadology Iowa, $78, 10 a.m.
Indigo Dyeing, Home Ec. Workshop, $35, 1 p.m.
/FOODIE: Lion Bridge Brewing Taproom Takeover!, Lion Bridge Brewing Company, $50, 10 a.m.
/COMMUNITY: Disability Awareness Day, Iowa Children’s Museum, Free, 10 a.m.
/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘The Frog and The Princess,’ Old Creamery Theatre, $10, 1 p.m.
A Tribute to Elvis, Old Creamery Theatre, $15-29.50, 7:30 p.m.
Ralphie May with The Smash Brothers, First Avenue Club, $28-40, 8 p.m.
/MUSIC: IC Classical Guitar Society, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 2 p.m.
Deep Dish Divas, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.
Bunny Bounce featuring: Mike Wilk, Kill OG, Jade Reed, & Kage Blue Moose Tap House, Free-$5, 8 p.m.
Grandchamp + Chrash + Tambourine, Rozz-Tox, $5-10, 8 p.m.
Townes Van Zandt Birthday Celebration, The Mill, $8, 8 p.m.
Holiday Road Band and Friends, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 8 p.m.
Aaron Kamm & The One Drops, Iowa City Yacht Club, $8, 10 p.m.
/CINEMA: Dollhouse Femme Film Fest, Public Space One, Freewill donation, 8 p.m.
/LITERATURE: Fracture Anthology Reading with Ice Cube Press, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 5 p.m.

SUN., MAR. 27

/MUSIC: Bernemann Brothers, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 4 p.m.
Wild Child with Twinsmith, Viva Moxie, Gabe’s, $16-20, 8 p.m.
/CINEMA: Dollhouse Femme Film Fest, Public Space One, Freewill donation, 8 p.m.
Arthaus Film Series: ‘Funeral Parade Of Roses,’ Rozz-Tox, Free, 8 p.m.

TUE., MAR. 29

/MUSIC: Jeffrey Foucault, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $15-18, 7 p.m.

ART-AND-EXHIBITION: DOC/UNDOC: Collaboration and Metamorphosis, UI Main Library, Free, 5 p.m.
/LITERATURE: Cornelia F. Mutel, Prairie Lights Books & Cafe, Free, 7 p.m.
/MUSIC: Jeffrey Foucault, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $15-18, 7 p.m.
Mr. Diamante,
I write to you in advance of the Mission Creek festival of music and letters next month (which, as a neophyte, I’m positively vibrating about!) and I have need of information from a source I can trust. As you are clearly your region’s nonpareil voice of record for all manners of serious enquiry and scrupulous council, I know I will be able to rely on your expertise in this most sensitive matter. Whilst I look forward to the revelry of the Mission Creek event, I also suffer from a terrible anxiousness surrounding the prospect of “making” in public venues, especially in an unfamiliar city.

If you could provide me with a travelogue to, ahem, releasing the hounds, as it were, I would owe you an eternal debt of gratitude.

Best Regards, Giles St. Auxbreeée

Giles,
Thanks for the compliment and vote of confidence, always appreciated. I’m uniquely qualified to answer your question, as I haven’t taken a dump at home in almost seven years. Like you, I am a private man who enjoys life’s modest pleasures, like egesting without interference or interruption. Turns out, much to my chagrin, I married a “turd-lurker” and have subsequently sired a number of progeny who exhibit her phenotype. To be entirely fair, one of my daughters expresses a hybrid allele, insisting on her own privacy, yet showing no capacity to resist the Siren song of someone else in the lavatory. In any case, I opted to take my business elsewhere and I’m glad my field research is proving useful. I’m happy to report you’ll have a number of viable options, so never fear!

The basement of the Jefferson Building is private, well furnished and offers an upscale experience in a downtown setting. If
you’re in a pinch, the centrally located and predominantly sanitary WC at the Robert A. Lee Community Recreation Center can’t be beat. The public library seems like a good idea, but can be a bit of a crapshoot. The restrooms at Prairie Lights bookstore are pleasantly secluded, spacious and well lit. With a nod to authenticity, the experience is accompanied by a fitting twist of plot. SPOILER ALERT: While the bathrooms themselves are well-cloistered and quiet, the toilets are, by all accounts, powered by jet turbine. The savvy visitor will bring earplugs and headgear, as they are not provided.

I hope you find this information useful, but I also encourage you to let down your guard a bit and take advantage of the joie de vivre atmosphere Mission Creek is so well known for. Who knows? Maybe the spirit of adventure will compel you to hunker down in some graffiti-laden, doorless bathroom stall and the rich tapestry of your life will be woven anew. Good luck; Iowa City looks forward to welcoming you! —Wayne

/MUSIC: Jennifer Hall with Liz Moen, Dan DiMonte & The Bad Assets, The Mill, $7, 8 p.m.
/CINEMA: Late Shift At The Grindhouse: ‘The Condemned,’ FilmScene, $4, 10 p.m.

GET AWAY TO THE BIG SCREEN.

IOWA FILM FESTIVALS

Discover unforgettable movies.
From the Siouxland to Snake Alley, Iowa film festivals stay with you long after the credits have rolled. Engage in lively discussions with the directors and meet the filmmakers of tomorrow. Start planning your getaway and view our statewide listing of festivals at produceiowa.com.
JENNIFER HALL WITH LIZ MOEN & DAN DIMONTE AND THE BAD ASSETS
The Mill, Wed., Mar. 30, 8 p.m., $7
Photo by C.B. Lindsey

Jennifer Hall, The Mill, $7, Wed., Mar. 30 at 8 p.m. Chicago musician Jennifer Hall rolls through Iowa City for the second time at month’s end. Her soulful, dynamic, Fiona Apple-tinged vocals are the clear highlight of her 2015 self-titled EP, supported by her incredibly versatile band. She flows seamlessly through styles, revealing a vast array of influences, sometimes leaping from rock to soul to undertones of musical theatre on a single song, in ways that shouldn’t work, but always do. Her voice is a consistent thread that you will follow through anything. Her show at The Mill includes opening acts Liz Moen and Dan DiMonte and the Bad Assets.

/SAT., APR. 2
/FAMILY: Girl Scout Timeless Pastimes Sleep-In, Iowa Children’s Museum, $30, 6:30 p.m.

/SUN., APR. 3
/CINEMA: ‘As You Like It,’ The Englert Theatre, $15-18, 2 p.m.
/MUSIC: Charlie King and Martha Leader, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 2 p.m.

/MUSIC: Mr Bill and KJ Sawka Live Concert and Music Production Clinic, Blue Moose Tap House, $12-20, 6 p.m.
/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: ‘Completely Hollywood Abridged,’ Old Creamery Theatre, $30, 2 p.m.
‘Hamlet,’ Theatre Cedar Rapids, $18-28, 2:30 p.m.

/MUSIC: MCF: Faust with Mammifer, Bob Bucko Jr., Gabe’s, $15, 8 p.m.
MCF: Caroline Smith with Quilt, Karen Meat, The Mill, $15, 8 p.m.
Sit Kitty Sit with G lostik Willy, Flowpoetry, Iowa City Yacht Club, $5, 9 p.m.
/LITERATURE: MCF: Alison Bechdel, The Englert Theatre, Free, 7:30 p.m.
**MONDAYS**

Moeller Mondays, Rozz-Tox, $8-12, 8 p.m. Open Mic, The Mill, Free, 8 p.m. Catacombs of Comedy, Yacht Club, $3, 10 p.m.

**TUESDAYS**

Acoustic Music Club, River Music Experience, Free, 4:30 p.m. Tuesday Evening Jazz, Motley Cow Cafe, Free, 5:30 p.m. Tom’s Guitar Show, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 6 p.m. (last Tuesday) Blues Jam, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 p.m. Underground Open Mic, The Yacht Club, Free, 8 p.m. Comedy & Open Mic Night, Studio 13, Free, 9 p.m.

**WEDNESDAYS**

Music is the Word: Music on Wednesdays, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. Music is the Word: Music on Fridays, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 9 p.m. Daddy-O, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. Free, 7 p.m. (3rd Thursday) 4 p.m. Novel Conversations, Coralville Public Library, Free, 10 a.m. Studio 13, 10 p.m. Open Mic, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. (1st Wednesday) Open Mic, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m. Karaoke Wednesdays, Mondo’s Saloon, Free, 10 p.m. Open Stage, Studio 13, 10 p.m. Open Jam and Mug Night, Yacht Club, Free, 10 p.m. Late Shift at the Grindhouse, FilmScene, $4, 10 p.m. Talk Art, The Mill, Free, 10:30 p.m. (2nd & 4th Wednesdays)

**THURSDAYS**

I.C. Press Co-op open shop, Public Space One, Free, 4 p.m. Novel Conversations, Coralville Public Library, Free, 7 p.m. (3rd Thursday) Thursday Night Live Open Mic, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. Daddy-O, Parlor City Pub and Eatery, Free, 7 p.m. Live Jazz, Clinton Street Social Club, Free, 8 p.m. Karaoke Thursday, Studio 13, Free, 8 p.m. New Tribe, The Barber Shop Tavern, Free, 8 p.m. Gemini Karaoke, Blue Moose, Free, 9 p.m.

**FRIDAYS**

Music is the Word: Music on Fridays, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 12 p.m. Friday Night Out, Ceramics Center, 6:30 p.m. FAC Dance Party, The Union Bar, 7 p.m. Sasha Belle presents: Friday Drag & Dance Party, Studio 13, 8 p.m. SoulShake, Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

**SATURDAYS**

Family Storytime, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m. I.C. Press Co-op open shop, Public Space One, Free, 12 p.m. Saturday Night Music, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m. Elation Dance Party, Studio 13, 9 p.m.

**SUNDAYS**

Live Music, Sutiff Cider Company, 3 p.m. Drag U, Studio 13, 8 p.m. Pub Quiz, The Mill, $1, 9 p.m.

/MUSIC/ Alisabeth Von Presley and Gerard Estella, Opus Concert Cafe, $20, 8 p.m. (Mar. 17-19)


/ART-AND-COURT/ Benjamin’s Banquet ... Our Relationship with Food, The Chait Galleries Downtown (through Mar. 27), Things That Look Like Other Things, White Rabbit (through Mar. 30), Fidencio Martinez: Legalities of Being, Legion Arts CSPS Hall (through Apr. 3), Seema Kapur: Rivers and Bridges, Legion Arts CSPS Hall (through Apr. 3), Living with Pots: Ceramics from the Eric Dean and Todd Thelen Collection, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art (through Apr. 10), Joanne Ribble: Artist and Advocate, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art (through Apr. 30), Grant Wood and Marvin Cone: Barns, Farms, and America’s Heartland, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art (through May 15), Lisa Jane Persky: X-Offenders: A Year in the Life of a Proto-Punk (1976), Englert Theatre’s Douglas and Linda Paul Gallery (opens Mar. 22)

/OTHER/ Space Jam Reading Room and Lounge: Call for zines, small press publications, comics, art books, broadsides & experimental printed matter to be exhibited during the Mission Creek Festival, Apr. 7-10. Include a SASE to have your materials returned to you. Deadline: Mar. 25, 2016. Mail submissions to: Breeanne Trammell, 425 Clark Street, Iowa City, IA 52240.

**THEATRE:**

Theatre Cedar Rapids: Auditions for a second improv team to join JOYRIDE in the spring Studio Improv Series performances. Sunday, Apr. 3 at 7 p.m. at TCR. For more details, visit http://www.theatrecr.org.

Giving Tree Theater: The youth production of ‘School of Rock’ will hold auditions on Friday, Mar. 25 and Saturday, Mar. 26 at 1 p.m. each day. Pit band auditions Mar. 26 at 4 p.m. All actors and pit band members must be 18 or under at performance time (Apr. 8-24). See www.givingtreetheater.com.

**VISUAL ART:**

Summer of the Arts: Student artists in high school and above are invited to apply for the Emerging Artists Pavilion at the Iowa Arts Festival. Applicants must reside in Iowa, but may attend school out of state. Deadline is Mar. 21. More at www.summeroftheARTS.org.

Awesome Autism Awareness and Acceptance Art Show: Artists of all ages on the autism spectrum are invited to submit photographs, paintings, drawing, sculpture, crafts or video for inclusion in the A5 show, which celebrates unique perspectives. Email A5project@yahoo.com. Deadline is Apr. 1.

**CULTURE:**

Summer of the Arts: Applications are open for Booth Presenters as part of the Iowa Arts Festival Global Village. The deadline is Apr. 4, 2016. Booths should feature a specific country and include a craft for children. For more info, visit www.summeroftheARTS.org.

**OTHER:**

Space Jam Reading Room and Lounge: Call for zines, small press publications, comics, art books, broadsides & experimental printed matter to be exhibited during the Mission Creek Festival, Apr. 7-10. Include a SASE to have your materials returned to you. Deadline: Mar. 25, 2016. Mail submissions to: Breeanne Trammell, 425 Clark Street, Iowa City, IA 52240.
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WHAT IF HUMANS BECAME COLD-BLOODED?

If humans could change to become cold-blooded, would it be advantageous to us? (Assuming we changed instantly.) —Zayne Johnson

And assuming some of us haven’t already made the transition. I mean, try convincing me Vladimir Putin doesn’t have at least a little reptile in him.

I kid, of course, but before getting to your question I’ll just note some research showing how humans can in fact become a little colder-blooded in a hurry: through social exclusion. In one study, after some subjects were excluded from what they thought was a communal computer game—frozen out, you might say—their skin temperature measured 1.3 degrees Fahrenheit lower than subjects who’d gotten to play. Other experiments have likewise confirmed that temperature influences our interpersonal skills, such that when folks are warmer they’re more likely to engage in social behavior; simply raising the temperature of the room can improve relations within a group. Need a converse data point? Take the Donner party: When the going got cold, the cold ate each other.

These are minor, temporary fluctuations, of course, and you’re apparently thinking bigger and bolder, Zayne. OK, but first we should be clear on what we mean. “Cold-blooded” is layperson-speak, and corresponds to several overlapping technical terms describing an animal’s metabolism and how much variance in body temperature it can handle. The concept we’re really interested in here, though, is ectothermy. Ectothermic animals—reptiles, amphibians, fish and invertebrates, basically—don’t generate significant body heat; their external surroundings determine their internal temperature, which they can only regulate via behavior: seeking out sunlight or shade, burrowing, etc. (This limitation is called poikilothermy, but let’s keep things moving.)

Endotherms, by contrast—birds and mammals, including us—maintain consistent body temperature using their own metabolic heat, and can regulate it physiologically as needed (by shivering or sweating, for example). The primary advantage endotherms have over ectotherms is the ability to thrive in a wider variety of climes, whereas the big advantage for ectotherms is lower food consumption, meaning a higher carrying capacity for the habitats they do live in.

So humans becoming ectothermic—out of the question, right? Not so fast. That first fish crawling out of the primordial sea was cold-blooded, and we evolved from it—suggesting that creatures can change teams, thermoregulation-wise, but it’s likely to take a while. If somehow we were to manage it on the expedited schedule you propose, though, here are a few practical effects the switch might occasion:

• Life would go by at a different pace. Because ectothermic creatures rely on external temperatures for energy, we’d have to spend some time lolling in the sun each morning before we were really able to get going—like drinking coffee, but cheaper. Wintertime? You might want to set up a few heat lamps in your house, lest you run the risk of descending into a state of torpor. On the other hand, your Facebook habit’s probably already primed you for this.
• With torpor on the menu of metabolic options, though, space travel should be much easier for cold-blooded humans—kind of like the “cryosleep” you see in sci-fi (which, by the by, NASA-funded research really is exploring as a means of enabling long-distance missions—say, to Mars). A cold-blooded crew could survive at low temperatures for much longer than a warm-blooded one, allowing them to travel months, maybe years, on minimal resources. This won’t make the trip to Alpha Centauri any quicker, of course, but time flies when you’re torpid.
• Come to think of it, combing the universe for other habitable locales might start to look like a pretty good idea. Back here on earth, land-dwelling ectotherms tend to do best in a temperature range of about 70 to 105 degrees Fahrenheit. So provided we wanted to lead reasonably active lives, ectothermic people would likely gravitate toward latitudes close to the equator, and presumably give rise to the kinds of malign side effects that come with large-scale human migration: overcrowding, resource depletion, political destabilization. Think Cancun’s packed now? Just wait till it’s beset by lizard people.

Then again, there’s global warming to consider. If the world gets too hot, those warmer regions might not end up being so attractive to the cold-blooded version of us after all, or for that matter to any ectotherms. We don’t have to speculate alone on this topic: The coauthor of a 2009 paper described the outlook for tropical ectotherms as “catastrophic,” given the narrow range of temperatures in which they’re comfortable. Too cold, they can’t move; as it becomes too hot for them, though, they’ll spend all their time searching for shady spots—which, with deforestation, are already disappearing—thus reducing the amount of time they’re able to look for food or reproduce. We’re talking about everything from crocodiles all the way down to insects; you can’t take a swathe of creatures like that out of the food chain without some major repercussions. So not to get too cheery here or anything, but: If by some future miracle humans are able to render ourselves cold-blooded, we’ll already have foreclosed the possibility of living successfully that way on earth.
Kiki, HELP!

I went on a Tinder date with a guy who wanted to try anal. He was cute and sweet, and I thought I would go for it. I’d never done it before, but I’m on Tinder to try new things. Well, he slipped out before he came, and I could smell my poop. He must have smelled it, too, because he didn’t try again. He just fumbled something about having to work in the morning and bolted. He hasn’t responded to any of my texts, and I don’t think he will. Did I do something wrong?

Signed, Busy in the Behind

Hey Sweetheart,

Some mechanics: I’m not sure how you prepped for anal, but the amount of time between when (and what) you ate, your last bowel movement and the extent to which you cleaned the inside and outside of your asshole can all affect your “emptiness.” If it’s something you’d like to try again, I’d do some research, some self-observation of your anal moods and their connection to your diet and experiment with a game activity partner.

As to this particular Tinder encounter, I think you may need to do a little self-reflection. Were you down to try anal because you are “trying new things” in general, or because you thought he was “cute and sweet” and you want him to continue to “respond to your texts”? Neither is wrong, sweetheart, but those are two different things. It’s okay if you really just want to fuck a person and try a thing—you are not obliged to have relational attachment before or after. Unless, of course, that’s something that you need to enjoy sex. (Kiki, your eternal throbbing heart, is more so of the latter camp.) Also, it’s sometimes confusing to know which thing it is you’re going for: I don’t think you need to feel bad about it, but I empathize with the fact that you do.

Also, gotta say that this dude sounds like a fuckboy, tbh. He wanted to try anal with someone who hadn’t before (even if you didn’t disclose, he also didn’t ask) as the first fuck, and couldn’t deal with the consequences in a kind way. He’s probably not responding to your texts because he got what he wanted out of the encounter, which was “get a girl on Tinder to let me do anal.” Maybe he’s embarrassed you didn’t enjoy the experience or embarrassed about being grossed out, if he was. I sincerely, super don’t care. He’s fine, sweetheart. Are you fine? What do you need to do to be fine? That’s what matters.

xoxo, Kiki

Dear Kiki,

Is it possible to forget how to have sex? It had been so long I don’t think I remember!

Signed, Been So Long

Hey babe,

I don’t know, maybe? Would you like to do something to jog your memory? Because I think that’d be a swell, nifty thing you could do for yourself, either with a playmate or solo! xoxo, Kiki

He's fine, sweetheart. Are you fine?

Questions about love and sex in the city of Iowa City can be submitted to dearkiki@littlevillagemag.com, or anonymously at littlevillagemag.com/dearkiki. Questions may be edited for clarity and length, and may appear either in print or online at littlevillagemag.com.
Take That, Portland!
Seattle’s ambitious Office of Arts & Culture has allocated $10,000 this year to pay a poet or writer to create a work while present on the city’s Fremont Bridge drawbridge. The office’s deputy director told the Seattle Post-Intelligencer in January that the city wants to encourage “public art” and that the grant will oblige the recipient to create a work of prose or poetry from the bridge’s northwest tower, to help the people of Seattle understand the function of art in the city. (The artist will not be “in residence,” for the tower has no running water.)

New World Order
Exasperated, Columbia County (Pennsylvania) District Judge Craig Long felt the need to post a sign outside his courtroom in January informing visitors that they should not wear pajamas to court. However, even Judge Long acknowledged that his admonition was not enforceable and that he was merely trying to encourage minimal standards.

Bright Ideas
• The roadside billboard giant Clear Channel Outdoor Americas announced in February that it would soon be recording the cellphone locations of drivers who pass the company’s signs in 11 cities in order to give advertisers more information on how to pitch products to people with those particular travel patterns and behaviors. Clear Channel asserts that no individual identifications would be sought, but privacy advocates fret about potential abuses, and even a Clear Channel executive acknowledged that the program “does sound a bit creepy.” (On the other hand, as Clear Channel pointed out to The New York Times, cellphone users’ locations and characteristics are already being extensively monitored by advertisers.)
• “Medical” marijuana will take on a new meaning soon if the Food and Drug Administration approves Foria Relief cannabis vaginal suppositories for relieving menstrual pain (from the California company Foria). Currently, the product is available only in California and Colorado, at $44 for a four-pack. The company claims the inserts are targeted to the pelvic nerve endings, but International Business Times, citing a gynecologist-blogger, noted that the only studies on the efficacy of Foria Relief were done on the uteruses of rats.

Not the Usual Suspects
• A then-married couple, both graduates of elite California law schools, were convicted of felonies and went to jail briefly two years ago for a criminal scheme inexplicably tawdry—and in February 2016 lost a resultant civil lawsuit for $5.7 million to the scheme’s victim. A woman at their child’s school had referred to the lawyers’ son as “slow,” enraged Kent Easter (University of California at Berkeley) and then-wife, Jill (UCLA), who retaliated by planting drugs and paraphernalia in Kelli Peters’ car and then, a man identified via circumstantial evidence as Kent (with an accent as if from India), called in a DUI tip to police, resulting in Peters’ arrest. According to Peters, neither perpetrator has ever expressed remorse, and although Kent admitted to “stupidity,” he now complains that Peters does not deserve her windfall (like a “Powerball winner,” he said).
• The online-pornography colossus Pornhub’s charity fundraising promotion during February benefited the Moclips Cetological Society (“Save the Whales”) in honor of World Whale Day on Feb. 13. Its news release celebrated whales’ sexuality—that they, like humans, do not limit their horniness to procreation. The company said it would, from Feb. 8 to Feb. 29, donate a penny for every 2,000 videos played on its ubiquitous free websites. (That offer might appear modest, but a Seattle Post-Intelligencer reporter noted, over the first two days, the world’s porn consumers had played 532 million videos—earning the charity $2,660.)

Can’t Possibly Be True
Vicky Leyton, 72, announced her retirement recently in Benidorm, Spain, over health concerns, but the lady’s 30-year run in her one-of-a-kind, “Sticky Vicky” magic show can hardly be forgotten by the 6 million fans who have witnessed it. Trained as a ballerina but emulating magicians who pull rabbits out of top hats, Vicky extracted an impressive array of items, also—from the body cavity that is occasionally the subject of News of the Weird stories. One review in Spain’s El País newspaper described a typical inventory: fluffy flags, flowers, ping-pong balls, sausages, eggs, a string of razor blades, a bottle and a light bulb (that was aglow!).

Nothing More to See Here?
Additional Details Needed: (1) Andrew McNeil, 34, was arrested in Lincoln, Neb., in January and charged with disturbing the peace. According to the police report (and lacking follow-up reporting by local news outlets), McNeil was found around 11 p.m. naked and “covered in sawdust.” (2) Rob Moore, 32, was arrested for misdemeanor drug possession in Marathon, Fla., in February, but he had only come to police attention when an officer heard him banging on the trunk of his car from the inside. Without follow-up reporting, Moore’s story was that he was looking for something in the trunk, fell in and couldn’t get out.

Least Competent Criminals
• Perps Who Needed to Hit the Gym: (1) Anthony Nemeth, 26, seeking pain medication but lacking a prescription, leaped over the pharmacy counter of Walgreens in Bradenton, Fla., in February and demanded a supply. Customer David West, 25, standing at the counter with his girlfriend, ended the “robbery” with four quick punches, sending Nemeth to the floor. (West is a competitive boxer and reportedly a former state champion.) (2) Wheelchair-user Betty Jeffery, 76, was briefly the victim of a purse-snatching in Pitsea, England, in February. She appeared vulnerable, but in fact is a former national arm-wrestling champion and slugger the young female thief in the face, slowing her down and leading her to drop the purse as she fled.
• Didn’t Think It Through: (1) Simon Chaplin, 62, thought he had cleverly evaded police near Hebron, England, recently (thus avoiding a speeding ticket) by employing a do-it-yourself, James Bond-style smoke-screen device on his Peugeot sedan, facilitating a smoggy getaway. Initially, baffled police officers were forced to hang back, but of course as the haze broke, they merely followed the smoke trail up ahead and caught Chaplin (who was convicted in Swansea Crown Court in February). (2) The man who tried to vandalize a cafe in the Richmond suburb of Melbourne, Australia, in February, got away, but surveillance video showed that, in dousing the outside of the building with fire accelerant, he had also doused his own shoes and was spotted running off with his feet on fire.

—Chuck Shepherd
ARIES (March 21-April 19): Artist Steven Spazuk works exclusively with an unusual medium: soot from candles and torches. He spreads the stuff across a blank canvas, then uses various instruments to sculpt the accidental blobs into definitive forms. I’ve seen the results, and they’re both well-done and intriguing. What would be the metaphorical equivalent, in your world, of using soot to make beautiful and interesting things? I think you’re primed to turn waste into building blocks, rot into splendor, and lead into gold. (See Spazuk’s work at spazuk.com.)

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Carl Sagan said that science thrives on “two seemingly contradictory attitudes: an openness to new ideas, no matter how bizarre or counterintuitive, and the most ruthless skeptical scrutiny of all ideas, old and new.” Whether or not you are a scientist, Taurus, I recommend that you practice this approach in the coming weeks. It’s the tool that’s most likely to keep you centered and free of both rigidity and illusion. As Sagan concluded, this is “how deep truths are wonnowed from deep nonsense.”

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): “Excess on occasion is exhilarating,” said British author W. Somerset Maugham. “It prevents moderation from acquiring the deadening effect of a habit.” Now would be an excellent time to take that advice to heart, Gemini. According to my analysis of the astrological omens, you not only have a license to engage in rowdy fun and extravagant pleasures; it’s your sacred duty. So get out there and treat yourself to an orgy of naughty adventures—or at least a celebration of meaningful thrills. You can return to the rituals of discipline and order once you have harvested the healthy benefits that will come from escaping them.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): At one point in Friedrich Nietzsche’s book Thus Spoke Zarathustra, the hero is having a conversation with himself. “You have wanted to pet every dog,” he says, “a whirl of instinct, a little soft tuft on the paw—and at once you were ready to love and to lure it.” If I were you, Cancerian, I would regard that type of behavior as forbidden in the coming weeks. In fact, I will ask you not to pet any monsters at all—not even the cute ones; not even the beasties and rascals and imps that have slight resemblances to monsters. It’s time for maximum discemment and caution. (P.S.: One of the monsters may ultimately become a non-monstrous ally if you are wary toward it now.)

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22): On a social media site, I posted the following quote from self-help teacher Byron Katie: “Our job is unconditional love. The job of everyone else in our life is to push our buttons.” One commenter took issue with this. “Pushing buttons” is a metaphor that’s long past its expiration date,” she wrote. “Can’t you come up with something fresher?” So I did. Here are a few potential substitutes for “push our buttons”: “tease our manias” ... “prank our obsessions” ... “glitter-bomb our biases” ... “squeeze our phobias” ... “badger our compulsions” ... “seduce our repressions” ... “prick our dogmas.” Whichever expression you prefer, Leo, find a graceful way to embrace your fate: Your current job is unconditional love. The job of everyone else in your life is to tweak your manias and prick your dogmas.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): In the coming weeks, you will have maximum power to revise and reinvigorate your approach to cultivating intimate relationships. To aid your quest, I offer this paraphrased advice from Andrew Boyd: “Almost every one of us seeks a special partner who is just right. But there is no right person, just different flavors of wrong. Why? Because you yourself are “wrong” in some ways—you have demons and flaws and problems. In fact, these “wrongs” are essential components of who you are. When you ripen into this understanding, you’re ready to find and be with your special counterpart. He or she has the precise set of problems you need—is the person who

is wrong for you in just the right ways. (See Boyd’s original quote at tinyurl.com/boydquote.)

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): In her book The Winter Vault, Anne Michaels says, “We become ourselves when things are given to us or when things are taken away.” If she’s right, does it mean we should be grateful for those times when things are taken away? Should we regard moments of loss as therapeutic prods that compel us to understand ourselves better and to create ourselves with a fiercer determination? Meditate on these possibilities, Libra. In the meantime, I’m pleased to announce that the things-getting-taken-away period of your cycle is winding down. Soon you’ll begin a new phase, when you can become a deeper, stronger version of yourself because of the things that are given to you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): I’ll make love when the lust subsides,” sings Denitia, one-half of the electro-pop band Denitia and Sene. That would be a good motto for you to play around with in the coming days, Scorpio—in both literal and metaphorical ways. I’ll enjoy seeing how your emotional intelligence ripens as the white-hot passion of recent weeks evolves into a more manageable warmth. As fun as the intensity has been, it has blinded you to some of the possibilities for collaborative growth that have been emerging. You may now be ready to explore and appreciate sweeter, subtler pleasures.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): “The poems I have loved the most are those I have understood the least,” said T. S. Eliot. I’m going to steal and expand upon his idea for the purpose of giving you an accurate horoscope. In the coming days, Sagittarius, I suspect that the experiences you love most will be those that you understand the least. Indeed, the experiences you NEED the most will be those that surprise and mystify and intrigue you. Luckily, life will be ingenious in bypassing your analytical intelligence so as to provide you with rich emotional stimuli for your soul.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): Capricorn painter Henri Matisse made the following testimony about his creative process: “At each stage I reach a balance, a conclusion. At the next sitting, if I find that there is a weakness in the whole, I make my way back into the picture by means of the weakness—I re-enter through the breach—and I reconceive the whole. Thus everything becomes fluid again.” I recommend this approach to you in the coming days, Capricorn. You’ve been making decent progress on your key project. To keep up the good work, you should now find where the cracks are, and let them teach you how to proceed from here.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): “We all lead three lives,” said Austrian novelist Thomas Bernhard, “an actual one, an imaginary one, and the one we are not aware of.” If she’s right, you’ll get big glimpses of your third life in the coming weeks, Aquarius: the one you’re normally not aware of. It might freak you out a bit, maybe unleash a few blasts of laughter and surges of tears. But if you approach these revelations with reverent curiosity, I bet they will be cleansing and catalytic. They are also likely to make you less entranced by your imaginary life and better grounded in your actual life.

PISCES (Feb. 19-March 20): “The greatest illusion is not religion,” says aphorist Michael Lipsey. “It’s waking up in the morning imagining how much you’re going to get done today.” But even if that’s often true, Pisces, I suspect that you have the power to refute it in the coming weeks. Your ability to accomplish small wonders will be at a peak. Your knack for mastering details and acting with practical acumen may be unprecedented. For the immediate future, then, I predict that you’ll largely be able to get done what you imagine you can get done. In

—Rob Brezsny

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They are lifts—those deep inhalations of breath right after you first fall asleep and just before you’re ready to wake up again.

HALFLOVES

Halfloves
halfloves.bandcamp.com

It’s a ballsy move to rename your band after you’ve had some notoriety. The Olympics decided to go back into the studio after their 2012 album with renewed commitment. They also decided it was time to change the band name to Halfloves—as a reboot as well as to fix nagging web search problems for people trying to find them (and to avoid any issues surrounding use of that name from the International Olympic Committee).

The band has crafted a masterpiece of dark moody pop with help from trendy Iowa producer Brandon Darner (Imagine Dragons, Holy White Hounds). The new album has its roots in The Olympics, but with the firm hand of Darner the band has much more confidence and polish. A focus on melancholy keyboards and bass guitar gives the album a vibe that reminds me of the post-punk “New Romantic” New Wave sound of bands like Talk Talk and Roxy Music and, more recently Phoenix, Franz Ferdinand and The Killers (before Brandon Flowers decided to be Bruce Springsteen).

The ropeadope of pop hooks on Halfloves keep your head spinning. Every song on this album is unapologetically loaded with them. The latest single “Not Too Keen” is anchored in the percussive, muted guitars and syncopated drums. Jeff Roalson sings, “Dissatisfied with the ones with their eyes open wide,” hitting the beats the other instruments skip. The polyrhythm is nearly tribal. Then the soaring, chanting chorus hits in halftime—“I’m not too keen on those tales.”

Halfloves is the sound of a band taking their sound to the next level in pop music songwriting with hopes of taking this love to a wider audience. The occasional honest-to-goodness band makes Top 40 radio, and I think Halfloves have a shot.

—Mike Roeder

BOB BUCKO JR

I Did What I Could With What I Had
bobbuckojr.bandcamp.com

MISSION CREEK ARTIST OPENING FOR FAUST, Tue., Apr. 5.

Unless you are a devotee of uninterrupted streaming, or 5-disc CD changers, you know that there’s an eerie silence that lingers after an album is over. It can shock you out of your reverie, demolish whatever translated worldview your music of choice has created for you. It’s how you realize that the world around you is lacking.

On Bob Bucko, Jr’s I Did What I Could With What I Had, you don’t notice it for a while. The music on this record seeps into you and stays there. It has a tenacity that helps it maintain a presence long after the audio has faded. When you come back to reality, it’s slowly, almost gently, like finishing a guided meditation. This is an album that awakens unexpected parts of your brain and engages them, seduces them, captures them. Even if you think it’s on in the background, it affects the way you think, the way you approach what you’re doing. It’s music for writing poetry.

The album is primarily instrumental; it dips into vocals just twice. On both of those tracks, Bucko’s delicious raspy growl, channeling Curt Kirkwood circa 1984 (with a hint of early Wayne Coyne), layers perfectly over some of the more traditional tonalities on the album. They are perfectly placed, at track two and track nine (the record’s penultimate), to catch you and then let you go again. Making them bookends would have given them too much defining power over the album’s character, but burying them deeper would’ve lessened their impact. As it is, they are lifts—those deep inhalations of breath right after you first fall asleep and just before you’re ready to wake up again.

I Did What I Could With What I Had is refreshingly difficult to pin down, stylistically, but its jazz sensibilities are foregrounded even when the instrumentation doesn’t strictly support them. Bucko is backed on the record by Drew Bissell, Rick Eagle, Shawn Healy and Curt Oren. There are no liner notes to make clear the roles of the band (a minor disappointment in an otherwise spectacular physical design) but who does what almost feels irrelevant. These songs demand musicians at the top of their games, and that’s what’s here.

—Genevieve Heinrich
The American Values Club Crossword is edited by Ben Tausig. Subscription information can be found at avxword.com.

ACROSS
1. Made a sharp pitch?
10. Take it easy
15. Fodder for a single-screen theater, say
16. “___, my covey! What’s the row?”
17. Many a dramatic (or overly dramatic) type
18. Stock phrase
19. Addressee of The Economist’s letters to the editor until 2015
20. Loose wear
21. Yiddish nobody
22. Dummy
24. Homemade bar
26. They may be toasted in curry
28. “Live Aid” organizer Bob
30. Process that created Dolly
32. One not sitting by
33. Curry is the toast of it
34. Muse of not a few car songs
39. Extortioner’s booty
42. Aply named “Star Wars” beasts, one of which was Jabba the Hutt’s pet (until it fought Luke Skywalker)
43. Edits for the Criterion Collection, say
45. Athenian king in “Medea” for whom a sea is named
49. Colony member
51. Coverage company
52. ____ home (caught trying to score)
54. Bomb that bombs
56. Leyden jar capacitance unit
57. Updated mom on your bunkmate, that rash, and your favorite camp counselor, maybe
59. Follow
60. They’re a little elementary?
61. Arched cutters
62. Rocky Mountains town in Colorado

DOWN
1. D.C. nine
2. Scented root in perfumery, homeopathic medicine, and witchcraft (available in bulk from Walmart!)
3. Activates
5. Secret behind the shed?
6. When you’d expect
7. Vessel with a valve, usually
8. Lines with handles, say
9. Like many club tracks
10. Triple-step in ballet
11. Dead to the world
12. 2006 Nick Cassavetes drama
13. Mos Def, e.g.
14. Spanish bull
23. Scanned lines at the supermarket: Abbr.
25. Nutmeg-topped drink in a seasonally red Starbucks cup
27. City at the center of Sicily
29. To complement
31. Approval given with a smirk
33. Gross employer
34. Face mask at a sideshow
35. Infamous pen
37. Shirtless Abercrombie & Fitch employees, once
40. It heats things up
42. “Yo”
44. GM’s labor force maneuvers
46. Home to Red Rock State Park
48. Quaint territory
50. Most every celebrity break-up, at first
51. Shaving lotion brand
53. Hype
55. Stationary station
58. What teens wish their parents could be without seeming like try-hards

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