little village
Iowa City’s News & Culture Magazine

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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

MAYBE IT’S TIME TO RETHINK THE MEANING OF ‘ETHICAL’.

YOU SEE, SOMETIMES THE DANGER IS IMMEDIATE! AND BY ‘IMMEDIATE’
WE MEAN THERE’S A POSSIBILITY THAT SOMETHING BAD MAY HAPPEN
SOONER OR LATER.

IT’S A LEGAL THING.

BUT OUR SYSTEM OF CHECKS AND BALANCES CAN’T BE DISREGARDED!
THAT’S WHY ALL SUCH DECISIONS MUST BE APPROVED BY AN IN-
FORMED HIGH-LEVEL OFFICIAL.

THEY’RE VERY TRUSTWORTHY.
WHOEVER THEY ARE,

IT’S NOT TO MENTION ETICAL AND
WISE!

SINCE THE LEGAL MEMOS ON TARGETED KILLING REMAIN
CLASSIFIED—THAT’S IT FOR NOW!

I COULD TELL YOU MORE—but

THEN I’D HAVE TO KILL YOU.

HE WAS JUST A LITTLE DRONE
HEMORHAGE!

WHEN THE PRESIDENT SAYS IT,
THAT MEANS IT IS NOT ILLEGAL!

IT’S MY BEST SNIPPPERS!
The Iowa City Council's 5-1 decision last month to move ahead with Marc Moen's Chauncey building project settled the question of what is to become of the corner of Gilbert and College, but the decision also led some local dissenters to look upon the council with an eye of suspicion.

One such group with the patently ridiculous film-noir name of "The Iowa Coalition Against the Shadow" (in part for the massive shadow to be cast by The Chauncey) has already emerged in response to the city's remarkably opaque decision.

Last summer, the City Council issued a request for proposals for development projects to be built at the sparsely populated corner of College Street and Gilbert Street. By January, the candidates had been narrowed to three—The Chauncey, a 20-story mixed-use skyscraper to include high-end apartments, a boutique hotel, a bowling alley and two FilmScene movie theaters; Chauncey Gardens, an 18-story multi-use building that featured a new location for the New Pioneer Food Co-op, a large outdoor park, and additional retail, office and residential space; and 4Zero4, an 8-story building that would have housed the New Pioneer Co-op and the Bike Library.

To decide between the three alternatives, the council planned to develop a "decision matrix." The preliminary matrix included five criteria to be considered, weighed by relative importance and scored for each proposal.

The breakdown of the proposed matrix—which can be found on the City Council website under the Jan. 8, 2013 work session—is as follows:

- Financial considerations including Tax Increment Financing (TIF) support and potential changes to tax revenues in the future (30%)
- Each plan's proposed mix of uses within the building (25%)
- Design elements incorporated into each alternative, including "evidence of sustainable design" (20%)
- The mass and scale of the proposed building (15%)
- Each developer's statement summarizing its experience, passion and vision (10%)

When the council was ready to make its final decision, however, one council member alleges that his fellow councillors chose not to use the decision matrix and to move ahead without it:

"As for why my colleagues on the Council chose not to use the proposed decision matrix, I think they could explain their own rationale better than I can," Councilman Jim Throgmorton said. "I think it is fair to say, however, that they felt they already knew which project they preferred, and that it would be best to simply have each of us state our rank orderings."

The five city councilors who preferred The Chauncey plan for Gilbert and College were able to approve that project with little debate and without presenting a concrete rationale or side-by-side comparison.

Even some who were heavily involved with the process were left scratching their heads about how the decision was made.

"The City Council's decision making process remains puzzling," Matt Hartz, general manager of New Pioneer Food Co-op said via email, "particularly regarding financial modeling on TIF and due diligence on the economic viability of proposed commercial uses."

"I would have liked to see the council focus a bit more on the financial aspects of the proposals and the capacity of the various developers to complete their projects with minimal taxpayer subsidy and to return the value to the taxpayers within a 20-year time frame."

This abject lack of transparency in the council's decision-making process has rightly angered opponents of The Chauncey, who feel that the city did not properly consider public concerns about the project or follow through on its promise to consider issues of cost and environmental impact, among others. This dissatisfaction is compounded by the city's history with development projects led by Iowa City super-developer Marc Moen.

In the summer of 2012, for example, the City Council approved up to $2.8 million in TIF for Moen's 14-story park@201 project in downtown Iowa City, despite a petition signed by more than 800 people calling for the council to put the project to a vote.

Opponents of The Chauncey are right to criticize the way the City Council has made their decisions on recent development projects, but the aftermath of the Chauncey Choice has led a few radical Moen Truthers to adopt conspiracy theories to explain what they've seen. To them, the council's rather hasty Chauncey decision constitutes proof that Marc Moen has the City Council—save for Jim Throgmorton, the lone dissenter—dancing along to the tune of his fiddle.

In addition to The Chauncey and the park@201 development, Moen Group currently manages Brewery Square, Plaza Towers and the buildings occupied by several local establishments including Joseph's Steakhouse, Graze, AKAR and The Fieldhouse. He is, unquestionably, Iowa City's go-to developer and his influence on the town is undeniable.

But short of bribery—which nobody is seriously suggesting—there is no mechanism by which Moen could unfairly influence the council's decision-making.

Chalking up the city's decision to build The Chauncey to Moen's allegedly outsized influence distracts from the real problem, and unfairly demonizes the developer.

"This should not be about individuals, but about the decision and the project. This is especially true with regard to Marc Moen," Jim Throgmorton said. "I have a great deal of respect for Marc. This does not mean, however, that I think this particular project will be good for the city."

The real problem here was the City Council's failure to justify or even explain their decision. Some might claim that this is
just the way it goes: citizens elect their representatives to make decisions on their behalf and the representatives then make the decisions that they feel will best help their constituency. But this line of reasoning misses a crucial point: Decisions made by representatives must still be justified using some form of measurable and understandable standard, which leads us back to the decision matrix.

By throwing out the rubric, the city flaunted its own agreed-upon standards and instead chose the most expensive, most absurdly scaled, and least environmentally sustainable proposal of the three. Those three criteria together represented 65% of the original decision matrix, and in each category, The Chauncey was arguably the least attractive proposal.

At the time of this writing, none of the city councilors who supported The Chauncey had responded to our request for comment. To add our own editorial opinion into the mix, we believe that a number of complaints about The Chauncey are overblown. The considerable TIF funds—$13.4 million—to be appropriated to the project will be recouped, per the terms of all TIF agreements. In fact, The Chauncey will be a major new source of tax revenue for the city. The idea behind TIF investment is to massively increase property values and, thus, the amount of property taxes paid. The completed project is expected to increase property tax revenue by over $1.3 million a year.

There's no reason to believe that the City's proposed investment is particularly risky either. All of Moen Group's current holdings are fully occupied; the park@201 development is on its way toward full occupancy as well. Some of the aesthetic concerns are certainly valid; the building will be an absolute monolith and it'll cast a monolithic shadow to be sure. But the guy who lived behind the Sphinx was probably pissed off, too.

Things change, skylines change, neighborhoods change, it happens. The potential utility and beauty of The Chauncey is certainly debatable, the nature of Marc Moen's impact and influence in Iowa City is debatable, too—the inadequacy of the city's decision-making process is not. Hopefully, Iowa City will continue to enjoy development opportunities like the one at College and Gilbert, but the City Council must justify their future decisions with greater transparency and a greater concern for public opinion.

Skaaren Cossé is an undergraduate at the University of Iowa studying Finance and International Studies.

Zach Tilly is an undergraduate studying Journalism and Political Science. He also writes for The Daily Iowan and the Washington Post's swing-state blog, The 12.
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Iowa City’s SoBo district:
Off Gilbert St between downtown Iowa City and Highway 6

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The Legal Limit

A couple of weeks ago, had the House not kicked the fiscal can just a little bit further down the road to May, the country would have once again been embroiled in an artificially created crisis over the debt ceiling. The House Republican caucus is demanding that any increase to the debt limit be tied to accompanying deficit reduction plans. Some (such as New York Times columnist Paul Krugman) have called this strategy a sort of economic “Hostage Taking.” Fundamentally, the question is whether or not such potentially dangerous means are an appropriate tool to bring about an admittedly admirable end: a more responsible budget policy for the nation.

Matt Sowada: The president appears to have decided that the answer to this question is a resounding “no.” President Obama has repeatedly insisted that he will not negotiate with Republicans over the debt limit. Congress has the power to raise the debt ceiling as well as the responsibility to approve spending. If they insist on planting their feet on one if the president refuses to negotiate on the other, how can he stop them?

He could try to unilaterally raise the debt ceiling. It would be provocative and controversial, but Obama could simply announce that he also has the power to raise the debt limit and pronounce it elevated. What do you think, Vik? Does the president have the power? Should he try to take it?

Vikram Patel: According to recent precedent, the president probably does have the ability to unilaterally raise the debt ceiling. The executive branch decides how to enforce legislation, which means the president effectively has more power in legally unclear situations. We have arrived at the debt-ceiling crisis because Congress has promised a number of people that they are going to pay them a certain amount based on the congressional budget; however, they are also telling the president not to pay those same people by not raising the amount the Treasury can borrow. This contradiction along with the seemingly endless power of signing statements are what most likely give the president the ability to raise the debt ceiling.

All that being said, I don’t think the president should unilaterally raise the debt ceiling. Over the past century we have seen the presidency grow ever more powerful to the point where it has been able to (at times) completely ignore the will of Congress. The president unilaterally raising the debt ceiling would mark an impingement into one of Congress’ most cherished powers: the power of the purse.

Unfortunately for us, negotiating with Congress isn’t an option either. Along the lines of the “hostage” theme that you raised, if the president were to give in to Congressional demands for spending cuts then we would end up in this situation any time the Treasury needed to borrow money. It seems that we just have to live with the temporary consequences of electing irresponsible representation and do better next time. Do you see any other way out?

M.S.: No, I don’t, which is why I think that if it ever looks like House Republicans are actually going to go through with any of their threats, Obama should just try to seize the power to raise the debt ceiling. I acknowledge that it would further expand the power of the executive branch, but we’ve already gone so far down that road that we may as well let it benefit us once in awhile. Presidential overreach is a real problem and it needs to be addressed, but at the same time people like us who would like to see a return to a more balanced and stable government ought to pick their battles. I can’t think of a scenario where this or any other president would be able to abuse the power to raise the debt ceiling (as long as Congress also retains the power), can you? If the answer is no, maybe we should let this one go.

V.P.: You are right that the president would not be able to abuse the power to raise the debt ceiling, especially because Congress still has to authorize spending. The growth in executive power is not just a result of presidential overreach but also Congress gradually ceding power for the sake of short-term political expedience. Presidential overreach is a real problem and it needs to be addressed, but at the same time people like us who would like to see a return to a more balanced and stable government ought to pick their battles. I can’t think of a scenario where this or any other president would be able to abuse the power to raise the debt ceiling (as long as Congress also retains the power), can you? If the answer is no, maybe we should let this one go.

The growth in executive power is not just a result of presidential overreach but also Congress gradually ceding power for the sake of short-term political expedience.
see different voting behavior in the next election. If the president steps in, then members of Congress would once again have cover for their irresponsibility. It would also set the precedent that Congress can give up power over finances for short-term political gain.

Failure to raise the debt ceiling would result in a drop in our credit rating. It would mean that Social Security payments and tax refunds would be delayed by a few months. It may even push the US back into a recession. Hopefully though, it would result in changes in long term voting behavior. Besides, if Congress raises the debt ceiling by itself then that would be a sign that they are already behaving more responsibly without intervention by voters.

In general, the voting public knows Congress is not functioning well but they are unsure as to why.

M.S.: Wow, so you’d be willing to let the country actually default in an attempt to trigger a change in voting behavior. I think that strategy might be counter-productive. What is the change in voting behavior that we’re looking for? With campaign finance laws the way they are, the answer for me is for people to feel social pressure to vote in primaries rather than huge behemoth national elections so we can get some folks running for office that would, as you put it, “behave responsibly.” Now, allowing the country to default would get some number of people to the primaries, but it would get them there in a heightened emotional state. I certainly don’t make the greatest choices when I’m in that state, do you? I want stable, reasonable people selecting the people who might govern us, and I think default will not deliver that electorate to us. All three branches of government should do everything legally possible to prevent it.

Vikram Patel and Matt Sowada are the friendly adversaries behind the twice-weekly ethical debates series, American Reason. Listen on KRUI every Sunday from 4-5 p.m., and find an archive of the shows (as well as exclusive web-only content) online at LittleVillageMag.com.
Tasting Your Patience

In December, I drank my last bottle of 2009 Anchor Christmas Ale.

That’s right: I drank a three-year-old beer—ceremoniously, too. I poured the ruby-brown brew into a gold-rimmed Christmas Ale pint glass that I reserve for drinking Anchor’s iconic holiday seasonal. I took notes and compared them to what I had written the first time I tried the beer years before. Why all the fuss? Because I am nerdy like that. And because my bottle of 2009 was the first beer that I ever aged.

Contrary to what many believe, beer can be aged much like wine. When aged properly, a beer’s aroma and flavor profile will evolve as characteristics fade, emerge or change. Aging is far from an exact science, though, and good intentions can inadvertently transform a beer into something undrinkable. Despite that risk, beer enthusiasts everywhere are storing bottles in basements, cellars and crawl spaces for special occasions or sheer experimentation.

“Everyone’s heard of a wine cellar. Not everyone’s heard of a beer cellar,” said Joe Hotek, the beer manager at John’s Grocery, who himself has a cache of aging beers. “It’s fun to see what the beer does when left to do its own thing.”

Though even beer aging veterans can turn prized vintages into flat, cardboard-flavored sludge, there are a number of good guidelines that everyone attempting to age beer should follow.

WHAT TO AGE

Because not all beers can be aged, Hotek said it is vital to know which are worthy of cellaring.

Far from ideal are lagers, which taste best before they even leave the brewery and have a six-month shelf life at most. IPAs, Double IPAs and any kind of hop-driven ales are best consumed fresh because the “hop-bombast” will vanish quickly and the beer will eventually become a “big sweet mess,” said Hotek.

Beers perfect for aging have a higher alcohol content (7 percent ABV and above) and are malt-driven. Bottle-conditioned beers, which contain live-cultured yeast, are best, but beers without active yeast that have an ABV of 8 percent or higher can also be aged. Personally, Hotek said he only ages barley wine, imperial stout and Belgian sour. Most Belgian styles (including dubbel, triple, quadrupel and lambic) can also be aged, he said.

There are a couple of outliers, too. According to Joshua M. Bernstein’s book, Brewed Awakening, beers brewed with wild yeast, such as saison, can be aged but are often un-
WHERE AND HOW TO AGE

Heat and light are beer’s mortal enemies, so beer should be aged in a dedicated spot that is both cool and dark. A cellar or basement storage area will work well. Hotek said he uses a converted root cellar, which he cleaned and insulated. In apartments, the floor of a centrally located closet will suffice, though Hotek said the bottles should be wrapped in paper bags.

Ideally, the temperature needs to remain relatively cool. At colder temperatures, beer will change and develop much more slowly. Hotek recommended 40-50°F, and Randy Mosher recommends 55-65°F in his book, Tasting Beer. The warmer the temperature, the faster the beer will develop, especially varieties with live-cultured yeast. Warmer temperatures also hasten spoilage, though, so do not keep beer too warm.

Humidity should also be considered. A storage area should not be too damp because mold can enter a bottle through a cork or loose cap and ruin the heavenly nectar inside. A spring- and-autumn-like humidity range of 50-70 percent is recommended in Brewed Awakening.

When in doubt, use a fridge. Bottles can be placed in the back of a fridge for short-term aging. Hotek said I kept my bottle of Christmas Ale 2009 in the fridge for three years and it aged very well. Beer kept in a fridge, though, will not develop or change as much because of the colder temperatures. Avoid transferring beer from a fridge to a warmer storage area. Once a beer is cold, it should stay cold.

Beer bottles can either be stored upright or on their sides. Bernstein’s sources, though, recommend storing them upright so any sedimentation will settle to the bottom. If stored sideways, sedimentation will settle along the side and easily kick up during a pour.

HOW LONG TO AGE

It varies depending on the style and storing conditions, and any aging already done by the brewery should be factored into one’s own aging. Based on his experience, Hotek said the “sweet spot” for barley wine and

CELLAR-WORTHY BEERS AVAILABLE LOCALLY INCLUDE:
Bell’s Expedition Stout, Bell’s Third Coast Old Ale, the varieties of Chimay, Old Rasputin Russian Imperial Stout, Peace Tree Imperial Stout, Millstream’s Weizenbock and Old Smokehouse Barley Wine, most of the lower-ABV Unibroue products, Sierra Nevada Bigfoot Barleywine, Orval and Goose Island Matilda.

THE HOPS >> CONT. ON PAGE 12

CHICKEN LITTLE
REVIEWS: NODO

(600 N. DODGE)

Located across the street from Horace Mann School and conjoined with our friendly local Ace Hardware store, Nono is one of the odder and more overlooked sandwich spots in Iowa City.

Walking in the door, you will likely be met by the proprietor, Bryan Asklof, who will either be working diligently on an order or standing, arms crossed, in rapt attention to the latest international soccer game (which he will be happy to fill you in on.) Asklof is excellent at engaging in succinctly flipped surface-level banter, but if the place is packed and he can’t chat, you can occupy yourself with Nono’s steady supply of local newspapers, peruse their newest batch of local artwork, or peep in the open kitchen as Asklof’s diligent crew cooks your order like good-natured worker bees. Bear in mind, though, your downtime will be fairly limited. Nono is, above all, an incredibly efficient sandwich joint and the experience of ordering, waiting and leaving always feels a little like a perfect taxi ride: It’s quick and well worth the cost.

With regards to the food, every sandwich is good (especially the Nono Burger) and extremely affordable ($4-8.) For my money, though, the Blue-Ribbon-Best-in-Show-Grand-Pub-Athletic-Achievement Award has to go to Nono’s egg sandwich. Coming in at $4, you would think this sandwich would be a stripped down McMuffin knock-off, but it’s actually (and please forgive the histrionics) the best cluckin’ egg sandwich you will ever eat: The egg is perfectly cooked and sandwiched between two warmed slices of Ciabatta bread with either well-done bacon or tomato and some sort of magical aioli that ties this sandwich into an early morning knock-out sensation. Ah! So good.

Alright—love fest aside—there are particular aspects of Nono that do detract from its overall greatness. For starters the decor is... odd. Go in and decide for yourself, but every time I walk in the door I feel like I’ve stepped onto the set of a low-budget, poorly lit Terry Gilliam film. Seating is limited and doesn’t really encourage histrionics the best cluckin’ egg sandwich you will ever eat. The egg is perfectly cooked and sandwiched between two warmed slices of Ciabatta bread with either well-done bacon or tomato and some sort of magical aioli that ties this sandwich into an early morning knock-out sensation. Ah! So good.

On that point, though—it’s a dining truth that every eatery has to be negotiated by the patron in a particular manner in order for that eatery to be enjoyed to its fullest. This fact seems especially true in the case of Nono, one of Iowa City’s finest, strangest and lesser known bistros. If you’re looking for maximum satisfaction, my advice is to plug Nono’s number into your phone (319-512-5028) and place an order the next time you are trying to pick between Jimmy Johns and Milios, or between cooking your own sub-par egg-sammie and driving five minutes for the deal of a lifetime.

Granted, the place may suffer in décor but from this little chicken’s perspective, if you’re in the mood for quality sandwiches made quick and cheap, there’s no better bang for your cluck than Nono.

Submit Reviews:
ChickenLittle@LittleVillageMag.com

PRICE:

1

Golden Egg
(under $10)

TASTE:

5/5

CLUCKS

SERVICE:

4/5

ATMOSPHERE:

2/5

FEB. 20-MAR. 6 2013 | LITTLE VILLAGE
imperial stout is one to two years. Quads, he said, are about the same, though he thinks most Belgians can be aged anywhere from three to five years. Some lambics have a 20-year shelf life, but Hotek does not recommend aging any beer longer than five years. Personally, he does not age most American craft beer longer than two years because the beers may oxidize if not capped properly.

Hotek recommends buying multiple bottles or a six-pack when aging. One bottle can be consumed fresh to provide a benchmark and the others can be opened at regular intervals (every six months or so). Beers that age well, Hotek said, will taste like they are supposed to. Those that have passed their prime will be stale and taste like cardboard.

For the most part, aging is a lot about experimentation and personal experience.

“Be patient, but not too patient,” said Hotek, who admitted to aging beers too long and dumping them down the drain. “It really is a guessing game.”

It is a fun game, though, with potentially tasty results.

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.
Although this particular diagnosis cannot be found in medical textbooks, the syndrome’s effects are very real. My former accompanist and vocal coach, Marcelina Turcano, first coined this phrase during a vocal competition where five sopranos, including myself, were giggling, screaming and yammering at a mile a minute: “You are just being an ass,” she said, “You have after singing syndrome.”

Through years of vocal discipline I have continued to observe the effects that Marcelina so succinctly described. The designation “After Singing Syndrome” (A.S.S.) has stuck, and I continue to use it to explain the intoxicating high that comes from singing.

Initiation of A.S.S. is simple. Okay, not exactly. Before a single note is sung, simultaneously lower the larynx (Adam’s Apple), widen the pharynx (throat space) and raise the soft palate (the fleshy area on the top, back area of the mouth). Then, as singing begins—with perfect diction, of course—to oss in an expert blend of dynamics, artistry, emotions and acting. Evoke the spirit of a song like a Shakespearian Al Pacino.

Sound easy? Great, you are ready for your debut performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. If not, have no fear: With or without these skills, every level of singer—even you—can experience the effects of A.S.S.

The remarkable act of vocal performance, whether you are a beginner or an expert, causes neurons to fire from every region in the mind. Each lobe of the brain will be in complete synchronicity, pulling personality, emotion, language, memory, visual stimuli and auditory signals together like a finely tuned instrument. A.S.S. is triggered by this accelerated brain mobility. For some reason, though, the primal part of your brain that controls involuntary bodily functions appears to slack off during this vital time, so please, don’t forget to breathe.

A.S.S. can be an integral part of the development of a vocal performer, playing a large role in bolstering spunk and tenacity in the early stages of singing. Despite being early in their training, the exhilarating side effects increase fearlessness and add a little bit of chutzpah, helping young students grow surprisingly confident and eager to take on the high flying arias of the most talented opera singers, like Luciano Pavarotti.

This added boost of confidence can also explain why the infamous label “diva” has been given to the most self-assured opera singers, as well as those swagger-ridden pop stars. In Beyoncé Knowles’ Super Bowl performance earlier this month, the world-famous diva beamed intense energy that could be felt through the T.V. screen. You could see her euphoria building as she sang, her face glowing as she danced to “Single Ladies,” laughing at herself as she simultaneously rotated both her left AND right hands to show off her ring finger. By the end of her performance, the effects of A.S.S. were clearly visible: You could almost see her heart pounding while she smiled with elated pride and finished her eye-popping performance.

In effect, A.S.S. is the result of incredible multitasking. Let’s imagine how efficiently our brain would have to work in order to perform an operatic aria in a different language, with a beautiful supported tone, keeping one eye on the conductor and one eye on the woman you are swooning. The audience must believe the only way you can evoke your tender yet passionate feelings for the soprano is with perfect soaring vocal lines that cut past a 90-piece orchestra and bounce off the ceiling of a 1,500-seat theatre. If the stage director is kind he will let you stand in one spot while you sing, and move during the musical interlude, but not every director is so kind. You may have to walk, dance or even depict the act of making love. I have even heard of a director who had a soprano sing upside down while nude! (This is not a technique I would recommend.)

Cassie McNally, a chorus member at the Minnesota Opera who graduated with me from the University of Northern Iowa, described what went through her mind while performing Roselinda in Johann Strauss’ Die Fledermaus. She said, “My nerves are channeled into focus, excitement and adrenaline.

The remarkable act of vocal performance, whether you are a beginner or an expert, causes neurons to fire from every region in the mind.
When in front of a crowd, there’s an insane amount of information that passes through my mind, although strangely I feel out of body. My heightened awareness makes it seem as though I am outside of myself watching my own performance. She continues, “Time seems to stop, and before I know it the performance is over.”

This extreme balancing act that we call singing, in essence, ignites the brain in such a way that the social, intellectual, emotional and spiritual aspects of our lives become more accessible. Don’t believe me? Before you study for a big test, or make a big speech in the boardroom, consider learning all the words, notes and rhythms to Gilbert and Sullivan’s “I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General.” Once you’ve quickly learned and memorized all 36 lines, try performing it in front a loved one and feel the effects on your mood and energy from your brain’s neurons firing from all corners. The invigorating endorphin and dopamine rush that I call A.S.S. is the product of a concentrated mental process that could be compared to walking across a tightrope while juggling.

If a spontaneous performance of Gilbert and Sullivan is out of your comfort zone, try singing in the car to the radio, and attempt to memorize all the words to a new song. If you are feeling more ambitious, learn a song in a different language, and translate the words in your head while singing. (The profound capabilities of your brain are mind-blowing!) Arguably, one of the fastest ways to ignite your mental processes and create a feeling of elated confidence is through the power of song.

Megan O’Brien is an opera singer and voice instructor who has recently opened a studio in downtown Iowa City. She received her Master of Music in Vocal Performance from UNI, and her equivalent Bachelor’s from the University of Iowa. More information can be found at obrienstudios.net.
On a gloomy, rainy day that conjured thoughts of blankets and hot cups of tea rather than digging in the dirt outside, a group of farmers assembled in Iowa City to sow the seeds of knowledge. The Ninth Annual Iowa City Area Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) Fair was held on Feb. 10 at the Mercer Park Aquatic Center and served as the soapbox from which local farmers could spread the good word about who they are, what they do and how we can all help each other lead healthier, more connected lives.

The concept of community-supported agriculture first took root in Japan in the 1960s, where it was referred to as teikei. Literally translated, teikei means “partnership” (though it’s relevant to note that a more philosophical translation can also mean "food with the farmer’s face"). The movement gained popularity throughout Europe in the 1970s and early ‘80s and was eventually brought to North America in 1984 by Jan Vander Tuin, a community organizer and bicycle designer. Since then, the idea of the CSA has blossomed into an international movement centered around the ideals of education, good health and community.

The basic premise of a CSA is this: Patrons become members of a CSA by purchasing a share of a farm. In return for paid membership, they receive a weekly box of fresh food straight from their local farmer. The mutual advantages to this are countless but the most obvious benefit is, perhaps, reassurance. Not only does a CSA membership guarantee fresh vegetables, fruits, eggs, honey and occasionally meat and dairy products to the consumer, but it also insures that farmers are able to support both the community and themselves.

"CSAs create a stable market for the food that farmers produce," said Pete Flynn and Shanti Sellz, both of Muddy Miss Farms. "For the farmer, this greatly reduces the pressure of having to sell food and provides the farmer with more time and energy to devote to growing the food."

So, with piles of produce readily available at the local supermarket, why join a CSA? Pam
Worden of Family Farm CSA puts it bluntly: “When you join a CSA, you know where your food is coming from and that it is fresh.” “This produce didn’t ripen while travelling 1,500 miles on a truck,” adds Rebekah Neuendorf of Bloomin’ Wooley Acres. “It hasn’t been handled by countless consumers’ hands in the produce aisle who are sifting through a carefully stacked pile to find the ‘least damaged’ tomato or pepper. This produce is grown with you in mind!” The freshness factor is huge. “Most of our vegetables are picked fresh and delivered the same day we pick them. Consequently, they taste great and have a longer shelf life,” said Susan Jutz, owner of ZJ Farm.

Another reason for joining a CSA, the farmers at Muddy Miss say, “You are likely to see variety in your CSA box that you would be hard pressed to encounter in a supermarket.”

The idea of dealing with exotic and unfamiliar items can be intimidating. What does one do with a giant Daikon radish? “View it as an eating adventure,” advises Jutz. “New members will be exposed to new varieties of vegetables.” Intimidation can eventually give way to excitement: “Many of my members have compared the weekly share of vegetables as a ‘present they look forward to each week,’” Jutz said.

Membership in a CSA can require a substantial upfront cost of anywhere from $250-$550, depending on the size of the share. This can seem like a large financial investment, but Twyla Hein of Earth Biscuit Farm says otherwise: “It’s easier if you break it down and understand that even though the upfront cost can be a lot, it comes out to approximately $15-$20 per week.”

Still not sure if a CSA is the right way to go? The farmers at Muddy Miss offer this simple, no-nonsense tip: “[Our] best advice—join!” Rebekah Neuendorf adds, “Look around to find a CSA that best suits your lifestyle needs—wants.” Other reasons to become a CSA member: “When joining a CSA, members get to know their farmer, learn about sustainable farming practices and support a small farm rather than a large chain supermarket,” says Hein.

Fresh food, the peace of mind that comes from knowing exactly where that bunch of spinach came from, sitting down to a meal that was sourced from the same zip code—these are the invaluable benefits of a CSA membership. While it remains true that farming is still a business, CSAs offer a way to connect with local community and local food. Membership provides sustenance while ensuring that farmers can continue their work sustainably. According to the farmers at Muddy Miss, along with that weekly box of produce comes “the good feelings of knowing that your money is supporting independent local business, strengthening a vibrant local food system and making the work of growing real food a viable occupation.” In other words, everybody wins.

Dawn Frary is the photo editor of Little Village Magazine. She likes cats, cameras and coffee, and also really wants to be a farmer.

Photos taken by Dawn Frary at the 9th Annual CSA Fair, Mercer Park Aquatic Center, Feb. 10, 2013
EASTERN IOWA CSA's

WANT SEASONAL PRODUCE DELIVERED STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR THROUGHOUT THE GROWING SEASON? CHECK OUT THESE AREA GROWERS AND FIND THE CSA THAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU.

Abbe Hills Farm - Mt. Vernon
www.abbehills.com
20 weeks, June-October
Vegetables; eggs

Bloomin’ Wooley Acres - Nashua
www.bwagarden.com
28 weeks, begins in May
Vegetables; fruit; dairy; eggs; bread; honey

Muddy Miss Farms - Iowa City
www.muddymissfarms.com
20 weeks, May-September
Vegetables; fruit; herbs; flowers; wild-harvested items

Earth Biscuit Farm - Tipton
www.earthbiscuitfarm.com
20 weeks, May-October
Vegetables; eggs; baked goods

(1) Echollective CSA - Mechanicsville
echollectivecsa.blogspot.com
3 seasons, May-October
Vegetables; herbs

(2) Wild Woods Farm - Solon
facebook.com/veggiefarm
18 weeks, June-September
Vegetables; herbs

(3) Oak Hill Acres - Atalissa
www.oakhillacres.com
22 weeks, May-October
Vegetables; grains; hay; honey; flowers

(4) Hue Hill Farm - Iowa City
(319) 339-0624
May-December
Vegetables; herbs

Grinnell Heritage Farm - Grinnell
www.grinnellheritagefarm.com
Up to 24 weeks, begins in May
Vegetables; fruit; herbs

ZJ Farm - Solon
www.zjfarm.com
April-December
Vegetables; eggs; bread; meats; poultry
Partners with Regina Bread for croissants, brioche, shortbread, biscotti, scones, granola

Matthew 25 Urban Farm - Cedar Rapids
www.hub25.com
20 weeks, June-October
Vegetables; herbs

Salt Fork Farms - Solon
www.saltforkfarms.com
May - November
Vegetables; fruit; eggs; poultry

(5) Family Farm CSA - Iowa City
(319) 936-1317
18 weeks, begins in May
Vegetables; fruits; beef

Gooseberry Hill - Iowa City
(319) 354-7260
June-September
Veggies; fruit; eggs

(2) Wild Woods Farm - Solon
facebook.com/veggiefarm
18 weeks, June - September
Vegetables; herbs
CONTEST OVERVIEW
Each month a selected piece of creative writing up to 1,000 words is published in the pages of Little Village, Iowa City's News and Culture Magazine.

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

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

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

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

Ranking system: At least two judges will read every submission. Finalists will be read by all three.

Response time is one-to-three months, with high-ranking pieces being held for consideration for up to three months. Honorees are eligible to enter again only after 12 months have passed since the publication of their last selected piece.

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

For all published pieces Little Village buys first North American serial rights for the print magazine and first worldwide serial rights for our website. All subsequent rights revert back to the author.

Submit your piece now to htr@littlevillagemag.com!
The Pavement Between my Home and the Church

The apartment I just moved into is yellow. My space is full of free things that open people have given me. I close the blinds. I can hear cars from the street. The shadows of people pass by my window and show under my curtains.

When I wake up in the morning and walk outside I can see the church where my father, Joe, sings. I get a call from my dad. He asks me to come to church.

“I’m dirty,” I say.

“Come anyways.” He says it like he’s dirty too.

“Ok, I’m gonna shower first,” I say. He hangs up. I knew that he was going to call and I knew that I was going to go.

I take a shower and get ready. I don’t dress warm. I walk across the street into the church. I stay in the doorway and I listen. Pastor Dial starts with a story and a slow laugh. He says, “And now it’s time to greet one another.”

The congregation walks in and out of each other in a mass. I can see Joe in the middle. He looks good like he’s totally at home. The community knows me. I walk through people saying hello until I’m behind Joe. Joe sees me, and we hug.

Pastor Dial says I’m taller than Joe now and so does everyone else. I smile and Joe laughs. I sit down first. Then so does the crowd. I listen to the choir and it’s the same as I remember. Joe looks young when he sings and I want to be next to him. The singing ends, and Joe sits next to me. He stinks like he said. We skip out early and fall into the hard seats of Joe’s work van.

I don’t remember what the sermon was about, and neither does he.

We pull up to The Pit, and get the same food my family always got. “I think the sandwiches are bigger,” Joe says.

“But the fries are smaller,” I say.

We both look at each other. Joe is like a little pillar in the church. I think it’s funny that we left early. Joe drives me back to the street in between my apartment and the church. The car is parked, and I say “My fridge sucks. Can you come in and look at it?”

“Sure,” Joe says.

We both walk away from the church to my Apartment. I walk Joe in and I tell him the place is yellow, that the door is broken too. He thinks it’s ok. He looks at the fridge and its fine. Joe is in the doorway and he doesn’t stay long. We both say goodbye.

It’s the middle of the day and everything is sitting still. The sun melts the snow like it does every year. I want it to get cold again one last time. It’s later now and that might not happen.

My name is William Lowell Blair. I was born in Iowa. I am an aspiring artist, and working full time.
In the classic Destiny's Child song "Say My Name," the protagonist suspects that her man is cheating on her because his voice has changed: "Every other word is 'uh huh,' 'yeah,' 'okay.' Could it be that you are at the crib with another lady?" The woman, voiced by Beyoncé, demands reassurance through spoken language. Fully rejecting the idea that "actions speak louder than words," Beyoncé argues for the importance of words themselves and the voices that speak them. Who else is there? What is your voice hiding? And why can't you just say my name?

Over the last month, Beyoncé has found the roles reversed, with people demanding to know the secrets behind her voice. After her performance at President Obama's second inauguration, someone suggested that she probably wasn't singing up there, instead mouthing along to a pre-recorded track (the dreaded "lip syncing"). Others suggested that there might have been a track playing, but she was also singing perfectly on top of it. In either case, the national dialog revealed a deep fear on this important national moment that "real singing" might not have taken place. Of course, the conversation soon shifted to a much bigger and more significant national event: the Super Bowl. What would arguably the world's biggest singer do on arguably the world's biggest stage for arguably the most important 13 minutes of the musical year?

The answer: She sang her fucking heart out. Like the lovers in "Say My Name," the public's relationship to its pop stars is, for better or worse, based on being able to trust their voices. Performers can have both serious pipes as well as a serious persona. Beyoncé is one of those people. And did I mention she can dance?

In most music criticism circles, Beyoncé's inauguration performance was a non-issue; anyone who has seen pop music performed live knows that not every sound you hear is happening on stage, in real-time, by a human "playing" an "instrument." In a way, the increased access to computer-based production tools and the widespread aestheticization of computer-based adjustment techniques (like Auto-Tune) has made those processes much more transparent than they have ever been before. And the circumstances surrounding the inauguration were a singer's nightmare: cold temperatures and wind, no time to practice and soundcheck with your fellow musicians, and a setting at which you are ornamental at best. So she recorded it. But in case anyone doubted that Beyoncé can actually sing the National Anthem, she strolled out onto the stage at her Super Bowl press conference and did just that, no questions asked. And yes, she nailed it.

So with her pipes fully re-established, the big questions for Super Bowl Sunday were about the persona and its supporting cast. Her marriage to and collaborations with Jay-Z made his presence the topic of some debate, and the long-rumored Destiny's Child reunion performance also seemed in play. As for Beyoncé herself, since her 2008 double album I Am ... Sasha Fierce, she has promoted the idea that there are at least two aspects of her personality that compete with each other—one an introspective R&B singer, and the other an electronic-era pop star. Musically, this translated on the album to the first half featuring
more traditional, adult contemporary ballads like "Halo," and the second half featuring radio and club hits like "Single Ladies (Put a Ring on It)."

While this split is noticeable on record, her live performances manage to unite these self-stylized "contradictions" through her presentation of herself as an all-around female badass. Music critic Sasha Frere-Jones has said that Beyoncé has "a monopoly on a sort of dignified anger … she really owns this 'wronged woman who is not in any way pathetic' thing."

And indeed, after an opening pyrotechnic sequence that illuminated two silhouettes facing each other, Beyoncé stood in center stage, backlit, hands on hips, all legs and hair and attitude. She put the mic to her lips and sang the chorus to "Love on Top" a cappella.

Then the music kicked in, and immediately established two important points. The first is that backing tracks were certainly being used, in addition to the full band, because that was Jay-Z's voice out there and he was nowhere to be seen. The second point was that Jay-Z was nowhere to be seen. If there was ever a time for a man to walk on stage and give a shout-out to his wife, this was it, and it wasn't happening.

It wasn't because Beyoncé was unwilling to share the stage—at one point she brought her guitar player out front for a solo, and Kelly Rowland and Michelle Williams came out to do "Independent Women Part I" and parts of "Single Ladies." But all of those women were just that: women. From the band, to the legions of dancers, to the singers themselves, everyone on stage that night was female.

During the closing number, "Halo," the silhouetted faces that framed the stage grew hair. Thanks to a fabric element that emerged from each side, the faces now had long, flowing hair, transforming their previously gender-neutral appearance into a decidedly female-centric one. Lots has been written about whether or not Beyoncé is a "feminist," but wherever you lie in that debate it seems hard to ignore that this attitude and imagery, at the center of the most masculinist sporting event in the world, was and is a statement.

In a note to her fellow performers after the show, including Hudson, Roland and Williams, Beyoncé opened with an appropriate degree of capital letters and exclamation points: "What a proud day for AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMEN!!!!" Indeed, but also a proud day for all of us—women and men—who witnessed it.

Craig Eley is a graduate student at The University of Iowa, currently residing in Austin, TX.
Pro Tips

For over six months, Wayne Diamante has been the name you trust when it comes to money matters; tampon advice; which brand of hip replacement is best; dealing with the neighbor’s cat problem; measuring the distance between hello and second base and countless other bits of human drama and plan-B scenarios. He’s the trusted vizier you turn to when everyone else has stopped listening about your rash. He’s on your side when you’ve exhausted conventional means of hair replacement. Remember when there was only one set of footprints in the sand? Yes, that was Wayne carrying you piggyback style, but facing forward. Because Wayne is who you count on when maintaining eye contact counts. Whether you need advice about turning over a new leaf, or turning your life around, Wayne listens and understands for the most part. If you have a tough question you’d like addressed, please send it to askwayne-diamante@gmail.com and I’ll do my best to figure out what your problem is.

Dear Wayne,

Is there an appreciable difference between the fur covering the majority of a cat, versus the fur around that cat’s privates? And if not, does that mean cats are entirely covered in pubes?

Sincerely,
Tina N.

Dear Tina N.,

Yes. Technically no. I think you have to have hair follicles rather than fur to have pubes. But yes. The answer is yes.

—Wayne

Dear Wayne,

Look, I’m in the sales industry and in my profession I have to look sharp and smell good. Do you have any advice for an “all day long” power user like me about maintaining my fresh edge?

Thanks,
Jamie

Dear Jamie,

Whenever I have questions about hygiene I consult the internet. Let me Google that for you. Ahhh … here we are. Success. According to wikihow.com you should:

“Change your underpants often. Always change into clean underwear after a shower. If you’re smelling not so good “down there,” then change your underwear at lunch or after you get home from school or work.”

Or

“Excuse yourself and go to the nearest bathroom to freshen up. Go alone so that you can attend to your body without drawing a lot of attention.”

And of course, when you take that pre new-underwear shower you’ll want to

“Scrub your anus. If you have any fecal residue around your anus, it can make you smell bad.”

I think you’ve got some real building blocks here. What you build with them, Jamie, is up to you. Namaste.

—Wayne
2006 saw the debut of two series that built their plots around the behind-the-scenes action of shows with disturbing similarities to Saturday Night Live. The first was Aaron Sorkin’s Studio 60 on the Sunset Strip. Following the success of Sorkin’s The West Wing, and with a cast that included Matthew Perry, Amanda Peet and D.L. Hughley, this show looked like a sure bet. The second show was 30 Rock.

Created by former SNL head writer Tina Fey, 30 Rock looked like a less-inspired copy of Studio 60, and, among other problems, it had Tracy Morgan as one of its leads. While I knew little about either, I assumed that Studio 60 would be a larger success.

By week four of the fall television schedule, it was clear that Studio 60 was terrible. Boring, preachy and mysteriously unfunny, Sorkin’s show was more a slog than a joy—something that can be said for his current project The Newsroom.

While it wasn’t much better at the time, 30 Rock did show promise in its first season. If nothing else, it was funny. Seven years later, America is saying goodbye to an award-winning sitcom with absurdly funny jokes, excellent characters and stunt castings out the ass. Although 30 Rock was not as popular as past NBC sitcoms like Cheers, Frasier, Wings and Seinfeld, history will look kindly upon this crew of misfits for a myriad reasons. Along with its heavy use of meta commentary, astonishingly fast dialogue and timeless pop-cultural references, Liz Lemon (Tina Fey) and Jack Donaghy (Alec Baldwin) are two of the best television characters in recent memory. Lemon is a grown woman who runs a television show, yet wears a bathing suit to work when she is out of underwear. She wants to be loved, but has incredibly bad taste in men, as evidenced by her involvement with Dennis Duffy (Dean Winters), the Beeper King of New York, Wesley Snipes (Michael Sheen)—not the one from Passenger 57—and Dr. Drew Baird (Jon Hamm), a man who ends up with hooks for hands.

Donaghy, Lemon’s boss, drinks scotch all day and puts on a tuxedo after five because he isn’t a farmer. He’s staunchly Republican and one of the four people in history to have not made an error in judgment during a day—the other three are Jack Welch, Lee Iacocca and Saddam Hussein (no judgment). Donaghy serves as a mentor to Lemon, and the two of them have a touching relationship that the show plays up well towards the end.

The legacy of 30 Rock will be its absurdity. The setups for jokes on this show came from all angles and usually hinged on some rather unhinged principles. Here are just a few of the many jokes and people that made the show insane yet special over the years.

- **JENNA MARONEY (JANE KRAKOWSKI)**
  A picture-perfect narcissist and international pop star, Jenna's self-involvement frequently came to the fore, especially when she married her husband, a professional Jenna Maroney impersonator.

- **TRACY JORDAN (TRACY MORGAN)**
  Former star of Who Dat Ninja and Fat Bitch, Jordan was a literal walking quote machine whose every statement was out of left field, if it made sense at all. Best Quote: “Your ‘boos’ are not scaring me! I know most of you are not ghosts!”

- **“MUFFIN TOP”**
  Jenna’s dance track, which hit number four on the charts in Belgium and number one in Israel, is about how awesome and attractive her belly paunch is when she is dancing.

- **“WEREWOLF BAR MITZVAH”**
  Tracy Jordan’s Halloween novelty song. While the premise is ridiculous to put it mildly, it delivers one of the greatest choruses in recent memory: “werewolf bar mitzvah, spooky, scary / boys becoming men / men becoming wolves.”

- **1-900-OHFACE**
  A Chicago-based phone sex line that hired Liz for one of her only acting jobs. The acting and film quality here are almost as atrocious as the lipstick on Liz’s teeth. A mood killer if ever there was one.

- **“THE RURAL JUROR”**
  An adaptation of the popular Kevin Grisham book, Jenna plays the main character Constance Justice. The best sequences include Rachel Dratch as Barbara Walters saying ‘rural juror’ and Jenna singing the closing number from “The Rural Juror” musical.

Rather quietly, 30 Rock has delivered the first great American sitcom of the 21st Century. Thinking back, it is clear what made this show special: These characters, as weird as they were, became a part of the viewer’s life. We watched them to see what ridiculous situations they might find themselves in. Now the people who love 30 Rock must acknowledge they’ve formed an unhealthy bond to a bunch of imaginary television characters and grudgingly say goodbye.

A.C. Hawley’s absolute favorite quote from 30 Rock is from Jenna: “You know, a great place to meet vulnerable women is Weight Watchers. I did Watchers to stay pageant fit, but it was too much math for a six year old. Thank God I found cigarettes.”
THESE THINGS DON'T DO THEMSELVES

Usually I, your humble poet narrator, write about art. But I recently stepped out from behind my newspaper fortress and ran my own art show that featured painted electronics—like video game systems and old TVs—that I got at Sharpless auctions. The show ran for a week at PSZ gallery (120 N. Dubuque), and after the show ended I sold everything using an auctioneer (also from Sharpless) for really cheap. Here is what I learned:

SWEAT THE DETAILS

If you’re hanging art, measure. Measure for the eyes and head like every set of eyes is an enemy sniper. Save your troops. If you have sculptures or objects, pedestals are a must. Meticulous details—like how many brown M & M’s go in the dish, and even more realistically what kind of snacks you use at all and if people besides yourself like seltzer (spoiler alert: they do)—must be paid attention to. Things need to be presented in optimal viewing ways; even if those ways make no sense, they have to be considered. My friend Alex ended his show ended I sold everything using an auctioneer (also from Sharpless) for really cheap.

IT HELPS IF YOUR FRIENDS ARE STRONG OF MUSCULATURE AND WILLING TO GET PULLED OVER OR DIE FOR YOUR LOCAL ART SHOW.

up in the back of my hatchback with the trunk open holding onto a couple of oversized pedestals for dear life while I drove slowly from PS1 to PSZ. I guess that also means that your friends should be strong of musculature and be willing to get pulled over or die for your local art show.

CONSIDER YOUR AUDIENCE

Who are your audience members? Are they wealthy art benefactors? Are they families seeking an interesting night of images? Are they grad school kids with no room for clunky, boxy sculptures? What do you want to present to these interesting faces in the omnicolor void? Think about who might come through your show and what they might get out of it, even if what they get out of it is a coffee shop conversation and not a piece. Do you really like looking at things? An art show may be for you. The less you expect to “gain” from an art show, the more you will.

ART IS NOT A CAREER. IT IS A WAY TO LIVE ON EARTH

Nobody is an artist for their job; they are an artist because that’s their way of living in the world. That’s how they speak to you and to themselves. You can teach form, function and design, but you cannot teach meaning. You cannot teach what it means to look at something and have that resonate with the consciousness or unconscious. Figuratively speaking, you can only build (painted or unpainted) doors and it is up to the audience to open them, smash through them or walk past them without asking anything.

PAINTING IS ALWAYS GOING TO TAKE LONGER THAN YOU THINK

I was given total free reign to paint whatever I wanted in PSZ, so I ended up painting inky blots across the walls in black where white poetry was afterwards splattered and scrawled. The show itself was so janky, so dedicated to tossed out material goods and entertainment media that I felt like the sloppy job fit really well. And yet my request to paint the doors was rightfully denied, because painting doors requires an additional ridiculous amount of work, especially REpainting them, and especially ESPECIALLY when they are made of starkly different material than the gallery walls. Painting gallery doors is not unlike suturing carpeting to a horse’s back instead of just using a saddle. Get rollers. Get brushes. Get albums you like—but NOTHING that will drive you murderously insane. And get bottles of water. Paint that drips off you and your brushes into your glass can provide a lot of beautiful, unfolding metaphors, but it’s super unsafe to drink.

PAINT IS EXPENSIVE

If you can get free paint, use it. In fact, the more supplies you can find used, the better. They can serve purpose after purpose if cleaned and decently maintained. The way your art stands out against the walls of a gallery is a critical notion and you can’t let it be the blank space on your radar that ends up being an asteroid the radar isn’t programmed to see. That’s how shit gets extinct.
DRUGS AND ALCOHOL SIMULTANEOUSLY AND EQUALLY HELP AND DO NOT HELP

In fact, in the case of alcohol in particular, that substance can be used to blur and crease the ever-diminishing lines between night and day, sleep and waking life. Night becomes day as you plan or send out Facebook invites or design fliers or think about where certain things will go or who—if anyone—will show up. Day becomes night as you struggle with your own soul-budgeoning Facebook presence and bullheaded drive to self promote like you imagine maybe a lot of artists feel like they have to do if they want people going to their shows.

BEING SINGLE SIMULTANEOUSLY AND EQUALLY HELPS AND DOES NOT HELP

So have a friend (multiple friends helps) to help set up your show, to add vision, to suggest places to hang shit, to notice some drunk passed out in the corner and usher him from the gallery. Filtering reality through one’s art-lens of perception can make you long for quality company you might otherwise have driven away... Have an important friend who can listen to you bitch and complain for many, many hours, despite the fact that you’re at a privileged enough place in your life to love amazing people and have a nice apartment and food every day, night and dead of night.

“SUPPORT LOCAL ART” MEANS A TREMENDOUS DEAL MORE TO ME NOW

Thanks to gallery space director John Engelbrecht and hard working volunteers through The James Gang’s nexus—especially space procuring superstar Becky Dewing—I was able to get a beautiful small gallery handed to me for nothing but good intentions and believing in someone passionate about a show. Hell-O-Scapes was a lot of fun. I had wacky Doritos and candy and seltzer. In the end it became about my friends, past, present and future. If you’re an artist or something in the primordial ooze like it, contact local spaces—business or otherwise—where you see art hanging or gaping holes where art might someday blossom, and consider setting something up. Think about intention. To make money? To have a good time? To drink coffee a lot? If your art show was a good time, you won at doing an art show.

Russell Jaffe is the editor of Strange Cage.
Maybe your Valentine’s Day attempt to court that hottie with a pulse wasn’t such a success. So what? Hop back on that horse. The horse of studious preparation, that is. If I’ve learned anything from movies it’s that everybody wants the same brand of magical happily-ever-after love: domestic, heterosexual, monogamous, procreating, eternal love. Yes, everybody … even you! Especially you. As someone who has seen every movie ever and has witnessed all of the romantic relationships therein, it is my duty to impart unto you my mighty geisha-like knowledge of that sloppy, gushy, squishy thing we call love. Here’s a handy dandy guide to doing it “Hollywood style” and getting your happy ending.

1. Who to Woo

You can’t just pitch your woo at any ol’ ragamuffin on the street. You have to select your quarry with serial-killer meticulousness and according to a stringent set of predetermined qualifications. Luckily for you, I’ve sorted all the people in the world into two simple categories, “Those Deserving of Romance” and “Those Undeserving of Romance,” so that you don’t have to do any of the work to find that special someone to whom you can attach yourself like a barnacle for the rest of your life. You’re welcome.

**THOSE DESERVING OF ROMANCE:**

Prostitutes with Hearts of Gold, Nutty Professors, Handsome Single Dads with Sports Jobs, Undercover FBI Agents Infiltrating Beauty Pageants, Guys Who Used to Be Womanizers But Learn Their Lessons When They Meet the Right Girl, Frazzled Young Professional Women with Moxie, Costumed Vigilantes, Sensitive Beta Males, Attractive Doctors, Women Who Are Perfect Except for One Endearing Token Quirk Such as Clumsiness or The Ability to Eat a Lot of Food, The Handsome Guy Who Objects While You’re at the Altar, Teens.

**THOSE UNDESERVING OF ROMANCE:**

Middle of Nowhere
Ava DuVernay (2012)
Bijou, Feb 22-28
Sometimes you meet your Mr. Right, get happily married and then he goes to jail. Is he dead? No. Are you divorced? No. Then where is he? He’s in jail. This movie is about a lady going through that exact situation. In other words: a female perspective on a problem disproportionately affecting this country’s black and Latino populations.

Tchoupitoulas
Bill Ross (2012)
Bijou, Feb 22-28
True or False: film is a form of art. If you answered “True,” you may enjoy this piece of filmic art which offers a lush patchwork of impressions of New Orleans as formed through the disparate experiential observations of three young boys. If you answered “False,” you probably will want to go watch something with a plot.

8 1/2
Federico Fellini (1963)
Bijou, March 1-7
Have you seen the movie Nine? About a bunch of broads that influenced this director dude, and Fergie aptly plays a nasty prostitute? 8 ½ is a lot like that movie except that it’s a cinematic treasure from a cornerstone of the pantheon of Italian Neorealism instead of a stinking pile of fetid garbage.

Don’t forget: a billion movies can’t be wrong!

2. How to Woo

There’s always the Say Anything speakers-over-the-head move, and of course, there’s ruining her wedding at the last second, but if you really want surefire results, save the world. Works every single time, I swear to God.

If saving the world doesn’t work, turn to the mad sciences: robotics, potions, re-animation of sewn together corpse parts, etc.

3. So You’ve Wooed

Now what?...?!!?

BEGINNINGS

If in the beginning your relationship flies by in a montage of happy milestones, watch out: You are about to be shipped off to war, move into a spooky house where you find out later there had been some gruesome slayings or that your wife or daughter has just been taken hostage and you are about to have to fight off some terrorist monstermind’s thugs. At least you can visit your happy times together periodically through flashbacks.

If the relationship begins with you going to a secluded cabin to enjoy underage drinking and the bodies of other sexy teens, you are about to be gruesomely slain. Sorry ‘bout it.

If your relationship begins with you hating the other person’s guts because you are both sexy assassins who have been contracted to kill each other, or he or she is your bounty hunter trying to capture and incarcerate you, or because you found out after your make-over that you were the subject of some sort of cruel bet, you are in luck! This is a recipe for a lasting relationship that will end in a happy marriage. Congratulations!

MIDDLES

Remember: it’s not that you did that horrible thing you did. It’s that you lied about it. But don’t worry because this isn’t the end; it’s just the act break leading into Act III. You’ll be back together in about a half hour.

Are you in a strained marriage? Want to know how it will turn out? If you are a good and attractive person doing everything you can to make things “work,” but you’re taken for granted by a lazy or career-oriented jerk, your marriage is going to fail. You will meet someone soon who will show you what a bastard your current spouse is and you will come to realize this new person is the right one for you. However, if you are the jerk, your marriage is going to be fine. You are about to embark on a zany series of events, like a time-travel adventure or something, that will make you realize the error of your ways and magically turn you into a good spouse. Okay, husband.

Freaking out about parenthood? You’re in for some comedic mishaps while you try to figure out the ins and outs of pregnancy. Then will come a time when you’re either screaming obscenities at your husband for cursing you with the pain of childbirth, or your hand will be painfully crushed in the vice-grip of your screaming wife as she curses you for cursing her. In the end, you will pull it together at the exact moment the baby is handed to you and then everything will be fine forever. FOREVER.

THE END

You live happily ever after until you die. Spoiler Alert! You die at the end. Now go get ‘em, tiger!

WOO >> CONT. ON PAGE 34
HEAD SHOTS

Mavis Staples is one of the world’s most accomplished and respected soul and gospel singers. She began singing in the early 1950s for her family band, The Staple Singers. Led by her father, “Pops,” the band hit the road and gained considerable notoriety. It wasn’t until the late 1960s that Staples began putting out solo records under her own name. Since then she has released 12 studio albums which have been produced by the likes of Prince, Ry Cooder and Jeff Tweedy. Her latest album, You Are Not Alone (produced by Tweedy) was released in 2010 and won a Grammy for Best Americana Album. Somewhat surprisingly, this was Staples’ first Grammy Award. VH1 has her listed as one of the 100 Greatest Women of Rock and Roll, and Rolling Stone listed her as one of the 100 Greatest Singers of All Time. Staples has also earned her spot in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Considered by many to be a living legend, Mavis Staples will be a treat for anyone who decides to attend this show at the Englert on Feb. 21. Supporting Staples will be Lake Street Dive, featuring (Iowa City’s own) bassist Bridget Kearney.

The second annual Punk Farm event will once again be taking place at Gabe’s this year. The lineup includes some of Iowa City’s premier punk acts. On the bill this year is Lipstick Homicide, Direct Hit, Nerv, The Ills, Muddy Rails, The Men From … Beyond!, The Statistixs, Conetrauma, Other Band and Well Aren’t We Precious. To accommodate such a lengthy list of bands, the music will begin early and power through into the wee hours of the morning. Punk Farm II is at Gabe’s on Feb. 22.

Right now, Mountains may be one of the best in the business when it comes to ambient, experimental music. Longtime friends and bandmates Koen Holtkamp and Brendon Anderegg got together and released two albums in 2005 and 2006 under their own label, Apestaartje. Upon relocating from Chicago to Brooklyn, the duo was picked up by Thrill Jockey, where all of their subsequent albums have been released. Their sound moves between layers of ambient drones, electronic hooks and repetitive acoustic guitar patterns. Mountains took two years off after 2011’s Air Museum in order to focus on honing their sound and finely crafting their compositions. The product is Centralia, released in January and is arguably their most thoughtful and ambitious album yet. It’s been met with unanimously positive reviews from numerous online publications, and was perhaps a tenth of a point shy of earning Pitchfork’s coveted “Best New Music” stamp (receiving an 8.1 out of 10). The album was also one of the first...
to be pre-released on Pitchfork’s new interactive music streaming platform, Pitchfork Advance. Opening up for Mountains will be Iowa City sound design gurus General XOXO (featuring poet Dora Malech, filmmaker Jason Livingston and members of the band Wind Farm). This show will take place on Feb. 26 at Gabe’s (it will NOT be at The Mill on the Feb. 22 as was originally scheduled).

Alex and Francis White make up the “fiery” bother-sister duo, White Mystery. I put “fiery” in quotes not only because of their lively and relentless garage rock aesthetic, but also because, well, they both have really crazy red hair. White Mystery has two albums under their belt, each of which has been met with positive critical reception. Their live show has been highly praised as well by The Onion’s A.V. Club, The Huffington Post, The Chicago Tribune and MTV. The genre of throwback garage rock is a trend that still seems to be on the rise. There are so many bands that are trying to achieve a similar sound and style to that of White Mystery, and so many just miss the mark. White Mystery have been touring heavily and are getting ready to release their third album, Telepathic, in April. White Mystery will play at The Mill on Feb. 28. Local acts Good Habits and We Shave open.

Avant-garde jazz trio, The Bad Plus, have been pushing the boundaries of modern jazz since their debut self-titled album in 2001, which they wrote and recorded after only three performances as a band. Since then the group has put out seven more albums. While they enjoy exploring the possibilities of musical composition, much of their influence comes from popular music. In addition to their original pieces, The Bad Plus guys often put their own spin on songs from bands like Nirvana, Rush, Neil Young, Aphex Twin, Interpol and David Bowie. Their cover of Radiohead’s “Karma Police” was featured on the tribute compilation, Exit Music: Songs with Radio Heads. Sometimes choosing to play too many cover songs is a tad gimmicky, so to be clear, these guys are not a gimmicky band. They are highly regarded as artists and masters of their craft. In 2010 and 2011 The Bad Plus served as artists in residence at Duke University. The ensemble that Rolling Stone once called, “about as badass as highbrow gets,” will perform two shows, one at 7:30 p.m. and another at 9:30 p.m. at the Mill on March 2.

Ian Bavitz—better known by his stage name Aesop Rock—began his rap career when he was just a high-schooler. By the time he had graduated college in 1998 he had self-released a full-length hip-hop album, which gave him momentum for his possibly career-determining follow-up EP, Appleseed. The EP found its way into underground hip-hop circles and was met with critical acclaim. His unique flow and sometimes deeply metaphorical lyrical content brought Bavitz to the forefront of a new hip hop movement at the turn of the decade. The Aesop Rock project was put on hold in 2007 and has just returned from hiatus with the album, Skelethon, released last summer by Minneapolis-based label, Rhymesayers. Bavitz is currently touring the U.S. heavily and preparing to release another album this May with Kimya Dawson, under the name Hokey Fright. Aesop Rock makes his stop at the Blue Moose on Mar. 5 with guests Rob Sonic and DJ Big Wiz.

Steve Crowley is a red blooded Wisconsinite marooned in the fetid morass of Iowa City that had to make due with the yokels and, over the course of five years, came to quite like it here.
The continuing influence of The Ramones’ music on the face of rock years after their breakup is a testament to the idea that simple and direct is the most effective approach to getting to the hearts of youth. Directly or indirectly, any variation of punk rock today owes a debt to the amphetamine-driven sped-up version of ‘60s rock that The Ramones made.

The Blendours—comprised of members from Coralville and Cedar Rapids—take The Ramones’ formula of fast pop punk, only replacing the occasional themes of brutality and glue sniffing with video games and Anime. On Level 99, we are again treated to the avalanche of acoustic guitar chords and doo-wop harmonies established with the band’s 2011 debut album It Came From the Radio. I hesitate to call it a concept album, but a few of the songs concern themselves with video gaming, including “Level 99” and “Love Only Costs A Quarter.” “Ian’s Burger Boss” is possibly the only song ever written about the wonders of having a video arcade emulator in a classic arcade cabinet—“It’s time to play, it’s time to play. Forget about costs. It’s time to play, it’s time to play. There’s no pressing pause. Ian’s Burger Boss.”

The Blendours don’t take themselves too seriously and I often find myself grinning with the fun turns of phrase and sunny harmonies. On their Facebook page The Blendours recommend twice-daily dosages of their music. Seeing as Level 99 clocks in at just over 31 minutes (and none of the 19 tracks are over three minutes in length) this is an easy pop-punk pill to swallow. 2013 finds the band turning electric, augmenting the core duo of the band—Trevor Treiber and Bre Senior—with Ian Williams on drums and Abby Haley on bass. This lineup will be releasing a split LP with Canadian pop punks Old Wives this spring. Until then, join me in the challenge of reaching Level 99.

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed “music savior.” When he’s not writing for Little Village he blogs at www.playbsides.com.
implacable, eternal foe: weak MCs. “Farns,” the posse track, featuring no less than seven guest MCs including Iowa veteran mic handlers Felix Thunder and Tremayne.

As much as I appreciate Angle’s diction, flow and writing, this CD represents a leap forward in production for Coolzey. From a beat skeleton banged out on a sampling drum machine, he adds texture with tasty backing vocals, piano, organ and sound effects. “Hiyah” is the best Coolzey beat I’ve heard so far, and he has always had a great ear for production. Angle seems to be really inspired by the music he has to work with: On “Abysses” he finds the groove in a shambling oddball beat layered with horror movie strings. The one non-Coolzey beat, “Rocket” by Tinkerbot, has a perfect Prince Paul meets Schoolhouse Rock feel.

“A little wack-a-doodle and I like it that way,” Angle intones on “Hiyah” and that’s actually a good review for this seven-track EP. Silly, a little corny and unapologetic about being exactly who they are: a couple of white guys having fun and going nuts.

This is a guy who really likes Daft Punk; “Wouldn’t Feel Right” echoes “Around The World” as it begins, with a filtered female vocal. It isn’t a direct copy, though, and 500 Benz’ skill as a producer comes through in the subtle swish in the percussion and rhythmic synth lines. “Coatrooms and Cocktail Waitress” combines skippy drum patterns with a simplistic fat synth line that recalls South African Kwaito. It has the sort of simplistic repetition that goes right up to the edge of mindlessness without falling in.

Given the poppy, super-shiny, up-to-the-minute style of most of these songs, “Go” is a surprise. It’s moody ‘half-stepper’ dubstep emphasizes deep sustained bass, and thankfully leaves out melodramatic bass drops. It’s the sort of thing underground purists point to as the alternative to current obnoxious trends in dubstep. Good on Benz for showing a little taste.

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Apparently, Geometrics II is less a finished album than a beat tape, meant as raw material for tracks to be finished by other producers. Each song encapsulates some great dance music gestures but doesn’t bother with the whole build-up and breakdown structure of DJ-centric dance tracks. As such, Geometrics II feels half finished and sketchy. But grab these tracks, put together your own extended edits and you’ll be a hero in the DJ booth. Check out the other joints on his bandcamp page, because DJ 500 Benz has beats for days.

Kent Williams turned up on the streets of Nuremberg in 1828, unintelligible, wearing odd clothes, and walking with a peculiar gait. All he could say is “I want to be a horseman like my father was.”
Have virgins ever been tossed into volcanoes to appease the gods?

My query concerns the common conception of primitive cultures sacrificing virgins by throwing them into the maw of an active volcano. Many people seem to think this actually happened, but I can’t find even one reliable report of human sacrifice this way. Is it a Hollywood invention? Tell me the truth, Cecil. Have any virgins anywhere ever been tossed into a live volcano to appease an irate god?

—Ken

As with so many popular beliefs, the answer boils down to: (1) this story is mostly Hollywood BS, but (2) not 100 percent. To get a better handle on things, let’s look at different permutations of the concept, starting with the least plausible and working up.

Virgins have been thrown into volcanoes to appease god(s). This is the story in purest form—so pure, in fact, that I haven’t been able to find any actual examples of it. The closest I got was the 1932 film *Bird of Paradise*, starring Dolores del Rio as native girl Luana. Plotwise it breaks down as: boy meets girl, boy hooks up with girl, boy is cursed by volcano goddess Pele, girl sacrifices self to appease Pele and save boy. Long in the public domain, the film is available for free download and worth every penny.

I need to point out a couple things, though. First, while Luana’s primitive culture is perfectly willing to sacrifice her to placate the volcano god, it doesn’t actually do so. She sacrifices herself.

Second, volcanoes suitable for throwing women into for the most part don’t exist. The popular idea is that a volcanic cone has a lake of molten lava inside, perhaps with a rocky promontory jutting out from the rim to provide a convenient spot for victim-flinging. In reality, an erupting volcano typically spews lava up or outward from a cone, vent, or fissure, after which the lava flows laterally along the flatish surfaces nearby. One could, I suppose, shove a sacrificial individual into one of these flows and thereby incinerate her (or him), but that doesn’t constitute tossing a virgin into a volcano as the trope is usually understood.

Virgins have been sacrificed on, if not in, volcanoes. I’ll go out on a limb and say this is 100 percent true. The mummified remains of numerous murdered Incan children, many of them female, have been found on the upper slopes of volcanoes in the Andes. For example, a girl was discovered on Mount Ampato in Peru in 1995 and two girls and a boy on Llullaillaco in Argentina in 1999. The victims, aged six to adulthood, were well dressed and nourished, suggesting they’d been fattened for the slaughter. I don’t know if on examination any of the children were found to be virgins but will politely assume they were.

Archaeologist Johan Reinhard, who led the expeditions that found the Ampato and Llullaillaco mummies, has conjectured that sacrifices at Ampato were intended to stop a volcanic eruption nearby. The site is only reachable when volcanic heat has melted the snow, and in fact Reinhard was only able to get there because of an eruption at the time.

Humans, but especially children, have been sacrificed to the gods, or to accompany deceased rulers who presumably were going to join the gods. This is so abundantly and widely true that it may not seem worth mentioning, but we ought not to let our interest in a particularly baroque sacrificial mode blind us to the larger truth, namely that our species has slaughtered innocents by the uncountable thousands since antiquity, without even the excuse of war. Examples:

- In the Bible, the cornerstone of the Western moral code, Abraham famously comes close to sacrificing his son Isaac, and Jephthah actually does kill his daughter in return for winning a war.
- As part of the funeral rites of the Incan ruler Huayna Capac a thousand people were sacrificed, including many children.
- The sacrificial cenote, a big sinkhole at the Mayan city of Chichen Itza, was found to contain the skeletons of children mostly from 7 to 15 years old. It’s guessed that the victims were selected for their beauty and freedom from blemish, signifying innocence, youth, and (temporarily) health.

Getting back to volcanoes:

- In Indonesian legend, a princess and her husband prayed to the god of the Mount Bromo volcano to give them children. The volcano delivered a total of 25, but required the last be offered as a sacrifice. Today, villagers commemorate the event by throwing food, livestock, and money into the crater, which more practical types wait below the rim to catch.
- American writer Armstrong Perry claimed he witnessed the sacrifice of a young man thrown into a lava pit in the Solomon Islands, and says he narrowly escaped the same fate.
- Classical legend says the Greek philosopher Empedocles threw himself into Mount Etna as a sacrifice after healing a woman near death. Why? Who knows? We’ll file this one under “alcohol may have been involved.”

Send questions to Cecil via straightdope.com or write him c/o Chicago Reader, 350 N. Orleans, Chicago 60654. Subscribe to the Straight Dope podcast at the iTunes.
Curses, Foiled Again

• While serving time in the Gwinnett County, Ga., jail for paying an undercover police officer $3,000 to murder his neighbor and former business partner, Joseph Memar, 65, was caught again trying to have the man killed. Police Cpl. Jake Smith said Memar spread the word among inmates, met with a plainclothes officer during his visitation time, offered the officer $10,000 to kill the man and told him where to go to collect the money. (The Atlanta Journal-Constitution)

• New York City police charged a teenage boy with stealing a girl’s iPhone after he called police to report someone had stolen the iPhone from him. “He portrays himself as being a complainant,” Sgt. Arnoldo Martinez said. “A victim.” The second thief snatched it while the teen was trying to sell it to him. Police quickly located the man and drove him and the teen to the police station. Meanwhile, police in a neighboring precinct were driving the original victim around looking for the three teens who snatched the phone from her. They eventually called the iPhone, and when the officer who answered it identified himself, the officers met. They arrested the teen after the girl identified him by his pink sneakers and her PIN unlocked the phone but he failed. (The New York Times)

Super Outage

• The power blackout that halted the Super Bowl was caused by an electrical relay installed to prevent a power failure, according to the company that supplied electricity to the Superdome. “The purpose of it was to provide a newer, more advanced type of protection,” Entergy Corp. executive Dennis Dawsey told the New Orleans City Council, explaining the relay was part of an upgrade to the Superdome’s electrical system undertaken in 2011 in anticipation of the championship game. (Associated Press)

• The 34-minute delay turned out to be the fourth most-watched television broadcast of all time according to the sheriff’s report, a casing ejected from Shaw’s .45-caliber handgun and landed in her blouse. When she bent over to remove the hot shell, she unknowingly pointed the weapon at the man’s leg and accidentally fired a round that went through his right thigh. (Tampa Bay Tribune)

• Gun lover Keith Ratliff, 32, who became a celebrity for his online videos about high-powered and exotic guns and explosives, was found dead in his office in Carnesville, Ga., from a single gunshot to the head. The Georgia Bureau of Investigation said Ratliff was surrounded by numerous weapons, including some he made himself, but not the one that killed him. (The New York Times)

The 34-minute Super Bowl power outage turned out to be the fourth most-watched television broadcast of all time

Compelling Testimony

Judge Robert Coleman declared a mistrial in the case of a fight in a Philadelphia parking lot that cost John Huttick his left eye because while the victim was testifying, his prosthetic eye popped out, startling two jurors. “I couldn’t believe it just came out,” Huttick said. (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

Taxing Proposition

Vincent Burroughs, 40, filed a lawsuit against IRS agent Dora Abrahamson, claiming she threatened him with a tax penalty unless he had sex with her. Burroughs said Abrahamson contacted him about an audit and subsequently flirted with him over the telephone and via text messages, offered him massages and sent him a photo of herself in underwear. He finally gave in to her demands when she arrived at his home in Fall Creek, Ore., “provocatively attired” and said “she could impose no penalty, or a 40 percent penalty, and that if he would give her what she wanted, she would give him what he needed.” (Eugene’s Register-Guard)

Second-Amendment Follies

• Police who heard gunfire while investigating an attempted robbery at a Las Vegas restaurant reported “the gunshot was a result of a firearm being tossed into a deep fryer and exploding.” Officers arrested Obadulo Gudiel, 44, who pointed the gun at two men but insisted he wasn’t trying to rob them, just collect money they owed him. (Las Vegas Review-Journal)

• Army Spec. Patrick Edward Myers, 27, admitted shooting his friend in the face while they were watching a football game at an apartment in Killeen, Texas, but explained he was only trying to scare him to cure his hiccups. Myers, who was sentenced to 3-1/2 years in prison, told police he believed the weapon had dummy rounds. (Associated Press)

Presto, Gone-o

After Glynn County, Ga., Coroner Jimmy Durden said the death of county commissioner Tom Sublett, 52, was a suicide, his family contested the verdict. They insist Sublett, who was shot in the head and drowned after leaving a poker game with friends, had been in good spirits and his “normal” self. Also, police found an empty holster and bullets next to the body matching those that shot Sublett, but after two months hadn’t found the gun. (Associated Press)

Dig Up That Confederate Money

For the third session in a row, Virginia lawmaker Robert G. Marshall proposed that the state consider issuing its own currency. Instead of dismissing it as before, this year House of Delegates passed the bill by a 2-to-1 margin. Insisting the measure would prevent financial institutions like the Federal Reserve from causing the U.S. economy to wind up like Germany’s Weimar Republic, which had worthless currency, skyrocketing inflation and a crumbling government, Marshall explained it calls for a commission to study “the need, means and schedule for establishing a metallic-based monetary unit to serve as a contingency currency for the Commonwealth.” The study would cost $17.440 in U.S. money. (The Washington Post)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.
Have Doubts, Dummy?

Hi folks! It’s me; Filmy the Anthropomorphic Video Cassette! I’m here to play backup singer to all of Kit’s outrageous claims and gross generalities! Follow me, section by section, for some much needed support.

1. WHO TO WOO

Here Kit makes fairly ageist claims about who deserves romantic love and who doesn’t; Teens do, and the Elderly don’t. Ever wondered why the old lady in Titanic is single and the young version of her has men fighting over her? Is it because Leo drowns and freezes and dies like a wuss? No! It’s because no one wants to see the old lady hold conjugal congress in the back of a car on a boat. She coulda, too! I mean, there were tons of guys there. But she knew of a car on a boat. She coulda, too! I mean, she was an old lady and therefore undeserving of love.

2. HOW TO WOO

In Dr. Strangelove, no guy gets no girl. That’s because they all failed to save the world. Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum are swimmin’ in women at the end of Independence Day. ‘Nuff said.

3. SO YOU’VE WOOED

“Aladdin, it’s not that you’re not actually a prince, it’s that you lied about it.” Jasmine and Aladdin are back together 20 minutes later. “Hitch, it’s not that you’re coaching men on how to pick up women, it’s that you didn’t tell me that’s what you were doing.” Hitch gets the girl back 20 minutes later. Now you try!

That’s all, folks! And don’t forget: when you throw out old videotapes like me, you’re betraying inanimate friends who love you. Death to DVDs!!!

Kit Bryant lives in Iowa City with her valid alibi and several innocuous non-lethal pastimes. Outside the workplace, she enjoys sarcasm, light spanking, and fleeting moments of hope and levity. Her blog is popslashcorn.wordpress.com

Music

Wed., Feb. 20
Symphony Orchestra
Main Lounge, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Thurs., Feb. 21
Garage Rock Night
Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

Fri., Feb. 22
An Evening with Chris Botti
Paramount Theatre, $35-$55, 8 p.m.

Sat., Feb. 23
Andrew Epstein’s Fried Egg String Band
Uptown Bill’s, $5 suggested, 7 p.m.

Sun., Feb. 24
Alumni Recital featuring Emily Truckenbrod,
soprano and Linda Perry, piano
Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26

Brooks Strause & The Gory Details, Nate Logsdon, Huge Lewis, Eric Whitaker
The Mill, $12, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27

Burlington Street Bluegrass Band
The Mill, $5, 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28

Jonathan Richman w/ Tommy Larkins
Gabe’s, $12, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAR. 1

General B and the Wiz
Yacht Club, $5, 10 p.m.
Sat., Mar. 2
Dave Moore Uptown Bill’s, $5 suggested, 7 p.m.
Dennis McMurrin & The Demolition Band 100th Show Yacht Club, $7, 10 p.m.
Item 9 & the Mad Hatters Gabe’s, $5, 10 p.m.
Skins Blue Moose Tap House, $15, 9 p.m.
The Bad Plus Club Hancher at The Mill, $10-$20, 7:30 p.m. and 9 p.m.
UI String Quartet Residency Program: Linden String Quartet Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Sun., Mar. 3
Capture The Crown, Ice Nine Kills, Noah, Moments Like These, Dream Anabelle Blue Moose Tap House, $10/$12, 6 p.m.
Chad Burrow, clarinet, and guests Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.
Piano Sunday with Ksenia Nosikova and studio Old Capitol Museum, UI campus, Free, 1:30 p.m.
Richard Fracker, tenor Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 3 p.m.
Robert Earl Keen Engler, $30/$32, 7 p.m.
Tenth Avenue North: The Struggle Tour Paramount Theatre, $19-$41, 6 p.m.

Mon., Mar. 4
Open Mic with J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.
UI Saxophone Quartet Recital Riverside Recital Hall, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.

Tues., Mar. 5
Aesop Rock, Rob Sonic, DJ Big Wiz Blue Moose Tap House, $18/$20, 7 p.m.
Jazz Faculty George’s Buffet, 8 p.m.

Wed., Mar. 6
Improvisation for Classical Musicians Recital Recital Hall, University Capitol Centre, UI campus, Free, 7:30 p.m.
Ietlive, HRVRD, Night Verses, Conditions, Rescuer Gabe’s, $12/$14, 6 p.m.

Feb. 22-23
Bandwith Fest Blue Moose Tap House, $6/night or $10 both nights

Saturdays: Free Bass Dance Party Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 9 p.m.

Tuesdays: Flight School Dance Party Yacht Club, $1-$5, 10 p.m.

Wednesdays: Jam Session Yacht Club, Free, 10 p.m.

Second/Fourth Thursdays: Super Soul Session Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

Thursdays: Little Village Live Public Space One, Free, 5 p.m.
Mixology: Dance Party Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.
Old Capitol Chorus (Weekly Practice)

Robert A. Lee Community Recreation Center, Free, 7:30 p.m. Open Mic Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.

Theatre
Fri., Feb. 22
Diamons or Denim: Riverside Theatre Fundraiser hotelVetro, $50-$55, 6 p.m.

Venues
Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 333-1291, facebook.com/mendozawinebar
Paramount Theatre 123 3rd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 398-5226, paramounttheatre.com
Penguin’s Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com
Prairie Lights 15 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 337-2681, www.prairielight.com
ps-z 120 N Dubuque St, Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, psztc.com
Public Space One 129 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com
Red Cedar Chamber Music (Ballantyne Auditorium, Kirkwood, Cedar Rapids) 1495 Douglas Ct., Marion, (319) 377-8028, www.redcedar.org
Redstone Room, River Music Experience 129 N Main St, Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.com
Riverside Theatre 213 N Gilbert St., Iowa City, (319) 338-7672, riversidetheatre.org
Rozz Tox 2108 3rd Ave, Rock Island, IL, (309) 200-0978, rozztox.com
The Mill 120 E Burlington St. Iowa City, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com
Theatre Cedar Rapids 102 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-8591, theatrecr.org
Theatre Building The University of Iowa, 200 North Riverside Dr, (319) 335-1160 theatre.uiowa.edu
University of Iowa Museum of Art 1375 Hwy 1 West, Iowa City, (319) 335-1727, uima.uiowa.edu
University of Iowa Museum of Natural History Macbride Hall, Iowa City, (319) 335-0480, uima.uiowa.edu
Uptown Bill’s 730 South Dubuque St., Iowa City, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org (Spoken Word Wednesdays at 6:30, Artvaark Thursdays at 6 p.m., Open Mic Thursdays at 7 p.m.)
Yacht Club 13 South Linn St., Iowa City, (319) 337-6464, iowacityyachtclub.org (Flight School Dance Party on Tuesdays, Jam Session on Wednesdays)

Submit venues and events: Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com
Feb. 22-24
"Dust & Ash" and "Mold" - UI Theatre Gallery Productions Theatre Building, U1 campus, Students free; $5 general public, 8 p.m. Feb. 22 and 23; 2 p.m. Feb. 24

Feb. 28-Mar. 3
Grease Presented by Regina High School Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $10-$24 La Ronde - A UI Theatre Workshop Theatre Building, UI campus, Students free; $5 general public, 8 p.m.

Mar. 1-2
The King and I - Presented by Iowa City Community Theatre Englert, $12-$20, 7:30 p.m.

Mar. 1-20
Walking the Wire: TMI (Monologues) Riverside Theatre, $15-$28

Mar. 1-23
Legally Blonde The Musical Theatre Cedar Rapids, $15-$30

Through Mar. 9
[title of show] Theatre Cedar Rapids, $10-$25

Art/Exhibitions

Thurs., Feb. 21
“Beyond Racism: The Civil War, Emancipation, and the continuing struggle for ‘a new birth of freedom’” - A Talk with Humanities Iowa Speaker Hal Chase Old Capitol Museum, UI campus, Free, 6:30 p.m. UI Explorers Seminar Series: Dr. James Enloe & Ted Marks, Department of Anthropology Museum of Natural History, UI campus, Free, 7 p.m.

Sun., Feb. 24
4th Annual Craft Crawl Beadology Iowa, Ben Franklin Crafts, Common Threads Quilt Shoppe, Fired Up Iowa City, Inc., Home Ec. Workshop, and The Knitting Shoppe 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

Fri., Mar. 1
"Social Studies" Opening Reception Englert - The Douglas & Linda Paul Gallery, Free, 5 p.m. Gallery Walk downtown Iowa City, 5-8p.m.

Feb. 22-Mar. 10
New Works by Shawn Ireland Akar

Feb. 25-Mar. 2
"Kinder Genler," Graphic Design Art Building West, UI Campus

February
Lina Anda Dalmar and Regine Osbak Public Space One

March
"Drought Behavior," Patrick Reed Public Space One

Ongoing

Opening Wed., Feb. 6
I AM: Prints by Elizabeth Catlett Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

Opening Sun., Mar. 3
Native Kids Ride Bikes Black Box Theater, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus

Through Feb. 24

Through Feb. 28
Photographs by Pieta Brown Legion Arts

Through Mar. 3
Iowa City’s Metropolitan Playhouse: Celebrating the Englert’s 100th Anniversary Johnson County Historical Society

Thursdays: Artvaark (Art Activities) Uptown Bill’s, Free, 6 p.m.

Literature

Wed., Feb. 20
Lucie Brock-Broido, poetry Dey House, UI campus, Free, 8 p.m.
Reading: Ayana Mathis
Englert Theatre
Feb. 25 | 7 p.m.

New York Times best selling author Ayana Mathis will be reading from her debut novel, The Twelve Tribes of Hattie (Knopf, 2012), at the Englert Theater on Feb. 25. The reading will be presented by Prairie Lights Books. Mathis is currently a visiting professor at the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop, where she graduated with an MFA in Fiction. Her novel has received wide recognition, first as the winner of the 2012 Michener Copernicus Fellowship and then as the second book selection by Oprah’s Book Club 2.0. Critic Michiko Kakutani of the New York Times called the novel “astonishingly powerful,” and echoed Oprah’s comparison of Mathis’s work to that of Toni Morrison.

The novel is written in ten connected chapters, centering around Hattie Shepherd and her family. Hattie escapes the South during the Jim Crow period to seek a better life in Philadelphia. With her husband, August, she has two children who are lost to illness and poverty while still young. Although she goes on to bear nine more, the experience is deeply traumatic for Hattie and has disastrous consequences for her surviving children. Raised by an emotionally detached mother and an absent, philandering father, the basic needs of the kids are met but little more is offered to them. The novel is structured so that each character is examined, detailing the effects of the family’s troubled history on their lives. The stories build until the last chapter, when Hattie herself finally appears for a satisfying and emotionally complex resolution.
3 years on the move, six states and five pairs of shoes worn through completely...

I had heard it all before. The blame game was always a popular subject amongst my underachieving friends in college.

At first it was the booming passionate voices that caught my attention. Bullhorns whined and cardboard banners moaned about the cancerous greed of Green Street.

It wasn't the message that drew me in...

I found myself in New York City.
A RELATED HAPPY VALENTINE’S, Little Villagers! Listed below are synonyms for two words that rhyme followed by the number of syllables in each of those rhyming words. Your challenge is to figure out those two words based upon the clues provided. For example, “Attractive Beast (1,1)” would be “Cute Brute.” (*Hint: In each game, there is always one answer that is a homonym.) GOOD LUCK!

**Excellent Outing**
(1, 1)
(Great, Date)
Smooch Euphoria (1,1)
Genuine Fawning (1,1)
Unique Couple (1, 1)

**Perhaps Love**
(2, 2)
(_______, Romance)
Coquetry Glee (3, 3)
Clandestine Valentine (4, 2)
Fixed Sweetheart (2,2)

**Concerning Ardor**
(1, 1)
(_______, ________)
Healthy Cupidity (2, 1)
Promises Stir (1, 2)
Fasten Jointly (2,3)

**Challenger:**
The ill-tempered, libidinous couple often bickered at each other while fooling around. They referred to their lovemaking as (2, 2-2).

**Last month's answers**

Dopey Version (1, 1)
Daft
Draft

Story Decay (1, 1)
Plot
Rot
Zero Glide (1, 1)
No
Flow

Anecho Necessity (2, 2)
Narrative
Imperative
Indirect Analysis (2, 2)
Oblique
Critique
Reference Mix-up (3, 3)
Allusion
Confusion

Thrilling Composition (3, 2)
Exciting
Writing
Elucidation Scholar (3, 5)
Exposition
Academician
Literature Doctor (4, 4)
Composition
Clinician

**Challenger:**
The magician novelist, having finally completed his great work about incantations proudly referred to his book as his (2-2, 2 2)
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