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THIS MODERN WORLD

THOMAS FRIEDMAN, PRIVATE EYE

MR. FRIDMAN—YOU’VE GOT TO HELP ME! I THINK MY WIFE—

DOESN’T KNOW WHAT’S HAPPENING FROM THE NEXT NEW WORLD?

NO, I THINK SHE’S HAVING AN AFFAIR—

NOT TO WORRY—I’M ON IT!

UH—THE PLUMBING?

THINK, MAN! EVERYONE IS CONSTANTLY TWEETING AND TEXTING—

AS IN YELLOW PAGES! BECAUSE OUR FINGERS ARE DOING THE WALKING—ACROSS ALL THOSE SCREENS WHICH ARE FLAT LIKE THE WORLD! AND MY 4005 BESTSELLER—

IT’S ALSO A YELLOW REVOLUTION—

SEE? IT’S ALL HYPERCONNECTED!

IT’S A DIGITAL REVOLUTION!

GET IT DIGITAL?

BECAUSE IT’S ON COMPUTERS.

YOU SEE, WE’VE ALL BEEN ASLEEP FOR TEN YEARS! AND ALSO DISTRACTED BY WORLD EVENTS!

EXACTLY AND THE WORLD WENT FROM CONNECTED TO HYPER-CONNECTED!

Pardon me—WHY CIGARETTES IN PRISON?

FROM VENTILATED TO HYPER-VENTILATED!

IN THE NEXT NEW ECONOMY, BUZZWORDS WILL BE CURRENCY!

AND WE ALL NEED TO KEEP A STASH UNDER OUR BUNK!

EXCEPT SMOKE IS BAD FOR YOU.

OH—I DON’T QUITE—

SORRY, Gotta run, I’ve got an APPOINTMENT WITH A CAB DRIVER IN MUMBAI!

NEXT: THE NEW NEW NEW THINGS!

LUSTYKILES ARE THE NEW INDUSTRIAL MANUFACTURING BASE!

by TOM TOMORROW

Since 2001
Proudly Publishing in
Within a week of my arrival, our protest numbers had exploded. When enough protest chatter hit twitter and Facebook main stream media news crews were quick to flock to our tent city.

It was estimated that 5,000 people called our tent city in Central Park, home.

They struggled to pin a face to the G.S.P. just as we intended.

So you’re saying there is no leader of the Green Street Protest Movement?

If you’re looking for a hoarder-in-chief go to Green Street or DC.

Here, the message rules—end their reign, we the people demand the criminals of Green Street be held accountable!

Army Ranger turned Rally Rat...?

Unbelievable. I knew you could sink low, but this?

Say it ain’t so...brother.

Meanwhile at...

WMD Global Wealth Management Manhattan, New York

Can you believe this sh*t? Move to Cuba you dirty commie!
It may have been just another Iowa City arrest for some, but in the minds of several community members it was a call to the picket line. Toting young children and clutching homemade signs, protesters made their way to the Johnson County Jail on April 27 to demonstrate support for a formerly imprisoned mother of two.

Arrested along a stretch of Highway 6 the previous evening, Basilia Apolonio became the latest victim of what many activists are denouncing as a broken immigration system. Though she had committed no traffic violation and had no criminal record, the native Spanish speaker was booked on two outstanding warrants issued by the Iowa Department of Transportation (IDOT) via the U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE). The warrants were for fifth-degree fraudulent practice, and according to the Center for Worker Justice the alleged problems existed with the Social Security number appearing on Apolonio’s car title and registration.

The warrants seemed threatening to many, who wondered why ICE would target innocent mothers with no criminal record. “It is an unjust system and it needs to stop,” said Marcella Marquez of the Immigrant Voices Project, a group working to improve the lives of area immigrants. “My community is being harassed, and for what reason? We are all people and we all have the same rights.”

Many at the rally would agree. As the night wore on, prayers for immigration reform echoed down South Capitol Street, and candles flickered in the evening wind. Protesters pumped fists and thrust signs to the sky, hurling slogans directed at ICE.

Several years ago, ICE might have placed fear in the heart of a thriving Iowan immigrant community. But as the crowd continued to swell outside Johnson County Jail a mood of solidarity and very little trepidation was clear. “In the past we hid. We locked our doors and were scared to go out on the street,” said one speaker unabashedly to the assemblage of protesters. “Now, we are united here to support our friend. It is a historic time.”

Hovering near the edge of the activity was Apolonio herself, the young mother whose arrest had so galvanized area residents. Hugging her small daughter to her chest, she slowly made her way to the front of the group.

Though her voice was quiet and her sentences were few, she communicated that she was grateful to be outside with her supporters, and emphasized the place where she currently stood—just feet from the jail—was far different from the cell she had vacated.

According to a statement on their website, ICE has “clear priorities” that call for a focus on the identification and removal of criminals, persons who have recently crossed the border and persons who are fugitives from immigration court. Apolonio was none of those. She posed no threat to public safety, nor to homeland security. But Iowa City police followed through with her arrest, ostensibly—and unwittingly—helping to fulfill what seems an unspoken ICE agenda: to apprehend and detain any undocumented immigrant, regardless of criminal or terrorist involvement. While many advocate for the casting of such a wide net, oth-

**CHILLING EFFECT**

AFTER AN IOWA CITY ARREST that some considered excessive, questions loom about the extent to which local law enforcement will collaborate with U.S. Customs on an agenda to detain undocumented immigrants, regardless of their criminal involvement.

ers find it alarming, for more reasons than one.

Many feel that tax dollars and allocated funding is being improperly used in cases like Apolonio’s. “This is not what I want my county dollars going towards,” explained concerned Iowa City resident Diane Finnerty. “Those living here without papers have a powerful voice that needs to be heard, and we as voting citizens [can help facilitate that].”

Rally organizer Misty Rebik agreed, and pointed out that taxpayer dollars are being spent at every level to support ICE actions that
victimize mothers of small children, and ultimately the populace. “The families targeted by ICE go to our churches and shop at our local businesses. If a federal agency is attacking one faction within our community it affects us all,” she said.

Citizens or not, one rally speaker emphatically noted that the members of her immigrant community had paid taxes and made contributions to America. She bemoaned that after 15 years of hard work in this country, her husband was now in jail and feared deportation.

Certainly, larger questions loom about the extent to which local law enforcement are aware of ICE’s agenda, and whether further collaborations could be on the horizon. Apolonio was the second person arrested in Johnson County under a warrant that was issued at the request of ICE. According to Immigration and Nationality Act §287(g), ICE is legally authorized to enter agreements with state enforcement so that local officers can execute ICE agendas, which can include investigation and detention. INA §287(g) further states that any local officer acting under an agreement with ICE must be aware of federal law, have undergone specific federal law enforcement training and act under federal supervision. While it is unclear how many more individuals might be facing situations similar to Apolonio’s here and across the state, it was evident to the crowd gathered to protest that cooperation between these local and federal agencies needed to end.

In Apolonio’s case, Iowa City Police confirmed there was no contact between arresting officers and the DOT who issued her warrants on request from ICE. While this might reassure some that local authorities are not conspiring with ICE and are in fact working within their legal jurisdiction, the Apolonio case points to ICE’s anti-immigrant agenda and suggests that until local police are made aware of the issues at hand and, arguably, the families at stake, immigrant arrests will continue.

At the protest, a few protesters swung signs high. “So you want a bigger jail to lock up immigrant moms?” read one, in reference to the hotly contested proposal for a new Justice Center building. Another simply asked, “Why?”

Amy Mattson is a freelance writer and University of Iowa alum who has previous experience as a copywriter, copy editor and online content manager. She currently works with victims of sexual abuse as a counselor and advocate.

**GEARS + BEERS**

For Ray Bennett, an avid bicyclist and 27-year RAGBRAI veteran, it is always nice to have a destination at the end of a long, hot bike ride with friends—especially a destination with cold beer. Bennett, who lives in North Liberty, notes that “if you ride 15 or 20 miles, you might want to stop and enjoy a beer.”

Enjoying cold brews with friends is just one of many ways cyclists, brewers and bar owners agree that the beer and bicycling communities are connected. The bike-brew bond, they say, extends to philanthropy, lifestyle and even values, and it is not only visible on beer labels and cycling shirts, but in the number of bike racks and spandex-clad patrons at brewpubs and bars.

“I think it is a willingness and desire to seek out better things. Whether it’s a better built bike or better made beer, or whatever the case is,” said Mike Gauthier, the manager at El Bait Shop in Des Moines, of the tight-knit connection between beer and cycling.

Situated in downtown Des Moines at the confluence of city and regional bike trails, some of which lead to other parts of the state, El Bait Shop is a hub for thirsty cyclists that features 26 bike racks, a maintenance rack with an air hose, decorative bikes hanging from the rafters and walls and a large outdoor patio. (When asked if all bike paths in Iowa lead to El Bait Shop, Gauthier said with a laugh, “That’s probably not too far of a stretch.”) In addition to its bicycling amenities and adornments, El Bait Shop hosts Fat Tire Fun Rides (bike trips to area bars and breweries that are sponsored by the New Belgium Brewing Company), donates money to the Des Moines Bicycle Collective and further promotes biking by featuring a link to Bikelowa.com on its website.

Gauthier, who commutes by bike, said El Bait Shop’s proximity to trails and attractions, as well as beer and food, are factors that draw cyclists. But he also acknowledged a deeper connection between the beer and bike communities that stems from the advocacy work of brewers. Gauthier said many craft breweries, including the Deschutes Brewery and Sierra Nevada Brewing Company, fund trail work and nature conservancy, both of which benefit cyclists. This gesture of support by breweries is reciprocated by bike riders’ enthusiasm for pints of beer.

At New Belgium, based in Fort Collins, Colorado, the connection between beer and bikes is part of the brewery’s foundation. According to spokesperson Bryan Simpson, New Belgium was “conceived” on co-founder Jeff Lebesch’s bicycle tour of Belgium. Inspired by the beers he drank en route, Lebesch developed the beers that became Abbey Belgian Style Ale and Fat Tire Amber Ale. Named in honor of the mountain bike Lebesch used on his Belgian tour, Fat Tire became closely identified with the brewery.

Simpson said the history and passion for cycling at New Belgium has shaped the brewery’s outreach, facilities and even employee benefits. In 2000, New Belgium created the Tour de Fat, a one-day bike festival that takes place in 12 cities and raises funds for local bicycling nonprofit groups. With covered bike parking, showers and an on-site cross-bike track, Simpson said New Belgium has been certified as a platinum-level bicycle-friendly business by the League of American Bicyclists. And as an added perk, New Belgium employees receive a “limited release Fat Tire Cruiser bike” on their first anniversary with the brewery.

**BOTH WERE ONCE dominated by a few national brands, but now small breweries and bicycle boutiques are popping up everywhere, perhaps a testament to the strong “do-it-yourself” mentality in both circles.**

Though Simpson feels the connection between beer and cycling transcends branding, Gauthier said it is key to the relationship, even citing New Belgium’s bike-themed beers as an example. “Whenever we see something that, I guess, is relative [to bikes], it certainly catches our attention,” Gauthier said. “We are certainly not immune to marketing.”

Ryan Baker, owner of World of Bikes in Iowa City, reiterated Gauthier’s observation: “If I’m looking for a new beer to try and it happens to have a bike-related something on it, I might be a little more curious about it.”

Bike symbolism is not the only draw, though. Gauthier and Simpson said personal ethics and lifestyle choices play a large role in the beer-cycling bond—a thought echoed by Baker, who said breweries that promote sustainable living and support the biking community are equally appealing to him. The beer and cycling...
“I think both communities are striving for the same thing, a break and mini escape from the real world!” wrote Teresa Albert, co-owner of the Millstream Brewing Company, in an email. Every summer, Millstream sponsors the Tour de Brew, a RAGBRAI warm-up where participants are given a beer at the beginning, end, and every 10 miles in between. Millstream also sponsors the Iowa City Cycling Club and riders sport cycling jerseys with the brewery’s logo. “Craft beer and bikes are an escape from life for a brief and much needed moment. You can go anywhere in your everyday life and drive a car or have a domestic beer, but to really experience something different you have this special release in the craft world!”

Not only do beer and cycling enthusiasts think alike, they also tend to be younger and have more disposable income, Gauthier said. Also, Simpson says that the beer and cycling industries have a shared history in regards to their grassroots revivals. Both were once dominated by a few national brands, but now small breweries and bicycle boutiques are popping up everywhere, perhaps a testament to the strong “do-it-yourself” mentality in both circles.

But regardless of their myriad similarities, everyone agreed that the most meaningful and refreshing connection is the jovial camaraderie engendered by both beer and bicycles. Baker said Cyclists are typically social people, and the atmosphere is casual, yet charming. A beer always quenched his thirst after a long ride in hot weather.

“People understand that bikers like to go out for long rides and they like to drink beer during or after,” Gauthier said. “So it’s not the worst business decision in the world to find a bicycle trail to park your brewery or bar by.”

“CRAFT BEER AND BIKES are an escape from life for a brief and much needed moment.” —TERESA ALBERT Co-Owner Millstream Brewing Company

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Dining Review

REVIEWS: EL BANDITOS
(327 E. MARKET ST.)

According to smithsonianmag.com, one of the first groups on record to have introduced traditional Mexican cuisine in America were the Chili Queens of San Antonio. Around the turn of the 20th Century, this group of female street-vendors created impromptu festivals featuring music and dance in the city’s plazas, and it was here that they sold their spicy hot chili con carne, enchiladas and tacos to the public.

These Chili Queens obviously knew better than anyone that there’s just something about Mexican food that screams “party.”

El Banditos is a Northside restaurant that is capturing authentic fiesta flavor in their inventive, fresh cuisine. Holding its own in a growing pool of quality Mexican joints (La Michoacana on Hwy 1, along with new-ish arrivals to downtown Cactus and Mami’s Authentic), El Banditos is affordable, laid back and fun.

Our party of two was seated on a recent evening near the back of the sunny, open dining space. Rather than ordering my usual shrimp taco, lamb taco and calabacitas combo, I opted for adventure. From the “Specials” menu, I chose the Patacón de Congrejo, a blend of blue crab, black beans, mango salsa, crema and basically the kitchen sink of Mexican condiments served atop two fried plantain tostadas. Normally I would avoid a menu item with so many ingredients, but “Adventure! Fiesta!” I said, and ordered my first margarita.

My dinner date (okay, it was my Mom) and I shared a small guacamole to kick off the night. While I think that El Banditos has the best guac in town, I was a bit thrown off by the miniscule portion-size of this particular order. Our tiny portion of delicious guac left us hungry for more … but perhaps that was the point. At any rate, it’s worth noting that El Banditos now offers two sizes of their guacamole, so if you are worried, you can always opt for the larger portion.

Soon we were feeling celebratory again when our colorful main courses arrived after a very short wait time. In spite of the heaped up appearance of my entrée, the taste was fresh and bursting with flavor. Each bite offered something new, a bite of creamy avocado here, a zing of jalapeno there. The dish was wild and bold, and I did not regret giving it a go.

Served alongside the Patacon de Congrejo was a black bean salad that popped with fresh cilantro, corn and tomato, but seemed misplaced considering the crab dish also contained black beans. My rule is: One bean dish per meal. It’s a rule I just made up, but I think it’s a keeper.

Calabacitas were also presented as a side, and all I can ever wonder when I eat this dish is “How does El Banditos make a runt-of-the-litter food like zucchini taste so freakin’ good?” Maybe it’s a whole lot of butter, or maybe it’s the little leafy spice peppered throughout (oregano?). Whatever it is, as long as they NEVER TAKE THIS ITEM OFF THE MENU, I’m content to let the mystery be.

No Chicken Little dining experience would be complete without something sweet. Since my favorite flan was not on the menu, we opted for a slice of Tres Leches cake for dessert instead. Tres Leches is a vanilla cake made with three kinds(!) of milk: sweetened condensed milk, evaporated milk and heavy cream. The cake is soaked in a milk mixture overnight, then frosted with whipped cream. Do I need to say anything else about it really? How could this not be fabulous? It would be even better with coffee, which we forgot to order. Consider our failure your lesson learned.

El Banditos has become Iowa City’s go-to place for fiesty, flavorful Mexican. The service is friendly and prompt, and the atmosphere is casual, yet charming. If you’ve yet to try it, it’s high time you get this party started.

| PRICE: | 2 Golden Eggs ($10-20) |
| TASTE: | 4/5 CLUCKS |
| SERVICE: | 4/5 |
| ATMOSPHERE: | 3/5 |
Witness! Players with incredible names like Colton Cain, Damien Magnifico and Rock Shoulders (really!) as they fight for their baseball lives! (And to avoid an alternative career or another plan B they don’t even want to consider.) Here you can sit close enough to home plate to track the break on a breaking ball and check the MPH readings on a scout’s radar gun. And the tickets, food, drink and fuel for a day at the ballpark will set you back less than the cost of parking alone at a major league game.

It’s only a short day-trip from Iowa City to Burlington, to Cedar Rapids, to Clinton, to Davenport—the eastern Iowa cities of the Midwest League, where the next generation of superstars, replacement-level utility infielders and back-of-the-rotation innings-eaters can be witnessed for just a few bucks.

Midwest League baseball means cheap tickets, cheap beer, variable quality and raw
players—who sometimes exhibit incredible promise. Like folks who once saw Nirvana at Gabes for $4, these smaller baseball venues offer the chance to get in on the ground floor and to maybe even say, “I saw Mike Trout play for the Cedar Rapids Kernels in 2010,” two years before he was the Rookie of the Year and MVP runner-up to Miguel Cabrera (who in 2001 was an 18-year-old shortstop for the Midwest League’s Kane County Cougars).

Team wins and losses are noted, but ultimately the minor leagues are about player development. Sometimes, for example, a pitcher is terrible. But sometimes he just seems terrible, for a time, because the organization is forcing him to develop a new pitch needed in order to survive in the major leagues. (Please bear this in mind, Drunk Guy on a Thirsty Thursday screaming invective at a struggling teenage pitcher.)

Over the offseason, some Midwest League teams and their major league “parent” organizations shuffled affiliations and signed player development contracts with different major league clubs. After a 20-year association with the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim, the Cedar Rapids Kernels are now an affiliate of the Minnesota Twins. The Sutter family from Manchester is pleased with this.

The family goes up to games in the Twin Cities at least once a year, but they love having a sneak preview of future Twins. They’ve already been to two Kernels’ games this season, in spite of the cold, wet April weather that cancelled and postponed many games throughout the league.

“It’s awesome,” Kris Sutter, father of two Twins fans said. “We can come to any game we want now. Before we would wait till the Twins farm team came here and then we’d go.”

The Sutters love seeing the Kernels’ current crop, including Byron Buxton, who signed with the Twins out of high school for $6.2 million and leads the league in hitting. Grown men linger on the railing by the dugout with duffel bags full of baseballs and cards for him to sign. He is off to such a strong start he may soon be promoted up the next rung on the
minor league ladder. “I told [my wife] Laura, ‘It’s time to see ‘em right now because I bet by June he’s gone,’” said Sutter. “He’s gonna be gone. As soon as they have the draft in June, he’ll be moved.”

Kernels right fielder Adam Brett Walker is also a budding star. After the Kernels 4-3 win over the Lansing Lugnuts on April 28, Walker wore a straw hat and shades as he mingled with other Kernels players and fans over pizza in the Arctic Insulation Party Plaza.

The Twins selected Walker in the third round of the 2012 draft and Baseball America rated him as the Twins’ 31st best prospect entering the season. He was named the Midwest League Player of the Week for April 22-28, a period in which he hit five home runs.

Over the past few years the recession has forced states to make cuts to their social safety nets. More recently, the sequester has done the same on the federal level and any realistic budget will likely continue that trend over the next couple of decades. Unfortunately, the obvious solutions to save programs (raising taxes) have been politically unviable. Both Democrats and Republicans have shielded away from suggesting tax increases for fear of losing their seats. Would raising the federal minimum wage from $7.25 per hour to around $9 per hour provide a more practicable solution?

David V. Henderson remembers when the Kernels were the Cedar Rapids Reds. He reported on the 2011 Quad Cities River Bandits for WVIK radio and was into Oscar Taveras way before anybody. He lives with his family in Iowa City and on twitter @DavidVHenderson.

VIKRAM PATEL: Adjusted for inflation, the GDP has doubled since 1980 and worker productivity is up by about 80 percent, but the median household income has barely moved at all while the income of the top 5 percent has more than doubled. The average worker should be paid commensurate with the profit they produce. If we can’t get those who have almost solely benefited from the growth of our economy to pay a fair amount for social programs, then they should at least pay their workers a fair wage. —VIKRAM PATEL

MATT SOWADA: Actually, I’m not so sure that I fully agree with your premise. After all, it was her investment that made that increase in productivity possible. Maybe in this case, to a large degree the 1 percent deserve their fortunes.

That while the average American is working harder and producing more, the benefits are going to a very small segment of the population. The average worker should be paid commensurate with the profit they produce. If we can’t get those who have almost solely benefited from the growth of our economy to pay a fair amount for social programs, then they should at least pay their workers a fair wage.

American Reason
VIKRAM PATEL & MATT SOWADA

THE FRUITS OF OUR LABOR

Iowa City and on twitter @DavidVHenderson.
V.P.: I think you have correctly identified that improvements in technology are what have fueled the growth of our economy, as opposed to harder working employees as I posited earlier. If some investors have funded the research for a given technology then they absolutely deserve large rewards for that. The return on an investment is justified by the associated risk of loss. However, much of the risk of loss that comes with technological development has been absorbed by the public. Private sector labs that did fundamental research like Xerox PARC (where the graphical user interface and the mouse were invented) or Bell Labs (where their pre-1970s research produced several Nobel Prizes) have basically disappeared or shifted focus. Even though the private sector provides the majority of funding for research and development in the US, they only provide one-fifth of the funding devoted to fundamental, ground-breaking research. Private sector research is mostly devoted to small, incremental improvements and simply paying to implement a proven technology does not justify reaping a large part of the rewards from the development of that technology. If modern research is funded by the public, then the benefits should be broadly distributed instead of concentrated in the hands a few.

M.S.: Well frankly, I disagree. Paying to implement a technology (proven or otherwise) does justify reaping the lion's share of the profit. — MATT SOWADA

PAYING TO IMPLEMENT a technology (proven or otherwise) does justify reaping the lion’s share of the profit. — MATT SOWADA

research should pay back into the system, but I would argue that to some degree they already do. According to recent data from the Economic Policy Institute, individuals with high incomes have seen those incomes grow at a faster rate over the last 40 years than those of lesser means. Since we have a bracketed, progressive income tax system this means that if you’ve been more amply rewarded for the increase in productivity we’ve seen, then you’ve also paid more in taxes that go to fund public research. That seems both ethical and logical to me.

To be clear, I don’t think raising the minimum wage would hurt anything. A 2012 BLS survey has shown that minimum wage workers are pretty rare, about 4.7 percent of hourly workers get paid the minimum wage or less. Any politically feasible increase in the minimum wage (say, $1.75 an hour as you suggest) is not going to make a very big difference either way. I say that we don’t throw in the towel on increasing the number of high income tax brackets. I know it seems impossible, but gay marriage seemed impossible when you and I started yelling into radio mics about it five years ago, and now to our happy astonishment it feels practically inevitable on the federal level.  

**Vikram Patel and Matt Sovada 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.**
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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).

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Sorrow House

My first experience with Mercy was in the single stall bathroom in the emergency room lobby. I was 19, high—lost on my way to or from a house party. The lobby air was disorienting; it smelled like lemon, rubber, grief and chicken noodle soup. I remember an overall sense of antiseptic. A brushed steel crucifix was mounted above the information desk; a plaque on the adjacent wall read Lord Have Mercy.

In 300 B.C. one of civilization’s earliest hospitals on record was established in Ireland; it was called Broin Bearg, which translates from Celtic to “House of Sorrow.” Hospital developed as a Christian virtue; mercy likewise as a concept of religious ideology. Mercy Hospital was first established as a physical embodiment of these virtues.

As I asked the desk clerk directions to the nearest restroom, I felt overwhelmed by the notion of mercy. She pointed straight at me and said, “Right there.”

“Right, there,” I said, pressing my index finger to my lips. The residue of my lipstick pooled fuschia around my fingerprint. The woman behind the desk adjusted her reading glasses and emitted a cough with such severe apathy that it vocalized sadness.

Hospitals are edifices erected out of necessity and despair. Their patronage is forlorn, strung together by a common search. Navigating the wings of a hospital is akin to that of a scavenger hunt—the searched object being hope. Christian hospitals found themselves on this search, on the principles of judgment and faith.

The bathroom stall was handicapable and gender neutral. The silver railing next to the toilet was exceptionally shiny; I searched for my reflection in it and found nothing. There was no mirror. I urinated for what felt like five entire minutes. Alternating between slouching and sitting up straight in the seat, I grabbed at my beer-bloated stomach and struggled to find the seam along the toilet paper roll. I balled a long ribbon in my palm and smeared the neon orange debris from my nose into it.

Mercy’s Mission Statement cites their core values to be “Respect, Excellence, Compassion, Stewardship and Collaboration,” in that order. Mercy vows to treat each person with dignity and to honor the sacredness of life; to provide personalized and quality care, to show empathy and care for the sick and vulnerable while using resources responsibly; working together ultimately for the common good of the community.

Prayer cards are available at the information desk for free in honor of the Angel of Mercy to provide words of encouragement for the sick and mourning. Mercy collects New American Bibles and back issues of The New Yorker and arranges them neatly on tables made of wood laminate. Its air is filtered, Smoke Free and Latex Safe. Its walls murmur an acoustic version of “Here Comes the Sun,” and its atmosphere sings Percy Faith’s “A Summer Place.” LCD screens surround its hallways and glow with repeat episodes of its bi-weekly cooking show, titled “A Taste of Mercy.”

The frosted block window next to the sink seemed hyper-real, gelatinous. The hospital pastels appeared aggressively cheerful to me, and every sound cut sharply across the fourth amphetamine wall that surrounded me. I tried again to find my reflection in the railing, noticing this time only the color of my lips, the outline of my gold necklace.

The Sisters of Mercy established their hospital in 1873. Together they turned carriages into amphitheaters and built bridges from limestone and community morale. They hosted weekly bridge tournaments and appropriated money to Mercy and its white-wall ed off-spring. Two lifetimes after the Sisters’ arrival, Mercy has since increased its capital by four parking lots, a triage with individual biohazard disposals, floral wallpaper and a gift shop with three flavors of M&Ms.

The Sisters believed that faith contests impurity; the Angel of Mercy believes in Christmas and community allegiance. The faith bestowed upon us by Mercy and the plaques on its walls says that we are congruous with the rules of His Kingdom. That we will hold serpents with our hands and we will not be bitten except by the glory of God; our tongues will be slick with venomous oil and our taste buds will buzz silently with the bitter-sweetness of the Holy Land.

I dumped the contents of my purse across the faux marble floor and popped the lid off of the clear bottle prescribed to my name that read AMPHETAMINE SALTS 30 mg. I broke one in half and swallowed it with faucet water. As I re-gathered my scattered belongings, I found a blood-tipped five-dollar bill rolled into a tight cylinder; I unraveled it on my bare thigh. As I searched the railing silver again, I was merciful to it, overwhelmed by periphery.

Bri LaPelusa co-edits an online lit mag called DOLFFEEDER and writes a column for Whole Beast Rag. Her work has appeared in The NewYork, UR Chicago, and Jettison Quarterly. She lives and attends school in Iowa City.
Shopping for tea? Or tires? SoBo’s got it. Second-hand stores with first-class service? Iowa City’s South of Bowery district has that, too. Whether its everyday living or a special occasion, the shops, restaurants and people of SoBo will take care of you.

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Dear Wayne,

This year, for Mother’s Day, we’d really like to knock mom’s socks off with a special gift showing just how much we appreciate everything she does for us. Any ideas?

Thanks,
Tabitha

Dear Tabitha,

Your admiration is laudable in the face of the Hallmark commercialization which so often characterizes Mother’s Day. You could follow the advice of the hyphenated last name types on NPR and get her a Pajamagram … Two words: BOR-ING. Or you could get her something she’ll really appreciate: a Blood Diamond. That’s right. Nothing says “I love you, Mom!” like artificially expensive precious stones with value added human cost. Imagine her surprise when she opens that box and says “HOLY SHIT, A DIAMOND!” and you say, “Not just any diamond, mom. It’s a motherfucking Blood Diamond. No less than 14 enslaved Congolese miners died getting that from Africa, to the Netherlands, to right here at Kay Jewelers. You’re welcome and we love you. When’s dinner and why is the laundry not dry?”

Every Kiss Begins with Kalashnikov,
Wayne

Dear Wayne,

Do you know a good recipe for toilet wine?

Thanks,
8-B411

Dear 8-B411,

If you want to fit in with the right crowd, it’s called pruno. Additionally, I’m thinking Jenkem is a little more your style. When I, in between crying about being hungry and actually being insanely hungry, was a Zambian street tough in the ‘90s, we used to blaze some wild-ass airplane glue called Genkem. Then they took the gas out of it and we had to find a different fix; something cheap, plentiful and powerful enough to make us forget about praying to die so we could escape living hell. What you need to do is find some raw sewage—I’m talking about pure excrement here—and stuff it in a can and then cling-wrap that shit over the top for a week. Carefully take a knife, ice pick, box cutter … really any of the worst possible things you could possibly want to have around while you were out of your fucking mind, pop a hole in the top and literally inhale that shit, son! It’s weird to say “son” and think about destitute children at the ends of the Earth huffing fermented doo-doo.

*Awkward Pause*
Wayne Diamante

Dear Wayne,

I’ve decided to take the plunge! Years of backyard enjoyment, coupled with dwindling savings and crippling unemployment have lead me to pursue my lifelong dream—I’ve decided to take my avian voyeurism into the field and become a full time bird-watcher! Do you have any tips, or tricks for spying that one of a kind feathered friend?

Sincerely,
Padriag

Dear Padriag,

Ohmygodyouareafuckingdork. What? I mean, “Good luck!” Bird watching, at least what I gather from the experts at Ducks Unlimited, takes a lot of patience, camouflage and bait. What you’re going to want to do is get inside the mind of the bird you’re after. Success entails deciphering in which order your subcortical demands occur: food then loosely consensual reproduction, or loosely consensual reproduction then food. You’ll likely want to mimic the lusty mating call of your target species, or a distress call for the more loyal varieties, like crows. Crows are fucking loyal as shit BTW. But who wants to see a crow? They’re everywhere. Just like dogs and people. BOOM.

Think about it,
Wayne
NEVERENDING STORIES

For the last few years, Community has been one of my favorite shows on television. Cancellation threats and time slot changes made me anxious and inspired tweets with the hashtag #SixSeasonsAndAMovie (along with tons of other fans) to show support for the awesomely quirky show. However, something changed this season: Community’s creative force and showrunner, Dan Harmon, is gone, and the show is a shell of what it once was.

Like Community, many great programs continue past their expiration dates. Part of this problem is intrinsic to the U.S. television industry. When shows are pitched and sold to networks it’s usually for a set number of episodes, but with the understanding that successful shows will be renewed indefinitely to capitalize on what is otherwise a volatile or unpredictable market. Many British programs, on the other hand, are pitched and developed with the whole series in mind and on much smaller scales, meaning that stories can be mapped out in their entirety and creative energy is spread across fewer episodes. Both systems are still subject to the turbulent cancellation or renewal processes, but British shows rarely overstayed their welcome the way American ones do. For example, the complete collection of the UK version of The Office is 14 episodes long, while the U.S. version will balloon to 200 before it wraps up this month.

American TV can go on forever! Law & Order has been on for 20 seasons, and The Simpsons has maintained its prime-time animated dominance for 24. Past TV shows, such as The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, Bonanza and Dallas all extended to 14 seasons (14 years!) worth of episodes, and Gunsmoke has had more episodes than any other scripted show on TV (635 versus The Simpsons’ 526).

While getting to watch a show you love for multiple decades seems like all kinds of awesome, maintaining the quality and freshness of a show as it ages can be difficult. Roseanne is notable for its decline in later seasons. Roseanne featured lovable characters and explored class, race and sexual politics like no other show on TV through the late ‘80s and ‘90s. Gradually, however, the series gave way to what were clearly ratings gimmicks, D-list celebrity guest spots and John Goodman all but disappeared from the show’s plots because he was bored of playing Dan Connor. Also, remember when the Connor family won the $108 million lottery? One of the lamest plot twists ever, in my opinion.

Shows like Roseanne, Cheers, ER, That ‘70s Show and Dexter all overstayed (or are overstaying their welcome), and it’s often not hard to point to particular moments, episodes or seasons where these shows are “jumping the shark” and scrounging to find compelling plot ideas. This fear of declinism is what made Jerry Seinfeld want to end Seinfeld while he still felt the show was on top (although some people argue that Seinfeld experienced its own decline when Larry David left after season eight).

Beyond aging and the impossibility of producing such large quantities of TV, programs coming back from cancellation often signal exceeded expiration dates, too. This may be controversial, but I just couldn’t get into Family Guy or Futurama when they were brought back from the television crypt. And I fear for what may happen to my love of Arrested Development following Netflix’s resurrection.

Paralleling what’s currently happening to Community, major creative shifts can definitely be a sign that a show should be over. Gilmore Girls simply lost its spark and its total embrace of weirdness in the seventh season after show creator Amy Sherman-Palladino left. Stephen Hillenburg leaving Spongebob Squarepants definitely lead to a decline in writing quality and the frequent reliance on exaggerated character traits that become all the characters are about (this is often called “Flanderization” because of Ned Flanders’ transition from a church-going guy to religious zealot on The Simpsons). Now on its third showrunner, Up All Night probably won’t recover from its setting shift last season, the retooling of its camera shooting style or the loss of the creative force that is Christina Applegate. While the show hasn’t officially been cancelled, I really hope NBC realizes that it is definitely expired.

As a fan, it’s especially hard because you want to stick around for the chance that you’ll experience bits of the happiness favorite shows brought you at one point. But sometimes, it’s best to say goodbye before your memories and enjoyment of the entire series may be tainted. So, with that in mind I am saying, “See ya, Community, it was fun while it lasted!”

Melissa Zimdars does think some shows can come back from decline, or she at least tells herself that in order to enjoy watching the hotness that is Jax Teller on Sons of Anarchy.

Spoken Word Wednesdays

Uptown Bill’s Coffee House
730 S. Dubuque St.
7:00 PM
facebook.com/groups/wednesdaysUB

Burt’s Family Food Services
Gift Certificates available for weekly prepared meals
Veggieburgers now available at both New Pioneer Food Co-ops
burtfamilyfoodservices.com

MAY 15-JUNE 5 2013 | LITTLE VILLAGE
If you really think about it, it takes generations of strong people to recognize, cultivate and promote that thing we call art. What have been cave drawings, daring derivatives, assorted doodles, Dadaist deconstructions and everything thereafter have been pushed forward by the powerful passions of true art bosses answering the calls of the mysterious heart’s forces.

Jeff McNutt, the mind and manpower behind McNutt Gallery in Iowa City, a space tucked into a strip off Stevens Drive en route to the Waterfront Hy-Vee, is a man who truly answers such a call. And he’s no stranger to our home sweet home; “I was Herky the Hawk in ’87!” he says with a laugh. “I was the big bird in the suit.”

“I’m very proud of what I do,” says McNutt, owner of his namesake studio and arts showcase. An Iowa native calling Iowa City his home for over two decades, he represents 23 artists across the nation as a consultant and seller of their work, and also sells his own art.

“I love the people who have supported me and will continue to support what I do; my Hawkeye work builds off of history and I try to build off materials or things that have a layered effect.”

He stands in front of a factory landscape piece smudged with black scrawlings like a calligraphy of crow’s feathers. “This is from a 1909 brickyard belonging to a family that’s commissioned me. The original brick has been crushed down into a pigment and the scribbles on it are from a notebook from the patriarch, the head of the family business.”

For McNutt, history and community converge at a breaking point of art, namely in the form of reappropriated original building materials, like brick and metal that are broken down and used in his paintings. He’s worked on pieces for Kinnick Stadium and Wrigley Field, among others.

“Half my brain is sales repping, but the other half is art,” says McNutt, who took a nearly 10-year break from art to work full time and raise a family. “I started out trying to be an artist and I did a marketing internship at Disney. That led me to wanting to create animation for them, and I moved out to LA in ’91 ... I had a friend who worked for Warner Brothers, specifically the show Tiny Tunes [Author’s note: if you haven’t heard of Tiny Tunes, work harder to complete the void in your life.] He introduced me to people and I home schooled myself with animators. I wanted to do children’s books and I eventually realized I wanted to paint ... What I ended up
doing was taking courses in Graduate Painting at the University of Iowa. I didn’t know anything about painting; before my first class, I was at Prairie Lights learning how to hold a brush. I just went in there, asked questions, but stuck it out for two years and fell in love with painting.”

After a serious gutting and rebuilding process, the last year saw the birth of an off-grid art sensation right here in Iowa City. Through hard work and amazing luck, McNutt developed the space into a gallery with workrooms. There’s an office stuffed with McNutt’s art and comic book collections, along with some rare unique collectables, like ancient benches from Wrigley Field and film canisters containing coaching films for the Chicago Cubs.

Yet some of McNutt’s central work calls upon the repeated image of our very own Herky the Hawkeye, as well as local legends. “I did the first Hayden Fry painting for Fry Fest,” he says. “I’ve done Dan Gable, but I worked with the Olympic athletes for this year’s wrestling trials and I did paintings of individual wrestlers. After interviewing them, each of their individual stories is translated into a painting. Yeah, I’m the guy who was Herky and does the Hawkeye paintings; It’s not pretentiousness, but this is a contemporary fine art gallery … My paintings, for me, are more about learning painting. It’s not about Hawkeyes and then painting, it’s the other way around … It’s fun to have a conversation with someone and talk about painting.” This pop art serves a major (pop) cultural purpose, namely that of sports, within Iowa City.

“If I was just opening a gallery to sell art, I wouldn’t be doing this. It’s so hard,” laments the oft-positive McNutt. “The build-out alone … working with Bret [Sharp, legendary wrestler and space benefactor] and doing my day job on top of this, I need the help of these other artists, and they need my help. It’s really a community thing … [If one is to open their own gallery] they need to ask themselves ‘Why?’ For me, I think what I don’t believe I’m doing is what the
typical gallery owner would say, ‘I want to sell artwork.’ This is the artist I represent; for me, I’m on a mission. I know it sounds cheesy, but when a piece of artwork goes into an environment or home or whatever, there’s a presence there you can’t ignore. I believe that there’s a certain energy that’s given off by original artwork and I believe more and more people are gravitating to that rather than some of the stuff that may have passed in the past as art. They’re finding something special and new with original artwork. I am on a mission to celebrate art and be a part of an experience for people that come in here and have a motivation that may be a little foolish, but is pure of heart. —JEFF MCNUTT

The rest of 2013 will see individual and tandem shows by Iowa City artists like Mary Laube and Andrea Ferrigno, Jan Duschen, Amber O’Harrow and more. From designing and renovating a space to coordinating his gallery, producing his own work and managing others, McNutt is a busy man with an eye on Iowa City’s art scene. “It’s a great town for art, but you have to dig a little bit to get into it and figure it out. You ever see those Roadrunner cartoons where [Wile E. Coyote] runs over the edge and just doesn’t want to look down? That’s where I am.” And he’s not looking down.

The high-flying, knowledgeable, impassioned McNutt has some words of advice for potential gallery founders:
“Wear a diaper.”

Russell Jaffe is an actual man doing actual things.
Yo La Tengo’s brand of drone-rock is certainly hypnotic—narcotizing even—but their live shows are never boring. That has much to do with this threesome’s restless desire to switch up their act with each tour. I’ve seen them stage a variety show with comedians, perform straight-up rock shows in clubs, use a spinning wheel that lets audience members randomly select a set of songs and, on one special evening in the late-1990s, they formed an indie-rock Voltron supergroup with Magnetic Fields.

So what does Yo La Tengo have in store for the Englert Theater when they perform there on May 23?

“We’ve been playing two sets, no opening band,” longtime bassist James McNew tells me. “The first set has been centered around quiet material, and the second set is loud.” For a group that has spent nearly three decades alternately massaging their listeners’ ears with melancholic melodies and then pummeling them with eardrum-shattering noise, it’s an ideal way of organizing their shows.

“We’ve been really happy with them, it’s a really enjoyable way to play,” says McNew. “It feels like there’s more range when it’s put into like a perspective like that, because in the quiet set there are songs that are sort of different shades of quiet and different moods that I think stand a better chance of going over and getting expressed.” Also, this format has freed Yo La Tengo to add songs to their sets that they don’t play very often—or, in some cases, ever.

“It’s kind of all up for grabs at this point,” he says, referring to the range of material they can choose from. “We do have everything, pretty much, in our repertoire, and we can just reach back. We did ‘The River of Water’ at a show recently, which was the first seven-inch the band ever put out in 1980-something. That song doesn’t get played, really, much, ever. I tell McNew that I was disappointed when the wheel didn’t land on his long-running side project Dump, and then ask if we should be on the lookout for any new releases. “Yeah, the first two Dump records have just been re-released by a company in Berlin called Morr Music, and they’re now available on vinyl for the first time ever,” he says. “It’s a really deluxe reissue package, and that just came out like a couple of weeks ago. I’m really proud of that. I thought they did a really beautiful job, and I worked on it really hard with them and it came out really nice. There was a [Dump] 12-inch that came out last year on a label called Presspop from Tokyo, which was a disco 12-inch that I made.”

On top of that, the subscription label Grapefruit will be releasing a full length Dump record, The Silent Treatment, any day now. Oh yeah, and after four years of radio silence, Yo La Tengo have released a new studio album, Fade—another gem by a band that seems incapable of recording a bad album.

Kembrew McLeod is spending the summer working on a conceptual art piece that involves taxidermy, techno music, cosmonauts and Jell-o shots.

YO LA TENGO
Englert Theatre | May 23
8 p.m. | All ages
$25 (General Admission)
Named after the area of New Orleans where it was recorded, *Algiers* is Calexico’s first album on the Anti- record label and also their first studio album since 2008’s *Carried to Dust*—one of the last albums released by the seminal indie label Touch and Go. *Little Village* caught up with frontman Joey Burns as he was waiting for a table at the restaurant Cochon in New Orleans during a visit for a performance at Jazz Fest.

**Little Village:** Typically you record in Tucson at Wavelab Studios. What prompted the decision to record away from home?

**Joey Burns:** We’ve always wanted to record elsewhere but, I think it is because we are lazy, we never really made it happen. It takes a little bit of planning and we’re not very good at planning, so we wound up going with New Orleans because it is closer and we could do a lot more last-minute stuff. Craig Schumacher, the engineer from Tucson that we work with has got some great connections here through the Jazz Fest—which is going on at this very moment. He comes down here every year with his wife. After I had twin daughters and he survived throat cancer, we decided that we owed it to ourselves to take a little trip. And what better place to go to than New Orleans which is kind of the perfect embodiment of...
When you're out of your element, it forces you to write, perform and record differently. That's why we wanted to come here. It's a bit of a risk going somewhere and not having a bunch of songs already finished being written, but I like the eclectic approach and spontaneity that caused. —Joey Burns (pictured at far left)

North and Southern Americas as well as having that European flair. This place just exudes improvisation and spontaneity and everything has kind of a gravitational pull.

L.V.: Algiers sounds not unlike other Calexico albums, so clearly you weren't going for a New Orleans sound particularly.

J.B.: No, not on this record. Since this is our first record with Anti-, we wanted to go with more of an internal thing. Going far away from home would take us from our comfort zone and influence us to go a little more deep into the songwriting. When you're out of your element it forces you to write, perform and record differently. That's why we wanted to come here. It's a bit of a risk going somewhere and not having a bunch of songs already finished being written, but I like the eclectic approach and spontaneity that caused. I picked up on that thread and followed it.

L.V.: Anti- Records is a very interesting label to me. It has such a varied stable of artists—Antibalas, Bob Mould, Booker T., Tom Waits, Joe Henry ...

J.B.: ... Devotchka and Neko Case are also friends of ours and they've been bugging us for years to go over there. We stayed true to our friends at Touch and Go; we'd been with them since 1997. We didn't want to leave, love what they do and I love where they're going. Pieta and Bo are incredible. I'd love to go there in the winter time—you know—when nothing moves that comes with that kind of extreme weather. The thing I like about Tucson is that things kind of thin out when it gets hot and I'm sure that things kind of thin out when it gets cold up there. Like things slow down when it gets super-cold. That's when I'd like to go—when you can feel things really deep to the bone and kind of shake you, you know.

L.V.: That would be a unique perspective compared to what we think about the weather up here!

J.B.: (Laughs) Yeah. It would be an interesting experiment to see what we would come up with. I guess people would still think we would sound like the Sonoran Desert of the Southwest but I would still be thinking about the plains and the cold landscape outside a window in Iowa City.

I buy into the idea that regionalism in certain songs stems from a certain place, but I like that our music also kind of goes elsewhere. Kind of unpredictable, which I think is important. Mix it up in life, you know?

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed “music savant.” When he’s not writing for Little Village he blogs at www.playbsides.com.
ORIGIN STORY

Two major movie releases are happening this late spring: The Great Gatsby (Baz Luhrmann) on May 10 and Man of Steel (Zack Snyder) on June 14. Man of Steel is about a guy who gets transplanted from a strange alien world called Krypton to the wholesome, unassuming Midwest. The Great Gatsby is about a guy who gets transplanted from the wholesome, unassuming Midwest to the strange alien world called Rich People on Long Island. So they’re basically the opposite movie. EXCEPT! Both movies are adaptations from literature. Also, both of these stories have already been turned into movies, one as recently as 2006 (Superman Returns). At this point in history, we’ve all been forced to read (or “read”) F. Scott Fitzgerald’s The Great Gatsby in ninth grade, while Superman has been an American icon for literally 75 years now. If you aren’t aware of these characters yet, either through print or screen or screen-printed t-shirts, you yourself are probably an outer-space alien who was born deaf and blind and dead. (Tragically.) So here’s my question: Why would we want to tell the same stories over and over and over and over?

I have two theories, explainable through strained yet timely analogies.

THE GATSBY THEORY: Hear me out, okay? We, the audience, are the shallow party girl Daisy Buchanan. Hollywood, the entity, is Gatsby. Gatsby knows the only way to win Daisy’s affections is by throwing tons of money around on fast-paced lavish affairs starring square-jawed men with lush, amazing hair. Throw in some cool cars and nice clothes and presto! By focusing his efforts on his superficial assets, Gatsby doesn’t need to cultivate traits like depth or creativity or content or what-have-you. Daisy’s love can be bought. Remember: In this analogy we’re Daisy. Yes, I insulted everybody and I’ll do it again. The Gatsby Theory basically assumes we are shallow idiots (which we are ... we keep going to the Transformer movies) who just want to have fun and Hollywood gives us the expensive spectacles we crave. So, under the Gatsby Theory, the answer to the question “Why make a movie with a story we’ve already read and seen before” is this: The Great Gatsby, as a story, has already been vetted and proven popular. Hollywood does not need to take a

THE POINT IS, we like to hear legends because they remind us of how great we can be, or because any weird alien overlords can always be overthrown.
Now Showing

Epic
Chris Wedge (2013)
Release Date May 24 | Nationwide

Another CGI adventure from the makers of Ice Age, Epic stars Amanda Seyfried and Josh Hutcherson, the two most albino celebrities under 30. Epic is a Thumbelina-esque tale about tiny leaf people who do quaint yet heroic things like ride hummingbirds. Aziz Ansari plays a wise-cracking slug.

Fast & Furious 6
Justin Lin (2013)
Release Date May 24 | Nationwide

“So how’s the life of a retired international criminal?” Expect laughably expositional lines of dialogue like this in the sequel to 2 Fast 2 Furious (and Fast and Furious), 6 Fast 6 Furious. Two hours of everybody talking like Tone Loc and driving around a lot.

Hangover Part III
Todd Phillips (2013)
Release Date May 24 | Nationwide

Yes, Bradley Cooper, Ed Helms and Zach Galifianakis, not having been hungover enough during their first two trips to Vegas, return to try to get revenge or learn a lesson or something. Who cares about the plot? We all know we just wanna see weird shenanigans with zoo animals and junk.

chance on some new, original story when audiences will be satisfied with a high-budget superficial adaptation-remake.

THE SUPERMAN THEORY: Okay, forget Gatsby for a second if you can. I know, Gatsby is super compelling and accounts for like 90 percent of what everyone thinks about every day of their lives. You have to try, though. This is a whole new thing. So, telling the same story over and over is not a new Hollywood invention. People have been telling fairytales and reciting epic poems and junk since forever. We’ve all got songs and tall tales and that one mildly entertaining anecdote about how you almost had a three-way which you bust out at every single party.

Some stories are legends. Here’s the Superman Theory: We know the story of the little orphaned extra-terrestrial who gets taken in by farmers in Kansas, discovers he can fly and see through walls, gets a job as a reporter and saves the world in Spandex as his superhero alter ego. We know it because we’ve lived it. We identify deeply with this story because, well, who among us can say that this exact story, down to the last detail, does not describe us? No one. That’s why he’s called “Superman”: because he is extremely a man. The point is, we like to hear legends because they remind us of how great we can be, or because any weird alien overlords can always be overthrown. Legends give us hope and unite us through common values and shared culture.

So, whether it’s a cynical ploy to sell haircuts and action figures or a part of the rich tradition of storytelling that ties humanity together in some sort of wonderful love blanket, adaptations and remakes are here to stay, though of course they will soon be remade yet again. We will continue to hear the same stories we’ve already seen and read, from Les Mis to Twilight, from The Godfather to Jurassic Park. And there will be sequels. So many sequels. You know what though? Almost every movie we see we go into knowing what’s going to happen, whether it’s an adaptation or a remake or not. We know the villain isn’t going to destroy the world. We know the guy is going to get the girl. We know order will be restored. What difference does it make if that all happens with fresh new characters or old beloved ones? It’s all the same anyway!

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
OLD LIGHT W. CADAVER DOGS, MAD MONKS //Yacht Club // May 23 // 9 p.m. // $7

Portland's Old Light is something of a rock and roll diamond in the rough. Featuring former Cake drummer, Todd Roper, Old Light released an excellent tape in January on tiny Portland label, Curly Cassettes. These guys are obviously well read in the field of garage and psych rock. Their songs are loose but smart, and often include meandering guitar jam-outs reminiscent of early Built to Spill. Their tape, NO demonstrates a true sophistication in song structure and arrangement, and explores the coalescence of hard rock and lush, reverby vocal harmonies. Their songs are often garnished with unexpected, but not out of place, synth flourishes. NO is also an experiment in the creative and production processes, and is the first in a series of five tapes that the band will release this year.

YO LA TENGO // Englert Theatre // May 23 8 p.m. // $25

Yo La Tengo is one of the most critically acclaimed indie rock bands in America. Since their formation in the mid-'80s, they have been steadily gaining prominence and are now responsible for creating numerous must-own albums and selling out venues all over the country. The band has produced 13 studio albums over the course of over 20 years. Oftentimes bands with so much material struggle to consistently produce quality, relevant music, but time and time again, Yo La Tengo has delivered. Their music often walks a line between dreamy, formulaic garage-rock and loose, fuzzy experimental shoegaze. If you ask anyone who has been to the live show, they will tell you that it is an experience—with

**Calendar**

**Art/Exhibitions**

**FRIDAY, MAY 17**
Exhibition Closes: Yunomi Invitational
Akar Design, Free
An Evening with Madeleine Albright (Exhibition Opening)
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, $125, 6:30 p.m.

**SATURDAY, MAY 18**
4th Annual Art Museum Day
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 10:00-4 p.m.
AAMD Art Museum Day: Free admission to UIMA galleries
University of Iowa Art Galleries, Free

**SATURDAY, MAY 25**
Exhibition Opens: Bertha Jaques: Eye on the World
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 29**
Making a Statement with Pins
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, $15-17, 2 p.m.

**THURSDAY, MAY 30**
Project Greenspace: Street Art on the Plaza
Figge Art Museum, Free, 5 p.m.

**MAY 17 - SEPTEMBER 8**
From a Distance
Faulconer Gallery, Free

**MAY 19 - JUNE 1**
Amanda Lee - Disequilibrium
Public Space One, Free

**THROUGH MAY 19**
Brendan Baylor Exhibition
Public Space One, Free

**THROUGH MAY 24**
Young Artists at the Figge
Figge Art Museum, Free

**THROUGH MAY 26**
I AM: Prints by Elizabeth Catlett
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free
goofy, gimmicky stage antics, impromptu cover songs and whatever else they feel like doing. Their latest album, _Fade_ was released in January and was met with overwhelmingly positive reviews, as per usual.

<<< 4Onthefloor w. filligar, the western front // The Mill // May 24 9 p.m. // $10

The band name “4onthefloor” is a reference to the band’s onstage schtick; every member of the band has a kick drum in front of them at all times (and they never deviate from the 4/4 time signature). The Minneapolis four piece is straight up rock and roll. Live shows are lively and engaging, and are often shared with some of the most famous musicians in America (Willie Nelson, Lynyrd Skynyr, David Allen Coe and Drive-By Truckers, to name a few). Also on tour is Chicago’s acclaimed alt-rockers, Filligar (formerly Flipside). Named one of the top eight live bands in America on the popular RSL blog, Filligar has shared the stage with The Black Keys, My Morning Jacket and Counting Crows. Opening the show is Iowa staple, The Western Front, who rarely perform together in these parts anymore.

>>> THE AFRICAN SHOWBOYZ // CSPS Hall (Cedar Rapids) // May 29 // 7 p.m. // $15 Advance, $18 Day Of

Hailing from rural northeastern Ghana, The African Showboyz bring a whole lot of energy and authenticity to the stage. The group consists of five brothers whose determination and devotion to music and dance overcame poverty and little opportunity for education. Percussion is the heart of their music, though they cycle through a number of traditional instruments, both percussive and stringed that even my most specific google searches failed to identify. They recently toured the United States with The Grateful Dead’s Mickey Hart, and have collaborated with some of the biggest names in African music, including Fela Kuti and his son, Femi Kuti. iv

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.

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**Calendar**

*Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. For inclusion, please email Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com*

**Gone to See the Elephant: The Civil war through the Eyes of Iowa Soldiers**
Old Capitol Museum, Free

**THROUGH MAY 31**

*Barry Anderson*  
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), Free

**ONGOING**

*Read My Pins: The Madeleine Albright Collection*  
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free  
*Trouble the Water*  
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), Free  
*Marking Territory: Cartographic Treasures of the Mississippi River and the World Beyond*  
Figge Art Museum, Free  
*Lori Biwer Stewart: The Inky Crow Linocuts*  
Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free  
*Prague 1968: Photographs by Paul Goldsmith*  
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free  
*Animals Among Us*  
Faulconer Gallery, Free  
*Native Kids Ride Bikes*  
Black Box Theater, Iowa Memorial Union, Free  
American POP! Selections from the CU Art Museum Collection  
Figge Art Museum, Free  

**THURSDAYS**

*Artvaark (Art Activities) Uptown Bill's, Free, 6 p.m.*

**Music**

**FRIDAY, MAY 17**

*Terrance Simien & The Zydeco Experience*  
Ped Mall, Iowa City, Free, 6:30 p.m.  
*Limbs*  
Blue Moose Tap House, $5, 9 p.m.  
*Karma ThreeSixty*  
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), $8-10, 8 p.m.  
*Karaoke*  
The Mill, Free, 9 p.m.  
*IndigoSun*  
Yacht Club, $5, 10 p.m.  
*The Ardore String Quartet and Elizabeth Oakes, viola*  
Riverside Recital Hall, Free, 6 p.m.  
*Jose Gobbo's Jazz and Bossa Nova*  
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8 p.m.

**SATURDAY, MAY 18**

*Deuce Funk Monsters*  
Gabe's, Free, 8 p.m.

**SUNDAY, MAY 19**

*Kate Thompson and Josh Sazon*  
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8 p.m.  
*Dave Arcari*  
The Mill, $1 Suggested Donation, 10 p.m.  
*Saturday Night Music w. Brad Pouleson*  
Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.  
*Soap*  
Yacht Club, $6, 10 p.m.

**THURSDAYS**

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**Music**

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Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), $8-10, 8 p.m.  
*Karaoke*  
The Mill, Free, 9 p.m.  
*IndigoSun*  
Yacht Club, $5, 10 p.m.  
*The Ardore String Quartet and Elizabeth Oakes, viola*  
Riverside Recital Hall, Free, 6 p.m.  
*Jose Gobbo's Jazz and Bossa Nova*  
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8 p.m.

**SATURDAY, MAY 18**

*Deuce Funk Monsters*  
Gabe's, Free, 8 p.m.
MONDAY, MAY 20
Northwest Junior High Choir Concert
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free, 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22
Burlington Street Bluegrass Band
The Mill, $5, 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 23
Bright Giant
Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 7 p.m.
Music in the Village
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free, 6:30 p.m.
Yo La Tengo
Englert Theatre, $25, 8 p.m.
Andrew DiRuzzo Quartet
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 7 p.m.
Old Light (ft. ex Cake drummer Todd Roper) w. Cadaver Dogs and Mad Monks
Yacht Club, $7, 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 24
Final Alibi
Blue Moose Tap House, $6, 6 p.m.
Martin Sexton
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), $22-27, 8 p.m.
Calendar

All Night Kitchen
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8 p.m.

Joe Louis Walker
Redstone Room (Davenport), $15-18, 8 p.m. The 4onthefloor
The Mill, $10, 9 p.m.

Kelsey w. Volcro Moxie and Home-Grown
Yacht Club, $8, 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 25
Item 9 & the Mad Hatters
Blue Moose Tap House, $5, 9 p.m.

Jason Clothier
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8 p.m.
The Waffle Stompers with Fairhaven, Must
Build Jacuzzi, and The Suites
Redstone Room (Davenport), $7, 7:30 p.m.

Wylde Nept
The Mill, $10-12, 8 p.m.

Saturday Night Music w. Terrapin Isle
Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 26
Good Habits
Gabe’s, Free, 8 p.m.

Ctrl+Z
PS-Z, Free, 5 p.m.

Solid Attitude w. SSP and Shaved Women
Trumpet Blossom Cafe, Free, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 28
Anamanaguchi
Blue Moose Tap House, $10-12, 7 p.m.

Murder Junkies w. Human Aftertaste
Gabe’s, $5, 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29
Nebula Was
Gabe’s, $5, 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 30
Doug Langbehn Trio

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 7 p.m.

Jenn Bostic
Yacht Club, $7, 9 p.m.

MAY 25-26
Nancy Cree Keyboard Learning Centers Spring Recitals
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free

MONDAYS
Open Mic w. J. Knight The Mill, Free, 8 p.m.

TUESDAYS
Lower Deck Dance Party Yacht Club, $1, 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS
Free Jam Session Yacht Club, Free, 10 p.m.

THURSDAYS
Karaoke Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 9 p.m.

Soulshake Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

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IOWA CITY, IA 52240
Little Village Live Public Space One, Free, 5 p.m.
Open Mic Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

Fridays
Strictly Vinyl Gabe's, Free, 10:00 p.m

Theatre

Thursday, May 23
Broadway at the Paramount presents Rock of Ages
Paramount Theatre (Cedar Rapids), $45-60, 7:30 p.m.

May 21-22
Sesame Street Live "Elmo Makes Music"
Paramount Theatre (Cedar Rapids), $11-50

Through May 18
The Wizard of Oz
Theatre Cedar Rapids, $20-30

Through May 19
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $12-27

Through May 26
The Last Romance
Old Creamery Theatre (Amana), $18-27.50

Literature

Friday, May 17
Russell Jaffe reading
Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Monday, May 20
Russ Bradburd reading
Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tuesday, May 21
Dewitt Henry reading
Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Thursday, May 23
Shelter House reading
Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Tuesday, May 28
Benjamin Percy and Ethan Rutherford reading
Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m.

Wednesdays: Spoken Word
Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

Dance

Wednesday, May 29
The African Showboyz
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), $15-18, 7 p.m.

May 18-19
Dance Forum/UI Youth Ballet Spring Concert
Space Place Theatre, $6-12

Comedy

May 17-18
Mikey Mason
Penguin's Comedy Club, $12.5, 7:30 p.m.

May 24-25
David Graham
Penguin's Comedy Club, $12.5, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, May 29
Paperback Rhino Fundraiser Show
Public Space One, 8 p.m.

Mondays:
Catacombs of Comedy
Yacht Club, $3, 9 p.m.

Thursday, May 23
The Everyone Gets Laid Comedy Show
Gabe's, $3, 8 p.m.

Kids

Sunday, May 19
Let's R.E.A.D. with the R.E.A.D. Dogs!
Coralville Public Library, Free, 1 p.m.

Tuesday, May 21
Preschool Storytime
Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Wednesday, May 22
My School's Got Talent: Weber Elementary
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free, 6:30 p.m.

Thursday, May 23
Wee Read
Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:15 and 11:15 a.m.
Pajama Story Time: Bump in the Night
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 7 p.m.

Friday, May 24
Doodlebugs Preschool Program
Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.
THURSDAYS
Toddler Story Time Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.
Art Adventure: Clay Play! Iowa Children’s Museum, Free, 3:30-4:30 p.m.
SATURDAYS
Family Storytime Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 30
Brucemore in Bloom, Tour of Gardens
Brucemore Mansion, $12-15, 6 p.m.
“Trouble the Water” Curator Talk and Reception
Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), Free, 7 p.m.

MONDAYS
Kids Drama Club PS-Z, Free, 6 p.m.

MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS
Yoga in the Gallery with Monica St. Angelo
Faulconer Gallery, Free, 12:15 p.m.

FRIDAYS
Party on the Patio Gabe’s, Free, 6-12 a.m.

SUNDAYS
Pub Quiz – Sunday Funday The Mill, $1, 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 17
An Evening with Madeleine Albright (Exhibition Opening)
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, $125, 6:30 p.m.

MAY 17-19
Houby Days 2013
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free

SATURDAY, MAY 18
2013 Graduation Dance Party
Gabe’s, $5, 10 p.m.

Women’s Breakfast with Madeleine Albright
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Sold Out, 7:30 a.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 19
Eulenspiegel Puppet Theater
National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free, 3 p.m.

Benmarks workshop: Chance Encounters
PS-Z, Free, 2 p.m.

THURSDAY, MAY 23
Nooks and Crannies Tour of Brucemore
Brucemore Mansion, $12-15, 6 p.m.

Fun for Foodies with Chef Dave Mickelwright
Figg Art Museum, $40-$75, 5:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 24
Amanda Lee “Disequilibrium” reception
Public Space One, Free, 5 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 25
Willowwind Fundraiser
Englert Theatre, Private Event, 6:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 28
Elizabeth Tate High School Graduation
Englert Theatre, Free, 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29
Dig Into Reading! Summer Reading Kickoff
Coralville Public Library, Free, 5 p.m.

Venues

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. For inclusion, please email Calendar@LittleVillageMag.com

Submit venues and events:
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MAY 15-JUNE 5 2013 | LITTLE VILLAGE
Followup: Getting killed by falling objects (pianos, anvils, etc) happens more often than you might think

Pianos are quite deadly. See attached. The 1887 article is what your reader [of April 12] was looking for, I think.
—Bill Mullins, Huntsville, Alabama

Every so often in this business, you have one of those weeks. Reader Mullins sent us three emails, devoted respectively to newspaper reports of fatalities due to falling pianos, anvils, and safes. The one about pianos contained 26 items dating from 1887 to 1989. Scanning the list for the referenced account, we found the following from the Jackson [Michigan] Citizen of January 11, 1887:

“A young man named George Snyder was instantly killed at Grand Rapids Monday. He was employed at Chase Bros’ [sic] piano manufactory, and as he was passing out of the factory on his way to dinner, a piano which was suspended by a windlass fell on him, crushing his chest and skull and causing instant death.”

Other than its lacking any mention of the Acme Company, this was undeniably the classic cartoon trope. I sent a quizzical note to the research department, namely Una and Fierra.

“We worked hard on this one,” they wailed. “We searched everywhere. This is mortifying. We’re going to go outside and hope a piano falls on us.”

Don’t despair, I said. A simple flogging will be sufficient. Then I looked at reader Mullins’s email address, which ended in “.mil.” I wondered: was he tapping into top-secret military databases in underground bunkers? It would hardly do to blame Una and Fierra if they’d been outsearched by someone with access to the resources of the National Security Agency.

Nope, replied Mullins, I’m a civilian engineer working for the military. We didn’t ask him what he did, but seeing as Huntsville is home to several U.S. space and missile facilities, we assume it involves rockets and stuff. In any case, he had used the GenealogyBank newspaper archive, which claims to contain a billion-plus articles published in the U.S. between 1690 and 2010. Accessing the archive required no security clearance. It did, however, require a credit card.

That’s outrageous, I said. Information wants to be free! Except, I conceded, when we packaged it in book form for sale at $10.95 a pop. On further consideration I decided that the Straight Dope Research and Entertainment Fund, consisting of contributions from readers (and which is now a bit depleted, I might add), would in the future have to be devoted more to research and less to entertainment.

Back to our subject. Thanks to reader Mullins, we may now add the following data points to the sum of human knowledge:

• Twenty-six piano deaths throughout the entire U.S. over more than a hundred years may not qualify as common, but they’re not rare either, contrary to our earlier claim.

• What is rare is a piano falling from overhead, as large, heavy objects routinely do in the canyon country frequented by the Road Runner. Except for the Grand Rapids case, all reported instances involved a piano toppling over, falling off a truck or cart, sliding down stairs, or some similar mundane scenario.

• Except for maybe this one: In Baltimore in 1905 Grant Bowman and several other men were in a wagon carrying a piano down a hilly street when a runaway streetcar plowed into them, knocking the piano into the roadway with the men evidently underneath it. Bowman was killed and the others were injured. Minimal detail was provided on the streetcar, but I’ll bet it came from Acme.

• Now to safes. Mullins has turned up just seven cases, but in three the safe fell from above, the purest example from a literary standpoint being the following from the 1943 New York Post: “An express company helper, Frank Draskowitz . . . was crushed when the rope by which [a] safe was being lowered from a second-floor window . . . broke.”

• Finally, anvils. Mullins has provided six articles, of which three are of particular interest. A 1911 account from Syracuse, New York, reports that one John Vandusen suffered injuries expected to be fatal when someone dropped a 200-pound anvil on him from a landing above—a Wile E. Coyote-esque fate in my book.

• More puzzling are the other two. Here’s the complete text of a November 1896 report filed from Middlesboro, Kentucky: “In celebrating McKinley’s victory at Clintwood Va., an anvil exploded, killing Pollam Colley and Preston Mullins [no relation, presumably] and frightfully injuring three other men.” One thinks: the anvil exploded? Next, a piece datelined Luling, Texas, November 12, 1884, which begins: “Yesterday afternoon the Democratic celebration over the election was turned to sorrow by the bursting of one of the anvils used. The force of the explosion showered particles of steel in all directions,” killing two men in a nearby saloon. Details of how celebration might cause an anvil to explode remain elusive; we can only suppose that the inexplicable pastime known as anvil shooting, described in our original column, goes back further than we thought. —CECIL ADAMS

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

• A teller at a Washington, D.C., bank failed to comply with a robber’s demands because she didn’t understand them. The holdup note read simply “100s 50s 20s 10s.” Authorities said the teller handed the note back to the robber, who added “all mona.” Still not comprehending, she told him to leave. Three blocks away, the robber entered a second bank, where the teller was equally confused, until the man announced he wanted “what’s on that,” referring to the note. “Oh my God, are we getting robbed?” the teller said and alerted security. Officers showed up, searched the house and found no one but Ionescu, whom they arrested. The noise he heard, police official Marius Ionescu, 31, was burglarizing a home in Benesti, Romania, when he heard a noise. Fearing it might be another thief, he hid and called police. Officers showed up, searched the house and found no one but Ionescu, whom they arrested. The noise he heard, police official Mihaela Straub said, “was probably just the family cat.” (UK’s Metro)

Homeland Insecurity

Objecting to the bipartisan immigration bill, U.S. Rep. Louie Gohmert, R-Texas, declared that radical Islamists infiltrating the United States “are trained to act Hispanic.” (CSPAN)

Mensa Rejects of the Week

• A 22-year-old man trying to fly a kite while riding on the trunk of a moving car fell off, according to authorities in Riverside County, Calif., and was critically injured when he struck his head on the pavement. (Riverside’s The Press Enterprise)

• After losing $300 trying to win an Xbox Kinect at a carnival ball-toss game in Manchester, N.H., Henry Gribbohm, 30, went home, returned with his $2,300 life savings and lost that as well. “You just get caught up in the whole ‘I’ve got to win my money back,’” he explained after complaining to police. (Boston’s WBZ-TV)

Duck and Cover

Minnesota’s Rocori School District, where two students were shot to death in 2003, spent $25,000 for 200 bulletproof whiteboards, which their manufacturer, Maryland-based Hardwire, claims are stronger than police-issued bulletproof vests. “The company is making these in response to the Newtown shooting, and has been making similar products for our soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan,” Rocori school board Chairwoman Nadine Schnettler said, noting the boards “will be an additional layer of protection” for students and teachers. Cold Spring-Richmond Police Chief Phil Jones demonstrated the effectiveness of the 18-by-20-inch white boards by kicking one, stabbing it with a knife and whacking it with a police baton, all without penetrating it, although he didn’t fire his gun at the whiteboard. (NPR and Minnesota’s KARE-TV)

Slightest Provocation

• William Hotz, 59, punched a 55-year-old ice cream cashier several times in the face, according to police in Nassau County, N.Y., because she wouldn’t accept his expired coupon for a free ice cream cone. (Fox News)

• Police accused David Anthony Smith, 38, of pouring gasoline on his 60-year-old father and setting him on fire at their Oklahoma City home after the father asked the son to turn down the music on his stereo. (The Oklahoman)

Good Riddance

Two days after the Mars One project announced it was looking for volunteers to go on a one-way mission to Mars, more than 33,000 people from around the world had applied. (Canada’s QMI Agency)

It Happens

• After his dog ate five $100 bills, Wayne Kinkel said he washed pieces that he recovered from the dog’s poop and took them to several banks, asking for new bills to replace the destroyed ones. The banks refused but advised him to send the evidence to the Treasury Department’s Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which requires at least 51 percent of a bill to be eligible for reimbursement. “Each case is carefully examined by an experienced mutilated currency examiner,” the bureau’s website explains, noting the verification process could take as long as two years. (Helena’s Independent Record)

• Having failed to reduce sewage slippage into the Potomac and Anacostia rivers during rainstorms, the District of Columbia Water and Sewer Authority (DC Water) announced it would try a new tactic: digging a tunnel beneath the rivers for the runoff. It unveiled a 400-foot-long, 1,323-ton boring machine that will drill a 12.8-mile tunnel at a depth of about 100 feet to serve as a holding tank during storms. After the storms subside, the rainwater mixture will be released to the city’s wastewater treatment plant. DC Water officials named the tunnel-boring machine “Lady Bird,” after former first lady Claudia Alta “Lady Bird” Johnson. (The Washington Post)

Beer Doesn’t Count

As a first step to having ice fishing included in the Olympics, organizers of the World Ice Fishing Championship in Wausau, Wis., had this year’s winners provide urine samples to the United States Anti-Doping Agency. “We do not test for beer,” Joel McDearmon, chairman of the United States Freshwater Fishing Federation, noted, “because then everyone would fail.” Other fringe sports that perform drug testing are darts, miniature golf, chess and tug-of-war. According to the World Anti-Doping Agency, two out of 76 miniature golfers tested positive in 2011, as well as one chess player, two bowlers, eight roller skaters and one tug-of-war competitor. (The New York Times)

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waves guitar and bass that induce enough head bobbing to qualify it as a weight loss program. “Save Another Weekend” doubles down on the head-bobbing quota set by the first track. “Weekend” is the showcase piece: a restrained and plaintive verse held down by a strong bass line, a soaring chorus with a chopping, syncopated riff and beautiful backing vocals to boost both the chorus and second verse. It sounds dismissive to boil down the tune to the pop-song playbook, but it’s so smack in line with it. It’s a stellar pop song—one that is just slightly better than the other eight on the record.

The only glaring issue I can find is one of sequencing. The seventh and eighth tracks are both nice ballads with running times over five minutes. As track eight, “Sometimes We Remember” comes to a satisfying conclusion. Everything feels final and then the opening chords of the bright rocker “Out Of Action” ring out and pull me back for one last song. Having one slightly less fulfilling conclusion after such a fittingly thematic one is a pretty okay problem to have.

John Schlotfelt was sentenced to five days in prison and had his cell phone destroyed for contempt of court after taking pictures of R. Kelly in a Cook County Circuit Court (a true story which may not have actually happened to him).
ALRIGHT RHYMETIMERS, as my favorite band Europe famously said, “It’s the final countdown!” You’ve been stressed, and exhausted—and now the countdown to finals is over or coming to an end—so why not A. Procrastinate, or B. Waste all your newly found time filling in the answers below? As always 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, “Examination Ace (1,1) would be “Quiz Whiz”. (*Hint: In each game, there is always one answer that is a homonym.)

GOOD LUCK!

### Darn Test
(1, 2)

(Damn, Exam)

- Academy Ordinance (1, 1)
- Exercise Expertise (1, 1)
- University Wisdom (2, 2)

### Course Confusion
(1, 2)

(Class, ________)

- Due date Banner (2, 2)
- Dawdling Base (5, 2)
- Rank Revealed (1, 2)

### Last Examination
(2, 2)

(______, , ________)

- Term Seclusion (3, 3)
- Homework Improvement (3, 3)
- Wise Pupil (2, 2)

### Challenger:

The committee, having finished reading the candidates dissertation, “The Bard: Timeless Poet, but Did He Know It?” begin to deliver their (rather extensive) critiques based on what was later referred to as: (4, 4)

### Last month's answers

- Contaminant Fix (3, 3)
- Pollution Debris Stopper (2, 2)
- Litter Sans Drilling (2, 2)
- Lacking Fracking

- Sky Sorrow (1, 2)
- Air Abused Copse (2, 2)
- Tortured Petrol Fight (1, 2)
- Oil Turmoil

- Slash Excess (1, 1)
- Cut Declare Improvement (1, 2)
- Swear Gauge "Advancement" (2, 2)
- Repair Assess Progress

### Challenger:

The budding entrepreneur opened a huge chain of outlet stores that sold nothing but dirt, terra firma, parcels and plots. The name of the chain was (1, 1)

- Land Land
dig into reading
this summer
children • teens • adults
games • prizes • fun!
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