

little village

Iowa City Magazine



John C. Reilly
interview p 18

INSIDE

**SMALL PHARMA
GOES BIG** PAGE 8

**HOT TIN
ROOF** PAGE 13

**LOCAL EVENTS
CALENDAR** PAGE 23



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Iowa City's News & Culture Magazine

VOLUME 14 | ISSUE 135

JUNE 19-JULY 2 2013

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NEXT ISSUE | July 3, 2013

On the Cover: John Reilly Portrait and Photograph by Sirius Fountain

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- 4 **12 oz. Curls**
Restless About Freshness
- 5 **Chicken Little**
Crowd Pleaser
- 6 **Sporting Life**
Standing Strong
- 8 **Start-ups**
Future Pharma
- 9 **American Reason**
A Watchful Eye
- 13 **Hot Tin Roof**
All Too Familiar
- 14 **Art City**
Houses of the Holy
- 16 **Pro Tips**
Smell Ya Later
- 17 **The Tube**
A Nu Start

- 18 **Music**
John C. Reilly Interview
- 20 **Talking Movies**
(Inter)National Pastime
- 22 **The Stage**
Parking it at West
- 24 **On the Beat**
Feeling Festive
- 28 **Straight Dope**
Fly Away Home
- 29 **News Quirks**
How Does it Feel?
- 30 **Local Albums**
Kent's lowagraphy Gets Tested
- 31 **Rhyme Time**
Ode to the Navel Gaze

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

www.thismodernworld.com...twitter.com/tomtomorrow

QUALITY ASSURED?

Beer freshness dates are an inconsistent hodgepodge. While brewery A prints a month-day-year bottling date, brewery B prints an internal batch code—a code which only the company can easily decipher—and brewery C does not print any information at all.

While some beers benefit from a controlled aging process, many taste best fresh, and a date allows consumers to know just how long a beer has been sitting around. After years of checking beer bottles and cans, many times in vain, for clearly marked packaging or “best by” dates, I decided it was time to investigate. Why, I wondered, can’t all breweries print a clear and understandable bottling date to show how old their beer is? The explanations I got from the beer brewers and retailers I contacted ranged from issues of financing, convenience, uncertainty, protection and, in at least one case, tradition and amusement.

Though the Millstream Brewing Company does not print dates on its beers, co-owners Teresa Albert and Chris Priebe recognize the importance of packaging information. They both said bottling dates not only show how old a beer is, but make customers aware that beer has shelf-life.

Millstream chooses to do things “the old way,” as Priebe puts it. Notches on the side of each beer label indicate the bottling month. It is a system that Millstream has been using for 13 years and, as Albert notes, there are no

plans to change. Not only are the notches easy to make—bundles of 1,000 labels are manually notched using a dye grinder—but a switch to printed dates is not a priority for the brewery right now, especially since date printing equipment costs thousands of dollars. It is a price, according to Priebe, that is beyond the means of many small breweries.

One brewery that has switched from notches to printed

People want to have confidence that [a beer is] going to taste good after they go plunk down \$10 for a sixer

-Kenny Gunderman
Summit Brewing Company

dates is the Summit Brewing Company in St. Paul, MN. According to Kenny Gunderman, Summit’s packaging manager, the brewery has been printing dates on its beers for 15 years. An “enjoy by” date is printed on each bottle so customers “know when we think our beer will still taste the best,” Gunderman explained in an email. He says Summit uses an eight-digit Julian date and time stamp printed on each label so the brewery’s lab “can track the changes in our beer through the course of a single day’s bottling run.”

Many breweries use similar batch codes for quality assurance tracking. And, much like Summit’s—the first digit is the last digit of the year, the next three digits represent the day of

the year the bottle was filled and the last four digits are the time a bottle was labeled—these codes are usually for internal use only and cannot be easily deciphered by consumers. By themselves, batch codes are not good enough, according to Gunderman.

“If that’s the only type of code a brewery has on their bottle, it’s usually because they aren’t confident that they can keep their beer within the code date window they have created for themselves,” Gunderman wrote. “Hence, they don’t want a big billboard on the side of their bottle that says ‘this beer is old.’”

Doug Alberhasky, the manager at John’s



Photo by Rachel Jensen

Grocery, agrees. He says many breweries print obscure batch codes or no packaging information at all because they do not want consumers to know when their beer was brewed or bottled. Alberhasky added that many breweries do not print dates because they are trying to protect distributors. The distributor, he explains, looks “really bad” when old beer is on the shelf.

While Alberhasky admits that John’s carries some older beers, he says, “We really try our best to make sure our stuff is as fresh as possible, but it’s tough.”

Making it tougher is the fact that breweries



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CHICKEN LITTLE



REVIEWS: **FARMERS' MARKET BRUNCH**

SATURDAYS 7:30 AM-NOON

CHAUNCEY SWAN PARKING RAMP

are not required to print bottling or best-by dates. According to Priebe, there is no government mandate because beer will never become “dangerous” no matter how old it is. There is also no self-imposed industry standard. Though the Brewers Association offers seminars and manuals on quality and freshness, it does not offer any recommendation for dating on bottles or cans, explains Julia Herz, the craft beer program director for the association.

Priebe thinks regulation is unnecessary. He believes it would be too complicated to implement since each brewery’s packaging and equipment affects shelf-life differently. Millstream beers, he explains, have a shorter shelf-life because the brewery uses a 1950s bottle filling machine, but Budweiser, on the other hand, has state-of-the-art canning machines that leave no air in the cans, and, therefore, the beer does not degrade as quickly.

Joe Hotek, the beer manager at John’s Grocery, disagrees with Priebe’s view and thinks some kind of regulation is needed. Packaging dates, Hotek claims, are more convenient for retailers and he would prefer to see all breweries using a “bottled on” date, especially for beer that can be aged.

It is not only retailers that feel this way. Gunderman believes it is in the breweries’ best interest to print bottling dates.

“People want to know what they are buying and have confidence that it’s going to taste good after they go plunk down \$10 for a sixer,” he said.

But despite the support for clear and understandable dating, not all breweries plan to change. Mark Carpenter, the brewmaster at Anchor Brewing, wrote in an email that there are no plans to change the company’s bottling code. The code was invented by longtime owner Fritz Maytag “to use the least number of digits to date his computer files.”

Though consumers can decipher Anchor’s code by visiting the brewery’s FAQ web page, I asked Carpenter why the code needed to be so cryptic, why they couldn’t just print a simple date.

“The code is not that cryptic—ours is less cryptic than many,” Carpenter responded. “And as you point out, we are happy to explain [the] code to anyone who asks! We think there is some fun in this and we like keeping Fritz’s system in place now that he has retired.”

Carpenter said Anchor has not previously received complaints about its code, but told me “we can mark you down for the first.”

I said I would greatly appreciate that. **lv**

Casey Wagner lives in Iowa City.

Every Saturday from May through October, Iowa City’s main brunch event is served outdoors on a closed-off block of Washington Street, where the smell of bacon wafts over lines of hungry, stroller-wielding market goers. Here at the Iowa City Farmers’ Market, one can feast upon a dinner plate-size blueberry pancake from Griddle Me This for only \$6, or enjoy a burrito from Local Burrito, where \$7 will get you a handmade tortilla stuffed to the max with potatoes, eggs, greens and cheese curds.

But I had heard a rumor. Some hens about town had given me the head’s up that the best brunch at the Market this year must be procured on the inside, at an inconspicuous little booth in the ramp inhabited by Salt Fork Farms.

Walking into Chauncey Swan Ramp on market day can be a royal clustercluck. It’s easy to get swept away in the current of single-minded asparagus hunters and handmade jewelry gatherers.

But I was convinced that today, navigating these tricky waters would be worth it.

After elbowing my way through the chaos, I finally washed up at the Salt Fork Farms booth. I jostled for a view of the menu, placed low on the front of their table, and debated several classic brunch offerings: omelettes, pancakes and the “Jethro,” which included pork sausage, biscuits and gravy.

But the dish that intrigued me most was the \$8 Zanya, a unique item that included beef, rice, greens, yogurt and eggs. The friendly man running the booth recommended I add a \$1 pancake to my order, and as I am defenseless against sweets, I readily complied.

One of my not-so-favorite things about brunching at the market is the lack of seating. While I hung around the back of the Salt Fork Farms booth waiting for my name to be called, I felt the awkwardness of a loiterer and wished for a place to hide. But soon my order was ready and I headed to Chauncey Swan Park, where the squeals of free-range children punctuated the innocuous ambiance of James Taylor cover tunes, and I was able to locate an open seat.

The Zanya was delicious beyond my expectations. Ground beef was seasoned with a light curry, and the perfectly fried rice included crisp asparagus and sweet onion. The mixed greens beneath the rice and beef were dressed with a tangy yogurt sauce, and the plate was topped with two fried eggs whose deep yellow yolks melted into a creamy, rich sauce.

I’m not sure what the influence would be for such a dish—it felt like Mediterranean and leftover Chinese and Mexican all at once—but it didn’t matter because it tasted so good, likely due to the fact that many of the ingredients came straight from Salt Fork’s Solon farm, so everything was super fresh.

The fluffy pancake was served with a choice of orange or maple syrup, so I went half and half. The orange syrup was too sweet for me, I preferred the classic maple half.

I plan to explore more Saturday brunch options at the market throughout the summer. I can’t wait to check out the Red Potato Hash at Swanson’s Catering, or stuff my maw with apple cider donuts from Barb’s Garden and Pastries. There really is something for every taste at the Market, and it’s definitely worth being slightly annoyed by your surroundings to enjoy some really fine brunch fare. **lv**

PRICE:

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**Golden Egg
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TASTE:

5/5

CLUCKS

SERVICE:

4/5



ATMOSPHERE:

2/5



ChickenLittle@LittleVillageMag.com



Photo by David Henderson

CLINTON BASEBALL MANN

You can't see the Mississippi River from Riverview Stadium, the original name for the home of the Clinton LumberKings. A flood wall blocks the view, but the sight of an occasional gull or pelican reminds you the river is near. "LumberKings" harkens to a time when the timber trade along the Mississippi was big business and Clinton was booming. Now the lumber barons are gone and the Archer Daniels Midland factory, where trainloads of corn are turned into corn products and byproducts, reigns in Clinton.

One of the smallest towns in the Midwest League, Clinton has gone through hard times and made concessions to forces beyond its control, but hung on to its community-owned baseball team. The team has had many names, but the stadium, built by the WPA in 1937, provides continuity. The art deco exterior, the simple scoreboard, the green seats close to home plate, the covered grandstand, the real wood of the centerfield wall—it's one of the last ballparks of its kind. Whenever I go to a game there it seems a larger-than-average proportion of fans are keeping score.

The red, white and blue bunting was on display for the LumberKing's 2013 season opener, Clinton's third attempt to host the Cedar Rapids Kernels in as many days. But maybe this was worse than another rainout.

In the top of the fourth, Clinton's early lead dissolved. The starting pitcher allowed three walks and the bases were loaded for Kernels center fielder Byron Buxton. He hit a ground ball to shortstop Ketel Marte and outran the throw to first. Another run, bases still loaded, lead gone.

Another young pitcher was summoned to steady things. Then he threw a wild pitch. Then he issued a walk. Then another. Three more runs.

The pitcher looked shaken, and a few hecklers felt emboldened to do their worst.

Then a woman yelled: "We're gonna be here all day the way you're calling it!"

And soon the inning was over with no further damage.

That redirection was the charitable gesture of a real fan, modulating the chorus of abuse to shift the focus to the umpire, the conventional villain, for being too stingy with his strike zone. If Lucas Mann had been with me at this game, he probably would have known exactly who yelled it.

Mann's acclaimed book, *Class A: Baseball in the Middle of Everywhere*, is the product of his immersion in the world of the 2010 Clinton LumberKings. A graduate of the University of Iowa's M.F.A. nonfiction writing program, Mann spent countless hours with the team and fans, put tens of thousands of miles on his car, slept on the floors—falling into the grueling rhythm of a long season.

In the opening chapter, we see the game from the mascot's point-of-view, as Mann inhabits the costume of Louie the LumberKing. Drunks throw peanut shells at his crown and Betty, a loyal fan representing a long tradition, comes to his defense, shaming the drunks into silence. "There's a sense of etiquette here," he writes, "woven into the boring spaces of every home game."

Talking about his book with me over pizza and Diet Mountain Dew, Mann said he was drawn to writing about an obstinately traditional ballpark and a small town working to hang onto its community-owned team. The team has player development contract with the Seattle Mariners, but he said it felt like Clinton had as close to an 'unincorporate,' Wild West feel as you could hope to find in the increasingly controlled, managed world of professional sports.

When Mann began following the LumberKings, he was unclear what might come of his project.

"I had planned enough to know I was going to keep showing up, but there was no guarantee that any day somebody wouldn't say, 'Stop it.' So that sense of uncertainty is really part of it, and it continued the whole time."

Mann loves baseball but knows failure is woven into the game. He scrutinizes soft-focus nostalgia and the way we talk about minor-league "farm teams," the players considered

farmhands. The metaphor is muddled, Mann writes. “These players are both the laborer and the crop. People wait for them to ripen like coffee or sugarcane.”

One of the smallest towns in the Midwest League, Clinton has gone through hard times and made concessions to forces beyond its control, but hung on to its community-owned baseball team.

He writes about Erasmo Ramirez, then a 20-year-old Venezuelan pitching prospect, whose \$50,000 signing bonus (before taxes and his agent’s 25 percent take) resides in a bank account drawn on by his entire family. After pitching well but losing a game, Ramirez cooks himself a dinner of eggs, rice and butter at midnight.

His roommates haven’t come home yet, three Venezuelans, two infielders and another pitcher, who sleep in an even row with him on the floor of this twenty-by-ten-foot studio. Erasmo eats on his mattress because there’s no furniture. His stomach hurts because he still can’t get used to eating dinner at midnight. He tries to fall asleep to images of himself, his laptop propped open on his bare stomach, the electric warmth on his skin. He scrolls through pictures of his face in glorious strain his arm in blurred movement, and it’s important to remind himself that others see him like this, too. That men with cameras search him out and he means something bigger than where he is now.

One of the most fascinating people in the book is Joyce, a fan who collects mementoes of the players, autographed baseballs in particular, which she archives and refuses to sell. “There is something incredibly heartening when you walk into her home and see she

doesn’t get rid of any of the baseballs,” Mann said. “It’s not like the one’s that never made it, that nobody cares about, gets weeded out. She could pick out the signature of a guy who played A ball 10 years ago and nobody knows. She has a story about it and appreciates owning it. And it feels like, by the gesture of her doing that, she’s making it mean something.”

At first, Mann wondered how he should represent Joyce. Sad? Funny? “No,” he told me. “She has total agency. She just has made this space in this world and is claiming it and owning it. It’s a really powerful thing to be around.”

Mann said the book really began to come together when he opened the scope of the narrative to include more of the fans, voices on the radio, the loneliness of driving—things beyond what he originally envisioned. “As much as I was watching baseball and thinking about baseball, I was also driving by the factory. Or I was on the middle of 80 by myself at midnight, and all of these things were part of the same experience.”

It never felt to him like he was writing a sports book. “The weird thing about writing it while in graduate school was it felt like half the experience of writing it was trying to prove that it was worthwhile to a bunch of MFA students who don’t give a shit about sports. I just felt like I was writing about a place and people who were interesting, who all happened to be at this baseball park. So I hope it’s read as, ‘Wow, what a fascinating thing,’ regardless of what it’s about.” **lv**

@DavidVHenderson covered the 2011 Quad Cities River Bandits for WVIK radio. He was into Oscar Taveras way before anybody.

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RETHINKING PHARMA

Little Village recently sat down with Roby Miller to learn more about his startup venture TelePharm and the entrepreneurial landscape in the greater Iowa City area. Miller founded TelePharm in March 2012 and serves as the company's CEO.

Little Village: *Your first job out of college was as a project manager at Pearson (the educational testing company), did you have any intention, then, to go into pharmacy or software development?*

Roby Miller: When I was hired [at Pearson], I was excited to find a job that I could be proud of, but I soon became bored at the slow pace of a large company. I honestly wasn't planning on staying at Pearson for a long period of time because I always knew at some point I was going to start a business. I really wanted to dive into a new [industry/market] and find out what was broken or inefficient that I could solve with a business.

LV: *What does TelePharm do? What problems does it solve?*

RM: TelePharm enables a pharmacist to perform his tasks remotely, verifying prescriptions and counseling patients. A pharmacist [in one town] could [remotely] manage multiple pharmacies [in other towns] with the pharmacy technicians [in the remote locations] filling and helping patients in the telepharmacy. We integrate with any pharmacy management system and provide all the hardware, so it's a turn-key solution for a pharmacy owner.

In the last few years alone, 46 [rural] pharmacies have closed in Iowa and 903 [rural] pharmacies have shut down nationwide in the

past six years, leaving about 6,000 total rural pharmacies still operating in the US. The pharmacy is the focal point of a lot of these rural towns, like a coffee shop. It's an important retail storefront for that community.

The problem isn't that rural America is decreasing in size, rural pharmacies aren't losing patients, it's that the insurance reimbursements for pharmacies are declining.

LV: *Were there any pilot program that preceded TelePharm?*

RM: Our first telepharmacy launched in October 2012. The Iowa Board of Pharmacy granted us a waiver to open a telepharmacy [which are not legally allowed currently]. I report the telepharmacy statics each quarter for errors, prescriptions filled, etc., and once the Iowa Telepharmacy Taskforce is completed with writing the rules around telepharmacy, we'll then be able to open telepharmacies like a normal pharmacy.

The pilots are going really well, actually better than I expected for a startup company. We have four sites in Iowa, one in Illinois and [one in] Texas. We have more coming on over the next months and we hope to be in six states before the end of the year.

LV: *Where do you hope to take the company in the next five years?*

RM: I'm hoping that we can solve even bigger problems so that we can make a bigger impact for people in a healthcare sense. I expect us to be in Canada and not just in the US.

LV: *What's next for you and what do you need help with?*

RM: I need to build out my team. The team is what makes the business and we are looking for more people. We're looking for more technical people, but in the areas of marketing, support and development.

LV: *You work in a pretty interesting office space in downtown Iowa City, can you tell us about your office mates and what they're working on?*

RM: There are four different businesses. Adam Ingersoll, owner of Compass Education in Los Angeles, Isaac Ingersoll, owner of GolfCenter, Aaron Boshart, owner of AppMedical and there are a few TelePharm employees, too. We were all looking for office space and joined up, it works out really well because it's fun to have other people doing similar things surrounding you.

LV: *What's the hardest thing about being an entrepreneur? What are the best things?*

RM: Everyday is a work day and there is no vacation time. I think that's both the hardest and the best thing because I hate to be bored, but I also don't have a lot of time for my friends and family. There is stress that comes along with owning a business, but that doesn't bother me as much as the limiting time factor.

In the last few years alone, 46 [rural] pharmacies have closed in Iowa.

LV: *What can the Corridor community do to be more supportive of entrepreneurs and startups like yours?*

RM: We need more class A office space and a place for creatives to live. It's really hard to find and if you do, it's too expensive. We need the University, Kirkwood and cities and counties to work together to foster entrepreneurship in each stage. It's a win-win for everyone. There are a lot of people working to make this happen and it's only a matter of time before national publications start taking note of what's happening here. **lv**

Andy Stoll is an Iowa-based social entrepreneur, media producer and co-founder of Seed Here Studio, a social good startup working to grow the entrepreneurial and creative community across the Corridor. Follow Andy on Twitter @andystoll or learn more at andystoll.net.



In response to a citizen-led initiative, the Iowa City City Council will most likely ban the use of certain surveillance technologies such as cameras, license plate readers and drones for traffic and parking enforcement. These sorts of tools possess capabilities far beyond the imagination of the writers of the constitution, so how do we ensure the protection of our immutable rights in the face of modern policing capabilities?

Vik Patel: Passing this ban is good law, but not because it puts restrictions on drone technology that has been used immorally abroad. It's because using automated or unmanned technologies like red light cameras, license plate readers and possibly drones to issue citations violates our right to confront our accusers. If your citation is generated by an automated system, then there's no operator or technician to question in furtherance of your defense. If a camera is temporarily nudged or simply malfunctions and takes a picture of the wrong car, what accountability is there in court and who can we cross-examine? Even with well-proven technologies like DNA testing there's an individual who we can question about how the testing directly relates to the case and what procedures were followed.

Now, even though I support the proposed restrictions as written, I'm against what many headlines purported these restrictions to be: a wholesale ban on drones (*KWWL*: "Ban drones? Iowa City may be one of the first cities to do so"). Drones have been used in unconscionable ways; however, police forces will find drones to be an extremely effective tool from both an intelligence gathering and a monetary standpoint. As a result, the will to use drones would eventually overwhelm any ban. If we want to ensure our privacy we need to develop regulations that are inspired by our historic protections but can also be applied to a wide set of surveillance technologies, real or theoretical.

Matt Sowada: Yeah, those license plate readers and red light cameras seem flawed to me at a very basic, functional level. Without some

kind of facial recognition, the system is guaranteed to issue tickets to innocent people. I drive other people's cars with some frequency, for example as a designated driver. If I roll through a red light in someone else's car I should be ticketed, not the person to whom the car is registered. Although I'm sure the majority of people caught by an automated system would be guilty, for now there are no ethical substitutes for human police officers when enforcing traffic laws like this. Justice demands that the state proves an individual guilty of a crime before it punishes them, and these cameras just don't do that.

I also concur with you about the drone ban. It's nice to see society attempting to initiate a discussion on how to use a technological genie responsibly rather than trying to cram her back inside after prematurely rubbing the bottle. That being said, I agree we should put this bill into proper perspective: All it can really do is give us a chance to get our bearings and decide how we are going to deal with the use of drones at every level of governance.

As you pointed out, this technology is simply too cost effective to outright reject for long. I think the question here is one of invasiveness. The police are allowed to look for crimes; it's not an unconstitutional violation of your right to privacy if a policeman sees you throwing up a walking taco on the ped mall at three in the morning. It's not really a "search" if you're publicly engaging in behaviors that strongly suggest you've committed a crime. Unless these drones can see through ceilings or something like that, I don't see any inherent ethical problems with the police using them.

VP: I think I'm going to go one step beyond you. From a legal standpoint we have no 'reasonable expectation of privacy' while in public, walking tacos or no. However, we don't expect to be tracked continuously in public without some sort of prior justification. Up until now this protection hasn't necessarily come from the Constitution or any other legal framework, but instead from the immense resources necessary to implement such a society-wide tracking program. Drones and

cameras combined with some pretty sophisticated software could make such a tracking system cheap and easy.

In order to prevent the creation of such a tracking system, we need to refine our conception of 'privacy' in public. Even in public I think we should have the expectation of a certain level of anonymity. The governmental use of public tracking or identification systems should only be allowed after one has been witnessed exhibiting some sort of suspicious behavior or with some sort of prior approval like a warrant. For drones this would mean that police could use them to track a suspect but not to capture all of the actions of every person in public all the time. Matt, do you think we could pull off 'privacy' in public?

MS: People seem to initially react to this privacy stuff at a pretty instinctual level (at least I do), so I think it would be possible to get the citizenry behind a reasonable expectation of public anonymity. I agree with you that the ethical line seems to fall right at the point where the state stops observing "society" when looking for crimes and starts tracking "Matt, writer for *Little Village*" in any long-term way. I think an ethical use of this technology would be, for example, a traffic drone alerting patrol officers to a particular car that's speeding, allowing the officer to intercept the driver and issue a citation. Crime committed, justice served. I'd be more troubled by the use of this technology to develop a general "driving profile" of a citizen. I don't care if I'm attending Move On meetings, Tea Party meetings or a religious service at my local mosque; so long as I'm not trespassing I'm free to associate with whomever I want and the state should have to obtain a warrant to automatically collect that information. **IV**

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.



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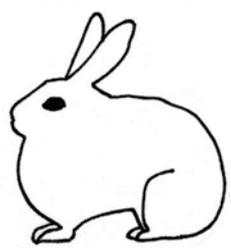
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GREEN STREET by Jared Rogness

PART 11 of 12 | LittleVillageMag.com/greenstreet

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Mom and Dad made a big move on a bad day-sucks to be them.

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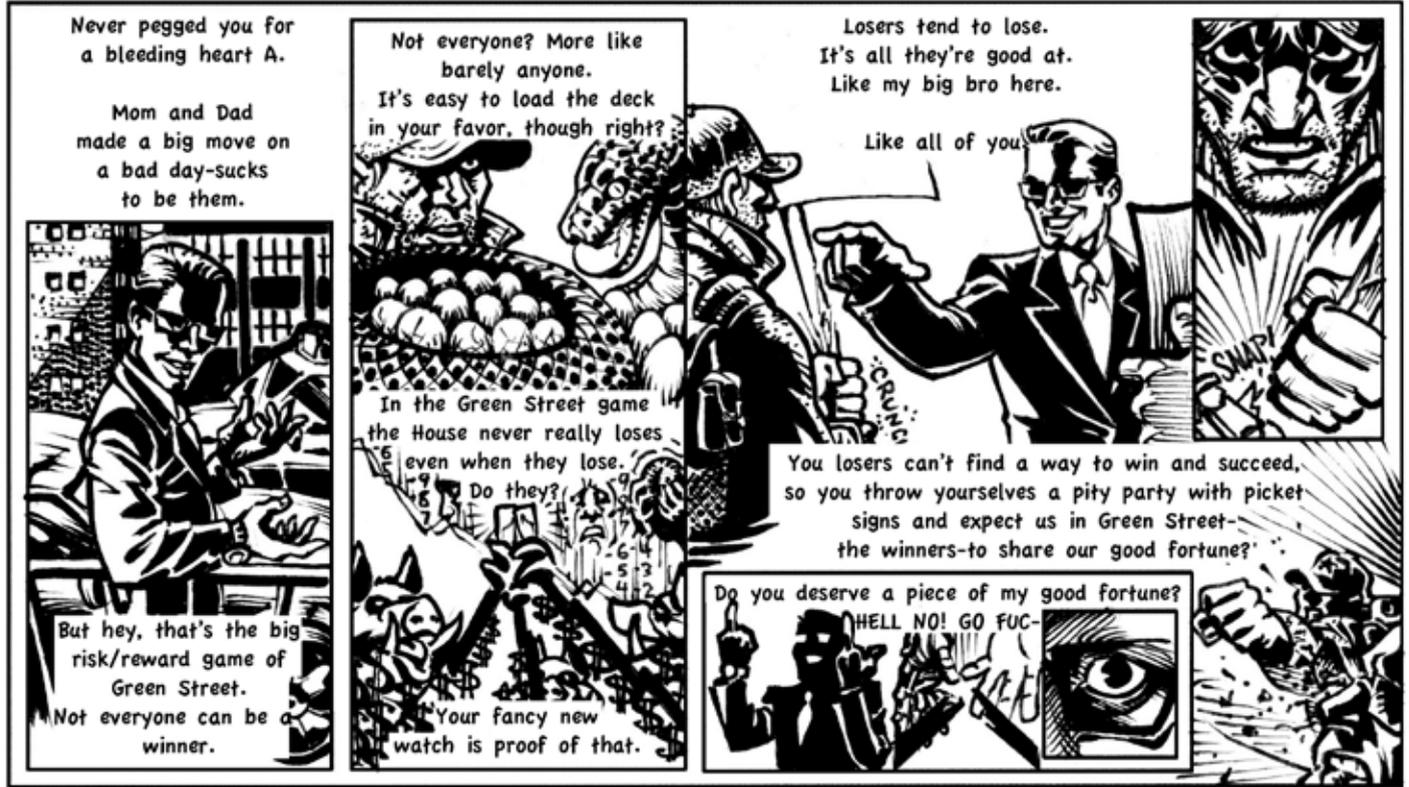
Losers tend to lose. It's all they're good at. Like my big bro here.

Like all of you

You losers can't find a way to win and succeed, so you throw yourselves a pity party with picket signs and expect us in Green Street—the winners—to share our good fortune?

Do you deserve a piece of my good fortune?

HELL NO! GO FUC-



Stormfront

The wind here typically comes roaring out of the northwest; from the vast, flat plains of the Dakotas. These winds originate far north of the US-Canadian border over the frigid landmass that comprises the northernmost aspect of our continent. Topology allows these winds to gain atmospheric momentum as they race unabated by land formations that could pose an impediment, serve as a deflecting buffer. Winds directly from the west have traversed the lofty heights of the Colorado Rockies and possess a mischief of their own. It is when the winds come from the south, when they carry all the moisture they have absorbed from the Gulf of Mexico and collide with the searing heat of the Texas Panhandle, Oklahoma and the tabletop flatness of Kansas that they harbinge bad things to come. It is easy for anyone living in this immediate area to tell that bad things are indeed are the way.

The National Weather Service is usually correct in its short-term predictions for this part of the country. The mid-south and central plains present rather straightforward conditions, and Doppler radar and sophisticated computer modeling can detect storm cells with uncanny accuracy. Actually, the tornado siren has just begun sounding here. There was no doubt it would. Since earlier this afternoon it has just been a matter of when.

At this time of year the weather can change rapidly, and one of the more ominous indicators of a rough time to come is when the winds abruptly change their direction of origin. This is a sure sign; this violent instability usually precedes a curtain of storms producing high

winds, hail, heavy rain, thunder and lightning that will send the hair on your head standing. But the surest sign that it is time to close the windows and doors and seek the safety of a storm shelter or an internal room without windows is when it suddenly just gets still. It takes a moment for the mind to register the sudden absence of sound. The winds create such a steady thrum in the trees and through the crops that it becomes almost unnoticed ... at least unnoticed until it suddenly just stops. Stillness is bad; the unnatural quiet is eerie. This is when ears start to pop. Barometric pressure fluctuates wildly and the stillness will not be long lasting. It is the proverbial "calm before the storm."

At some point the power will be interrupted; actually, the lights just flickered several times, but for the time being electricity is still available. The high voltage cables that bring electricity to each and every dot on the map across the Midwest are able to take only so much punishment. They are strung with a specific amount of laxity to allow them to survive a certain wind speed. But, as with everything in this region, nothing can be counted on for sure when it comes to foul weather and its effects.

The initial downpour commences and an inch of rain can fall in a matter of minutes. The temperature drops dramatically as the front rolls overhead pushing one turbulent air mass in front, and tugging another along behind it. The TV meteorologists' colorful weather maps illustrate the atmospheric dance with a variety of symbols. On the ground, outside, the symbols are less colorful and definitely harbor an ill intent that no map can accurately depict.

The initial squall is always fierce, as the wind-whipped rains come in a dark curtain, a torrent that strikes with such force it sounds as if ball bearing are pelting the windows. It comes and it comes; gale-force gusts that appear alive. Thunder rattles the foundation of buildings and shakes windows to the point of shattering. The electrical component of the squall has a mind of its own. The lightning strikes and cracks with the brilliance of a thousand flashbulbs simultaneously flaring, its illuminative power as dizzying as the strobe effect of a dozen disco balls. Ears ring and pop as the external pressure of the storm becomes discordant, rising and falling in the time-elapse of seconds, or so it seems.

Then, just as quickly it subsides, the squall ends and is carried further northeast. In its wake come cooler winds, winds that will ignite the very same sequence of events again and again because they come as a legion. They conjure no greater thrill or fear than other displays of nature's wrath. They are just an isolated cog in an interconnected meteorological system. Just as theory has it, that the fluttering of the wings of a single butterfly in Africa impacts the formation of a tropical cyclone in the Caribbean, chaos is the order of the day. Complexity reigns supreme.

The tornado sirens are sounding yet again.

A restless transplant from NYC, Robert Connolly is a freelance writer, observer and blogger living in rural Johnson County. His writing can be found at broodingcynyx.blogspot.com, and you can reach him at broodingcynyc@gmail.com.



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HOLY PLACES

Art, like people, often fragments mysteriously, like light into a prism. And that prism can be a little trickier to observe in a place like Iowa City, with its rich art scene that at times can feel equally rich in its inaccessibility to the general public. Where can definite lines of meaning be drawn, if nearly a century ago Marcel Duchamp put a urinal in an art space, if today, in our own City of Literature, “galleries” of graffiti mark the alleyways? How does one learn to appreciate art when anything can be art? As summer begins and Iowa City goes through its annual resetting, with the majority of its student population leaving and new people arriving for summer workshops and community events, I’ve thought about the artists and presenters of all kinds who

come here, and I think that art all comes down to a fundamental spirit that places—special, holy places—shake from us.

HOLY PLACES

The stuff of memories is also the stuff of art. Whether it’s a splatter-painting you think your kid could have done, or a Romantic-with-a-capital-R portrait, art is made from memories, and these are themselves colored by emotion.

Consider your memories of specific moments. You may recall a childhood friend or a recent conversation, but there are usually visuals, too. Maybe not *just* a store, but a specific corner, an angle, a square of a sidewalk. Consider again Duchamp’s urinal on the wall. Maybe then a pile of hot sauces and napkins on a table at Sunny’s Restaurant or a city view from the roof of a parking garage can become a folk-art collage. Art is in the simple details

that stand out, and that’s why you remember it. Thus, the memories that create art are themselves the stuff of holiness: Meditative, reflective moments that we can return to in vehicles that let us transcend the inexpressible.

DIFFERENCE FOR DIFFERENCES’ SAKE

We need to appreciate things sometimes simply *because* they are different. Without difference, we are left with an information monoculture, and we lose a basic understanding of what ‘special’ truly is in a landscape where nothing stands out.

Go to insane gallery shows and street festivals. The more nutrients you give your brain, the healthier that brain is—you cannot neglect the expansion of your uninhabited empire of holy places. Every kind of art is worth a look because it forces us to skew the world by profoundly individual means, that is, we must provide our own specific interpretation of ideas to which we may not immediately relate.

CRITICAL DANGER

Criticism of art is a very human thing, but do not let it deter you from seeing art yourself. The danger of criticism in the world we live in is that it too can become a monoculture. Criticism can be broken into two central hunks: evaluation and assessment.

Assessment is about yielding positive results and continuing ongoing creative



Photo by ICPD

READERS, YOU MAY KNOW BY NOW

that a piece of my artwork placed in an art-sharing newspaper box by an art lover intending to pass it on caused a bomb scare just recently, an ironic twist of an end to Arts Fest ’13. While my art was involved, the placement and timing had nothing to do with me. It was a happy accident. No one was hurt, the cops and the local news and myself and hopefully you are happy. Art—appreciation, collection, cultivation, etc.—is about questions, not answers. We can, through art, see pieces of our culture, our social fabric and ourselves. Since art challenges us, I think the challenge in the aftermath of the not-bomb is to think about what this art bomb scare says about where we live (in every sense) in 2013. Removed slightly from context, art can be a weapon. It can also be better glasses through which to sharpen a gaze upon ourselves.

WHAT IS IT?

processes. It takes into account that best-case scenarios in anything are still only temporary in the face of a constantly shifting ground of contexts. Evaluation, on the other hand, is about finality. It's about judgment: success or a failure. And evaluation can be highly toxic if unfiltered and applied to art or other forms of the humanities.

Imagine art as a web of communication that people use to better understand themselves and the world around them. That's assessment. Art is a constant dialogue between artists and the worlds they inhabit, and also between *their* audiences and their worlds.

Now imagine a bullet ripping straight through that web. That's evaluation. Never mind the fact that at the very least, there's

**Art is made from memories,
and these are themselves
colored by emotion.**

something beautiful to behold in the communication created by this web. At best, evaluation can give audiences and artists conversations about the economic business of art. At worst, the act of judgement can introduce distrust into the equation, ultimately distancing the artist from his or her most important creative nirvanas, and closing the minds of audiences who might otherwise have communicated with the artwork in question. That's how we lose the holy reverence we need to appreciate art. And we also lose out on a lot of fun!

OUTER SPACE

Remember, if you're seeing art, you're *participating* in art, and if you're remembering something, you're enacting the process of art. From the Iowa Arts Festival to Poetry in Public, sometimes it takes vast expanses of space and time to realize the ways in which something may have affected you. Memories—and art—are the planets floating in the big, holy voids of ourselves. Some are long dead and some are absolutely teeming with life. With a quiet Iowa City summer upon us, it's the perfect time to man a mission into the art world. Walk in parks. Look in bookstores. Hit aesthetics, strike holy gold. **lv**

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PRO TIPS

Welcome to the first anniversary edition of *Pro-Tips*! It's been a wild year, hasn't it? I feel like I've probably had a pretty big impact in the lives of my readers and I'd like to take the opportunity to thank all of you for taking the time to better yourselves by reading what I have to say about you. You are, as they say in English, welcome. It's hard to believe it's been a year since I've changed the lives of almost more than a dozen Iowa Citizens. Some, as you doubtless will be glad to know, for the better. Remember Stanislaw and whatever his traffic problem was? How about the dump fire? Damn. Right? Anyway, it's been a hoot. So, if you find yourself in a pickle just email me at askwayne-diamante@gmail.com and I will do my level best to tell you what your problem is.

**NEXT TIME IT
HAPPENS**
just roll your eyes
and give them
the finger.

Dear Wayne,

Surreptitiously, I like to smell other people's hair in public. Is that weird?

Marty

Dear Marty,

Jesus ... YES, MARTY. IT'S FUCKING WEIRD. Duh. However, and with great trepidation I might add, I did some extremely light research into smell fetishes. I came across (surprising quickly, alarmingly so, actually) something called "fart slavery."

Yup.

Fart Slavery.

There's not too much to leave to the BDSM imagination here, so I'll only note, as Twain said (loosely), history may not repeat but it rhymes a lot. Thus, we ought to expect fart slaves to be emancipated eventually by, you guessed it, Abraham Stinkin!

BOOM- HEADSHOT! (2x bonus)

I'm not sure if anyone else here envisions a PBS Frontline special about fart slavery in America, but I kind of do. Nicholas Kristof

could do the interviews. 000ooh, or maybe Ken Burns! OK, let's wrap this up. Marty, non-consensual hair smelling: really? It's weird and sooner, or later, it's bound to get you into some hot water. Just head over to Procter and Gamble on the days when they're brewing up Herbal Essences and smell away. Good luck with ... every ... thing.

- Wayne

Dear Wayne,

My wife and I have a young child. We have noticed there is a certain type of elderly woman who will passive-aggressively comment on parenting skills in public and out of the blue. For instance, I was in a shop recently and my year old and I were looking at some products and this old lady (who worked there) passed by and said "My Goodness, what a cute little baby! You should be wearing warmer clothes today!" This is SUPER irritating and we're wondering how to handle it. Any pro-tips?

Thanks,

Marshall and Toni

Dear Marshall and Toni,

Thanks for your question, it's nice to see families tuning into Pro-Tips. It's been my experience that there are some people who just can't keep their fucking trap shut. They dole out advice like folks are clawing over one another to give a shit. Look, obviously you have to choose your battles, but nobody wants to hear that. Next time it happens just roll your eyes and give them the finger. Then tell them they look like a fatso. If you can, fart at them. If that seems weird I promise it's not. In fact, it's the least weird thing you can do with a fart. See ^.

Good Luck,
Wayne

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ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT & BINGE STREAMING

----- Have We Made a Huge Mistake? -----

Maybe it's my pre-pubescent sense of humor, but the funniest aspect of the fourth season of *Arrested Development* is Tobias' new license plate which reads "ANUSTART." In his bizarre world, that's supposed to be plate-speak for "A New Start." The schtick pops up again in a later episode when Lucille 1 encounters Tobias in rehab, greeting him not by his name, but instead as "Anus Tart" (without even knowing about his new plate). This moment made me laugh out loud, but was unfortunately one of only a few that did in the 15 episodes I watched over the course of a week.

As I feared in my last *Tube* column, the current season of *Arrested Development* streaming on Netflix is bloated with details, is narratively repetitive and generally doesn't meet the standards set by preceding seasons—although as the episodes progressed they did become increasingly enjoyable. But what could we realistically expect? Part of what made *Arrested Development* great was the interactions between characters, but due to ensemble cast scheduling conflicts, each character stars in his or her own episode with the others appearing only for a scene or not at all. Ron Howard, the show's executive producer, seems to get more screen time than anyone.

In all fairness, the day after its Memorial Day release, it received some positive feedback. *The San Francisco Chronicle* said, "The new season is not only as smart and absurdly funny as ever, but also reflects the rapid changes in how we watch television." *The Hollywood Reporter* praised the show, "Its structure revealed its glorious ambition and the combination of absurdity and intelligence meshed as well or better than you might have remembered from the original three seasons." More in line with my cynical view, however, was the *The Wall Street Journal*, which called the show a "shaky imitation of itself" and *Variety* compared this season to a "reunion special" that was "more interesting on paper."

Beyond the debate over whether the show is still good (as I'm sure many of you enjoyed the hell out of it, and that's okay!), I'm interested in what this show means in terms of the relationship between traditional television and that other medium to which we often attribute revolutionary and utopian potential: the internet.

What everyone seemed to be excited about in regard to *Arrested Development* was not only that a beloved show was coming back in streaming form, but also that the episodes could be marathoned (or binge-watched) at once. Internet streaming via companies like Netflix has become a potential rescuer of quality, niche programming that the dinosaur broadcast networks have deemed unprofitable. It's also a method of viewing that puts viewers in control of their own schedules. The internet has basically been positioned as TV's savior, as its revolutionizer and future, but even this claim isn't new. Remote controls, VHS tapes,

at once, but some critics are suggesting that maybe there is something to be said about delayed satisfaction, or the enjoyment that can come from anticipating an episode and thinking about a show after it airs week after week after painstaking week.

Netflix streaming was also positioned as revolutionizing TV by breaking down time constraints imposed by strict programming schedules and commercial breaks. When *Arrested Development* aired on FOX, episodes averaged 21 or 22 minutes long, but now the times vary, with many of the commercial-free episodes extending over half an hour in length.

The overdramatic *New York Times* article referenced earlier discussed this difference, calling the original, shorter episodes "tight" and "bright," and the new, non-time-constrained episodes "slowed down" and "dragged out." So did the old and allegedly creativity-constraining broadcast television model actually lead to a better product? Maybe so, at least in the case of *Arrested Development*.

Arrested Development is just another example of the way we tend to hype the internet—or companies like Netflix or Hulu or HBO—as completely challenging current

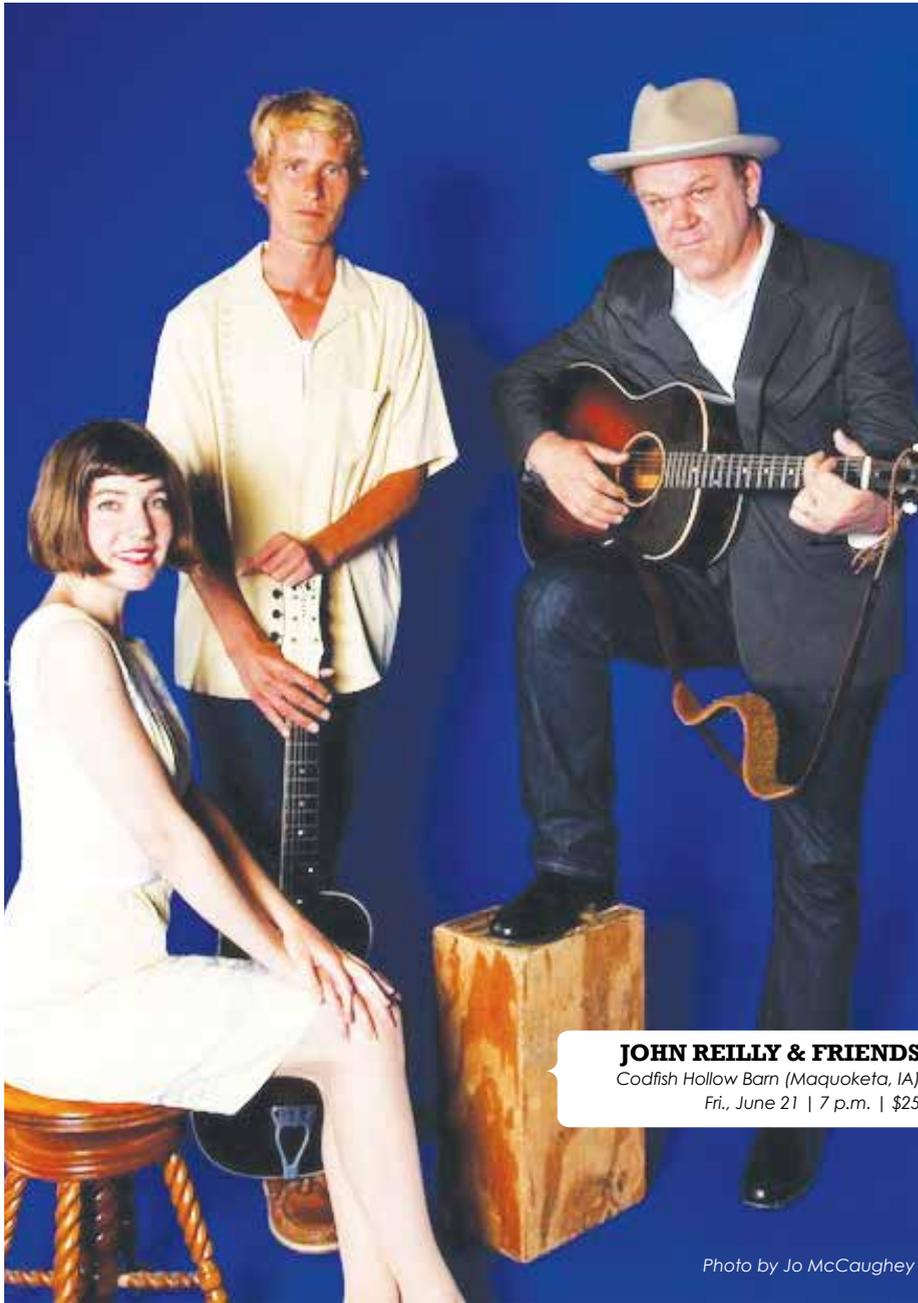


DVRs and even channels like HBO have all been framed similarly.

Following these hyperbolic proclamations and shortly after *Arrested Development's* season four debut, *The New York Times* melodramatically published, "Chalk one up for the Internet: It has killed *Arrested Development*." So, the heralded savior of TV turned around and killed TV? This article and others firstly blamed the experience of marathoning as part of the problem, or part of why these new episodes are less impressive than the originals. Viewed back-to-back we are more likely to notice plot inconsistencies and character deficiencies. I wonder, though, if that's a problem inherent in the show itself or the method of watching? If a show is truly on par the opposite would be true, too, and we'd also notice so many more complexities and subtle bits of humor. The internet, a lot like buying DVD box sets not so long ago, gives us all the episodes

television models and programming trends. We are promised that X, Y or Z will revolutionize EVERYTHING, but really we are just experiencing a series of small shifts that are sometimes new and exciting, and other times rooted in past technologies or practices. Of course, the television industry is in flux, and what "television" even means anymore is not entirely clear. At the very least, amid incessant claims that TV is looking a lot more like the internet, I think it's just as easily be claimed that the internet is also looking a lot more like TV, with its ever broadening amount of entertainment options, original programming ventures and show-resurrections like *Arrested Development*. **IV**

Melissa Zimdars wishes Netflix would bring back the early '90s anthropomorphic dinosaur sitcom, Dinosaurs.



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THE NEW REVUE

AN INTERVIEW

WITH JOHN C. REILLY

Actor John C. Reilly is known for his breadth of comedic and dramatic roles in movies like *Magnolia*, *Step Brothers*, *Cedar Rapids* and *The Aviator*. He is also known for his musical film roles in *Chicago the Musical*, *Prairie Home Companion* and the tour de force *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*.

Reilly has recently added music performance to his expanding resume. Touring and recording as John Reilly and Friends, he has put together a revue of early country and folk music of the likes of the Stanley Brothers, Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton, Claude Ely and the Delmore Brothers to name a few. This is not a John C. Reilly's greatest hits, so no "Boats 'N Hoes" or "Let's Duet" here (and hence why there is no "C" in the band name).

Little Village caught up with Reilly on the beginning of a tour that brings his band to the Midwest for the first time and to the Codfish Hollow Barn in Maquoketa, IA. Dan Bern, a native of Mount Vernon, will be returning to the Barn to perform with his friend.

Little Village: How did you come to form John Reilly and Friends?

John Reilly: I've been involved in music since I was a little kid—listening to old Irish folk as a kid, doing musicals and learning to play the guitar as a teenager. Music started to seep into my movie work—*Chicago the Musical*, *Prairie Home Companion* and the ultimate synthesis of all of it was *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*—we even did a tour in character for that.

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That's where I met Dan Bern and we really hit it off. We started writing songs for that movie. Around that same time I had a bunch of musical projects that I was pursuing, just for fun really. I met Tom Brosseau at a Becky Stark show—she was playing with this band called the Living Sisters. Becky and I started singing Dolly Parton/Porter Wagoner duets together for this benefit that someone was putting together. Then Tom and I started singing Everly Brothers songs and Stanley Brothers songs together.

We're almost borrowing the music from the audience and playing it back to them.

- John Reilly

At one point I woke up and said, "Instead of having six different musical meetings this week, why don't we all get together and do it as a group?" It turns out that everyone I was playing with at the time had a deep interest in roots music—whether it be bluegrass, or old country, or old folk.

Really, the mission of the band is to hang out with your friends and to keep these old songs alive. And keep playing this music instead of just letting it be a cherished file on your computer—actually go out and experience it with people. We're almost borrowing the music from the audience and playing it back to them.

LV: You're playing some special places on this tour—the Miller Caves in Milwaukee and the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago, Codfish Hollow Barn.

JR: It's not by accident—the first places suggested by the person who books our shows

were standard venues and I said, "let's dig a little deeper." When we played England, Ireland and Scotland we played ancient churches while we were there and we've done that here in San Diego, too. When we play a play a special place it just adds something to the show.

The Miller Caves is going to be a trip—the first time there's ever been a show in there. The barn [at Codfish Hollow] looks amazing—it almost looks like being in the belly of a whale or something! I'm really looking forward to it! This is our first time in the Midwest and I'm really happy to be bringing it back home.

LV: You have two 7" singles on Jack White's Third Man Records—how did you come to do those?

JR: Again, it was [through] *Walk Hard*. Jack White and I had met socially, and when it came time to find someone to play Elvis Presley in *Walk Hard*, I was like, "who is the biggest rock star in the world to me? That's who we should get to play Elvis!" Jack is this incredibly generous, prolific guy and he was like, "any time you want to come down [to Nashville]! I've got a recording studio and you can stay at my house—anything you want to do, man, I'm here!" I pitched him this idea of doing some songs with Tom and Becky and he took right to it. It gave us a reason to go out and tell people about these records. It gave us a big shot in the arm when we kind of needed a little confidence to keep going.

LV: Are you thinking about doing any more recording?

JR: Yeah, definitely! I'm not sure if we'll do it down in Nashville or if we'll do it [in L.A.]. It's a lot harder to get the six or eight of us to record, but we're talking about trying to get that done by the middle of July, if we can, right after we get off of this tour.

LV: So, that will be a selection of the standards you're doing?

JR: Yeah, exactly.

LV: Your Daytrotter session was recorded by huddling around a microphone like they used to do it in the early days.

JR: Yeah, that's pretty much how we do our shows, too. For this tour we're bringing a bunch of voices and a couple of guitars and an upright bass, so, it's going to be a stand around the microphone kind of feel.

LV: I assume that being on tour gives you a completely different schedule to your life than when you're shooting a film. How has the adjustment to performing music live been for you?

JR: Oh, I like it. I like the rock star life (laughs). Or, at least the touring musician life, you know? Get to sleep in a little bit, roll out and get a cup of coffee, then start drivin'. I actually love to drive.

I really like playing music—there is an immediate connection between you and the audience and it's one of the reasons I love doing plays, too. This really is a labor of love. We're certainly not making any money doing it, and I don't really need to get any more famous. The whole point of doing this is to keep these songs alive and to have an experience with the audience the night of the show. I hope people will show up and will be pleasantly surprised if they don't know what we're up to. **lv**

Michael Roeder is a self-proclaimed "music savant." When he's not writing for Little Village he blogs at www.playbsides.com.



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ROUNDING THE BASES ABROAD

As summer dawns, American sports fans begin to drift into a sort of happy languor as they pursue the time-honored rituals of the national pastime. Between the point at which Cubs fans recognize that their team's hopes are exclusively mathematical and the hoopla of the mid-July all-star break, early season excitement flattens into the more relaxed appreciation of the beautiful game and its slow, methodical pace. We start to recognize the stoic rhythms that define baseball as the day-to-day reality of the longest season in professional sports starts to set its grip. This might be a good time, then, to broaden our horizons beyond 42 and consider some baseball films from outside the United States.

As every critic is obliged to point out, American sports films are [still] almost universally about redemption and sports as a form of social and moral healing. So too were the Japanese *supotsu-mono*, or youth sports stories of the postwar period. Imagine the similar need for redemption, the restoration of traditional values and the sheer distraction from global events that Japanese filmgoers of the 1950s might reasonably have felt. Typical sports films of this genre were opportunities for handsome young actors to play heroic though unchallenging roles in traditional Japanese sports as a way to restore confidence in older values and also to impose older aspects of Japanese culture onto the rapidly changing modernity of 1950s Japan.

Into this context, Masaki Kobayashi drops *I Will Buy You* (1956), which has recently been

re-released by Criterion as part of the box set *Against the System*. Far from uplifting, this film is a dark and turbulent moral struggle for Kishimoto, an increasingly corrupt scout for the Toyo Flowers who is pursuing Kurita, a rising college star being sought by all the major professional teams.

I Will Buy You is only ostensibly about baseball. Kobayashi is more interested in the behind-the-scenes business of baseball, filled with deceit, bribery, family conflict, infidelity and an absurd amount of money. Absent is much sense of redemption or on-field heroics; the tension builds not to a last at bat in the ninth, but rather to the day when Kurita is to make his final decision and sign a professional contract. On the train to Kurita's rural family home, Kishimoto looks around at his fellow scouts and adversaries, unblinking in his assessment: "A fox, a weasel, a snake and a worm ... look at them: no brawn, all cunning. It's the showdown, but when the night is over, a barely 20-year-old student will become a millionaire. What's going on here?"

Kobayashi's film is beautifully shot in heavy shadow, largely at night, where the game is played not on green grass but in smoky offices, dark cafes and cocktail lounges. It features Keiji Sada and a great performance by Yunosuke Ito as Kurita's slimy, ulcer-addled agent.

A somewhat more uplifting view of the game comes from Jeffrey Nagel's documentary *The Bases are Loaded*, which both tells some of the story of Cuban baseball and highlights



a reunion between Connie Marrero, the oldest living Major League player, and Hall of Famer Monte Irwin in Havana in 2006. Both men played for the Alamedraes Club of Havana in the late '40s and both would have taken batting practice from a young warm-up pitcher named Fidel Castro. The same Fidel Castro, trading baseball stirrups for fatigues, would ban commercial baseball following his successful revolution of 1959 and immediately begin funneling state resources into the various Cuban Amateur Leagues around the country. Marrero served as a link between professional players

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Hamlet by William Shakespeare
directed by Kristin Horton

The School for Scandal
by Richard Brinsley Sheridan
directed by Theodore Swetz

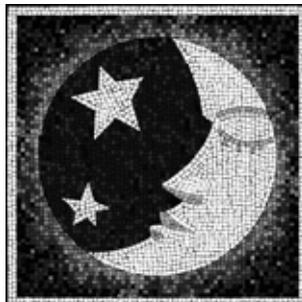

RIVERSIDE
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formerly playing for corporate-sponsored teams and the new era of post-revolutionary baseball in Cuba.

The film's teaser is "divided by politics; united by baseball," and indeed the film does a good job of contrasting the under-resourced version of baseball in Cuba and the posher, heavily corporatized version we play here. But not all of these differences are economic: In Cuban parks, for example, there is a fifth inning coffee break instead of a seventh inning stretch. Nagel also focuses on how American politics and the Helms-Burton Act have limited the growth of Cuban baseball, denying resources and equipment that might help it grow.

The film is inescapably sentimental, but Nagel does a believable job of highlighting the importance of baseball to the Cuban national culture. And, for baseball romantics, seeing the provincial parks in Cuba without



[The Bases are Loaded] does a good job of contrasting the under-resourced version of baseball in Cuba and the posher, heavily corporatized version we play here.

advertising smeared over the outfield walls or the indignities of the "Kiss-Cam," so familiar to American fans, may be rather refreshing.

As the most historic of our sports continues to lose ground to football, basketball and pay-per-view atrocities like extreme fighting, American baseball fans may at least take comfort that in cinema cultures beyond our shores, moviegoers can still swing for the fences. **IV**

Warren Sprouse teaches in Cedar Rapids. He thinks that LeBron James might make a pretty good designated hitter if the basketball thing doesn't work out.

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ART

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Everything Old is New Again

In the planning stages for Riverside Theatre in the Park, which began on June 14 and runs through July 7, the production team had to devise a way to make the classic plays of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1599) and Richard Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* (1777) vibrant for contemporary audiences and also different from other recent versions.

Actors Christopher Peltier and Eliza Stoughton, who play Hamlet and Ophelia, respectively, were not daunted by the work before them. They have not only played these tragic roles before—they portrayed them in the same production, last year with Montana Shakespeare in the Parks.

After touring with *Hamlet* for 75 shows in 59 cities, Peltier and Stoughton feel that their experience has given them unique benefits for playing their characters again with Riverside. Peltier notes, "You know the lines to start with. For Hamlet, that is huge. I can start playing around in rehearsal immediately." While

this seems like an obvious advantage, it is an important one for Hamlet because the character has around 1,500 lines. (This is about 40 percent of the total lines in the script.)

Stoughton is excited to have the opportunity to continue to grow the character of Ophelia. "I was so happy with what I did last time, and now I can go further. I can play Ophelia again, but more 'grown up.'" Peltier and Stoughton both said that they now have an established vocabulary for working with each other, which makes communication easier.

Peltier and Stoughton also acknowledge the challenge of having to play the characters in a new production. They risk falling into old habits, and Peltier has to ask himself, "Am I doing this because it's the right choice, or because it is something I've done before?" The Montana Shakespeare in the Parks production set *Hamlet* in the 1920's a la *The Great Gatsby*, while Riverside's production takes place in 1599. The Montana production also

had a cast of young actors, while the Riverside production casted actors who are roughly the same ages as their characters, which Peltier feels adds "more depth" to the show.

Each director also focuses on different themes in each play. *Hamlet* director Kristin Horton edited this version of the play herself, and Stoughton feels that under Horton's direction, "Everyone is motivated by love, which is a wonderful place to come from." Horton

"The silhouettes for women are a real challenge. It's the grotesque caricatures versus real humans."

—Lauren Roark, Costume Designer
in *The School for Scandal*



Photos by Rachel Jessen

also focuses on grief, posing the question, “What happens when you suppress the need to grieve?”

Peltier and Stoughton also have roles in *The School for Scandal*. Director Theodore Swetz conducts rehearsals with such depth that they feel like they are participating in a “master class” in Restoration comedy—a term covering English comedies written between 1660 and 1685 and revived in the late 18th Century, and a genre with which most contemporary actors have little experience. These types of comedies satirize social customs and often involve scandalous behavior. In this style, the acting is very presentational and exaggerated, with almost no “fourth wall” separating the actors and audience.

In *The School for Scandal*, the costumes are as outrageous as the acting style. Costume designer Lauren Roark took her inspiration from clothing styles of the 1780s. The women’s dresses are based on the polonaise, a style that involved a large full skirt that has ruffles and ruching to reveal an underskirt or petticoat, as well as a hemline that is short enough to expose shoes and ankles. Roark said, “The silhouettes for women are a real challenge. It’s

Hamlet director Kristin Horton

edited this version of the play herself

... under her direction, “Everyone

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the grotesque caricatures versus real humans.”

For inspiration, Roark went to libraries to find images and articles from the time period. In particular, she thought that diaries and political cartoons were useful for this production—diaries describe what people really wore, while political cartoons provide the exaggeration necessary for a comedy. She also worked carefully on the color combinations, saying, “I was picking colors that emphasize humor and grotesque character distortions. What odd combinations can I pick that are ‘on the edge of too much?’”

Roark and director Swetz worked together on the costumes at the University of Missouri-Kansas City, where Swetz is head of the acting program and Roark is in her third year of

the Master of Fine Arts program in Theatrical Costume Design and Technology. For six weeks, Swetz and the production team designed the production concept, checking in with Roark once a week on the costumes. After sketching the costumes Roark oversaw their construction, including going to Hong Kong to construct the menswear. She enjoyed the experience, saying, “I got to learn different customs and ways people work.”

Ultimately, Roark’s comment can apply to the entirety of Riverside Theatre in the Park for the actors and production team. Though the plays have been performed many times, the people involved ensure that everybody can always learn something new.

Due to flooding in City Park, Riverside Theatre at the Park has been relocated to West High Auditorium, 2901 Melrose Ave. For information on showtimes, ticket prices, location and accessibility, visit riversidetheatre.org. **IV**

Jorie Slodki earned her MA in Theatre Research from University of Wisconsin, Madison, and has past experience in acting, directing and playwrighting.

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

Calendar

Art/Exhibitions

JUNE 28 THROUGH JULY 12

New Works by Kyle Carpenter

Akar Design, Free

THROUGH OCT. 6

No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH OCT. 27

Read My Pins: The Madeleine Albright Collection

National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free

THROUGH JUNE 28

The Untitled Bombsite Project: Jonathan Rattner & Jill Baker

Public Space One, Free

THROUGH JUNE 30

Animals Among Us

Faulconer Gallery, Free

THROUGH JULY 7

Trunk Show Exhibition! Elizabeth Garvin

Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free

THROUGH JULY 20

Pieces and Resistance: Art Quilts of Pat Pauly

Iowa Artisans Gallery, Free

THROUGH JULY 28

Native Kids Ride Bikes

Black Box Theater, Iowa Memorial Union, UI campus, Free

THROUGH AUG. 25

Questionable Architecture: Terry Rathje in Collaboration with Steve Banks and Monica Correia

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH SEPT. 15

Bertha Jaques: Eye on the World

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free

THROUGH SEPT. 28

Frank Lloyd Wright: The Bogk House Drawings

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH SEPT. 29

From Houdini to Hugo: The Art of Brian Selznick

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free

Beyond the Classroom

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH SEPT. 8

From a Distance

Faulconer Gallery, Free

American POP! Selections from the CU Art Museum Collection

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH JAN. 23, 2014

Taking Shape: Recent Acquisitions in the Fine Art of Craft

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free

THROUGH MAR. 9, 2014

Eye on UI Faculty: Byron Burford, Stuart Edie, and James Lechay

Figge Art Museum, Free

THROUGH APRIL 6, 2014

A Legacy for Iowa

Figge Art Museum, Free

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On the Beat

STEVE CROWLEY

LIVE MUSIC

Cursive w. Digital Leather // The Mill // June 20 // 9 p.m. // \$15

I know I'm not alone in saying Cursive will always have a place in my heart. They emerged when indie rock was a big deal. Anyone who was anyone was paying attention to Omaha's Saddle Creek Records. If you haven't listened to 2003's *The Ugly Organ*, go do it now and you'll start to understand what I'm saying. Whether it's political cynicism, religious skepticism or being frustrated with his own art, front man Tim Kasher picks a topic and sticks with it for the duration of an album.

The word emo frequently arises in discussion about the band, and rightfully so. Their lyrics can get pretty darn bleak, but even those who cringe when they hear someone say "emo music" can get behind Cursive (I probably fall into this category). The songs rock and Kasher's knack for arrangement and unique instrumentation set Cursive apart from anyone else making "emo" or "indie rock" music. Opening this one will be Digital Leather from

Arizona. This new wavy project was highly endorsed and briefly managed by the late Jay Reatard. They're pretty awesome.

>> Sonny & the Sunsets w. Brooks Strause Englert // June 22 // 8 p.m. // \$15

San Francisco musician/playwright/artist, Sonny Smith is a busy guy doing a lot of interesting stuff. Smith's personal short stories and plays were noticed by *Watchword* literary magazine in 2003, and he was commissioned to write a series of one act plays. He has since worked to combine elements of theater with his musical performance.

Perhaps his most impressive project was called *100 Records*, in which he created 100 fake bands, all with fictional and unique personas. He then paired up 100 visual artists with the fake bands and asked them to create an album cover for their given "band." Once the album covers were submitted, Smith wrote an A and a B side for each fake album cover/band (yes, that's 200 songs total). The exhibit has been displayed at Gallery 16 in San Francisco and Cinders in Williamsburg. Sonny & the Sunsets is Smith's live music outlet and demonstrates a superb sensibility

Calendar

Music

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Rusty Maples w. Chasing Shade

Yacht Club, \$5, 10:00 p.m.

Cursive

The Mill, \$15, 9:00 p.m.

Dick Watson Trio

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 7:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

Drake and Johnson

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8:00 p.m.

Dan DiMonte and the Bad Assettes

Yacht Club, \$5, 10:00 p.m.

Red Meat

Gabe's, \$8, 10:00 p.m.

Ark Life

Englert Theatre, \$10-12, 8:00 p.m.

Rock Wars: Battle of the Bands Round 1

featuring 45 on High vs Item 9 & The Mad

Hatters

Redstone Room (Davenport), \$3, 8:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

Saturday Night Music: Flying Dingleberries

Uptown Bill's, Free, 7:00 p.m.

ABE

Gabe's, \$5, 10:00 p.m.

Sonny & The Sunsets

Englert Theatre, \$15, 8:00 p.m.

The Smawpad Trio

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23

Silk/Slag w. Alex Body

Gabe's, Free, 9:00 p.m.

Ghost Town

Blue Moose Tap House, \$10-12, 6:00 p.m.

Styx

Paramount Theatre (Cedar Rapids), \$49-75, 7:30 p.m.

Third Sunday Jazz presents Edmar Castaneda

Redstone Room (Davenport), \$10-15, 6:00 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

The Mowgli's

Gabe's, \$12, 9:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Dent May

The Mill, \$8, 9:00 p.m.

Dan Knight Farewell Concert

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$10, 7:30 p.m.

Merle Haggard

Paramount Theatre (Cedar Rapids), \$35-55, 8:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

Torres w. Lady Lamb the Beekeeper

Gabe's, \$8, 9:00 p.m.

Finnders and Youngberg

The Mill, \$10, 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

The Candymakers w. Firesale and Rude Punch

The Mill, \$7, 9:00 p.m.

Tom Nothnagle

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 7:00 p.m.

An Evening with the Portland Cello Project

Redstone Room (Davenport), \$12-15, 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

The O'My's

Yacht Club, \$6, 10:00 p.m.

mewithoutYou w. Rocky Votolato

Gabe's, \$15, 9:00 p.m.

Dennis McMurrin

The Mill, \$7, 8:00 p.m.

Paula Cole

Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), \$25-30, 8:00 p.m.



Photos by Chloe Affel

for retro pop-rock. This show will feature on-stage seating and tickets are limited to 100, so get on it.

#daddyhoffsblockparty // College Green Park // June 29 // Noon – 10 p.m. // Free

LV Weekender authority, Josh “Daddyhoff” Hoffman was talking about #daddyhoffsblockparty (and yes, that’s the official title) when there was snow on the ground. He wanted

to have all of his favorite Iowa bands play, rent a bounce castle, eat food and hang out with his best buds before his big move away from Iowa City. I don’t think anyone was really sure if he was serious, and if he was serious, would he have the drive or resources to follow through?

It turns out the answer to both of those questions was “yes.” While the idea began as a “going away party,” it has evolved into a full on celebration of Iowa City and its vibrant music and art. The mini-fest will feature nearly 20 bands on a full sized stage at College Green Park. In addition to the music there will be a craft fair, mixtape trade, a bounce castle, a dunk tank and maybe more fun outdoor novelties depending on how much money he can raise on Kickstarter. The park has many grills, so bring grilling materials if you wish (no alcohol allowed in the park). The event is free, all ages and open to the public.

Seldom Seen Festival // Monmouth, IA // June 28 – 29 // \$15

Seldom Seen Festival has been around for a few years now, but this year they’ve really turned on the heat. The two day music, literature and arts festival takes place on a farm in rural Monmouth, IA. It’s a beautiful scene, really—dirt roads, rolling hills, music, art, bonfires, yoga, good food, etc. The festival is a celebration of Iowa art and culture, so most of the lineup consists of local talent, though there are a few excellent regional acts thrown in for good measure (definitely check out PHOX from Wisconsin). Recent Iowa City emigrants, Brian Johannesen (Grand Tetons) and Alexis Stevens will make the trip from Nashville to play a set as well. While this column mostly deals with music, Seldom Seen is divided pretty equally between its main categories. **lv**

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.

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

Calendar

Steve Grismore

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8:00 p.m.

Rock Wars: Battle of the Bands Round 2
featuring **The Atlantis Dialogue vs Dynoride**
Redstone Room (Davenport), \$3, 8:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

Saturday Night Music: Pennies on the Rail
Uptown Bill's, Free, 7:00 p.m.

319 Fest Battle of the Bands
Gabe's, \$5, 8:00 p.m.

Stuart Davis

The Mill, \$10-12, 9:00 p.m.

Jose Gobbo's Jazz and Bossa Nova

Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), Free, 8:00 p.m.

Rock Camp USA Concert - Session 2

Redstone Room (Davenport), \$5, 12:00 p.m.

Tracing Footsteps: A Journal of Music, Photography, and Tales of the Road

Redstone Room (Davenport), \$20-25, 8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

Shantel Leitner w. William Danger Ford

Gabe's, Free, 9:00 p.m.

Hey Marseilles

Legion Arts (Cedar Rapids), \$15-18, 7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

A Night with Emil Viklický and Special Guest Scott Robinson

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library, \$12-15, 7:00 p.m.

Mobile Death Camp featuring members from GWAR

Gabe's, \$7, 9:00 p.m.

Firecracker 500 Festival 2013

The Mill, \$10, 8:00 p.m.

MONDAYS

Open Mic w. J. Knight

The Mill, Free, 8:00 p.m.

TUESDAYS

Lower Deck Dance Party

Yacht Club, \$1, 10:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS

Free Jam Session

Yacht Club, Free, 10:00 p.m.

THURSDAYS

Gemini Karaoke

Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 9:00 p.m.

Soulshake

Gabe's, Free, 10:00 p.m.

Open Mic

Uptown Bill's, Free, 7:00 p.m.

FRIDAYS

Strictly Vinyl

Gabe's, Free, 10:00 p.m.

Free Bass Dance Party

Blue Moose Tap House, Free, 9:00 p.m.

Theatre

JUNE 21 - JULY 2

The School for Scandal

West High Auditorium, Iowa City, \$18-40

JUNE 25 - JULY 3

Hamlet

West High Auditorium, Iowa City, \$18-40

JUNE 27-29

Bad Seed-Iowa Summer Rep

Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, \$13-26

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

The Audience

Englert Theatre, \$15-18, 7:00 p.m.

THROUGH JUNE 29

Diary of Worm Spider and Fly

Old Creamery Theatre (Amana), \$18-27.50

THROUGH JUNE 30

Cookin' With Gus

Old Creamery Theatre (Amana), \$18-27.50

THROUGH AUG. 17

Oma Tales

Iowa Theatre Artists Company (Amana), \$10-22

Literature

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Art Lover's Book Club - Maus: A Survivor's

Tale: My Father Bleeds History

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 4:00 p.m.

Doug Goetsch—Writing from the Three Selves

Biology Building East, Free, 11:00 a.m.

Karen Bender reading

Prairie Lights, Free, 8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

Wenonah Hauter reading

Prairie Lights, Free, 7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

John Murillo and Abdel Aal reading

Prairie Lights, Free, 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

Andrew Sean Greer

Prairie Lights, Free, 7:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

JD Daniels reading

Prairie Lights, Free, 7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS

Spoken Word

Uptown Bill's, Free, 7 p.m.

Cinema

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Stoker

Bijou Theatre, \$3-7, 8:00 p.m.

JUNE 21 - 27

To the Wonder

Bijou Theatre, \$3-7, 8:00 p.m.

Comedy

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

That Time of The Month - Comedy Show

Penguin's Comedy Club, \$5, 7:30 p.m.

JUNE 21 - 22

Uncle Lar

Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12.5, 7:30 p.m.

JUNE 28 - 29

Dan Chopin

Penguin's Comedy Club, \$12.5, 7:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

Blue Moose Comedy Showcase

Blue Moose Tap House, \$5, 9:00 p.m.

MONDAYS

Catacombs of Comedy

Yacht Club, \$3, 9:00 p.m.

THURSDAYS

The Everyone Gets Laid Comedy Show

Gabe's, \$3, 8:00 p.m.

Kids

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Grades 5 & 6 Program

Coralville Public Library, Free (Registration Required), 1:00 p.m.

Life Sized Candy Land

Coralville Public Library, Free (Registration Required), 7:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

Den Děti- Children's Day

National Czech and Slovak Museum and Library, Free, 10:00-1:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Doodlebugs Preschool Program - Ella Sarah

Gets Dressed

Marion Public Library, Free, 10:45 a.m.

Pre K and K Program

Coralville Public Library, Free (Registration Required), 10:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

Grades 1-4 Program

Coralville Public Library, Free (Registration Required), 1:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

Grades 1-4 Program

Coralville Public Library, Free (Registration Required), 1:00 p.m.

Teen Screenz: Hugo

Coralville Public Library, Free, 3:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

Doodlebugs Preschool Program - No, David!

Hiawatha Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

STEM Family Free Night

Iowa Children's Museum, Free, 5:00 p.m.

Kid's Talent Show

PS-Z, Free, 6:00 p.m.

JUNE 17 - 21

Take Flight Summer Camp

Iowa Children's Museum, 9:00-4:00 p.m.

JUNE 24 - 28

Showstoppers Summer Camp

Iowa Children's Museum, 9:00-4:00 p.m.

JULY 1 - 3

Time Machine Summer Camp

Iowa Children's Museum, 9:00-4:00 p.m.

TUESDAYS

Kids Science Club

PS-Z, Free, 5:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS

Kids Comics Club

PS-Z, Free, 5:00 p.m.

Kids Film Club

PS-Z, Free, 5:00 p.m.

THURSDAYS

Summer with Selznick: Library Story Time at the CRMA

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:30 p.m.

Art Adventure: Clay Play!

Iowa Children's Museum, Free, 3:30 p.m.

Wee Read

Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:15 and 11:15 a.m.

Kids Glee Club

PS-Z, Free, 5:00 p.m.

FRIDAYS

Friday Craftafternoons

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 1:00 p.m.

SATURDAYS

Family Storytime

Coralville Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.

Misc.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

Red White and Boom! Watch Party
Figge Art Museum, Free, 6:00-11:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

ICDD Celebration Event
Englert Theatre, Free, 5:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

Heather U & Andy A's Birthday Bash
The Mill, Free, 8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23

Paperback Rhino Rehearsal
PS-Z, Free, 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

Performance Poetry Rehearsal
Public Space One, Free, 6:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Live TV Broadcast: Tom's Guitar Show
Uptown Bill's, Free, 6:00 p.m.
Historic Foodies
PS-Z, Free, 6:00 p.m.
Freedom Festival Balloon Glow
Brucemore Mansion, Free, 7:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

PechaKucha Night
Figge Art Museum, Free, 5:30 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

The Power of Play Golf Outing
Finkbine Golf Course, \$100
Tahitian Party
Brucemore Mansion, \$60, 6:30 p.m.
Old Capitol City Roller Girls Home Bout
Coralville Marriot Convention Center, \$10-13

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

Papergirl Project Workshop Figge Art Museum
\$5 Materials Fee, 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

Michael Jackson Dance Extravaganza!
PS-Z, Free, 6:00 p.m.

MONDAY, JULY 1

Fourth of July Special Event
Uptown Bill's Free 12:00-2:00 p.m.
Spain Paired Course Dinner
Mendoza Wine Bar (Coralville), 6:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 2

Slices: Performance and Pie
Uptown Bill's, Free, 7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

Curator Sean Ulmer on Bertha Jaques: Eye on the World
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, Free, 12:15 a.m.

JUNE 28 - 29

Seldom Seen Festival 2013
Monmouth, IA, \$15-20 (Englert Box Office)

JULY 1 - 3

Slaughter Song tech rehearsal
PS-Z, Free

MONDAYS

Kids Drama Club
PS-Z, Free, 6:00 p.m.

MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS

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

SUNDAYS

Pub Quiz – Sunday Funday
The Mill, \$1, 9:00 p.m.

Venues

Akar 257 East Iowa Ave., Iowa City, (319) 351-1227, akardesign.com
Beadology 220 East Washington St., Iowa City, (319) 338-1566, beadologyiowa.com
Bijou Cinema The University of Iowa, 166-B Iowa Memorial Union, Iowa City, (319) 335-3041, bijou.uiowa.edu
Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, (319) 358-9206, bluemooseic.com
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art 410 3rd Ave. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 366-7503, crma.org
Coralville Center for the Performing Arts 1301 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-9370, coralvillearts.org
Coralville Public Library 1401 5th St., Coralville, (319) 248-1850, coralvillepubliclibrary.org
Englert 221 East Washington Street, Iowa City, (319) 688-2653, englert.org
Figge Art Museum 225 West Second St., Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeart.org
FilmScene Starlite Cinema - Festival Stage, City Park, Iowa City, icfilmscene.org
First Avenue Club 1550 South First Ave., Iowa City, (319) 337-5527, firstavenueclub.com
Frank Conroy Reading Room The University of Iowa, Dey House, 507 N. Clinton, Iowa City
Gabe's 330 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-9175, icgabes.com
Hancher Auditorium (Space Place Theater) The University of Iowa, North Hall, 20 W. Davenport St., Iowa City, (319) 335-1160, hancher.uiowa.edu
Iowa Artisans Gallery 207 East Washington St., Iowa City (319) 351-8686, iowa-artisans-gallery.com
Iowa Childrens Museum 1451 Coral Ridge Ave., Coralville, (319) 625-6255, theicm.org
Iowa City Public Library 123 South Linn Street, Iowa City, (319) 356-5200 icpl.org
Iowa Theatre Artists Company 4709 220th Trl, Amana, (319) 622-3222 iowatheatreartists.org
Johnson County Fairgrounds 4265 Oak Crest Hill Road Southeast, Iowa City, (319) 337-5865, johnsoncofair.com
Legion Arts (CSPS) 1103 3rd St. Southeast, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org

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.org
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, pszic.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.org
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, theatre.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, uiowa.edu/mnh
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

How many houseflies would it take to lift me?

I weigh 110 pounds. How many trained houseflies it would take to lift me?

—Tanya Wilson

So what's the deal, Tanya? You're in Cincinnati bound for Newark, and they just announced a four-hour delay for your flight? No matter, this is the Straight Dope. We promised the parole board we'd abide by the laws of physics, but within those fairly broad parameters, we'll see what we can do.

As always, we'll take it step by step:

1. I can't say I was all that surprised to learn this, but scientists have determined experimentally how much a housefly can lift. It's about 10 milligrams, or about 22 millionths of a pound. That may not sound like much, but it's an impressive 50 percent of a fly's body weight—you try picking up 55 pounds and flying off under your own steam.

2. We know it's possible to harness fly lifting power because of an inventive and evidently somewhat disturbed aircraft modeler named Frank Ehling, who constructed tiny balsa-wood-and-tissue-paper airplanes powered by houseflies. He would catch one or more flies and stun (or freeze) them, dab glue on their rear ends, and stick them to the plane. When the flies recovered (or warmed up), they buzzed away, pulling the little planes aloft. Two of these aircraft currently reside in the Smithsonian.

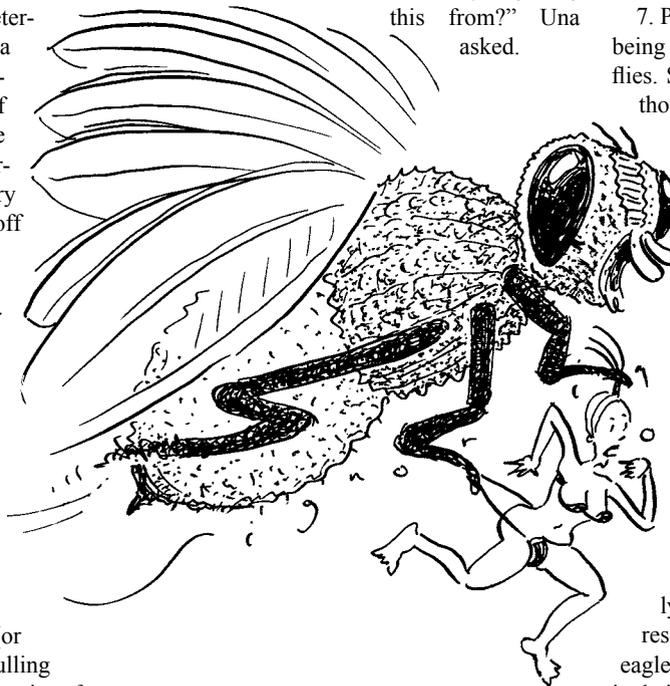
3. Practical problems now intrude. Dividing 110 pounds by the lift of a housefly, we find you'd need five million of the insects to lift you off the ground. Not finding this a pleasant visual, Tanya? Hey, it was your idea. The more pressing question is, how will they hold on to you? Assuming a surface area of 17.2 square feet for the average adult woman and a quarter square inch of gripping surface needed per fly, you can only have 39,680 flies sitting on you at one time.

Either flies will have to sit on top of flies (which won't work, since all but the outermost

flies won't be able to use their wings), or you'll need to have numerous tiny filaments glued to your body and yoked to sufficient flies to get you airborne. My assistants Una and Fierra initially proposed using 14-pound-test nylon fishing line and concluded the job was impossible, since the weight of the line would exceed the lifting strength of the flies.

"You knuckleheads," I said. "Fishing line is too bulky. You want spider silk. It's five times as strong as an equal weight of steel, and the amount needed to circle the earth would weigh less than 500 grams."

"Where are you getting this from?" Una asked.



"Wikipedia," I said.

"You said not to use Wikipedia."

"I said *you* couldn't use Wikipedia. You're the engineer. I can use Wikipedia. I'm the big-picture guy."

"Where are we going to get enough spider silk, and how are we going to tie it around five million flies?" asked Fierra.

"We'll leave that to the contractor," I said. "All we have to do is write the spec."

4. The two returned to their spreadsheets. Assuming spider silk weighs 500 grams per 24,075 miles, they calculated you'd need 4,989,542 flies to take flight.

5. We suspect you're thinking better of this. Shall we try bumblebees? Each can lift about 252 millionths of a pound, about ten times as much as a housefly. Total requirement: 437,240 bees.

6. However, some people make it a priority to avoid being surrounded by vast swarms of bees, and perhaps you're one of them. Better idea: monarch butterflies. Each can carry about 1.7 thousandths of a pound, meaning 65,644 should suffice.

7. Personally I'm charmed at the thought of being conveyed through the heavens by butterflies. Saddling them up would be slow work, though, so let's consider some brawnier candidates:

- Rufous-tailed hummingbirds. Lift capacity about a hundredth of a pound—10,610 needed.

- House sparrows. Lift capacity 3.7 times greater—2,910 needed.

- Jamaican fruit bats. Lift capacity nearly an ounce, 1,915 needed. At some point surely we'll need to switch back to nylon fishing line. We'll let the critter wranglers worry about when.

- Common pigeons. Lift about a quarter pound, 441 needed.

- Bald eagles. Lift capacity approximately 4.5 pounds, 25 needed, although the research department speculates that if the eagles didn't have to take off with you already in their clutches but could instead be trained to swoop down in formation and snatch you up on the wing, you might be able to get by with 16. I make no promises. I merely observe that if eagles were good enough for Gandalf, they ought to be good enough for you. —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 Store.

Curses, Foiled Again

• A police officer stopped a car for a traffic violation in Clayton, Mo., and asked driver Joseph Meacham, 39, to step out. Meacham obliged but then shoved the officer and fled on foot. He ducked into a building, which turned out to be St. Louis County police headquarters. After Meacham was arrested at gunpoint, Officer Corey Golcynski noted, "It appears the subject had no idea where he was going." (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

• Fugitive Dennis Gholston, 45, attracted the attention of New Jersey State Police by driving alone on the New Jersey Turnpike's high-occupancy-vehicle lane, which requires vehicles to have three occupants. Sgt. Adam Grossman said troopers searched the car after smelling marijuana and found 410 decks of heroin. A records check uncovered fugitive and traffic warrants. (*Newark's The Star-Ledger*)

More Woes

The United Nations is considering a ban on killer robots. Calling them "lethal autonomous robotics," or LARs, a draft report for the U.N.'s Human Rights Commission by Christof Heyns, a South African professor of human rights law, urges a worldwide moratorium on "testing, production, assembly, transfer, acquisition, deployment and use" of robots that can attack targets without human input, until an international conference can develop rules for their use. The report says the United States, Britain, Israel, South Korea and Japan have developed various fully or partially autonomous weapons. (*The Canadian Press*)

An End to Doughnut Breaks

Police in Lowell, Mass. agreed to allow global-positioning systems in patrol cars to track officers. The Lowell Patrolmen's Union had expressed concerns about the GPS devices being used to discipline officers found not to be where they're supposed to, but the union agreed to their implementation in exchange for a retroactive 0.25 percent hike in base pay. The city pays for the GPS units with money seized during drug arrests. (*Lowell Sun*)

Things That Go Boom — and Don't

• A 19-year-old man carrying what Houston police called a "combustible mixture" intending to "blow up turtles" suffered severe injuries to his hand, lower extremities and face after he accidentally detonated the materials. Investigators said the teenager lit a cigar, whose ashes fell near the pocket carrying the explosive cartridges and ignited them. (*Houston Chronicle*)

• Authorities said Leonard Burdek, 50, walked

into the Teacher Standards and Practices Commission offices in Salem, Ore., carrying a pressure cooker with wires sticking out and claimed it was a bomb. He told Executive Director Vickie Chamberlain and the receptionist that he tried to blow up the agency's outside sign because of a misspelling (a "d" was missing from "and" in the agency's name), but the bomb didn't work. After discussing the bomb's failure to detonate, Burdek complained that the instructions he downloaded to make it also had misspellings. He left after an employee called police, who found him nearby. Noting the pressure cooker wasn't a bomb, police Lt. Dave Okada said, "It looks like he was just trying to get attention." (*Salem's Statesman Journal*)

Why They Call It Dope

Oscar Ramiro Ortega-Hernandez, 22, drove more than 2,000 miles from Idaho Falls to Washington, D.C., and fired as many as eight shots at the White House, according to prosecutors, who said after his arrest that Ortega-Hernandez "expressed anger towards the government regarding the continued criminalization of marijuana," which he acknowledged smoking and claimed makes people more intelligent. (*Associated Press*)

Adding Insult to Injury

Police said a man who found an intruder in his garage in Boonville, Ind., chased the man off with a shovel, then addressed the thief on Craigslist: "How does it feel to get whacked with a long handle shovel by an old man, not once, but twice? If you want to try again, come on back." (*Evansville's WFIE-TV*)

Double Jeopardy

Scott Ferguson resigned as mayor of Oakland, Tenn., following reports that he has two wives. "I decided to resign because I have not been true to my wife, and I have neglected my family," Ferguson, a Church of Christ preacher, said, although it was unclear whether he was referring to his first wife, Laurie, and their four children or to Miguelina Mora, whom he married on Valentine's Day. Mora asked for a divorce or annulment, plus alimony, claiming Ferguson married her fraudulently because he's still married to Laurie Ferguson. (*Memphis' WMC-TV*)

Eco-Fallout

One in five Seattle business owners surveyed blamed a ban on plastic bags for an increase in shoplifting. Typically, shoplifters enter stores with reusable bags containing some merchandise, then add a few items and walk

out. "Across the United States, we have seen these bag bans, and the shoplifting has always had a substantial leap," Jan Gee, president of the Washington Food Industry Association, said, "and so it was not a surprise to us." (*Seattle Weekly*)

It Happens

• The town of Brunete, Spain, reported a 70 percent drop in unscooped poop since it enlisted volunteers to track down dog owners who fail to pick up after their pets. The 20 volunteers patrol the town, and when they observe owners who fail to pick up after their pets, they approach them under the guise of casual conversation to learn the dog's name. They check the name against a pet database to find names and address of the owners and mail the excrement to them in an official box marked "Lost Property." (*Britain's The Telegraph*)

• City officials in Abbotsford, British Columbia, apologized for spraying chicken manure on a makeshift camp to drive away homeless people. After homeless advocate James Breckenridge complained about "the dumbness of using chicken manure in light of bird flu" and the fact that the homeless people wind up tracking the manure "all over the place in the city," city manager George Murray said the city would remove the manure from the site. (*Canada's QMI Agency*)

Slightest Provocation

• Authorities accused Orlando Llorente, 41, of attacking his girlfriend over what he considered false allegations posted on Facebook. According to Miami police official Kenia Reyes, Llorente, a plastic surgeon, waterboarded the 36-year-old woman continuously until she lost consciousness and banged her head on the floor. (*The Miami Herald*)

• Authorities accused barber Timothy Evans, 31, of fatally punching co-worker Michael Alao, 22, after the two argued over a set of broken clippers. Jon Bramble, owner of the barbershop on New York's Staten Island, said the argument was more about respect than it was about the clippers. (*Staten Island Advance*)

Compiled from mainstream news sources by Roland Sweet. Authentication on demand.



King Of The Tramps

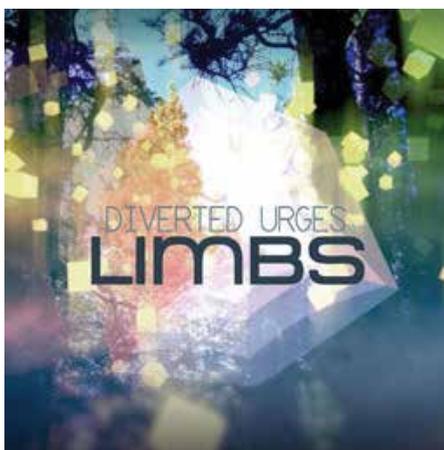
Wicked Mountain
kingofthetramps.com

Before receiving a review copy of *Wicked Mountain* I hadn't even heard of King Of The Tramps' hometown, Auburn, Iowa. It's apparently a 'suburb' of Carroll, Iowa, which is to say it must be vanishingly small--the sort of Iowa town that barely exists and keeps getting smaller. Completely irrelevant to this review, but it's worth visiting auburniowa.net, whose homepage is dominated by a slideshow of a town completely devoid of human habitation. The town motto should be "Auburn: Park Wherever You Like." It's a place where you make your own entertainment or go quietly mad.

Todd Partridge, lead singer and songwriter for King Of Tramps has been bouncing around the Central Iowa roots music scene for almost 20 years, and his singing and songwriting reflect the sort of relaxed prowess that comes from thousands of hours of rehearsal and hundreds of shows. The centerpiece/title song, with its chain-gang theme (and clanking chain beat) is nearly perfect with simple, painfully evocative lyrics ("Climbin' to the

top of Wicked Mountain, locks and chains on my feet") marching beats and a scorching southern-rock coda. This song should still be sung in a hundred years by people with no idea where it came from.

It's hard for the other songs on the album to measure up to that standard, but they're all well-written country rock songs with clever lyrical turns, as on "Jesus Saves" when Todd sings "If Jesus saves, then I'm the devil 'cause I spend all my time with you. If money is the root of all evil, then I must be a saint." It's also clear that King Of The Tramps must be the sort of live band that can demolish any venue. You'll be able to check out their skill as musical arsonists on August 10 at the Yacht Club.



Limbs

Diverted Urges
<http://wearelimbs.com/>

I was a little worried by the first song (past the trippy intro) "Roll Like Down," because it had such a late-90s Matchbox 20/Smashmouth/Sugar Ray sound to it. I could do an entire review-length rant on how much I hate that

THIS SONG SHOULD STILL BE SUNG IN A HUNDRED YEARS BY PEOPLE WITH NO IDEA WHERE IT CAME FROM.

kind of thing. But there's more to Limbs than the tunes they heard in mom's car when they were kids. They also manage to avoid the other godforsaken musical monster of the '90s: rap rock. MC and singer Ty James has the rap thing down, but these guys have cooked up something stranger and more interesting.

There's plenty of synthesizer sounds bubbling in the background, and some definite reggae flavor. But this is the trippier, dubbed-out deep end of Reggae, not the sort of white boy limp Bob Marley worshipping that always kills my buzz. "Never Wrong" has a loping bass line that would get Lee "Scratch" Perry's head nodding and fat, sustained sawtooth wave chords, which break down in the hook to some distorted craziness a la Nine Inch Nails.

"Lid Flip" has some of the loose-jointed funk of Red Hot Chili Peppers, driven by a fat fuzz-guitar hook. My favorite track is the slow, grinding lurch of "Cherry" driven by muffled, grungy drums and a spiky staccato guitar line. Ty James drops the hip-hop cadence to deliver lyrics in a freer spoken word style. The longest track, "Scotoma" leaves off with sound effects and relaxes into a more contemplative mood: "someone please just tell me what's mine if I don't know how I feel?"

Limbs aren't afraid to paint from a wide palette. Despite their obvious hip hop and rock roots, they mix in whatever strikes their fancy, resisting easy pigeonholing. At the same time I think they have what it takes to carry an audience along with them. They aren't afraid of getting weird, but it's never gratuitous. A deep groove with a side of weird? Enough is as much as a feast. **IV**

Kent Williams wants you to know a mol a bord iz nor a bord.

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PUZZLER!

Arcane Brain

HEY THERE, RHYME TIMERS—I'd like to give a special shout out to LV contributor and philosopher extraordinaire Scott Samuelson. This month's rhyme time is dedicated to those famous navel-gazers who took the time to ponder the imponderables and consider the great unknowns. 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.

Make sense? Off you go, then—and remember: You rhyme, therefore you are.

(*Hint—In each game, there is always one answer that is a homonym.) **GOOD LUCK!**

Head Brood

(1, 1)

(Skull, Mull)

Rainer Beginning (2, 1)

Karl Yips (1, 1)

Suppose David (2, 1)

Cogitate Faraway

(2, 2)

(Ponder, _____)

Thomas Jounces (1, 1)

Jean-Jacques Estate (2, 2)

Socratic Pasta (2, 3)

Musing Desistance

(4, 3)

(_____ , _____)

Jaded Soren (1, 3)

Awful Saint (2, 3)

Georg's Rolls (2, 2)

Challenger:

Tired of being known only as the "Father of Classical Liberalism" and ready to pursue his true passion of hairstyling, John, knowing this to be his true calling, proudly unveiled his new salon, which he had eponymously dubbed "(1, 1)."

Last month's answers

Darn Test

(1, 2)

(Damn, Exam)

Academy Ordinance (1, 1)

School Rule

Exercise Expertise (1, 1)

Drill Skill

University Wisdom (2, 2)

College Knowledge

Course Confusion

(1, 2)

(Class, Morass)

Due date Banner (2, 2)

Deadline Headline

Dawdling Base (5, 2)

Procrastination Station

Rank Revealed (1, 2)

Grade Displayed

Last Examination

(2, 2)

(Final, Final)

Term Seclusion (3, 3)

Semester Sequester

Homework Improvement (3, 3)

Assignment Refinement

Wise Pupil (2, 2)

Prudent Student

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).

Shakespearean Criterion

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JAZZ FESTIVAL

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA PENTACREST
DOWNTOWN IOWA CITY

Presented by The University of Iowa Community Credit Union

JULY 5-7, 2013

FREE ADMISSION

Pharoah Sanders

Dr. Lonnie Smith

Fred Hersch Trio

Christian Scott Quintet

Charlie Hunter/Scott Amendola

JD Allen Trio

Sachal Vasandani & the
Iowa Jazz Orchestra

Philip Dizack Quartet

Laranja

United Jazz Ensemble

North Corridor Jazz All Stars

FIREWORKS JULY 5

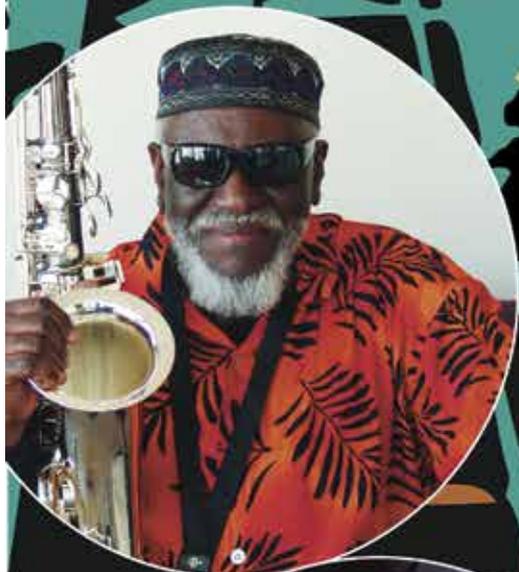
4 Stages

Culinary Row

Beverage Garden

Artist Booths

FUN Zone



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Your Credit Union.



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