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Dear readers:

As a new year gathers, I leave Little Village as owner, publisher, editor and whatever other capacities I’ve served in over the past five years. I leave Little Village in the capable hands of co-editors Alissa Van Winkle and Melody Dworak, as well as long-time designer Andrew Sherburne and our trusty and talented gallery of freelance writers.

Little Village started publishing in the summer of 2001 in response to the formidable vacuum created by the passing of the weekly Icon the year before. While only a monthly and operating on a much smaller scale, the paper rose to the challenge of providing Iowa City an alternative voice and venue. For the record, the idea for Little Village originally came from roots rocker Kelly Pardekooper, who had worked at Icon, along with myself and fellow co-founders Beth Oxler and Andria Green. (And the name for the paper came from Beth’s husband, Dave Zollo, who thought it would be cool to name a paper after an old Sonny Boy Williamson song. It was.).

While braving a few wild days as a bi-monthly (twice a month), Little Village proceeded as a monthly through the departure, first, of Andria and then Beth. A host of dedicated freelance writers, photographers and graphic designers have been the paper’s biggest asset followed by its faithful readers, advertisers and bookkeeper. All along, the mantra has remained...keep it in the service of the small, independent, local...To stay true to the last principle ( alas, I no longer live in Iowa City), I turn the reins over to Alissa and Melody. What will happen next? I’m sure it will be interesting. Keep reading...

Todd Kimm
The Baby Boomers, that post World War II demographic cohort that has been passing like a kidney stone through American society since they came of age in the mid-1960’s, now find themselves facing another sort of 60s altogether—the kind that gets you discounts at chain family restaurants and motels. How “the generation that invented youth” will respond to their senior citizen status remains to be seen. What is certain is that they’ll be dragging the rest of society along for the ride, and it’s likely to be a bumpy one.

The 70-odd million Americans born roughly between 1945 and 1960 have found themselves comfortably at the center of American society practically since birth. As both the products and beneficiaries of the post-war economic boom, their needs and wants were catered to like no other generation’s before or since. In a market driven society, they have literally been the market for most of their lives, their tastes and opinions shaping society in their image through sheer force of their numbers and the consequent concentration of wealth and political clout such numbers bring.

They are, in short, a generation that never had to give up its blanket, and are likely to continue dragging it well into old age. While most cursory examinations of the Boomers (including the ever increasing glut of marketing campaigns aimed at celebrating their new status at the top of the socioeconomic food chain) concentrate on the generation’s ‘60s roots and rebellion, it is worth noting that once the Boomers stopped sticking it to the Man and began to take his place, they ushered in what can only be called an era of diminished expectations as their much vaunted social consciousness gave way to their strong desire for narcissistic self fulfillment. Having enjoyed a fairly easy climb up the social ladder, with many of their expenses charged to society’s tab, the Boomers began to find the expense of maintaining the ladder rungs below them to be an uncomfortable drain on their ability to maintain the lifestyles to which they had become accustomed.

Given these factors, we are unlikely to see the Boomers aging gracefully, and the practical effects of this could get very ugly indeed. Predictably, statistics show that the average Baby Boomer is reacting to aging with a good healthy dose of denial. Asked when “old age” begins, most responded by giving a figure three to five years beyond the average life expectancy. Having founded our national cult of youth, Boomers tend to view the physical signs of aging not as predictable and natural, but as diseases to be treated, an attitude that will likely put increasing stress on our already overburdened health care system and leave other more general health concerns by the wayside in terms of social investment.

While the prospect of a more youthful and vital bunch of senior citizens sounds entirely positive, it is likely to be, economically speaking, a mixed blessing at best. A majority of Boomers surveyed expressed a desire to keep working well into their 70s and 80s, and while the upside of this is that they likely can, the downside is that they’ll likely have to. The sort of defined benefit pension plans that financed the retirements of previous generations are currently crumbling under the weight of an aging population, and for all the press given to IRA accounts, 401k’s, and other mechanisms for retirement savings, less than two-fifths of aging Boomers actually have such savings.

The effects of this are likely to be two-fold. First, in an economy that is barely producing enough new jobs to accommodate those currently entering the work force, the failure of a large number of workers to vacate theirs in what was previously considered a timely fashion will probably depress both employment and income in the future. Second, having been relegated to lower positions as their elders maintain their seniority in higher ones, the work force that must inevitably replace the Boomers are likely to be less experienced and less prepared to take over. They will also likely be burdened with the challenge of picking up the economic tab that the Boomers show no signs of paying—a national debt that they, in fact, are likely to add to in the coming years.

The Baby Boomers have tended to characterize their passages in terms of social revolutions, from the ‘60s through the ‘80s and to the present. Unless and until they can see their way clear to using their accumulated wealth and power to solving some of the problems they are likely to cause—to come up with real and sustainable plans for the country’s future—the next revolution they cause is likely to be by default. At some point in the future, the country may have to take their blankets away, forcibly.

Once the Boomers stopped sticking it to the Man and began to take his place, they ushered in what can only be called an era of diminished expectations as their much vaunted social consciousness gave way to their strong desire for narcissistic self fulfillment.

EC Fish is an Iowa City exile and veteran political columnist. He lives, works, writes and cooks pit barbeque in Northeast Minneapolis, because his sons live there.
So often we hear of the problem of hunger in far flung places like Africa. When I was a child, my grandmother would tell me to clean my plate because “There are starving children in China.” That logic never quite computed for me, but certainly her heart was in the right place. What she meant was: “Don’t waste food.”

It’s a simple enough rule, one we all believe we practice until we take a good, hard, analytical look at our habits. This is most true at restaurants, where the enormous portions that are the norm, especially in the large corporate chains, lead either to overeating or a waste of food, both of which are detrimental not just to that particular restaurant guest, but to us all.

We usually don’t worry about it even when we do see ourselves doing it. If anything, we worry a little about the money we wasted on the food we didn’t eat, rather than about the nutritional value that will benefit no one. That’s pretty normal. It’s a complicated and hidden issue, this problem of hunger here in America, one we tend to turn a blind eye to when it does come up.

Consider this: In 2003, the last year for which statistics are available on this topic, 12.8 percent of the children in Iowa lived in poverty—that’s roughly 200,000 children. We’re below the national average of 17.2 percent, but we’re up two full percentage points from the year before.

On average, for the period 1996 to 1998, 9.7 percent of US households were food insecure, meaning they did not always have access to enough food to meet their basic needs. In 2001, there were 33.6 million Americans who were food insecure.

This is not the kind of gut wrenching starvation we see surrounding Sally Struthers on late night TV commercials, but it is nonetheless a very significant moral, ethical and financial problem, not to mention quite embarrassing for the wealthiest nation the planet has ever seen.

America’s Second Harvest is a nationwide network of certified affiliates, increase public awareness of domestic hunger and advocate for policies that benefit America’s hungry.

You’ve probably seen their certified affiliate here in Iowa City, driving a van around town labeled “Table to Table.” Every day the group participates in the collection and distribution of hundreds—sometimes thousands—of pounds of food from grocery stores and restaurants, giving it to shelters and food banks all over the country.

Recently much of ASH’s efforts have been focused on hunger relief in the regions affected by the recent hurricanes. As of early November, they had delivered 1,744 truckloads of food, over 53 million pounds, that’s 42 million meals, and raised $26 million in earmarked donations to support the efforts of the affiliates in the area.

I hope the holidays find you surrounded by family, friends and fabulous food.

Kurt Michael Friese is Chef Emeritus and co-owner with his wife, Kim, of the Iowa City restaurant Devotay, and serves on the Slow Food USA Board of Governors. He lives in Penn Township. Questions and comments may be directed to Devotay@mchsi.com.

So now it is holiday time and you are looking for that unique gift. Why not make a donation in your loved one’s name to America’s Second Harvest at www.SecondHarvest.org, or straight to Table to Table here in Iowa City at www.table2table-ic.org.
In the constellation of your life in our community, what are your most important places? Your home, your place of employment or education, no doubt are high up there. But where do you go when you’re not tending the home fires or your professional or educational obligations? Where do you go when you want to feel like you’re part of the community? Where do you go when you want to nurture the social bonds that connect you to not only your friends, but also your fellow citizens, all tied together in the web that makes up this place? We’d like to find out and celebrate the best “third place” that the Iowa City area has to offer.

Ray Oldenburg, author of *The Great Good Place*, calls these important places outside of home, work and school “third places.” Don’t mistake the numbering for prioritization. “Third” places are just as important as “first” and “second” places to our society. In its most essential terms, Oldenburg defines “third places” as “informal public gathering places.” The list comprising his book’s subtitle gives a sense of the kinds of places he’s talking about: Cafés, Coffee Shops, Bookstores, Bars, Hair Salons and Other Hangouts at the Heart of a Community. “Third places” could be more public, and even outdoors, too: libraries, parks, pedestrian malls, riverbanks, for example.

The public gathering place has been central to community since at least the time of the ancient Greeks. Athens’ “agora” was the city’s public center for political, commercial, administrative and social activity, as well as its religious and cultural center and the seat of justice. Throughout history, small and large public venues have also served as the nerve centers of culture: the Japanese tea house, the Paris café, the American small town courthouse square, the Irish pub, New York’s Central Park.

These “third places” are more than just entertainment or relaxation venues, though they certainly serve those important functions.

As Ray Oldenburg says, “In cities blessed with their own characteristic form of these Great Good Places, the stranger feels at home—nay, is at home—whereas in cities without them, even the native does not feel at home. Where urban growth proceeds with no indigenous version of a public gathering place proliferated along the way and integral in the lives of the people, the promise of the city is denied. Without such places, the urban area fails to nourish the kinds of relationships and the diversity of human contact that are the essence of the city. Deprived of these settings, people remain lonely within their crowds.”

Pushing this thinking further, we can see how third places are critical not only to a vibrant public culture, but also to democracy. Writers and thinkers like Robert Putnam, author of *Bowling Alone: The Collapse and Revival of American Community*, show us how the strength of public life, including the freedoms we enjoy as equal members of an open and democratic society, depends on strong networks of social interaction. These networks and interactions cannot be effectively formed and solidified without appropriate places for them to happen. Both Oldenburg and Putnam, as well as many others, warn us about the increasing weaknesses threatening American culture, as more and more public—and certain types of private—space conducive to the fundamental social elements of talking and walking is given over to automobile-centric, hyper-privatized and individualized development.

I believe that people naturally crave the kinds of community and social interaction that third places engender. Richard Florida’s ideas about the “creative economy” (*The Rise of the Creative Class* and *The Flight of the Creative Class*) have at their core the idea that people flock to communities that not only offer desirable

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**We Need Nominations**

Nominations will be accepted until March 1, 2006. A committee of representatives from the sponsoring organizations will evaluate them and choose the winner, which will be announced in the April issue of *Little Village*. Please send nominations to “Best Third Place Contest,” c/o *Little Village*, P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, IA 52244 or email little-village@usa.net. No materials will be returned. If you have any questions, please contact me at thomaskdean@hotmail.com.
Feed the Third World; starve farm subsidies

by Andrew Swift

Before I begin, let me first state that I was born and raised in Iowa. Therefore, I certainly know that what I am about to say is blasphemy.

In my constant progressive search for a more equitable world, I have stumbled upon a particular policy Americans hold as sacrosanct, but in actuality is a bane to the further development of the Third World.

The existence of agricultural subsidies is taken for granted in this state, this region and this country. One could also say the rest of the world. Any politician visiting Iowa, hoping to get their name into the minds of those who actually attend our first-in-the-nation caucuses, meander throughout the state preaching their love of those who work in agriculture, and that we as a nation must do more for these brave individuals who still see it as their duty to work the land. I can also say with the utmost certainty that you will hear candidates on the left and right, in their quest to win the governorship in 2006, stressing that we must do more for these hardy souls.

Hogwash.

Those who work in agriculture consist of less than two percent of this country’s population. In our very own state, only a very small percent work in the agricultural sector. These workers barely make three percent of Iowa’s Gross State Product. Nationally, agriculture doesn’t even make up one percent of the United States’ GDP (Gross Domestic Product). In numbers, our $12.373 trillion GDP, only $123 billion is from agricultural production.

Why then does this country continue to lavish money on those who make up such an insignificant portion of our economy, so little as to be relatively worthless?

In fact, agricultural subsidies are directly hurting our economic health. It is indeed unfortunate that both major political parties in our country seem to be devout believers in the value of agricultural subsidies. Individuals, groups, political parties, etc., who leave little room for discussion and debate over a particular policy are undoubtedly closing off many avenues to solving the ills we face.

I am in no way a stringent believer in the school of free market economics. I believe in the value of regulations in our economy to protect our environment and the rights of labor. Still I can say with all the conviction in my heart and mind that reduction—with the intention of eventual elimination—of this country’s agriculture subsidies would bring benefits that would help the entire populace of this nation.

What would this bold proposal cause? Third World agricultural producers will see their profits dramatically increase, as the removal of these subsidies would allow them to sell their products in the biggest markets of the world in a competitive manner, and not at an extreme disadvantage. This in turn will spur economic growth and stimulate fairer and freer trade in the developing world.

By bolstering the economies of the undeveloped world, we will be directly strengthening our own economy. Free trade, by definition, is more valuable when economic conditions in any of the countries in the trade system are improved. The undeveloped world will then have more purchasing power to buy goods this country—and the rest of the world—exports.

How would it affect average Americans? With the removal of these accursed subsidies, and the opening of the agricultural market to more competition, the consumer will see the cash in their pockets dramatically increase. Simple supply and demand economics would see this through.

This idea certainly has its caveats; no theory is entirely correct. All subsidies would have to be reduced, and not just those in targeted sectors. Rather than politics, economics must play a role in this decision. (I wouldn’t want this administration enacting this policy—the possibility to slash environmental protections and rights of labor would be much too tempting for resist.) Certainly, job reeducation programs would have to be enacted wholesale in order to incorporate those needing new areas of work. Other parts of the First World, particularly the European Union, would have to slash their agricultural subsidies as well in order to ensure a truly free market.

Why, then, has neither major party proposed this solution? In short, Democrats and Republicans are cowards. Perhaps three 20th century presidents were bold, innovative thinkers. (Two Roosevelt’s and one Johnson—without Vietnam, LBJ would have been one of the greatest presidents ever. But I digress.) Our electoral system forces those seeking office to compromise real leadership in order to appease certain constituencies and interest groups in order to get elected.

In this case, the domestic interest group stalling the increased economic power of this country is that which continuously demands subsidies for an inefficient sector of our economy. It is widely agreed upon that the world as a whole must improve the plight of those who remain in extreme poverty. Apparently, corporate and family farmers right here in Iowa do not share this same concern.

It is widely agreed upon that the world must improve the plight of those who remain in extreme poverty. Apparently, corporate and family farmers right here in Iowa do not share this same concern.

Andrew Swift is a 20-year-old junior at the UI majoring in Political Science and History. He’s also a second-floor lackey in the Public Library’s reference department and a self-proclaimed political junkie.
Consider: The large population of college students in a town like Iowa City has the tendency to drown out the elements of culture around it. Even the bar culture, which Iowa City is renowned for partaking in, can easily give way to the mundane. Bars lose their distinct atmosphere in order to appease the crowds of students looking for the cheapest novelty mug of suds to drown their inhibitions and hopefully prelude a morning of, at best, proud discomfort.

For a newcomer in search of small-town American culture this can pose a problem. However, there is still a way to navigate through the masses and discover some apple-pie Americana; it’s just a matter of following your ears.

Sunday night brings about a quiet in Iowa City that suggests the “city” part is a misnomer. Walking down Linn Street there is little more noise than the hum of a streetlight, but in the distance there is the unmistakable sound of guitar music. Around the corner lies the source: Hanrahan’s Pub, a local watering hole where the bartender and a few patrons are taking turns at the jukebox.

The clientele rotate between swigs of two dollar Pabst Blue Ribbon pints (what they ever won a ribbon for I have no idea) and wait for that moment when their tune will vibrate through the dense smoke and penetrate the heads of the other regulars—all four of them.

The jukebox is a last vestige of the golden days of small town America. Before WalMart moved in and stole its charm, before rohypnol and binge drinking took the place of high school sweethearts and soda fountains, this jukebox moment when anyone can feel like Alice Cooper popping out of a giant jack-in-the-box as the choral intro to, “Feed My Frankenstein” chimes in, and you know it was your dollar that made it possible.

Jesse, a bartender at Hanrahan’s Pub, seems to have his own personal approach to the jukebox, “Nothing beats an extended Stevie Wonder track to get your money’s worth on a jukebox,” he said.

As he says this, a guy at the end of the bar pipes up and tells about his friend who, as legend has it, once played the whole B-side to Miles Davis’ Bitches Brew.

“Because it’s really only a few tracks,” he says, “you can do the whole thing for under a buck. It’s like 45 minutes of music.”

Of course, the task then is to find a jukebox that carries anything of value.

One of the things that makes jukeboxes so inviting is seeing exactly what is in them. Most have the standard Skynyrd, AC/DC, Best of Country Volume II mix, but occasionally one can be found with more. A jukebox with anything unusual and inspired is like finding a jewel in a toilet. Unfortunately those are the ones that exist in some of the dingiest “cans” in town.

A few minutes walk up Market Street, and two more of these juke joints can be found. George’s Buffet has all the makings of a jukebox refuge. It looks like the place where wallpaper goes to die in patterns of gold lame. The booths seem to have been made out of old, wooden, church pews: high enough to block out all non-essential light and deep enough for two people to cut themselves off from the neon-lit world around them.

On a slow night, the jukebox sits against the wall and sings out a tune every fifteen minutes or so to remind whoever is around that it is still there. It is filled with some great albums including an extremely large selection of artists named Dave. Brubeck, Matthews and two each of Moore and Zollo, are joined by a group of artists who span across tastes and styles. It is as if it has become one of the regulars propping up the bar.

The jukebox is a last vestige of the golden days of small town America, before WalMart moved in and stole its charm.

JUKEBOXES continued on page 15
Last night somebody saved my life. Thank you, jukebox hero, may your validation of musical taste carry you through your many days. Like most of you, I like to go out and have a drink with friends or by myself to cut loose. We all have our own haunts, but when it comes down to it, most places are roughly the same. Two things that tend to be prevalent are booze and tunes. The jukebox, that flashy little contraption tucked away in the corner, could get you through some trying times. When you’re face down in a glass of Maker’s Mark and “Peg” by Steely Dan comes on, it’s hard to feel like someone didn’t just shit in your sundae. Music is an instant juice-up and something that is important to every minute of my existence. However, jukebox playing should not be taken for granted. The person dishing out the two quarters in the machine is responsible for their selection and its repercussions. This simple fact can either have you bribing the bartender to skip the song or have you raising your glass in appreciation. Here are the top 5 jukeboxes I have encountered in Iowa City.

1. The Foxhead: Sure the pretentiousness factor is there, but at least these assholes have good music playing to block out the literary manifestos. Nowhere else in town can you hear the Louvin Brothers followed by Big Star. Also this is not an Internet jukebox so there is no downloading 20 minute live Phish songs, but on the flipside you can play “Sister Ray” by Velvet Underground or any James Brown song that exceeds 10 minutes. I’ll “take it to the bridge” with James Brown every time over a wanking noodle jam tune.

2. The Mill: Good old timey vibe with a jukebox that reflects the rootsy feel. You’ll find most of the folk and country heavy hitters on this jukebox but also some current and classic indie rock. Nothing like sitting down to dinner with mom while listening to Broken Social Scene. Kudos also for not having an Internet jukebox.

3. George’s: Similar feel to the Foxhead, this jukebox has all your rock and soul favorites and a vibe that you can enjoy. High booths are a plus if you play a song that gets the customers squirrelly or if you face some social anxiety. The delicious burgers are also a bonus.

4. Gabe’s: A beloved haunt of mine but it’s an Internet jukebox. Say what you will about the vast choices of tunes, but sometimes you can’t trust every Joe and Jane to give your night a soundtrack. The vibe at Gabe’s is most like a juke joint. Luckily the clientele does a decent job of playing great songs and the wait staff is a great buffer for the jackasses that want to push the musical limits by playing the crappy songs.

5. Deadwood: A great place for your afternoon zone outs or late night partying. Yet again, a victim of the Internet jukebox. The clientele is a bit more diverse so it’s a crap shoot to hear the good tunes all the time. You are bound to hear some jam bands and white boy reggae, but at least most of the time the environment isn’t hostile.}

Dan Maloney is a recent UI Journalism and Mass Communications graduate as well as a former Daily Iowan Arts reporter. The Skokie, Illinois native spends his time in Iowa City working at the Record Collector, fronting his band Deathships, delivering pizzas for The Wedge and, during his in between times, juicin’ it up. Visit him at www.myspace.com/deathships

Jukebox heroes
by Dan Maloney

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As the hipster harpist took the stage at the front of the Iowa Memorial Union’s Main Lounge last November, the crowd roared. And when she plucked out a melody in 3/4 waltz time, the introduction to a Bright Eyes’ song titled “Sunrise, Sunset,” certain people went berserk. It wasn’t necessarily a rock ‘n’ roll moment, but that did not trouble much of the captive audience.

These Midwest natives—led by prairie prodigy Conor Oberst, who comes straight outta Omaha and whose name is synonymous with the whole band—rode into town on a wave of buzz (hype?) generated by two critically hailed albums simultaneously released earlier this year. This six-piece band (whose ranks also include a horn player, keyboardist and the previously mentioned harpist), opened for R.E.M. and Bruce Springsteen on last year’s Vote for Change tour, which helped further their “Next Big Thing” status, even though Bright Eyes were welcomed in the massive Xcel Energy Center with a sort of cool curiosity by the older crowd. (To be fair, they weren’t bad, it’s just that the majority of the audience had no idea who this twentysomething band was, and they simply wanted to see a couple rock deities R-O-C-K in the U-S-A.) Unfortunately, Oberst’s music gets lost in cavernous spaces.

On record, his delicate songs beg listeners into quiet conversations, but onstage, at least in a big, impersonal room like the IMU’s Main Lounge, sort of a mini-Xcel Center, those songs need to scream for attention. And even when they do yell, the problem is that their songs rarely exceed a lethargic 80 beats per minute, something that doesn’t translate well into a compelling live show. Fist pumpers, these songs are not. Despite the fact that Oberst has absorbed the quiet-loud dynamic popularized
Greatest Of Heights And If You Know Where You Stand, Then You Know Where To Land And If You Fall It Won’t Matter, Cuz You’ll Know That You’re Right. Yes, you read that album title correctly.)

“We Are Nowhere and It’s Now,” one of the few tracks performed that night from I’m Wide Awake, It’s Morning, suffered from the absence of Emmylou Harris’s angelic harmony vocals. He got by on the strength of his often-solid songwriting, which—though he certainly cannot match Bob Dylan at 25, or George Clinton at 35—is capable of crafting some pretty ditties, nonetheless. During the powerful performance of another track from the same album, the appropriately titled “Old Soul Song,” Oberst injected a bolt of energy that was sorely lacking during much the performance, though he admitted to forgetting the title as he introduced it. Perhaps senility is setting in already.

Kembrew McLeod lives and works in Iowa City, and when he is not practicing his popping and locking moves, he teaches Media Studies and Media Production classes in the University of Iowa’s Department of Communication Studies. For kicks and giggles, you can visit his website Kembrew.com.

by the Pixies and then Nirvana, and even when he screams and the drums go BOOM, the music suffers from a molasses-paced momentum.

“This is a song about my hometown, where I’m headed tonight,” he said, not necessarily cheerily, introducing “Nothing Gets Crossed Out,” one of the final songs during Bright Eyes’ performance at the University of Iowa. The song is perhaps the best distillation of Bright Eyes’ melancholy, moody aesthetic—“apocalyptic folk,” as Oberst called it, with tongue only slightly planted in cheek. “Remember all those songs and the way we smiled, in those basements made of music,” Oberst nostalgically sang about a not-too-distant past, his voice cracking under the weight of tortured lyrics, “but now I’ve got to crawl to get anywhere at all.”

He wrote those lyrics at the world-weary age of 19, and now, at 25, he sounds like an indie rock version of an old bluesman. To put this in perspective, Neil Young was only 26 when he affectedly sang the line “And I’m getting old,” on his 1972 hit, “Heart of Gold,” but Oberst already went through his old man phase when he was a but a teen (he started his recording career at age 13.)

Wearing a long-sleeved T-shirt that clung tightly to the budding folk-rock star’s skinny frame, the unassuming Oberst took on a laidback tone throughout much of that night. Running through a relatively short set of songs scattered throughout his impressively sized discography, he avoided many of the songs from Bright Eyes’ recently released albums Digital Ash in a Digital Urn and I’m Wide Awake, It’s Morning. It was a surprising decision, especially given that tours are typically used to promote new “product”; it was a refreshing change of pace, and one that satisfied old fans.

That night, Oberst criss-crossed across his entire catalog, including the circus waltz dementia of the aforementioned “Sunrise, Sunset,” from 2000’s Fevers & Mirrors, and “You Will,” a catchy nugget from 2002’s Lifted, or The Story Is In The Soil, Keep Your Ear To The Ground. (As you may have noticed, Oberst is a fan of wordy titles, but at least his songs don’t attempt the musical pretensions of, say, a piece such as Yes’s “And You and I: Cord of Life/ Eclipse/ The Preacher the Teacher/ Apocalypse,” nor could any of his album titles match the ridiculousness of Fiona Apple’s 1999 full length, When The Pawn Hits The Conflicts He Thinks Like A King What He Knows Throws The Blows When He Goes To The Fight And He’ll Win The Whole Thing ’Fore He Enters The Ring There’s No Body To Batter When Your Mind Is Your Might So When You Go Solo, You Hold Your Own Hand And Remember That Depth Is The

Neil Young was only 26 when he affectedly sang the line “And I’m getting old,” on his 1972 hit, “Heart of Gold,” but Oberst already went through his old man phase when he was but a teen (he started his recording career at age 13).
Just north of Iowa City, on a scenic stretch of road surrounded by farmland, an odd sight begins to develop as one continues up Prairie du Chien Road and follows the phenomenon up Newport Road. Dozens of Gadsen flags, a distinctive flag historically signifying political dissent, dot both sides of the road until they culminate into the largest display of civil disobedience in Johnson County.

The residents of Newport Township are fighting a proposed plan for road construction and possible development in their community and a large part of the “North Corridor,” a vague expanse of land surrounding Prairie du Chien Road. And in addition to the rows and rows of flags that have been erected, residents have posted signs with limericks such as “Chop our houses, saw our trees, blast our road, with guarantees.” Also visible from the road is a mock cannon, flags saying “Come and take it,” and homemade billboards posting the names of the Iowa City Board of Supervisors and which side of the road they stand on. Those opposing the plan are signified by stick-figure cows. Those supporting the construction on Newport Road are shown as upside down cows.

“It’s good not to be a dead cow,” said Terrence Neuzil, a member of the Board of Supervisors and opponent of the proposed plan.

According to Neuzil, Johnson County is required to provide to the state a “5-Year Road Plan” on which roads the county will improve or develop.

On the current road plan, Newport Road and Prairie du Chien are on the list for development. And the Board is trying to determine what’s going to be done to those roads.

The Board voted to hire the consultants Anderson-Bogert to make recommendations for what kind of road systems are necessary for the North Corridor. They also voted the area as a designated growth area for rural Johnson County.

While Neuzil supports upgrades for both Prairie du Chien and Newport Road, he argues that it can be done using existing roads and constructing within the right-of-way.

“I believe that government should fix existing roads and that developers should pay for new ones,” said Neuzil. “All the landowners that I’m aware of have no desire to sell, let alone the desire to pay for construction.”

Neuzil has voted “no” on the 5-Year Plan three years in a row. Although, plans for development in the North Corridor has been an issue for more than ten years.

But, according to the November 2004 North Corridor Transportation Study composed by the H.R. Green Company, “Newport Road is not a major arterial roadway for the community and does not need to be built as such.”

One of the most controversial plans for development is a proposed “connector” street from Prairie du Chien Road to Newport Road that would cut Mike Dooley’s farmland in half.

This direct threat on his land prompted Dooley to protest.

“I’ve always been a history buff,” said Dooley about his choice of the Gadsen flag. “My kids and I are in calvary units in
Civil War re-enactments. But I didn’t even suggest it. It just started happening.”

Dooley’s use of the flag caught on with the residents in the North Corridor and are now visible along Sugarbottom Road, in Solon and on Prairie du Chien Road and Newport Road. Dooley has had contributions come in even from residents outside of Johnson County, as far as Bettendorf, IA.

The Gadsen flag was found in Colonial era political cartoons and its sectioned snake was developed by Benjamin Franklin as a representation of the original 13 colonies. There are variations on the flag, including a yellow flag with a coiled snake and a Naval Jack flag with a striking snake. However, the common sentiment is the phrase “Don’t Tread On Me.”

“We’re defending our homes just like the colonial Americans,” said Dooley. “It’s a wonderful display of the way America should be. It’s the poster child for a rural utopia.”

On his family’s farm, in addition to dozens of Gadsen flags, is a mock cannon positioned a few hundred feet from the road.

“Cannons were used as a defensive armament. But it’s not even a real cannon,” said Dooley. “It’s like the mouse that roared. It’s a symbol of our civil disobedience.”

But Dooley’s convictions caught the attention of the Johnson County Sheriff’s Department, who sent deputies out to his land to make sure he didn’t interfere with archaeologists surveying his land.

Road safety is another issue under scrutiny by the Board of Supervisors, although the residents of Newport Township don’t see it that way.

“My ducks walk around on this road,” said Dooley. “It’s definitely safe. But this is a sensitive, beautiful area. The roads will just destroy it.”

A new proposal by the Anderson-Bogert engineers will be brought before the Board of Supervisors in early December. Until then, the residents of Newport Township will stand behind their flags.

“We’re defending our homes just like the colonial Americans,” said Dooley. “It’s a wonderful display of the way America should be. It’s the poster child for a rural utopia.”—Mike Dooley

Brenden L. Spengler is a regular contributor to the Little Village. Hailing from Memphis, this Tennessee native is a failed freelancer and amateur aerial photographer. Spengler enjoys motivational speakers and taking the bus downtown in his spare time.
2005 was a year marked by a resurgence of popularity of indie rock in mainstream media, mostly due to former deejays and promoters reaching key positions in publicity firms, generating a spurt of great music interjected into commercials, shows and movies. This has become a major source of income for musicians, but really, should we hold it against them?

The year was marked by acts redefining what a pop song is: indie electronic (The Books, Four Tet), noise (Lightning Bolt, Black Dice), and easy listening indiefolk (Sufjan Stevens, Iron and Wine/Calexico). MIA brought us a mix of reggaeton and baile funk with the help of her partner Diplo, and was able to make a cross genre masterpiece as is Arular.

Anticon Records, from Oakland, brought us two unlikely albums. Doseone teamed up with Themselves and members from the Notwist, and made 13 & God. The result: glitchy layered indietronica with hip-hop moments, emotional, elegant, but with some grit. German rappers, 13 & God, from Oakland made an improbable single, “Men of Station” which is one of the year’s best songs. Secondly, Yoni Wolff teamed up with his brother and pals and made Elephant Eyelash, a crude, masculine recount of a breakup story inspired by his real life ex-girlfriend.

Locally, Public Property became the band to go see. Reggae and punk music was once united in the late ’70s and early ’80s in England, as Bob Marley’s song “Punky Reggae Party” portrays. Dave Bess’ lyrics in “No Respect” or “Power Trip” follow that tradition, showing that indie and ska (traditional, not 311 crap) can live in peace. Deathships gave us a taste of their forthcoming 2006 release, with a demo that made number one in KRUI airplay. Their indie pop/alt country sound rings true to the KRUI crowd, and we look forward to what I believe will be Iowa City’s “Next Big Thing” in indie pop. I’d also like to congratulate Euforquestra, Tanks, Shame Train, Pieta Brown, Ben Schmidt and the Jensen Connection. All made excellent productions.

2005 was a year in which KRUI found its musical soul: a mix of sad indie folk, experimental hip-hop and noise. It’s a sonic land in which Brother Ali, John Coltrane, and Deerhoof played together makes sense, a world in which “Daft Punk is playing at My House” replaces “Funky Town” in our collective memory. This is a sonic world that is waiting to show you your new favorite band, brought to you by some twenty-something tastemakers that live and breathe music. 2005: a year of eclecticism for our diverse audience.

Marcelo Mena is the music director of KRUI, and a research assistant at the Center for Global and Regional Environmental Research. He writes for Chilean magazine super45.cl, covering the college music scene. He cohosts Sesiones (in Spanish for the chilean market) and Super45 (in english for KRUI), with longtime collaborator Oscar Vegas. Both shows are podcasted to South America via blog.super45.cl.
“I know I’ve been here for too long,” says the bartender, “when someone new comes along and it’s almost shocking.”

If more of a family atmosphere is what is needed, The Mill Restaurant and Bar is a popular venue for the Iowa City music lover. Whenever the live music ends, the jukebox there carries everything from Elvis Costello to the Cure and Tom Waits. All that and enough light to see the people sitting opposite you gives it more of a homey feel and brings in a consistent crowd of graduate students.

Sometimes, though, the bar is a place that should not be viewed by daylight. The Deadwood is one of these places. During the night, there is enough noise and people to focus attention on the glowing bottles of inhibition-thinner behind the bar and nothing else. Should someone turn on the lights, they would realize that the place is about as appetizing as a seasoned doormat. In this case, the jukebox is juiced up to avoid any peripheral interference.

Equipped with a touch screen offering searches based on music styles or artist names, the Netstar Internet Jukebox is the newest in jukebox technology. With a seemingly endless and easily navigable selection, it is the jukebox’s heroine. Hours can be spent in search of favorite numbers and, as these ones take credit cards, so can dollars. It is the next generation of by-the-song entertainment but it seems to be lacking. Almost as if the jukebox itself is the symbol of a generation that doesn’t particularly want to evolve.

Should this nostalgia for the boxes of old and their carefully selected repertoires return, the only place to go is the Fox Head Pub. Again, the neon advertisements are more pronounced than the name of the establishment itself which, were it not for the signage, would look like a quaint, corner house. Inside, the smoke-filled air sticks to your skin. The bar has a very do-it-yourself feel. Sure, the bartender will serve you a pint, but past that everything is comfortable the way it is.

The bartender checks to see if anyone is empty and retreats to a book at the end of the bar. A few friends playfully flip through a beginners’ guide to German as three others start a game of pool.

The place is very utilitarian, nothing fancy. If it doesn’t contain alcohol—and that includes the patrons—it advertises it. Otherwise, put it on top of the fridge with the empty beer cases and the Complete Baseball Encyclopedia and forget about it.

The room settles into a calm comparable to a backstage waiting for a play to begin. Just as it seems the curtain will stay on the ground and the house lights send everyone to the doors, one of the pool players takes his cue and fills the jukebox.

A group of people enter, and a seemingly relaxed night is hopping to the beat of a Charlie Parker solo. The jukebox is stocked with some classical jazz albums that are exploited to give the place an electric atmosphere. The bartender has put down his book and begun chatting with a new arrival about their favorite Che Guevara t-shirts.

The girl that just entered smacks of American Spirit cigarettes and stage makeup, and the night has seemingly just begun. The rhythm of the bar is ingrained in the people, the setting and the mood, but none of it would have been had it not been for the box of music and bubbling lights sitting at the short end of the pool table.

With a crisp dollar and a need for a soundtrack, an otherwise banal evening was injected with three plays of music and life beyond the bottle—the “sound” equivalent of the American dream.
I met Larry Sievers in about 1978 when I lived at Black’s Gaslight Village, Iowa City’s most famously idiosyncratic rooming house. He was this rail thin, stooped guy with long straight hair and a Fu Manchu mustache. He played drums in a heavy metal band. Another guy in the house had been playing a Gang of Four CD, and Larry was discoursing at length on the quality of the drumming. I never heard him play, but I can attest that he is the best air drummer I’ve ever had the privilege to observe.

Twenty-five odd years later, Larry is still around Iowa City, wearing what looks like the same black leather jacket, hanging out at the record store, talking about obscure metal bands with anyone who’ll give him the time of day. He’s one of the local Iowa City characters, whose constancy in the face of change helps to define the town’s unique flavor.

The perhaps true story—perhaps legend of Larry “Machine Gun” Sievers—is that he used to play his drums so obsessively with such force that he destroyed his kit many years ago and never managed to get the money together to buy another one. In the course of clerking at the Goodwill store, he lucked onto a Kawai keyboard and applied his will to learning to use it to compose and perform his own music.

Larry’s music on Wizard’s Best is perhaps the most complete exploration of the preset drums and accompaniment tracks the Kawai has on offer, integrated with his quasi-romantic keyboard stylings. In this respect he’s in the outsider tradition of Wesley Willis (God rest his soul), but Larry’s playing ability and personal sense of harmony is more complex than Wesley’s. Wesley’s keyboard was just the vehicle for his lyrical genius, but to Larry, it’s his orchestra.

Song titles like “Hail To King Richard” and “Cry For The Vampire” indicate that he’s picked up some of Ronny James Dio’s portentous medievalism, but these songs are something else entirely: the private musical universe of a guy that’s been keeping the metal dream alive for nearly 30 years. Think of the down-tempo that ballad metal bands throw on every record. These “for the ladies” songs are rendered with probably the least likely musical tool for the job. But that doesn’t really describe Larry’s unique sense of structure. “Meandering” is the word that comes to mind, but it’s a little unfair. Larry’s musical ideas are labyrinthine with lots of unexpected twists and turns before he gets where he’s going, but he’s always going somewhere specific.

Like Thelonius Monk, Larry invents his own syntax to express his musical ideas. He sounds completely self-taught and thereby his playing seems innocent of cliché and convention. Wizard’s Best may at first sound cheesy and laughable, but there are very few completely unique visions of musical beauty in the world, so if you’re laughing, you’re missing out.

Kent Williams

Kent Williams lives, works, makes music and writes in Iowa City. He has written for The Icon, Grooves Magazine and Alternative Press.

The Lonelyhearts make their music across a divide that’s half a country in length. Hailing from San Francisco and Iowa City respectively, John Lindenbaum and Andre Perry bridge the gap that separates them with wistful melodies and an alt-country-cum-synth sensibility that meets somewhere in the middle.

Former members of Rust Belt Music and the Kuffs, the duo’s second album, Dispatch, is heavy on the guitar and the pensive complacency. While there is a solid harmonic basis to songs such as “Patriot Axe,” the political chorus of “it’s a war/it’s a war” is regretfully lost in the unemotional, atonal translation.

The political content is disappointing and kind of generic. At times it sounds a little less like Neil Young and a little more like the Counting Crows. The soaring vocal combinations make up for the sad-sack lyrics, but the music is unfortunately unoriginal. There’s nothing here that hasn’t been done before. This is the musical accompaniment called for after your best girl drives off in your best truck with your best dog—music for crying into your beer, basically.

On a positive note, the instruments are skillfully played and the vocals mix well together. However, something just seems to be missing, and it seems to be sincerity. All the elements for a good album are present, but somehow it just didn’t gel into something new or interesting. Call me biased—I’m not a huge alt-country buff, if you couldn’t already tell—but I know the Counting Crows when I hear it.

Alison Feldman
As far as Iowa City legends go, Dave Strackany is surely one of them. During his stint in our fine metropolis, he seemed to have his thumb in every pie—as an independent performer under the moniker of Lucky James, as leader of the “James Gang”, as a director of PS-1 and as a member of Deathships, his talent knew no bounds. Since his departure from Iowa City’s often nurturing and occasionally suffocating scene, he has branched outward and upward as a self proclaimed gypsy, traveling the U.S. and the greater yonder in search of inspiration while spreading the musical gospel of his newest project.

Strackany’s current endeavor, Paleo, stays true to the musical myth that he cultivated while a resident of Iowa City. His new album, Misery, Missouri, was recorded on a solitary microphone during a two-week stay at a horse ranch in the Ozarks. Strackany’s striking falsetto runs the gamut from sincere to surreal in a virtual parabola of sound and influence, alternately evoking a lo-fi hootenanny or something akin to Nick Drake and Neutral Milk Hotel’s slightly heavy love child. [Insert typical freak-folk Devendra Banhart reference here.]

Plumbing the depths of melancholy while still attempting a hesitantly upbeat optimism, this is music meant to be listened to in your attic while trying on your grandma’s old clothes, with only dust bunnies to keep you company. Standout song “When Pirates Come to Port” seems to epitomize the feeling of this album: “We have always had the key/we’ve just never found the door.” Layered and never boring, Paleo sounds like a comforting hodgepodge of the familiar while simultaneously evading definition.

Little Village recently corresponded with Strackany about his plans for the future and his feelings on releasing his debut record.

LV: Is this your first album?
DS: That should be an easy question to answer. For as long as I can remember, I’ve been organizing musical concepts into songs, and songs into collections that sometimes constitute albums. unofficially, I suppose this could be counted a fourth record; with a dozen misfires in between. But in every way that matters this is my first record. It was written to feel like a first record, to feel like an earnest promise.

LV: What is the significance of “Paleo”?
DS: That I struggled with for awhile. I wanted the name to be so many things; to be dynamic, moody, playful, real. I wanted it to be archetypal, at once grave and buoyant. My lady Carie had won a scholarship to study glass in a small community in northwest Czechia, Novy Bor, and she invited me to stay with her there. The record was written for and about her in a lot of ways. One day I was killing time in the National Museum in Prague, at the end of the main downtown drag there, and inside the museum there was this paleontology exhibit. Each room was dedicated to a different family you know: fish, birds, insects, arachnids, whatever. And then us people sifting in and out. It occurred to me that this exhibit was pop culture manifest. We want to be studied. We want our remains to be maps to meaning, to beauty. We want our insides scooped out like ice cream. The name’s about science, beauty, and death.

LV: What are your future tour plans?
DS: I’d like to be on the road in January (when Misery, Missouri will be available in stores) for a considerable stretch, canvass the Southern states for a month or two, and take a break and attack the Union come springtime. If possible, I’d like to set something up in the EU for summer, but that’s contingent on finding the appropriate booking agent.

LV: Any other albums in the works?
DS: I finished a rather large album over the summer; the follow-up to Misery, Missouri. It’s 125 minutes long right now, 26 songs. I plan on editing it down to an LP and an EP. They’ll both be out in 2006 hopefully, which’ll make for a busy year. But I feel as if I’ve gotten a late start as it is, so the busier the better really.

Misery, Missouri is on Future Farmer Recordings and is set to be released in January 2006.

Alison Feldman

Alison Feldmann loves winter, weiner dogs and werewolves. In addition to providing words for your enjoyment, she DJs the Lowlife Lounge dance party at Gabe’s Oasis. Look for her forthcoming zine, Neon, in the near future. Contact Alison at alison.feldmann@gmail.com.
Art/Exhibits

African American Historical Museum and Cultural Center
55 12th Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 877-526-1863
Forgotten History: African Americans in Lee County, Iowa, through Jan. 2 • Two Hundred Years of Pop Culture: The James Hicks Collection, Jan. 12–May 26.

AKAR
257 E. Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 351-1227
30 x 5 Invitational, five works by 30 ceramic artists, through Dec. 8.

Alberhasky Eye Clinic
2346 Mormon Trek Blvd., Iowa City, 337-2220
Adbites, Rachel Ayers, through Jan. 31.

Brucemore
2160 Linden Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-7375
Ongoing Mansion tours through Nov. 23. Tues-Sat, 10am-3pm, Sun, 12–3pm, Closed Mondays. The World Comes Home, historical exhibit, through June 30, Mon-Sat., 9am-5pm, Sun., 12-4pm.

Carver Hawkeye Arena
UI Campus
The Annual Christmas Arts & Crafts Show, Dec. 11, 9am–4pm.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503
Grant Wood at 5 Turner Alley, through Jan. 15 • Art in Roman Life, exhibition opening, Dec. 2, ongoing • The Abstract Impulse: Prints after 1950, exhibition opening, Dec. 2, open through Apr. 2.

Chait Galleries Downtown
218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 339-4442
“Extraordinary Holiday Show,” assorted creations from local artists, through Jan. 11 • Potent Pastels, through Jan. 11.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Women of the World, 175 artworks by women from several countries, through Jan. 29.

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Jan Friedman, Tapestry and Fiber Art exhibit, through Jan. 31.

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Herbert Hoover Presidential Library/Museum
210 Parkside Dr., West Branch, 319-643-5301
Presidential Christmas, through Jan. 2 • Arts in Our Park, through Jun. 7.

The History Center
615 1st Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 362-1501
Peace, Love & Rock & Roll, through Jan. 8 • Jay Sigmund and the Art of Grant Wood, through Jan. 8.

Hudson River Gallery
538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488

Iowa Artisans Gallery
207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686
Handmade for the Holidays, through Dec. 31.

Iowa Artisans Gallery
207 E. Washington, Iowa City, 351-8686
Handmade for the Holidays, through Dec. 31.

Lorenz Boot Shop
132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053
Magnificent-As Nature Intended!, watercolors by Maggie Collins VandeWalle, through Mar. 1.

Masonic Building, lower level
312 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-0396
Eastside Artists Holiday Show and Sale, Dec. 9, 10am-8pm, Dec. 10 & 11, 10am-5pm.

M.C. Ginsberg
110 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 351-1700
East Meets West: A Feminine Perspective, works by Satomi Kawai, through Dec. 31.

Mythos
9 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-3576
On display, Chinese Porcelain from the Imperial Kilns of the Song Dynasty, through January.

National Czech & Slovak Museum & Library
30 16th Ave. SW, Cedar Rapids, 362-8500

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Neva Stills, paintings, through Jan. 12, Patient and Visitors Activities Center, Gallery I, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion • Charlie Emmert, portraits, through Jan. 12, Patient and Visitors Activities Center, Gallery II, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion • Louise Rauh, aluminum vessels, through Jan. 20, Main Lobby, 1st Floor, John W. Colloton Pavilion • Marilyn Downing, selected works, through Jan. 20, Patient and Visitors Activities Center, Gallery I, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion • Hannah Klaus Hunter, collages and paintings, through Jan. 20, Patient and Visitors Activities Center, Gallery III, 8th floor John Colloton Pavilion.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Crafting Tradition: Oaxacan Wood Carvings, through Mar. 12, Carver Gallery • Leighton Pierce, Warm Occlusions, through Mar. 12, North Gallery.

US Bank
204 E. Washington Ave., Iowa City, 356-9000
Travels with Charles II, photographs by Charles Read, through Dec. 28.
A-LIST: NEW YEARS’EVE

Clueless on New Year’s? Here’s your guide to the best of the best on December 31.

Music

The Mill

Cornmeal

www.cornmealinthe kitchen.com

Chicago’s “premiere progressive bluegrass band” comes to Iowa City this New Year’s Eve bringing their rich vocal harmonies and energetic performance with them. Bluegrass Unlimited calls it “Supercharged boogie grass,” and this is definitely not the kind of bluegrass to rock your infant to sleep to. Audio clips on their website show that this band is the Speedy Gonzales of Bluegrass. Cornmeal started as a side project inspired by American roots and folk music, and they’ve been playing every Wednesday in Chicago throughout the five years since then. At the Mill, they’ll string, beat and pluck the night away on all those necessary bluegrass instruments, upright bass, guitar, drums and of course the fiddle and banjo.

Gabe’s

William Elliot Whitmore, FT (Shadow Government)

www.southern.com/southern/band/wilew

William Whitmore needs no introduction to Iowa City. If you haven’t seen him before, you’re out of the loop. He is country with- out the twang and whine, blues without the electric vibrato, and folk without the hippie dust. This proud-to-be-Iowan re- minds you that music will help you forget the crap that happened last year and reminds you that what may come might be even worse. His two albums, Hymns for the Hopeless and Ashes to Dust, have that remarkable abili- ty to rejoice in both life and death. It’s like challenging Death to a moonshine shoot- off and drinking him under the table.

His voice has been called a “prison tat- too” (Q) and a “cracked drawl” (Chicago Reader), and inspired guessimates of Whitmore’s age, anywhere from 60 to 100. He’s touring the West Coast and Canada the first half of December so New Year’s Eve will be the next chance to catch him playing in Iowa.

FT/Shadow Government, former mem- bers of Ten Grand, will also be playing with Whitmore that night.

Que Bar

Euforquestra

www.euforquestra.com

If you’re looking for some action from the Iowa City locals, check out Euforquestra at the Que Bar or the Jensen Connection at the Yacht Club. These up- beat bands won’t let you drown your tears in your bubbly…unless their tears of joy! Euforquestra takes your ear on a plethora of paths. First, you hear bluegrass, then the arch of a classical composition. When P-funk enters and shoves the bossa nova out of the door, you know you’re not in Iowa anymore. (And did I mention the Reggae?) Perhaps the most eclectic performance in your bubbly…unless their tears of joy! Euforquestra takes your ear on a plethora of paths. First, you hear bluegrass, then the arch of a classical composition. When P-funk enters and shoves the bossa nova out of the door, you know you’re not in Iowa anymore. (And did I mention the Reggae?) Perhaps the most eclectic performance to grace the Iowa City stages, this band’s got pastiche!

The Yacht Club

The Jensen Connection

www.jensenconnection.net

A Yacht Club favorite, The Jensen Connection returns to funk up the night. They’ve got the bongos, they’ve got the electric twang, they’ve got the gee-tar and the drums to keep the beat. You want a jam? Then go for this band.

Deadwood

Free Champagne

www.deadwoodie.com

But if you want to just sit and chill, the Deadwood’s a top pick. Don’t worry about cover, there is none. Just walk through the door, flash your ID and you’re in…the darkness, that is. The less than bright lighting at the Deadwood becomes all the more flattering lighting when mid- night rolls around and it’s time to find that kiss. Ah, the dark, dark bar, the free, free champagne and one great Internet jukebox. So drink up, and then pucker up! Happy New Year!

The Union Bar

Balloon Drop

www.theunionbar.com

If you’re looking for more of a bump ‘n’ grind good time, check out The Union. They have two live deejays, party favors, a champagne toast and a $5000 cash balloon drop at midnight. Awww, just like in the bars in a big city.

Foster, piano, Dec. 11, 8pm • Target Family

Clapp Recital Hall

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Dueling Pianos, Jan. 15, 3pm • Latin

Iowa Percussion, Dec. 3, 3pm • Philharmonia

Jazz Festival Concert, Jan. 21, 8pm • Uriel

and All-University String Orchestra, Dec. 4, 3pm • Center for New Music, Dec. 4, 8pm • Benjamin Coelho, bassoon, Alan Huckleberry, piano, Dec. 6, 8pm • University and Concert

Band, Dec. 7, 8pm • Semi Annual Last Chance

Concert, UI Percussion Ensemble, Dec. 11, 8pm • Katherine Eberle, mezzo-soprano, Luke

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

All music 8pm unless noted.

Tribute, Dec. 1, 2, 3 • Irish band Bohola

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Cedar Rapids Brass Chamber Ensemble, Dec. 5, 7:30pm • Mostly Mozart, Ul Martha-Ellen Tye Opera Theater and Ul Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 8, 8pm • A Jazz Christmas, Dec. 9, 8pm • Iowa City Community Band, Dec. 13, 7:30pm • Tonic Sol-Fa, Dec. 15 • Community Spotlight on Holiday Singing, Dec. 18.

First Avenue Club
1550 S. First Ave., Iowa City, 337-5527
Blake Shelton, Dec. 10, 8pm.

First Presbyterian Church
2701 Rochester Ave., Iowa City
“Christmas with Music’s Feast,” Dec. 3, 8pm • “A Night at the Movies,” Musicak à la Carte, Jan. 28, 8pm.

First Presbyterian Church
310 5th. St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 377-8028
Winter Impressions, Red Cedar Chamber Music, Dec. 10, 8pm.

Gabe’s
330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, 335-1160
Holiday Pops, Cedar Rapids Symphony, Dec. 13, 7:30pm.

The Java House
211 E Washington St, Iowa City, 335-5730
WSU’s “Iowa Talks Live from the Java House,” Fridays, 10am.

The Nadas, Dec. 2 • Pianist Dan Knight and singer Betsy Hickok, Dec. 9 • Bill Bryant, Dec. 16 • Bob Dorr and The Blue Band, Dec. 23 • Spontaneous Combustion, Dec. 30.

Martini’s
127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536
Shows at 9pm.


The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm • 2nd & 4th Wednesdays Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, 7 pm • All music 8pm unless noted.


Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
Winter Wonderland, Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra Holiday Pops, Dec. 10-11, 2:30-7:30pm • B.B. King, Dec. 15, 7:30pm • Holiday Grande, pianist Jim McDonough & his Orchestra, Dec. 18, 2:30pm • Masterworks IV, Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 28, 8pm.

Sanctuary
405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692
All music 9:30.

Johnny Rabb, Dec. 3 • Saul Lubaroff Trio, Dec. 10 • Bob Domsic Jazz Trio, Dec. 17.

3rd Street Live
1202 3rd St Se, Cedar Rapids, 365-6141
Cold, Fivespeed, Dec. 3 • Destrophy, Drowning Pool, Dec. 10.

UI Hospitals and Clinics
Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417
Colloston Atrium, 12pm.

Sounds of Joy and Healing, soloist Wayne Neuzil and pianist Richard Harmon, Dec. 1 • Clinton High School Choir, Dec. 12 • “Sugar n’ Spice,” Iowa City area girls’ choir, Dec. 13 • The Heartbeats, Dec. 16 • Tipton High School Concert Choir, Dec. 20 • Xavier High School Concert Choir, Dec. 21 • Kol Shira, Dec. 22.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Dan Knight, piano, Jan. 20, 5:30pm.

WSUI’s “Iowa Talks Live from the Java House,” Fridays, 10am.

The Nadas, Dec. 2 • Pianist Dan Knight and singer Betsy Hickok, Dec. 9 • Bill Bryant, Dec. 16 • Bob Dorr and The Blue Band, Dec. 23 • Spontaneous Combustion, Dec. 30.

Martini’s
127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536
Shows at 9pm.


The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Open Mike Mondays, 8 pm • 2nd & 4th

Yacht Club
13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
No Rules Open Mic, Sundays; Hip Hop Night, Tuesdays; Jam Band Jam, Wednesdays, 10 pm All shows at 9pm unless noted.

Groovatron, Alan Vasquez, Dec. 1 • Euforquesta, Spare Parts, Dec. 2 • Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Dec. 3 • Helen Stellar, Mannix!, My Electric Heart, Dec. 6 • Funkmaster Cracker, Matthew Wright, Dec. 8 • Greyhounds, Storytyme, Dec. 9 • Futurerock, Jason Heyland, Dec. 10 • Public Property, Dec. 15 • Max Eubank, Euforquestra String Band, Dec. 16 • Funk 101, Dec. 17 • Hairline Fracture, Dec. 29, 10pm • Jensen Connection, Goldbricker, Dec. 31, 8pm • Letterpress Opry, Jan. 6 • Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Jan. 7 • The New Congress, Jan. 13 • Nickelbagofunk, Jan. 14 • Euforquesta, Jan. 20 • The Jensen Connection, The Gglitch, Jan. 21, 8pm • Storytyme, Goldbricker, Jan. 27 • Kelly Pardelkooper, Randy Burk & the Prisoners, Jan. 28.

Dance/Theater/Performance

Englert Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
Riverside Cabaret, 25 Years of Musical Theatre and Big Drama, Dec. 2-3, 8pm, Dec. 4, 2pm • Babes in Toyland, Dec. 11, 2pm.

Hancher Auditorium
UI Campus, 335-1160
Fred Garbo Inflatable Theater Company, Dec. 4, 2pm • Thoroughly Modern Millie, Dec. 10-11, 7:30pm • Rennie Harris Puremovement, Jan. 21, 7:30pm • The Exonerated, The Actors’ Gang, Jan. 24-25, 7:30pm.

Johnson County 4-H Fairgrounds
4265 Oak Crest Hill Rd SE, Iowa City
Riverside Cabaret, 25 Years of Musical Theatre and Big Drama, Dec. 2-3, 8pm, Dec. 4, 2pm • Babes in Toyland, Dec. 11, 2pm.

Hancher Auditorium
UI Campus, 335-1160
Fred Garbo Inflatable Theater Company, Dec. 4, 2pm • Thoroughly Modern Millie, Dec. 10-11, 7:30pm • Rennie Harris Puremovement, Jan. 21, 7:30pm • The Exonerated, The Actors’ Gang, Jan. 24-25, 7:30pm.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Baile Connigo, Salsa dancing with DJ Maestro Sabor, Dec. 13, 27, 8pm • Graduate Short Plays, Dec. 15, 8pm.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Thursdays, 7 pm; Fridays & Saturdays, 8 pm; Sundays, 2 pm (unless noted otherwise)

Death of a Salesman, directed by Mark Hunter, Jan. 27, 28, 8pm, Jan. 29, 2pm.

Space/Place Theatre
North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City
Graduate Concert, Dec. 1, 2, 8pm • Dance Forum Concert, Dec. 17-18, 8pm • Thesis Concert, UI Dance Department, Jan. 27-28, 8pm.

Theatre Cedar Rapids
102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
It’s A Wonderful Life, Dec. 1-4, 8-11, Retro-Tuesday, Thursday-Saturday, 7:30pm, Sunday, 2:30pm.

UI Theatres
Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
So Who Wears the Boobs In this Family?, Alladine and Palomides, Dec. 8-10, 8pm, Dec. 4, 2pm, Theatre B • No Shame Theatre, Dec. 2, 11pm • Cry in the Street, Woyzeck, Dec. 8-10, 8pm, Dec. 11, 2pm, David Thayer Theatre.
Uptown Bills
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Open Mic Night, every Friday, 8-11pm.
The Michael Tabors Band, Dec. 3, 7pm • Scotty Hayward, Dec. 10, 7pm.

Voxman Music Building,
UI Campus, 335-1603
Opera Rehearsal Room
Seven Deadly Sins and Mahagonny, Dec. 9-11, 8pm.

Comedy
Engelter Theatre
221 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 688-2653
The Second City Touring Company, Jan. 27-28, 8pm.

Hancher Auditorium
UI Campus, 335-1160
Dave Attell, Pauly Shore, Dec. 7.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Fisheye Improv Comedy Group, Dec. 6, 20, 9pm.

Paramount Theatre
123 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
George Carlin, Jan. 22, 7pm.

UI Memorial Union
Uptown Billiards
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Shy Poets Club, Dec. 2, 7pm.

Film/Video
Bijou Theatre
UI Memorial Union, UI Campus, 335-3258

Becker Communication Studies Bldg.
UI campus, Iowa City
Southern Comfort, Dec. 1, 7pm.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Clean Sweep, Dec. 1, 7pm • Bonjour Monsieur Sholm, Dec. 8, 7pm.

Shy Poets Club
401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Movie Night, every Sunday, 7pm.

Classes/Workshops/Misc.
CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Latin dance class, salsa and merengue, taught by Darryl Carter and Gloria Zmolek, Dec. 3, 3:30-5:30pm.

Uptown Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
Mexican Holiday Fiesta, Dec. 3, 12-4pm.

THIRD PLACE from page 6
entertainment, but also the infrastructure, both public and private, that leads to the bonds of community as well as fun.

So here we are in the greater Iowa City community, one of the most culturally rich, economically vibrant, civically minded, and politically active communities in the state—and in the country, if you believe the many national “best of” ratings we accrue. Little Village, in partnership with the Iowa Project on Place Studies at The University of Iowa, the Standing By Words Center, the Iowa Cultural Corridor Alliance and WSUI-AM public radio, would like to honor and celebrate one of our area’s best venues for nurturing the ties that bind us in community—the Iowa City area’s “Best Third Place.” Aside from the honor of capturing the title and being featured in a future Little Village “UR Here” column, our winner will also be awarded a letter of congratulations from Ray Oldenburg, an autographed copy of The Great Good Place, and a guest spot on WSUI’s “Talk of Iowa” program focusing on the third place and the creative economy.

The nomination procedure is fairly simple: Send us a letter or letters describing in detail why your nominee, whether a public place or a private establishment, is the Iowa City area’s best third place. Self-nominations are fine. We are happy to accept multiple nomination letters; the more information we have the better, but please know that volume in and of itself will not give any one nominee an advantage.

The Iowa City area is a spectacular place, and many individual wonderful places add up to make it so. This initiative is a celebration of all those places as much as it is a recognition of “the best.” I look forward to joining you in exploring the many “third places” that create and refresh our life together.

THIRD PLACE from page 6
Dear Genevieve,

I think my girlfriend, I’ll call her Mary, is bulimic. You see, we just started getting serious, being together for over a year and all and we decided to take it a step further. So we moved in together and I never noticed before how much her weight would fluctuate and how her toilet would sometimes have vomit on its rims and how sometimes we’d have a whole bunch of food in the house that went missing overnight and I’m thinking, are there freaking raccoons in here or what? So I asked her, and I’m pretty sure she lied to me about it. I still love her and want to be sure that she knows it, but I really can’t live with this and I’m considering moving out. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Unlucky in Love

My Dear Muddling,

None of your options are particularly good. You tell Dave: you’re a tattler; you lose Jenny. You say nothing: you have to live with yourself, with the knowledge of wrongdoing.

Talk to Jenny. Talk to her in a non-confrontational, sensitive, assertive way. Tell her you are torn, caught in the middle and uncomfortable she is making you, she will bend, tell Dave the truth (or a watered down version of it) and stop being so selfish. And your relationship with both parties will be saved. Happily-ever-after.

However, be prepared for the worst. Confronting Jenny will most likely destroy your happy third-party homeostasis forever. She will rebel. Your letter cites her self-absorption, her primary concern with her own pleasure. This is the same girl, after all, who is comfortable with deceit—leading Dave to believe she is monogamous when she’s not. From her, I predict a lashing out, a furrowed brow, an admonishing comment on your prudishness, an egging of your house in the night.

Regardless of what comes to pass, you might ask yourself: Do I want to remain loyal to Jenny, someone capable of such deceit? If Jenny doesn’t tell Dave the truth, tell him yourself. If the were privy to your debaucherous significant other—the potential STD’s you were unknowingly collecting—wouldn’t you want to know the truth?

Make your decision to act and then peel the Band-Aid off fast.

And remember, my Dear Muddler, the mess you’ve gotten yourself in by meddling. And refrain from playing cupid in the future.

Ask Genevieve at P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, IA, 52244 or little-village@usa.net.
ARIES - This calls for careful decision-making. Be idealistic, but use your judgment and your self-discipline, especially where the budget is concerned. Avoid power plays. Tempers could flare. Youngsters could have a way with you in unguadened ways. Be careful of spites and give you little choice but to bear with it. Patience is key. Overall, though, you should not be confronted with any challenge you cannot handle, one way or another. Improvements in long-term finances will ease your mind and add to a sense of well-being. Your inner sense of direction is working very well.

TAURUS - You probably won't be able to avoid making some tough choices about basic issues—housing, partnership, work, family and stuff like that. Emotionally challenging encounters with authority figures are possible. Your boss might become ill. To cope, make changes. Try things you would not have considered before. In some cases, asserting your individuality and self-assurance will be your best bet. Keep an eye out for power plays that could adversely affect your finances. Impulsive spending is a big possibility. Personal attitude adjustments are strongly advised and strongly supported. They will bring great benefits.

GEMINI - You have to try to create, maintain key relationships in an exceedingly complex and changeable situation. Despite your best efforts and encouraging progress, new and stubborn obstacles will emerge. The solution is close at hand, however. A combination of idealism and playfulness, of earnestness and warm personal experiences, will save the day. Some things that will allow people to relax and let the inspirational ideas and good feelings do their work. An optimistic, confident, supportive approach will work better than formality or earnest speeches.

CANCER - Before you can set up a more fulfilling and enjoyable lifestyle, some carefully thought out and patiently imposed changes are needed. The key is to understand what is possible now and what immediate adjustments are needed. You will be allowed a great deal of flexibility to explore and experiment. The conclusion you arrive at might be "steady as she goes" or "not yet." Still, things will continue moving in the right direction and if you just bide your time, things will probably move in your favor all by themselves.

LEO - You are at a crossroads and in a bind as well. Every important area of your life is making burdensome claims on you. The planets suggest that you deal with this challenging time by giving of yourself on a higher, humanitarian level. The playful, personal side of your life-romance, friendship, play, youngsters—is way overstated right now. You need to balance these things with something more philanthropic and high-minded-something more impersonal and adult. Avoid self-centeredness in others and in yourself. Look for the spiritual and idealistic side in your partners.

VIRGO - The way to meet this month’s challenges successfully is to make some good lifestyle decisions. Bring expenses and work requirements into line. Tend to your physical and emotional needs and those of your family. Work on your relationships with people in power, or those you need greater flexibility. The forces of change are making tough new demands on you. You might need to cut back on all activity so you can gather what you need to strike out in a new direction, on a new level. Stay clear of manipulators.

LIBRA - The emphasis all month is on important financial decisions. They will probably have to be made under pressure and with no easy options. It might be time to update your notions of the ideal lifestyle. The key to success lies in your legendary decision-making abilities and your talent for persuading others. There are strong indications of risky flirtations. Seductive ‘acquaintances’ might be complicating things. Power plays are more than likely. Keep partnership issues uppermost in your mind and keep lines of communication with key associates wide open. Avoid overdulgence.

SCORPION - December might try your patience, but it will also stir your spirit. And whatever difficulties you encounter, luck will be riding with you. There will be no shortage of challenges. However, you will be able to find a comfortable way around them. The flexibility and empowerment that you have been hoping for and building toward for a long time will solidly emerge. Children and youngsters in general will be a source of happy surprises. If there is a tussle over finances, you might have to yield to your partner.

SAGITTARIUS - Decisions must be made. The forces of change and the forces of stability are at odds. The easy choices are used up. A few people are itching to pull a power play. Whatever you do seems likely to cause a little pain. It is tempting to take the course of least resistance-to go with the flow. However, this will soon lead to difficulties too. Your best bet is to call a timeout. Get people together for some relaxation and a little relaxed, constructive dialogue. Something will work out.

CAPRICORN - As you think about the future, take an honest look at your financial situation. Think about what those in charge will think, too. The situation is delicate for everyone and solid facts are hard to come by. A power play on the job, whether yours or someone else’s, could be disruptive in these circumstances. Consultation and negotiation will work much better. The planets suggest that everything would work out more smoothly if you did a little soul-searching. You might have to bring your expectations into line with reality.

AQUARIUS - You are facing a hard-nosed audience. People want to make sure you are doing the right thing for yourself. You probably should take steps to insure your health stays OK. Affectional matters could also be tugging at your heart. Basically, you have to make some decisions about what you believe and what you want. This might require reexamining some of your most deeply held beliefs. Your belief system might have gathered some cobwebs. You have more power over the present situation than you think. Your financial luck will hold.

PISCES - You are strongly inspired and very much in tune with the spirit of change. However, you need to move slowly and carefully to get there. You are especially vulnerable to the pain that close partners and family members are feeling and to the pain that they can cause you. Talking about it will help. You can best improve the overall situation by attending to important long-range financial decisions and job-related issues. The planets will bring opportunities for travel, benefits from distant places and educational and self-development opportunities.

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