CORE FOUR
Is the new council ready to lead the way, or are they taking us for a ride? P. 10
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What if the Paris climate talks get derailed? Pulitzer-winner and Iowa Writers’ Workshop alum Jane Smiley pens a letter to the future.

GOODBYE, HOUSE

UI’s Women’s Resource and Action Center has lived at the bottom of Market St. for decades. This winter, it’s moving house.

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LETTER TO THE FUTURE

Scientists have warned for decades that greenhouse gas emissions have put the Earth on track for calamitous storms, droughts, floods and rising oceans. But the world's governments have yet to sign a legally binding agreement to do what it takes to avert climate disaster. The UN Climate Change Conference in Paris in December 2015 could be humanity's last best chance to finally get this done. If they fail, what might this mean for future generations? • BY JANE SMILEY, FOR LETTERS TO THE FUTURE

DEAR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER,

Do you remember your grandmother Veronica? I am writing to you on the very day that your grandmother Veronica turned seven months old—she is my first grandchild, and she is your grandmother. That is how quickly time passes and people are born, grow up and pass on. When I was your age—now 20 (Veronica was my age, 65, when you were born), I did not realize how brief our opportunities are to change the direction of the world we live in. The world you live in grew out of the world I live in, and I want to tell you a little bit about the major difficulties of my world and how they have affected your world.

On the day I am writing this letter, the Speaker of the House of Representatives quit his job because his party—called “the Republicans,” refused absolutely to work with or compromise with the other party, now defunct, called “the Democrats.” The refusal of the Republicans to work with the Democrats was what led to the government collapse in 2025, and the break up of what to you is the Former United States. The states that refused to acknowledge climate change or, indeed, science, became the Republic of America, and the other states became West America and East America. I lived in West America. You probably live in East America, because West America was once a beautiful place—not the parched desert landscape that it is now. Our mountains were green with oaks and pines, mountain lions and coyotes and deer roamed often cool. Where you see abandoned, flooded cities, we saw smooth beaches and easy waves.

What is the greatest loss we have bequeathed you? I think it is the debris, the junk, the rotting bits of clothing, equipment, vehicles, buildings, etc. that you see everywhere and must avoid. Where we went for walks, you always have to keep an eye out. We have left you a mess. But I know that it is dangerous for you to go for walks—the human body wasn’t built to tolerate lows of 90 degrees Fahrenheit and highs of 140. When I was alive, I thought I was trying to save you, but I didn’t try hard enough, or at least, I didn’t try to save you as hard as my opponents tried to destroy you. I don’t know why they did that. I could never figure that out.

Sadly,
Great-Greatgrandma Jane

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HOME IS WHERE THE WRAC IS

The UI’s Women’s Resource and Action Center, a longtime provider of counseling services, training and victim advocacy programs, is a critical campus institution. But with the ‘old blue house’ on its last legs, the intrepid advocacy group has its sights set on a new home in the Bowman House. • BY SARAH HIRSCH

At the top of the notoriously steep hill overlooking the University of Iowa’s Iowa Memorial Union, a semi truck driver parks his vehicle to make a delivery. Moments after walking toward the Pappajohn Business Building, the driver notices something was amiss: his unattended truck, carrying 200 to 300 gallons of fuel, was in motion once again. The vehicle hurtled down Market Street until it jumped the curb and crashed into the northeast corner of a little blue house. This building was—and still remains—home to the Women’s Resource and Action Center (WRAC), a feminist organization that has served University of Iowa students and Iowa City community members since 1971.

In 1994, current WRAC director Linda Kroon was working on her computer when the fuel truck careened into her office. Buried under plaster and diesel fuel, Kroon was the only person injured, later noting, “I was very fortunate; I didn’t have any broken bones, no internal injuries.” However, she wasn’t the only thing pulled out of the debris: stacks of corn cobs were discovered in the caved-in walls. When the small blue house was built in 1892, those cobs were commonly used as insulation—the update insulation placed in the walls after the crash is one of only a few real renovations the building has received in its long lifespan.

WRAC has operated out of this house since 1976, and these days, around 12,000 people pass in and out of the blue house’s front door each year. It offers support groups, counseling services, victim advocacy and a variety of training programs. “It’s a long list,” Kroon said. “We also host things within Iowa City—the women’s music festival and poetry readings and film discussions.

The WRAC’s staff size has increased to six full-time and seven part-time workers, compared to zero paid employees for its first five years. Kroon said there was a huge surge in volunteers this fall, bringing up the count to 100. This is such a large increase that it has been impossible to hold fall trainings in the WRAC itself—new volunteers have to be trained in other places like the Lindquist Center or the Iowa Memorial Union. “There are record numbers of new folks showing up and wanting to be involved, but the house isn’t getting any bigger and it’s in bad shape,” Kroon said.

Many aspects of the building have been haphazardly adapted to suit the new occupants’ needs. The narrow, private staircases toward the back of the house that Kroon jokingly refers to as the “servants’ quarters” have been blocked off by wood and converted into storage areas. What was once a small, quaint kitchen is now a crammed office shared between two people. Old sink plumbing hookups are still prominent in the room, placed in a way that ensures toes are always stubbed. A back room that was added on sometime in the 1940s is multi-functional, holding a large number of desks for staff and an open space for meetings and other events. Upstairs, old bedrooms have become counseling areas complete with soothing paintings, most of which Kroon said were gifted to the WRAC. After walking through most of the house, I was overwhelmed with stark reminders of WRAC’s dire state: peeling paint clumped in the corners of rooms, antiquated items like the Detex watchclock rusting away on the wall, torn screen doors.
upon torn screen doors piled up in the basement. A thriving organization confined by its debilitating environment.

Nobody goes in the basement because it is “gross and moldy,” according to Kroon. After going down there, I showed her a photo of a strange brown fungus coming out of the wall. She laughed nervously and said she was “glad that [the WRAC] is moving soon.” A porch on the side of the house has been blocked off for nearly three years, with a makeshift sign declaring it closed for repair—a euphemism for “condemned.” The main hangout area’s vintage carpet conceals an asbestos tile floor. The spacious upstairs attic, while a bit scary and hard to climb up into, is home to a single box of Xerox paper. Decades-old air conditioning units have taken up window space ever since the house was retrofitted for central air around 2005. Kroon said she is thankful for the modern commodities in the house. “Apparently if you had one [of the old AC units] on in the room, you couldn’t actually have a conversation because it was too loud,” she said. It’s unlikely that the WRAC will ever turn the air conditioning on again, however. By the time the weather warms up, the organization will have moved to a new house.

In the meantime, the Bowman house is undergoing a series of crucial renovations. Kroon said all sorts of people, whether they use the WRAC for its services or stop in to the house to rest between classes, seem to be happy that the center is moving into another house instead of an office.

“I think they value that feeling of homeyness and informality,” she said. “We’re never going to be an office where you walk in and there’s a bunch of cubicles—that doesn’t suit what we do.”

Even though this 123-year-old house has a death sentence, its charm still holds strong. Intricately spiraled woodwork adorns the baseboards and walls, and Kroon said it is quite unusual to find this level of craftsmanship in modern houses. High ceilings make the small house seem lofty, and the original door’s daunting weight creates a sense of importance when entering the WRAC. The grand staircase dominates the front of the house, bringing a refined air and inviting guests to tread upstairs and peer through the antique green and yellow stained glass window.

Ages ago, one may have been able to spot a neighbor coming home from a hard day’s work through this window. Now, there’s simply a view of cars coming in and out of the parking garage next door.

Sarah Hirsch is a first-year student at the University of Iowa, and former reporter for the Daily Iowan.

Finding a new home

Kroon said the university has a long-term redevelopment plan for this area of campus—one that does not include the old blue house. She said the WRAC members have known for the last 10 years that they would have to move, and they’ve been looking for a place that would fit their specific needs. The good news? They’ve found one. During the first week of January, WRAC will move to the Bowman house across from Daum Residence Hall on Clinton Street, and the house on Madison Street will be demolished in March.

The community will have one last chance to say farewell, however, as WRAC hosts a going away party at the Madison Street house from 4:30-7 p.m. on Dec. 3.

GOING AWAY PARTY
Thu., Dec. 3, 4:30-7 p.m.
Women’s Resource & Action Center
Market & Madison St., Iowa City.

Sarah Hirsch is a first-year student at the University of Iowa, and former reporter for the Daily Iowan.
THE 'CORE FOUR' WINS! NOW WHAT?

Mayor Matt Hayek warned that, if elected, the Core Four would return Iowa City to the ‘anti-growth, micro-managing city hall of eras past.’ Now, having swept the election, the Core Four gets its chance to prove him wrong. • BY MATTHEW BYRD

As the air gets colder and the prairie wind begins to unleash its bite, the hearts of citizens in Iowa City have been lit aflame by a remarkable city council election result.

On Nov. 3, Iowa City voters swept into office, (with, it should be noted, a rather low 15.18 percent voter turnout, down from 22.3 percent in 2013), all four members of the self-declared “Core Four”—local attorney Rockne Cole, incumbent councilman and retired University of Iowa professor Jim Throgmorton, semi-retired nurse and labor activist Pauline Taylor and landscape architect and former member of the Iowa City Planning and Zoning Commission John Thomas.

The Core Four campaigned on an explicitly progressive platform that included opposition to the liberal use of controversial Tax Increment Financing (TIFs) by past city councils to fund downtown high-rise-focused development and—if their rhetoric is to be believed—a serious desire to attack and close Iowa City’s expanding racial divide on issues such as law enforcement, housing and education.

That message won—and resoundingly so—with Throgmorton netting 62 percent of the vote and Cole garnering 50 percent in the At-Large district race, besting incumbent Michelle Payne (who generated a maelstrom of outrage after referring to black residents as “colored people” at a forum on issues of racial justice) and realtor Tim Conroy, who garnered 35 percent and 42 percent respectively. In District A, a contest dominated by issues of racial disparity, Pauline Taylor unseated incumbent Rick Dobyns by a 10 percent margin, while a close race in District C resulted in John Thomas squeezing past challenger Scott McDonough. with a little under 200 votes separating the two.

It’s difficult to predict the extent to which this election will represent a sea change in Iowa City politics. Staunch progressives, who’ve often felt marginalized by the actions of the previous administration, will now dominate the city council, with Throgmorton, Taylor, Thomas, Cole and Kingsley Botchway (the other at-large councilman who won his seat in 2013) holding a 5-2 majority that essentially guarantees the passage of any policy the progressive bloc can dream up.

And what are they dreaming of? The Core Four has been somewhat circumspect regarding specific policies, preferring instead to outline a general vision, with details to be worked out later. Throgmorton says that he plans on advocating, “Having the Council use and evaluate financial incentives (such as TIF) in a way that is demonstrably fair and trustworthy; investing significant city resources in ways that directly benefit regular working people, including increasing the supply of housing they can afford; taking meaningful steps toward improving racial equity in law enforcement and in fundamentals such as education and household income; using city resources to incrementally thicken and improve our older core neighborhoods; and enabling a money-saving, job-creating transition away from carbon-based fossil fuels.”

Thomas was willing to get a little more specific, promising to, “improve government accessibility and accountability,” by hosting, “office hours, where the public has an opportunity for a conversation...The city could also hold ‘town halls’ in various locations, where members of council and city staff meet with the community in a larger setting, answering community concerns.”

There are a few educated guesses that can be gleaned from these ambiguous statements. A significant reduction in the number of TIFs doled out to high-rise development projects seems almost certain, as all four winners vociferously attacked the city’s reliance on the practice to fund projects such as the controversial 15-story Chauncey Tower project (which Councilman-elect Cole once referred to as a “breathtaking wealth transfer from working families struggling to make
ends meet to provide subsidized housing for the one percent,” that was “morally wrong and bad public policy.”). Also: Expect a more aggressive approach to ameliorating racial segregation, with options such as inclusionary zoning now firmly on the table.

Dr. Jerry Anthony, the director of UI’s Housing and Land Use Policy Program and an advocate of inclusionary zoning once told

"Those who fear we are 'anti-growth' appear to believe there is only one possible way to develop our economy..."  
—Councilor Jim Throgmorton

Little Village that the only thing standing in the way of Iowa City adopting inclusionary zoning was, “a lack of political will on the part of the city council and a lack of progressive leadership helping to push this policy forward.” With the Core Four in power, it appears as if the political will has materialized.

Not everyone is thrilled by the Core Four’s takeover.

“The voters have spoken,” local business owner and FilmScene projectionist Ross Meyer wrote on Facebook. "I guess this town likes four-story Clark buildings with unrented storefronts on the first floor and cheap student housing upstairs a lot more
than they like visionary 15-story Moen buildings. Remember that when you step over a puddle of vomit tonight.” Meyer is, of course, alluding to the divisive Chauncey building project, which will feature a number of amenities—including a FilmScene expansion—in a collaborative effort to develop the east side of Iowa City’s downtown district. More ominously, outgoing Mayor Matt Hayek, prior to the election, argued in a well-publicized Press-Citizen guest editorial that a Core Four victory would mean a, “return to the anti-growth, micromanaging city hall of eras past. We will lose the critical progress made by recent councils with the help of talented professional staff. We will jeopardize the city’s long-term ability to fund important social services for our most vulnerable populations.”

Throgmorton categorically rejects such comments, arguing, “Those who fear we are ‘anti-growth’ appear to believe there is only one possible way to develop our economy, namely, to maximize private return on investment and keep growing in purely economic terms. In my view, this emphasis on maximizing private return, wealth accumulation and economic growth imprudently disregards the natural world in which we humans are embedded and the social bonds of community needed for human life to flourish.”

Nov. 3 was a bad day for the American left. An arch-conservative took the governor’s mansion in Kentucky, threatening the newly won health insurance of 400,000 low-income Kentuckians. An equal-rights ordinance protecting the rights of LGBT Houstonians was overturned by referendum. Republicans kept the statehouse in Virginia. But the victory of the Core Four has shown that, in Iowa City at least, the cause, as the late Senator Ted Kennedy termed it, endures.}

Matthew Byrd, originally from Chicago, is currently a writer and proud resident of the People’s Republic of Johnson County. Angry screeds should be send to dibyrdie@gmail.com.
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If you’ve walked into the beer cooler at John’s or stopped in for a draft at the Sanctuary, you’ve probably that the craft beer world is sweet on sours. The brewers at Big Grove Brewery in Solon are particularly smitten with the sour style and are featuring them as part of their Measures Series. The latest in the series, Desperate Measures, is a golden sour ale aged in Opus One wine barrels, with a little something extra. In the tradition of European sours, the beer features the yeast Brettanomyces, or “Brett” to its friends. Brett is a wild yeast that grows on the skins of ripened fruits. When Brett shows up in the beer wort, it converts the sugars not only to alcohol but acids as well yielding sensory notes that range from cheese, bacon, smoke and cloves, to sweaty saddle, horse stable, barnyard and Band-Aid. Desperate Measures also features dry-aged hops for a mellow bitterness. I biked out to Lake Macbride for some afternoon mushroom hunting, and on the ride back I hit up Big Grove for a Desperate Measure draft. The body on Desperate Measures is honey-colored and the nose was tart and musty. The palate is biscuity with evidence of oak (thanks, barrel aging!), apple cider vinegar and a definitive funk. The finish, long and sour. I would have had a second if I didn’t have a night ride back to Iowa City ahead of me. If you can't make it out to the brewery, Desperate Measures is on tap in Iowa City at Pullman Bar & Diner and the Trumpet Blossom Café.

—Tim Taranto

DID YOU KNOW?
Maybe it’s the German influence on American beer—the Reinheitsgebot or German Beer Purity Law of 1516 decreed that a beer must only contain water, barley, and hops—but we Yanks are latecomers in our appreciation of the funky yeast Brettanomyces. Brewers have worked hard for centuries to keep Brett out of their mash tuns. Many believed the wild yeast spoiled the beer, producing a sour or skunked taste. But in Belgian and Flemish brewing traditions, that wild funk was a welcome addition. Saisons, Farmhouse Ales, Gueuzes, Sours and Lambics all depend on the spontaneous fermentation of the Brettanomyces yeast.

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Uh huh, yeah. No, I’m listening. Stuck at the office. Broccoli in the steamer in half an hour. Asshole boss—you said it first—deadline at nine so no later than ten. Chicken breast thawing in the sink.”

Eleven year-old mumbled on the cordless, wiped afternoon Koz-Zone cartoons out of his eyes. Mom’s staccato instructions, same as every other night.

“No. I did already, Jesus.” Homework untouched.

“Dad says that he’s got another or two test-drives—whatever, one or two more—anyway he says that he’s going over to the hospital to check on Brian and then he’s gonna try to meet with the doctor so he doesn’t know when he’ll be home and to eat without him.”

Dad slept since school let out, saying “headache” instead of “hello.” Brian breathed mechanically in the NICU with no visiting hours, no news. Broke a block of Jewel frozen broccoli on the counter. Dad slept. He slept, pigment sapping from his hands, as he had since Brian had been partially born ten months prior. Since then the hands turned almost completely white.

“I need you to sign this thing for me for school tomorrow. No, I didn’t get into no trouble—fine any trouble—I’m failing mmmff. Jesus! You don’t need to scream.”

Yanked the freezer door open. It swung back hard on two hinges and bounced closed again. Opened a second time, softly. Took two chicken breasts out.

“Yeah, I’m doing it right now. I’m making enough for everyone. I thought you said I could go talk to Dr. Takomi during gym.”

Peeled the wrapping off the breasts, they clacked together like stone in the streaked sink basin, knocked flecks of pink blood frost off to melt and pool.

“Yeah, I can hold Mom.” Dad came into the kitchen, groggy, towards the drawer where aspirin lived. His swollen, possum eyes tried to focus on the elements of dinner.

“Mom working late again?”

“Mom” mouthed, phone held out to his shaking head. “Not now, dude. Just tell her that I’ve got to deliver a new M3 and a used Audi four-door. Then I gotta go see Charles at the Cruther’s funeral home.”

“Did already.”

Keys, checkbook, wallet. His chalky hands darted shameful and quick into jacket pockets. Color started to leave almost a year ago, started when was removed Brian from Mom, whose incision scar was more vibrant with pink life than Brian.

“Thanks dude, but I think I’ll train it again tonight. I might—I’ll see you tomorrow and try not to be up to late, huh?” Front door opened, closed.

“No, that’s fine I can keep holding. Nothing, just sitting on the floor waiting for the water to boil.”

Dug under the sink, grabbed the can of Scotch-Guard and the yellow stained rag. Liberal application.

Breathed deep until the evening shuddered, the atmospheric suck of the South loop, the nothing of the apartment, the boiling water, the Mom on hold. All of it is replaced.

Wawawawawawawawawawawawawawawa.

Went sideways in a giggle and another hit, prisms from streetlights stream fantastic onto the floor, dancing for him. Then light to white. Gasped. Upright and thought, I’m blind, how long was I laying there, I can’t feel my lips, am I dead, did I burn dinner?

“Mom?”

Minutes passed sitting there. Water beaded, threatened to boil. On hold, still. Wawa faded to the return of the silence, popped and hissed. Took a smallish last hit to stop spinning the wrong way, keep from throwing up, threw the can and rag alike back under sink.

“Yeah, I’m still here. No that’s ok. So the doctor said you gotta go to the hospital now? Did you tell him you have to eat, too? Ok, it’s ok. I’m sorry. Stop. Everything is fine. Maybe they’re letting him come home. Ok, can you call Kyle’s mom first and tell ‘em I’m coming ‘cause last time they didn’t know that I was coming and I got embarrassed ‘cause I didn’t think they wanted me to spend the night. Yeah, I’ll still eat first. Love you too.”

Grabbed a warm Diet Coke in one hand and Scotch-Guard with rag in the other. Curled up on the couch. Slept there until daylight.
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Let Oasis cater your next event!
nAMUH, a forthcoming graphic novel by UI alum Ryan Bentzinger, tackles heavy social issues like climate change and poverty with watercolors that are as gentle as they are powerful. • BY ROB CLINE

T he origin story for Ryan Bentzinger’s nAMUH could be summed up this way: right place, right time.

As a University of Iowa student studying studio art in 2009, he was in the right place when UI professor Chungi Choo suddenly appeared one day and announced she needed an assistant. Choo, in addition to keeping him busy, would critique his art, and in 2012, when she knew Sean Ulmer of the Cedar Rapids Museum of Art was coming to the university, she encouraged Bentzinger to show his best work.

That work included watercolors featuring monsters and robots. Ulmer was impressed.

“Sean liked how I handled the watercolor medium,” the 26-year-old artist said, “and I was just pumped that someone liked these crazy monsters and robots and took it seriously.”

At the time, those monsters and robots were in their formative stages. “It was bare bones at the time…I had just finished [a couple] of characters that week,” Bentzinger remembers.

According to Bentzinger, Ulmer wanted to know if he was making a book. He thought the work might be interesting to display at the museum. The artist remembers giving the impression that he was, indeed, working on a book. He remembers thinking, “I’m totally making a book. I don’t know how to make a book, but I’m 23 and if you’re going to offer me a museum show...”

Jump forward to 2015, and the watercolors that make up the first chapter of Bentzinger’s book are, in fact, on display at the Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, timed (in another moment of right place, right time congruity) to complement a science fiction exhibition the museum has been hosting. In addition to the art on the walls, a video display cycles through the other four chapters that make up the first book of what Bentzinger says will be a five-book series.

“You can’t tell an epic tale in five chapters,” he said.

And nAMUH is a certainly an epic tale. Bentzinger imagines a post-human world (note that the book’s title is “human” spelled backward) in which robots and monsters live separate lives on an environmentally altered world. Smog had become so thick that cities can be built on it. On the surface, islands with names like “kretivitee,” “criime,” “salvaj,” and “poverttee” are home to a variety of creatures in desperate straits.

The naming conventions give the book the feel of an old fashioned allegory, and Bentzinger admits he has some points to make, saying the book is sometimes a “way of venting about how we blow out the ozone layer, or eat garbage and call it food, or about the unequal distribution of wealth.” He shies away from calling himself an activist, but he is mindful that for his “12-year-old self, all my role models were fictional characters,” and suggests nAMUH might be “a way to give a message without slapping you in the face with it.”

The Cedar Rapids Museum of Art exhibition is deeply engaging, with Bentzinger’s story unfolding across two galleries, the title cards providing description and dialogue as the plot unfurls across images of various sizes. Each character’s dialogue is rendered in a different color, and various supplemental materials featuring Bentzinger’s notes add context. These materials include details about the characters that have the feel of “Dungeons and Dragons” character descriptions, and work-in-progress style considerations of how the world has ended up in its impoverished state.

Each painting has a rough and tumble, almost unfinished feel, appropriate for the story Bentzinger is spinning. As one moves through the exhibit, one notices that the images were not always painted in the order in which they appear. Developments in Bentzinger’s style are highlighted by these jumps forward.
and backward in time. Nevertheless, the first chapter unfolds with drama and humor, convincingly laying the groundwork for a tale of adventure.

“I wouldn’t say I’m a comics artist at all,” Bentzinger says, but nAMUH is undeniably a graphic novel—a graphic novel the artist is in the process of self-publishing. He’s collecting pre-orders now via the museum’s gift shop and at his web site, ryanbentzinger.com, and his hope is to have books printed before the exhibition closes on Jan. 17. That would be in keeping with the right place, right time momentum that has driven the creative process so far.

Meanwhile, he has the next four volumes of his story outlined and a plan for completion. A larger studio space and more familiarity with the medium in which he’s working will speed the process. And he’ll be building on his current momentum. “I’ve developed the characters, I know the story, I have my rhythm now,” he said.

This is all to the good, because people who enter his fictional world are going to be eager to explore it fully. And while the book is sure to be appealing, the exhibition is a spectacular way to slip into Bentzinger’s imaginative space. Be in the right place at the right time—catch it before it closes.

Rob Cline seeks out the good and bad across the comics landscape as the Colorblind Comics Critic.
Musician and writer Richard Hell (Television, The Heartbreakers) is about to publish a new collection of essays. His agent said the book would hurt his career. Hell says it’s worth the risk. • BY KEMBREW MCLEOD

“I’ve always loved books,” he told me over coffee at an East Village diner in New York. “The way they looked and the interplay between the words themselves and they way they are presented,” he said, “the ways that all of those elements of a book interact with each other to produce an impact—that has always been important to me.”

We were talking about his new collection of nonfiction essays, evocatively titled Massive Pissed Love (Soft Skull Press). “I designed the book, I organized it,” Hell said. “I’m kind of eccentric that way, as a writer. Most writers, they basically hand over the manuscript and get back a book. But me, I want control over that stuff, and I’ve gotten a lot of control from my publishers because I have a background in this.”

“All the books I’ve published since I was a kid,” he said, “I designed them and made all the choices about the publication process.”

Discussing Genesis : Grasp, his first dive into publishing, he said, “That magazine, I started when I was seventeen and I brought out six issues across four years. It was like a high school literary magazine. I was very ignorant, and I was not a very good writer, and I was just trying to figure out what I was capable of.”

“The very first issue was actually letterpressed,” he added. “It was still early enough that it was common. I just found a printer on the Lower East Side that typeset books, basically the same technology from the sixteenth century, but by the time I did the last issue I was printing them by myself on a three hundred dollar desktop offset printer, like the size of a milk crate...So that was this whole process of getting a grip and knowing what excited me in writing, and figuring out the technology—but it was really, really primitive. Very high school, until maybe the last two issues.”

After doing Genesis : Grasp, Hell started a poetry book imprint before getting sidetracked by rock’n’roll. Then, after a decade in the punk trenches, he more or less hung up his bass guitar. “I didn’t know what to do,” Hell told me. “I kind of cast around floundering after I left music, which was in 1984, because I had to find out some way to make a living.”

“I had a day job for the first time since I was in my twenties. I was proofreading for a year for a company that typeset, but I used that too, because I got friendly with them and I ended up using their facilities to print a literary magazine with their equipment for free. They let me typeset my own magazine and let me run it off on their super-modern photocopier...It was called CUZ, and it was sponsored by The Poetry Project, but it was completely done by myself.”

Richard Hell’s first foray into freelance writing happened after he and Punk magazine co-founder Legs McNeil convinced SPIN to send them rafting down the Mississippi in conjunction with the hundredth anniversary of the publication of Mark Twain’s Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. “That was a blast,” Hell said. “I thought, ‘This is the life, you just think of something interesting to do and approach some editor and get them to pay for you to do it—and not only that, but then they pay you more to write what it was like?!’ [laughs] That looked promising.”

“I kept doing that, and come 1992, I had enough chops, and I was interested in doing something a little more ambitious, so I started a novel and I just continued from there,” he continued. “I’ve been really lucky because I’ve always been free, and I basically freelance and do whatever interests me.”

The writing in Massive Pissed Love reflects Hell’s independent spirit, as well as his diverse interests in film, art, music and culture. For instance, when he was approached by the editors of BlackBook to write a profile on Snoop Dogg, he convinced them to let him write a regular movie column instead. “It’s a pretty even mix of pieces that I initiated and pieces that came from editors who asked me if I would do something,” Hell said of his new collection.

“I always took my journalism and essays I’d done for all different kinds of outlets very seriously—from big establishment newspapers like the New York Times to very small papers like this magazine called Toilet Paper, to art catalogs, to the movie column.” Because of the wide range of media outlets that published his writings, it’s unlikely that even the most dedicated Richard Hell aficionado would have seen more than a small percentage of it—which is one reason he put together Massive Pissed Love.

“Usually, these kinds of books are trivial. People knocking out topical newspaper articles and whatnot, as a rule, it’s not very attractive to a reader. They’re like fishwrap,” Hell said. “My agent, who I love, he said, ‘It will hurt your career.’ And I said, ‘I’m sixty-five years old. If we’re doing a career trajectory thing, you know...’” he trailed off, laughing.

Massive Pissed Love isn’t your run-of-the-mill edited collection of fishwrap, for every aspect of the book was carefully considered. “If the writing is worthy at all,” Hell said, “the book itself—from the way it’s designed to the way the content is organized to all the choices that are made when creating the book itself—it all really matters to me. So that was really fun and interesting to me, figuring out how to organize this book. It was literally a fulltime job for me.”

Kembrew McLeod hearts New York City.
I kind of cast around floundering after I left music ... I had to find out some way to make a living.
REMEMBRANCE OF DOWNTOWN PAST

Historic photographs accompany essays about downtown Iowa City in a new book that’s half time capsule, half love song.

BY GEMMA DE CHOISY & KENT WILLIAMS

Iowa City is home to some 71,591 of us (give or take a census). To Marybeth Slonneger, it’s more—a 176-year-old ongoing public art project. Slonneger holds degrees in art history, book arts and photography. “All those things come together for the books I’ve done,” she told me when we met at Wetherby House, the former home of 19th Century Iowa City photographer Isaac Wetherby. Like Slonneger’s three previous books—Small But Ours: Images and Stories from a Nineteenth Century Bohemian Neighborhood, Wetherby’s Gallery: Painting, Daguerreotypes, & Ambrotypes of an Artist and The Burg: A Writer’s Diner—her newest release, Finials: A View of Downtown Iowa City, combines photographs of downtown Iowa City with a collection of essays reflecting on the town’s abiding beauty.

Slonneger bought and restored Wetherby House when it was threatened with demolition—an act of love that speaks to her impulse towards preservation, which is something she has in common with Finial’s financiers. The book’s publication was sponsored by the Iowa City Friends of Historic Preservation (ICFHP) as part of the organization’s 40th anniversary celebration. The ICFHP was originally formed as the Friends of Old Brick, who came together to prevent the destruction of the historic Market Street brick church.

The book was, in fact, inspired by recent controversies in Iowa City about development and preservation. Finials, Slonneger says, “reflects on my part the wish to try to do something positive after all the tension because of the railroad cottages being torn down,” she said, “and the controversy about the fourteen-story super-buildings going up.” The friction that debate inspired at recent city council meetings plays no small part in the book’s make up.

Finials is filled with photographs dating back to 1854, separated chronologically and thematically by seventeen essays written by various Iowa Citians, including recently the recently elected City Councilor Rockne Cole and the recently re-elected Jim Throgmorton. Both men’s contributions are less essay than soapbox polemic. Throgmorton addressed those contentious City Council meetings and the recent Tax Increment Financing (TIF) controversy directly. “Relentlessly focused on increasing the tax base, this map,” he writes, referring to a vision of Iowa City he dubs “Urban Renewal 2.0,” “charts a course toward a city accentuated by 15-story mixed-use buildings that attract wealthy households and Internet-savvy Millennials (the mythical "creative class") while marginalizing others.” Cole, meanwhile, writes, “Too often the debate about preservation is often cast as a struggle between the nostalgic idealists longing for a bygone era and the sober minded realists focusing on the immediate needs to ‘grow our tax base.’”

Slonneger had more romantic concerns.
“I was interested in going to the earliest photographs and the original way the city was,” Slonneger said of her mission. “The initial unity of the downtown, the scale and the aesthetics of it, what were people concerned with.” In her research she found, “wonderful detail on buildings, and a lot of craftsmanship, a lot of care.” She drew from the expertise of the State Historical Society’s Mary Bennett, to whom Finials is dedicated, and the vast resources of the University of Iowa Library’s Special Collections, where she gathered a great deal of material from donated student photo albums.

Following a stirring, lyric examination of Iowa City’s geologic and geographic history by Marlin R. Ingalls (arguably the most moving and least politicized contribution to the book), Slonneger quotes cultural critic and essayist Cynthia Ozick: “It’s a very strange American amnesiac development to put all experience in the present tense, without memory, or history, or a past. What is ‘past?’ One damn thing after another. What is history? Judgement and interpretation.”

The quote’s inclusion is a judgement and interpretation in its own right. The Urban Renewal projects that took place in Iowa City in the 1970s and 1980s marked a huge change in downtown Iowa City, Slonneger recalls. “The city really took a hit when Urban Renewal began,” she said. “Up until that happened, the city was intact.” The Old Capitol Town Center and the Pedestrian Mall are the main legacy of those urban renewal efforts, and the Hotel Vetro building is on the site of what was a vacant lot for almost 40 years.

“There’s always change,” Slonneger concedes, “but there’s also the beauty of retaining something with historic merit...I’ve left the argument open for people to look through and make up their own mind as to whether these things are beautiful enough, important enough and historic enough to hang on to.”

Gemma de Choisy is proto-nostalgic. Kent Williams is drawing a blank.
EDITORS' PICKS

Are you planning an event? Submit event info to calendar@littlevillagemag.com. Include event name, date, time, venue, street address, admission price and a brief description (no all-caps, exclamation points or advertising verbiage, please). To find more events, visit littlevillagemag.com/calendar.

WED., NOV. 18

COMMUNITY: 1 Million Cups Cedar Rapids, Vault Coworking & Collaboration Space, Free, 9 a.m. 1 Million Cups is a free, weekly national program designed to educate, engage and connect entrepreneurs. Developed by the Kauffman Foundation, 1MC is based on the notion that entrepreneurs discover solutions and network over a million cups of coffee. —via 1 Million Cups

LITERATURE: Jeffrey Harrison, Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. Iowa Writers' Workshop graduate Jeffrey Harrison will read from his most recent book of poetry, ‘Into Daylight.’ Winner of the Dorset Prize, selected by Tom Sleigh, ‘Into Daylight’ reflects on the daily familiarities and fragilities experienced in a long marriage and as a parent of teenagers, refracted through the shock of a brother’s suicide. —via 1 Million Cups

MUSIC: Frank Vignola and Vinny Raniolo, Legion Arts CSPS Hall, $17-21, 7 p.m. Frank Vignola and Vinny Raniolo are extraordinary guitarists on their own. Teamed up they are a force of nature. —via Legion Arts

EOTO, Blue Moose Tap House, $20-25, 9 p.m. Throbbing bass and thudding beats are the signatures of this project from drummers Michael Travis and Jason Hann. Born out of their shared love of electronic dance music, EOTO's M.O. is to take the free-wheeling party vibe of a DJ set to the next level by using organic instruments, innovative performance technology and uncharted musical exploration. —via Blue Moose Tap House

THE DANDY WARHOLS
The Englert Theatre
Friday, Nov. 20, 8 p.m. $25
Photo by Aurelien Guichard

THUR., NOV. 19

THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Opening Night: Nuncrackers, Old Creamery Theatre, $12-30, 2 p.m. You won’t want to miss the Little Sisters of Hoboken from “NunSence” as they return to The Old Creamery’s stage to put their patented spin on celebrating the holidays. Reverend Mother and her crew will provide plenty of Christmas music and more laughs than you can shake a candy cane at. Rated G. —via Old Creamery Theatre

Bring Your Own Vinyl, Gabe's, Free, 10 p.m. Grab your favorite records and head down to Gabe's. This event is 21 and over.

THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE: Andrea Gibson, The Englert Theatre, $15, 8 p.m. Andrea Gibson is not gentle with her truths. It is this raw fearlessness that has led her to the forefront of the spoken word movement. The first winner of the Women’s World Poetry Slam, Gibson has headlined prestigious performance venues coast to coast with powerful readings on war, class, gender, bullying, white privilege, sexuality, love and spirituality. —via Andrea Gibson

Tommy Johnagin, The Mill, $20, 9 p.m. Autobiographical story-telling comedian and a favorite at comedy clubs all across the country. In 2007 Tommy was invited to the prestigious “Just For Laughs” comedy festival in Montreal, Canada where he was the highest reviewed “New Face.” —via Tommy Johnagin
**AREA EVENTS**

**/LITERATURE:** Art Lovers Book Club: The Lost Carving, Cedar Rapids Museum Of Art, Free, 4 p.m. The November Book Club selection is 'The Lost Carving: A Journey to the Heart of Making,' by David Esterly. When in 1986 a devastating fire at Hampton Court Palace destroyed a 16th century carved wood masterpiece by Grinling Gibbons, the search went out for someone who could faithfully restore it. —via CRMA

Patrick Irelan, Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. Local author Patrick Irelan will read from his first mystery novel, 'The Big Drugstore,' published by Ice Cube Press. Written with a touch of Raymond Chandler, this rollicking, wisecracking crime novel's action goes from bridge to bridge, city to city and even takes a jaunt down to Iowa's only island town, Sabula. —via Ice Cube Press

**/COMMUNITY:** Nooks & Crannies Tour, Brucemore, $10-15, 7 p.m. Visit every floor, peek into closed rooms and satisfy curiosity through this all-access pass to the Mansion. Marvel at the Skinner pipe organ room, discover the architecture and oddities in the attic, and experience the sight and sound of a "rain storm" in the basement Tahitian Room. —via Brucemore

**/FAMILY:** Opening Night: Disney on Ice: Dare to Dream, US Cellular Center, $15-50, 7 p.m. Get tangled up in the newest thrilling show to hit the ice, Disney On Ice presents Dare to Dream. All your favorite princesses take to the ice at the ultimate Disney Princess event of a lifetime. —via US Cellular Center

**/MUSIC:** Cody Hicks, Blue Moose Tap House, $8-10, 9 p.m. Front man Cody Hicks has been playing live music for nearly a decade: from cover bands, original bands, and a solo acoustic set. He was approached by current lead guitarist Matt Vavroch to start a music project, which lead to the introduction of drummer Coleton Tompkins. Together the trio started jamming, forming the foundation of the band's current sound. —via Cody Hicks

Model Stranger, Gabe's, Free, 9 p.m. An eclectic synthesis of psychedelic grunge and classic rock, Model Stranger's sound has been described as "akin to an offbeat conversation between a deprived Thom Yorke and an angry John Lennon dissecting the modern challenges of the human condition." The Ills, Contrauma to open. —via Model Stranger

**FRI., NOV. 20**

**/MUSIC:** Byron BK Davis: Stevie Wonder Tribute, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, $18, 7 p.m. Byron "BK" Davis 'Steinway International Artist' performs a ninety-minute Stevie Wonder tribute.

The Dandy Warhols, The Englert Theatre, $25, 8 p.m. With over 20 years under their belts, The Dandy Warhols have had plenty of time to realize their musical vision. With an ever-changing setlist and 14 albums to rotate through, every show is different from the last. After their show at the historic Englert Theatre, the Warhols will be heading over to FilmScene for a late-night DJ set.

**Dear Kiki,**

_How do I suggest/persuade my boyfriend to try pegging? Our relationship so far has been “heteronormative,” if you will._

_Signed, Persuasive Top_

Hi Honey,

_Ooh! How fun—I love pegging! If there’s a common thread to my advice thus far, it’s been expanding the context in which you move about. I think it’s going to be a lot easier to broach the subject if you already have a vibrant conversation going about what you like and dislike sexually. I would begin by creating that context first, drawing on your own self-reflection. Think through why you’re into pegging—are you into the idea of control, pleasuring your partner in a new way, or just into trying new things? A little of everything? I think having a rationale is always useful when setting out to persuade, and will determine what kind of conversation you have. For instance, if pegging is really tied to gender roles and power dynamics for you, then the conversation may be about your feelings about gender roles generally. If it’s about exploration, the conversation may be about how important playfulness is to you._

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_Signed, Persuasive Top_

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**Honesty, lots of people have hang-ups about their butts.**

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However, I can already guess which obstacles there may be: the association with male homosexuality and body shame. Anal penetration is historically associated with gay male and straight female receivers and male penetrators, and for many straight men, being a receiver is not part of their sexual vocabulary. This isn’t just a straight dude thing—queer women also tend to ignore the back door, and it’s a damn shame. The second obstacle, body shame, is less gendered. Honestly, lots of people have hang-ups about their butts. Here’s where things get tricky, honey. In my mind, both of these aversions are reasonable considering our socialization, but irrational in an absolute sense. Bending over for your girlfriend doesn’t make you gay, and butts are pretty! And at the end of the day, I’m guessing your sex life is about pleasure and intimacy, not exposure therapy. I do think that creating a context where things can be felt and named may loosen him up, but ultimately this may still be a no-go. (If, however, he still expects you to be anally penetrated, I’m not a fan.) Have fun! —xoxo, Kiki

Questions about love and sex in the city of Iowa City can be sent to dearkiki@littlevillagemag.com. Questions may be edited for clarity and length, and may appear either in print or online at littlevillagemag.com
Skunk River Medicine Show, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m. Tom has been performing vintage acoustic blues and ragtime as a solo artist most of his life, having spent time with Reverend Gary Davis, Son House and others when he was a teenager. —via Skunk River Medicine Show

Holiday Pops: Cirque de la Symphonie, Adler Theatre, $10-75, 8 p.m. Holiday Pops Cirque de la Symphonie will feature aerial flyers, acrobats, dancers, balancers and spinners professionally choreographed to classical masterpieces with choirs. —via Adler Theatre

Cedar County Cobras album release, The Mill, $6, 9 p.m. Just as a cobra snake is rare to impossible to find in the farm fields of rural Iowa, the eclectic sound of the string band Cedar County Cobras is a sight to be seen. The music has been described as contagious, acoustic rockabilly, dancing bluegrass, or brand new old-time country with the gritty sound of soulful blues. —via Cedar County Cobras

Soap and EGI, Iowa City Yacht Club, $7, 9:30 p.m. Like the band name, Soap’s music is undoubtedly fresh. With influences ranging from jazz, blues and funk to progressive, psychedelic and electronic, Soap skillfully fuses all of these genres into one dance-infused rock. —via Soap

Literature: Rasheen Davis Reading, Coralville Center for the Performing Arts, Free, 6 p.m. Join author Rasheen Davis for a reading and discussion from her book, ‘The Chemo Room.’ Davis is a cancer survivor and a volunteer for CancerCare, offering this reading as a part of Breast Cancer Awareness Month. All proceeds will go to CancerCare. —via CCPA

Gerhild Krapf, Prairie Lights, Free, 7 p.m. Longtime Iowa City resident Gerhild Krapf will do a reading from ‘Ring Around the Poesy II, A Cycle of Children’s Poems and Illustrations,’ which she wrote and illustrated. A follow-up to her previous volume, the book is inspired by her first-generation German upbringing. It is a cycle of playful poems for children of all ages that is rooted in a fairy tale view of the world that celebrates animals, nature and many other joys of existence. —via Prairie Lights

Theatre-and-Performance: Opening Night: A Christmas Story: The Musical, Theatre Cedar Rapids, $23-38, 7:30 p.m. You’ll shoot your eye out! The 1983 cult classic film is now a stage musical (music and lyrics by Benj Pasek and Justin Paul; book by Joseph Robinette). Leslie Charipar directs TCR’s production of this hilarious tale about little Ralphie Parker and his quest for a Red Ryder BB gun. —via Theatre Cedar Rapids
The Lollipop Files, November 19–22, Thu–Sun, Johnson County Fairgrounds, $10–15, times vary. The family-friendly Lollipop Files (subtitle: a crime syndicate) follows Walter Falls, Private Eye as he investigates the nefarious goings on at Sally’s candy shop, Costello’s diaper service, and Mama Spumoni’s diner. Written by Janet Schlapkohl; directed by Krista Neumann.

/FAMILY: Kids Only Friday Night Out, The Ceramics Center, $20, 5:30 p.m. Price includes pizza, popcorn and drink. Your kiddos will watch a video then create some art with clay. This event is for kids only, no parents allowed! This is a great opportunity to get some holiday shopping done or for a romantic date night. Ages 5+ —via The Ceramics Center

SAT., NOV. 21

/CRAFTY: 2-Hole Beaded Components, Beadology, $58, 10 a.m. Create a sun and a gear that can be used for earrings or a necklace slide using two types of 2-hole, 2mm fire polish pressed glass and seed beads. No experience necessary. —via Beadology

/MUSIC: Holiday Pops: Cirque de la Symphonie, Adler Theatre, $10-75, 2 p.m., 8 p.m. Holiday Pops Cirque de la Symphonie will feature aerial flyers, acrobats, dancers, balancers and spinners professionally choreographed to classical masterpieces with choirs. —via Adler Theatre

The Word Alive, Blue Moose Tap House, $15-18, 5 p.m. Sometimes a sweeping change within an entity is all that is needed for all the cards to fall into place. In the case of metal-hardcore outfit The Word Alive, gaining a dynamic new vocalist was just the catalyst the group needed to take their next steps forward in their burgeoning career. —via The World Alive

Hairball, US Cellular Center, $23-25, 7:30 p.m. When was the last time you saw Guns & Roses, AC/DC, Aerosmith, Kiss, Van Halen, Queen, Twisted Sister, Journey, Poison and Bon Jovi all in the same night? With a fiery pyro show, video screens, smoke machines, make-up, costumes, fire, and a virtually endless playlist, Hairball puts on a rock concert like you’ve never seen before! —via Hairball

Iris DeMent, The Englert Theatre, $28-32, 8 p.m. It was by pure chance that Iris DeMent opened the book of Russian poetry sitting on her piano bench to Anna Akhmatova’s ‘Like A White Stone.’ As she read, though, a curious sensation swept over her. The melody just poured out of her almost instantly. She turned the page and it happened again, and again after that, and before she even fully understood it, she was already deep into writing what would become ‘The Trackless Woods,’ an album which sets Akhmatova’s poetry to music for the first time ever. —via Iris DeMent

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John McCutcheon in ‘Joe Hill’s Last Will,’ Legion Arts CPS Hall, $20-25, 8 p.m. Joe Hill, a labor activist and songwriter originally from Sweden, was executed (after a questionable trial) by firing squad Nov 19, 1915, in Utah. Since his death, he has become a legend, memorialized in poetry, prose, song and this play, a 2011 piece by songwriter Si Kahn. Storyteller and multi-instrumentalist John McCutcheon begins a five-city tour of this one-man play on the 100th anniversary of Joe Hill’s death, landing at CPS Legion Arts in Cedar Rapids on Nov 21. The play is an exploration of the night before Joe Hill’s execution, as he sits in a Salt Lake City prison cell.

Natural Child, Gabe’s, $10, 9 p.m. Hailing from Nashville Tennessee, Natural Child plays old school rock’n’roll like the greats. Cedar County Cobras, Indentity, The Fowler Brothers to open.

Dan DiMonte and the Bad Assettes, The Mill, Free, 9 p.m. Dan DiMonte is an Iowa City-based multi-instrumentalist, vocalist, and composer transplanted from the southwest suburbs of Chicago. The Bad Assettes, the powerhouse jazz rock band that brings DiMonte’s compositions to life, consists of Dan Padley on guitar, Reid Turner on keyboards, Blake Shaw on bass, Jonathan Birdsal on saxophone and Carlo Kind on drums. —Dan DiMonte and the Bad Assettes
Friday, December 11 at 7:30 pm
The Englert Theatre

Ellis Marsalis is the patriarch of one of the most famous families in music, and he’s bringing the holiday cheer from New Orleans to Iowa City. The premier modern jazz pianist from the Crescent City will share his own considerable talents in this celebratory performance.
**AREA EVENTS**

**SUN., NOV. 22**

/COMMUNITY: Fall Craft & Vendor Show, Walcott Coliseum, Free, 10 a.m. Over 30 crafters & vendors will be joining us to be your personal shopper for the day. Lunch will also be provided.

/FAMILY: Orienteering, Indian Creek Nature Center, $3-8, 1 p.m. Enjoy STEM science activities as you learn compass basics and map skills. Venture out onto the landscape with your compass, score card and new skills to find a series of control points. Come dressed for the weather. Sturdy shoes recommended. Advance registration is encouraged. —via Indian Creek Nature Center

/LITERATURE: Iowa City Finials Book Event, Prairie Lights, Free, 3 p.m. Hear from several of the contributors to Marybeth Slonneger’s new retrospective, ‘Finials: A View of Downtown Iowa City.’

/MUSIC: Iowa City Community String Orchestra, The Englert Theatre, Free, 3 p.m. Exciting new work for the solo guzheng (a traditional Chinese zither) and full orchestra in which the composer and soloist are both internationally recognized and live locally. For the traditionalist, Beethoven’s last quartet, No. 16, Op. 135 arranged for full orchestra will close the concert. —via Englert Theatre

Ken Cook (aka Wookie) Benefit Show, The Mill, Donations, 5 p.m. Ken Cook (aka Wookie) has been a member many bands and helped organize many benefits for fellow musicians and friends. This year Wookie was diagnosed with cancer and we want to show our respect and help him to pay for costs related to his treatments. —via The Mill

**MON., NOV. 23**

/MUSIC: Nudie Suits, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Nudie Suits, gal power Baltimore duo, are influenced by Twin Peaks, repetition, art rock and nonchalance. —via Nudie Suits

**TUE., NOV. 24**

/MUSIC: Aqueous, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Tearing out of Buffalo NY, rock/groove powerhouse Aqueous has built a name for themselves nationally, following years of touring and high profile sets at festivals like Summer Camp, Peach Festival, Moe Down, Catskill Chill, The Frendly Gathering, and countless others. —via Aqueous

/LITERATURE: Gallery Talk: The Public/Private Museum, Faulconer Gallery, Free, 4 p.m. Gilbert Vicario, senior curator at the Des Moines Art Center, will explore how collecting by public institutions and private individuals has changed the way we experience contemporary art. —via Faulconer Gallery

**WED., NOV. 25**

/MUSIC: Modern Baseball, Gabe’s, $16.50-19, 5:30 p.m. Indie punk-rockers Modern Baseball stop through Iowa City on their nationwide tour. PUP, Jeff Rosenstock, Tiny Moving Parts to open.

/COMMUNITY: Iowa City Open Coffee, Thinc Lab, Free, 8 a.m. Coffee with entrepreneurs and creatives in the Iowa City area. Meet other entrepreneurs and creatives, hear announcements on upcoming startup and creative events, and talk about startup and tech news. —via Iowa City Open Coffee

**THU., NOV. 26**

/MUSIC: Turkey Twerk, The Mill, Free, 10 p.m. Your family has retired for the evening but you know you’re trying to meet up with that ol’ IC crew of yours. DAMN JUHL and Dr. Edmond will be laying down those reminiscent grooves. —via The Mill

**FRI., NOV. 27**

/COMMUNITY: Opening: Tannenbaum Forest Amana Colonies, 10 a.m. Visit the Tannenbaum Forest in the Festhalle Barn. Decorated trees, Nativity, Santa and his reindeer. Open through Dec. 20.

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The Glass Menagerie

November 6 – 22

The Uniphonics’ jam band approach to hip hop has led them to performances at countless major festivals and venues across the country. —via The Uniphonics

SAT., NOV. 28

/MUSIC: Rossonian, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Rossonian is a band of white boys named after a legendary black jazz club who don’t play jazz. Rossonian’s music is the thrill of anticipation as you prepare yourself for the ecstasy of heading out into the night. —via Rossonian

/MUSIC: Double Dubbs, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Double Dubbs is an acoustic-electric band with songwriting influenced by roots rock, blues, and American folk music. —via Double Dubbs

TUE., DEC. 1

/COMMUNITY: Opening: Festival of the Trees, IMU Main Floor, Free, 10 a.m. Stroll through 30 beautifully decorated trees on display and available for bidding during this years festival. All proceeds will benefit the Crisis Center of Johnson County. Open through Dec. 5. —via University of Iowa

/MUSIC: Kenny Rogers: Once Again it’s Christmas, US Cellular Center, $40-80, 7:30 p.m. This Kenny Rogers tour features singer Linda Davis and includes performances of holiday favorites, as well as Rogers’ No. 1 hits! Double Dubbs, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Double Dubbs is an acoustic-electric band with songwriting influenced by roots rock, blues, and American folk music. —via Double Dubbs

SUN., NOV. 29

/COMMUNITY: Lotería Night at The Mill: Presented by LULAC, The Mill, $5, 6 p.m. Lotería is a Latin game originated from Mexico game of chance, similar to bingo, but using images on a deck of cards instead of plain numbers on ping pong balls. —via Wikipedia

/MUSIC: Rossonian, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Rossonian is a band of white boys named after a legendary black jazz club who don’t play jazz. Rossonian’s music is the thrill of anticipation as you prepare yourself for the ecstasy of heading out into the night. —via Rossonian

/MUSIC: Double Dubbs, Gabe’s, Free, 9 p.m. Double Dubbs is an acoustic-electric band with songwriting influenced by roots rock, blues, and American folk music. —via Double Dubbs
ONGOING EVENTS

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

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

WEDNESDAYS
Honest Open Mic, Lincoln Wine Bar, 6 p.m.  Burlington Street Bluegrass Band, The Mill, $5, 6 p.m.  (2nd & 4th weeks)  Open Mic Night, Penguins Comedy Club, Free, 6:30 p.m.  Spoken Word, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.  (first Wednesday)  Open Mic, Cafe Paradiso, Free, 8 p.m.  Open Stage, Studio 13, 10 p.m.  Open Jam and Mug Night, Yacht Club, Free, 10 p.m.  Late Shift at the Grindhouse, FilmScene, $4, 10 p.m.  Talk Art, The Mill, Free, 10:30 p.m.  (2nd & 4th weeks)

THURSDAYS
Novel Conversations, Coralville Public Library, Free, 7 p.m.  (3rd week)  Thursday Night Live Open Mic, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.  Karaoke Thursday, Studio 13, Free, 8 p.m.  Gemini Karaoke, Blue Moose, Free, 9 p.m.

FRIDAYS
FAC Dance Party, The Union Bar, 7 p.m.  Sasha Belle presents: Friday Drag & Dance Party, Studio 13, 8 p.m.  SoulShake, Gabe’s, Free, 10 p.m.

SATURDAYS
Family Storytime, Iowa City Public Library, Free, 10:30 a.m.  Saturday Night Music, Uptown Bill’s, Free, 7 p.m.  Elation Dance Party, Studio 13, 9 p.m.

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

/THEATRE-AND-PERFORMANCE:

/ART-AND-EXHIBITION:
Abstract Water Color Paintings by Alexandra Ackerman, Motley Cow Cafe, (through Nov. 30), Out of This World: Science Fiction and Fantasy Art Exhibition, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, (through Jan. 3), Illustrations of Don Quixote, Old Capitol Museum, (through Jan. 3), I am Everyday People, Old Capitol Museum, (through Jan. 3), The Gift Gallery, Chait Galleries, (Nov. 27- Jan. 4), Ryan Bentzinger: nAMUH, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, (through Jan. 17), Living with Pots: Ceramics from the Eric Dean and Todd Thelen Collection, Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, (through April 10), Small Works Show, Chait Galleries (open indefinitely)

/CINEMA:
Western Religion, New Strand Theatre, $6, Nov. 20-25, The Picture Show Family and Children’s Series, FilmScene, $2.50, (through Dec. 3)

Holiday hilarity Nov. 19 - Dec. 20
Pirate adventure Nov. 28 - Dec. 19

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IC AREA VENUE GUIDE

GRAPE ON THE GRIDIRON,
KINNICK STADIUM Nov. 14, 2015.
Photo by Adam Burke

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Blue Moose Tap House 211 Iowa Ave, (319) 358-9206, bluemoosieic.com
Chait Galleries Downtown 218 E Washington St, (319) 338-4442, thegalleriesdowntown.com
Engler Theatre 221 E Washington St, (319) 688-2653, englert.org
FilmScene 118 E College St, (319) 358-2555, icfilmscene.org
First Avenue Club, 1550 S 1st Ave, (319) 335-0548, firstavenueclub.com
Gabe’s 330 E Washington St, (319) 358-2555, gabs.com
Iowa Artisans’ Gallery 120 N Dubuque St, (319) 335-0480, icfilmscene.org
Lasansky Corporation Gallery 110 E Washington St, (319) 362-7375, lasanskyart.com
Public Space One 120 N Dubuque St, (319) 331-8893, publicspaceone.com
Riverside Theatre 213 N. Gilbert Street, Iowa City riverside-theatre.com
Steven Vail Fine Arts 118 E College St, (319) 248-9433 stevenvail.com
The Mill 120 E Burlington St, (319) 351-9529, icmill.com
Trumpet Blossom Cafe 310 E Prentiss St, (319) 248-0077, trumpetblossom.com
University of Iowa Museum of Art 1375 Iowa 1, (319) 358-1727, uima.uiowa.edu
University of Iowa Museum of Natural History 17 N Clinton St, (319) 335-0480, uiowa.edu/mnh
Uptown Bill’s 730 S Dubuque St, (319) 339-0804, uptownbills.org
Wildwood Smokehouse & Saloon 4919 Dolphin Dr SE, (319) 338-2211, wildwoodsmokehouse.com
Yacht Club 13 S Linn St, (319) 337-6464, iowachicoryachtclub.com
CEDAR RAPIDS
African American Museum of Iowa, 55 12th Ave SE, (319) 862-2101, blackiowa.org
Brecumore Mansion 2160 Linden Dr SE, (319) 362-7375, brecumore.org
Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, 410 Third Avenue SE, (319) 366-7503, crma.org
Cocktails and Company, 1625 Blairs Ferry Rd, Marion, IA, (319) 377-1140, cocktails-and-company.com
Daniel Arthur’s 821 3rd Ave SE, (319) 362-9340, danielarthurs.net
Giving Tree Theatre, 752 10th St, Marion, IA, (319) 213-7956, givingtreetheater.com
Hawkeye Downs Speedway and Fairgrounds 4400 6th St SW, (319) 365-8656, hawkeyedownspeedway.com
JM O’Malley’s 1502 H Ave NE, (319) 369-9433
Legion Arts CSPS Hall 1103 3rd St SE, (319) 364-1580, legionarts.org
Lion Bridge Brewing Company, 59 16th Ave SW, (319) 200-4460, lionbridgebrewing.com
Little Bohemia 1317 3rd St SE, (319) 366-6262
Mahoney’s 1602 E 6th Ave NE, (319) 364-5754
McGrath Amphitheater 475 1st St SW, (319) 286-5760, mcgrathamphitheater.com
National Czech and Slovak Museum 1400 Inspiration Place SW, ncsmi.org
Opus Concert Cafe 119 Third Ave SE, (319) 366-8203, orchestraiowa.org
Paramount Theatre 123 3rd Ave SE, (319) 398-5211, paramounttheatre.com
Parlor City Pub & Eatery 1125 3rd St SE, (319) 247-0000, parlorcitypub.com
Penguin’s Comedy Club 208 2nd Ave SE, (319) 362-8133, penguinscomedyclub.com
Q Dogs BBQ, 895 Blairs Ferry Rd, Marion, IA, (319) 826-6667, qdogssbbqcompany.com
Shores Event Center 700 16th St NE, (319) 775-5367, shoreseventcenter.com
Sip N Stir 1119 1st Ave SE, Cedar Rapids, (319) 364-3163, sipnstrip.org
Tailgators 3969 Center Point Rd NE, (319) 393-6621, tailgatorslive.com
US Cellular Center 370 1st Avenue NE | (319) 398-5211, uscellularcenter.com
Veterans Memorial Stadium 950 Rockford Rd SW, (319) 363-3887
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Corallville Recreation Center 1506 8th St, (319) 248-1750, corallville.org
Iowa Children’s Museum 1451 Coral Ridge Ave, (319) 625-6255, theicm.org
Mendoza Wine Bar 1301 5th St, (319) 333-1291, mendowinezinebar.com

NORTH LIBERTY
Bobber’s Grill 1850 Scales Bend Rd NE, (319) 665-3474, bobbersonline.com
Bobby’s Live 1295 Jordan St., North Liberty, www.bobbyonline.com

AMANA
Iowa Theatre Artists Company, 4709 220th Trail, Amana, (319) 622-3222, iowatheatreartists.org
Old Creamery Theatre, 38th Ave, Amana, (319) 622-6262, oldcreamery.com
Old Creamery Theatre Stage, 3023 220th Trail, Middle Amana, (319) 622-6262, oldcreamery.com

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Lincoln Wine Bar 125 First St NW, Mt Vernon, (319) 895 9463, foodisimportant.com
Sutliff Cider 382 Sutliff Road, Lisbon, (319) 455-4093, sutliffcider.com

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FAIRFIELD
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Circa 21 Dinner Playhouse 1828 3rd Ave, Rock Island, (309) 786-7733, circa21.com
Figge Art Museum 225 W 2nd St, Davenport, (563) 326-7804, figgeartmuseum.org
Isle of Capri Casino 1815 2nd Ave, Rock Island, (319) 793-1999, isleofcapricasinos.com
River Music Experience 129 Main St, Davenport, (563) 326-1333, rivermusicexperience.com
iWireless Center 1201 River Dr, Moline, (309) 764-2001, iwirelesscenter.com

ANAMOSA / STONE CITY
General Store Pub 12612 Stone City Rd, (319) 462-4399, generalstorepub.com

MAQUOKETA
Ohnward Fine Arts Center 1215 E Platt St, (563) 652-9815, ohnwardfineartscenter.com
Codfish Hollow Barnstormers 5013 288th Ave, codfishhollowbarnstormers.com

DUBUQUE
The Bell Tower Theater 2728 Asbury Rd Ste 242, (563) 588-3377, belltowertheater.net
The Blu Room at Breezers Pub 600 Central Ave, Dubuque, (563) 582-1090
Diamond Jo Casino 301 Bell St, (563) 690-4800, diamondjodubuque.com
Eronel 285 Main St, eroneldbq.com
Five Flags Center 405 Main St, (563) 589-4254, fiveflagscenter.com
The Lift 180 Main St, (563) 582-2689, theliftdubuque.com
Mystique Casino 1855 Greyhound Park Rd, (563) 582-3647, mystiquedbq.com

CLINTON
Wild Rose Casino 777 Wild Rose Dr, (563) 243-9000, wildrosesresorts.com/clinton
Showboat Theater 303 Riverside Rd, (563) 242-6760, clintonshowboat.org

CASCADE
Ellen Kennedy Fine Arts Center 505 Johnson St. NW, (563) 852-3432

DES MOINES
Civic Center 221 Walnut St (515) 246-2300, desmoinesperformingarts.org
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Gas Lamp 1501 Grand Ave (515) 280-3778, gaslampdsm.com
Vaudeville Mews 212 4th St, (515) 243-3270, booking@vaudevillemews.com

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- OASIS FALAFEL
- HIGH GROUND CAFE
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I’m confident human society would have survived, which I assume is your main concern. Even if things had gone off the rails, and the odd nuke popped off here and there, I think cooler heads would soon have prevailed. But that’s easy to say now. For a week in October 1962 the whole planet was wondering if Cold War antagonism was about to boil over into nuclear armageddon.

Everyone knows the story: U.S. spy-plane photos reveal Russian nuclear-missile bases under construction in Cuba; Kennedy orders a blockade of the island and demands the missiles’ removal; six tense days later, Khrushchev complies. What’s better understood now is how little Khrushchev had thought through the ways it might all play out. He needed more negotiating leverage than the USSR’s iffy intercontinental missiles could buy him, and he hoped he could rattle the Americans by placing medium-range missiles at their doorstep.

The Americans were rattled all right. Despite the insistence of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara that the new deployment didn’t change the balance of power, the Joint Chiefs of Staff initially supported some sort of invasion of Cuba in response; it was only after a full week of deliberation that Kennedy was able to sell the blockade idea instead.

Why didn’t it go worse? Most obviously, neither side was crazy enough to want to precipitate the end of the world; it was pretty obviously acknowledged by both that detonating a nuclear bomb would be a bummer for all involved.

This was particularly plain to the Soviets in 1962, when the U.S. warhead stockpile was nine times the size of theirs. (They’d catch up over the next 15 years, and by 1978 were out in front.) It was openly known by both governments that even if Russia were to launch all its missiles in Cuba, it couldn’t take out the U.S.’s capability to obliterate the USSR in response. So while theoretically we might have suffered massive loss of life, the chances of the Soviets purposely ordering the all-out attack needed to accomplish it were low.

Beyond that, historically speaking there simply haven’t been many preemptive wars—i.e., ones where, amid ongoing high international tension, one country strikes first for fear of becoming a target itself. By this standard, arguably the only cases since 1861 that qualify would be World War I, the Korean War, and the Arab-Israeli war of 1967. Empirically it seems fairly difficult for governments to pull the trigger (so to speak), even when they’re under serious threat.

Nonetheless, it was a scary time, with many opportunities for the shit to hit the fan. During the last days of the standoff, sixty-plus B-52 bombers were in the air carrying nuclear payloads at any given time; one technical or communications glitch
could have meant catastrophe. A Russian submarine lost communication with the surface, assumed war had broken out, and almost launched its own nuclear torpedo. According to an Air Force vet who’s only recently come forward, at one point launch orders were sent by mistake to U.S. missile bases at Okinawa. The crews didn’t comply only because a commanding officer noticed enough irregularities in protocol to investigate further.

So let’s say the worst happened: an overconfident officer made the wrong call, or Kennedy listened to his military advisors. If the U.S. had invaded, we might have walked into another embarrassing Bay of Pigs-type fiasco— the Soviets had four times as many troops on the ground as the CIA thought at the time—but most likely no mushroom clouds.

If either side did go nuclear, though, accidentally or not, then we’ve got a whole different picture. The emergency document called the Single Integrated Operational Plan provided the U.S. military command with a prioritized list of thousands of targets in the Soviet bloc and China. The first tier of targets included missile launch sites, airfields for bombers, and submarine tenders; Cuba had all of these, making it an obvious place for an early attack.

Again, if the Soviets had struck first it’s likely the U.S. would have been able to retaliate, but that’s little consolation. U.S. antiballistic missiles developed under the (pre-sportswear) Nike program had proved largely useless in testing. Despite optimistic government-produced PSAs instructing citizens on how to wash radioactive particles off their potatoes, our country’s population would have been immediately reduced by 20 percent if a third of Soviet nukes had hit their targets. If all of them had hit home, half the population would have been wiped out, not including after-the-fact deaths from fallout, cancer, starvation, etc. Of course, our retaliatory capability meant things probably would have been still grimmer on the Soviet end.

That said, it’s unlikely either side would have launched its full arsenal. A few tactical bombs might have gone off; there might have been a ground war in Berlin; possibly there’d be several million fewer people around now. But rationality won the day: it was in neither state’s interest to escalate. This, unfortunately, may not hold true for today’s conflicts—but that’s another topic for another column.

—Cecil Adams
SO MUCH SQUASH, SO LITTLE TIME

Who says squash has to be boring? Flex your culinary muscle and impress your guests with this tasty recipe for roasted spaghetti squash.

What does a zucchini and an acorn squash have in common? Genetically speaking, everything. Pumpkins, summer squash, spaghetti squash, pattypan, delicata, acorn squash and zucchini are all domesticated variants of the same species of the new world vine *cucurbita pepo*. So the difference between a pumpkin and most squashes is equivalent to the difference between a great dane and a dachshund. The most biologically diverse of the winter squash varieties is the butternut squash, which shares the the same Genus as the other fruits though it belongs to the species *moschata* (those funky long crooked necked gourds are also of the species *moschata*). During the summer, I love to stuff the blossoms with ricotta and mint or prosciutto and figs and lightly fry them. But with winter setting in, here is a hearty idea of what to do with one the fruits of these wonderful **pepos**: 

**Roasted Spaghetti Squash** with Roasted Garlic, Shiitakes, Kale, and Prairie Breeze

- 1 head of garlic
- 1 medium spaghetti squash
- 8oz Milton Creamery Prairie Breeze aged cheddar shredded
- 1 cup Shiitakes (choose mushrooms with smaller stems, bigger caps)
- 1 bunch lacinato kale
- 1 small shallot
- Smoked Salt
- Black Pepper
- Thyme
- Butter
- Olive Oil

These can be saved and salted and roasted as a snack if you are so inclined. Squirt a little olive oil and smear a little butter on the halves and sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little of the fresh thyme. Cover the halves with aluminum foil and roast at 400° F for 30 minutes. Then, remove the foil and continue roasting uncovered for an additional 15 minutes.

While the squash and garlic are roasting, mince the shallot and fry at a low heat with a little bit of oil. Remove the tough stems of the shiitakes and slice them into thin strips and add them to the pan with the shallots and fry until they are soft. Chop or rip the kale into little bits and add it the pan. Cook covered on medium heat for six minutes, stirring occasionally. The kale will add some liquid to the mixture.

When the squash is cool scrape out the flesh with a fork. You'll see why they call it spaghetti squash as the flesh peels away in noodle-like strips. Mix in the roasted garlic and the kale, shallots, and mushrooms. Top with the cheese for a dank meal.

**Did you know:**

The word squash is derived from the Native Tribe of Massachusetts word "askutasquash," which means, "eat it raw or eat it cooked." Early accounts also describe Native Americans cutting gourds and pumpkins into strips and preparing them through a process of hanging outdoors and drying for winter usage. This could be explain the word for "pumpkin," which comes from the French missionaries' term "pomion," which means, "eaten when dried in the sun." 

—Tim Taranto
FALL ESSENTIALS by Julia Lippert

ACROSS

1. Science program accreditation standard 44. See 8-across
5. Will Farrell holiday movie 45. Give up power
8. With 41-across, defunct Internet oracle 46. This flavor is essential for tasty hot drinks
14. Suitor 50. Big boss, for short
15. Irish actor Stephen 51. We belong to it?
16. Quarter Barrel or Forbidden Planet 52. Bart’s sister
17. These footwear are essential for keeping cozy 55. Reject
19. Tennis’s Milos 56. Chinese tea
20. Foods at six months 58. Young Lyon
21. Smokes 60. Bart’s sister
22. Radio’s Glass 61. An hour before CST
24. Don’t believe it? 63. Linn County town
25. En route text 65. First name in boxing?
26. Entourage 66. Young Lyon
27. First person statement of caring (two words) 67. Michigan shape?
30. It is human 68. Rittenhouse or Bulleit
32. Dog sounds? 69. French haute couture, Parfums ______
35. You may be this if you can’t live without the puzzle’s themed answers
37. “_____, as easy as 123”
38. Irish anger
39. Corner button?
40. Foot sled
41. NYC sketch show
42. Don Draper or Pete Campbell (two words)
43. Kanye clothing collaborator
44. Arc de Triomphe architectural feature
45. Lionel Richie’s “Dancing on the _____”
47. Maverick’s rival
48. Nirvana contemporary, to fans
49. Danish shoe
50. Big boss, for short
51. We belong to it?
52. Bart’s sister
53. Bats and submarines use it
54. They can be acute
55. Juke on ice
56. Eye
57. Type of TAs
58. Going all out, abbreviated
59. First name in boxing?
60. Actress Dennings
61. An hour before CST
62. These bottoms are essential for comfort and style
63. Linn County town

DOWN

1. A form of public transportation (two words)
2. Procreated
3. American symbol
4. Conduits

OCTOBER ANSWERS

ursa fist trump
palm osha sorry
asea black angel
shed aho e bede
pong nyu
ax murder house
bra dloy stipe
cas man iud ss gal
sy kes tg ri j hmo
state hospital
apu helm
snap big c clamp
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tatra yelp tsar

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hesitated, at first, to review this album. I’m not generally a fan of country music, and I didn’t know if I could pull off something both generous and honest, without getting caught up in genre biases. I listened to Black Sheep, set it aside, walked away. Then something strange happened: I couldn’t get Hailey Whitters’ voice out of my head. Part Lucinda Williams, part Emily Saliers, it snagged me and dragged me outside of my comfort zone. It convinced me to listen to the album again.

Each time I go back... her incongruous, rolling mezzo pulls me deeper in.

Each time I go back to it now, her incongruous, rolling mezzo pulls me deeper in.

A Shueyville native, Whitters released Black Sheep, her debut album, in October, which is appropriate, as the tracks seem tailor-made for the chill of an Iowa fall. There’s a darkness here that is evident from the first hypnotic bars of opener “Long Come to Jesus” to the lazy, spiraling swirls of “Get Around,” the final song. It is an album of deep self-exploration, even (perhaps especially) on the faster, heavier tracks—dance songs for a dark and dirty dive bar, with lyrics full of defiance.

Whitters is a savvy writer. She knows her vocal strengths and plays them well, while spinning lyrics that allow her to show off her agility. Only two of the ten songs lack her writing credit. On “City Girl,” the album’s second track, you can feel its absence. The lyrics aren’t as subtle or as sincere; the music seems designed to create a radio hit, and lacks the grit the others have. Her cover of Mando Saenz’s “Pocket Change” is just as obviously not hers, but she seems to be having much more fun with it, and although its delightfully distortion-soaked tone sets it apart, it feels more thematically aligned with the whole.

The best moments, though, are Whitters’ most honest. “Late Bloomer,” a reflection on a slow-spent youth, and “One More Hell,” a warm and conversational ode to her younger brother who passed away, are the clear stand-outs on the album. She almost seems to be oblivious to the recording process, singing as though no one else can hear her. It’s this openness to intimacy, I think, even more than her engaging voice, that forces the listener to stick with Whitters.

She maintains that drastic sincerity even on poppier, rock-tinged tunes like “Heartbreaker” or “Black Sheep,” the album’s title track. She’s claiming herself and her identities in a way that feels as personal as it is confrontational. These and other heavier songs on the album also allow Whitters and her backing band a chance to show off their solid musical chops. The guitar lines on “Long Come to Jesus” are just delightful.

Black Sheep is the first step on what is bound to be a long and fruitful path for Whitters. The kind of groundwork laid here speaks to both her current skill and her future potential, particularly as a songwriter. If Hailey Whitters really is a “late bloomer,” then country music has a lot to look forward to from her.

—Genevieve Heinrich

SUBMIT ALBUMS FOR REVIEW
LITTLE VILLAGE
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Welcome to your Thanksgiving edition of Pro Tips! It’s time to unbuckle the belt another notch and belly-up to a steaming pile of cran-something, crispy gizzards and don’t forget auntie so-and-so’s world-famous marshmallow infused jello-blunder. But never fear, dear friends, because this year I’ve got your back. Just download my new app called “You’ll have to excuse me, but I’ve got to take this” and you’ll be home free. Basically, if you get stuck in a sub-optimal conversation, just open your phone and press the panic button, and in less than 15 seconds, you’ll receive a pressing call from one of our associates. They hang up, and you’re home free. It’s the perfect crime. Good luck out there, and if you’ve got a burning question, hit me up at askwaynediamante@gmail.com and I’ll let you know what your problem is.—WD

Dear Wayne,

Each Thanksgiving, without fail, my mom cooks the driest turkey known to human history. It is the Sahara Desert of poultry. The mordant ashes of disappointment would be sweeter on the tongue, and I am not lying when I tell you I once ate a tablespoon of potash that was at once more succulent and of better tooth than the godforsaken bird that will doubtless emerge from my mother’s tired and baleful oven. I beg you, Wayne, dear God, I beg a recipe for either hemlock or an antidote for this looming and desiccated fowl, because one of us has got to go.

Desperately, Oscar

Dear Jerry,

The trick to staying fit this time of year is healthy portioning and exercise. I load up my plate with all the trimmings and then put one spoonful of each item back in its respective serving dish. Then during the meal I do an isotonic strength-training regimen like flexing my abs or Kegel exercises. Carrying on a conversation can be a challenge, but everyone is stuffing their faces anyway, so it’s not really a problem.—WD
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