The Education Issue
Outbreak in RV land
In Elkhart County, Indiana, Latinos disproportionately accounted for half of the positive cases early in the pandemic.

We love TV
Two television addicts chat about Michaela Coel’s HBO dramedy / May Destroy You.

Kenosha’s history of anti-Blackness
Wisconsin cities with a high number of Black residents spend more on policing than others.
SIGHTSEEING

Grant Park, the lakefront, and Chicago’s WWI connections

In September 1918, the park hosted an exposition to drum up civilian support for the war effort.

By Josh Fulton

In pre-COVID-19 Chicago, Grant Park, for many, served as a vibrant platform for cultural and political expression. Perhaps less known is the park’s history in America’s effort to promote national participation in World War I.

The image here is of Grant Park transformed to host the traveling Great War Exposition from September 2-15, 1918. Created by the federal government’s Committee on Public Information (CPI), and overseen by the State Council of Defense of Illinois, the exposition was part of a larger effort to sell the war to the American public. Beginning in 1917, the CPI led efforts to transform divided public opinion into solidly supporting the war. Using the media tools of the day, they created posters, distributed pamphlets and silent films, and supported Four Minute Men speakers across the country. They told Americans that participation in the war served civilization and democracy against a barbaric Germany. The exposition was part of a larger effort to sell the war to the American public properly. The presence of the American Protective League (APL) in the city at the time meant one could be assaulted or accused of being a “slacker.” Displays at the exposition reflected the racialized and gendered realities of life in 1918. Outreach to women stressed their position as housewives and mothers. Visitors passed through a mock Mexican town (representing immorality) to enter wholesome camp amenities created by the Commission on Training Camp Activities (CTCA).

More famous in recent years as the site of Lollapalooza or for then President-elect Barack Obama’s 2008 election victory speech, Grant Park in September 1918 was a key performance space for a national dialogue about the meaning of World War I in America. The exposition had a higher average daily attendance than the World’s Columbian Exposition of 1893, and provided a legacy for Chicagoans on the role of public space and what it means to be American. 

One newspaper estimated that more than 200,000 visitors attended the opening day of the expo, and all marveled at the statues, displays, and reenactments across the grounds of the park. Railcars carrying items captured from battlefields in France were set up for viewing, and organizations supporting the war effort (including the Salvation Army, the YMCA, and YWCA) created stalls to demonstrate just how one could get involved on the home front. Trenches for a no-man’s-land were dug by the Illinois branch of the Women’s Land Army, and soldiers from Camp Grant in Rockford staged mock battles into the night, while planes staged aerial combat overhead.

Quite popular, the exposition reflected the duality of how Chicagoans and America experienced the war. All “un-hyphenated” Americans could get involved in the war effort, provided they performed their nationalism in public properly. The presence of the American Protective League (APL) in the city at the time meant one could be assaulted or accused of being a “slacker.” Displays at the exposition reflected the racialized and gendered realities of life in 1918. Outreach to women stressed their position as housewives and mothers. Visitors passed through a mock Mexican town (representing immorality) to enter wholesome camp amenities created by the Commission on Training Camp Activities (CTCA).

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BEHOLD
the
magnificent
pigeon!!

BY SOPHIE LUCIDO JOHNSON

PIGEONS ARE INSANELY SMART.

I don't even know if “smart” is the right word.

To me, it seems more like magic than intelligence.

MAGNIFICENT PIGEON!

BETH NUGENT, A WONDERFUL WRITER & PIGEON ENTHUSIAST IN CHICAGO TOLD ME,

A LOT OF THE WRITING ABOUT PIGEONS HAS TO DO WITH THEIR FUNCTION & HOW SMART THEY ARE.

SO LET'S GET THIS OUT OF THE WAY:

SCIENTISTS DON'T UNDERSTAND A LOT ABOUT HOW PIGEONS DO THE THINGS THEY DO. NAMELY, OBVIOUSLY, HOW CAN PIGEONS FIND THEIR WAY HOME—FROM DISTANCES OVER 1,000 MILES? THERE ARE THEORIES, BUT NO CONSENSUS. HOW GREAT IS THAT?

WHERE I LIVE IN ROGERS PARK, THE HUMAN POWERS THAT BE HAVE TRIED TO DETER THE PIGEONS BY PUTTING UP SUPER-SHARP PLASTIC SPIKES UNDER OVERPASSES WHERE PIGEONS LIKE TO ROOST. ONCE, I WATCHED (WITH MY OWN EYES!) A PIGEON PICK UP A PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE WITH HER BEAK AND PLACE THE BOTTLE UPSIDE DOWN OVER ONE OF THESE SPIKES. SO SHE COULD SIT ON IT.

AWAY FROM THEIR BABIES, WHO NEST JUST BEHIND THEM.

THE PIGEONS USE THOSE SPIKES TO KEEP PREDATORS AWAY.
BETH SAID,

There's something really wonderful to me about such a big bird. They're just SO BIG & they're EVERYWHERE & they're VERY CURIOUS.

Pigeons are heavy, so they walk around a lot & they spend a lot of time in alleys, & thread or hair or string get tangled around their feet.

WE SHARE THE EARTH WITH THESE amazing animals & THEY'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO COEXIST WITH US. AS MICHELLE TEA WRITES IN HER "Pigeon Manifesto" (WHICH IS GREAT): WE CAME TO HATE THE PIGEON "for simply thriving amidst our decay, came to hate them for not dying."

WOULDN'T IT BE SO MUCH EASIER TO LOVE THEM FOR IT?

BETH IS AMONG A GROUP OF LOCAL VIGILANTES WHO RESCUE INJURED PIGEONS. SHE SAID THERE ARE BASICALLY 3 CATEGORIES OF HURT PIGEONS:

1. Just regular sick pigeons
2. Racing pigeons who got lost or abandoned &
3. Pigeons with stringfoot

ADAM KANIEWSKI RUNS A GROUP THAT HELPS RESCUE PIGEONS WITH STRINGFOOT. HE SAID,

I love them.

They're so receptive. It takes them just minutes to learn who you are.
Jim Franks doesn’t bake bread

By MIKE SULA

Jim Franks thinks your open-crumb, cold-proofed, exquisitely lamed sourdough boule is bullshit.

“It’s impractical and overly sour because of the overnight fermentation,” he says. “And pretentious and unusable because of the shape—round bullshit. And stuff falls through the holes.”

Franks, who sells bread every Wednesday and Saturday at a Humboldt Park farmstand, is an iconoclast in the current pandemic-driven, digital-sourdough zeitgeist. He’s an outlier among professional artisanal bread bakers as well.

“I basically always wanted to do 100 percent whole grain [bread] and that’s a really confusing thing because most people always think they’ve had that—but they’ve had it nowhere. There’s basically ten bakers in the world, including me, that know how to do it.” He’s worked for most of them: including

Jim Williams of Backdoor Bread in Vermont; Sophie Williams of Raven Breads in Bellingham, Washington; Kendall College grad Mike Zakowski of The Bejk in Sonoma, California, and the godfather of American whole grain sourdough bread baking, Dave Miller of Miller’s Bake House in Yankee Hill, California.

These are all bakers who have managed to make a living at the difficult and often dangerous business of running commercial bakeries—and selling bread made from hard grains that have been milled without removing the nutritious bran that surrounds the germ, unlike the majority of commodity flour produced in the United States.

Unlike them, Franks does not make a living from his bread. Between $2 to $4 of each loaf goes to Chicago Patchwork Farms, an urban farm with four plots around the city built on formerly contaminated, now remediated land. But he does obsessively, and rigidly, adhere to a set of principles that would put most commercial artisanal bakeries out of business. Real whole grain bread made from 100 percent local flour, naturally leavened with wild yeast, is a standard few can claim. Most compromise themselves in some way: rigging fermentation with Vitamin C, adding commercial yeast or commodity flour, or pretending to mill their own grains.

Franks, who’s 32, doesn’t make these compromises because he doesn’t have to. “The only reason I was able to do that was because of an incredible amount of privilege,” he says. “Being independently wealthy has allowed me to be like ‘fuck you’ to society in all these ways that have been so crucial to do something that’s really special and obviously really in demand.”

Despite this unshakable stance, Franks is genial, open, and if you allow him, he can talk about bread nonstop for hours. But he wasn’t always so single-minded. He grew up on the north shore in a wealthy family, though he says he didn’t realize he came from money until well after he left home.

In his 20s he was idle, hanging out in the music scene, struggling with depression and obsessive-compulsive disorder, and smoking a lot of cigarettes and weed until one of his lungs collapsed. “I realized I didn’t like my life and I was scared and confused. I had a bunch of money saved up, so I started wandering the country.” He worked on films and a music festival as a production assistant and did a million other odd jobs, never staying anywhere more than three months over an eight-year period.

He didn’t find his purpose until after a friend showed him how to make sourdough and he made it on his own for the first time. “I saw it rise and it was this crazy click,” he says. “I was in love. I was up for three nights reading about flour on Wikipedia. I was just lost in it. I had done so many things before, I was afraid to tell anybody, ‘I’m a bread maker now.’”

But he didn’t settle down. In 2017 he embarked on an epic series of stages in sourdough bakeries across the country. “I had to just go everywhere and get behind the counter to see what was really going on. I would just show up and be like, ‘Hey, I’m here. I’m ready to work. Can I please stage at your bakery today?’” He figures he worked at about 35 sourdough bakeries over four years, and along the way became thoroughly disillusioned with the business.

“You have to work somewhere for like five years just to make whole grain bread. But there are all these things that are terrible about being a baker. There are chronic health problems. The environment is unsafe. There’s no money in bread. The margins are insane. The supply lines are really rough, and everybody who’s doing these sustainable things are really bad at business because they really care. I had the money and time to just avoid that.”

Eventually he got behind the counter with some of his heroes, and looking homeward began thinking of starting something in Chicago, which he says, apart from Publican Quality Bread and Pleasant House Bakery (which no longer makes bread), was existing in a “bread vacuum.”

In late 2018 he moved back in with his mother, who was thrilled he’d found a career and was willing to support it. He continued
to stage at bakeries in town and around the midwest, but he began to develop his own style that combined ultratraditional methods with an experimentalism that arose from his slavish devotion to using only local ingredients. “You can’t use raisins, olives; all this stuff that is regular bread stuff,” he says. “If you tell people that, they’re just like why? But it was really, really important to me.”

That’s particularly challenging when it comes to grain, but it’s changing. Michigan, he says, has become a powerhouse when it comes to einkorn, a difficult-to-grow and hard-to-process variety that’s resurfaced among other ancient grains in the new American artisanal bread arsenal. Franks says he’s making the only 100 percent einkorn bread within 2,000 miles. He’s found other small farmers and millers in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois selling buckwheat, spelt, oats, and corn; and for sweeteners, molasses, sorghum, maple syrup, and honey.

Franks began selling his bread and a few pastries at Patchwork’s Chicago Avenue farmstand last summer after donating a dozen loaves for a fundraising dinner. This led to a regular two-day stand each week that put him in touch with a wide network of farmers and foragers.

“When I started I was like, ‘This is a good opportunity for me to get out there and get some exposure, but this is a really bad business arrangement. I don’t want to keep giving these people money.’ But the more I fell in love with the farm and the people, I was like ‘Oh I gotta keep doing this to make money for Patchwork.’ Food is, to me, incredibly political and radical, and everything I do in terms of giving away that wealth is in terms of converting that money to these farmers and Patchwork.”

If you’re struck by the irony that the only viable way to become a baker of sustainable whole grain bread is to be a rich kid who gives it away, just know that Franks’s breads are extraordinarily good, and not priced higher than any other boutique bakery’s breads ($8–$10 depending on your means).

Last week I plowed through a loaf of 100 percent einkorn; amber-colored with a tight crumb, mildly tangy but with a nutty, rich, almost fatty flavor. I also demolished a loaf of 100 percent rye volkornbrot. Franks hates when folks say his bread is dense, but this one is undeniably so: cakey, almost fudgy, stippled with millet, flaxseed, and sunflower seeds.

Eschewing the cold proofing that leads to the wide-open airy bread dominant on Insta-Sourdough, Franks ferments these loaves at room temperature—which leads to what he correctly describes as “full but airy” bread, especially for whole grain. He bakes them in rectangular loaf pans, rejecting the digital hegemony of the round boule. “It’s better for whole grain but also because pan breads are more accessible than the artisan boules that everyone makes. People know how to cut them and use them and they sorta trick people into thinking it’s more regular bread and not pretentious.”

On the other hand, he’s flexible when it comes to embracing happy accidents. I also purchased a one-off, Insta-worthy boule from him with a wide-open, airy crumb that he made from spelt grains and new potatoes that he had on hand after screwing up some gnocchi he was making for Patchwork’s farmers. It’s every bit as good as the others.

Franks’s own Instagram account, @blessmelordforihavesneezed, is a parade of whole grain possibilities that’s hard to look away from: colonial “lost” breads made from rye and nixtamalized hard local corn, fermented oat porridges, spelt brioche, and breads loaded with unconventional additions like kabocha squash, foraged black walnuts, goat milk, and roasted pureed beets.

He says demand for bread is undeniably higher this year than last year, though he believes the home baking boom is afad whose popularity is exaggerated by the media. Nonetheless he returned to Patchwork’s farmstand this season in the middle of the pandemic and he was inundated with requests for advice about bread baking. “It’s just so simple,” he says. “You can make it really complex and get intimidated out of it because people listen to these super artsy, passionate people who want to give them these wild, complicated methods about how you have to make sourdough. But the dumbest people in the world make bread. All the stuff that people use to make bread really complicated is about making white bread. I wanted to get people to use better wheat.”

Franks sells bread at Patchwork’s farmstand at 2825 W. Chicago on Wednesdays from 3 to 6 PM and on Saturdays from 10 AM to 2 PM. He posts his selection the day before on Instagram (@blessmelordforihavesneezed). It’s best to preorder, because he usually sells out within the first two hours.
NEWS & POLITICS

Move over, Iron Mike

Urlacher leads the charge for Trump's white backlash campaign.

By Ben Joravsky

For years and years, the biggest right-wing windbag in Chicago sports was Mike Ditka, former coach of the Bears, who could be counted on to say anything, no matter how daffy, to promote the Republican cause.

Like his 1992 comment that Bill Clinton's election would be "the biggest step backward this country would take in 200 years of existence."

Overlooking slavery, the Civil War, Pearl Harbor, the assassination of Dr. King and so forth...

But in recent days, Ditka's been eclipsed by Brian Urlacher, the retired Bears linebacker, whose recent Instagram post and Twitter activity have gone beyond anything offered by Iron Mike.

Until Urlacher revealed what was in his mind and heart, I'd never seen such contempt for Black people so openly expressed by a Chicago celebrity.

And not just any celebrity, but an iconic hall of famer—good ol' number 54, whose retired jersey is worn by thousands of Bears fans.

I'll say this for Ditka—he was never cautious about broadcasting his worldview. Like a drunk in a bar, he'd let fly with whatever half-baked idea popped into his brain.

In contrast, Urlacher's a little sneakier. He released his poison on social media, where it slowly found its way to wider attention.

For many Bears fans, it came out of nowhere. Yes, I know, years ago, Urlacher wrote a character reference letter on behalf of Eddie Vrdolyak, asking a sentencing judge to go easy on the former alderman, who'd been convicted in a corruption case.

And earlier this year, Urlacher visited Trump in the White House. And in June, he made a pro-Trump comment on Twitter. But last week, he really let loose his inner MAGA.

In the aftermath of NBA players sitting out several games to protest the shooting of Jacob Blake by police in Kenosha, Urlacher released the following statement on Instagram:

"Brett Favre played the [Monday Night Football] game the day his dad died, threw four TDs in the first half, and was a legend for playing in the face of adversity. NBA players
boycott the playoffs because a dude reaching for a knife, wanted on a felony sexual assault warrant, was shot by police.”

This comment is so asinine I’m not sure if Urlacher’s being willfully ignorant or blindly racist.

When Favre took the field after his father’s death, he was overcoming personal grief, or using it as a motivating tactic, to pay tribute to his father.

When LeBron James, Chris Paul, Giannis Antetokounmpo, and the other NBA players boycotted several playoff games last week, they were making a larger stand—using their prominence to force society to confront its racial problems. Especially regarding the police.

There’s no comparison between one and the other unless you want to rile up white people by showing your utter contempt for the Black Lives Matter movement.

Which is clearly what Urlacher was trying to do.

And then he doubled down, liking the following tweet: “Free Kyle Rittenhouse!!!!”

Rittenhouse is the 17-year-old from Antioch who, armed with a semiautomatic rifle, killed two protesters in Kenosha and wounded a third.

Rittenhouse is being turned into a political hero by Trump supporters, who are raising money for his criminal defense.

Urlacher’s Instagram post certainly caught many of his former teammates by surprise.

Former Bears running back Matt Forte tweeted: “The comment @BUrlacher54 posted is void of empathy, compassion, wisdom and coherence. But full of pride and ignorance! I pray for those who have been blinded by their wealth, privilege and earthly fame that breeds arrogance in their hearts.”

Suffice it to say, Urlacher never uttered such comments in the locker room.

My guess is that this is another manifestation of the Norment theory of white behavior—so named for Vincent E. Norment, the owner of the Marijuana Hall of Fame, and a frequent guest on my podcast.

Norment’s theory is that the further white people get from Black people, the more prone they are to say stupid, racist things they wouldn’t say if Black people were around.

It’s especially true in the age of Trump.

“They hear Trump saying all kind of nonsense without any consequence and they think they can say it too,” says Norment.

And so, in another way, Trump poisons the atmosphere of America.

Get ready for more of the same as Trump and his Republican machine ignite Operation Backlash—just in time for November’s election.

I know the operation well, having lived through the Harold Washington era.

When Washington—a Democratic congressman—won the 1983 Democratic primary for mayor, his political opponents took to the streets with a campaign intended to scare white people into voting Republican.

They made up all kinds of lies about Washington—even calling him a sexual predator. They predicted lawlessness and chaos—women would not be safe on the streets—if he were elected.

They didn’t even have looters to blame. They were just playing on white fear and hatred that had been around for centuries—whether people want to admit it or not.

Washington won. But the election was very close, as his opponents scared thousands and thousands of white lifelong Democrats to vote for Bernie Epton, the Republican candidate they knew nothing about.

Except that he was the white guy. Which, apparently, was all they needed to know.

I see the same tactics in the Trump campaign—with Urlacher putting himself at the forefront of a movement, no matter how much it offends his Black former teammates.

He’s joining the chorus of right-wing America as it celebrates Rittenhouse as a patriot in order to—what?—justify the killings of anti-racist protesters?

I’ve no doubt that it’s only a matter of time before Trump starts tweeting out celebrations of Rittenhouse as well, as the unthinkable becomes the norm for the Republican Party.

Anything to win that Electoral College.

Back in the day, it was easy to laugh at Ditka’s rantings and ravings. But it’s not funny anymore.
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**POSTERS ON SALE NOW**

**Back to COVID**

Colleges reopen amid qualms, chaos, and possible real change.

By Deanna Isaacs

Ah, fall: a crisp breeze off the lake, a blush of crimson and gold in the trees, and the invigorating return of students to one of the largest college towns in the country—books, computers, masks, and hand sanitizer in tow.

It’s the strangest back-to-college season ever.

And for higher education officials the scariest: still at the mercy of an uncontrolled virus, in the midst of catastrophic economic collapse and rising social protests.

In late July, the unionized faculty and staff of public and private colleges across Illinois tried to tame it, issuing a joint statement that called for remote classes only, with few exceptions. They argued that “plans that utilize hybrid teaching strategies prioritize presence over safety.”

But, after a summer of vacillation, hybrid plans that combine online instruction with in-person classes are what most schools settled on.

Like the virus, the qualms persisted: just
days before the start of the fall term at UIC, for example (where students are getting saliva tests and undergoing daily wellness checks), the faculty union issued its own statement, “declaring the plan to return to the UIC campus next week unsafe.”

The result has been a patchwork of ad hoc and contingent solutions: Loyola moved nearly all classes online and closed its dorms; classes are also mostly online at DePaul, with only students in exceptional circumstances allowed to live on campus. IIT and Columbia College will be online-only for the first two weeks of classes, with Columbia allowing limited student access to the campus during that time. Northwestern, in a late-breaking decision, told freshmen and sophomores to stay home.

Nowhere is this complicated scene more fraught than at the School of the Art Institute, already embroiled in demands from students, staff, and faculty to rectify systemic racism and inequity at an institution that celebrates the collecting habits of the city’s most vigorous capitalists. A change.org petition demanding the resignation of SAIC provost Martin Berger has attracted over 2,500 signatures, along with accusations of racism for an academic whose career has been built on a critique of mass media photography of the civil rights era. His offenses: reading aloud a vicious but historic quote that included the N-word while explaining his work at a meeting of faculty and staff, and subsequently being promoted from dean of faculty to his current job.

SAIC physics professor Kathryn Schaffer has described the school’s plan for reopening as “safety theater,” and called leadership on this issue “dangerously negligent.” She didn’t respond to a request for an interview, but in an appearance on Free Radio SAIC, maintained that this dense urban campus, with its elevators and other crowded spaces, scattered student living arrangements, and lack of ability to isolate (along with a lack of science faculty with the expertise to advise), should be “among the last schools to open.”

We should not just be saying we’re going to follow what the government says, Schaffer argued. “The government has decided that the economy is worth lives. We should question that.”

How many of the 200,000 or so students who came to Chicago for college last year—about 50,000 in the Loop alone—will be back for this term? How many of them, looking at a campus experience that would unfold almost entirely in their dorm room, decided to take a semester off?

And what are the financial implications for the schools?

I put that question to David Baker, executive director of America’s Urban Campus, a sort of trade association for Chicago higher ed. AUC’s 20-member institutions account for 96 percent of all college students in the city and employ about $9,000 people.

“It’s too early to tell,” Baker said, explaining that the schools won’t lock in their enrollment numbers for a month or so. “The biggest loss at first will be the loss of income from residence halls,” he said, but “the schools were generally experiencing slow declines in enrollment for the past ten years, caused by demographic decline for 18-to-24-year olds along with a robust economy that offered job opportunities and a drop in international students.” (Demand for higher education had reached a peak in the recession of 2008-2009, largely from students enrolled in short-term programs in community colleges.)

Has Baker, who retired as a vice president at IIT in 2016, ever seen anything like this? “The 2008 recession caused a dramatic paper decline in endowments,” he said. Then, for the public institutions, there was “the lack of a budget during the Rauner years. They had to lay off staff to stay afloat. But nothing like this. Everything that is the justification for higher education—bringing students together to learn from faculty and from each other—all of that is going to be scrutinized going forward.”

“The biggest thing is that all the universities have learned how to teach remotely, and students and faculty have learned how to adjust to that. So the question of what role remote learning plays in the future is going to be there.”

If the result is more online college, and a concomitant demand for significantly reduced tuition, there could be a difficult period of contraction ahead for schools with tenure and pension obligations to faculty and massive investments in brick and mortar, Baker said.

Could it also, at last, end the assumption of a lifetime of student debt in return for the promise of a four-year party and a diploma? #
A ROSY CPS SURVEY ON COPS IN SCHOOLS FALLS SHORT

Despite bad data and board discord, CPS renews contract with CPD.

By Maya Dukmasova

The summer’s protests of police violence have fueled an ongoing debate about the role of police officers within Chicago Public Schools. The School Resource Officer (SRO) program has assigned Chicago Police Department officers to 72 of the district’s 93 high schools, along with one district charter high school. As a youth-led movement under the hashtag #CopsOutCPS has picketed at schools, the district’s downtown office, and CPS board members’ homes, local school councils have voted on whether or not to keep the program. Seventeen LSCs decided to end the program, while 55 voted to retain it. The SRO program—which has long been handpicked by Chicago’s mayor and has broken down along gendered lines. Board president Miguel del Valle, vice president Sendhil Revuluri, Lucino Sotelo, and Dwayne Truss have maintained their support for the SRO program. This despite public protests that included CPS students and recent graduates being assaulted by police and student arrests this week in front of board headquarters, and despite research linking cops in schools to poorer learning outcomes. Board member Luisiana Melendez voted to end the program in June but abstained from voting last week. Meanwhile members Elizabeth Todd-Breland and Amy Rome have steadily opposed the program.

One of the sticking points in the discussion has been school communities’ perspectives on SROs. At that June 24 meeting, district officials presented results from an online survey of students, parents, teachers, administrators, and community members on their opinions on the SRO program. According to CPS, 66 percent of the 3,333 students who took the survey strongly or somewhat agreed with the statement “I believe our school’s School Resource Officers help to keep our school safe.” In general, the survey results presented by the district showed a favorable view of SROs from students, parents, and workers within the schools, and an unfavorable view from the “community at large.” This implied that the negative perception of cops in schools came from outsiders and not the people—especially not the students—in direct contact with the officers.

Naturally, the Reader was curious about the survey methodology and results, especially as student-led protests against cops in schools were galvanizing huge crowds across the city. How was the survey distributed? How could the district be sure that it was representative of the schools with SROs? Were measures taken to make sure no one took the survey more than once? Could we know for sure that it was really students taking the survey and not, say, their parents or random people on the Internet claiming to be students?

We first asked the district questions about the survey on June 25, and began receiving answers from district spokespeople a week later.

“The survey was distributed directly to all known e-mail addresses tied to students, staff, families, and LSC members associated with schools that have SROs,” wrote district spokesman James Gherardi in an e-mail. However, “anyone with access to the link was able to complete the survey.” In her presentation to the board, CPS chief of safety and security Jadine Chou had mentioned that the link was available on social media. Gherardi wrote that “keeping the survey anonymous was necessary to promote honest and forthcoming feedback. While outreach was targeted to specific groups, names/contact information were not collected.”

The district stated that although 10,333 survey responses were received, 4,398 were excluded because they were incomplete (respondents didn’t indicate which school they
were part of or what their role was in that community). The district promised to release a “full overview” of the survey results this summer, but the votes on whether to keep SROs were already beginning at LSCs throughout the city and the August board vote was fast approaching. After learning that the survey had been built through the SurveyGizmo platform, which allows for easy data export, the Reader filed a Freedom of Information Act request for the data on July 8.

CPS immediately asked for a five-business-day extension to the five-business-day response deadline (which is what the law permits). On July 22 it denied the Reader’s request claiming it was “unduly burdensome” because it would require “review of data on over 6,000 survey submissions. The survey includes highly sensitive and private information such as students’ school, grade, race, gender, sexual identity, and contains a comments section for various questions, etc.” The district also provided a blank version of the survey.

The next day, the Reader responded with a narrowed request for the data, asking the district only for student responses and to redact all identifying information except for their school and race. Since experts say that it’s Black students who are disproportionately targeted by police and negatively impacted by police in schools, we were primarily interested in students’ survey responses and we wanted to know which schools they came from and how they identified their race.

CPS never responded to the narrowed request. Based on Illinois’s FOIA statute the Reader had grounds to sue the district and ask the judge to force the district to produce the data. We filed the lawsuit on August 14 and got a December hearing date. The district turned over the data a week later.

After a preliminary analysis, here’s what we learned:

Of the 5,935 complete survey responses (ones for which respondents answered all questions, including their school and role in that community), 55 percent (3,264) came from respondents self-identifying as students.

Half of the student responses came from just ten of the 72 schools in the SRO program. Nearly 12 percent of all student responses came from just one school—Lane Tech, whose LSC voted to remove the SRO program by a 9-3 margin on August 10.

Eighteen schools had ten or fewer student respondents to the survey, with three schools having just one student each.

Collectively, these schools have 4,000 students; most of these schools are more than 90 percent Black.

Two schools with SROs (Little Village Lawndale High School Campus, which actually consists of four schools with 1,287 students, and Englewood STEM, which has 414 students) didn’t have any student respondents in the survey.

While the district had accurately stated that student respondents’ views of the SRO program were more positive than negative, the survey doesn’t appear to be demographically representative of the schools that have SROs. Besides having students from just ten (mostly north-side) schools dominating the results, see the table above for how respondents broke down by race.

The Reader analyzed the 2019-2020 school year demographics for the schools with SROs based on data made publicly available by CPS and found that while the survey was relatively close to representative of Latinx students, it overrepresented white and Asian students and underrepresented Black students.

According to CPS, the district didn’t have a way of ensuring that the same respondents didn’t take the survey more than once, though Gherardi wrote in an e-mail to the Reader Monday that the district is “confident in the integrity of the survey results, which align with the feedback we received in a variety of forums.” He also said that principals were provided with the survey results that pertained to their school and “many school principals and LSCs decided to conduct their own follow-up surveys to guide their decision making process” before voting on whether to retain cops in their schools.

In at least one example, the school’s own surveying resulted in higher student participation. At Lake View High School, a student-designed and -administered survey captured 125 responses (compared to just 62 responses from Lake View students in CPS’s survey). Though Lake View’s LSC ultimately decided to keep the SROs in a 9-1 vote, nearly 60 percent of student respondents in the in-house survey said they thought CPS should eliminate SROs and reinvest the money spent on them into other things. Forty percent of student respondents said their school should eliminate SROs even if Lake View wouldn’t directly financially benefit from the decision.

Whether or not to keep cops in schools has been one of the most significant school policy decisions left to Local School Councils and many appeared ill-equipped to make it. While 46 of the 72 schools had a full LSC voting on the matter, 17 schools didn’t have a quorum at their meeting, and nine schools didn’t even have a functioning LSC to take the vote, leaving the district to decide for them. As the Triibe reported, some parents see getting rid of cops in schools as a threat to student safety, even while they’re unaware of other ways kids can be protected. And, as WBEZ has noted, leaving the decision to the LSCs has paradoxically furthered a key inequity: Since the schools who have booted their SROs have been mostly white and Latinx, the district’s Black high schoolers will now be much more likely to have cops in their schools than other students when they return to in-person instruction.

At the board meeting August 26, a number of elected officials contributed public comments that captured the polarization around the issue. Some aldermen expressed concern about the role of cops in schools and the need for other resources to be prioritized, but ultimately continued to state that SROs enhance school safety.
“I know there are many parents that do not feel comfortable allowing their children in and around their schools without officers,” said 24th Ward alderman Michael Scott Jr. As an example, he talked about an elementary school in his ward around which violent incidents occur—even though CPS only has school resource officers in high schools. “I know there are arguments on both sides of the equation and I do believe that we have to look at policing as a whole when it comes to the city of Chicago,” Scott Jr. said. “That does not mean [that] a school in a community like North Lawndale that has a very high rate of violence . . . does not feel safe when they have officers in and around that school.”

On the one hand, 40th Ward alderman Andre Vasquez talked about the dearth of information on the results delivered by the SRO program and the district and CPD’s poor track record of oversight of the officers. “We asked [the district] what guidance there was for selection of SROs and the answer we got is if the principal feels the officer is a good fit,” Vasquez said. “Thirty-six SROs have multiple complaints, [some] have five or more complaints, five officers have complaints that resulted in them having discipline . . . If this was any other vendor, if this was somebody with a contract with us, you would shut it down.”

Before the vote, board members Rome and Todd-Breland made one more plea to their colleagues to reconsider their votes. CPS’s proposed reforms to the program for the next school year “fall short of addressing the research and the evidence that has been discussed for a long time now by youth activists,” Rome said. She also questioned the wisdom of leaving such a critical policy decision to LSCs. “Student voice in that process was recommended but optional,” Rome said. “I believe that this underscores that while LSC involvement is critical, it does not take a necessarily whole-system view of what is an issue of justice and a civil rights issue. If we pay attention to the evidence about the school-to-prison pipeline, pushing this vote to the LSCs was not the right approach in my opinion.”

“I really appreciate the young people and their allies whose organizing and protests really created the political context and space to even make these types of reforms,” Todd-Breland said. “We cannot solve system-wide civil rights issues by shirking our responsibilities as a board and pushing it on the backs of individual schools. What has changed since June? The police have not stopped killing Black people. . . . When do we decide that the historical and ongoing racism of an institution—policing—that has proven itself incapable of reform, has no place in our schools with our children? This to me is not an issue of bad apples, this is an institutional problem and the [CPS contract with CPD] is fundamentally saying that we agree to have this institution and the members of this institution with our children. So I ask this body, the Board of Education, what is your threshold for police harm? And when will enough be enough?”

She didn’t receive a response.
The Chicago Reader
BOOK CLUB

Mikki Kendall
Hood Feminism: Notes From the Women That a Movement Forgot
Book Club Month: October 20
Author Talk: 10/22/2020

Sonali Dev
Recipe for Persuasion
November 20
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Riva Lehrer
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Emil Ferris
My Favorite Thing Is Monsters
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Natalie Moore
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Rebecca Makkai
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Fatimah Asghar
If They Come for Us
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Kayla Ancrum
Darling
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Jessica Hopper
(TBD)
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8/26/2021

Precious Brady-Davis
I Have Always Been Me: A Memoir
September 21
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Join us for the first month of the Chicago Reader’s Book Club in which we will center the experience of women who face real battles on the front lines. Mikki Kendall and Janaya Greene will dive into the history of feminist movements in Chicago, and beyond, and the marginalized women shut out from mainstream feminism this history.

Mikki Kendall
Author

Mikki Kendall is a writer, diversity consultant, and occasional feminist who talks a lot about intersectionality, policing, gender, sexual assault, and other current events. Her essays can be found at TIME, the New York Times, The Guardian, the Washington Post, Ebony, Essence, Salon, The Boston Globe, NBC, Bustle, Islamic Monthly, and a host of other sites. Her media appearances include BBC, NPR, The Daily Show, PBS, Good Morning America, MSNBC, Al Jazeera, WVON, WBEZ, and Showtime. She has discussed race, feminism, education, food politics, police violence, tech, and pop culture at institutions and universities across the country.

She is the author of Amazons, Abolitionists, and Activists (illustrated by A. D’Amico), and Hood Feminism, both from Penguin Random House.

Janaya Greene
Moderator

Janaya Greene is a storyteller with passions for film, literature, music, the African diaspora, and mild sauce—and the social media coordinator for the Chicago Reader. Her short film Veracity screened on Showtime and is now streaming on Amazon Video. Her writing has been published in Zora, the Tribe, Here Magazine, Red Bull Music’s Tierra Whack zine (2019) and more. House music is her love language. Learn more about the Chicago-based writer at JanayaGreene.com.

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A retrospective look at the weekly Black-led food distribution program outside Burke Elementary. “If you’re afraid of protesting and you’re trying to find a way to plug in, find a school in your network, pull up with a grill, pull up with something, and feed folks.”

By Leor Galil

When Chicago Public Schools suspended its meal distribution program on Sunday, May 31, it followed a weekend of citywide protests in response to the extrajudicial killing of George Floyd by a white Minneapolis police officer. CPS announced the news after 10 PM through its Twitter account, which mirrored the city’s confusing, haphazard response to the protests; that Saturday, Mayor Lori Lightfoot declared a 9 PM curfew which mirrored the city’s confusing, haphazard response to the protests; that Saturday, Mayor Lori Lightfoot declared a 9 PM curfew; news after 10 PM through its Twitter account, tweeted, “If there is a school near you, organize a Go to this school that is right by your home, do you want to come?”

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: I woke up very early that morning, I tweeted, “Look at these grab and go meal sites—This is the time for us to do something.” I was up early Monday morning, like, “Hey, Imma go to Costco, I’m asleep, bro. I’m literally groggy—I was like, “Damn, I can stay in bed and go to sleep, but also she’s probably gonna need some help, so let me go to the store to help with these groceries.”

Matt Muse: Dominique called me at 10 o’clock in the morning, like, “Hey, Imma go to Costco, Trina’s doing this food program.” I’m asleep, bro. I’m literally groggy—I was like, “Damn, I can stay in bed and go to sleep, but also she’s probably gonna need some help, so let me go to the store to help with these groceries.”

Dominique James: We looked up the map of the CPS meal sites, and we picked one in our neighborhood. We were like, “OK, this is on a major freeway but also King Drive, so let’s do this one.”

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: That’s when I called my friend Jihad, and I said, “Hey, we are gonna go to this school that is right by your home, do you want to come?”

Jihad Kheperu: I was looking for some direct...
service that was more hands-on during that time. A lot of things was going on during that time that I could have chosen to be a part of, in the streets, protesting. For me, something that has a direct impact on community suffering, something that’s very close to my home—I’m from the area—that’s my interest in being involved.

**Dominique James:** I posted we were at Burke—my colleague at YCA was like, “Yo, that’s my mom’s school,” and she connected us with her.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** At first it almost started to rain, and I was feeling really sad because I thought, “Maybe we should go home.”

**Dominique James:** We were a little nervous because it was going to rain. Jihad brought a speaker, we were distributing food, and we put out the call on social media—people brought feminine hygiene and baby care items—and on top of this, based on what we learned about day one we were like, “We’re gonna have snacks, we’re gonna have this stuff, we’re gonna have this stuff.” And then natural sections began to emerge within the site. We also are a very small site because we technically can’t go on the school’s property, we’re kind of just in their entry way, so a little bit of a tight area.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** The next day, on Tuesday, we served 657 families. These are families who are leaving with groceries—this is not like an individual sandwich, or a roll of toilet paper. People came up to us, got a bag of groceries, grabbed some diapers, baby formula, tampons, pads, whatever. It was a really powerful thing. At that point, we said, “Oh, we can’t stop.”

**Dominique James:** Tuesday we were like, “We are actually super-duper tired, and we need to structure this. This is clearly going to be something longer term, we don’t know to what extent. Let’s take a pause, structure this out a bit, and then come back next week.”

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** We had a debrief together, we were like, “What’s our mission? What are we doing? If we’re gonna do this, we need to say that we’re doing this.” We came up with a mission—it was just me, Jihad, Matt, and Dominique.

**Matt Muse:** I ended up at one of the meetings that they were having, just ‘cause I was getting a ride home with Dom. I was like, “Are y’all OK with me saying what I think about what happened today and how today went?” And they were like, “Yeah.”

**Jihad Kheperu:** I wasn’t really too familiar with the other two members—Dominique and Matt—before this started.

**Matt Muse:** I met [Jihad] through this; he’s a phenomenal person and we’re friends now.

**Jihad Kheperu:** None of us really have much experience with food drives—resource allocation in that sense—but I think it also was pretty natural for us. We all have some experience with community organizing and community outreach, we all love food, we all love Black people, we all love the hood, so it kind of happened pretty naturally. Once we began to think what the needs were, what we had at our disposal, it wasn’t too complicated.

**Matt Muse:** Dominique was super, super integral in coming up with the Sunday and Monday thing—like, “OK, we’re gonna pack on Sundays and then we’re gonna distribute on Mondays.” We always were gonna distribute on Mondays, but how are we gonna pack the bags? “OK, let’s get people up to YCA on Sunday.”

**Jihad Kheperu:** My first major act was probably overseeing our first south-side drop site, which is actually the building that my family owns, maybe two blocks from the location.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** At first we didn’t have a truck. We just had our cars and we just had people donating things to us. We would then get a U-Haul.

**Matt Muse:** We were renting U-Haul trucks every week for that first month to do the drive. I moved with U-Haul a couple times, and that shit can be a pain in the ass, just having to go back and forth to the U-Haul place.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** Matt and Dominique were handling that, and they were like, “Because of U-Haul’s policies, we think we need to rent out a truck for long-term.”

**Matt Muse:** We were able to actually get a truck that was specifically for the People’s Grab-N-Go. We’ve been renting it out since, I think, late June, and we have it till the end of August. That was a big game changer; getting the truck took away a whole lot of the physical hours and physical labor that we were doing in the beginning.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** Matt ended up managing the volunteers.

**Matt Muse:** The second day there was 30 volunteers there. It was dope, but it’s also like, not only do we not need 30 volunteers in general, but 30 volunteers is putting all of us at risk. I get that it’s an emergency and it’s a moment, but hey, if we take two seconds to think about scheduling people, we’ll be able to do all the work those 30 people did with the ten people we scheduled.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** As we were getting into our groove, we were like, “How do we make bags with intention and care?” We were receiving quite a bit of things, but the things we were receiving were not necessarily things that people were actually gonna eat. We didn’t want to give people bags of food that they weren’t going to use. So what we ended up doing was creating a donation list of things that we were willing to accept.

**Dominique James:** We ended up going to the grocery store and they’re like, “Y’all are buying a lot of stuff, what’s this? You can place a bulk order with us.” We’re like, “Really? OK.”

**Matt Muse:** We started connecting with the Mariano’s on King Drive. We basically made a list of all the stuff we’re gonna put in each bag, and they provide all of that on a weekly basis, and they’ve been doing that for about a month now. And once we got that, it was like, “OK, bet, this is a system now.” So now instead of having to hope that we get enough jelly every week, we know we make 200 bags, we can order 200 jars of jelly every single week.

**Dominique James:** Buying the groceries in advance, packing the bags in advance is the system we have now on Sundays. We’re at Young Chicago Authors—we go pick up the grocery order, take the grocery order off the truck, and then pack the 200 grocery bags, and at the same time we’re laying the collection of the items that we need to build out our hygiene table for that week.

**Trina Reynolds-Tyler:** We make sure that every single bag that we gave out had cereal, rice and beans, peanut butter and jelly, a loaf of bread, potatoes, onions, and oranges—oh, [and] pasta and pasta sauce.

**Matt Muse:** Trina made an amazing Google survey; we sent it out to the people who showed up, and now I have their contact info. It specifically asks questions like, “What days are you available? What times are you available? Will you be able to drive, will you not be able to drive? Do you have any special requirements for when you come to volunteer? Do you need to sit for a certain amount of time—is standing too long a bad thing?” I’m able to go into that database that she created, look at all these answers, and say, “OK, these are the three people or eight people I’m gonna schedule on Sunday, and I’m gonna make sure I’ll tell them how long they’re gonna be there based on the answers to the questions that Trina made.”
Trina Reynolds-Tyler: The way the Grab-N-Go is set up, on one side you have bags of groceries—and, like, milk and eggs that are in coolers—and Matt passes the bags to the people and have conversations. On the other side, there’s a toiletries line—so those are two separate lines. Outside of those tables with the canopy over it, across from us, are these people who are basically waiting to take you to your car. There’s one person who’s a counter, who has masks—so the counter counts you and they give you a mask if you don’t have one. And then there are at least three people who will ask you, “Do you need help getting to your car? Is there any way I can help you? Do you need any support?”

Matt Muse: Instead of having a bunch of people standing around waiting to be told what to do, we have specific roles that every volunteer plays, and that helped us reduce the amount of people who were showing up significantly.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: Dominique, her role has really been engaging with other resources to get us more things to the site. For example, she has been the outreach person for other mutual aid efforts, so through her we have lots of relationships with other mutual aid efforts happening in Chicago, one that happened in Roseland, one that does a delivery service to people.

Dominique James: With YCA, we have these education partnerships where a teaching artist goes into the school for 13 weeks and works in direct collaboration with an in-school teacher to provide in-school programming and after-school programming. Miss Rolle is a teacher at Butler College Prep at 103rd and Cottage—Matt was Miss Rolle’s teaching partner. She hit me up, like, “Hey, my school also stopped their meal distribution, I want to help out.” I always admired Miss Rolle as an educator, and the way she cares for her students holistically. She ran a site for four weeks in June on 103rd and Cottage—there’s a vacant lot. And she also utilized her network to volunteer and bring stuff to her site. Helping her think through different partnerships and different issues she was facing, that’s one of my favorite things.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: Jihad does social media stuff—he left Chicago for a while, and when he did, he was like, “I’m gonna do the media.”

Jihad Kheperu: I try to get on there daily, at least multiple times a week, to respond to everybody that’s reaching out as soon as they reach out to us—pre-Grab-N-Go to give everybody a heads-up that it’s coming back around, here are our needs. We use it to thank people who are involved, and uplift what’s going on. To document what’s happening and create this narrative for the public that this is a moment of empowerment that is community-led, using social media—using Instagram—as a means of having that conversation. And showing what’s going on behind the scenes.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: The community—they show up. We have a DJ, DJ Cash Era. They come, and they be dancing, and they have a good time with us. They give us so much love, and we give them so much love back.

Dominique James: We get to know our community members in the space of love and joy, and I think that is what has sustained us.

Jihad Kheperu: I definitely try to center joy with our social media. Definitely don’t want this to be some page that feeds on Black trauma and community trauma. We want this to be a space where folks can see what it really looks like; that’s us laughing with folks all day long, us out there with our DJ playing music and dancing with the community on Mondays.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: We know regulars by name now. In the beginning of the Grab-N-Go, people are lining up. The people who are on foot who come a little bit early, they’re usually like, “Do y’all need any help? How can we help you?”

Jihad Kheperu: Even during pandemic times, there was something warm and welcoming about the social aspect of the Grab-N-Go as well. We’re not supposed to be going to parties and functions that we normally do for our social engagement, this being a way to meet new people to engage with the community in a way that is safe.

Matt Muse: I have really just enjoyed being out there; being outside, around people from different walks of life, hearing all these different stories, and communicating with those people for the three to five minutes that
they’re picking up their groceries and stuff.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: There’s an older woman who’s always coming to flirt with Matt. Every single time.

Matt Muse: Being out there and being on the ground—and just physically being in touch with these people has been a huge eye-opener for me, as far as like, “Yo, this really is just a resource problem.” Chicago has a huge resource problem.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: I do a lot of the loose ends stuff. I do a lot of the stuff on the site, like site setup. I’m making some calls, trying to get COVID-19 testing to our site, all the little things that we want in order to build out the Grab-N-Go.

Jihad Kheperu: After June, the system was pretty solid.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: By July, it was like, “We have a truck now, there is a person from the community who comes and helps us set up every Monday.”

Matt Muse: We ain’t got that much shit going on ’cause of COVID anyway. Maybe if this is any other time, I would’ve been distracted by a lot of things that would’ve made this take longer. But I think the four of us are all really, really focused on this right now and we all believe in it, so when we sit down and talk through things it’s not that hard to come up with a solution to make it work.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: This is not necessarily something that people will happily sign up for; this is literally labor. What we’re doing is we’re working, and it’s hard. We have to show up every week, even when we don’t have capacity—and we try to communicate, like, “Oh I actually don’t feel like it,” or if I’m having an off day or something like that.

Dominique James: It can be stressful work—I myself am very emotional, and we give each other the space to be ourselves and then also check in.

Jihad Kheperu: We all care about each other outside of this work, so we do a really good job of just checking in with each other and making sure we’re not getting too burnt out, because it is a lot going on this summer for everybody.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: To be able to contribute our Sundays and our Saturdays, we all are employed but our jobs offer us a bit of flexibility so that gives us the ability to even do these things.

Matt Muse: Sunday and Monday are both a good seven hours each, so I would say 14 hours right there, if you just talk about the actual physical labor of the food drive. But with planning and coordination, it’s probably a good 20 hours a week.

Dominique James: With zero exaggeration, this is like a full-time job.

Trina Reynolds-Tyler: August 31 seemed like a responsible time to end. We have been here, we have been committed to these people, this site, and this community for three months. I personally don’t know if we will be able to sustain longer than three months because of work schedules, and also we’re running out of money—we’re not gonna have any money at the end of this.

Jihad Kheperu: Monday was my favorite day of the week for a while; I’ll definitely be looking a bit forlorn as well as just missing the team.

Matt Muse: My biggest takeaway so far is just, like, “Yo, I’ve never been in touch with the people that I have been this summer, never in my life—the people of Chicago, of the south side, where I’m from.” It’s beautiful to be in this position.
Ode to a Chicago Public School

The lessons learned in CPS go beyond what’s taught in the classroom.

By Nina Li Coomes

Much is written bemoaning public schools. Flagging test scores, worries over college acceptance, and constant battles over funding make the pervasive tone around public schools one of concern at best, disdain at worst. Especially now, as the COVID-19 pandemic rages on making further remote education necessary, schooling feels uncertain and fragile, like a dream of a distant past. Despite these challenges, I believe there are real, tangible gifts that a public school education delivers. Most everything I pride myself on as an adult was planted or nurtured in a Chicago Public School. I can say without a doubt that it was the seven years I spent in CPS schools that taught me joy, resilience, tenacity, and compassion.

At my sixth-grade dance I learned that it doesn’t matter if you are good at dancing; it only matters that you try. In the contrived dark of the Language Arts classroom where we usually went over reading comprehension questions, Daddy Yankee’s “Gasolina” thumped over borrowed speakers as a crowd of 11-year-olds writhed gracelessly. Sure, there were some girls who took dance classes who flitted beautifully in and out of the crowd, and of course there were boys who seemed to still feel the echo of break dancing, but mostly it was a mass of frenetic energy pouring off of preteen bodies in the decidedly unromantic dusk of 6 PM in Chicago. Even I, a nerd of the highest order, then bespectacled, braced, and bowl-cut-banged, threw caution to the wind and thrashed around, dancing alongside peers who on school days usually ignored me. The lesson of the middle school CPS dance was one of participation, of enthusiasm, of not taking yourself too seriously. Whatever you do, even if you look stupid doing it, you have to at least try.

As a crossing guard I learned that community is a wide-reaching thing. For the hour or so I spent every morning and afternoon wearing a bright yellow sash, it did not matter if those I helped were people I knew, or my peers. I held my arms out and stood while students, parents, and strangers walking their dogs crossed the street. It didn’t matter if it was snowing or raining, cold or hot, I had to stand there because I said I would, because I had committed to the community that I would be there. Being a crossing guard instilled in me the sense that Mary Gage Peterson Elementary School extended beyond its four walls, that a school’s commitments were not only to its students but to the neighborhood it inhabited. Looking back, most of the adults I helped cross the sidewalk probably did not need my assistance. Still, that action taught me responsibility, of doing things even if they were boring or seemingly irrelevant to me, because there was a larger network of people to whom I was held accountable.

I learned a lot about outside society too, even if obliquely. When the police marched a sobbing seventh-grade boy out of school because he had stolen another student’s iPod, the mood in our classroom was one of stunned, somber incredulity. How could it be that these adults did not understand the feeling of a child looking at something they desperately wanted but could not afford? What was the thought process that allowed criminality to encroach on a 12-year-old? What was the basis for the profound lack of compassion in this action, so evident to us, a class of preteens? Couldn’t he just have given the iPod back? The boy came back to school the next week. I did not learn what eventually happened, but never forgot the profound injustice, the suspicion, the shock. I think back to it especially now as students across the city lobby their local school councils to rid their buildings of police officers. I trust and believe deeply that these students have learned the same things I did as a child; law enforcement is heartless and belongs nowhere near children in schools.

There was this lesson of the cafeteria, of learning to love biryani and spaghetti pie, the antidote to previous cafeterias where my own Japanese lunch was ridiculed. There was the lesson of International Night, of
“Most everything I pride myself on as an adult was planted or nurtured in a Chicago Public School. I can say without a doubt that it was the seven years I spent in CPS schools that taught me joy, resilience, tenacity, and compassion.”

Tinikling and Korean fan dance. There was the lesson of friends wearing new hijabs and leaving to pray during the day, of respect and admiration for other faiths without demand for explanation. There was the lesson of after school snacks in the homes of families who were undocumented, who worked low-wage jobs, who showed us children deep and abiding hospitality nonetheless. There was the lesson of kicking one boy who ridiculed me mercilessly so hard in the shins that they turned blue, and being told anger is fine, but not to express it through violence. There were lessons of heartbreak, of tragedy that I cannot share here. There were lessons of learning to come back to school, to face the day even when I’d accidentally shaved off my eyebrows the night before. There were lessons of learning that some teachers were wrong in the way they treated us, their clear favorites and barely concealed disgust at the varied needs we had as a classroom, students clamoring. But there were also the lessons of the teachers that loved us, cared for us, chose books with characters who looked like us, encouraged us even as we failed them again and again. (It would be these teachers I would deliver donuts to nearly a decade later during the 2019 CTU strike, who stayed in those classrooms, who taught us perseverance and faith.)

August is over. The last few weeks have carried days that hint at autumn, breaching the surface of dawn with cool, clear mornings. It is a sensation for me that brings with it a rush of nostalgia and affection for school. As I write this now, I imagine the squeak of the hallways, the cacophony of the yard, the clang of the blue locker I would inevitably fill with junk. The stern white and black face of the clock and the sweep of its crimson second hand, the stairways filtered with watery light, the bell brr-ing, abrasive and clucking. The laughter of a distracted class, the huge hands of a teacher, grinning in a doorway. The bathrooms, their short stalls, the lack of a mirror to preen in. Each classroom and its seemingly immovable windows, the plastic-backed chairs and scuffed desks, the piles of books to be distributed. This hallowed hall where I was taught all that has helped me become the adult I am today.

@nlcoomes

POETRY CORNER

The Garden of Phoenix and Lovecraft Country
Chicago, 2020
By Tara Betts

A Japanese garden nestled against Lake Michigan with its bridges, pagodas, and arranged stones produces no skeletons, tentacles, Cthulhu, or Shoggoths covered with blinking eyes shunning light. Instead, warm sun runs its fingers along my arms. Intermittent shade and a soft breeze twists some cool out of this late August afternoon.

I find my footing in Hyde Park, Washington Park, Woodlawn, where manicured serenity offers me paths and a sign that notes this garden began in 1936, before cancer wrapped its claws around H.P. Lovecraft like one of his horrors, before the author of Lovecraft Country was born or able to summon the ghost of a writer who coined an epithet as a cat’s name. Some have always said it. Others sidestepped then substituted two syllables with n-word.

We walk to find some sort of middle-aged endurance and laugh with talk of science fiction, how teachers draw on everything they know, and Lovecraft Country—with scenes on the South Side we know, where masks now keep viral terror at bay. We laugh about Atticus (not Finch), Uncle George, and Letitia Lewis facing down children of the night, the opening of ancient portals, collapsing mansions, and ancestral ghosts, and none of them seem more horrifying than mapping green books of living Black lives in a stopped car, a car full of men chasing us with rifles and rope, or being dragged into the dark woods.

Not one monster is scarier than a sheriff with a gun, a badge, too much authority, and a name for you and yours. I say, no, nothing is scarier than that.

We walk back to the car. How Black fingers cling to the edge of the city as we drive home before sundown in this damned and beloved town, where South Side transforms into code, like alien or race.

Tara Betts is the author of two poetry collections, Break the Habit, Arc & Hue, and the forthcoming Refuse to Disappear. She also co-edited The Being of America and edited a critical edition of Philippa Duke Schuyler’s Adventures in Black and White. In addition to her work as a teaching artist and mentor for young poets, she’s taught at prisons and several universities, including Rutgers University and University of Illinois-Chicago. In 2019, Tara published a poem celebrating Illinois’ bicentennial with Candor Arts. Tara is the Poetry Editor at The Langston Hughes Review and the Lit Editor at Newcity. Betts is currently hard at work to establish The Whirlwind Center on Chicago’s South Side.

A biweekly series curated by the Chicago Reader and sponsored by the Poetry Foundation.
When Etiti Ayeni moved herself and her company to Chicago last year, she knew she needed something. But what that something should be, she wasn’t sure.

“I felt like I needed some kind of injection into my business,” she says. “I didn’t know if that was going to be capital, if that was going to be mentorship or guidance.”

Ayeni is the founder and creator behind ELUKE, a statement jewelry and accessories company.

She had just relocated to the city from Washington, D.C. and didn’t know anyone but her family. That made the transition difficult. But she learned about an entrepreneurial training program for artists and attended the information session at Rebuild Foundation.

“I’m a south side-based artist so being able to access a space like that, adjacent to where I operate my business and live my life, was very, very impactful,” she says. “And too, just associating with other people that share the same similar goals as me and who encounter some of the similar challenges that creative-based businesses face, it really changed the trajectory of my time spent here.”

Ayeni learned technical skills to apply to her business, but more importantly, she started to build community.

“I’ve definitely made some enduring connections,” she says. “And I would say that that was a really big benefit to my business that I didn’t even know that I needed.”

Ayeni’s class last fall was the first cohort for the Arts & Makers Community Business Academy with Rebuild Foundation and Sunshine Enterprises. And now, the program is ramping up to launch the third cohort (digitally) the second week in September.

Rebuild, which was founded by artist Theaster Gates, focuses on art, cultural development, and neighborhood transformation. Equipping artists with the tools they need to thrive is key to this mission.

“I think our viewpoint as an organization—and certainly his viewpoint—is that when artists have the tools to see their vision succeed, communities ultimately are made better,” says Julie Yost, Rebuild’s director of programming. “What we were seeing was that there just seemed to be a gap in a lot of these entrepreneurship programs, that artists were not getting the training that they needed to really scale their practice as you might scale a business.”

Sunshine Enterprises has a similar mission. The organization trains and coaches entrepreneurs, specifically those in Chicago’s underresourced communities.

“They give so much care to their graduates,” Yost says about Sunshine. “And they also were very excited about the idea of gearing something towards the artist and maker community. So it just ended up being a real perfect fit, and we’ve really seen them take this program and run with it and adapt it to artists.”

Laura Lane, Sunshine Enterprises’ managing director of programs, taught that first class of artists—whose businesses ranged in everything from artisan goods and visual art to music and design. In its Community Business Academy and in other programs, the organization focuses on giving entrepreneurs access to three different kinds of capital: social (knowing each other and building community), knowledge (the technical skills that relate to running a business), and financial capital (grants and other opportunities to help its students fund and grow their businesses). That model can help entrepreneurs at any stage.

“We had a really good mix of in-business art entrepreneurs and startups,” Lane says about the first two groups the program has had so far. “And they learn as much from the instructors as they do from each other.”

Getting a handle on money can be a tremendous hurdle for any entrepreneur, but for creatives, there are clear differences. So in addition to helping participants work on their credit to improve their access to different financing options, Sunshine and Rebuild make sure their program participants are aware of what grant opportunities are available, specifically in the art space.

The course also helps participants figure out how to price their art and find their target market. Robin Simmons, director of outreach and innovation at Sunshine, says it’s something many entrepreneurs in the art world struggle with.

“The specific value of this class is we have found in our traditional CBA (Community Business Academy) that the creative entrepreneur, whether it’s performance or visual arts, were undervaluing the service that they were providing to the community,” says Robin Simmons. “And we value art, public art, performance art as a community development tool: It is therapeutic, it’s rehabilitative, and is even an aesthetic that increases the overall experience in our neighborhoods.”

Financial need is also a consideration in getting entrepreneurs into the course itself. The registration fee is income-based, and the organization provides several grants to cover the cost of attendance, including for formerly incarcerated business owners.

The curriculum, which is designed for the adult learner, also takes into account the lives and financial situations of participants.

“It’s an adult participatory methodology that is designed specifically for entrepreneurs that are currently working and managing family and also running a supplemental income business,” Simmons says. “The majority of our entrepreneurs are working a supplemental income business with a goal to be able to replace their income and be full-time entrepreneurs.”

Sunshine Enterprises is holding multiple information sessions about the fall cohort, and much like its partnership with Rebuild, also plans to create a similar Community Business Academy for artists with the Puerto Rican Cultural Center in Humboldt Park that will be for Spanish speakers. It plans to bring that same special energy it’s created, because for artists like Etiti Ayeni, that’s what’s unique about the experience—it’s something other training programs just can’t copy.

“You can’t duplicate that in other programs: The way that it applies to our needs as artists, and the way that we’re able to collaborate in a space that takes into consideration that we’re small businesses,” Ayeni says. “I think that they caught a stride and I hope more entrepreneurs are drawn to the program.”

@ArionneNettles
Wrightwood 659 reopens with the first U.S. exhibition of the Pritzker Prize-winning Indian architect Balkrishna Doshi. This limited-run exhibition provides a rare opportunity to see architecture and urban planning that address the diverse needs of the urban habitat. Doshi’s lifelong commitment to architecture as a civic practice, along with his creation of buildings of both beauty and equity, will be a revelation.

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THEATER

DANCE

Chicago Human Rhythm Project taps new leader
Emmanuel Neal joins; founder Lane Alexander faces social media backlash.
By Catseye Sullivan

Add the Chicago Human Rhythm Project (CHRP) to the list of noted Chicago performing arts organizations undergoing a major leadership shift during a historic summer marked by upheaval, reflection, and the seismic financial/existential crisis of season cancellations due to the COVID-19 virus.

Emmanuel Neal, 47, has been named new interim managing director at CHRP. Founding artistic director Lane Alexander, 60, has not announced when he’ll step down.

“We’ve transferred day to day operations to Emmanuel, which was the first step” in a five-year strategic plan ratified in 2019, Alexander said. “Artistic direction of various programs comes next.” CHRP is currently searching for a new artist in residence; that position might be combined with the artistic director spot, Alexander said.

Like Pride Films and Plays, Victory Gardens, and Second City, CHRP’s longtime artistic director faces intense criticism about his leadership tenure. Much of it came in the wake of a June 4 open letter that was eventually signed by some 900 members of the dance community. That letter, penned by M.A.D.D. (Making a Difference Dancing) Rhythms founding artistic director Bril Barrett, states that Alexander sent multiple e-mails to leaders of the tap community that “accused each of us of supporting violence, appropriation and genocide against your ancestors, White Irish Americans” by supporting Black Lives Matter protests. Barrett taught and performed for years with CHRP.

That letter sparked a subsequent onslaught of social media posts stating Alexander made CHRP a place defined by body shaming, sexism, and the cultural erasure of tap’s origins in Black and African cultures. The groundwork for Neal’s new role was laid long before the social media outcry. The five-year strategic plan was facilitated by the Arts & Business Council of Chicago’s Business Volunteers for the Arts program, which serves as a sort of matchmaking service between nonprofits and people looking to serve them.

Neal joined CHRP’s board last year after participating in the Arts & Business Council’s onboarding program, where he earned praise as an innovator and potential “change agent” from the Council’s executive director, Kristin Larsen.

As a mortgage loan officer during the 2008 recession, Neal is no stranger to tough times. “There was a lot of suffering when the 2008 crash came. It was hard to see. But I knew then—and now—that art is one of the things that has always been society’s saving grace. It continues through the madness and the tough times,” he said.

A PhD candidate at the Chicago School of Professional Psychology, Neal is also an author and editor (Dear Cancer, The Anthology) and a producer of balls, poetry readings, fashion shows, and comedy showcases. Neal said one of his greatest joys is working as a DJ, especially at events where he can spotlight his passion for house music.

In addition to poring over CHRP’s financials (per its 2018 tax filing, the latest available publicly, CHRP’s annual income was just under $810,000, with expenses totaling about $783,000), and absorbing three decades of institutional history, Neal is grappling with a cultural landscape devastated by COVID-19.

“I think of the artists who are struggling to live. I think about their issues. Billy Porter gave an interview about how art is so integral to society and how we really need to think about that. Artists are essential workers, and they deserve to be treated as such,” he said.

But that’s not how artists at CHRP were treated, according to Barrett and the barrage of social media posts that erupted around his June 4 letter to Alexander. That letter was spurred in part by a May 31 social media post from Alexander, which stated:

“While some members of the tap community were advocating for violence yesterday, our home at the Fine Arts Building was being attacked by rioters.” Alexander continued with an all-caps plea to stop advocating for violence, adding, “George Floyd would not want this.” Alexander also took to Instagram to ask Barrett “Do you support violence?” after claiming M.A.D.D.’s founder “seemed to condone” violence in an earlier Facebook post.

Barrett made that earlier Facebook post after waking up on May 25, National Tap Dance Day, to the video of George Floyd being killed by Minneapolis cop Derek Chauvin.

“I grew up in Lawndale. I’ve seen dead people. I’ve seen people shot. But I’ve never seen the life actually drain from someone’s eyes. I woke up ready to celebrate National Tap Day, and instead, I see yet another Black man getting murdered,” he said. Barrett responded to Floyd’s murder on social media:

“Maybe, the only way to stop the killing of unarmed black men and women, is to make it expensive,” he wrote on May 25. “Killing one of us will cost you your whole city. Nothing else seems to work!” he concluded.

Just over a week later, Barrett’s open letter rejected Alexander’s accusation that the post “seemed to condone violence.”

“I said that perhaps the only way to stop the killing of unarmed Black people is to make it expensive. I stand by that statement. Civil disobedience is not violence. The mission of Black Lives Matter is fundamentally nonviolent,” Barrett said.

“Violence is kneeling on an unarmed man’s neck until he is strangled to death. Violence is breaking into a home with impunity and shooting a woman sleeping in her own bed. Violence is profiting from Black labor, Black pain, and
Black art while failing to support Black people,” he said.

After Barrett posted the letter, responses on social media continued to mushroom, many of them describing instances of sexism and racism at CHRP, as well as a failure to acknowledge that tap is rooted in African and African American dance.

Alexander vehemently denies all claims of erasure, racism, and sexism.

“There’s a very strong disagreement about the history of tap,” Alexander said. “Did it come from African Americans, or from people of British, Scottish, and Irish descent as well? I believe there was a combination of influences. To me, disagreeing about history doesn’t make either party a racist. I believe my ancestors made a contribution to the evolution of this art form. That some artists want to erase the contribution of my ancestors, that could be kind of a cultural genocide.”

For its entire history, Alexander said, CHRP has with words, deeds, and money promulgated and supported an inclusive, diverse tap community.

He lists actions such as successfully lobbying the Kennedy Center to host its first main-stage tap concert, bringing a tap curriculum to Northwestern University, and confronting the National Endowment for the Arts with stats proving that Eurocentric forms of dance such as ballet get the lion’s share of grant funding, leaving only scraps to tap and other percussive forms.

Alexander also points to copies of multiple letters he’s written over the years to Chicago arts editors and critics at the Tribune, the Sun-Times, and others “to bemoan the Eurocentric coverage and to provide not-so-gentle prods to include non-European dance forms in their coverage.”

Money talks, Alexander added, estimating that CHRP has spent roughly $6.5-$7 million paying artists for their work, with between 65 and 70 percent of that going to artists of color. For a decade, CHRP hosted Chicago’s National Tap Dance Day celebration, where “every tap dance company in Chicago” was paid to perform at the Vittum Theater, he said. Alexander also points to numerous productions where women and artists of color took the spotlight and were “proportionately represented.”

Additionally, Alexander added, CHRP pays roughly $11,000 a month in rent at the Fine Arts Building (410 S. Michigan Avenue), so the organization’s teaching arm—the American Rhythm Center (ARC)—can provide inexpensive classroom space for new teachers. Putting ARC in the Fine Arts Building was a means of “plant(ing) the flag of cultural pluralism and authentic diversity downtown,” Alexander said.

Barrett and his myriad supporters have a very different view of Alexander’s efforts, culminating with his post claiming some in the community advocated violence. While CHRP’s board reached out to Barrett with an apology, Barrett believes Alexander has not taken responsibility for any of the criticism lobbed over the past few months. When attempts at a mediation between Alexander and Barrett broke down, CHRP’s board didn’t follow up with any further meaningful attempts at reconciliation, Barrett said.

“Him attacking people if they don’t agree tap came from the Irish? Deleting our posts asking about decades of racism and sexism? That says something about Lane. About how he’s treated some of the people in the community. To just slide out and leave the mess to someone else? That’s the cowardly way,” Barrett said.

Neal is fixed on moving on, and making sure the organization survives a summer that has seen arts organizations of all sizes pummeled by all that COVID has taken, including millions in ticket revenue. CHRP’s August 10 Jazz Showcase performances were scuttled “as a result of last night’s serious looting and violence in the the Loop,” according to an August 10 press release. The closure of Navy Pier shut down an August 12 performance slated there. Online classes are continuing as scheduled.

“It’s definitely not business as usual,” Neal said. “My focus right now is on doing whatever we can to support artists in their work and in their life. What support do you need, what can we provide,” Neal said. “It’s also classes. We’re figuring out how we can give our students the best experience possible at a time when nothing is normal,” he added.

“There are smart, creative people on the board,” Neal said. “It’s a progressive group that’s thinking ahead. As an artist and a business person, I can contribute, and that’s what I plan on doing.”

For more information about CHRP’s upcoming programs and classes, go to chicagotap.org. For more information about M.A.D.D (Making a Difference Dancing) Rhythms, including the upcoming Virtual Chicago Tap Summit (October 2-4), cosponsored with the Harold Washington Cultural Center, go to maddrhythms.com.

@CateySullivan

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Crossing borders in a pandemic

International Voices Project makes a virtue of virtual theater.

By Katie Powers

When Patrizia Acerra founded the International Voices Project in 2010, she sought to create a community for Chicago artists and audiences to experience the work of global playwrights. Since the company’s inaugural season, IVP has presented staged readings of contemporary translations at venues across the city, in collaboration with cultural partners and local artists.

But when COVID-19 threw a wrench in IVP’s 11th season, Acerra, who is also the company’s executive director, worked with her collaborators to develop the International Voices Project 2020 Virtual Festival, which will premiere on September 2. Each Wednesday, audiences can catch a virtual play reading, followed by a live discussion with the artists. The look of the festival as a whole, Acerra says, will pull from theater, film, and social media aesthetics, changing with each play. The lineup of shows is unchanged from the season’s pre-pandemic, in-person iteration.

And since the pandemic has brought about a world that stresses physical separation and has kept people largely confined to their homes, Acerra finds that IVP’s mission has more meaning than ever. “More and more of those physical border closures also begin to create borders within cultures and among people,” she says. “Bringing those global works to audiences is a way to push back those borders, in an aesthetic way and in a cultural way, if not
in a physical way.”

For Acerra and her creative team, bringing the season online isn’t simply a crisis management strategy; they are embracing the challenge, and welcoming the opportunity to expand their breadth as a company. “If it’s just getting by that’s one thing,” she says. “But I wanted us to really invest in our understanding of what this new realm could be like, not just for now but for the future.”

Certainly, the virtual festival has brought about new possibilities surrounding who might be tuning in. “For the first time our global work can have a global audience,” Acerra says. “One of the challenges we’re considering is what it looks like to market to a global audience. How do you reach them? That’s something we plan to look at in the coming years as we do more of this work, which we definitely plan to do.”

Festival directors Shane Murray-Corcoran and Katherine Tanner Silverman are managing the logistics of the festival leading up to opening night. Acerra credits their involvement to the success of the transition online. “Bringing in my two festival directors who are immersed in the virtual in a more natural way than I am has really opened up things for me,” she says. “I’ve learned so much from not only watching them put things together but listening to their conversations on how and why they are putting things together.”

Although Murray-Corcoran and Silverman have taken the helm of the overall direction and presentation of the festival, each play has its own director who went about the creative process in their own way, paying mind to the aesthetic nature of each play. As a result, each night of the festival will offer a unique visual experience for its audience. But this flexibility also provides an important opportunity for directors to build their skill sets. “We really wanted to make sure directors could use this as an opportunity to get experience in the virtual as well,” Acerra says. “We wanted to create a playground for them too.”

Director, playwright, and producer Warner Crocker has been directing staged readings with IVP since 2015. This year, he’s directing Testosterone, a dark comedy (emphasis on dark, he says) from German playwright Rebekka Kricheldorf, streaming September 23. In the beginning of the online rehearsal process, he imagined endless possibilities for how he might approach the reading’s visual presentation. And while he points out that the play will continue to evolve until it premieres, he’s found an approach that best serves the story he seeks to tell.

“We are going to be playing around with a format that will give us focus where the play gives us focus at a particular moment,” he says. “I thought about creating some backgrounds and things that would allow us to feel some of the visual elements that the play calls for, but today, I’m moving away from that. Simplicity is best so that I don’t take the viewer’s mind away from the text.”

Crocker notes that the virtual rehearsal process hasn’t been without obvious challenges, such as fickle Internet connections. But he’s also enjoyed the challenges that come from working in a new medium. “I’ve enjoyed the excitement of planning things out and then seeing it crash and burn as I’ve experimented,” he says.

He’s looking forward to the discussion that will follow his play, a staple of IVP’s readings each year. “The audiences who come to see a piece are in essence watching something for the first time and you get very emotional, intellectual, and raw responses to a piece,” Crocker says. “Hopefully we can capture that online as well.” He thinks Kricheldorf’s play—a parable about toxic masculinity involving a family in a “good” neighborhood whose son becomes a hitman—will garner some particularly interesting reactions.

A Distinct Society, written by Canadian playwright Karenen Fahmy and directed by Acerra herself will close the festival on October 21. The story centers on the plight of an Iranian family separated at the U.S.-Canadian border. Acerra says it will have more of a traditional visual presentation as it involves all of the actors appearing on-screen together during filming.

The IVP team is exploring opportunities for audience engagement each week and how that will look will be mostly contingent on the number of attendees, Acerra says. She urges any theatergoer who might be skeptical about the experience of a virtual performance to keep an open mind to ways in which it might bring nuance to a given piece. “The virtual has its own discoveries,” she says. “Overall the artists are paying even more attention to the language itself. You lose the dimension of space so you are really immersed in the language in a new way.”

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A chance to ‘save the last dance’

SocialWorks will keep the class of 2020 from missing out

BY SHANTÁ HARRINGTON, SOCIAL WORKS

The transition from high school to college or the workforce is quite the big deal for young people in America. Gaining independence, moving away from home, making your own money, and learning about who you are without friends and family are all a part of the journey students begin after graduation. But entering this next phase of young adulthood means first coming to terms with the fact that your last phase is ending. Jeremiah, who will graduate from high school in 2021, talks about having to “find new normals” after high school, detailing how senior traditions represent an end to the normalcy they’ve always known. Traditions such as graduations, luncheons, prom, and trunk parties are chances to celebrate accomplishments and prepare for a new journey.

Kristen, class of 2021, highlights the importance of also taking senior pictures because, “You are only a senior in high school once, and we want to be able to look back on these moments and reflect on all our experiences.” These traditions commemorate who students are in this stage of their lives and don’t just hold sentimental value for students; they’re nostalgic moments for entire families as well. With concerns for safety regarding COVID-19, school districts, organizations, and families have quickly adjusted to hold new celebrations for students. Virtual graduations, drive-by parades, and online parties have allowed students to celebrate their accomplishments with loved ones. However, there is one important tradition students haven’t quite been able to substitute at home: senior prom.

When students were asked what an ideal celebration would be like for them in COVID-19, most just wanted closure.

“This feels like a story stopped in the middle of the book,” said Siaunna, class of 2020. “COVID-19 has halted the lives of billions around the world, and for graduating students, these are moments they won’t get again. For many students, a senior prom is a last hurrah with classmates and friends, a chance to dress up, take pictures, and create final memories. It’s a tradition that dates back to the 1920s and has grown significantly over the years.

In Chicago, many students admit that they start planning for their senior prom years in advance, dreaming of “the perfect sendoff.” Families wear customized shirts, cater meals, decorate their homes, and even set up banners and red carpets for photo ops. Sylvia, class of 2020, describes prom as a chance to “see how people clean up” and “a coming-of-age event” that friends and families take pride in planning together.

The folks in leadership at Chicago nonprofit SocialWorks are all graduates of Chicago Public Schools and attended their high school proms, so they understand the importance of these traditions. Especially in Chicago, prom season takes over, with the influx of discounted deals at salons and boutiques, the decorated cars and limos transporting students, and the home decorations that linger long after the party ends. It’s a tradition graduating seniors missed out on this year, and when it’s safe to reconvene, SocialWorks plans to give the class of 2020 what they all deserve—a proper ending to their high school story and a chance to finally close the book. One last goodbye, this time in style.

Want to get involved?

Donate free or discounted services (salon/barber, makeup, nails, tailoring) for students in need info@socialworkschi.com, subject line: PROM SERVICES
Donate clothing or accessories for students in need info@socialworkschi.com, subject line: PROM DONATIONS
Leftist struggle and solidarity on screen

A new group offers an archive, screenings, and discussions to educate and radicalize.

By Kathleen Sachs

Solidarity Cinema is a casually organized group of determined leftists who explore subversive ideology through film—most members are legitimate activists who are often busy doing other things, but still find it important to make time for screenings when they can. The group started in Chicago at the beginning of quarantine and have met intermittently since. They operate outside the bounds of traditional distribution and exhibition, showcasing revolutionary cinema through their website, a digital archive, and at various streaming sites and purchasing physical media, often at prohibitive costs—all this in a political moment when it’s as vital as ever to be watching it. For some, this might be their first experience with films of this kind.

Solidarity Cinema provides access to radical cinema that might otherwise not be attainable, at least not without signing up for various streaming sites and purchasing physical media, often at prohibitive costs—all this in a political moment when it’s as vital as ever to be watching it. For some, this might be their first experience with films of this kind. As group member Ben Grant, a maintenance worker at a state university in Florida, puts it: “I was never one to sit down with films like [the ones] we’re curating here, so this is all a brand new adventure for me and I’m positively stoked to dive in.”

Whether these films are new to someone or whether they’re revisiting them, it’s all part and parcel of an ongoing learning experience. “Education is both learning facts, I guess, but also learning how to continually deepen your analysis, having convictions, what it means to have convictions, who you’re aligned with,” says Julia, “and that’s an ongoing thing. Because we’re not in a fixed moment of time.”

All red-and-black website. What began as a discussion group, initially taking place once or twice a week during the onset of quarantine and along with virtual screenings of films such as Humberto Solás’ Lucia (1968) and Lizzie Borden’s Born in Flames (1983), morphed into an archive (available once you join the list) with more than 200 films, and, more recently, outdoor screenings that occur in conjunction with political actions. Recently, the organizers screened films at tent cities across Chicago to advocate for housing reform and the Freedom Square anniversary.

“I think it’s bad in any given situation, [with] any organizing, to just assume you know what people want,” says J. Michael, referring to the expansion of the group’s programming. Indeed, by offering a wider array of ways for people to participate, they’ve adjusted to accommodate the interests of their members, who now total more than 500. The Solidarity Cinema website offers up films to people even before they join the list, with titles including Patricio Guzmán’s epic The Battle of Chile (1975–79), Chris Marker’s A Grin Without a Cat (1961), and Pratibha Parmar’s A Place of Rage (1991). J. Michael especially likes Jamaa Fanaka’s Emma Mae (1976); Fanaka was part of the L.A. Rebellion movement, alongside luminaries such as Charles Burnett, Julie Dash, Haile Gerima, and Zeinabu irene Davis.

The films included appeal to different members for different reasons. One member, Chicago social worker Laurel, notes in her introduction to the group that she “appreciate[s] when films center care work (see Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha’s work) and relationships as I’ve recently seen in [Sarah Maldoror’s] Sambizanga, [Howard Alk’s] The Murder of Fred Hampton, [Sara Gómez’s] De Cierta Manera, and [Véra Chytilová’s] Daïsies.” The latter four are all available on the group’s website.

No one involved assumes that cinema is the thing that will save us, to speak, but each recognizes cinema’s place within the leftist experience. “None of these films completely achieve a global revolution on their own,” says Julia, one of the group’s co-organizers, “but [they] also kind of show you that revolution isn’t a single moment in time. It’s this continuum of struggle, and I think watching films in a group setting as a community, whether online or outside in a parking lot, you’re allowed to place yourself in that continuum of struggle.”

This sentiment ties back to the history of many films in the Solidarity Cinema library. Despite “just” being movies, some were suppressed and others outright banned. “I don’t have any delusions that a screening with 70 or 100 people of The Spook Who Sat by the Door is going to turn Chicago upside down,” says J. Michael, “but there’s also a reason why the FBI was scared of it and tried to destroy every copy on the face of the earth.”

Some people look to literal superheroes to save the world, ascribing radical politics to commercial endeavors like the Marvel and DC movies and the Star Wars franchise.

These films, however, aren’t much compared to those in Solidarity Cinema’s archives, like the aforementioned The Spook Who Sat by the Door, directed by Ivan Dixon in 1973, which tells the story of a Black man who infiltrates the CIA, learns their covert operating methods, and teaches them to urban guerrillas, or Barbara Kopple’s Harlan County, USA (1976): a story that centers a coal miners’ strike in rural Kentucky. One need not look to superhero movies for metaphors of social struggle because these films already exist, showcasing people undertaking revolution in tangible ways.

“That’s what film is really good about, is giving you not just a historical context, but a sensory context,” says Julia, “and I think that can be a big part of solidarity.”

Solidarity Cinema provides access to radical cinema that might otherwise not be attainable, at least not without signing up for various streaming sites and purchasing physical media, often at prohibitive costs—all this in a political moment when it’s as vital as ever to be watching it. For some, this might be their first experience with films of this kind. As group member Ben Grant, a maintenance worker at a state university in Florida, puts it: “I was never one to sit down with films like [the ones] we’re curating here, so this is all a brand new adventure for me and I’m positively stoked to dive in.”

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A recent outdoor screening of The Spook Who Sat by the Door at a tent city demonstration

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**All Together Now**

On the surface, the latest feature from Brett Haley (All the Bright Places, Hearts Beat Loud), doesn’t sound like your typical Netflix coming-of-age movie. All Together Now, based on the young-adult novel Sorta Like a Rockstar by Matthew Quick, follows Amber Appleton (Auli‘i Cravalho), a homeless teenager who lives on the school bus her mom (Justina Machado) drives and works a few part-time jobs after school to help save money for an apartment. Despite these circumstances, she remains extraordinarily optimistic and is always lending a helping hand—that is, until she suffers a devastating loss and is forced to confront her challenges head-on. Though there is a romantic aspect to the film, All Together Now doesn’t rely on that plot. Instead, it challenges the notion that coming-of-age films need to revolve around love or sex. Moreover, Cravalho and the ensemble cast (Judy Reyes, Tanaya Beatty, Carol Burnett, and Fred Armisen) are a delight and will leave you feeling gleeful despite the film’s heavier storyline. —**Marissa De La Cerda** 92 min. Netflix

**Conviction**

First-time French writer-director Antoine Raimbault takes a real-life case—the mysterious 2000 disappearance of Suzanne Viguier and subsequent arrest of her husband, Jacques Viguier, for her killing—and crafts a compelling courtroom drama that draws viewers into the deliberations. A key element of the film, however, is fiction: the character of Nora (Marina Foïs), a chef for hire, is as appealing as the trial itself. In French with subtitles. —**Kathleen Sachs** 111 min. Gene Siskel Film Center From Your Sofa

**Get Duked!**

Get Duked! earns its exclamation point. Part Stand by Me and part Hot Fuzz, the film follows buddies Dean (Rian Gordon), Duncan (Lewis Gribben), DJ Beatroot (Viraj Juneja), and newcomer Ian (Samuel Bottomley) as they embark on a character-building camping trip. The three Ds are eager to goof off and get high, while Ian, a more straitlaced and sheltered boy, is hoping to gain teamwork, foraging, and orienteering skills in order to earn himself the Duke of Edinburgh’s Award. Majority rules, though. The boys veer off the path and find themselves confronted by the Duke (Eddie Izzard), a man wearing a tweed shooting jacket and a mask of human flesh. But what is this man hunting? Why millennials, of course. Written and directed by Ninian Doff, better known for making hip-hop and pop music videos, Get Duked! is a bankers comedy that offers immersive visuals and an exciting take on generational politics. —**Becca James** 87 min. Amazon Prime

**I’m Thinking of Ending Things**

Attempting to recount the expansiveness of a Charlie Kaufman film is as futile as trying to embody the expansiveness of everything. But as Kaufman brazenly tries to do just that, here I attempt to summarize his loose adaptation of Iain Reid’s 2016 novel: Lucy (Jessie Buckley, unforgettable) and Jake (Jesse Plemons, likewise) are a young couple on their way to dinner at his parents’ house; intermittently, and between various introspective discussions, Lucy thinks to herself that the gesture is overt, a tad graceless, and wholly person-al—it’s in this moment that I really felt the importance of Chatwin to Herzog, two longtime friends whose similar connection to Herzog’s own body of work (for example, his 1987 film Cobra Verde is based on Chatwin’s book The Viceroy of Ouidah) is also explored. Throughout Herzog’s signature narration conveys both the seriousness and self-aware mischievousness that have made him a cultural icon. Mainly, however, it’s Herzog’s clear affection for Chatwin that resounds most significantly. In English, German, and Aboriginal with subtitles. —**Kathleen Sachs** 114 min. Netflix

**Nomad: In the Footsteps of Bruce Chatwin**

There’s a scene near the beginning of this documentary about English writer and adventurer Bruce Chatwin where filmmaker Werner Herzog takes a figurine from Chatwin’s boyhood home (where it resided with the famed piece of brontosaurus skin that began his interest in exploration) and reaches toward the camera with it. The gesture is overt, a tad graceless, and wholly personal—it’s in this moment that I really felt the importance of Chatwin to Herzog, two longtime friends whose similar views on the world, specifically the nomadic tradition, informed one another’s work. Herzog makes clear that this isn’t meant to be a straightforward recounting of Chatwin’s life, but rather an appreciation of his spirit, the director and his crew travel around the world to places that were significant to Chatwin, including Patagonia and Australia’s Aboriginal lands, as well as his home in Wales. Divided into chapters, Herzog probes the major themes of Chatwin’s work, the content of which he famously embellished, and his life, which was tragically cut short by AIDS when he was just 48 years old. The connection to Herzog’s own body of work (for example, his 1987 film Cobra Verde is based on Chatwin’s book The Viceroy of Ouidah) is also explored. Throughout Herzog’s signature narration conveys both the seriousness and self-aware mischievousness that have made him a cultural icon. Mainly, however, it’s Herzog’s clear affection for Chatwin that resounds most significantly. In English, German, and Aboriginal with subtitles. —**Kathleen Sachs** 85 min. Music Box Virtual Cinema
The Soul Train veteran and host of Attack of the Boogie celebrates the reissue of his dance show’s 1984 theme song.

By Jake Austen
It’s been almost 25 years since I first met Andrew Kitchen, but when we recently got together for not-drinks (“Sorry,” he apologized, “I only drink martinis and daiquiris”), the perpetually aspiring media mogul looked exactly the same as he had in the mid-90s. A long-running joke about Dick Clark—who kicked off the TV dance craze in 1957 when the Philadelphia show he hosted, Bandstand, went national and became American Bandstand—imagined that he never aged. But sitting before me was one of Clark’s pop-cultural successors, the host of hundreds of episodes of Attack of the Boogie from 1983 till 2014, and he really did seem to defy time: he had a smiling baby face, the exuberance of a teenager, and a full head of the same glossy curls he’d worn for decades.

Kitchen’s latest project—a remix of his show’s theme song, on a compilation 12-inch from Chicago boutique label Star Creature Universal Vibrations—was still weeks away from release but had already sold out, so he was understandably enthusiastic. And it was the same enthusiasm I’d seen him display when facing countless minor losses and rare wins on the smallest stages of local media. Deep into one of the most hopeless years in American history, Kitchen the Dancin’ Magician could still conjure up the same optimism he’d felt when he first set adolescent feet on the set of Soul Train in 1971.

Before one can properly submit to the attack of Kitchen’s boogie, one needs to study the combat histories of Chicago dance shows of yore. The Gettysburg of these boogie battlegrounds was the WCIU studio, originally located in a tiny room on the top floor of the Chicago Board of Trade Building. Founded in early 1964, the station has since morphed into the anchor of the MeTV empire (making Svengoolie and Andy Griffith great again), but channel 26 first found modest success in the 60s by narrowcasting to different ethnic groups, providing a spot on the UHF dial where viewers who spoke Polish, Italian, and Spanish could hear their own languages (and even watch bloody bullfights, in action-packed contrast to the bulls and bears of the station’s hours-long afternoon stock market reports from the Board of Trade floor).

Among the no-frills programming that entranced viewers in the days of limited channel choices were a variety of dance shows that followed Clark’s template: an older host presiding over young, unpaid dancers who grooved to the day’s favorites, with occasional guests miming to records they were currently promoting. Because WCIU was a genuinely weird station, it broadcast some genuinely weird dance shows. From the late 60s till 1971, grizzled blues DJ Big Bill Hill hosted Red Hot & Blues, which invited very small children to dance to very adult music very late at night (the show was broadcast live, ending around midnight). More wholesome but also sincerely strange was Kiddie A-Go-Go, which aired from 1966 till 1970 and featured an enthusiastic harlequin with a Chicago accent and her puppet pals inviting toddlers to shake it to the hits.

But because it was also a great station, channel 26 helped birth the greatest dance show of all time. Shortly after becoming a disc jockey on WVON in 1966, Don Cornelius joined WCIU as the host of the groundbreaking news program A Black’s View of the News. Then in 1970 he launched a live weekday afternoon dance show called Soul Train. A year later, the ambitious visionary would parlay its local success into a Los Angeles-based, nationally syndicated version of the show that combined brilliant camerawork, funky animation, the colorful fashion and kinetic brilliance of LA’s teen dancers, and the magnificence of 1970s soul music—it made American Bandstand look archaic.

But Chicago kept its version of Soul Train, and it chugged along Monday through Friday well into America’s bicentennial year, broadcast in glorious black-and-white, with static cameras and corny sets, entertaining and inspiring a generation of kids. Like Clark’s show (and like similar local programs around the country, as fictionalized in Hairspray), Chicago’s Soul Train provided a daily ritual for kids watching at home after school, amazed to see their peers—the same age and color as them—on television. Only a lucky few could be shoehorned into the living-room-size studio, but dancing on the show made these minors into minor celebrities.

As cheap reruns and syndicated shows made hyperlocal commercial programming less viable in the 80s, cable-access television moved into that niche. In high school in the late 80s, I first became involved with Chicago Access Network Television (CAN TV), the city’s new cable-access network, when my art teacher arranged for a producer to have public school students speak with sculptor Ludovico de Luigi and architect Helmut Jahn (the show also shadowed me while I did drawings of el train riders). And in the late 1990s and early 2000s, the CAN TV studio, at the time located near Greektown on Van Buren and Green, became my second home.

Starting in 1996, while I was working with my then wife, Jacqueline Stewart, and Kelly Kuvo of the Scissor Girls to produce our own CAN TV dance show, Chic-a-Go-Go, I also volunteered to work cameras on three very different dance shows that I really admired, developing friendly albeit superficial rela-

Andrew Kitchen (in red and blue) and his friend Melvin “the Alexander” Dunlap, one of the signature dancers on Attack of the Boogie © JEFF MARINI FOR CHICAGO READER
In 1983 Kitchen decided to become the master of his fate and launch his own dance show. Working in a bank, he’d saved up for a year until he had a couple thousand dollars to produce a pilot episode at Panos Productions, a studio that rented out space and crew to produce mostly Greek and Spanish programming. He recorded a theme song, auditioned 20 dancers (Black and white, in hopes of appealing more broadly to potential sponsors), had his friend Melvin “the Alexander” Dunlap make a rough- hewn sign of a logo for the set, and tried his best.

Kitchen submitted the tape to 28 independent stations around the country, all of which rejected it. He then spent a year saving up another $3,000 (Panos was one in a long line of capitalists happy to turn Kitchen’s ambitions into overpriced stairways to nonstardom) to record a better pilot, with a studio audience and brighter lighting. He ended up airing both pilots in 1984 on channel 13, a low-powered Chicago station with a ten-mile reach and a hunger for content. The short-lived outlet was housed in an apartment building, with the studio in the living room and the antenna on the roof. Unfortunately he got no bites from bigger stations after those airings (though he did meet Jerry Bryant, future host of JBTV, at the station), and he deferred his dream temporarily. But Kitchen was determined to become the next Don Cornelius, and eventually cable access—like it did for so many—gave a microphone to a voice that the mainstream refused to hear.

In 1989 Kitchen entered the Green Street CAN TV studio, and with homemade signs, party-store decorations, an amateur crew, and 20 years of TV dance-show know-how, he launched a cable-access classic. Kitchen thinks he may have made as many as 800 episodes of Attack of the Boogie between then and 2014. He broadcast the show weekly on channel 19 (minus a suspension for overcrowding the studio), and for many years he produced a second version running simultaneously on the low-cost commercial station WJYS, channel 62 (the exact finances elude him, but he recalls that he and the station sold sponsorships to cover his airtime and production costs, and he made a few hundred per episode on top of that), so that estimate might even be right.

One thing that’s certain is that watching even a single episode of Attack of the Boogie feels as stimulating and overwhelming as binging an entire season of a normal show. In brightly colored outfits that belonged in an outer-space discotheque, Andrew Kitchen held court over a motley crew of models and misfits. The show’s unhinged camerawork captured some of the liveliest dancers on TV—Kitchen built his cast in part by holding classes for aspiring fashionistas (walking the runway on the show served as a graduation ceremony), in part by auditioning dancers from Chicago’s deep pool of talent, and in part by bringing in friends and family. Melvin “the Alexander” Dunlap, the set designer and dancer who appeared on the first pilot, is a mountain of a man whose jumps, splits, and lunges shook the studio. (He remembers that Kitchen once had to edit out his screams after he twisted his knee with an ill-advised flying split off a riser.) The signature dancer on Attack of the Boogie, Dunlap had watched Kitchen on Soul Train and had ambitions of imitating him—but in a wilder way,” he says. “I wanted my friend to have a successful thing, so wild dancing was my way of trying to make the viewer stop turning the channel so they could look at this crazy man.” With the Alexander’s death-defying moves, Kitchen’s dancing ambitions, and segments such as the Power Dance Circle (geometrically superior to the Soul Train Line), viewers didn’t have a chance against the boogie.

The on-screen Kitchen perpetually radiates boundless optimism about his real and imagined endeavors (the only full episode
available on YouTube is a 1990 backdoor pilot for a never-produced second series, a preteen spinoff called *Planet of the Little Boogies*, and at one point Kitchen tells the audience to look out for his motion picture, *Rhythm People*, a never-to-be-seen sci-fi project). But what always tickled me about Kitchen, on set and on cable, was the way he borrowed from the prickly TV personality of Don Cornelius. He never went as far as the left-handed compliments and sly putdowns Cornelius would lay on his guests (Don was famously rough on hip-hop artists), but Kitchen would sometimes admonish his volunteer tech crew on-air for minor glitches or express disbelief at the answers dancers gave during his seemingly improvised contests.

Even these flashes of harshness, though, he delivered with a smile on his face. Kitchen had a few big-name guests over the years, including Mavis Staples, Ginuwine, and Common, but the star of *Attack of the Boogie* was always Kitchen’s undying belief in *Attack of the Boogie*. Sometimes the episodes had crisp, over-the-top camaraderow and wonderfully playful special effects (the studio's green-screen curtain might feature live footage of 15-foot-tall dancers towering over their contemporarily dancing selves), and sometimes the cameras and editing were a hot mess, but no matter how the show looked, Kitchen made you feel like it was important and epic. And nothing captures that better than the show's marathon theme song.

Zawada and Singh realized this mix was just too good to limit to an hour of community radio airtime. They expanded it to 90 minutes and released it in February 2019 as a cryptic cassette with no track list. Its run of 200 sold out in one day. That inspired them to create a series of legiti reissues of licensed Chicago rarities, called *Attack of the Chicago Boogie* in honor of Kitchen's musical manifesto.

Alongside his dance career, Kitchen has made a few forays into the recording industry, usually footing the bill for each opportunity. In 1977 he went to Philadelphia to witness the recording of the wonderfully funky theme song he'd written for himself, “Kitchen, the Dancin’ Magician (Master of Love).” Minuscule label Fox Century Plaza assured him the tune would get airplay if he paid extra to get a specific vocal group to sing on the session, but he opted not to—and though that promise was doubtless an empty one, “Kitchen, the Dancin’ Magician” sank like a stone. Discoogs has never seen a copy, and a YouTube video of the recent Amazon digital “reissue” that Kitchen paid someone to help promote has three views as of this writing.

In 1981 Kitchen’s lyrics to “Boog Down With Me” became (to his dismay) a country-pop entry on the song-poem compilation *Super Sessions of the 80’s*. In 1996 he cut a hip-hop theme for *Attack of the Boogie*, and he’s recently recorded a few new songs he plans to release digitally.

But it was his original *Attack of the Boogie* theme song, pressed on the A and B sides of a 45 in 1984, that has brought Kitchen his current glories. As he recalls, he hired producer, engineer, and musician Jerry Soto to help make the record. Soto, who died at 53 in 2005, had a storied career helping bring the best out of blues and jazz legends, including Buddy Guy and Fred Anderson, and his long client list also included Peter Tork of the Monkees, Baseball Hall of Famer Ernie Banks, absurdist hard rockers Jutzenutz, and hip-hop experimenter Serengeti. Though Soto sometimes worked with greats, he explained on the 1983 pilot episode of *Attack of the Boogie* (where he appeared as a guest) that he was also dedicated to making quality music for the everyman, the underdog, and the people who just needed to express themselves.

“We’ve helped a lot of songwriters,” Soto explained to Kitchen. “The vocalist doesn’t have to know anything about music—we arrange the music around their lyrics and give them pointers. . . . Good local talent should be helped more in the Chicago area, and that’s what I’m trying to do.”

During his recording session, Kitchen hummed the melody for Soto, who for $175 turned those brief notes into a deeply grooving song. Soto brought in a drummer and a bassist, played the other nine instruments himself, and blew past the allotted four hours of studio time (for no extra charge) as he added layer upon layer of boogie wonder. Sung by Elyane Coleman, a Dancin’ Magician and sometime *Attack of the Boogie* cohort, the song is minimalist funk with excessive solos and grooves (and a few crazy motorcycle sounds and audio effects thrown in). The lyrics make the boogie seem both an ominous threat (“It’s gonna get you . . . there’s no place to run . . . so beware!”) and a giving lover (“The boogie’s gonna groove you, relax and soothe you . . . not gonna hurt you”).

Kitchen paid around $1,200 to a company that convinced him to press 500 copies, 400 of which it promised to send to radio stations around the country, guaranteeing him airplay (he’s long since lost his own 100 copies to moves and water damage). The airplay did not come, at least not in that century.

In 2017 Singh bought a copy of the single for $75 from Europe (where most existing stock seems to have ended up somehow), and he was thrilled. The song clearly has fans—a number of remixes have popped up online, and Discoogs lists a bootleg from the Netherlands—and the outsize response to its appearance on the opening *Star Creature* cassette convinced Zawada and Singh to combine both sides of the 45 into a nearly seven-minute remix that kicks off the reissue series.

“Generally 45s don’t exceed the four-minute mark,” Singh explains, “but one side of this was over five minutes long, and the other is over six.” (On the Little Boogies episode of *Attack of the Boogie*, nearly 25 percent of the show consists of the young hoopers tirelessly bopping to the opening theme song.) “I like doing edits from older records. There were really cool parts in part one, and part two was kind of long—there’s a bass solo that goes on forever—so I passed the edit over to Tim and he added to it. It kind of came together beautifully.”

Just as beautiful were their interactions with Kitchen, who’d been put in touch with the Star Creature crew by Rob Sevier from the Numero Group. “He’s a super friendly guy and he was really down,” Zawada says. “Andrew is a very eccentric character—he kind of lives in his own bubble—but he’s a very sweet guy. I have had a lot of challenging interactions with artists, but Andrew was easy to work with.”

Star Creature says the vinyl edition of *Attack of the Chicago Boogie*, with beautiful cover art by Ben Marcus that mimics an 80s party flyer, has sold out before its release date. Zawada and Singh hosted a small COVID-era record-release party at Conservatory Vintage & Vinyl in August, and Kitchen brought his family and friends. “We were happy to see he was happy,” Zawada says. “I think he kind of lives in an alternate reality of McDonald’s commercials and charting on the top 100. But he’s done so much and so little of it is documented, so it’s nice to put this out. He says he’s going to reboot the show soon.”

Kitchen does say he’s thinking about rebooting *Attack of the Boogie*, as *Attack of the Boogie Reloaded*, combining vintage footage with new talking heads putting the show into context. As far as Zawada’s skepticism about Kitchen’s claims, I think it’s probably true that he got local McDonald’s franchises to buy ads on his channel 62 show. He’s showed me where a recent digital release of his 90s *Attack of the Boogie* theme charted on DigitalRadioTracker, for whatever that’s worth, so while he’s probably seeing no financial reward, that boast is also technically true.

Zawada isn’t entirely wrong about Kitchen’s alternate reality—but I’d say he lives in a parallel reality, not an alternate one. Where he lives, the hundreds of enthusiastic viewers of a cable-access show, the dozens of amazing dancers who come out, the helpful people who work in the studio, and the loyal friends who make props and clothes and bust their knees to keep eyeballs on your show all add up to very real, if not quite worldwide, fame and glory. Very few of us are wired to meet modest successes with powerful optimism the way the Dancin’ Magician does. But I guess that’s what keeps Andrew Kitchen dancing. And that’s what keeps Andrew Kitchen young.
MUSIC

PICK OF THE WEEK

Half Gringa’s empathetic alt-country harnesses the power of understatement

IN 2016, CHICAGO ALT-COUNTRY singer-songwriter Isabel Olive began performing and recording as Half Gringa, a name that refers to her Venezuelan ancestry. As she told music writer Britt Julious in the Trib that year, she wants to use Half Gringa to explore complicated questions about ethnicity and identity. Olive knows she’s unlikely to find easy answers, or even complete ones, and she articulates that on her new self-released second album, Force to Reckon. Throughout the record, Olive engages with and draws inspiration from the grieving process, which she’s been navigating since the death of her grandmother. She understands the power of the understatement, and on the languid “Forty” she considers a loved one’s clothes after their passing, delivering small but devastating details in a gentle lilt—just before the song crescendos into a knockout full-band coda. While detail and intimacy are key to the power of Force to Reckon, Olive realizes how easy it can be to miss the forest for the trees. On the unyieldingly tense “Afraid of Horses,” she acknowledges getting lost in her own thoughts, and recognizes that the unnamed person with whom she struggles to communicate also has a complex inner life—even though she’s unable to fully comprehend what they’re going through. Her empathetic, retrospective point of view colors her doleful vocals, and makes “Afraid of Horses” one of the most stirring songs I’ve heard this year. —LEOR GALIL

ALAN BRAUFMAN, THE FIRE STILL BURNS

Valley of Search
alanbraufman.bandcamp.com/album/the-fire-still-burns

One of the headiest of all avant-garde jazz heads is Alan Braufman. The veteran saxophonist, flutist, and composer has been wielding his polymathic wizardry since the early 1970s, when he helped put New York City’s loft-jazz movement on the map. But most younger listeners didn’t get their first chance to immerse themselves in his towering, soulful, and freewheeling maelstrom until 2018: that’s when Braufman staged his improbable second act, thanks to a reissue of his out-of-print and hard-to-find 1975 debut, Valley of Search, a crucial document of fire-breathing downtown NYC out jazz. The Brooklyn-born trailblazer was thrust back into the spotlight, embarking on a comeback spearheaded by his nephew and champion, music-industry power player Nabil Ayers. Braufman had been keeping a low profile in his home base of Salt Lake City, Utah, where he’s a prolific leader of jazz groups, but the unearthing of Valley of Search (via Ayers’s independent label of the same name) earned him long-overdue recognition—complete with a triumphant, sold-out 2018 homecoming show at Brooklyn experimental music venue National Sawdust and love from the New York Times and Pitchfork—and afforded him a new creative lease on life. Riding the high of Valley of Search, the 69-year-old Braufman has added another chapter to his feel-good story: the first album of brand-new music under his own name in 45 years. There may not be a better possible title for this record than The Fire Still Burns—from its very first notes, the spiritually uplifting salvos that drive opening track “Sunrise,” Braufman sounds like a volcanic force of nature. His alto sax and flute spew an endless stream of blissed-out melodies and joyously bright lines, which provide a much-needed jolt of positive vibes for these dark times. Like his heroes—John Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler—Braufman has a huge sound that collides infectious licks and free-improvisational spurts, epitomized by dizzyly catchy tunes such as “Creation” and the title track. But he couldn’t have pulled off this recording without his ace band of New York avant-jazz stalwarts. The rapport Braufman shares with upstart saxophonist James Brandon Lewis, bassist Ken Filiano, drummer Andrew Drury, percussionist Michael Wimberly, and pianist Cooper-Moore (a longtime pal who played on Valley of Search) reaches kindred-spirit levels as the hard-charging group interlock with telepathic prowess on driving rhythms and deep grooves—the music’s ecstatic feels recall Mingus’s big bands. On The Fire Still Burns, the resurgence of Alan Braufman continues with unabashed exuberance—something we can all use right about now. —BRAH COHAN

BURNA BOY, TWICE AS TALL

Spaceship Entertainment / Atlantic / Warner
music.apple.com/us/album/twice-as-tall/1527514852

As much as mainstream Western music-media outlets compare contemporary African artists to one another, often flattening the expansiveness of their sounds under a single Afrobeat umbrella, some musicians from the continent continue to prove
MUSIC

LASALLE GRANDEUR, EUPHORIC
Happily Depressed
songwhip.com/lasalle-grandeur/euphoric

The video for LaSalle Grandeur’s optimistic pop-rap single “Euphoria” shows the Chicago rapper gleefully traipsing through a huge empty field as a light breeze billows his unbuttoned shirt. “Euphoria” appears on Euphoric (Happily Depressed), an ending EP that’s especially winning whenever Grandeur uses his exceptional grasp of melody to summon the blissful joy of that video, as if to underscore its celebratory nature. Grandeur dropped Euphoric on his 25th birthday. His cheerful hooks have a hard-to-pin-down, bittersweet subtext, as if tactically acknowledging the emotional difficulties he had to overcome to find happiness. Atock the swelling, ascending synth notes of the sanguine “Emotional,” Grandeur briefly references sadness and world-crushing stress—but despite that subject matter, his wry delivery and uplifting flow make the track feel triumphant. —LEOR GAIL

THE KNEES, POSTURE
Born Yesterday
theknees.bandcamp.com/album/posture

Chicago postpunk four-piece the Knees dropped their first single, “Round and Round,” three years ago; on the A side the band balance a terse, tight-wound melody with a smidgen of garage feedback, while the entropic B side, “Distribution,” displays their fondness for noise. Since then, the Knees have released new music at a trickle. Their debut EP, August’s Posture (Born Yesterday), is their first new material since the June 2018 single “Stammer,” which Brooklyn-based label Two Syllable also included on May’s Chicago Cassette Compilation: Volume 3. As front man David Miller recently told music blog Ears to Feed, the Knees spent that time working on more ways to keep you making music and learning new things with us, from home, in the near future.

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They’re in a league of their own with every new release. Burna Boy’s new fifth studio album, Twice as Tall, is the latest testament in this ongoing story. From the start of the album, the London-based Nigerian singer-songwriter (born Damini Ebunoluwa Ogulu) leans into his ability to make you dance while digesting his many messages, including the importance of persisting through self-doubt and not letting naysayers control how you move in the world and perceive yourself. On “Level Up” he confesses that a lack of establishment validation from the Grammy Awards nearly made him second-guess his calling, while on “Way Too Big” he gets deep in his bag, proclaiming that he’s on a path of unending greatness—a theme in line with the titles of the new record and of last year’s African Giant. Though the recording hybridizes drum-filled Nigerian main-stream hip-hop and pop than Burna Boy’s previous work, he never b HUDS when it comes to his native tongue, seamlessly singing in Yoruba and Nigerian pidgin English throughout. He also continues to call out modern colonialism, exploitive international relations, and their impact on the corruption in his country’s government. The Nigeria-London connection is ever-present in the African diaspora, and London’s impact can be heard in most of Burna Boy’s music—but what stands out on this record is increased collaboration with African-American artists. Diddy served as executive producer and contributed voice-overs, and the track “Naughty by Nature” is named for and features the legendary hip-hop trio. Burna Boy recently made appearances on the posthumous Pop Smoke album Shoot for the Stars, Aim for the Moon, and on Twice as Tall closing track “Bank on It,” he reflects on the Brooklyn rapper’s death as a reminder that everyone should live their lives to the fullest. Burna Boy’s international sound continues to conjure a collective awakening for Black people across the world, though our music may sound different, it all stems from the same place. On Twice as Tall he stands in this global nexus, proclaiming a better understanding of himself and his people, and brings joy to the forefront while acknowledging the complicated past and present—and likely future—of Black people everywhere. —JANAYA GREENE


We can’t wait to get back to making music and dancing together at the Old Town School!

In the meantime, many of our classes are currently running online, and we are actively working on more ways to keep you making music and learning new things with us, from home, in the near future.


Dance Together at the Old Town School!
**MUSIC**

If it were released in any other year, L.A. Witch's new Play With Fire would be the perfect album to blast through the car stereo with the wind in your hair while indulging in an adventure with your best pals. Unfortunately, summer 2020 has proved to be far from carefree, but while the trio's nostalgic-tinted mix of indie rock, garage, punk, and country can twinge the heartstrings over what we've lost, a feel-good record like this can also remind us that it's still possible to feel good. Opening track "Fire Starter" kicks off with power pop so innocuous you might wonder if the title is a mistake, but then the band flips the switch into turbocharged guitar acrobatics. "Motorcycle Boy" charms with 60s girl-group flair, complete with Ronnie Spector-style vocals from guitarist Sade Sanchez. L.A. Witch are known for slipping in and out of different genres, and on Play With Fire they do so as easily as surfing through radio stations, indulging their psychedelic-country leanings on "Dark Horse" and "Maybe the Weather" and showcasing a penchant for 90s indie rock on "True Believers." It may seem twee to tempt the fates more than one has to these days, but L.A. Witch make nihilistic rebellion sound irresistible on the gritty garage-punk banger "I Wanna Lose." It's fun to imagine the possibilities if the group ever dedicated an entire album to any one of these styles, but Play With Fire also reminds us why mixtapes and classic FM radio still have such cultural resonance, even in an age of streaming platforms. Why choose one flavor when you can have them all? —Jamie Ludwig

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**GOURMET EXPOS**

Beverly Hills, California
PIG DESTROYER, THE OCTAGONAL STAIRWAY
Relapse
pigdestroyer.bandcamp.com/album/the-octagonal-stairway

Pig Destroyer have been at the forefront of grindcore for more than 20 years, and over that time they’ve found a way to push the notoriously rigid style into far-reaching spaces. Helmed by guitarist Scott Hull (also the mastermind behind psychotically cybergrind outfit Agoraphobic Nosebleed), the Virginia band started out playing fairly standard grindcore in the 90s; 30-second songs with tortured screams, incomprehensible high-end riffs, and non-stop blastbeats. As the decades have passed, their songs have slowly gotten longer, their rhythms more complex, and the fidelity of their albums more atmospheric. On the brand-new The Octagonal Stairway (Relapse) they deliver their most progressive six tracks yet. The first half of the EP is classic Pig Destroyer—topsy-turvy, punishing grind that dips into sludgy breakdowns and punky passages—but since each track flirts with the four-minute mark, you could argue that this is epic stuff by grindcore standards. On side B, Pig Destroyer go full electronic-industrial, with swaths of synth drones and samples anchored by a snappy digital rhythm section. The Octagonal Stairway is brutal and varied, a standout in a genre that can feel inhospe- table to experimentation. Like every Pig Destroyer release, it proves that they’re among the best at what they do and offers an exciting look at the future. —LUCA CIMARUSTI

SPEKTRAL QUARTET, EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING
New Focus
spektralquartet.com/experiments-in-living/buy

The through line of Spektral Quartet’s first studio release in four years, Experiments in Living, is that there is no through line—at least on the surface. The double album covers 150 years of history, from Brahms to living lions such as George Lewis, but there is no through line—at least on the surface. Experiments in Living endorses a topsy-turvy view of time that casts the familiar in a new light and presents wet ink works like they’ve been around since the 19th century, but the whimsy and effervescence of Spinals make it stand out even on this delectably disorienting album. —HANNAH EDGAR

ULVER, FLOWERS OF EVIL
House of Mythology
store.houseofmythology.com

Norway’s Ulver debuted in 1993 as a howling black-metal outfit, but since then front man and composer Kristoffer Rygg has steered his ship into such different waters you can hardly say it’s going a-Viking anymore. (If you want to hear Ulver at their heaviest since their early days, I’d recommend their collaborations with Sunn O))), 2005’s “Cut WoodEd” and 2014’s Terrestrials.) But almost any questions you could have about the life, times, and journey of this band should be answered in Wolves Evolve, the book companion to their new Flowers of Evil (both via House of Mythology), which is a memoir, scrapbook, and manifesto in one. Rygg is Ulver’s sole remaining founding member (though programmer and keyboardist Tore Ytliwaker joined in 1998), and he’s said he wanted to do a book for the project’s tenth anniversary, and then its 15th—so it’s thrilling that it’s finally arrived. Flowers of Evil doesn’t break radically from its predecessor, 2017’s The Assassination of Julius Caesar—it’s a dark electronic work infused with gothic atmospheres and Krautrock, and it’s heavy on the literary historical inspiration. The album title nods to Charles Baudelaire (just as some of Ulver’s early work was inspired by William Blake), and several songs, including the eerie title track, incorporate quotes and references to poetry. Ulver are a very narrative-driven band, and their lyrics—which Rygg delivers in a clean, crisp vocal style these days—are essential to grasping the themes of each album. On “Nostalgia,” haunting female vocals and a gently cantering beat build up into a snapshot of time, of memories of past lives, and of old houses that are “forever haunted.” But most of the album is about apocalyptic fears, spiritual betrayals, and the dangers of delusion. “Apocalypse 1995” is at heart about the Waco tragedy and the ease of falling into cults that invent matters of spiritual life and death out of whole cloth. The closest the album has to a true battle march is “Machine Guns and Peacock Feathers,” which locates Rygg’s end-times vision of “Michael and his angels versus the dragon” if not on the Plains of Megiddo then at least on the dance floor of a goth club. There’s also a Philip K. Dick reference for good measure: “The androids dream of electric sheep.” Though Ulver have long played their trade in Europe, they only played their first U.S. show last year. If we do ever have another chance to see them live—not matter how long the wait—I’ll try to be one of the first in line. —MONICA KENDRICK

and wavy feedback playing double duty between Parkins’s strummed harp rhythms. The natural world from which the album draws could also be listed as a collaborator on that track: the second half includes recordings of crickets, which create their own kind of feedback and rhythm. —SALEM COLLO-JULIN

by Chicago-based composer Sam Pluta, which glows with the heat of a live wire, straight into Lewis’s String Quartet no. 1. “Experi- ments in Living,” a 16-minute cataclysm that pulls the rug out from under you at every turn. I was struck by how both pieces simultaneously embrace and rail against the universe. The album also features a commanding interpretation of Ruth Crawford See- ger’s 1931 String Quartet (a masterwork as timeless- ly as The Rite of Spring) and a definitive version of Anthony Cheung’s The Real Book of Fake Tunes (commissioned for Spektral and flutist Claire Chase, who performs here with her usual sensitivity and verve), as well as a freewheeling improvisation with experimental vocalist Charmaine Lee called Spinals. Experiments in Living endorses a topsy-turvy view of time that casts the familiar in a new light and presents wet ink works like they’ve been around since the 19th century, but the whimsy and effervescence of Spinals make it stand out even on this delectably disorienting album. —HANNAH EDGAR
Men’s Virility Restored in Clinical Trial; 275% More Blood Flow in 5 Minutes

A newly improved version of America’s best-selling male performance enhancer gives 70-year-old men the ability and stamina they enjoyed in their 30’s.

America’s best-selling sexual performance enhancer just got a lot better.

It’s the latest breakthrough for nitric oxide – the molecule that makes E.D. woes fade and restores virility when it counts the most.

Nitric oxide won the Nobel Prize in 1998. It’s why “the little blue pill” works. More than 200,000 studies confirm it’s the key to superior sexual performance.

And this new discovery increases nitric oxide availability resulting in even quicker, stronger and longer-lasting performance.

One double-blind, placebo-controlled study (the “gold-standard” of research) involved a group of 70-year-old men.

They didn’t exercise. They didn’t eat healthy. And researchers reported their “nitric oxide availability was almost totally compromised,” resulting in blood flow less than HALF of a man in peak sexual health.

But only five minutes after the first dose their blood flow increased 275%, back to levels of a perfectly healthy 31-year-old man! “It’s amazing,” remarks nitric oxide expert Dr. Al Sears. “That’s like giving 70-year-old men the sexual power of 30-year-olds.”

WHY SO MUCH EXCITEMENT?

Despite the billions men spend annually on older nitric oxide therapies, there’s one well-known problem with them.

They don’t always work.

A very distinguished and awarded doctor practicing at a prestigious Massachusetts hospital who has studied Nitric Oxide for over 43 years states a “decrease in availability causes the nitric oxide ‘glitch.’”

In plain English, these older products may increase levels of nitric oxide. But that’s only half the battle. If it’s not bioactively available then your body can’t absorb it to produce an erection.

Experts simply call it the nitric oxide “glitch.” And until now, there’s never been a solution.

NEXT GENERATION NITRIC OXIDE FORMULA FLYING OFF SHELVES

Upon further research, America’s No. 1 men’s health expert Dr. Al Sears discovered certain nutrients fix this “glitch” resulting in 275% better blood flow.

He’s combined those nutrients with proven nitric oxide boosters in a new formula called Primal Max Red. In clinical trials, 5,000 mg is required for satisfying sexual performance. Primal Max Red contains a bigger, 9,000 mg per serving dose. It’s become so popular, he’s having trouble keeping it in stock.

Dr. Sears is the author of more than 500 scientific papers. Thousands of people listened to him speak at the recent Palm Beach Health & Wellness Festival featuring Dr. Oz, NFL Hall of Fame quarterback Joe Namath recently visited his clinic, the Sears Institute for Anti-Aging Medicine.

Primal Max Red has only been available for a few months — but everyone who takes it reports a big difference. “I have the energy to have sex three times in one day, WOW! That has not happened in years. Oh, by the way I am 62,” says Jonathan K. from Birmingham, AL.

HOW IT WORKS

Loss of erection power starts with your blood vessels. Specifically, the inside layer called the endothelium where nitric oxide is made.

The problem is various factors thicken your blood vessels as you age. This blocks availability causing the nitric oxide “glitch.” The result is difficulty in getting and sustaining a healthy erection.

How bad is the problem?

Researcher shows the typical 40-year-old man absorbs 50% less nitric oxide. At 50, that drops to 25%. And once you pass 60 just a measly 15% gets through.

To make matters worse, nitric oxide levels start declining in your 30’s. And by 70, nitric oxide production is down an alarming 75%.

Primal Max Red is the first formula to tackle both problems. Combining powerful nitric oxide boosters and a proven delivery mechanism that defeats the nitric oxide “glitch” resulting in 275% better blood flow. There’s not enough space here to fully explain how it works, so Dr. Sears will send anyone who orders Primal Max Red a free special report that explains everything.

MORE CLINICAL RESULTS

Nutrients in Primal Max Red have logged impressive results.

In a Journal of Applied Physiology study, one resulted in a 30 times MORE nitric oxide. And these increased levels lasted up to 12 hours.

“I measured my nitric oxide levels, you can buy a test kit from Amazon,” reports 48-year-old Jeff O. “Monday night I showed depleted.”

A new discovery that increases nitric oxide availability was recently proven in a clinical trial to boost blood flow 275%

Then he used ingredients in Primal Max Red and, “The results were off the charts. I first woke around 3 a.m. on Tuesday very excited. My nitric oxide levels measured at the top end of the range.”

FREE BONUS TESTOSTERONE BOOSTER

Every order also gets Dr. Sears testosterone boosting formula Primal Max Black for free.

“If you want passionate ‘rip your clothes off’ sex you had in your younger days, you need nitric oxide to get your erection going. And testosterone for energy and drive,” says Dr. Sears. “You get both with Primal Max Red and Primal Max Black.”

HOW TO GET PRIMAL MAX

To secure free bottles of Primal Max Black and get the hot, new Primal Max Red formula, buyers should contact the Sears Health Hotline at 1-800-268-0695 within the next 48 hours. “It’s not available in drug stores yet,” says Dr. Sears. “The Hotline allows us to ship directly to the customer.”

Dr. Sears feels so strongly about Primal Max, all orders are backed by a 100% money-back guarantee. “Just send me back the bottle and any unused product within 90 days from purchase date, and I’ll send you all your money back,” he says.

The Hotline will be open for the next 48 hours. After that, the phone number will be shut down to allow them to restock. Call 1-800-268-0695 to secure your limited supply of Primal Max Red and free bottles of Primal Max Black. You don’t need a prescription, and those who call in the first 24 hours qualify for a significant discount. Use Promo Code NPO820PMAX578 when you call in. Lines are frequently busy, but all calls will be answered.

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NEW
Edward David Anderson 9/19, 6 PM, City Winery • Sandra Antongiorgi 9/11, 7 PM, Fitzgerald’s, Berwyn • The Association, Classics IV 9/12, 7 PM, Arcada Theatre, Saint Charles • René Arvia’s Afro Cuban Trio 9/10, 7 PM, Fitzgerald’s, Berwyn • Bass Dreams (Tatsu Aoki/Charles Rumback/Rami Atassi/Tiger Tanaka/Coco Ellyses) 9/19, 7 PM, livestream at twitch.tv/elasticartschicago • Bellhead 9/17, 10:45 PM, livestream at facebook.com/LiveWireChicago • Max Bessenes/Russ Johnson/Dave Miller/Devinn Drakha/Ethan Philllon 9/17, 8:30 PM, livestream at youtube.com/user/constellationchicago • Torranz Cannon 9/25, 4:30 and 7 PM, SPACE, Evanston, 7 PM sold out • Chicago Philharmonic Chamber String Quartet 9/15, 6 PM, North Shore Center for the Performing Arts, Skokie • Chicago Symphony Orchestra with Martin Helmchen 7/27/2021, 7:30 PM; 8/1/2021-9/19/2021, 8 PM; 12/12/2021, 7:30 PM, Orchestra Hall, Symphony Center • Shawn Colvin 9/12, 7 PM; 10/3, 7 PM, livestream at citywinery.com • Mike Cooley 9/9, 8 PM, 9/23, 8 PM; 10/7, 8 PM, livestream at noonchorus.com • Sima Cunningham 9/12, 8:30 PM, Constellation, live concert and concurrent livestream at youtube.com/user/constellationchicago • Joshua Colombo 9/20, 8 PM, The Showroom, Chicago • Jon Langford 9/9, 8:30 PM, Carole’s Pub, Evanston • Sandra Hall 9/24, 8 PM, Beat Kitchen, canceled • The Harp Hands 9/21, 8 PM, The Promontory • Nantucket (formed by guitarist-vocalist Carlos Löwenstein and drummer John Dwan) (formerly of Chisel and the Chicago Stone Lightning Band), Corolla solidified their relaxed underground-pop sound with the addition of bassist Ben Taylor (formerly of JC Brooks & the Uptown Sound) and lead guitarist Erik Cameron. The new songs—the band’s first releases since the July 2019 EP Falling—were recorded at a pre-pandemic session, which also produced four other tracks that will be released in pairs later in 2020. Black Bobbin opened for business earlier this month as an online guitar-and-gear shop and coffee-subscription service, but founder Shelby Pollard and business partner Pete Falknor—who worked together at Chicago Music Exchange—are also planning ahead for a brick-and-mortar guitar cafe in a post-COVID future. Falknor says it could be a place “where everyone in the community is welcome to hang out, drink some coffee or beer, and catch a small performance.” Black Bobbin has already established several “battched-partnership projects,” selling coffee beans with Gallery Cafe, effects pedals with Old Blood Noise Endeavors, and pickups with Harmony Guitars, but this wolf hopes to grab a cold brew with Pollard and Falknor in person soon. In the meantime, interested folks can keep updated via Instagram at @blackbobbinchicago.

GOSSIP WOLF
A furry ear to the ground of the local music scene

A COUPLE WEEKS ago, local indie-rock four-piece Corolla dropped two breezy tunes fit for the dwindling days of summer: “Forget This Song” and “Fading.” Formed by guitarist-vocalist Carlos Löwenstein and drummer John Dwan (formerly of Chisel and the Chicago Stone Lightning Band), Corolla solidified their relaxed underground-pop sound with the addition of bassist Ben Taylor (formerly of JC Brooks & the Uptown Sound) and lead guitarist Erik Cameron. The new songs—the band’s first releases since the July 2019 EP Falling—were recorded at a pre-pandemic session, which also produced four other tracks that will be released in pairs later in 2020. Black Bobbin opened for business earlier this month as an online guitar-and-gear shop and coffee-subscription service, but founder Shelby Pollard and business partner Pete Falknor—who worked together at Chicago Music Exchange—are also planning ahead for a brick-and-mortar guitar cafe in a post-COVID future. Falknor says it could be a place “where everyone in the community is welcome to hang out, drink some coffee or beer, and catch a small performance.” Black Bobbin has already established several “battched-partnership projects,” selling coffee beans with Gallery Cafe, effects pedals with Old Blood Noise Endeavors, and pickups with Harmony Guitars, but this wolf hopes to grab a cold brew with Pollard and Falknor in person soon. In the meantime, interested folks can keep updated via Instagram at @blackbobbinchicago.

Gossip Wolf has been hip to Chicago singer-songwriter and theater veteran Bethany Thomas since 2017, when she put out her debut EP, First. On Friday, Thom- as self-released her first full-length album, BT/She/Her, where her show-stopping vocals hold together a mix of gritty classic rock, expansive psychedelic, and heart-warming doo-wop, flavored with a touch of funk and a healthy dash of musical the- ater. —J.R. NELSON AND LEO GALIL

Get a tip? Tweet @Gossip_Wolf or e-mail gossipwolf@chicagoreader.com.
SAVAGE LOVE
Fantasies are sexy little movies we screen for ourselves
We are all entitled to a zone of erotic autonomy.

By Dan Savage

Q: I’ve been married for 30 years to the same man. I have dealt with his tantrums, his screaming, and his fits. He’s always had anger management issues. He strangled me once a few months after our son was born and never did it again. I would have left otherwise. He’s had relationships with other women but always swore it was just online. Then, a few years back, I got into a relationship with someone online. I never actually met this person, just as my husband claimed he’d never met the women he was talking to online. I had opened up to this person about our troubles and I talked about my husband’s anger issues and some other private things. This person encouraged me to have an affair but I kept putting him off. Finally, I told him I did it, I had an affair, it was great, etc. It wasn’t true but it seemed like that’s what he wanted to hear. About 30 minutes after I told him I got a call from my husband! This person had sent it all to him! All of our conversations, everything, every detail. My husband flipped out, but we worked it out and moved on.

Then a few months ago, right at the start of the pandemic, I found out that my husband has been speaking to other women. He had been meeting other women in hotel rooms in other cities and all this time I believed him about never meeting anyone in person! He claims he has erectile dysfunction but it was clear from the messages I saw that he is having sex with these other women. So he’s somehow fucking other women despite the erectile dysfunction that prevents him from fucking me?!?

I’m beside myself because over 30 years we built a life together and now I don’t know what my future is going to look like. I can’t provide for myself monetarily. I still work full time but if I lose this job or retire, Dan, I will have nothing. And we both have medical issues. I don’t want a divorce because a secure future for both of us really does hinge on us remaining together. I know for a fact that he’s still seeing these women while forbidding me from having even online conversations—to say nothing of relations—with another man. Neither of us can make it on our own, I don’t know what to do. Why wouldn’t he want an open relationship?

A: Your husband doesn’t want an open relationship, DISCORD, because he doesn’t want you to have the same freedom he does. And while he doesn’t want to be sexual with you for reasons that have nothing to do with erectile dysfunction, he doesn’t want you seeking sexual attention—much less sexual fulfillment—in the arms or inboxes of other men. Which means your husband sees you not as a human being like him, i.e., a person with needs and feelings and agency, but more like a car he keeps in his garage and refuses to drive and won’t let anyone else take for a spin.

You’re not a car, of course, and you’re not his property. You were also faithful to him even as he cheated on you—even after he assaulted you—and you stayed in this marriage despite being deprived of sex and other forms intimacy. But even if you guys had been fucking on a daily basis for the last 30 years, DISCORD, even if your husband wasn’t an abusive asshole with anger issues, you would still have every right to indulge in sexual fantasies that don’t involve your husband and every right to explore those fantasies on your own time. Partnered or not, monogamous or not, we are all...
entitled to a zone of erotic autonomy. You say divorce isn’t a viable option for you, DISCORD, so I’m gonna recommend a different d-word: detach. Make peace with your circumstances and the best of your living situation. Don’t go searching for evidence that your husband is cheating on you, just accept that he is. Don’t feel the need to confront him about his fucking hypocrisy, just accept that he’s a huge fucking hypocrite. And then, DISCORD, just like your husband, go and do whatever and whoever you want. You don’t need his permission to seek attention elsewhere. And if being honest about the attention you get elsewhere upsets your husband—if being honest swapping dirty texts with other men makes your husband and your homelife unbearable—then don’t be honest about it. Just as he made an effort to be discreet in order to hide the scale of his cheating and his hypocrisy from you, DISCORD, you can be discreet in order to avoid conflict and drama.

Get back online, DISCORD, go make a new friend. And just because that last guy turned out to be a sadistic asshole who drew you out in order to blow up your life, that doesn’t mean the next guy you meet online is going to be a sadistic or vindictive asshole. Billions of people get online every day to chat with strangers and millions of people share explicit fantasies with strangers every day. While revenge porn is definitely a thing—and definitely a crime—it’s almost always jilted IRL lovers who lash out like the way that asshole did. If it was even remotely common for people to be exposed to their spouses the way you were exposed to yours, DISCORD, if it happened even .01 percent of the time, we would hear about it constantly. We don’t because it isn’t.

But to be on the safe side, DISCORD, you might want to keep it anonymous. Don’t share your real info with someone you only wanna swap hot fantasies with and never intend to meet in person. And when your husband is being an asshole or just generally getting on your nerves, DISCORD, you can fantasize about the statistical likelihood that you will outlive your husband by many years. Because orgasms aren’t the only sweet release.

Q: I just read your advice for CATMAN, the person who asked if there was a name for his specific and newfound fetish: he wants to marry a submissive bisexual guy and then pick up and dominate submissive women together with his guy. As I read it, I wondered, is this a sexual fantasy or is it a fetish? Then I wondered what the difference is between a fantasy and a fetish. Is there one? Does it matter?

—Knowingly Investigating Newly Kinky Yearnings

A: What CATMAN described—what CATMAN was looking for—was a relationship. He was fantasizing about his perfect partner and wondering if he was out there somewhere. Since literally everyone does that, KINKY, I wouldn’t describe fantasizing about a perfect partner/partners as a fetish or a kink. Vanilla or mildly kinky or wildly kinky, we all want that perfect match, i.e., a person or people whose sexual desires and/or relationship goals parallel our own. And a lucky few manage to find someone who comes really close.

People don’t just fantasize about sex, of course; people fantasize about dream jobs, dream vacations, dream weddings. (Wedding fantasies aren’t about who you’re marrying, but how you’re marrying them, e.g., a destination wedding, a traditional wedding, a nontraditional wedding, etc.) But when it comes to sex, KINKY, fantasies are best understood as scenarios or situations that incorporate important elements of a person’s sexual desires—desires which may involve kinks or fetishes or may not. Think of fantasies as sexy little movies we screen for ourselves in our heads and kinks or fetishes as optional plot points and/or props.

The natural follow-up question: What’s the difference between a kink and a fetish then? While people often use those terms interchangeably, KINKY, they mean different things. Dr. Justin Lehmiller recently unpacked the difference on his website Sex & Psychology: “Kink is a very broad concept that encompasses pretty much any form of sexual expression that falls outside of the mainstream. This includes the eroticization of intense sensations (such as mixing pleasure and pain), playing with power differentials, deriving pleasure from inanimate objects, role playing, and more . . . [whereas] fetishes involve heightened attraction to certain objects (like boots and shoes) and/or body parts beyond the genitals (like feet and armpits).”

So, all fetishes are kinks but not all kinks are fetishes. I hope that clears things up!
Seeking Females for Modeling Project - Seeking a female photographer seeking females for a fine art photo shoot. If interested in my portfolio. No previous experience necessary. All pictures are private. Must be over 18+ with valid I.D. Paying 100/ day.

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The Dept of Periodontics, at the Univ of IL at Chicago (UIC), located in a large metro area, is seeking a full-time Clinical Assistant Professor to assist the dept. with the following responsibilities: Under direction & supervision, assist department to provide clinical & didactic instruction to pre-doctoral & dental students in the area of Dental Hygiene, Periodontology, & Implant Dentistry. Teach topics such as periodontal anatomy, periodontal health & disease, radiation & surgical therapy, & implant dentistry. Possess expert knowledge in patient care to a diverse patient population, conduct medical science research, collaborate w/ others in an interdisciplinary curriculum, & provide advanced educational instruction. Requires a DDS or DMD degree or its equivalent; plus 3 yrs of Periodontics training & hold or be eligible for IL dental license. Travel may periodically be required in conjunct & professional development. For fullest consideration, submit CV, curr 3 & 3 references by 10/1/2020.

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w invested parties to improve performance of the OMS; integrate with third party APIs using REST and SOAP; build out user interface using HTML, CSS, JavaScript, jQuery, AJAX and Web sockets. Reqd: BS in Comp Sci or related field; 2 yrs exp with PHP, LEMP stack, relational databases and writing queries, HTML(5), JavaScript, jQuery, AJAX and Web sockets, and version control. 2 yrs exp developing and implementing front-end, back-end, security, and merchant connections for e-commerce. Exp may be concurrent. Must have perm US work auth. Contact K. Bularzik, HR, Digital Initiatives, LLC, 2211 Butterfield Rd., Downers Grove, IL 60515.

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