

Maxwell Street

Smoke, grime, and avarice seem not to dampen the spirits of the regulars. Story starts on page 8.



bargains, blues, and bribes on Maxwell: see page 8

the Beauty and the beast

Combating the sick call

By Joan

The phone rings while I'm fixing dinner for a friend (male, of course. Do you fix dinner for female friends?) "Hi, I'm a friend of Margie Shultz, and she said if I was ever in Chicago..." Since I recognized the voice instantly—he had called three months earlier using the same line (Note: some nuisance callers have absolutely no imagination)—I replied, "I'm sorry, I'm busy with dinner. I'll give you to my husband" and handed the phone to my thoroughly bewildered guest. Fortunately for all concerned, the caller had hung up before Peter had to gather his "husband" voice together.

The Hi-There-You-Don't-Know-Me-But caller is the most

innocuous of undesired phone calls, but I have found this "husband technique" is an effective protector of privacy in any number of circumstances.

Sure, the excitement of a city is its people—in the streets, at work, at whatever. But I sometimes reach what I call "people-saturation"—that point in most any day when the social gatherings are just too much, the people too close. At this point, I am thankful to be a single woman with my own apartment. And no roommates, save a small gerbil named "The Beast." Here the solitude is sweet and the people of the city forgotten as I concentrate on just being me. Then the phone rings and I pick it up to hear, not a friend, but heavy breathing! I hang up; but the solitude is broken. The

people, via The Breather, have once again invaded my privacy.

The Breather is but one common type of annoying phone call I have received. You see, being a woman, I will react to the caller in some exciting manner. Thus functions the mind of your average crank caller. This type of call is annoying, but seldom dangerous since it is usually pretty easy to discourage the caller. Like the book says, the crank caller wants an audience—don't give it to him.

Obviously, putting your full name in the phone book is not a good idea—my mistake. For the last few years (only because of my procrastination in calling the phone company and having them change it), my full name has been emblazoned in its proper column of the phone book for all prospective crank callers to see:

—, Joan. Every year when the new phone books come out I envision this ecstatic crank caller greedily devouring each page of the book searching for new people to call. And yet sometimes I feel a definite advantage over the woman who has just used her initial. Though my full name is listed, I pronounce my name differently that most people would—a trade secret only my friends know. Most people, upon seeing "Joan" would pronounce it "Joan"; however, I pronounce it "Joann!" Thus any caller asking for "Joan" is immediately suspect.

But frequently, I find myself caught off-guard, probably because every time I pick up my phone I don't say to myself, "Now Joan, be careful; this

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The Man Daley Shoved Aside

An Interview With Ben Adamowski

By Nancy Banks

"These politicians say, now take it easy, take it easy. You young people should stop and think of who you're talking to. They've been taking it easy for twenty years."

The man who in 1960 sent Richard J. Daley into a "walking stupor," who in 1963 put up the only real re-election fight Richard J. Daley has ever faced, who knows more about modern Chicago politics than anyone except Richard J. Daley, speaks in a deceptively conversational tone. But the words themselves are those Ben Adamowski has been using for fourteen doggedly persistent years to attack the Mayor and the Machine. The much-used phrases have the solid, familiar ring of politics about them. It feels awkward, sometimes, not to applaud.

My own youth (I'm 22) imparts a certain poignancy to our talk, an impulse on Adamowski's part to "pass on

"Even this machine one day will fail"

the torch." Since Boss was published, there has been the bittersweet realization that he is part of history, now. All those battles, all those headlines, happened so long ago they're out of his own sons' memories.

Reader: I'd like to know your opinion of Royko's political analysis, whether in general you agree with him.

Adamowski: Probably the greatest compliment that I could pay to Mike Royko's book is that I want my grandchildren to read it, when they are old enough to understand. And I certainly wouldn't want my grandchildren to read it if I was Mayor Daley. In fact, when my own sons read the book, they were just utterly amazed. You see they were children, very tiny children when I was in my legislative career, and in my early career they knew nothing about the things Royko talks about because they were too small to remember, or understand, or know... I meet people today that say gee, you were quite active, you were really a part of this whole thing. And you kind of forget they were little kids when some of this was happening.

After a lifetime in politics, he always refers to politicians as "they." After participating in the Machine as an ambitious young Democrat, investigating its corruption as a crusading State's Attorney, and losing three elections in a row to

Maching candidates, he knows all the dirt. And yet the Old Warrior reflex still operates. He would do it all over again.

Reader: What would you do, if you were my age?

Adamowski: The thing to do is to get actively engaged. On campus, of course, but also off-campus in the one way that you can make yourself felt. You can talk, you can scream, you can yell, you can holler, you can fight, you can revolt, you can riot, you can do anything you want—but the only thing politicians understand are those votes in the ballot box. Get into the watchers groups. There are watchers groups that are looking for people to watch. Make sure that the way you voted, it's counted. Because to me, you can steal my money—I can earn more, you can steal my property—I can get more, you can steal almost anything I've got, but when you steal my vote, you've destroyed the very foundation of everything you and I think is good.

Reader: I was going to ask what effect you think your career in politics has had on changing things. Has the amount of corruption in city government decreased significantly since you were State's Attorney?

Adamowski: Well I think during the time I was State's Attorney where I was kind of a watchdog, there was probably a very very heavy impact. But whether it was lasting or not I don't know. I know that there were areas where we moved in, and they've never gone back to some of the old practices. But I would be naive if I thought they might not have invented new ones. You see, it's kind of a disappointing thing that you can't change human nature.

Reader: Royko calls you "Daley's most bitter political enemy." Is that an accurate description?

Adamowski: Well, I don't know. I suppose from the standpoint of a newspaper columnist it would be. But no, I'm not a bitter political enemy, I just don't like one-man rule, I don't like corruption in government, I don't like people that talk out of both sides of their mouth. I was one of the top three, four, or five of the Democratic hierarchy when I switched parties. I don't like this dominance of one man. I don't like to be put under a thumb. My feeling about the Republican Party was different, because in the Republican Party you can speak and not be punished. In the Democratic Party you dare not. There's a Sun-Times story this morning that you ought to pick up, about a little gal that had the courage to support Richard Friedman. She's got a house that her parents have owned for 41 years and now she's got inspectors all over the place.

Mike Royko's book mentions this restaurant man that put my sign up. Poor fellow, I pleaded with him not to put the sign up because

what would happen. He'd been there 15 years, and all of a sudden every inspector came by. He needed new plumbing, he needed new counter tops, he needed new this, he needed new that.

As a matter of fact, Martin Kennelly, who was later mayor of Chicago, supported an opponent candidate. The in one of his warehouses he had to spend—I don't remember the amount, I think it was \$2100 for a so-called fire door that had never been in the building to start with, and that he had never been pestered about subsequently. Because he supported the opponent, all of a sudden he got a notification that there was a fire door missing. You see, this is the kind of vicious pressure that you get.

I used to think I wanted to be Mayor so bad I could taste it, and I guess I did. I felt that some of these things ought to be put to a test. Why don't we do it? Gee, when I think of the mayor over there, worrying about whether some scrub-woman voted Democratic or not, isn't that ridiculous...

Reader: One of the points that Royko's book makes is that when you were defeated for mayor, it was in large part the black vote that defeated you.

Adamowski: Not only the black vote, but by virtue of their very very tight, two-fisted control we have precincts where we can't even get people to go in and watch the count.

Reader: Is "we" the Republican Party?

Adamowski: Right. And when you can't watch the count, and you've got the kind of set-up that's existing in Chicago, you might carry the precinct but it won't show on the tally. And when the votes are reported, the only way you can upset that is by way of a contest, and then you're thrown into the same machinery of the judicial system, which is a part and parcel of the structure. So your chances of winning on a recount are even less than winning in an election. They control the machinery, and its just tragic.

Reader: Royko talks about your charges that votes were miscounted and—ah—misplaced, after the elections that he discusses in Boss. But what about your last defeat, for assessor in 1970? Do you think that's...

Adamowski: I don't think there's any doubt about that. My family and my law partners could hardly believe that I would even submit myself to a contest for that office, because the assessor's office is the key to the whole City Hall strength and power. And I'm satisfied that they would have done anything and everything not to lose it, including miscounting. That's a kind way to say stealing votes. I met a Democratic precinct friend of mine when I ran for Mayor against Daley, I met him some weeks or maybe even months after the election and he said,

do. And if they wanted it different, it would be different. But you see, he gives them a chance to hide their hypocrisy, and their unwillingness and their shortsightedness. It gives them a facade they can hide behind, and take no blame for. You'll be surprised if Daley's machine starts to crumble, and he's going to be surprised, at how quickly they will turn.

You're seeing an example of it right now towards Otto Kerner, former governor of Illinois, now a federal court judge. If you read the stories, a year ago if you had suggested that there could be anything but fulsome praise for a guy named Kerner, you could have gotten bets that it would never happen. In the paper last night, they were talking about the manipulation and the things that happened, and I think they have just scratched the surface, because I think there'll be more. It's the nature of man, and it's the nature of the papers.

Reader: You've always suffered at the hands of Chicago newspapers and been virtually ignored during your campaigns. Why do you think that is?

Adamowski: I'm a maverick at heart. You're supposed to be part of the system, I suppose, and I can't be. My wife used to worry when I was State's Attorney that I should have a bodyguard. I didn't have one, I never had one. I'd meet somebody and they'd say, "Where's your bodyguard?" because it's part of the pattern. I finally learned to say, "He's back there

there, and before anybody got over the shock I'd be out the side door and gone. And yet three men are tied up 24 hours around the clock, three policemen, seven days a week. You figure out what that costs the taxpayers, to protect one man. If Chicago is such a great place, why do you have to have it?

Reader: You mentioned Hanrahan and the Black Panthers. Do you think blacks have a chance of fair treatment at the hands of city government today? You're a member of an ethnic minority group that was able to gain some measure of control over its own neighborhoods, through political means. Do you think that blacks and Latin Americans now can do the same thing? Or is city government as it is now constituted such a big power block and so insensitive that they can't?

Adamowski: Well, I don't think they're going to have it as easy, because of language and color. Previous minorities didn't have the handicap of color, whereas today you have the color barrier, which subconsciously or consciously, overtly or covertly, depending on how you think about it, may not be used as the excuse but may foreclose a man from getting a job, because a man is opposed to it or he doesn't think he wants them. And then the Latin American has the barrier, the definite handicap of language. He can't make himself understood, he finds himself discriminated against. You've got to train them in the trades, and you've got to teach them in school, and you've got to give them the ability to read and write, which we're not giving them in Chicago. I think the Chicago school system is probably as bad if not worse than many if not most, and this is the tragedy of it. Your political system, it's not that they're indifferent to it, but they're not attuned to it, they don't care about these people so long as they vote.

Reader: What would you have done differently than Mayor Daley has done, had you been elected Mayor in 1963?

Adamowski: I would have had Martin Luther King, I would have had Archbishop Cody, I would have had the publishers of the papers, I would have had anybody and everybody at the top level of the city of Chicago, and they would have been in my office every day from then on. [pounding desk for emphasis] And we would have had a dialogue going, we would have had communication going. Before the election in '63 I had half a dozen men all lined up. I told John Knight of the Chicago Daily News, and I told Marshall Field of the Chicago Sun-Times, that they couldn't sit in their offices when I was mayor. And I remember John Knight, he's a very pompous man, he's got a beautifully panelled office over there at the Daily News, saying "What do you mean, I can't sit in my office?" and I said, "Well, have you ever been in the mayor's office?" He said no. "Well, you're gonna be when I'm mayor, and it's just as beautiful as this—it's all panelled, and you're going to be there everyday if necessary, Mr. Knight, you ought to hope that I don't get to be mayor, because I'm not going to let you sit here writing editorials about what a rotten city

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"I used to think I wanted to be Mayor so bad I could taste it"

and gave them to the mayor, so that was a change of 400 in the vote. When you consider that that could be done in, well, there's about 3500 precincts in Chicago, and if you can do that in... we always felt that there were anywhere from seven to twelve hundred precincts where they could do almost anything they wanted.

Reader: You said earlier that the machine would fail sometime.

Adamowski: They all have. There isn't a single one that hasn't been knocked out. Chicago's is the last of the Mohicans.

Reader: Do you see the end in sight?

Adamowski: Well, I don't know. My answer to that is, what happens when Mayor Daley who, like so many, think they're omniscient and forever, what happens the day he passes out of the picture?

Reader: That's what it will take, though, you think.

Adamowski: Not necessarily, not necessarily. Daley has been able to keep the business community and the financial community and the publicity community singing his praises, only because he is doing what they want him to

someplace watching. He doesn't make himself evident." And on my home, I just wouldn't have it. In the first place, it doesn't protect you. And in the second place, it's wasted manpower.

Ed Hanrahan, who didn't have one when he was first elected State's Attorney, because he knew I didn't have one, lives a block away from me. The day after the Black Panther raid, he had them on his home. Hanrahan lives on a one-way street, and I ride that street a lot at night because I have to go that way to go out to my son's place. Well, I've been irritated by that squad car in front, because most of the time the fellow is sound asleep or he's reading. All I'd have to do is take a pin out of a hand-grenade, or build a bomb, and just as I came abreast of the automobile I could just fling it over the top of the car. The policeman would never know that it hit, because he'd go with the bomb.

Or if they really wanted to get Hanrahan—I go to St. John's church, and so does he. He's Elector at the 10:45 mass. Right up front, he stands there. If I were going to get him, I'd just sneak in the side door. I'd get there early, while he's standing



Everyone seems to be losing his virginity at the movies today. An extraordinary number of recent films deal with the initiation of adolescents, mostly boys, from Art Garfunkel in *Carnal Knowledge* to the real teen-ager in *Summer of '42*. The great artistic myth, that growing up is a process of innocence corrupted by the gradual admission to the adult world (which includes, among other things, power, sex, love of money, prejudice and sex), is decisively emerging as the Theme of 71. The idea of itself is a passably good premise on which to build a movie, and many of these films have a good deal to commend them. But it all grows tiresome by now, all this "sensitivity" and forlorn anguish. Doubtless it will require the perspective of several years to discern the truly good works of art from those that merely captured the moment. Meanwhile, all this elementary bedplay has provided little good pornography, but it has given new birth to what had been a nearly defunct technique, the over-the-shoulder shot.

There is nothing new in having a "Wave" of similar films; movies have always run in cycles. In the early thirties, there were spates of gangster, confessional, and monster movies; World War II created several basic variations of patriotic combat films, usually with Errol Flynn; in the postwar period, there was the semi-documentary crime film and the social problem picture. Generally there is a seminal film that kicks the cycle off, and it is invariably a film that made a lot of money: *Little Caesar*, *Frankenstein*, *Beach Party*. But all of these cycles implied a genre, leaving a lot of room for variation of the basic formula from one picture to the next.

Not so with these sagas of lost innocence, which end up in an awkward sack scene far more inevitably than a Western ends with a shootout. The films attempt to compensate for their repetitiveness with variations in location and period. The event is usually conceived in some fashion as "memory," and the narrative implies first-person. *Summer of '42* sets the standard, incorporating its period in its title, but the films have covered a wide selection of periods, from the late forties of *Carnal Knowledge* to the Dust Bowl Texas of the early fifties in Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* to, in Louis Malle's French edition, *Le Souffle au Coeur*, the Paris of Dien Bien Phu. And each of these recreations is meticulously exact, as if the director were obsessively concerned with the precise reconstruction of the fateful events culminating in "the moment."

But their methods of using period vary widely. Nichols and Feiffer mimic a few trenchant details as impressionistic shorthand, but they otherwise leave their characters to pursue their sexual destinies in a sociological void. Mulligan's heavy filters and tight-in style emphasizes the lyricism in the shift from child-

hood to the isolation of manhood—the details in *Summer of '42* enshroud the event in a remote yet vividly haunting past. On the other hand, Bogdanovich's Texas succeeds thoroughly as a recreated and complete society, and his characters, fresh out of high school and suffocating in the trap of small town life, only function within the continuing confines of the town at this point in time. (It is perhaps noteworthy that music, and especially popular songs, is extensively used in all of these films to set period, and the device threatens to become a good technique ruined by over-use. An exception is Malle's perceptive use of Charlie Parker cuts to suggest the mental states of his shy French student.)

The granddaddy of the cycle is, of course, *The Graduate*, with Dustin Hoffman's bedroom scenes with Anne Bancroft one of the few examples of legitimate comedy in the genre, whatever the overall limitations of the film. Shortly thereafter, Fox released *The First Time*, an innocuously bad little movie, in which the boy sleeps with an older woman in circumstances very similar to the later *Summer of '42*. The first major post-*Graduate* attempt at the subject, Frank Perry's *Last Summer*, was a muddled if popular film that so concerned with demonstrating the latent cruelty in the children while shrilly castigating the missing parents that it never conveyed any clear idea of what the various sexual encounters in the movie really meant to the characters, let alone the director.

Summer of '42 was really the first attempt to forge an artistic statement out of the situation proper, but even that film was not above some smug superiority and some embarrassingly overdrawn moments. Personally, I prefer the two latest additions, both of which will premiere in this country at the New York Festival this month: *The Last Picture Show* and *Le Souffle au Coeur*.

Peter Bogdanovich is the first American film critic to become a major feature-film director (if one excepts, as I do, Curtis Harrington), a process very popular in France. His first film, *Targets*, was made in 1967 under severe budget restrictions and was buried under the shadow of the multiple assassinations of 1968. His latest was made for Columbia's BBS Productions, who single-handedly started another cycle with their *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces*.

Bogdanovich has a very handy talent—he doesn't make any mistakes. Pound and Hemingway used to propound the concept of the "right word", that there is only one word which will say exactly what must be said. Bogdanovich demonstrates this principle on film: the camera is always in the best possible position; the cutting and the movements of the players is never false. There is little that is really new in Bogdanovich's style, but his near-classicism (the film is made in black-and-white!) is

really fresh. Interestingly, though he claims Ford and Hawks to be his favorite directors, his visual sense reminds me most strongly of Sam Fuller, a friend of his.

Quite rightfully, Bogdanovich doesn't get misty over his boys' deflowerations, which are seen as a ritualized process, impossible to manage without some trouble. He does, however, dwell on the girl's efforts to lose her virginity. She needs to land a rich husband, but none of the wealthy kids will touch her while she is still a virgin. So she recruits a local jock to perform the service while her girl-friends eagerly wait outside the motel in their cars. The jock flubs it, in his one moment of genuine sensitivity. But the girl isn't really criticized; rather, it is her society that puts her in such a position of consummate bitchiness. There's some irony in all this hair-tearing by male directors over their lost innocence when girls have been regularly shedding their virginity without any compassion or tears as compensation. In an interesting switch on American society, American movies take female initiation as a standard plot device and treat the male's first experience with reverence and awe. Compensation, maybe? Or, as is more likely in the movies, fantasy?

Louis Malle's (he did the scandalizing *The Lovers* a decade ago) *Le Souffle au Coeur* (literally, "heart murmur") will not reach town for several months at least, so I don't intend to dwell on it, but it is noteworthy for its knowing use of period and political details, a fine jazz score, and a completely exhilarating lack of stuffiness about sex. In large measure, the film is a unique suspense story will mother and son sleep together, or not? *Le Souffle au Coeur* turns our tragical expectations right back at us, and the film takes the sickest goings-on and reveals them for the wonderful healthy things they really are. I haven't ever felt so good about my neuroses. It seems a paradox that this French film seems so full of pragmatism, while *Summer of '42* is full of the concentrated lyricism associated with the old Tradition of Quality in French film. Incidentally, Lea Massari, the girl who disappeared in *L'Aventura*, gives a smashing performance; she is an actress who can be supremely dramatic simply by being sublimely sexy.

Maybe the genre isn't as hopeless as I presently feel it to be, looking at these films individually, but it is sure hard them all in the space of a year. It may be odd to say so, but part of the value of film history may be to provide an opportunity to see films out of the context in which they were made. Meanwhile, adults are patronizing many of these films, which seems to be the only film outside the black market making money. And most of the 15- and 16-year old kids I know are out getting laid. I can't wait for *their* period piece. Life imitates art?

—MYRON MEISEL

LOSING IT AT THE MOVIES

Summer of '42



The Last Picture Show



The Insanity Stops

By Michael Miner

The grass rose gently past the Fullerton Beach House until it ended in a mesh fence. Beyond the fence, on Lake Shore Drive, a pale blue light sucked in and out. Chicago's night pulse was beating again, and as the police light flickered, men moved between the squad car and the sedan that had just been stopped.

Beyond the blue light, the skyline stretched south to its ornamental culmination of red, white and orange glitter, swept by the Playboy beacon as by a pagan star.

To someone on the beach, bringing his thoughts there after midnight, a few steps away from the dark, coltish water, the blue flicker was a cold jewel and the other lights wax candles shrinking in so many parlors and bedrooms.

Two bicycles pass in file like ghost clopper ships over the broad concrete steps north of Fullerton Beach. The faces of the man and the woman are the lean, golden blurs of slumming gods. The only sound is the cricket cry of the coasting gears.

Ahead, two young couples boisterously depart from one of the stone fingers the shore dips into the lake.

"You and Samson!" one girl giggles.

A boy snorts back, "Damn right! Me and Delilah doing our thing." A sheer skarf of water

ripples over the flat rocks they are abandoning.

No stars shone over Lake Michigan this cool, cloudy night. There was just the sporadic blinking of lanterns far out on the water, as though the lake were groping to tell us something.

Under the towers that wash the beach at night with a yellow glow, the sand seemed filled with seashells. But when I bent down to them, the shells turned out to be bent tabs of aluminum cans and pieces of paper cups.

The showers still ran in the North Avenue beach house. A chunky man pinching a cigaret in his mouth with two fingers came down the veranda. I meant to ask him about the showers. But he carried a radio with the plug in his ear and he did not respond.

North of Oak Beach two young people in semi-formal clothes came slowly, arm in arm, up the sands of Chicago. The look on his beefy, red face is as though Billy Williams has just called him by his first name at the movies. But it is only that his girl friend reached up a little and kissed him on the cheek.

A short man with a toothpick and a cigaret in his mouth leans against the rail of the Division Street underpass. He sports a faded grey suit coat.

"Gotta be gettin home. May have work at eight or maybe nine. . . I'll wait an see. I'm expectin a package tomorrow." "Something good?"

"Well, I hope it'll be my check."

He points to a figure lying in the sand by the water. The head, which points toward the Playboy Club, keeps lifting and nodding and settling back into the sand.

"He can't get any sleep out there tonight." The words come out around the toothpick and the cigaret.

He was lying there without a coat. The wind blew at him off the lake and when he raised his head the man looked groggily for some shelter, some valley in the sand he had not seen before. Each time the movement wearied him slightly, pushing him, hopefully, a little closer to sleep.

In the lake, a small boat had closed to within 100 yards of Oak Beach. It blinked its lights, and a man in a tan shirt, standing beneath the concrete wall of the Oak St. underpass, waved his arms in semaphore. When he saw me, he stopped. The boat receded, but now I could see a glinting object bobbing in the water, and I wondered what contraband the boat had set adrift to be washed up by the tide.

For two hours we stalk each other. The man in the tan shirt leaves but I see him staring at me from across Lake Shore Drive. A young man and a young woman sit on a park bench to kiss. With them to witness any submarine that might abruptly rise to seize me, I cross the sand to investigate the glittering object now washing ashore. It looks to be a beer can.

Across the beach, the man in the tan shirt is back, watching me. I walk toward the couple and lean against a refreshment stand, waiting. They are still kissing, but disconcertedly. Perhaps I will be murdered as they kiss and give them something to think about. The man in the tan shirt vanishes.

I spot him crouching against a concrete wall, trying to slip into the underpass. Our eyes meet and he dodges around a corner. Now we understand that we are tantalizing each other. I retreat north to give him room to play his hand. It is the kind of excitement that only makes sense at 3 a.m.

The man in the tan shirt finally crossed through the little green park between Lake Shore Drive and Oak and disappeared west on Oak. I went over to the

little park and found a man asleep on a bench. He lay under a blue coat and a stuffed plastic shopping bag was under his head. His black shoes were lined up under the bench.

The beach was empty. The couple had left. The man trying to sleep on the sand had moved. Cars ran north with such a whoosh they seemed to be cutting through water. The night's drama still tingled, yet I presumed to write in my notepad, "You can point to the beach and say, 'The insanity stops here.' It's something that holds the whole city in check."

Chicago, like Naples and Algiers, grew up next to a philosophy lesson.

It was sad about the man in the sand, I thought, the pre-dawn hour starting to slap my mind around. But you can't sleep cold, or roll into a ball to warm your arms with your legs. It's like grabbing your legs and trying to yank yourself off the ground.

Those happy nights when we turn off our air conditioners and push up our windows, old men on the beach can't sleep for the chill. But Summer is all but over, and they should be making other arrangements.

Two faces stared at me from a car in the lot behind the Division Avenue beach house. It was also too cool to be lying in the grass.

The water still was running in the showers.

I go into the men's shower room to turn off the water. There are no knobs. The showers run 24 hours a day. You can always clean up in Chicago. On the front porch an old man with a full beard and bare feet lies on another bench. He wears a dark leather coat and looks extremely wise. He has read Flaubert, and if he meets the right woman in his next box car will tell her of his life and they will be two noble, arrogant bums.

A squadrol rolls down the walk and the officer yells out the window at me, "What are you doing?" But the squadrol doesn't stop. It stops at the old man and the officer yells, "What are you doing? Do you know what time this place closes? Eleven p.m. Do you know what time it is? Five a.m." It is 4:25.

The old man wakes up. "Do you have a place to stay?" The old man stands up and strides around a corner and out of sight.



"Chicago, like Naples and Algiers, grew up next to a philosophy lesson"

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Here

His silence is magnificent. The squadrol rolls off.

What do old men do at 4:25 a.m. when they are rousted from their benches? Do they find another place to sleep or begin their day a little early?

Over the lake black was turning purple. Night was shattering into parts. When it was too late for stars, I could at last see them. Dawn was a faint rash over the lake's blinking lights.

It was an hour well known to people to whom sleep cannot come. It tells them she will not come back and the day will be long and harsh and you might as well run your car up and down the empty streets or read the book she gave you in the cold wet grass for there is nothing better to do.

Fortunately that hour is well known to lovers, too.

A boy and a girl go by on bikes. "Really, when you think of it it's wierd but it's kind of original," the boy says. The girl's bike light is on. Her sweater is up and you can see the small of her back.

Dawn is washing out the stars over the lake but overhead they still are visible. Two cute girls and a boy are sitting by the Theater on the Lake.

"Do you have any acid?" one girl asks.

"No, but can I sit here anyway?"

"Yeah."

Immediately a car pulls through the gate.

"That's our cab."

"I want to stay here," says the boy, who looks like Nancy's Sluggo.

"No you can't. You're tired and it's time to go home." They drag him into the cab.

A burly man in a blue jacket and white shorts walked out of the trees. He told me he used to swim up by Diversey Harbor but

moved south after a bad experience a week earlier when some guys tried to steal his auto battery.

He said he drives over from Cicero after work every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, arriving about 3 a.m. to swim through dawn until the beach begins to get crowded.

"Yesterday I was over at Domsday, Michigan. The waves were up to here."

He said he worked in a railroad yard, and although there was a lot of overtime it was very hard work. He was about 45. The sky was a pale bloodless blue and the water was completely still. It was at peace.

The silhouette of a bicycle rises from the rock steps that go down to the water just below Diversey Harbor. A man bends over and I can see that he is cutting bait. He puffs on a cigar.

"Oh yeah, pretty good luck," he says. "Only five or six fishermen ever come here. The fishermen all go to Montrose." He is cutting crabs and crawfish. His lines already hang in the water. They run out of a pail by the edge.

"Well, I'll get started," the man says. He puts a red top on his thermos and carries his folding chair down to his pail.

He is a short man in a hunter's cap and a grey coat over a white shirt. He sees me writing where the steps meet the grass 100 feet behind him. He gets up and trudges up the steps and I expect him to ask me what my business is.

"Are you sketching?"

"No, I'm a writer."

"I thought you were sketching. When the sun comes out of the water over there it's a beautiful sight." He motions with his cigar.

"When's that?"

"About 20 minutes. The sun

comes up like a fried egg. It's a beautiful sight." He turns and trots back to his pail.

Already gunfire was rumbling from the Lincoln Park gun club. Gunfire never takes one by surprise in Chicago, even when the sun is about to burst out of a placid sea. The Chicago sun always brings a sword with it.

I found Patrolman Jim Zimmerman, young and gangly, put-

ting his service revolver back in his holster.

"Sometimes when I get here early I'll shoot a little target practice," he said. "I'll shoot at broken pieces of skeet I set up on that board there on the wall. Normally I can't shoot because there are boats out there and the service revolver has a lot more range than a skeet gun."

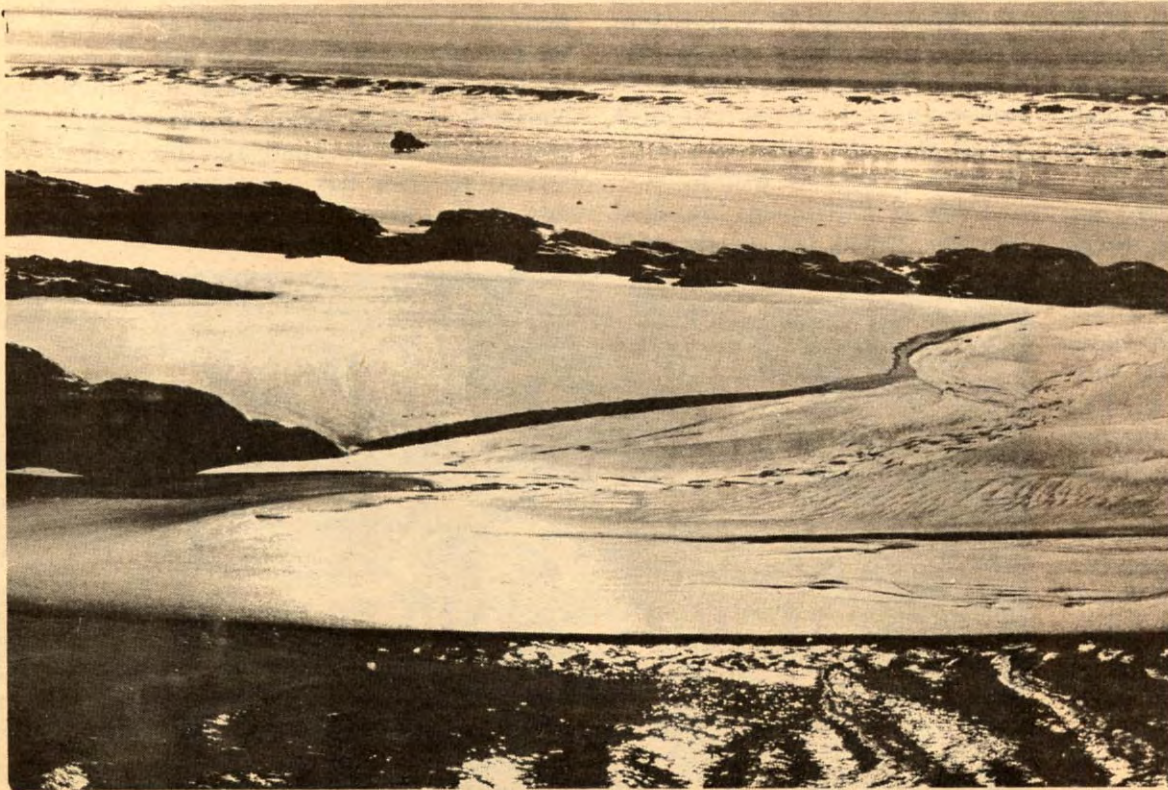
"Perhaps I will be murdered as they kiss"



"Two boys sat on the rocks watching as the sun came up like a fried egg"

LIMITED IMAGE

Ansel Adams Mélange



"Refugio Beach, California" by Ansel Adams. Showing at Limited Image, 108 East Oak Street through November 3.

Every time I page through my copy of *Family of Man*, I pause at "Mt. Williamson, U.S.A.," a very dramatic photograph of boulders receding until they merge with foothills, which in turn lead to mountains, which are bursting through clouds and shafts of sunlight. Although it always seems a bit out of place in *Family of Man*, I was always very impressed with it. I've often wished I could see an original print—to be able to feel the richness of tone.

Well, I've seen a print, and I like it better in *Family of Man*. It's part of an Ansel Adams show at "Limited Image," an ambitious new photographic gallery on Oak Street.

On the wall next to "Clearing Storm, Sierra Nevada" (which is what the picture is called in the show), however, is "Aspens, New Mexico," which is about as beautiful a print as present photographic technique could ever produce. The front three trees have brilliant white highlights, and successive trees to the back become dimmer and dimmer, until they blend into an almost-black forest. Every gradation is perfect, and the effect is breathtaking. No details are lost, yet the form is immediately striking.

That's the way the whole show is: a series of alternating successes and disappointments. Ansel Adams is one of the world's most famous photographers, and it is a testament to the aggressiveness of "Limited Image" that they have mounted such a magnificent show in their fifth month of operation. One could have asked for a better job, however.

For one thing, the signed prints, which Adams "supervised" the printing of, could sometimes be better. Most are superb, but an occasional gray one—such as "Clearing Storm, Sierra Nevada"—seems to have slipped in. For another thing, the gallery itself could have been better designed. The chrome, glass and white paint of the decor provide brilliant reflections in the glass covering each print, making it necessary to move from side to side to find the correct viewing angle.

But this is quibbling. The show is spectacular, and it brings out the best of the "traditional" Ansel Adams, as well as showing him in some new ways. "Winter Storm, Yosemite," "Sanddunes, Death Valley," and "Tree in Mist, Washington" are all archetypal Ansel Adams. Perfectly composed, perfectly exposed, and perfectly printed, they show hackneyed subjects in a state of absolute abstraction. Having seen these pictures, no photographer with decent respect would ever again try to photograph these subjects.

There are also several very different photographs—closeups of boards, rocks, and adobe, which remind one of the color pictures of Ernst Haas—and which don't seem like the Ansel Adams stereotype. Of the lot, only one is truly successful: "Boards and White Paint" is stark and dramatic, yet it has tone and detail in the whitest of the paint and the darkest of the board. Many an amateur has a lesson to learn from that print. On the other hand, "Petroglyph" is a dull picture which would only be admired by petroglyph-lovers.

"Limited Image" reports that this has been far more successful than its earlier shows, which have been of less famous, but nevertheless nationally known photographers. Barbara Schneider, the gallery manager, told me that they hoped to "educate Chicagoans to photography." It is ironic that to start this process they must resort to a photographer who is already known. One can imagine, however, that the sales from this show will pay the rent for several months of education.

"Limited Image," at 108 East Oak Street, is open from 10 to 6 every day. All Ansel Adams prints are for sale, and range in price from \$175 to \$250. If you're nice, and ask the manager, she'll show you some additional San Francisco area photographs also by Ansel Adams which they have stored in the back room, including one of the Golden Gate, taken before the bridge was built.

—BOB McCAMANT

Na-ni-wa

EATS

By Sally Banes

The first time I ate at Naniwa Japanese Restaurant, I went with a new boyfriend and two of his friends. We parked the car a block east of Clark Street and dawdled along Belmont, stopping in the tattoo parlor to browse, fantasizing about butterflies on our hips, and pressing our noses against the glass of Aunt Fritzzy's antique shop. Reaching the sinister shadow of the el tracks, we found our destination.

The neon sign in the window looked ultra-American. So did the truck-stop atmosphere of plastic-upholstered booths, formica counter, jukebox and plastic flowers.

But then a Japanese song came on, I noted the talismans over the door, and a Japanese girl came to take our order and translate the menu in her just-barely-adequate English. Soon she brought individual salads of greens marinated in salt water in tiny blue patterned porcelain saucers.

Next came fish broth decor-

ated with cubes of bean curd and slices of scallion, all floating in red lacquer bowls. Then the rice arrived in a traditional wooden covered bowl to be scooped with a paddle into individual china bowls to serve as a base for the main dishes.

In those days I was satisfied to let the three men sit there discussing their softball team, the physics department, and mutual friends unknown to me. I smiled sweetly and quietly ate my teriyaki, rich and orange-brown on its pale green lettuce bed; the softly delectable donburi in shades of yellowbeige, chicken and rice and eggs and herbs; the tempura resplendent with shrimp, eggplant, green-beans and carrots. When I found that the sashimi was raw tuna I approached it more gingerly, but it was tender and delicate—and a beautiful sight, warm pink dabbed here and there with green horseradish.

The little side dishes in textured china bowls were arranged among larger cast iron, wooden

and china serving dishes. And the salads inside them: suno-mono—sweetly sour crispness of marinated cucumbers juxtaposed with fishy fleshiness of abalone strips; shirasuboshi—a pile of tiny, tiny silvery dried fish on top of cold mashed cauliflower, served with a dish of horseradish and extremely hot grated ginger.

Since that wonderful, innocent feast I've chosen to trade the childlike accoutrements of ladyhood for the rewards and responsibilities of equality in social situations. And I sometimes worry that while I'm holding up my end of a conversation, my friends are eating up all the teriyaki.

But then there are the times when conversation simply halts, gives way to contented sighs, gasps of wonder, and an occasional "How can it taste so good for so cheap?" Prices range from \$1.25 for egg donburi to \$3.00 for sukiyaki, \$.50—\$.75 for side dishes. Soup, salad, rice and tea are gratis with dinner.

KINGSTON MINES

'Theatrics' without Theater

As I walked through the entry way of the Kingston Mines Theater to a late night performance of *Whores of Babylon*, I found in reading the various enlarged reprints of articles and reviews of the production posted on the walls that (oh no!) I was in for an "experience in pure theater," a "poly-scenic orchestration of various leitmotifs" involving the "problematic character of sex" and the rituals surrounding it. I groaned. I had come anticipating, hoping for at least, an evening of good, funny, erotic camp—some laughs, some skin, a virtuoso female impersonation or two, *a la* the Cockettes, and, if not a lavish production certainly an unpretentious one.

But, no, I was about to come face to face with less than "pure theater." I have never liked that term; it is not only meaningless, as if Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekov and the O'Neill of *Long Day's Journey into Night* were somehow less than "real" theater simply because they employ more conventional elements of

language, character, and plot for "straight" dramatic or thematic effect rather than more surreal "theatrics" intended to assault the audience in a more immediate and elemental way and therefore somehow more "real"; but, even more important the term is too often used as a means of elevating such theatrics to the level of metaphysics. This not only makes for very sloppy and shallow metaphysics, but most of the time it also means that the mere fact of all those "Wild," "Sensational" goings-on, that they're *there* in the show at all, becomes so important that the people involved in the production don't much care whether the theatrics really work or not. And when that happens, they usually don't.

Whores of Babylon is not so much "pure theater" as it is an attempt at primarily physical theater, relying almost exclusively on the lowest and most basic types of theater—slapstick, pornography, Grand Guignol, dance, various light and sound effects, pop and rock music.

That the play has restricted itself to this type of elemental, sensual appeal isn't necessarily bad; it could be a great deal of fun if it's done well. The problem is that if it's done only on a mediocre level, it becomes very deadly indeed. Too much of the farce and the bits of sexual business, too many of the scenes in *Whores of Babylon* refuse to be anything more than mediocre. Too much of it is just not very funny or shocking or in anyway theatrically affecting.

It's hard to believe a comic spectacle of sexual slapstick with Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah, Frankenstein, Superboy, an Emerald Empress out of Flash Gordon, and a cosmic sex maniac named Mano could be so pedestrian. But the verbal humor is for the most part just jokey (Adam: "You know, there was a time when we didn't have to worry about death"; Eve: "Oh Adam, you promised you wouldn't say anything more about that"), or relies too much on the mere fact of sex to achieve its tension and get its laughs, like those coy, banal captions on the pictures of nude women in cheap girlie magazines. As if all you have to do to make Samson funny is give him three Delilah's (count 'em) to gawk at and feel up, or that all you have to do is to make Superboy hilarious is outfit him with a hug phallus and then have him look blankly around while the audience howls.

It's not that the humor is so gross or low as to be inapprehensible, it's just that most of the performers don't have the sense of style or delivery to

make this kind of thing work, to sustain the humor after the initial shock, to take the material, which is nothing, and make something theatrical out of it. One notable exception is the Delilah in white, who at one point has a speech eulogizing Frankenstein; it begins, "There's something to be said for Frankenstein, I'm not sure what it is..." It goes downhill from there, but the performer has complete control over body and voice, a poise and grace that is essential to the physical wit of the piece, which involves nothing less than establishing and maintaining a stage presence in the midst of a dramatic vacuum.

This same kind of grace and poise, of the performer's sense of himself physically is just as important in the more obvious bits of slapstick, which become

less physical, less humorously gross when performed grossly, with complete physical abandon. And it's important to the play as a whole since in its deliberate emphasis on the physical and "aesthetic" rather than the more conventionally dramatic forms, it's refusal to establish a dramatic context within which the actors can define themselves on stage, means that the fate of the production as a whole rests solely on the ability of each and every one of the performers to establish and maintain. Only one manages to do it once in the hour and half of *Whores of Babylon*. And that's not enough. Not nearly.

—J. LELAND

DRAMA

READER

CHICAGO'S FREE WEEKLY

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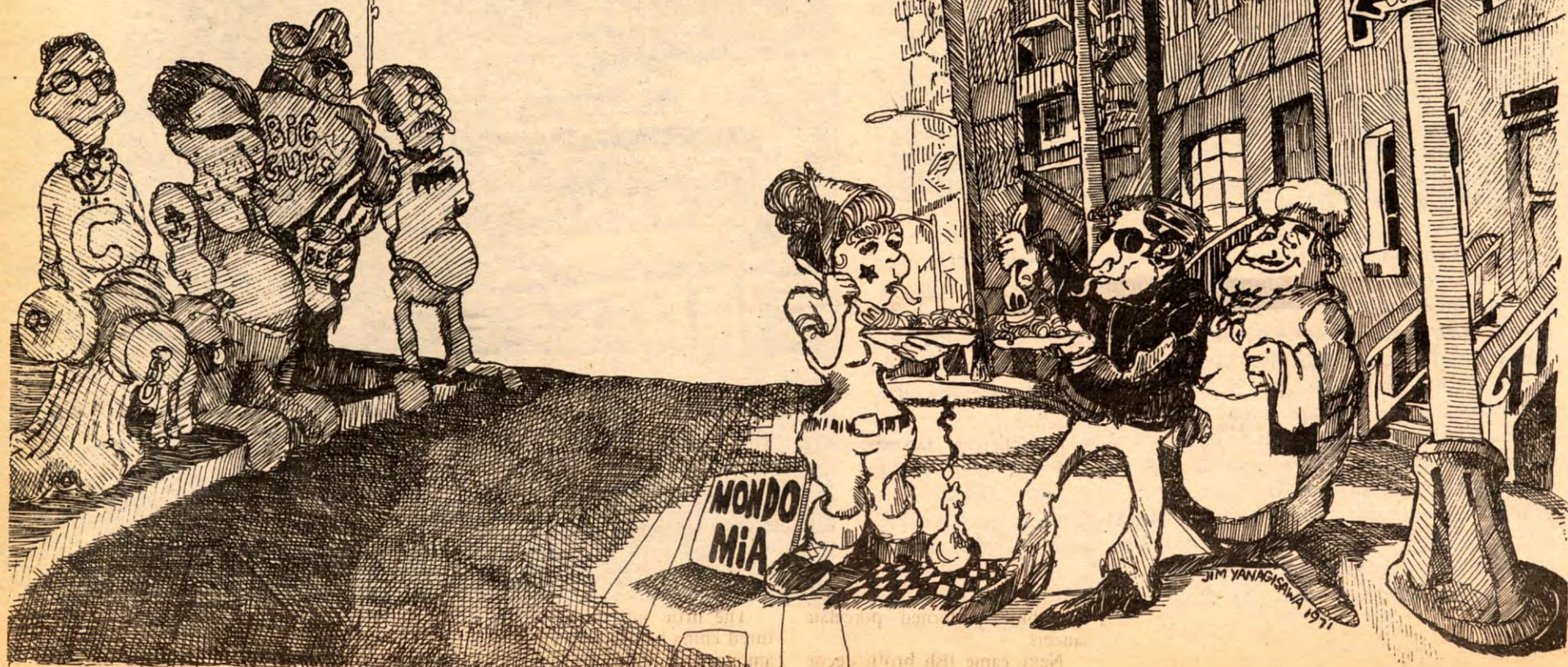
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HYDE PARK STORY:

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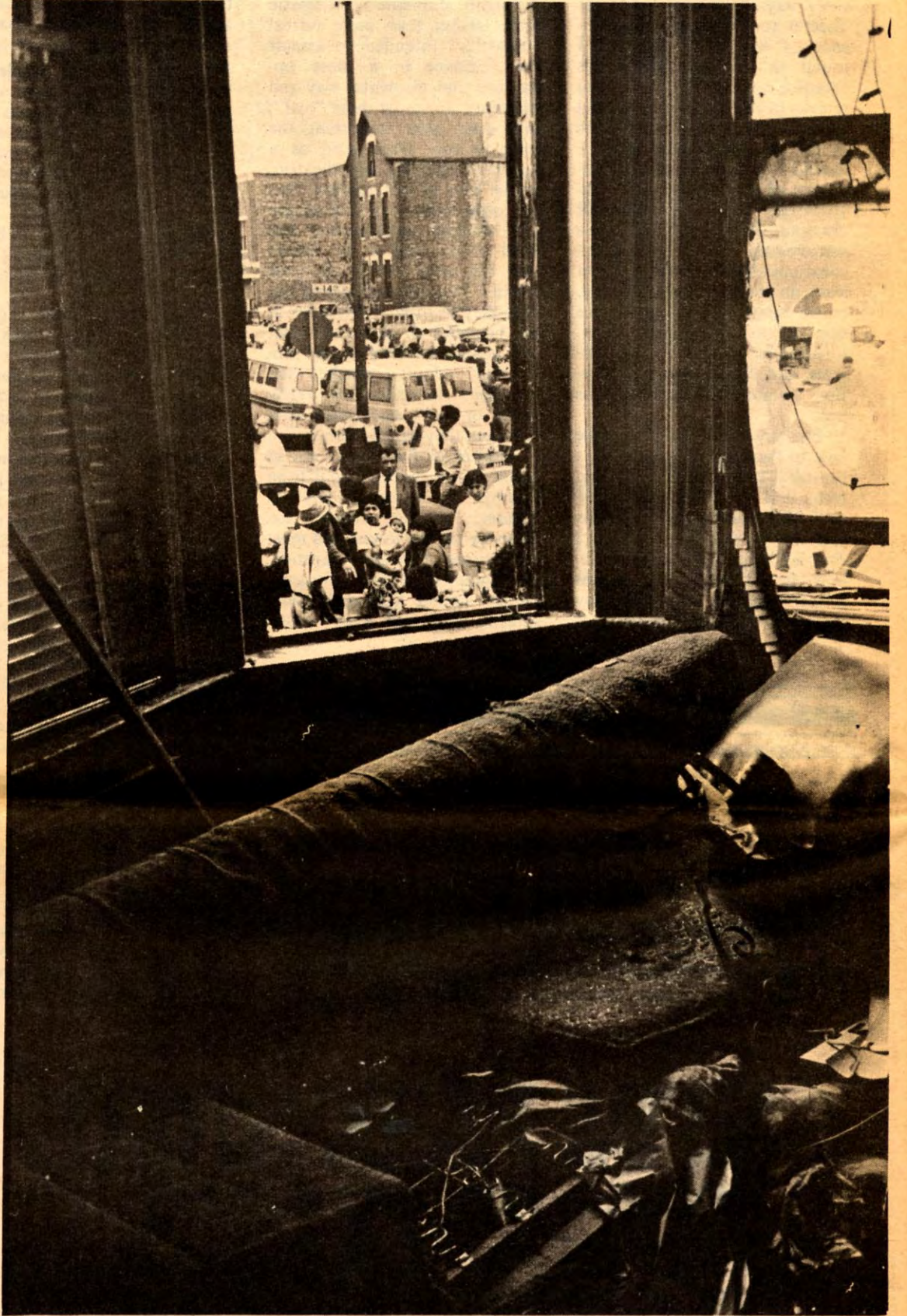
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Maxwell street, Sunday morning

Abandoned buildings dot the neighborhood, contrasting with the teeming activity of the street.



*Story by Rodney Wanker
Photographs by Bob McCamant
and Fred Green*

I know I've come to Maxwell Street by the smell in the air. The barbecued pork and charcoal smoke are unmistakable.

Actually, "Maxwell Street" doesn't mean Maxwell Street. It's more like 25 square blocks of oily people, stolen tires, crowter beans, and a Vegematic salesman. It's Chicago's least organized department store, if you prefer. It's the place to buy an \$8 chest of drawers, a \$4 pair of slacks, or a television set—not plugged in—which might or might not work.

For several weeks I've been visiting Maxwell Street every Sunday. I've concluded that the *Chicago Guide* is wrong: the place isn't "old-world,"—it's "underworld." Anybody is welcome there, except the pretentious. "People can get what they want here, cheap" was how one seller described the function of the market. When asked where he got the goods he sold, another seller replied, "Here, about, and around." Then he eyed his stack of spare tires and looked at the hubcaps spread on the ground.

Not all the goods are stolen. Some are used, having been picked up in junkyards and alleys, or from abandoned buildings. And one seller insisted, "Most of the merchants here are respectable. If you're not satisfied, you can bring the stuff back next week." Nearly all the sellers are regulars, and most of the unsold merchandise makes it back the following week.

It didn't take me long to discover that the policemen at



Many merchants will, however, exchange products which are unsatisfactory for some reason.



Dancing with a beer can at 8:00 a.m.



Yarn is among the many products available.

Cops like Maxwell too

Continued from page 9

Maxwell Street were one of its most interesting features. Here are dozens of policemen and thousands of dollars in stolen goods, coexisting peacefully. Patrolmen laugh and talk with merchants, and a quick eye can sometimes catch the hand of the merchant, darting into the changebox and as quickly in the direction of the patrolman's outstretched hand.

This graft, if you choose to call it that, seems remarkably petty. I thought it would be revealing to try the role of the seller, to see if anything more was actually at stake. I can't say that my experiment proved anything, however.

The problem was the fact that the Sunday I selected turned out rainy and cold. I showed up at 5:00 a.m., as I had been told to, but found almost nobody there. People were stopping their cars at intersections and transferring the contents of their trunks, but it was too dark to see what was being transferred. Somebody offered me a file cabinet for three dollars, and when I didn't bite, made it three file cabinets for three dollars.

The rain and cold kept away the policemen, however. Others told me that normally, a policeman comes around with the "market manager" at 8:00 a.m., and charges a fee for the spot. Although the receipt reportedly says, "Fee, 17¢—Pay no more,"

what actually happens is that the market manager looks over the seller's wares and sets a price based upon their sale value. For someone with \$100 worth of merchandise, a typical fee would be two dollars. If the seller cannot or does not pay, the market manager can order him to leave or the policeman can arrest him for disorderly conduct. But nobody could actually remember a case of someone refusing to pay the fee.

There was one advantage to the rain. It added an air of camaraderie to the occasion, providing a mutual topic of conversation. Surprisingly, spirits were high despite the precipitation. A Chicano family was putting up a shelter over their food concession, and as they pushed up the center of the roof, a sheet of water drenched a bystander. Everybody laughed.

I sold a few of the things I had brought, but by 10:00 a.m., I was so drenched that I left. I had mixed feelings about leaving to come home to my warm apartment, about the freedom I had to do as I chose. Then I realized that Maxwell Street regulars are probably freer than ever I could be.

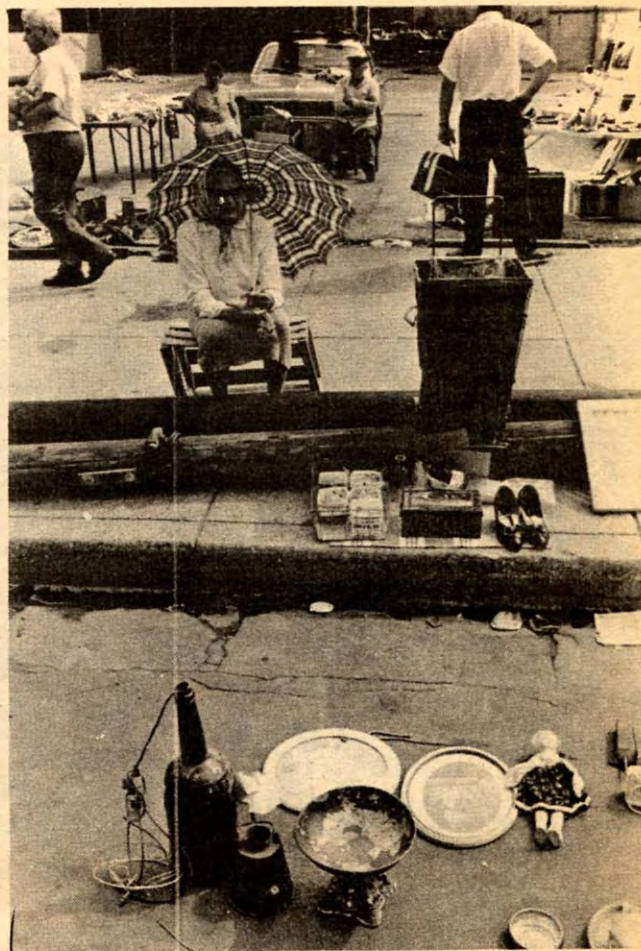
But I'll go back to Maxwell Street to shop and watch and listen. There are bargains on fresh produce—often one-half to two-thirds of the grocery-store price. However, the unwary

sometimes carry home hard tomatoes, mealy peaches, and rotten green peppers. Unfortunately, most of the produce dealers don't let you select your own.

In summer, Maxwell Street also has blues and gospel singers who use the sidewalk as a stage. Often the blues groups exchange members, and hangers-on follow their favorite drummer or singer from band to band. The gospel group is primarily older people—often, sixty-year-old ladies stand by and clap. Each group has a manager who circulates in the crowd, collecting change.

Some merchants claim that Maxwell Street is in its decline. Drive-in movie lots are apparently the junk markets of the future. Since entrance and exit of both dealers and customers can be controlled, more care can be exercised, and an operator can make a profit. One lot on 74th and Western was mentioned as being particularly promising.

But Maxwell Street maintains loyal followers. One 80-year-old man, who hates Chicago, and says, "If I had any brains, I'd go back to Alabama," nevertheless is attached to Maxwell Street. "I used to come to Maxwell to sell, but now I just come to see what's going on. Lots of things happen here."



A street-seller's story

(Editor's note: The Reader reporter found himself on the front porch of a school near 14th and Newberry during a downpour. Sharing his shelter was a 32-year-old black Maxwell Street regular, who proved to be a great entertainer, and enjoyed telling about his life and Maxwell Street. This is a reproduction of his story from memory.)

I been comin' to this street for about 16 years. Ever since I got outa school. I used to have another job, you know, at a packing house. But now I just spend the week getting ready to come down here. I got twelve kids now.

During the week I clean out basements and garages for people and haul away the junk. I get to keep anything I want. You get some pretty good stuff that way, you know. The biggest problem with that job is what to do with the junk. I don't take it to the dump 'cause they charge 12 dollars for trucks as big as mine. I just do "fly-dumping." The way you do that is you get some big heavy things like refrigerators, and dump them at one end of an alley. Then you drive down to the other end of the alley, dumping the rest of the stuff as you go. And while you're dumping and getting away, these dudes that are after you are pushing and shoving against the refrigerators.

I sell everything, man. Anything I can get my hands on. I

got a warehouse where I keep the stuff. That's a good thing to have, because like last weekend when it was hot I could only have gotten five dollars for a winter coat. This week I'll bring the coats out of the warehouse and sell them for 15 bucks. I just stick the worthless stuff in the warehouse and take it out when it's worth something.

You know I was telling you how I worked in a packing house? Yeah, well I'm not gonna tell you where because I really cleaned them out the day I left. That's where I get some of my stuff, ripping off the big companies.

I never take things from poor people or merchants, though. That's wrong. A guy who sticks somebody up is really a criminal. But big businesses aren't the same. Besides—you're going to get it for ripping things off, so why not make it worth your trouble? Like if you steal 15 bucks you get arrested and thrown in jail for three years—but if you steal three million they're going to be careful how they arrest you, now aren't they?

Nobody I know breaks into places at night, man. It's a hell of a lot easier to have a delivery company and, say, get an order to deliver 20 television sets. But when you go to the warehouse, you take 40 sets and give the warehouseman a cut. I never tell my kids I'm into that kind of

job. If I catch my kid taking money I'll beat the shit out of him. I got good kids. They mostly work around the market for other sellers, but I keep my 12-year-old daughter. She's real good with the men customers.

Kids today just don't know how much things are worth. They see stuff lying around in an alley and think it's just worthless junk. But pick it up and bring it down here and it's worth something. You got to get up early in the morning and work hard to make any money. And you got to be careful what you pay, man. I pay 25¢ for a pair of shoes, new shoes. You can get Dial soap anyplace, but is the price right?

You know, I can handle loan companies all right. My first house, I got Local Loan, Time Loan, and Household Finance all to pay for, and then I went bankrupt. That dude from Household called up and said, "You're the worst kind of human being," but I had the last laugh because they never did get their money. But insurance companies are a whole different story. Liberty Mutual's as bad as a syndicate, man. My son was in a car wreck and I had to take them to court. They wanted to settle for \$5000 but I wanted \$7000, so I'm suing them for \$50,000.



Jazz, not WCTU

By Linda and Gary Patrik

Picture a respectable old hotel at the edge of Lincoln Park on a Sunday afternoon. Sound like the setting for a WCTU meeting? It could be, but inside the air is filled with jazz, not with tirades against Demon Run. Actually, the North Park Hotel at 1936 N. Clark is the usual Sunday home of the Modern Jazz Showcase. It not only stages some of Chicago's top performances by famous jazz

artists, but it also acts as a "showcase" for local musicians. Chicago area groups, good in their own right, may back up a big name musician if he comes without his own band. As its name implies, the Modern Jazz Showcase offers the best in modern to very modern jazz—all post-WWII or post-Charlie Parker. In the coming months, it will feature Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner, Randy Weston, Dexter Gordon, James Moody,

Lee Morgan, Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones, and others. Sometimes a big name musician, such as Sonny Stitt, who is in town playing at another, more expensive jazz club, will drop in and give a Sunday matinee at the North Park.

At both the 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. shows, the musicians usually play two sets (with a half hour intermission) for a total playing time of 1½ to 2 hours. The room has pretty decent

sound. A sound system does exist, but you can almost always sit close enough to the front to hear the musicians directly. The typical North Park audience is enthusiastic and fairly responsive. Prices being what they are, \$4.00 (\$3.50 with a student I.D.) is by no means exorbitant to hear live, top-quality jazz. You can also buy a Modern Jazz Showcase year's membership for \$3.00, which gets you in for only \$3.00 at each show and puts you on their mailing list. Sometimes manager Joe Segal offers an even better bargain if he does not expect a large crowd at the evening performance: The matinee audience may come back in the evening for only a dollar more.

Often the same musicians playing at the North Park Hotel on Sunday will play at the Pumpkin Room, 71st and Jeffrey, on Friday and Saturday nights. The smaller, slicker Pumpkin Room is a regular night club on the south side and provides a more intimate, traditional setting for jazz performers

and listeners alike. The sound is excellent, despite the bowling alley next door and the I.C. tracks outside. Prices are the same as at the North Park Hotel and drinks are reasonable. On the whole, the club seems to attract people who are slightly older and more into jazz than the North Park audiences.

Good jazz at moderate prices also pops up sporadically at Alice's, the Wise Fool's Pub, McCormick Place's Little Theater, Malcolm X College, and the University of Chicago. Malcolm X College and Northwestern University have their own excellent student jazz bands, as do many other schools in the Chicago area.

(Jazz fans new to Chicago should check the weekend Chicago newspaper, the WFMT Chicago Guide, or campus newspapers for listings of coming jazz events. You can also phone 664-1844 for more information about the Modern Jazz Showcase performances. Ex-Coltrane pianist McCoy Tyner will play there Sunday, Oct. 10.)

Morning on the lake

Continued from page 5

"There's a rat! At night I light the wall up with my searchlight and the wall is covered with rats. The whole beach is covered with rats. I shoot at them with the .22 I carry. I've got nothing against animals. I'm not a hunter. But I don't care for rats.

"I'll catch some kids having a party on the rocks and they'll be hiding the beer as I come up. And I'll tell them I don't mind it if you stay here as long as the rats don't bother you. And the girls all jump up and say, 'Rats!'

"I patrol the park. There's not much more to do. Once in a while I break up some burglarizing of boats in Montrose Harbor. There's always someone here. Fishing or just thinking. And I disrupt them with that thing."

Rueful, he motions to his motor scooter.

Beyond the gun club, two boys sat on the rocks watching as the sun came up like a fried egg. Across Lake Shore Drive, by the driving range, a man walked two dogs.

Three men who had slept all night wrapped in blankets on the grass already had six poles in Diversey Harbor, just inside the cut. Dead fish floated on their bellies under the lines.

The rising sun threw down a red gauntlet on the water. The tide was beginning to rise on Lake Shore Drive. Light had breached the drive and it no longer held back the city from the silent, glowing sand.

Chicago belonged to the day, and the lake belonged to Chicago.



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"...We're going to come up and rape you." I replied, "Are you sure you have the right number?"

Continued from page 1

might be another one." Perhaps the hardest time for me to remember to hang up immediately is at night, since I don't completely awaken before picking up the phone when it rings. Stimulus-Response. But my inability to awaken completely is possibly one of my luckiest attributes for dealing with obscene phone calls at night. For example, recently I awakened and answered the phone about 2:00 in the morning. A seemingly familiar voice at the other end asked, "Were you awake?" "No." "Were you having a wet dream?" "No." At which point my mind and reflexes coordinated, and I hung up. My whole conversation had been in my typical bored monotone of sleep (which, by the way, is a tremendous let-down for any crank caller). The reason I had stayed on so long was the obviously devious manner of the caller. At first it really didn't appear to be an obscene phone call. And anyway, most of my friends never give their names when they call—kind of that notion that if I have to ask, I will insult them. This is a notion I am trying to rectify.

A considerably less subtle technique is the Threatening Phone Call. One night last week around 4:30 a.m. I answered the phone and heard: "Joan, if you don't do what we tell you, we're going to come up and rape you." My sleep-fuddled mind was still coping with the first word, Joan, which the caller pronounced Joan instead of Jo-ann. Resisting the urge to goad my caller, I responded, "Are you sure you have the right number?" and hung up.

I sat there a few minutes musing about what they might have told me to do. Maybe, just maybe, this one would have thought of something clever. This kind of curiosity is often felt, but rarely rewarded. If the guy is clever, why doesn't he have friends to listen to his wit? And the urge to match wits is often present—like wanting to answer, "O.K., what shall I do?" or better yet, "Sure, rape sounds fine, but tonight isn't really convenient." But then you've struck up a conversation with someone you really don't know

—or for that matter, want to know. Or you've provided him with a story to bore his friends with. So they'll call you tomorrow. Be dull. It's the wise thing.

Of course, after a crank call like the above, lying awake and worrying is a totally natural reaction. If this happens, do something—call the police, call the phone company, call the man at the desk downstairs. But don't panic: it doesn't help. If the man keeps calling back, keep hanging up on him. Sooner or later he'll run out of dimes or patience. (The annoyance specialist at the phone company said that most adult callers use pay phones.) Or put a pillow over the phone and get some sleep. If the caller becomes a real pest, the phone company and police will try to trace the call. To do this, they must have a five-day record of the nuisance-caller's behavior. Other possibilities are having all your incoming calls handled by an operator who will ask for the number of the caller, etc., before putting the call through to you. A last ditch possibility is getting a temporary change of listing.

Being the self-reliant type, however, I started talking to people about countermeasures. The lady down the hall keeps a penny whistle by her phone. Unwanted callers get an earful of piercing shriek. She says don't listen to the receiver while you do it—it hurts you, too.

Other suggestions have arrived from friends. One I found particularly interesting. It was suggested that, my male-impersonation not yet being perfected, I have a male friend do a recording (of my choice) to be used as an assault on callers that

phone purely to bother me. However, I have found that this technique is not only difficult and time-consuming, but almost disappointing. Imagine setting up the tape every night before going to bed—and then not receiving an obscene phone call. This dearth of calls can go on for weeks; and of course, the one night you have failed to be prepared... the phone rings, and it is not a friend. Another problem with this type of technique is that it is best for late hours, but if you're like me, you have answered the phone before you are really awake. Anyway, being awakened from a sound sleep, I am hardly able to cope with the complications of this technique.

Although I don't know of anyone who has tried it, another good idea might be to click the receiver or dial 1, and then quickly say, "Operator, this is the call I want traced!" Of course, this won't produce any action on the part of the phone company.

Actually, the *sensible* thing to do is simply hang up as the phone company recommends. Out of calls reported to the phone company, only one in five is persistent enough to call over a greater than five-day period. When calls do persist, you'll want to get in touch with Mrs. Elizabeth Stamps of the Annoyance Calls Bureau. Her phone number is 727-1091.

As of the moment, I still don't know how my more clever tactics are going to pay off. Last week, out of desperation, I left town for a good night's sleep. Now, I remain, practicing my impersonation of a thoroughly pissed-off man awakened...

Adamowski

Continued from page 2

Chicago is, I'm going to make you sit in my office and help make it a better place." "Well, you're a very outspoken young man," I said, "Thank you for the 'young' appellation, but I'm a funny guy. I don't want to be mayor so bad I'm going to compromise my thoughts and ideas, and, Mr. Knight, it's not a one man job."

All the city's leaders would have been sitting with me, and we would attack the problems that Chicago faces. Because unless we get the entire top level community working together and communicating... the thing I think has caused our biggest problems with the blacks and the whites has been that there is no communication. If the Latins knew that somebody of their community was down there speaking for them and representing them and working for them—and if the blacks knew this, and the others—I think many of our problems would have dissipated.

Reader: Of course that's how the machine is supposed to work

Adamowski: They work that way in the precincts, supposedly. In other words if you're hungry they get you a basket of food, if your rent isn't paid they might get you a few dollars. I'm not talking about that kind of an approach, that's—we used to have that when I was first in politics, in the depression days. Once there was a big affair at the Chicago Stadium, they raised thousands and thousands of dollars, they got all the top performers in the arts and the stage to come in and it was a hoopla of great proportions. Then Christmas Day they went around with a basket to the hungry families in the neighborhoods. Well, that was wonderful—for a week, but there were 51 other weeks in the year and

nobody came around, nobody cared, nobody was there.

Reader: And this is still going on today?

Adamowski: Yes it is. You see it's one thing to know that you've got a precinct captain, and if you get a ticket maybe he can fix it. But that isn't what we're talking about. We're talking about basic human needs, that's food and clothing, shelter. The politicians aren't thinking of that. The Machine doesn't care. They've got those rabbit warrens as I call them, they build them 40 stories high. The kids that live in them—what possible attachment to a community can you have when you've got to go to the 19th floor even for the basic human needs, and you're playing out on the street and suddenly nature calls? What's a child going to do, 19 floors? They talk about these places being horrible, the stench in the halls and the elevators. Well that's not the fault of the child, it's the kind of building. They just put them in these slots, they're votes. And they're looking at them as votes, they're not looking at them as human beings. This is where I think Daley will go down as the greatest failure in the history of Chicago. You see, we've got the most beautiful lakefront that you could ever want, one of the most beautiful shorelines anywhere in America. The only thing comparable is lower Manhattan. But go two blocks away from Michigan Avenue, walk along the North Side, go to the West Side, go to the South Side, just take a car and ride around and see all those buildings that are gutted, standing there, literally monuments to the decay of Chicago.

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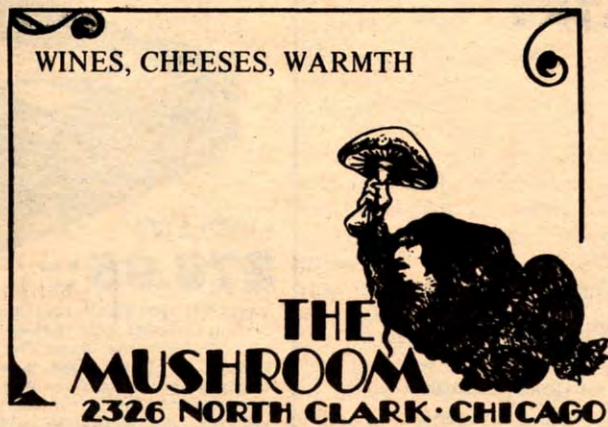
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Where the Plants Are

By Cathy Gruber

Chicago is in the midst of a plant store boom which seems unique to this city. To the best of my knowledge it still hasn't hit New York City with much impact, or even Boston. A friend who went on a fact-finding mission this summer to assess the prospects for opening a plant store in Boston reported that even realtors there were "into" live plants, but there still weren't any plant shops like those in Chicago. The Chicago shops are not flower shops with a few green plants, but speciality shops which sell green plants exclusively.

The last year has seen the openings of eight new live plant retailers in metropolitan Chicago, and that doesn't include those knick-knack, gift, and furnishings shops which have started to show live plants. These new shops seem consciously engaged in image-building (the clever names, the professional logos, and even a quote from Goethe). Each place is out to establish a distinctive identity; and in the case of such small shops, their character is settled mainly by the personalities of the owners which range from

chichi to uncouth. One owner will dress very fashionably, with a potting apron so he doesn't rumple, while the next looks just back from the greenhouse. The personal styles of the different owners also make all the difference in defining each shop's particular ambience, and thus its selection, its service, and its policies. In surveying the plant retailers described below I was impressed first with the uniformity of the pricing for comparable plant specimens but second with the impossibility of finding comparable specimens. Different shops carry basically different stock and pursue disparate buying policies, thus constituting their shop's character and to some extent determining their clientele. In rating the shops I've tried to use criteria such as selection of plants offered for sale, condition of the plants, quality of the advice and knowledgeable-

ness of the help, services offered, and prices. But these very criteria are just about impossible to apply because of the great disparity of the appeal of each shop. When a shop means to appeal to apartment dwellers who want greenery in a corner of their living room because "My decorator says live plants are *in* this season," it cannot justly be judged on variety in their stock, and quite a few of the Chicago shops seem to be making just such an appeal. The shop which chooses to carry more delicate plants which tend to shed in the winter can't really be faulted for denuded specimens in their stock. The

\$65, maybe more, by the prevailing rates in the very shop where it was, marked \$32. Another day, after working myself into discouragement over the sameness of so many shops, I stumbled upon Lucille's Alteration Shop, which though small exhibited the good taste and love of uncommon plants which is lacking from many of the places whose business is entirely plants. So if there's any moral it is that real green plant enthusiasts had better frequent all the shops whenever they get the opportunity if they hope to make any real finds. (I'm convinced that out there somewhere, if only I can

varieties available. Pay twice or three times what the plants would cost anywhere else, have it delivered, and go to lunch at Jacques.

The Greenhouse, 104 East Oak. The Greenhouse is a self-avowed "plant boutique", with a chic which pervades the interaction between customers and shopkeepers and always makes me feel a little uncomfortable. The plants themselves seem unaffected by the chill (if indeed it's not my imagination), and are generally in clean, healthy condition with a fresh-from-the-greenhouse look to them, if slightly spoiled by an occasional application of plant shine. The Greenhouse has a good selection of different species considering the small size of the shop; it is the only North Side shop where I found a decent collection of ferns including Staghorns, where I found *Tellandsia*, where I found a *Clusea rosea*. The selection on hand reflects an appreciation of unusual plants, though the stock leans heavily toward the more standard species like *Diffenbachia*, *corn plants*, *Scheffera*, etc. Some very good bargains can be had here, many of the smaller plants seem quite inexpensive; but other prices seem far too high (a *Hoya* basket at \$26 for instance), and the pricing is altogether unpredictable. Sometimes much lower than the competition, other times higher. One day last week they had gorgeous Boston Ferns at an excellent price, and a whole rack of uninspiring cacti and succulents, all overpriced.

They mix their own potting soil and do repotting at no charge. The plant care advice seems ok. One of the things available nowhere else are their Lord and Burnham indoor greenhouses, which though expensive, might solve the plight of the lover of delicate plants who lives in a dry apartment. The Greenhouse has only a small selection of larger floor plants, and is reluctant to make deliveries outside the Near North neighborhood.



whole idea of a consumer's guide complete with ratings was subverted before my eyes. Instead of ratings these shops demand characterizations, so that shoppers can judge them by their own needs.

The danger in characterization is that it overlooks the possibility of surprise, and after visiting Chicago's plant shops, I'm convinced that the real plant "finds" in the city will come unexpectedly. One day two weeks ago, for instance, I found a Bamboo Palm which was worth at least

find it, is a gorgeous 6-foot *Polycias balfouriana*, worth about \$150, and selling for maybe \$35. When I find it, I know it will come as a surprise.)

NEAR NORTH

Anna Flower Shops, 849 N. Michigan. If you're terribly wealthy, live in the Hancock Building, and feel in need of a plant to complete your decorating scheme to impress your dinner guests, just walk across the street to Anna's. Choose from the ten or so

Thomas O. Murray, 1127 N. State. There are lots of plants here including some more unusual things like aralias, but they seem to be on their last legs, probably because it is so dark in the shop. Prices are right at what I consider standard, though I wouldn't recommend buying anything here unless you are confident it is in good health.

Plant-Nanny, 644-5958. Hiram Plasterer is the plant nanny. For \$7.50 a visit he'll take care of your plants while you're on vacation, or if you think you need it, you can hire him for routine watering, misting, and pruning at the same price. His is not a greenhouse recuperating service—all the work takes place in your own home, and at least for now he's looking only for Near North clients.

LINCOLN PARK

The Greenery, 3127 No. Broadway. The least pretentious and self-conscious, and the most pleasant plant shop to visit on the North Side is the Greenery. The plants are clean, carefully labeled, simply displayed, and healthy. Glenda Galka, one of the owners, impressed me as particularly helpful in advising customers on the choice and care of different plants.

The shop delivers large plants and does consultations in homes for free on large orders. "We're happy just to sell the plants on a large order." They mix their own soil and are one of the few shops to include steamed bone meal in their mixture.

Prices at The Greenery are reasonable, with a few outrageous exceptions. A small *asparagus sprengeri* which would go for about \$1.75 at other shops, was \$3.25 the day I was there; a \$5.00 Parsley-Leaf Aralia was priced at \$7.00. The best buys at The Greenery are on very small plants (2"-3" pot size). Most others have standard prices.

The trouble with The Greenery is that the plants have that "if you've seen one, you've seen them all" look (but this generalization is equally true of every other plant store in the city except Plants Alive.) The shop carries no plants from unusual species and no outstanding specimens of the species they do have. The selection of large plants is very severely limited. Although Glenda insisted that they are trying to find sources for more unusual plants, all of their buying is presently done through large wholesale outlets around

please turn the page



Continued

Chicago, and most of it is done with telephone orders. As a result, unless you are completely new to green plants, you are not likely to find what you consider a really striking plant at The Greenery.

Down to Earth, 2258 N. Lincoln. Down to Earth is a pleasant shop which seems to lack only botanical experience and expertise. The owners have taken considerable time labeling nearly every plant, which could have been a real help to customers had the labeling been reliable. But at a quick glance it seemed to me that about a quarter of the labels misnamed the plant (a Calamondin Orange labeled as a *Pittosporum tobira* for instance) or imparted inaccurate plant care information. (*Ficus benjamina* rated "sturdy"). This is not the place to go in search of care advice or recommendations on plant selection. If you know plants you can find some good buys. Several varieties of Aloe, priced elsewhere at \$4.50, sell here for \$2.50. Though the selection, especially of large plants, is very small, and includes practically no unusual species, the prices tend to be a bit lower than elsewhere.

Mister Flower, 3021 N. Broadway. The green plants at Mister Flower are very good if compared with those carried by most florists, but a disappointment by plant store standards. The prices are right in line; in fact, they're quite low on small terrarium plants, but the larger plants I saw there were not very interesting and all had the look of being overwatered. Might be a surprise there some day.

Green, 2053 N. Clark. This shop is set to open for business sometime within the next week; the intention of the owners is to make Green "different from the other North Side shops in the same way Plants Alive is different—a larger variety of more interesting plants." Nathan Morris of Plants Alive will do most of the buying for Green, while his partners Inara Carroll and Jean

Allen will manage the shop. They promise quite a few variations on the Plants Alive formula including special monthly shows (the first will feature hanging baskets), and a selection of outdoor bulbs, unusual dried specimens, miniature gardens, and terrariums.

HYDE PARK

Plants Alive, 5210 S. Harper. Both the atmosphere and the stock at Plants Alive are noticeably different from those of the other shops surveyed. The emphasis here is on unusual species, and on unique specimens rather than some greenery for the corner. It is the only shop which also sells handmade ceramic containers for plants. Nathan Morris does almost all buying himself, and often spends day after day greenhouse and nursery hopping. The stock is thus more diverse and more unusual than that at any other shop in the city. He normally carries six or seven different kinds of palms, five or six different fern varieties, all the aralias, *Ficus*, and *Dracaena* available either in Florida or from Chicago area wholesalers. The list of outstanding rare plants at Plants Alive and nowhere else is surprisingly long (e.g. *Asparagus retrofractus*, *Asparagus falcatus*, *Pellea rotundifolia*, *Pandorea*—all truly magnificent plants which you'll be hard put to find anywhere else in the whole country.) The other shops in the city seem especially weak on succulents, aralias, and orchids, while Plants Alive normally has superb selections on hand.

Mr. Morris is not exactly what you'd call business-like and nobody would make the mistake of thinking the shop is organized. In general the staff at Plants Alive is willing to go farther out of their way to help you with care instructions; repottings; and choice of your plant than other retailers. But the quality of the help varies tremendously from one day to the next, as does the condition of the plants on display and the extent of the service you can ex-

pect. Housecalls, repotting, and larger design jobs are all done for a price. As far as I can tell, the prices at Plants Alive are right in line with everybody else's, though they seem a little higher because the plants are almost always more interesting and rarer than the competition's. You may get a better price here if you look like you don't have much money. I don't recommend you announce you live at Lake Point Tower unless you like playing that game. Nate Morris plays it well himself.

OLDTOWN

A Joint Venture, 1716 N. Wells. A Joint Venture offers an interior design service, and, as a side line, sells furnishings and plants. All plants are ordered from one grower in Indiana. As a result a very limited number of species is represented, though the *Schefflera* is grossly over-represented. The prices run

about average with one or two excellent buys. The day I visited a large hanging basket of *Asparagus sprengeri* was \$6.95.

Since the people at A Joint Venture are not plant specialists you can't expect to use them as a reliable source of consultation on plant care. A Joint Venture sells no soil or supplies and does not do repotting jobs.

Light Source, 1816 N. Wells. The Light Source displays and sells a few plants from The Greenhouse. Because the selection is so small (10 or 12 plants altogether) the Light Source is no place to go "shopping" for a plant. It was, however, the only place I saw a \$500.00 cactus. The pricing was erratic with one incredibly good buy on a beautiful Bamboo Palm. Other prices seemed high. Some plants were in poor condition, largely from underwatering and lack of humidity. No supplies or services offered.

OAK PARK

The Village Greenery, 102 S. Oak Park, Oak Park. A new shop of the mixed live-and-plastic variety. The live plants don't justify a trip from the city, though many were priced fairly low.

Lucille's Alteration Shop, 132 S. Oak Park, Oak Park. If you made the trip from the city anyway, you might stop by to meet Lucille. Her front window is filled with a marvelous collection of truly uncommon plants like an unusual *Trandescantia*, a lush *Selaginella*, and some succulents which were new to me. Many of her specimens are for sale, all at very low prices. Of course there are no large plants. Though I didn't take her up on it, Lucille offers tours of her garden and home which, she says, make the collection in her alteration shop pale by comparison.

Helpful Hints for Plant Shoppers

1. Certain seasons are better than others for moving a plant into your home. The drier the atmosphere in your home, the more difficult the transition is for the plant. This is an especially severe problem in late October and November when the heat begins to come on in Chicago apartments. A plant can get adjusted much more easily in the Spring or summer. If buying in fall or winter, expect heavy leaf drop, and do everything you can to keep the humidity high.

2. Try to ascertain how long the particular plant has been in the showroom of the plant shop. The longer in the showroom the easier the transition to your home, assuming the showroom is an environmental way-station between the greenhouse conditions and those of your home.

3. If you have nothing against poisons, spray your new plants as soon as you get them home, or isolate the plant until you are sure it is healthy. Insect control is very poor, both in Florida and at the Chicago area wholesalers, and with stock coming from many different sources the retailers have a terrible time trying to keep their plants insect free.

4. It is possible, though, to generalize about the quality of the stock emanating

from the largest Chicago area wholesalers. Most Chicago area shops get their plants from the same sources. You can feel some security if you're certain that your shop does most of its buying on the spot at the greenhouse instead of sight-unseen over the telephone (Plants Alive is the only shop I feel certain of that with; but there may be others). You can also get an inkling of what the plant's been through by knowing which wholesaler your retailer bought it from. The wholesalers can be rated like this, from good to bad: 1. Leider's 2. Oechslein 3. Miller's. Of course, Miller's is the biggest, but if you're seriously looking for the healthiest large plant you can get, insist that the retailer get it from Leider's. In fact, while your retailer might not know it, Leider's welcomes customer accompanied by their retailer (Leider's refuses to sell retail) so you can see the specific plant at the greenhouse before placing the order.

5. If you are new to plant buying, you should be warned that nobody in the business gives guarantees of any kind. If your plant dies a day after you get it home, you'll be furious and the retailer will refuse to refund your money. The possibility of death is a risk which the purchaser assumes, so do everything

you can to prepare yourself for plant nursing. I recommend Thalassa Cruso's *Making Things Grow* as a good introduction to plant care. More technical, and thus more helpful when it comes to specific species, is the *Exotica* and the new "Baby Exotica", which the better shops (Plants Alive, The Greenhouse, and The Greenery) will be willing to let you use in their shops.





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4-MAN rubber raft for sale, \$45. Call 666-5321.

COUNTRY Fiddle Workshop with Bob Hoban, rhythm guitar workshop with Paul Ostroff, both starting October 16 at 1:30. Blues guitar workshop with Ron Scroggins starts October 23, also at 1:30. Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage.

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ATTICA is a female kitten (named after that liberating struggle of last week), who is being imprisoned by four male cats. These pigs are standing around licking their chops, just waiting for Attica to get a little meat on her, then they'll start in on her. Save Attica from a fate worse than death, call 942-0517.

OLD walnut buffet, carved legs and doors. Must sell—moving overseas. \$20. Call Kathy at 221-3358.

MODERN abstracts for sale by artist, 349-6900.

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LIFE-SIZE nude male torso for sale. \$150 value. For sale for \$65. 324-7244.

GALA evening to celebrate Chicago fire centennial. Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage. October 8, 8 p.m., 50¢.

2 LAFAYETTE criterion 50 speakers, \$20 each, \$35 pair. Lafayette amp, 30 watt, \$30. 2 AR4-X speakers, \$75 the pair. All perfect condition. 684-2597.

THEOLOGY books for sale, 1/2 price. Moltmann, Bultmann, Tillich, Tournier, and others. 363-3814.

BEDROOM set for sale. Record player with AM radio. Miscellaneous. Call 752-6928.

WRIGHT air-cooler for 12-volt auto. Fan and accessory tray. \$35 new. Used twice. Will sell for \$15. 363-3814.

ORIENTAL rug for sale, 11x11, \$250. 493-7293.

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KAY 5-string banjo for sale, \$100. 947-9051.

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MARY, 25, would like to join single male or couple for afternoon smoke, music, and discreet sexual relationship. Reader Box 113.

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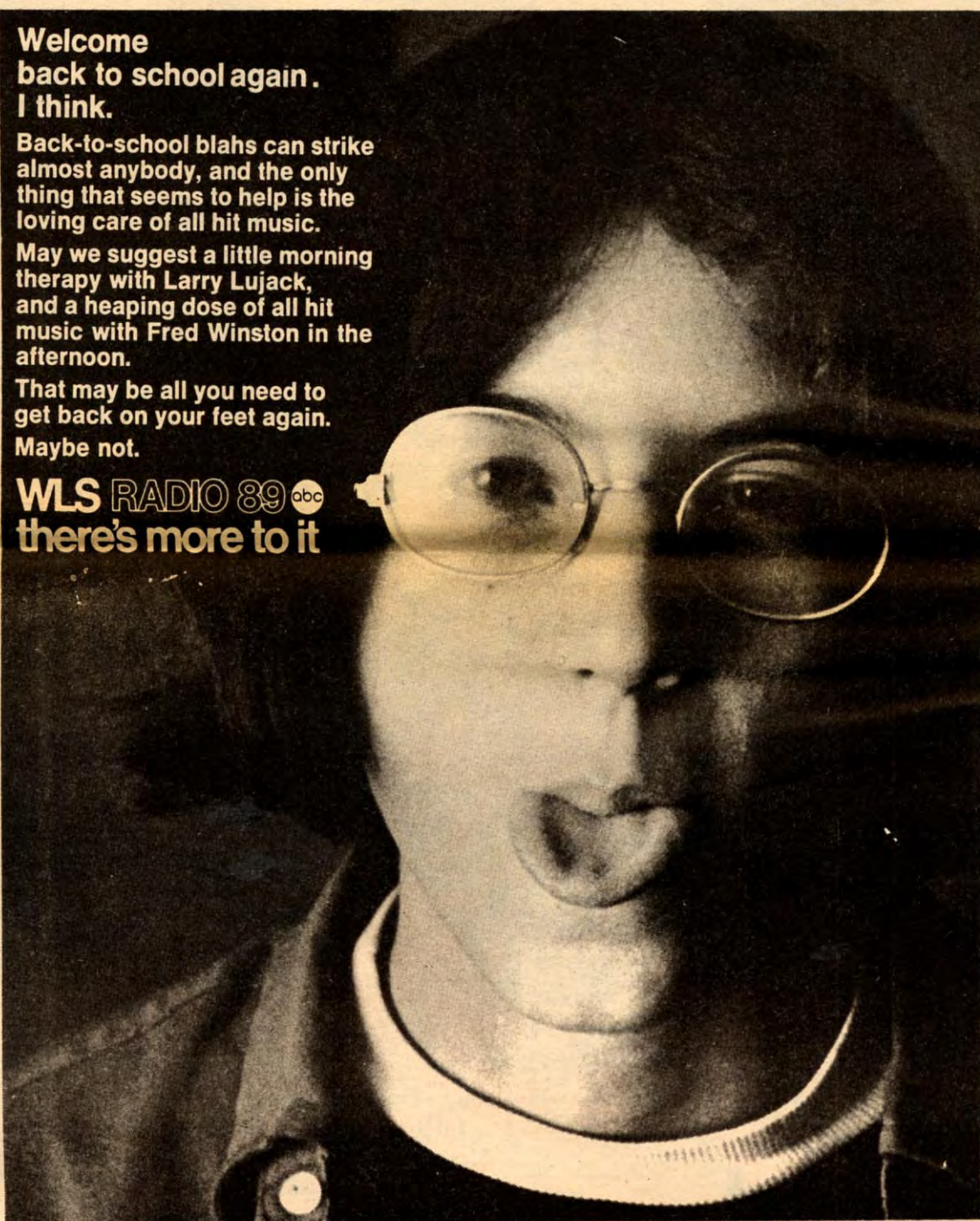
Back-to-school blahs can strike almost anybody, and the only thing that seems to help is the loving care of all hit music.

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Personals

DEAR PAUL: I bless the day I found you. I have built my world around you. If you need someone, let it be me. Love, Stephanie.

WIDOWED MAN would like to meet someone between the ages of 45-55, who would be tolerant with family life. Reader, Box 209.

THIN handsome M 24 needs kissing lessons. Otherwise I'm good in bed. Slender girl only! Box 142.

50-YEAR-OLD widow, good figure, likes cats and cat lore. Wishes to meet mature bachelor or widower with similar interests to compare animals and swap tales. Reader Box 102.

YOUNG, attractive, uninhibited females to accompany group of young males on trip week of Oct. 11. All expenses paid. Send name, address, tel. no., and recent snapshot. Box 124.

MALE 52 wants to meet F interested in legit theatre for dinner and theatre dates. No strings. Box 177.

MALE engineering student, straight, late 20's, foreign extraction, needs female roommate to share half of living expenses. Call Mike at 262-4936.

MIKE—Happy Birthday. I love you. Chryse.

KEEP IN touch with your mate with a seminar for couples. Learn how to build an honest relationship by using ideas and techniques from general semantics to improve inter-personal communications. Humanistic psychology, sensitivity training, studies of marriage, message techniques, and a class in love-making. Box 222.

MALE 26 seeks fast fast F 21-up for gala time and sex only. Reader Box 182.

YOUNG MAN wants hip, beautiful, young woman to renew his interest in love. Reader Box 218.

MALE will pay female amateur exotic dancer \$50 to perform in apt and spend weekend. Reader Box 184.

HI KATHY. Long time no see. I guess I miss you! Yes I do miss you. How about you and me going to the Byrds concert. Maybe I can date you one night a week. Hey! Happy Birthday. Brian C. Please answer by writing me a small letter.

PHD STUDENT, 25, seeks another male. Am masculine, attractive, sensitive, professional. Not into narcissism. Reader Box 166.

GENTLE liberal male seeks company of mature lady. My favorites are music, shows, social, cultural functions and private evenings. I am affectionate independent but submit to sincerity. I respect others feelings. Reader Box 157.

Services

BONNIE Koloc will autograph her new record at a party from 4 to 7 on October 10 at the Old Town School of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage.

STORYTELLER and reader, especially to children. Great for bedridden, hospitalized, groups or single. Watch 'em go wide eyed! 929-6919.

MALE model—part time basis. 321-9169.

KUNDALINI Yoga, for information call 288-3706. Course now in progress, enrollment open.

WE'LL paint your apartment, \$2.50 an hour. 253-8912.

BABYSITTING, night and day. Spoken Spanish instruction also possible. Hyde Park. FA 4-7400, Ext. 101.

BABY-SITTING. Two responsible mothers, one a registered nurse, will provide babysitting in their homes. Organized and stimulating activities. Hyde Park area. For ages 3-5 only. \$25 per 40 hour week. For further information call 363-3814 or 363-1166.

FREELANCE translation or interpreting English, Spanish, Portuguese. Also language lessons. FA 4-7400, Ext. 101. Evenings.

COMPUTER Power. Call me for scientific engineering, or statistical applications. Reasonable rates. Pick-up & delivery. 643-1344.

IF YOU were ripped off by Europa International, call 363-2793 and Continental Airlines may prosecute. So you can get your money back.

PHOTOGRAPHER—free lance. Photography as an art form, also portraits. Call 528-3541.

Wanted

I WANT a St. Bernard, no papers, just a pet. Age between 1 1/2 mos. preferred, but will take other. Will pay up to \$50.00. 348-2025.

YOUNG man needs job, between 7 p.m. and 11 p.m. or anytime after noon on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. NO-7-2089 ask for C.J.

WANTED: Male or female lead singer for a heavy rock group. Also looking for other musicians, any instruments. For more info, call Wes at 929-5267.

BASS player wanted for rock and soul group. Call Silas (721-6297) or Greg (846-0586) after 6 p.m.

WANTED—a Hollow & Bost plastic inside statue of St. Anthony, lifesize. Call 751-9377.

WILL PAY up to \$110.00 for the album "Travelin' Dobro" by Stu Ramsay. Call LU-5-0298.

WANTED: Six-year size brass crib. Also, old or very ornate high chair. 364-1131.

WANTED—Charles Manson's recorded album. Call 385-2659.

WANTED: used Eames chair, leather or Naugahyde, tan or brown with teak or rosewood bottom. Will pay up to \$175. Call 935-4649 after six.

NEED teacher for lip-reading classes. 764-3124.

WANTED: girl Friday. Requirements: must be able to type, have very flexible hours, has to be able to travel at moment's notice. Must have good head on shoulders, be able to handle things without being told how. \$250.00 per week, plus all expenses and extras. No married or engaged girls, please. Call 642-1262.

NEEDED: ten to thirty acre farm, not near city pollution or power plant, under \$15,000. Maximum of \$17,500. Southeast Wisconsin preferred. Call Polly at 248-8130.

THEATRE of the absurd type play looking for a producer. J.G. at 276-2999.

ARE YOU getting into quilting? If you'd like to swap ideas with another beginner, call Sara, 288-0481.

WANNA go to Mexico City? Am leaving around Nov. 20. Write me, Greg Miller, c/o Methodist Hospital of Gary.

I NEED a ride to Colorado Springs or Denver, leaving immediately. Can share driving and expenses. Call Michael, ST 1-9577.

RIDE needed to NYC before Oct. 10. Carol 947-9183.

RIDE needed to NYC, after Oct. 5. Call Mary, 288-2934 between 11 am and 4 pm.

NEED 4 person apartment in Hyde Park, Stephen 684-6056.

WANTED sitar Master for sitar lessons. Zeno, BU 8-1762.

VOLVO wanted, good condition, 288-3706.

WANTED: small, cheap piano. Call 324-8642.

WANTED, dining room table and six or eight chairs. 955-1833.

PIANO desperately needed. Anne. 924-6587.