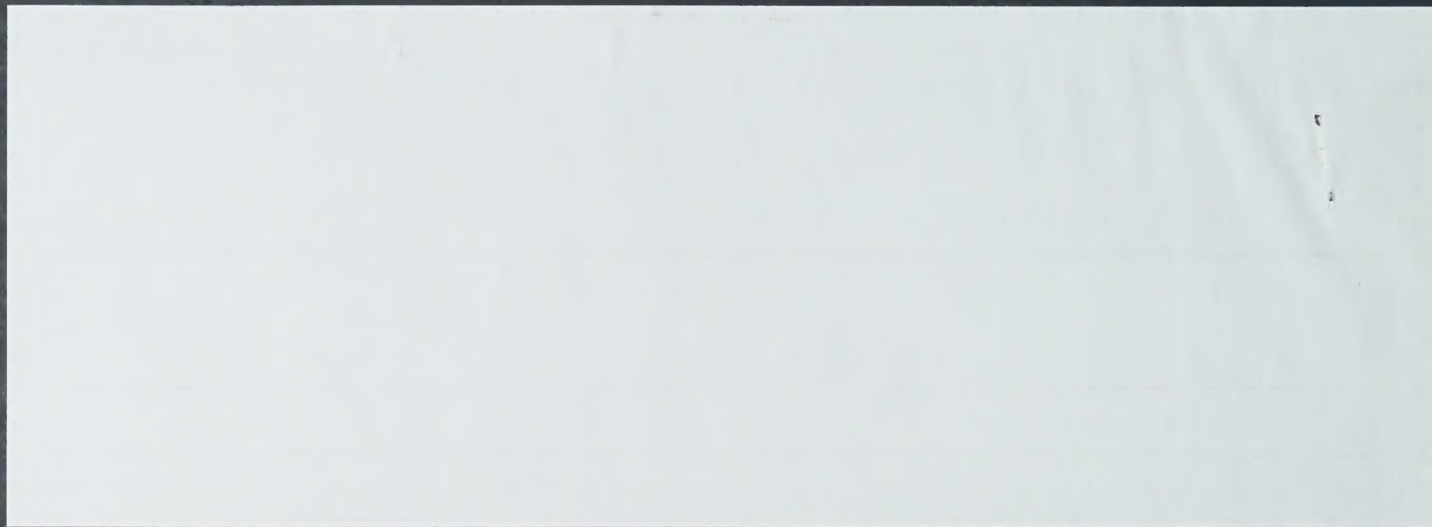


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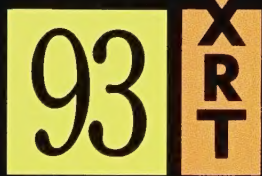
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"BADERBRAU" by PELDO



Change of Flavor

Evolving Restaurants



CROWDED HOUSE AT SOUL KITCHEN. PHOTO BY TONY GETSUG

AMY LABAN DELVES INTO SOME OF CHICAGO'S NEWEST DINING ESTABLISHMENTS

It's fitting that many of Chicago's newest eating establishments can be found in "new" neighborhoods—actually old city enclaves experiencing renewal, re-growth, and re-gentrification. The restaurant scene in Lincoln Park is staid and hopelessly overpriced, just like the rents. Energy, even food energy, is springing up in those Chicago communities that are experiencing revival, but are still somewhat on the edge.

A good example of this sprouting is **Soul Kitchen** (2152 W. Chicago, 342-9742) in Ukrainian Village. Opened in '93 by the owners of the Lizard Lounge, the Wicker Park neighborhood club that brought "Funk or Die" nights to Chicago, **Soul Kitchen** offers a variety of dishes reflecting the influences of Afro-American and Caribbean cultures.

The corn hush puppies with sauteed shrimp (\$4.25) are tastily full of garlic and very fried, as they should be. Featured among the entrees is pork loin in a light barbecue sauce with sweet potatoes and greens (\$10.50) and catfish brushed with Dijon mustard and pecans, accompanied by a mustard, caper, and pecan sauce (\$9.50). **Soul Kitchen's** been popular since it opened, so be prepared to join the



hungry crowds waiting at the corner tavern across the street. **Soul Kitchen's** major drawback, besides the long waits and slow (but friendly) service, is the place's layout. A one-room dining space with dark walls, hung with large questionable works of art, the restaurant receives a blast of fresh air when the door opens.

Just east of the Ukrainian Village is East Village and the **Sweet Spice Cafe & Bar** (1362 W. Erie, 829-4514). Opened last summer, it's a bright, two room bistro that also features Caribbean-influenced cuisine, although with an emphasis on the vegetarian and the healthful. Lunch, dinner, and brunch on the weekends are all available. Large entrees, "plates & bowls" all priced at \$9.95 and under, include very spicy Indian-style vegetable fritters served with a spiced yogurt and cilantro-honey sauce and a choice of two vegetables or grains (\$7.95), fiery spice-rubbed grilled pork chops with a choice of two sides (\$9.95) and the vegetable and grains sampler plate starting at \$5.50 for two, and up to \$7.95 for five. The dozen or so vegetable and grain selections include baked cheddar grits, Cuban-style black beans, lentil salad, and Hunan-style eggplant salad. Waiting is no problem as you can enjoy a glass of

wine at the inviting polished wood bar that dominates the front room.

Bucktown's **Frida's** (2143 N. Damen, 489-3463) opened at the end of last summer. It fulfills the theory that if you offer reasonably priced, tasty and somewhat creative entrees, and you build a parking lot, *they will come*. **Frida's** is an eclectic Mexican restaurant that specializes in interesting sauces. Start your meal with an appetizer of *chalupas*, a Mexican pastry shell filled with shredded chicken and topped with *Colija* cheese (\$3). Then move on to the entrees, maybe *pollo asado con crema de nueces*, roasted chicken with a pecan sauce (\$8.95), or you may want to try the *lomo de cerdo*, pork tenderloin with a cilantro cream sauce. All entrees are served with a side of vegetables and a choice of cilantro or tomato rice. Enjoy your meal and, perhaps, a couple of margaritas in an ambiance enhanced by various paintings of the restaurant's patron saint, Frida Kahlo, one of Mexico's artistic giants, she of the single eyebrow.

Amy LaBan publishes **CHEAP CHOW (TM)**, a monthly newsletter on budget restaurants. For a year's subscription (\$11.98), or more information, send your name and address to **CHEAP CHOW, P.O. Box 138524, Chicago, IL 60613**.



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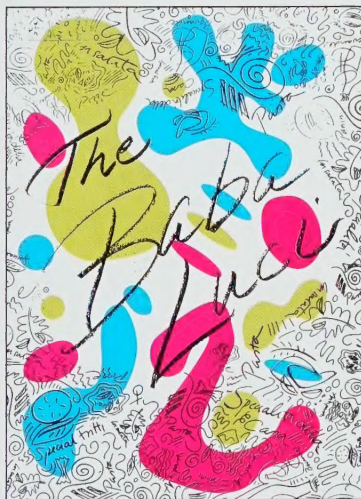
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Let's talk about sex, baby. It's the hottest topic since we oozed ourselves out of the primordial gunk, or rather, didn't. It's been a bestseller from the *Kama Sutra* to *Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*. You'd think after all this time, we'd have sex down cold. We'd understand it, we could move on to explore other topics. Nope. One reason for this is that as we have grown as *homo sapiens* (economically, socially, politically), our attitudes have changed regarding the not-so-original sin. Take an average lifetime, say, that of my mother. Imagine getting a grip on premarital sex first as forbidden, then as a form of feminism, than as a responsible action taken by consenting adults, then as a death sentence.

The most rapid evolution of our attitudes toward sexuality began in the deceptively conservative 50s, with the astounding Kinsey Report and the publication of **Playboy**. Until this time, the gay population, the skeletons, and condoms were in the closet. Parents were outraged at a Man from Memphis who gyrated his pelvis (and invented his own version of "da butt"), and oh had they only known about the white panty fetish. Birth control was not taught in school, Sharon Stone wasn't even out of her *diapers* yet. On college campuses, men joked about "Mrs." degrees, and being "pinned" by a fraternity boy did not suggest date rape. But the seeds of change had been planted. Alfred Kinsey had released his first book, *Sexual Behavior In The Human Male* in 1948, and followed with *Sexual Behavior In The Human Female* in 1953. The public was shocked to find that so many people admitted to homosexual relationships, extra- or premarital affairs, and other forms of sexual taboos. The controversy over these reports (which were intended for a clinical audience, not pop culture) made Kinsey, and sexuality, household topics. The new **Playboy** magazine also hit the stands shortly after 1954, with articles written by and for men, illustrated with nudie shots. Surprisingly, women read the magazine too. To women at the time, Kinsey's report on the high rate of men engaging in extramarital affairs and the **Playboy** articles dealing with issues such as the "Frigid Female" seemed strange bedfellows. Men and women began to realize that they couldn't "just do it" anymore.

The 60s spawned the sexual revolution. Although Mick Jagger had to sing "Let's spend some time together" on the Ed Sullivan Show, and the public had no clue what those randy Kennedy men were up to, sex became an issue in everything from politics to television. The growing feminist movement began to use sexual freedom as a means of liberation from the conservative mores of the past. Feminists applauded the book, *The Feminine Mystique* and were pleased with *Human Sexual Response*, Masters and Johnson's foray into sex research. With *Human Sexual Response* the focus of the hype about sex changed to who was doing what to him or herself. The male-female team of Masters and Johnson focused on the female sexual response, basing their clinical efforts on actual observation. Orgasms became the hot new topic. The mini-skirt became the new hot look. Brassieres burned and hippies communed. Teenagers became an economic force, arousing the interest of advertisers with designs on pandering to this new market. "Laugh In" stunned and delighted Americans, who had never seen "dirty" jokes and one-liners about sex on the boob tube. Films, for the first time, were given ratings. Viewers raced for the theaters to watch the Swedish film, *I Am Curious Yellow*, the first skin flick main stream audiences had seen.

By the 70s, the pursuit of sexual fulfillment was expected of a healthy, properly functioning human being. Impotence was spotlighted. Good sex became a matter of performance. The book *Every Woman Can* hit the bookstores with the assurance of orgasms for women, and left millions of men scrambling to find that elusive G-spot. Richard Nixon's commission on pornography wilted, causing Spiro Agnew to reassure his public, "As long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to turn into Smut Alley." Agnew may have reconsidered the validity of this statement, however, if he had ventured onto main street and found those sexy crocheted tube-tops and dangerously low hip-huggers revealing bare midriffs, or gone to a movie and seen the box office smash, *Last Tango In Paris*, not to mention *Deep Throat*. The Roe vs. Wade case awarded women certain reproductive rights, and **Playgirl** emerged to cater to the "free woman" and the not-so-free gay man. And let's not forget the power of the pill.

Disco, and the "If it feels good, do it" one-night-stand mentality, went out with the 80s. Americans were shocked by the number of people who had died of the strange new disease, AIDS, among them the virile Rock Hudson. "Safe Sex" became a buzz word and the latex industry went wild with the rise in condom sales to adults as well as high school health education programs. Gay men and women announced their sexual identity *en masse*, not only to liberate themselves, but also to rally media support for the awareness and assistance of those stricken with AIDS. The homosexual revolution gained a foothold as the struggle for gay rights emerged. Talk shows hit the television, complete with confessionals the likes of which even Kinsey hadn't dreamt of—women and men speaking about their intimate lives not to a therapist or scientist, but to a television personality and millions of home viewers. Dr. Ruth attracted listeners with her pop sex therapy. The cinemas swelled with people hot to watch *9 1/2 Weeks*, the 80s answer to *Last Tango In Paris*. Sex scandals abounded with Jimmy Swaggart and Gary Hart. The preppie and androgynous looks became fashionable, with Boy George and Annie Lennox sporting outfits hitherto thought strange for their gender. Madonna became the slick new pop star, and left audiences wondering how she could ever feel "Like A Virgin" again.

And here it is, the 90s. Premarital sex is now almost standard. Neneh Cherry and REM rap it up with urges for sexual education for children, while "I Wanna Sex You Up" made it to the top of the charts. Sexcapades such as Senator Bob Bobbitfucco are no longer shocking, and are promptly turned into mini-series. Anything goes in the fashion world, from oversized hip-hop bottoms to fishnet hose, for men and women. Have we come a long way, baby? The obsession with the perfect female body didn't burst along with the breast implants. AIDS awareness is up, while funding is dangerously low. Homosexuals in the military, while obtaining exposure, are told to put up and shut up. And a movie suggesting the demoralization of the greedy American, *Indecent Proposal*, left couples asking, "Would you? Would you?" The decade is not even half over. We have some time to think about it. We have time to learn more. But one thing is certain: we're never gonna stop talking about it.

Sexual

From Playboy Pin-Ups to Indecent Proposal, Michelle Reid Explores The National Obsession

evolution

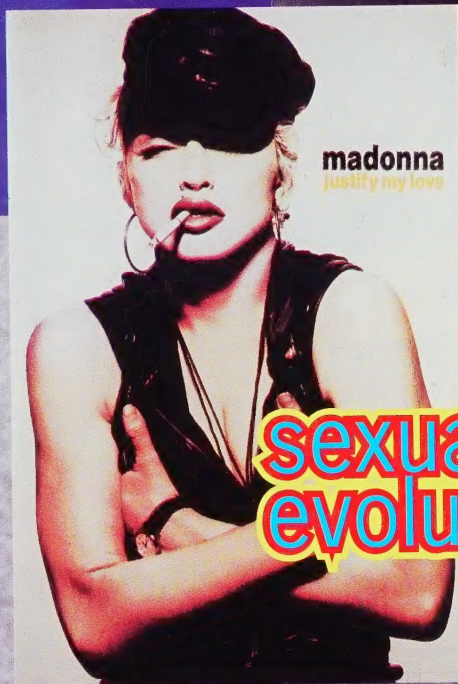
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Photo by Tiffany Bauer
Photo by Tiffany Bauer



deceptively conservative



sexual evolution

In the 70s,
Every Woman Can
hit the bookstores with the
assurance of orgasms for
women and left millions of
men scrambling to find that
elusive G-spot.



Photo by Tamar Berk



From the age of 12, Gabrielle Chanel was raised by nuns who called her "Coco."

by
Chris
Brennon

Change Of Rhythm

the evolution of the Chicago jazz sound

jazz isn't a passing fad
it's a fine art
where the performers
create in our presence

I walked out into a chilly December rain and hopped into a 1987 Ford Escort. I was ready for anything, but the car stalled. After firing after numerous pumps on the gas pedal. As the engine warmed up, I planned my evening of exploring the Chicago jazz scene.

The drive south on LSD proved quick and easy. I got on the Dan Ryan and continued south, where much of our city's earliest jazz roots can be found.

Thousands of musicians migrated here in a strange connection with the United States entry into World War I. The Secretary of the Navy closed the New Orleans jazz district of Storyville because it was a danger to troop morale. The decision not only deprived the "ladies of the evening" of their bread, it also left many musicians hungry for a chance to blow their trade.

Jelly Roll Morton made some of his finest recordings in Chicago, and it was here that many black New Orleans players recorded for the very first time. These displaced players strayed from the New Orleans approach of collective improvisation to a style which featured individual solos. The balance and interplay between artists was, to a certain degree, lost in Chicago. It was here that amateurs and professional musicians like Jimmy McPartland, Paul Freeman and Frank Tesmacher developed the "Chicago style" - where the individual soloist is ruler of the stage.

There are more than a hundred places in this city where you can hear jazz every night. On the north side you can choose from Al Capone's art deco haunt at The Green Mill to the funky out gritty charm of The Rap Shop and the basement-style Christmas light illuminated Get Me High.

But the south side's where Chicago jazz began. Although time has done away with the south side jazz clubs of old, small clubs like The Clique, The Other Place, Shorty's, The 5015 Club, and The New Choice Club still pay tribute to a time when Chicago was the center of the American jazz universe.

One of the best (and least known) spots for jazz on the south side is Hidden Stages (500 W. Cermak), where the ultra-cool Hidden Stages Ensemble works out every weekend. The City Life Club (728 E. 83rd) where any Chicago jazz musician who's worth his chops has jammed Sunday nights, the tiny haunts of Alexander's Steak House (3010 E. 79th). Local labels like Delmark and Southport have helped keep the south side Chicago jazz scene alive, and record stores like the Jazz Record Mart on Grand and Out of the Past on Madison and Beverly Records on 116th and Western still provide the jazz aficionado with a wide array of LPs and 78s.

Stepping into the **New Apartment Lounge (504 S. 75th)** is a trip back in time. With blue, shiny tassels hanging from the ceiling, mirrors on the walls and big leather bar chairs, this place evokes the images of a groovy 70's bar. The patrons of this establishment cover every race and it is wonderful to see how the power of jazz can bring everyone together.

Jazz is only played at the New Apartment Lounge on **Tuesday nights**. When Chicago's south side tenor legend **Van Freeman is King**.

Rumor has it that when Charlie Parker came to Chicago, he wanted to jam with Freeman. The audience here is attentive and responsive; most sit on the edge of their seats and hang on every sound from Freeman's quartet. **There's no cover**, the beer's reasonably priced and the chance to hear a legend like Freeman in a small club setting is refreshing.

At the New Fitz Blue Room (3949 S. King Drive)

a small, bespectacled woman let me in when she realized I wasn't a cop.

The Blue Room is a **great place to hear jazz**. A smoking jazz quartet was playing in the bar where an eight inch high stage gives the place a small club feel and quality views of the performers. There's even a tile dance floor.

The Velvet Lounge

offers a dark, somber atmosphere where owner and saxophonist **Wes Anderson**

With his black faceted **Semler Super Action 80** sax and hard rubber **Berg Larson** mouthpiece, the 64 year old Anderson swings in a **West Coast style**.

Trumpeter **Billy Brimfield's** bluesy playing is a wonderful partner to Anderson's straightforward solo excursions. The bar itself is not much to look at. Numerous photos of Anderson line the liquor shelves. The picture that sticks in my mind is an old black and white promo shot of 70's super group **The O'Jays**.

Gar Me High (1758 N. Honore)

On the way home, I had to stop by the that small hole-in-the-wall that looks more like a condemned building than a jazz club. **Great jazz** can be heard here.

If you go, you're liable to see one of Chicago's jazz greats like **Lou Donaldson, Lin Halliday, or Joe Sullivan**.

Jazz isn't a passing fad; it's a **fine art** where the performers create in our presence, taking us along with them and involving us in the action of **creating music**. Jazz is as **strong and vital** in this town as it's ever been, you just have to **know where to look**.

Terms of the Jazz Trade:

Break: The portion of a piece of music in which all band members stop playing except the one improvising a solo.

Eight in front: The pianist begins with eight bars of improvisation before the head starts.

Head: The melody of a pre-written theme for a musical composition. Members of the group trade four bars of improvisation.

Vamp: A phrase or melodic fragment. Same changes repeated over and over until the head comes in.

South Side Jazz:

Alexander's Steak House, 3010 E. 79th, 768-6555

Chez Papa, 1225 E. 87th, 734-7777

City Life Cocktail Lounge, 712 E. 83rd, 723-6700

The Chicago, 2347 S. Michigan, 442-0778

The Cotton Club, 1710 S. Michigan, 341-9787

Midway Tavern, 500 W. Cermak, 428-9900

The New Fitz Blue Room, 3949 S. King Dr., 524-8100

The Other Place, 377 E. 75th, 724-3751

Star's City Lounge, 4735 W. North, 428-0821

Velvet Lounge, 2128 1/2 S. Indiana, 791-9050

Hot On The South Side But Hey

Bon Shop, 1807 W. Division, 235-3232

Get Me High, 1758 N. Honore, 257-4090

Green Mill, 4802 N. Broadway, 878-5522

Some Hot New Chicago Releases

From Chicago's Delmark Records:

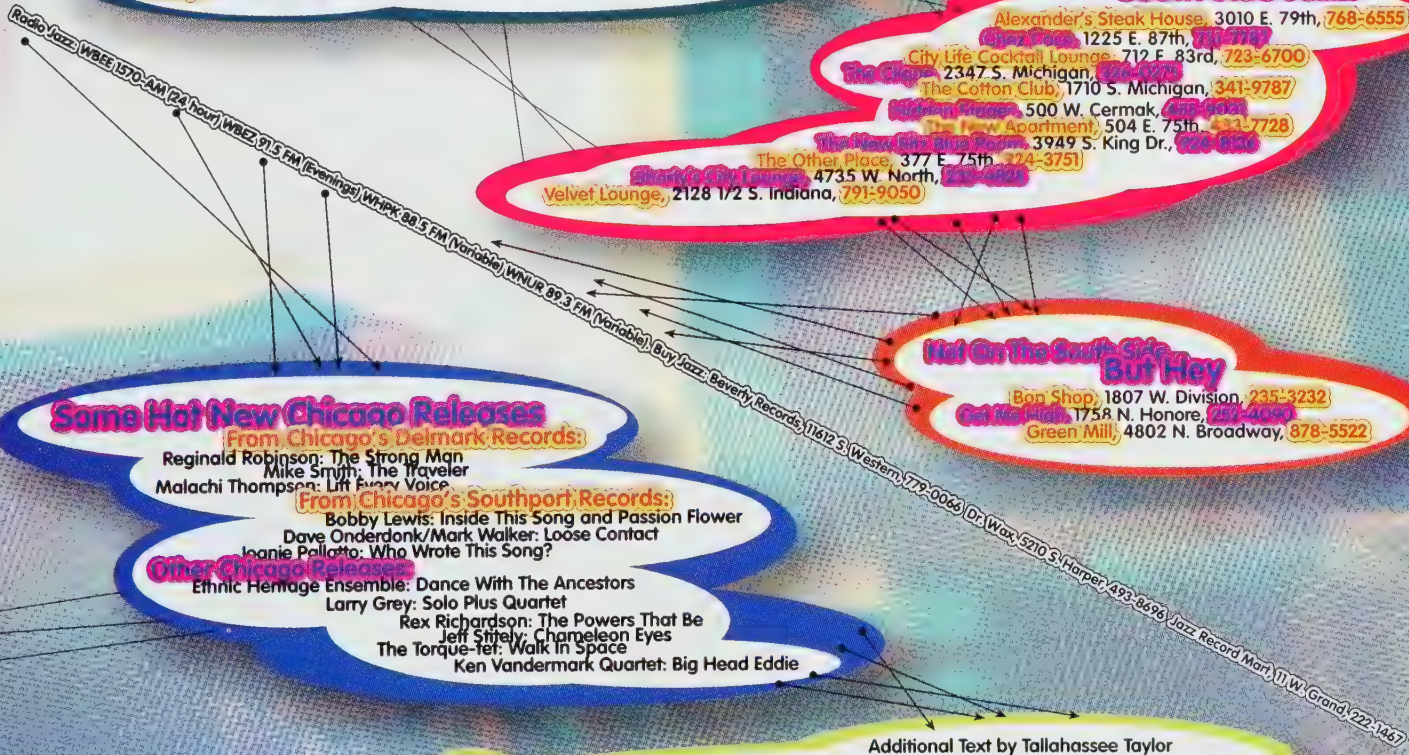
Reginald Robinson: The Strong Man
Mike Smith: The Traveler
Malachi Thompson: Lift Every Voice

From Chicago's Southport Records:

Bobby Lewis: Inside This Song and Passion Flower
Dave Onderdonk/Mark Walker: Loose Contact
Ivanie Palumbo: Who Wrote This Song?

Other Chicago Releases:

Ethnic Heritage Ensemble: Dance With The Ancestors
Larry Grey: Solo Plus Quartet
Rex Richardson: The Powers That Be
Jeff Smitly: Chameleon Eyes
The Torque-ter: Walk In Space
Ken Vandermark Quartet: Big Head Eddie



Additional Text by Tallahassee Taylor
Additional Information Courtesy of Larry at Jazz Record Mart
Photos by Noel Ginalunus
Henry Harrison's extensive country music collection enthralled his son and inspired George to take guitar lessons

I have a friend who won't live in Wicker Park. Too Yuppie. Well, dirtbag, what do you think the Black and Hispanic residents thought when you moved in?

CHANGE OF LOCATION YUPPIE GO HOME!

CARA JEPSEN EXPLORES THE EVOLUTION OF CHICAGO'S HIPPIEST NEIGHBORHOODS

I KNEW IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE WHEN STARBUCKS ARRIVED.

IT DIDN'T HELP THAT MY LANDLORD WAS TAKEN TO HARASSING ME ON A FULL-TIME BASIS, SENDING HER CREEPY, HALF-DEAD HUSBAND TO PESTER ME AT THE MOST INOPPORTUNE TIMES—WHEN I WAS IN THE BATHTUB, WHEN I WAS IN BED, WHEN I WAS INTERVIEWING SOMEONE ON THE PHONE. HE'D KNOCK ON MY DOOR, FIND ME NAKED AND ANGRY, AND INSIST ON COMING IN TO USE THE BATHROOM, OR TO "JUST LOOK AT SOMETHING."

"IT'S NOT WORKING," MY LANDLORD TOLD ME WITH HIS COMPLAINT AND BRING UP THE TENANTS' ORDINANCE. OF COURSE IT WASN'T. HE EVEN IS MY ILLEGAL BASEMENT FIRETRAP FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND WASN'T PAYING MUCH IN THE WAY OF RENT. I WAS IN THE WAY.

I SEEM TO BE IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS OUTSIDE MY APARTMENT TOO OVER THE YEARS I'VE WATCHED MY LITTLE WHEELAND SOUTHPORT DISTRICT GO FROM A GANG-INFESTED 'HOOD WITH CHEAP RENT, PLENTIFUL PARKING, SCREAMING NEIGHBORS AND NOTHING TO DO, TO A SANITIZED, VIBRANT, WYNDOLIN PARK WITH RAINBOW NEON, SNOTTY NEIGHBORS AND ZERO PARKING SPACES (MY NEW UPSTAIRS NEIGHBORS TAKE UP NOT TWO, BUT THREE, SPACES WITH THEIR STUPID VEHICLES). BACK THEN THE ONLY ATTRACTION WAS THE MUSIC BOX THEATRE, THE JEWEL CLOSED AT TEN, AND THE PARK ACROSS THE STREET WAS COVERED IN ASPHALT AND GANG GRAFFITI. LIFE WAS GOOD.

SINCE THEN I'VE LIVED THROUGH TWO PROPERTY TAX HIKES AND HAVE BEEN REDRAWN INTO THE YUPPIE ALDERMAN'S DISTRICT. THE PARK'S BEEN REDONE WITH WOOD CHIPS TO ACCOMMODATE THE WELL-HEELER CHILDREN WHOSE PARENTS ARE AFRAID TO RETURN MY HEARTY "HELLO." NOWADAYS, I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE MY CENSUS TRACT TO FIND EVERYTHING I NEED—WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE ARE DENTISTS, THREE COFFEE SHOPS, A THAI RESTAURANT AND A HEALTH FOOD STORE. MY NEIGHBORHOOD IS NOW THE PLACE TO BE.

WRIGLEVILLE USED TO HAVE ITS SHARE OF ARTISTS AND HIPSTERS. BEFORE THAT THE PLACE TO BE WAS PILSEN. IN THE 60S, IT WAS OLD TOWN. PILSEN IS STILL CHEAP, BUT THE REST OF THOSE PLACES ARE WAY TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THE AVERAGE STARVING ARTIST.

THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING IN WICKER PARK—ONLY AT A FASTER RATE. EVERY DAY THERE'S A NEW NEIGH-EXPENSIVE STORE OPENING UP. THE LOCAL BOMOS DON'T LIKE IT. BUT WHAT THOSE PEOPLE—THE GREAT UNWASHED—DON'T REALIZE IS THAT THEY, TOO, ARE PART OF THE GENTRIFICATION PROCESS. I KNOW A GUY WHO WON'T WEAR BLACK 'COZ YUPPIES WEAR IT. LISTEN RUDDY, A REAL ARTIST WOULD WEAR WHATEVER THE FUCK HE WANTED AND NOT LET SOME UNTHINKING CONSUMER TELL HIM HOW TO DRESS. THIS GUY WON'T LIVE IN WICKER PARK EITHER. TOO YUPPIE, WELL, DIRTBAG. WHAT DO YOU THINK THE BLACK AND HISPANIC RESIDENTS THOUGHT WHEN YOU MOVED IN? THEY LEFT, BUT NOT FOR AESTHETIC REASONS. TRY RISING RENT AND PROPERTY TAXES—ALL DUE TO YOU, OH, URBAN PIONEER. UNWITTINGLY YOU WERE PAVING THE WAY FOR THE FINE TALIAN-FOOD-EATING-TOWNHOUSE-WITH-GARAGE-LOOKING-OVER-THEIR-RACKS YUPPIES, WHO SAW YOUR WHITE FACE THERE AND DECIDED IT WAS A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE.

BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME THE PROCESS ON MY PAL EITHER. YOU CAN BLAME IT ON THE CITY'S LACK OF AFFORDABLE HOUSING. BUT PERHAPS THE REAL PROBLEM LIES IN THE ETERNAL SEARCH FOR COOL. THE YOUNG MIDDLE CLASS WANTS TO HAVE A PIECE OF IT WITHOUT DOING ANY OF THE WORK. SO THEY BORROW IDEAS AND PLACES TO LIVE FROM THE BOMOS, BECAUSE ARTISTS AND ARTIST WANNABES ARE HIP... AT LEAST TO YUPPIES.

THERE ARE STILL SOME CHEAP PLACES TO LIVE—LOGAN SQUARE, BUCKTOWN, WEST LAKEVIEW—IF YOU WANT TO DISPLACE SOME LONG-TIME RESIDENTS. BUT I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING (LISTEN-UP YUPPIES AND REAL ESTATE SPECULATORS): THE REALLY HIP, ULTRA-CUTTING EDGE (SO COOL THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT) ARE MOVING TO WHAT PROMISE TO BE THE HOTTEST NEIGHBORHOODS EVER: PULLMAN AND BRIDGEPORT. IN FACT, MOST OF MY AVANT-GARDE ARTIST PALS HAVE ALREADY MOVED INTO THE NEW BRIDGEPORT LOFTS AND HISTORIC PULLMAN ROW HOUSES.

AND WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M A MONEY-GRUBBING HYPOCRITE, DAMN IT! I'M OPENING UP A STARBUCKS AT MARKET MALL IN PULLMAN.

SEE YOU THERE, SUCKERS.

MOVIN' ON UP. HIPSTERS RAIN DOWN ON PULLMAN.

"so called"

WICKER PARK



PHOTOS BY TONY WICKER/PARK; DESIGN AND PHOTOGRAPHY: WICKER PARK/TONY WICKER

"Beauty on the sharp edge of a knife"
An Unconscious Discourse with Artist Barbara Barg



*You do not so
 much look at the
 work of Barbara Barg,
 as you fall
 into it.*

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Your eyes dart across the surfaces, absorbing textures, colors and images, and are lured further and further in by shocking twists in proportion and perspective. Logic can gain no foothold; a deeper, more visceral response is demanded. At first their startling, fragile beauty can take your breath away. Drawn by the clear, intricate cast resin frames that act as echoes of the elegance of bygone eras, or by the deep, dusty gold of one of her antique frames, you move closer. The sensation of slipping backwards in time is unmistakable; rich dark satins, classical poses, elaborate etchings all conspire to reinforce it. And yet there are many levels to Barg's work. The visual sumptuousness, the harkening back to a more romantic past, are feints, a kind of visual sleight of hand. Once you have been drawn in, you must contend with the ironies and ambiguities that underscore some of the best Surrealist art. The images she utilizes are as tenuously joined as those of our dreams. They are intended to be enigmatic. Her works are visual riddles that, according to Barg, "are meant to reveal beauty on the sharp edge of a knife." With Barg's art, interpretation is subordinate to experience; you are not meant to understand so much as you are to be shocked into an emotional response. She speaks of tantalizing the viewer's senses in an "indiscreet way," and the impression of voyeuristically peering into another's dreams is inescapable. Plunge in.

Wassily Kandinsky studied law and political economy at the University of Moscow where he learned that reality and fairy tales are intertwined.

LOSING MY RELIGION

To call me deeply religious now would be an exaggeration. To label me as mildly spiritual is slightly overstated. God-fearing, I think, covers it best. I fear his wrath, his ability at any given moment to dump megatons of molten lava on my mortal body, effectively reducing me to a few bubbles of condensation boiling out of the liquid rock, makes me really respect him.

But, do I struggle with the great spiritual questions of our time? Do I grapple with the true existence of God? Not before yesterday.

It happened like this: While riding my Huffy down Lincoln Avenue, in search of a second-hand shoe store, I was cut off by a north-bound mountain bike which I, believe, was a faster, more expensive model. I am not positive of the make because the rider, who I also have not identified, kept right on riding. Your classic side swipe and run—While he fled I turned to see his face and, in the process, rammed my head cleanly into the coin slot of a parking meter.

While I felt little immediate discomfort, my first sensation was that of a very intense, bright light. "This is it," I thought. "This is the Afterlife." It beckoned me to come forward a soft, velvety feeling that called me toward it. As I approached the warm light there he was, L. Ron Hubbard, signing copies of his books. Behind him were stacks and stacks of them, piled so high I couldn't see where they ended. Everywhere I looked were book jackets with his name on them, some with their backs to me showing a full glossy of him with his gray sideburns neatly trimmed.

"This is your judgment day," he said, closing the cover of the book he had just signed, laying down his large plume pen.

"My judgment day? You are my judge? L. Ron Hubbard, author of *Dianetics*, founder of the Church of Scientology, man of mystery and intrigue?"

"Right."

"But, I don't think I'm ready. Am I dressed okay?" I asked. He did not answer. Instead, he opened a large ledger and thumbed his way to the Ds. "Is this that level of achievement, that ultimate state of being that they talk about in all the Scientology literature?"

"Do you mean the state of Clear?" he said, running his index finger through the list of Dreyers.

"That's it, Clear." I made an awkward hand gesture by pointing my finger high in the air in an attempt to give him the illusion that I understood it all also.

"Mr.," L. Ron began as he finally located my name, "Dreyer, you are no Clearer than the lowly, muddy and murky waters of the Mississippi. You have not been to a single seminar, or read even so much as a chapter of one of my books. You are what we call up here 'Dianetically challenged.'"

"Well, there is no need for name calling. Besides, I have been a decent man. I have loved my neighbor. I haven't stolen. . . too often."

"Those are overrated. Individual spiritual freedom, total freedom, is what you should have been striving for. I'm sorry to say that you don't belong up here." And with that he closed his ledger and I came back into consciousness, feeling an intense cranial pain and the messy results of a rather persistent hemorrhage above the bridge of my nose.

I looked up and saw the Dianetics and Church of Scientology center across the street and knew I had just experienced a momentary delusion and, in fact, had not been straddling the fence of the After life. Although my head and a good portion of my sweatshirt were blood-soaked, I was glad to be alive. I cautiously mounted my bike.

Along with the dizziness and sudden blackouts that accompanied me on my ride home, I couldn't help thinking about the spiritual questions that have intrigued man for centuries: Is there life after death? Is there a soul? Is there a God? I passed a Crown Books and saw the poster of Michael Jordan, his head draped with a white towel, his smile slightly upturned. I stopped my bike, now bent and riding at a 35° angle, and stood staring at his peaceful face. To worship a God must be an individual perception. "Damn," I thought, "I haven't been to a Bulls game in three years."

**"My judgment day?
You are my judge?"**

**L. Ron Hubbard,
author of
Dianetics,
founder of the
Church of
Scientology,
man of
mystery
and
intrigue?"**

David Henry Thoreau
lived with Ralph Waldo
Emerson and wife as
the handyman until he
switched careers and the
order of his name.

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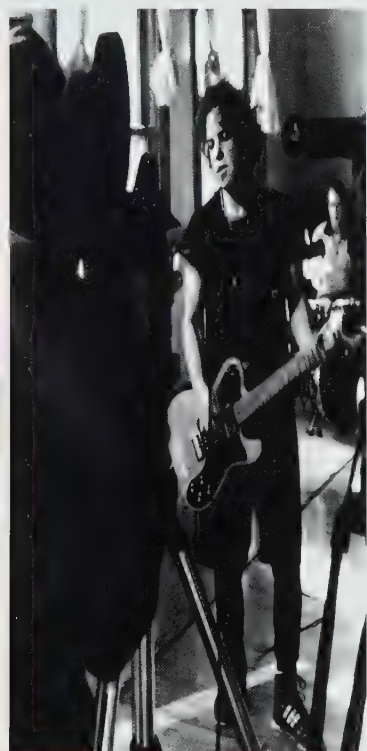
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LOCAL VIDEO ON THE MOVIE



Dan Epstein
Checks Out
Emotion Pictures
One of Chicago's
Emerging Video
Companies



David Bierman Leads the Junk Monkeys in an Emotion Video shoot.

Change of Image

You wouldn't know it from watching MTV, but virtually every major (and larger indie) label signee "gets" to make at least one promotional video for their record. "Gets" is in quotation marks, of course, as the funds for the video will eventually be charged back to the band's account under "promotional expenses." And while the Guns and Roses of the world can afford to shell out hundreds of thousands of smackers for their next clip, most majors are unwilling to budget more than \$10,000-15,000 for a band's first video, especially if the band is relatively unproven nationally. Carving a niche for themselves in this world of newer bands, smaller economic brackets, and more renowned local video production companies like **H-Gun** and **Blackball** are Bill and Amy Ward, whose Chicago-based **Emotion Pictures** film company has shot excellent video clips for such notable (and more "alternative") bands as *Zuzu's Petals*, *Seam*, *The Junk Monkeys*, *Orangutang*, and Chicago's own *Poster Children*.

Bill (no relation to former Black Sabbath drummer Bill Ward, although acknowledging their parallel nomenclatures is a sure way to his heart) and Amy both graduated from Northwestern but didn't meet until a few years later, when Bill was working as a film editor and Amy as a freelance film producer. Although he had no previous film education, Bill gradually realized that his interests were inexorably dragging him towards a career in music video. "What I wanted," he says over a big piece of chocolate layer cake at a coffee shop on Wells, "was to find some way to combine my filmmaking skills with my love of music, and make a living at it. Period."

Forming **Emotion Pictures** in 1991, Bill assumed the role of Writer/Director and Amy that of Producer. Projects came to them slowly, beginning with a couple of *Poster Children* videos, initiating a collaboration between the Posters and Emotion that lasted up through their recent "Clock Street" clip. According to Bill, "With their recent signing to **Sire**, the *Poster Children* were concerned about people saying that they'd 'sold out'." Bill's gritty direction, influenced by some of the more violent films of the early 70's, fit the bill perfectly. Shot in Chicago, with the sort of ubiquitous post-apocalyptic urban blight background, it features the *Poster Children* gettin' down while local actor *Ian Bellknap* (of the extremely talented **Pillar Studios**, whose roster also includes *Tracy Landecker*, another **Emotion Pictures** regular) duct-tapes the head of a wealthy bald man...

"If I could make a movie, I'd want it to be the perfect combination of the *French Connection*, *Straw Dogs*, and *Taxi Driver*," says Bill, who likes "the anti-hero, no-hope" films from the days before *Star Wars*. That's not to say, however, that the good people of Emotion Pictures deal strictly in violence and urban realism; the beautiful video for (**Twin Tone** artists) *Zuzu's Petals*' "Cinderella's Daydream" intercuts the more mundane aspects of band life with dreamy, 1930s-like ballroom performance sequences, all with that sort of roseate hue you might recall from tinted photographs of your great-grandmother. "That one kind of throws people," says Bill.

But whether or not their videos confound viewers' expectations, Emotion Pictures is establishing itself as a company that labels will turn to when they want

"If I could make a movie, I'D WANT IT TO BE THE
PERFECT COMBINATION OF **French Connection,**
Straw Dogs, and Taxi Driver," SAYS **BILL WARD** OF
Emotion Pictures.



Video Director Bill Ward Ponders The Mainstream

something fast ("The majors always want 'em NOW"), good, and cheap. "We've found that just being efficient, easy to work with, and on time with deadlines has helped our reputation with the labels a lot," says Amy, making it sound easy. "Most of the bands we work with bring a lot of creative input to the projects," instead of just having the filmmaker's ideas imposed upon them dictatorially.

Another reason for the relative success of the company (Bill has recently managed to quit his editing job) is that Emotion tends to bid on the projects of bands that they themselves dig. "If we know that, say, the new *Buffalo Tom* record is coming out, and I love them, we'll send in a bid." In fact, Emotion has recently scored the video honors for New York superstars-to-be *Eve's Plum* ("They're like the new *Blondie*," laughs Bill), which will necessitate some travel to the East Coast; though on-the-road work can be a hassle (a shoot for Baltimore metalers *Souls at Zero* began with an all-night drive and ended in a walk-in freezer), and assembling your crew in a strange city requires a lot of "luck and breaks," Bill evokes sports coaches everywhere when he says (in his best *Charleton Heston*-like monotone), "If we can win on the road, we can be champions!" Perhaps these nice guys will finish first after all.

Words — Dan Epstein



Design — John Boex

Photos — Phil Cantor

Patti Smith was a Jehovah's Witness...her first foray into performance art.

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In the evolution of the new deconstructive pop we watch culture turn to the past. A sometimes exhilarating, albeit deliberate, seesaw undulates as designers and their models lurch and shimmer through flowing dresses, shorter skirts and this midwestern reenvisioning of traditional values. The dogma of street fashion harps the discordant cry of the new laced with the old. Lumberjack boots survive and color prevails as a spiritual component of *the urban environmentalist* wardrobe.

As the present strides forward the words are "My path brings me here. I am but of the past. My past is of all myself."

past



Ken Kesey
And
His Merry
Pranks
The Legendary
Author of *One
Flew Over the
Cuckoo's Nest*
Discusses The
Evolution Of
The
Psychedelic
Movement

by John Kimler

"The psychedelic movement had to go one direction or the other," Ken Kesey says. "One was off in the clouds and one down in the dirt. Most people I know came back to their roots."

The legacy of Ken Kesey is undeniable. Even for those of us who weren't around in the 60s, Kesey is familiar to us through Tom Wolfe's wild account of Kesey's exploits in *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*. Kesey did not merely ride the crest of the psychedelic wave of the 60s; it was his cannonball into the uncharted waters of LSD that sent a wave crashing towards the shores of staid America, the ripples of which can still be felt today.

Kesey, along with the other Merry Pranksters that had gravitated to him, took their act "on the bus," a Day-Glo sensation that tripped across the country, pulling pranks and playing music to the consternation of mid-

"It's made it by the toilet." Ken Kesey says of

middle-America. Kesey's vision culminated with the Acid Tests and the Trips Festival of '66 in San Francisco.

Subnation. "That's the test of the

Not much was heard from Kesey after the maelstrom of activity in the 60s but after having retired to a farm in Oregon, he has re-emerged with a new book

Nobel prize of literature in our

and plans to rev up his magic bus again. Kesey says his next destination is Poland, where he plans to be a cultural ambassador, and carry goodwill throughout Europe.

house. If it makes it by the toilet,

that means it's good stuff."

Stateside, the vehicle Kesey wishes to use to spread the message is the alternative press. "That's the real switchboard. [To] turn things around, you have to be in contact with the alternative press...college stations, PMS. That's how you reach everyone you really want to be in touch with," says Kesey.

What Kesey teaches about these days are warriors, "...as opposed to soldiers. Warriors fight for people, soldiers fight for governments. I've begun to see that when you see people who are dealing with each other in a no blame situation, like we did with the flood in the midwest during the summer of '93—it was nobody's fault. There was sanity there. They were working side

by side and they weren't checking whether you were Republican or Democrat. It was just lift the bag and put it there. In essence, we've got to stop pointing and blaming in order to get anything accomplished. We have to learn to love Rush Limbaugh and the other Republicans, [even though] that's hard to do because they are such turds."

Kesey says he still does LSD, but "I don't do much, and I do it with a tremendous amount of respect. I don't take enough to chew my tongue off. My theory is, you don't need a great big tuning fork to tune a guitar. A little bitty tuning fork will do."

Still, Kesey says that reaching the next level of consciousness "doesn't have to be done with drugs. I've seen the same [results] happen with grief, or fasting, or music. Look at those Southern Gospel churches. You can't help but envy that. They are on their feet singing and dancing. You can't get anything going sitting down. You have to be up and doing something. The Dead need [that kind of] drama added to their music. I wrote the *Sea Lion* play last year specifically to have the Dead play with it. It's an Indian story which is built around a lot of drums, and I want to move the Dead off the stage and into the orchestra pit where they belong, and put people on the stage that can dance and juggle. I've always wanted to break down the barriers between the artist and the audience. That is what the Acid tests were about."

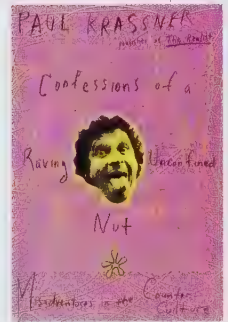


The History of the Future by Christophe Canto and Odile Fallu
Published by Flammarion Press,
\$55.00 Hardcover

The History Of The Future attempts to trace people's speculations about how the world would be in the year 2000, versus how it has turned out, and how each successive generation's visions have been modified by actual events. It's really more complicated than that, particularly to hear them tell it, but that's sort of the gist of the book. Reading it is a lot like gazing at the stars—beautiful, fascinating, capable of engendering feelings of both connectedness and disconnectedness, with random streaks of brilliance and, ultimately, a kind of maddening indistinctness (can you really "see" a star?). Spanning from the 1850s to the 1950s, there is an almost unbelievable wealth of images, each incredibly unique and fascinating, and yet when you try to delve beneath the surface, like by reading the text, everything starts getting very hazy. The subject is enormous, impossible to grasp all at once; the book really has more in common with a catalogue than a scholarly treatise. Pick a random subtopic, such as robotics, and you will find about twenty different ideas squeezed rather uncomfortably together. The writing style veers dangerously (and often hilariously) between pseudo-intellectualizing (a style that only the French have truly perfected and I think they actually forgot to translate some of the passages) and compressed, tantalizing excerpts from a million other sources that you're never given quite enough of to make sense of (they're more like hints). Skip the stargazing metaphor; I'll toss in another unrelated one. You really have to treat this book like an archeological expedition, where you sift through the remains of hundreds of civilizations at once. You will go insane if you try to fit the pieces together. It becomes obvious that predicting the future is as difficult as recapturing the past, and when you try to examine the past's predictions of the future you've entered a fascinating, intricate maze from which there may be no escape, but in which you can spend many happy hours wandering aimlessly.

Andrew Coulter

SUB TEXT



Confessions of a Raving Unconfined Nut by Paul Krassner
Published by Simon & Schuster,
\$23.00 Hardcover

This book, due out under various titles in the past two years, is (or should be) mega-influential. Besides being a cultural force in the 50s and 60s, Krassner (unlike others) knows how to craft a sentence for maximum effect—what he writes determines how you act in response. Probably most famous for his bullied-pulpit, *The Realist*, a magazine he put out from 1958-1974 and again from the late 80s to today, Krassner might be most recognizable for the wide array of people he dropped acid with: Lenny Bruce, Groucho Marx, the Dead, Squeaky Fromme (before she took a shot at Gerald Ford), Abbie Hoffman (with whom he co-found/did the Yippies), and from that last my favorite; testifying on acid at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial at which he answered, "No," when asked if he'd tell the truth.

All the reviews I've seen of this book mention famous *Realist* pranks, since the magazine refused to distinguish between investigative journalism with put-on satire, most infamously the explanation of Lyndon Johnson consummating the transfer of power after J.F.K.'s assassination with a transfer of fluids with the Camelot corpse. But many other stories are worth catching, especially his brushes with Manson and Valerie Solanas (who shot Andy Warhol), the smear campaign against him by the FBI, and his folding the *Realist* in '74 after receiving an award from the Feminist Party for his commitment, only to shortly thereafter become editor of *Hustler*.

This book can make a sensitively horrifying joke out of any situation, and encourage you to feel more human in the process. As Kurt Vonnegut said of Krassner, "He makes you hopeful."

Dave DeRosa

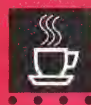
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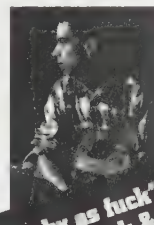


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The Evolution Of David Dorfman

The Former Chicago-Area Football Star Comes Home To Show Off Some New Moves

by Beth Anderson-Song

David Dorfman's transition from Niles West High School player to dancer and choreographer was a long and unpredictable journey which led from a business degree in the disco era and retail sales to a master's in dance. While Dorfman once "thrived on the competition" of athletics, it was always the "movement" which he loved. In athletics, particularly football, he saw movement as a very simple "use of bodily force to avoid or hit another person." The play formations were the "choreography of the game." Dorfman, who is now artistic director and choreographer of David Dorfman Dance, still sees athletics as "basic movement metaphors for how we deal with the world." He translates these metaphors into dance, while retaining the unpredictability which is so exciting in sports.

Out of Season is the culmination of a three-week residency at the Dance Center of Columbia College, during which Dorfman and his company will work with a select group of Chicago athletes to set and partially choreograph this piece. Since January of 1993, Dorfman has been taking his athlete's project to various locations throughout the U.S. According to Dorfman, he has reached more first time dance viewers than he has with any past work. Much of Dorfman's choreography reflects his athletic past. It is not pretty in line or movement, which may disappoint the regular dance viewer, but his work is always exciting, unpredictable and close to the edge.

David Dorfman Dance is in residence at the Dance Center of Columbia College from February 7, 1994 culminating in performances on February 24, 25, 26 at 8:00 pm, 4730 N. Sheridan Rd. Call (312) 271-7928 for more information on performances and to audition for "Out of Season."

David Dorfman dancing over the edge.

Moses Pendleton dreamed of becoming a cross-country skier until he broke his leg and had to settle for something less challenging—like dancing and choreography.

change of attitude

Vietnam, USA—by Studs Terkel

From Studs Terkel's play—**Race** Adapted for the stage—by **Jamie Pachino**

Studs Terkel is Chicago. The red-and-white checked shirt sporting author and radio host has been a fixture in this town for more than 40 years from his legendary TV show Studs' Place to his long-running show on WFMT where he has interviewed just about everybody. Terkel, the world-famous noted author of oral histories like *The Good War* has recently come out with his most explosive book, *Race*, which cuts to the heart of the prejudices of our country's citizens. Strawdog Theater, one of the most innovative young companies in town, has teamed up with Terkel to bring the words of Terkel's *Race* to the stage.

What follows is a short excerpt from the play:

Sound Effects: Sharp noises, jail cells closing.

Sergeant Dennis Hickson: The little children growing up in our inner cities have experienced more violence than many of our veterans of wars.

Joseph Lattimore: A hundred years ago, children were sold from their mothers.

Hickson: Children in the projects watch as somebody is shot on a playing field.

Lattimore: A mother watched her teenage daughter raped by the slave master,

Hickson: By the time the ambulance arrives, there are all these children looking at this dying person.

Lattimore: Sure you'd go crazy.

Hickson: It's every day with them, seeing death.

Lattimore: Same thing with black people in America.

Hickson: Violent death is simply a way of life.

Lattimore: Watching these things.

Hickson: (Softly.) These kids.

Lattimore: If a soldier back from Vietnam was captured when the war began and had been in a bamboo cage and beat half to death, first thing we'd do is rush him to a psychiatrist.

Hickson: Remember when some kids were killed in Wilmette a couple of years ago? There was all kinds of psychiatric follow-up for these kids who had seen their classmates dying.

Lattimore: And if you didn't get any help, to raise the next child with that insanity, you'd have to pass some of that along.

Hickson: Whereas the kids in the projects get absolutely no care. They have to just deal with it the best they can.

Lattimore: Now add years of segregation and discrimination the next generations went through, enough to drive them mad.

Hickson: Blood is spattered in the elevator until somebody comes to clean it up. Bullet holes in the walls.

Lattimore: So our foreparents have been driven mad.

Hickson: I've known teenagers who've committed heinous crimes. You ask how could you do such a thing? They're so casual.

Lattimore: Yet what visiting sociologists always miss is that thousands of black children somehow manage to survive.

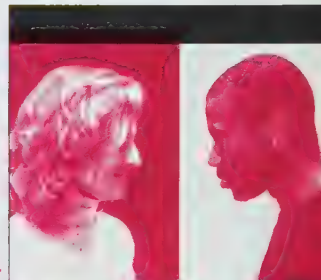
Hickson: Killing another person is nothing because they've been around so much killing.

Lattimore: College students somehow come out of projects. It is that incredible toughness in people that gives me hope.

Hickson: Still it isn't shocking that so few make it out—but that the few who do can actually escape it.

(Hickson and Lattimore exit.)

Samuel Langhorne Clemens' career as a riverboat pilot was cut short by the Civil War although he was forever haunted by the riverboatman's cry of "Mark Twain."



Drama in Black and White: Carrie Hegdal and Timothy Jenkins in a scene from Studs Terkel's *Race*.

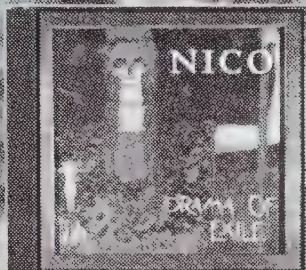
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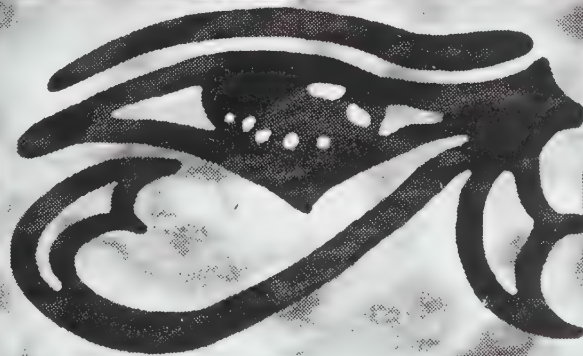
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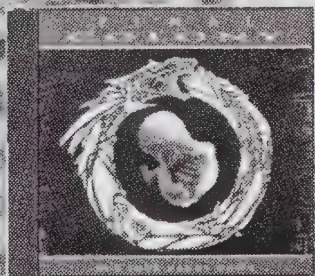
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Evolving Trash

TINA TAKES OUT THE TRASH A Frank Discussion of FLATULATING CELEBRITIES, Ass-Kicking Rock Stars, AND VACANT MODELS

by Tina Trash



EXCUUSE ME!

Pioneer talk show host and Steve Martin-lookalike **TOM SNYDER** shocked and embarrassed participants at a Broadcast Museum to-do when he nonchalantly emitted several loud backstage flatulences. After the event, he flashed a hand-held whoopie cushion. Only a few people caught the joke. White-haired funnyman **LESLIE NIELSEN** recently brought the same toy onto the sets of *Later and Late Night*, where he admitted that the device had changed his life forever. And **TINA HERSELF** nauseated playgoers with the same trick at a sold-out Organic Theater show last month.

ENDORPHIN HIGH

A whole flock o' celeb atheletes were present at a big awards ceremony taped at the Rubloff Auditorium in December. An elegant, "eight foot tall" **FLORENCE GRIFFITH-JOYNER** wore a black and silver dress and high heels, and stood next to a "three foot high" **MARY LOU RETTON**—who was seen kissing wide pugilist **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**.

MEMBERS ONLY

Seems everyone's afraid of the band **ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB**; the admitted satanists allegedly scared off college radio programmers, and even CMJ, who supposedly won't put 'em on the roster cuz of their beliefs. So now their labe, Cleopatra, has come up with a new campaign; "Do you dare play the new Elec. Hellfire Club?" My Life with the Thrill Kill Cult is threatening to sue EHC, cuz a sticker on the new record sez singer **BUCK RYDER** was a former TTK member. TTK sez he wasn't (he was).

AND THEY SAY WOMEN ARE CATTY

Longtime **NIRVANA** videomaker **KEVIN KERSLAKE** was dumped in favor of **ANTON CORBIJAN** to direct "Heart-Shaped Box;" seems Kerslake and **KURT COBAIN** had exchanged some heated words about ownership of video ideas. Shortly thereafter, Kerslake directed a **DEPECHE MODE** video—a band he purports to hate, and a gig that usually belongs to Corbin. Huh.

BIG NOTHING

Seems a local recording engineer nicknamed **CRITTER** made it big when he hooked up with **MINISTRY** several years ago. "Al made him," says Tina's source. But it seems Mr. Critter has been going around producing bands and

putting **MINISTRY**'s name on it. An enraged **AL JOURGENSON** allegedly found out, called him up and told him he was going to come over and kick his ass. When he arrived at the recording studio, the place was dark; the frightened critter had locked all the doors and turned off all the lights.

PRETTY VACANT

Pretty **INXS** singer **MICHAEL HUTCHENCE** showed his face at Lucky's, where he was flanked by "some Elite Models who have no interest in you unless you're a rock star or some other cutting edge personality." The diminutive singer was "bopping all over the place; it certainly looked like he was having a good time" at the "Big Schmoose Fest."

MY LEFT BRAIN

Tina's London spies spotted **DANIEL DAY LEWIS** "walking like he was tormented. He looked like an axe murderer." DDL had a helmet tucked under his arm. Tina's spy followed him to a yellow motorcycle. "He got on and took off like he was going to kill someone."

GEDDY CULT-CHA

Canuck Rush frontman **GEDDY LEE** was spotted solo at the Art Institute "running through the galleries to get to Grant Wood's immortal *American Gothic*. Lee was wearing brand new Chuck Taylors with his circa-1981 black suit. "He just kind of stood there pondering this painting as if it were a metaphor for his career," says our source.

BAD HAIR DAY

When **TINA HERSELF** bumped into **EMO PHILLIPS** at a movie theater this winter, the stunned comedian paused for a pregnant moment and announced, "You have Emo hair!"

ODDS 'N' SODS

What do **ALICE COOPER** and **OPRAH WINFREY** have in common (besides their wild stage shows)? Both live in Lake Point Tower...**AL J.** is now linked with the bass player from **WHITE ZOMBIE**. Not only that, but he was allegedly present when **RIVER PHOENIX** died.

Illustration by Kevin Kane

In his youth, Karol Jozef Wojtyla excelled in outdoor sports, enjoyed popularity among young ladies and rebelled against authority until he became one—Pope John Paul II.

Evolving Magazine

Live from the SubBeat

Photography by Philin Phlash & Debra Cassidy

Subnation's issue six release party at

the Beat Kitchen showcased three emerging Chicago bands.

Brother Theresa christened the

night's debauchery with a funky

bass-threaded groove that was

tight if not always seasoned. Commandeering the stage afterwards

was the fishnet and testosterone drive of Tribal Opera, one of



Tribal Opera

Chicago's strongest undiscovered

bands, whose blistering set was

punctuated by godvox Preston

Graves and bassist Sol Snyder's defiant sexual energy turned

musical expression. They're every

bit as tight as Preston's underwear

and definitely worth their cover



Venus Envy

charge. Venus Envy gift-wrapped the evening, shunning the

current alt.-band noise addiction for a smooth, straightforward,

power rock sound. You came, you saw, you blew your mind.

SUBFUTURE

The Electronic Issue

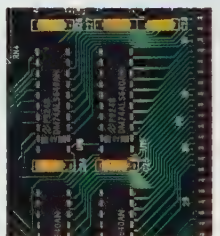
also...Plugging into the Art of JoNes

Chicago Producer Ralph Bass

Electrifies James Brown

Catching the Buzz on Chicago's Jesus Lizard

Exploring Chicago's Music Studios



DON'T BE LIKE MIKEY

Be Ann, Wooman, MIA
F.I.B.

MIKEY: MIA. Presumed held by
Quaker Terrorists

IT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL
IT'S THE WAY YOU LIVE !!

• ART - WHAT A WORK!
Phillip: Manager of Canyon Glass
Keith: Bronzed. Dec 22, 1992

IF IT SWELLS
RIP IT

George: Kim-Mall George of the
Jungle

THE MAP ROOM
a travellers tavern

Gene: Manager of all...
Cape...

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SEXUAL EVOLUTION

BY MICHELLE REID

Vol 2
ISSUE 7

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Styles so hip
you may actually figure out what your mom saw in your dad.

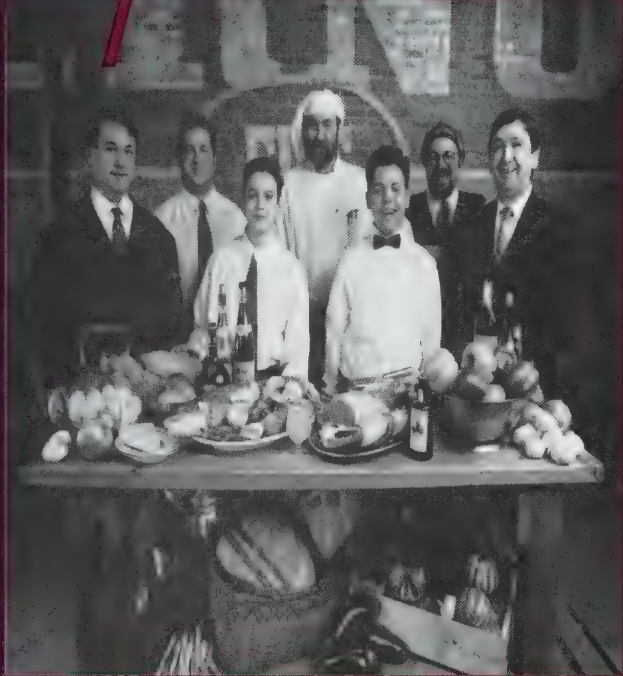


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FLASHY

Trash

Cafe Absinth



opening soon
at Cafe Absinth
Chicago, Illinois
February 28



Peace & Love

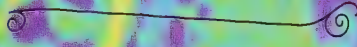


Subnation Party:
Thursday, February 3
at 8pm featuring
a live performance by

Azumah



from South Africa



2871 North Cicero Ave. in Chicago @ 312-547-5349

Sunday, February 27
An evening of spoken word
"Screaming from the
Barrel Four" featuring
Exene Cervenka (of X)
Don Bajema
Professor Griff
(of Public Enemy)



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LETTERS

WHAT'S IN A CRAPPY NAME?

That name doesn't do your magazine justice.
JAMIE JONES, SAN DIEGO

We think our name is just fine, but thanks anyway. What would you think about a change to something like Rubnation or Stubnation or Chicago's SubHaitian?

SHORT PEOPLE TRASH

It is too bad that the Tina Trash column [Gossip, October, 93] is so lacking in depth that the writer must resort to maligning those "lacking in the height department". The attitude that people who are, "short, too" are somehow physically malformed is ridiculous, and in the case of this article, redundant.
MICHELLE REID, CHICAGO

Sorry, sorry, sorry. Tina gets so inappropriate and crude. We're sure that Tina has offended just about everyone by now. What's next? Fatties, bald ones, the ugly, the imprisoned and the maimed? Call her at (312) 658-9160! Perhaps she'll return your phone calls. She won't return ours!

MORE NOW THAN EVER

Picked up a copy of *Subnation* at Lounge Ax last month, just in time to get in on the 5th issue release bash at The Map Room. *Subnation* is a visual feast. Subject matter is hip—what I want to read about, just wish there were more of it....
Love,
SCOTT STUART, CHICAGO

Well, we all wish there were more of a lot of things: more tingly feelings, more free love, more fun, more sex, more music, more peace and more rare groove. However, we do plan on adding more pages to Subnation in the coming months.

SHOW ME STATE

How come it don't have her pants off more [Dec., Liz Phair]?
BRIAN THOMAS, (A FAN)

Do you think it would be great? The original layout did in fact show more of Liz Phair, but in the best interests of our sensitive male readers who have become more in tune with their softer, more feminine side, we felt that unnecessary nudity might be offensive. Thanks for writing in.

SUBNATION?

It was disheartening to see a mail order form for L.A. bands [CLEOPATRA (818) 504-0965] in your issue #6. Why not include some local mail order? Or even a plexidisc??
Concerned,
MATT GALLOWAY, EVANSTON

We will allow Chicago advertisers to utilize our mail order space beginning with our next issue [April]. Thank you.

A GROOVY WAR

Street musicians, Subguy Zen, Art meets Skin and, especially, Michelle Reid's juxtaposition of Helen Keller and Jose [Dec., Gang Hand Signals] make this your most interesting issue, to me, so far. Waging Peace Thru Music,
SHERYL RAK, CHICAGO

Waging a deceptive type war thru hypergroove. Hip Swim with Subnation [!]

A REAL JOB?

The article [Subartist Dec., Jason Appleton] was great. Currently, Jason is working mostly with ballpoint pen and pastels and, as your article noted, he draws on anything he can find. It would be great if Jason could afford some real art supplies, so we hope you can sell some of the work he sent you. Incidentally, Linda Szabo really captured the essence of his apartment.
Regards,
CHUCK HAINES, (JASON'S UNCLE), DENVER

Linda Szabo is able to capture the essence better than any art writer we know. Incidentally, Jason's art is for sale at Subnation's office, please call (312) 665-7704 for a private showing.

Send letters, postcards and cute pictures to us at Chicago's Subnation, 734 North LaSalle Suite 1162, Chicago, Illinois 60610



anniversary issue

Tale From The Neon Prairie

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I got on the bus out in front of the pet store on South Cicero. The color of the chameleon shining brown in the headlights turned a greenish orange as the door closed and the taillights flashed by. I took my seat behind a man with long grey hair and a dandruff-speckled black coat. He was telling his burnt orange leather jacketed son about the way the neighborhood used to be.

"And Mom, there wasn't any old neighborhoods."

"You'd live at Lincoln Park and you'd be in the best movies of the double feature because the theater was the only cool place in town."

"Fuck your nostalgia," his son said.

What nostalgia could I have? I just remember when the 7-11 opened at 7 and closed at 11. Too young to reminisce, I'm stuck listening to someone else's memories.

"We used to take the streetcar downtown. You'd have to pay a nickel."

Fuck nostalgia, I said to myself. What memories did I have of my culture's evolution? The Starsky and Hutch ice cream parlor on California and Pratt now is a restaurant called Shi Hu. There's a new Cineplex Odeon where they used to have the Dirty Kiddieland on McCormick and Devon. They closed down the Will Rogers and the Milford, and divided all the other theaters where we used to go into chunks of four and five. Don't know when I last saw one of those self-serve Coke machines in a movie theater where the waxy cup tumbles down and non-carbonated orange pop flushes out of the spigot. And that last Sinclair Dinosaur on King Drive keeps fading from a forest green into a dull chartreuse.

"When they built the Prudential Building, it was the tallest building in all of Chicago. We used to take a ride to the top of it and look down at the city."

He was talking to me now.

Don't go to the Museum of Science and Industry anymore. Not since they took out the giant see-through washing machine and the conveyor belt ride through the world of petroleum and that bespectacled scientist in his white labcoat doing chemistry experiments. Not since they replaced the geometric soap bubble exhibit with 21st Century telephone technology. Not since they started charging to get in anyway.

Thought I was too young for nostalgia and reminiscing.

"You know that Jewel shopping center over on Western? You wouldn't know it to look at it now, but that used to be Aladdin's Castle and that SuperGap was the Shoot-the-Shoots. Scariest ride I ever took at the Riverview Amusement Park."

"Course they closed it down way back in '67."

Our science teacher in 2nd grade told us that by the time we were 40, there wouldn't be anymore gasoline. Said by the year 2000, the moon might explode and a set of Saturnian rings would surround the Earth. Used to read the Chicago Daily News, The Chicago Today. Ms Mandell our sixth grade teacher stopped teaching us square dances and taught us the tango hustle she picked up at Faces on Rush Street. Remember slow-dancing at a 6th grade party to Billy Joel singing "Don't Go Changing."

Remember

slouching around in the backseat of an AMC Gremlin.

Remember when computers were black and white monsters from Radio Shack. Remember when t-shirts with iron

And that last Sinclair Dinosaur on King Drive keeps fading from a forest green into a dull chartreuse.

on labels were cool. And guys walked around with saucer-shaped sunglasses. And the women wore form-fitting halber tops. Remember the Who singing "Love Ain't for Keeps" on a shitty 8-Track tape player in my father's car. The guys on Sesame Street had big-ass fros. The bus continued to sputter

north down State Street past the corner where Dreamland used to be. That's where Louie Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton played. Past the Michigan Theater where *The Jazz Singer* premiered back in '27. Past the gambling dens that flourished until a pastor shut them down. The Stevens Hotel. The Ogden Huddle. The Tradewinds, Fritzel's, and the Shangri-La.

"Course I don't go that far back, son," he said to me. "But, my grandfather used to tell me when he used to walk through here and every last inch of it was prairie."

I told him I remembered when McDonald's only served 26 Billion.

"Fuck your nostalgia," he said.

When I got back to Lakeview, I took an elevator to the top floor of my apartment building and looked out at the streetlights illuminating the asphalt shell which covered a land of wild onions and a vast neon prairie.

Photos by Philip Mark

The cover was photographed by Brad Miller, wardrobe by Lisa Baumeyer, makeup by Kim Epperly.

ADAM LANGER, MANAGING EDITOR

To settle his rambunctious spirit, Elias Bates McDaniels traded his violin in for boxing gloves and changed his name to Bo Diddley.

SUBDISC



Stick—Heavy Bag (Arista)

Like all musical forms, grunge too must evolve. The Melvin's *Ozma* were the prokaryotes, Soundgarden's *UltramegaOK* was amphibious and Nirvana's *In Utero* could've been the homo erectus of the Seattle sound but instead came out of the womb like a stillborn missing link, thanks to Kurt Cobain's insistence on equating unlistenable noise with creative integrity. Taking that last eugenic stride is Stick: they grind without chafing, use distortion without making a mess, and lead singer Darrel Brannock actually sings. I'd write more, but the fact that they got kicked off their last tour by Mindfunk because they were gathering stronger crowd reactions than the headliners themselves speaks for itself. (C.W.H.)



Shonen Knife—Rock Animals (Virgin)

Three Japanese women with a common love of American-style rock n' roll, Shonen Knife began their career with their biggest claim to fame being that they were one of Nirvana's favorite bands. They sang half-Japanese-half-English punky pop songs with titles like "Banana Fish." Not much has changed: they're singing all English now (with heavy accents that create authentic rock lyric indecipherability), experimenting with some 60's organ wah-wah ("Butterfly Boy") and keeping the Ramones-style punk ("Quavers"), but otherwise *Rock Animals* is simply the land of the rising sun's answer to the Go-Go's. (C.W.H.)



The Veldt—Afrodisiac (Mercury)

Where the Veldt's first EP, *Marigolds*, played lead singer Danny Chavis' subdued, ultra-vibrato, Erasure-like vocals against hard-edged guitar rantings and twenty-fathom-deep bass, *Afrodisiac*, their first full-length release, takes a decidedly more ambient route. Walking five giant steps away from their former light-headed production techniques, the Veldt relied on Ray Schulman (Sundays, Ian McCullough, Sugarclubes) this time around to produce an atmospheric disc with an ear for pop audiences. Look for the first single, "Soul In a Jar," to include remixes by the Jesus and Mary Chain and producer Diamond D. (C.W.H.)



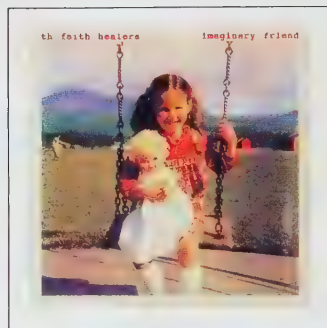
Big Hat—Selena at my Window (March)

Chicago's Big Hat have a penchant for belly dancers and snake charmers. Think open marketplaces. Think volatile exchanges in the heat of the sun and treachery in muddy walkways. Above all, think theatricality: Big Hat's lengthier songs crest, veer into uncharted abstractions, return to roost. Theirs is a synthesized, percussive soundtrack with enough spirals and swells to keep the group's tunnel vision lively. This commentator loathes the comparison school of reviewing, but in this case I'll make a calculated exception: if you count Siouxsie Sioux, Annabouboula, Dead Can Dance or Peter Gabriel's *Last Temptation of Christ* among your stacks of wax, then Big Hat is your favorite local band. (J.S.)



Cassandra Wilson—Blue Light 'Til Dawn (Blue Note/Capitol)

Playing this disc where I tend bar, more than one patron has asked if it's Elvis Costello. Weird gleanings indeed: Wilson is a woman, and a jazzy one at that. Still, her voice is husky enough to make the confusion justifiable. It's also supple as fresh dough and warm as the baked loaf. I'd quibble with her band's take (a mite precious) on two Robert Johnson blues songs and her inclusion of Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey," which already has plenty of miles on it. Beyond these small potatoes, though, *Blue Light 'Til Dawn* is at once a challenging and thoroughly becalming listen. (J.S.)



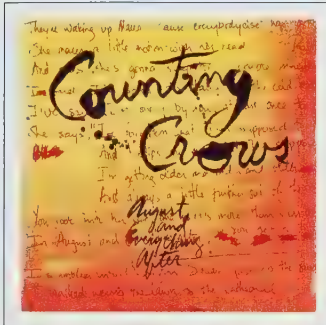
The Faith Healers—Imaginary Friend (Elektra)

Giving an enormous nod to Surfer Rosa-era Pixies is England's The Faith Healers, taking alt-rock back to the backyard (they graciously donated their 'e' to fellow Britons Thee Hypnotics after a drunken soiree). Though lead songstress Roxanne lacks the candied-yam appeal that bubbles over and crusts in Kim Deal, ex-Pixies' bass/current Breeders' voice, Tom's guitars lack nothing in the cranky feedback category that so defined their 4AD predecessors. Produced by Mark Freegard, the handyman behind the Breeders' *Last Splash*, *Imaginary Friend* fiercely grips a garage guitar sound while leaving the vocals raw, uncleaned. Nice touch. (C.W.H.)



The Revolving Cocks—Lingerfickin' Good (Sire/Reprise)

Revo's newest is almost worth buying for the opening track "Gita Copter," upon which Tim Leary recites lyrics such as "You love the United States prime time victim show!" Unfortunately, afterwards you have to listen to Chris Connelly sing, or worse yet Al "Maybe I need another band" Jourgensen. I really liked *Beers, Steers and Queers* but this disc, tracks two to ten, is nothing more than a lesson in tedium. The songs almost never stray from a formulaic disco-bass-meets-drum-machine repetitiveness that I hope would tire even the most militant "industrial" fan. (D.B.L.)



Counting Crows—August and Everything After (DGC)

In a music industry as dependent on an artist's willingness to be marketed as Pearl Jam is on Neil Young to maintain their credibility, it's refreshing to hear an album that not only doesn't pander to this buzzclip-hungry industry mentality, but dares to prove itself on a more ear-friendly playing field. Rather than hiding sentiment beneath distorted guitars or a hail of drum machines, *August and Everything After* utilizes well-written songs and understandable lyrics to communicate with the listener. Warning: other than "Mr. Jones," "A Murder of One" and "Rain King," the tempo remains predominantly low. But fear not: no mindless ballads here, simply soulful music. (D.B.L.)



Koko Taylor—Force of Nature (Alligator)

All blues is basically the same. The only thing that separates one blues album from any other is the character and talent that each artist brings to the music. Don't get me wrong: the blues is probably one of America's most valuable cultural assets. This holds even more true in Chicago, "the home of the blues," or as many would argue, "home of the blues, north."

Chicago's Koko Taylor brings an astounding amount of vitality to a musical form that can sometimes be boring. Her molasses n' gravel voice literally compels you to listen and subsequently enjoy. Every track here is a winner, especially a duet with Chicago guitar legend Buddy Guy on "Born Under a Bad Sign." (D.B.L.)



KRS-One—Return of the Boom Bap (Jive)

KRS has returned, if only to remind us that he's returned. He spends an inordinate amount of vinyl politicking for the hip hop Hall of Fame; him in deh already. He was BDP, lyricist, rapper, producer, and Kris—college lecture circuit darling. I think he got confused. His last couple of records were about as funky as a seminar: sound arguments over clunky beats.

Enter Gang Starr's Premier and Kid Capri—two muthaphunkee deejays who give Kris a hand in production. Kris raps again, actually flowing. This time out KRS pays attention to cadence, finally gets a handle on his fauxny Jamaican patois, and, as always, he's waxing relevant. (C.H.)



Digital Underground—The Body-Hat Syndrome (Tommy Boy/TNT Recordings)

"Look at me, I'm skinny" — Humpty Hump

And gettin' skinnier and skinnier... At the sounds of these starved beats, soon the only thing that'll be left of him will be his newly gold-platinum-plated nose. No fat here—Digital Underground's latest weight-watching plan leaves those grooves wimpy, wimpy, wimpy. Maybe that's harsh, but you'd think, out of 20 tracks, possibly at least 6 or 7 could hit. No such luck. They could take the 4 or 5 hype cuts on this disc and maybe make a good EP. Until they do, save ya' do-de-o-dough. (G.D.)



Uncle Tupelo—Anodyne (Sire)

Recorded entirely live in Austin with an expanded line-up, *Anodyne* is the fourth mature statement from the Belleville, IL core of Jay Farrar and Jeff Tweedy. The addition of fiddle, mandolin, and steel guitar allows the band to stretch out on a rich acoustic bed. Their first two albums as a trio proved that they were superlative with a small line-up; there was a hell-bent intensity rarely seen in a band trying to reconcile the Carter Family with the Minutemen. On *Anodyne* it is the slower songs that are the heart. Unparalleled in mood and delivery they offer the best of what a traditional storyteller at the peak of his craft can offer. (D. A.)

D i s c
R e v i e w s

Doug Anderson, Bjorn Bork, Robin Williams, Elvis Presley, John Cusack, Uma Thurman, Gruver Damen, Robbie Robertson, Hugh Hefner, Isabella Rosalini, Giovanni Agnelli, Bob Trout, Bull Weevil, Anna Klommerschmutz, Joe Blow, Chris Hanley, Dave Brian Lusk, Chauncey W. Hollingsworth, Cara Jepsen, and James Sullivan.

SUBGRUVER

How Huge Are You?

Chicago Artists: Units Sold in 1993*
By Gruver Damen

*Data provided by SoundScan. SoundScan is a good indicator of what's selling in chain record stores around the country in major markets and shopping malls. It doesn't track many independent stores (like those that line Clark Street) where independent artists tend to sell better.

Other Possible Headlines: Was It Huge In '93? Is It Huge? How Huge Is It? Dork Says Huge? Who Says Huge? Who's They? What's Huge? Pumpkins Explode! Well, uh, Seen That Band? Go Figure.



SMASHING PUMPKINS
Siamese Dream, 1,300,000 units
Grammy nominee



URGE OVERKILL
Saturation, 135,000



BUDDY GUY
Feels Like Rain, 104,000



COMMON SENSE
Can I Borrow A Dollar, 56,000



LIZ PHAIR
Exile in Guyville, 47,000



The Flava to Satisfy

It's Saturday night—midnight-ish. My "desire to gratify the senses" (as Webster's so defines "lust") draws me to Red Dog (Milwaukee and Damen) for an evening of lascivious carousing. The music is barely audible during my short trip through the alley, but by the time I reach the top of the stairs my eardrums are alive with pumping bass. Stepping into the club I am greeted by a bevy of sweaty bodies animated in the eclectic ecstasy that IS house! No posers going through the complicated motions of the latest trendy dance moves allowed; you can kick back or act the fool—whichever way the music moves you. Dj's Johnny "Get Up Off Your Ass" Fiasco and that smooth, guru mu'fucka, Diz seduce the crowd with a hard house mix of the old-school and the new that keeps the dance floor mobbed 'til 4:00 in the morning.

Thursday nights at the Red Dog it's Room 227—the shilznit if you're in the mood to chill; 70's, Soul, Hip Hop and more! Psychedelic shouts out to my girl Heather "That Black Girl" Robinson, The Yard's Dj Jesse de la Pena and Dj Mike Pierce for hyping the crowd.

Mad props to Richard Glass and his crew of jocks at the club culture hot spot, Red Dog. The club's weekly line up has flava to satisfy whatever you're craving. The atmosphere will ease even the most conservative into tripping on the same high: the music. Supreme Funk Parlor! An omnipotent title but somebody's got to claim it.

If you reach sensory overload you can slip downstairs to Borderline and chill. You can also head down the street to the Northside Cafe, where Danny serves the best chicken sandwiches in Chicago 'til the wee hours of the morning...guaranteed to pre-vent hangovers, heaving and bad tripping for the next 24 hours. For three bones you can't beat it.



SUBCLUBS

Text by Angelique

Photos by Joe Bransko



Changing Stations

SUBRADIO

The Evolution of Top 40

by Michael Jered Kopp

There was a time when radio stations weren't embarrassed to admit that they played the TOP 40. Payola scandals and other sleaze aside, this may have been the most Democratic form of broadcasting. If a record sold more, it got more airplay. The people got to hear the songs they liked until they were sick to death of them. Plus, since different record buyers had different tastes, you would hear "Spirit in the Sky" and Hunka Hunka Burmin' Love" on the same station. For all the restraints of the rigid format, TOP 40 radio was unpredictable. Sometimes it was unspeakably bad. But at least TOP 40 was honest in its pandering.



The airwaves have changed since the heyday of AM stations like WLS and WCFL. FM radio started as a real alternative to the mainstream, but then a strange event occurred: the American mainstream splintered into a thousand special interest groups and radio followed. There is no TOP 40 radio station as it existed in my early days as a radio addict in the late 60s. No station today would dare play the TOP 40 based on sales because they might have to play Mariah Carey and Pearl Jam in the same set. O.K., you've been spared that horror, but your rock station denies you the chance to enjoy Rap, Latin, Jazz or any other styles that don't fit into their tight little format. Today's stations are guilty of pandering to the "hit song" mentality, and they've gotten more nearsighted with age.

Not everyone can have their TOP 40 neatly homogenized and packaged Dance Music TOP 40, Lite AM TOP 40, Rap TOP 40 and even alternative TOP 40. Alternative to what? To Michael Jackson, I suppose. But listeners with broad tastes in music are left with no station to satisfy their needs. We've given up the right to hear good music in a variety of styles for the privilege of becoming an easily defined target market for advertisers.

What station today would play the contemporary equivalent of Jefferson Airplane and The Temptations in the same hour?

It can't be done because radio has become too thinly sliced. No musical contrasts allowed. Your Walkman headphones have become musical blinders that prevent you from hearing anything out-of-the-ordinary. Don't you feel cheated?

For all its faults, the old WLS introduced me to stacks of jive records. Partial credit goes to another extinct species—the 45 rpm single. Often an odd little song would make it to #37 on the charts, and every song in the TOP 40 was available at my neighborhood record store for 99 cents. No current record label can afford to release all of the hits for every little radio faction. You've got to buy the whole CD to get the oddities. No more curious B-sides either, like the oozing surf groove on the B-side of "Louie Louie." Groups used to experiment on B-sides—like bubblegum popsters The 1910 Fruitgum Co. The flipside to their insipid "Simon Says" is the psychedelic gem "Reflections From The Looking Glass." On CD singles you get four different mixes of a hit and one song too lame to release elsewhere.

Maybe the myopic vision will improve with the advent of cable and digital audio. In theory, there will be stations to satisfy even the most eclectic tastes. But right now we're all trapped in radio pigeonholes with nowhere to run.

All this talk about the radio of my youth almost makes me nostalgic for the echo-chamber voices and the verbal abuse of Larry Lujack. Almost.

WHAT'S THE BUZZ? TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING.

By
Chancey Hollingsworth

If you strip away the myth from the man—You will see where we all soon will be Jesus—You started to believe the things they say of you—You really do believe this talk of god is true—And all the good you've done will soon be swept away—You've begun to matter more than the things you say. So read the lyrics to "Jesus Christ," the blistering last track of *Fore*, the latest EP from Chicago punk mainstays Pegboy. Plucked from Andrew Lloyd Webber's rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*, it's the probing rant of Judas Iscariot, the betrayer, the only apostle supposedly damned for all time. Like alternative music itself, that started on the fringes of a perpetually uninteresting disco-pop radio mainstream only to eventually dominate these self-same airwaves, the black sheep of Christianity now speaks to a grown-up-seen-it-been-there-done-that audience who just can't buy the turn-the-other-cheek theory of urban relations. This is evolution in thought, reflected in the musical evolution of Pegboy itself. From the wreckage of the legendary punk band Naked Raygun, Pegboy salvaged itself with ex-Raygun guitarist John Haggerty and ex-Bhopal Stiffs vocalist Larry Damore. Probably sensing an impending sell-out (just listen to NR's over-produced last LP, *Raygun... Naked Raygun*), it seems Haggerty jumped ship just in time. Maniac Raygun drummer Eric Spicer has apparently lapsed into married retirement, as has the big, big boom of vocalist Jeff Pezzati. Too bad all that talent is going to waste somewhere in a work-a-day world but, as the clichés go, all good things must end, que será será and all that. Like the cavalry charging in to replace the battered infantry, Pegboy enters with their latest line-up addition: Pierre Kezdy, bass-player from Naked Raygun, a man who years ago complained bitterly in an interview with me that Pegboy was merely "trying to sound like us." With Kezdy and Haggerty back in one band, a newly-confident Joe Haggerty on drums (check out his tempo experimentation on *Fore*—at last, stepping away from the 24-7 bombastic percussion of punk) and a vocalist seasoned from more than three years of touring, Pegboy has matured into a veteran band. Chicago's (ex-Big Black) Steve Albini, the whiniest producer in rock and roll, does bass on *Fore* and, if my intuition is correct (since the liner notes' mentioning of "Terry Fuckwit" on production can't be taken as anything other than fine-print antics), produced it as well. Beyond the boundaries of a studio setting, anyone who saw their performance at Crobar in December or their earlier sold-out Oak Theater appearance can attest to the band's tight musicianship, live strength (no studio band here) and hardcore unity of purpose. Stepping out of the NR shadow, Pegboy is stretching its limbs in a post-punk musical environment where they can only grow and flourish.

DELILAH'S DJ CARA PICKS HER FAVE UNSIGNED BANDS

HOG LADY

Chi-town's numero uno word-o-mouth band features death-metal throb undulating behind Sabbath-style guitar and searing chick-vocals. Singer Tye Coon is a presence to be reckoned with, and guitarist Dave is supposed to be quite a contortionist on stage. Ask for H.L.'s self-titled tape at yer local indie store. Better yet, check 'em out live.

SCISSOR GIRLS

Riot grrrls meet early Cabaret Voltaire, with a little "White Rabbit" thrown in for good measure. A funky, bass-heavy trio with requisite angry vocals and gobs o' high-pitched feedback. Wow! Their 7" "No Darling Pets" comes complete with dead cricket and cool booklet. On Monkeytech Records.

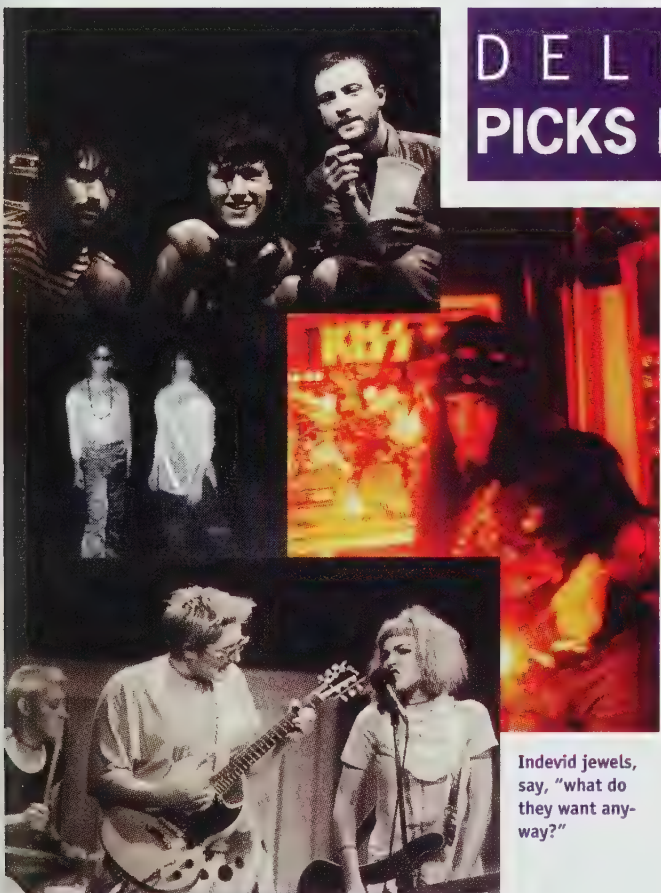
SPECULA

After plugging away for several years this out-there experimental duo has come up with a rockin' accessible 7" —yet has managed to retain most of their weirdness. Near-melodic ranting in an other-worldly noise atmosphere of dirge, backwards drums by Blackie O. and other goodies. Good eatin'! The single's called "Inertia" and it's on Monkeytech.

FESTERING RINYANYONS

Fresh, sometimes angry, and sometimes funny, throbbin' punque from the 815 area code. Gibby-esque death-screams meet 80's Flipper thrash —and every once in awhile break into sweet pop harmonies. But the noisy part wins out; look for the Fester's "Peaceful Easy Feelin'" 7" on Bovine Records.

PHOTO NOTES: Clockwise from top: *Festering R's*, *Hog Lady*, *Scissor Girls*, *Specula*. Hog Lady photo by Tricia Koning, all others supplied by individual bands.



Individ jewels, say, "what do they want anyway?"

Red Red Meat



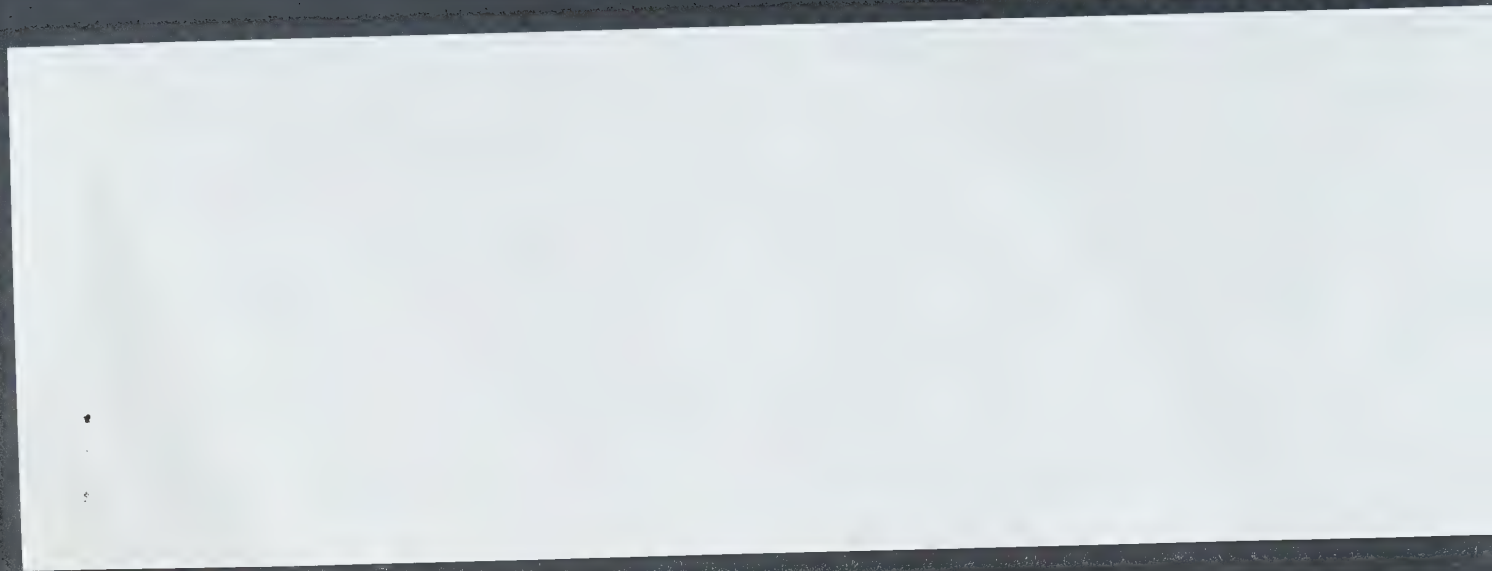
story by chauncey hollingsworth

"There would be no Jane's Addiction without Die Kreuzen. There would be no 'Chicago Scene' without some bands that came before and put their heads on the chopping block and had it **FUCKING LOPPED RIGHT OFF**, and paved the way with their own blood, and they should've made it but they didn't." Brian Deck, Red Red Meat

The band Red Red Meat aren't taking that trip to the guillotine. Listening to their latest disc, *Jimmywine Majestic*, is like watching an Australian cross-country car race: **extra-heavy**-rigged vehicles **beat** on each other, mud spatters, **metal** breaks, dust chokes and obscures. But there's something **beautiful** about it, too. When a 4x4 flies through the air or cuts a wide **swathe** through a stand of cacti, the **raw power** in motion is both majestic and **terrifying**. Glenn Girard's resonant wah-wahs, acoustic-like needles and singer Tim Rutili's voice, when he's lounging, provide the **majesty**. The 60s, **dirty** fuzz-pedals, Tim Hurley's **chunk-style** bass and Rutili's bellow-from-the-barcolounger make for the **mud pie**. Smashing Pumpkins' undulating tempo changes and Mudhoney's fuzztones come closest soundwise, but Rutili avoids the whininess that besets the likes of Billy Corgan or Mark Arm with his uniquely melodic, stoned-out vocals. Deck keeps a mean 2/4 beat, eats a chili burrito in two bites and is extremely patient with late interviewers. **SUB: So are you scared?** Brian Deck: I'm **not** scared. I mean, I really **like** the **record** that we made. I see other bands like the **Flaming Lips**; they make **no compromises** in how they want to make a record and they still do okay. They're not doing great, either, and they're definitely getting **swallowed** up in the giant **Warner Brothers machine**, but I think it's possible for us to tour around and count on showing up in Lawrence, Kansas, and being able to get a couple hundred people in any city like that. I think it could work, but I don't know. We'll see. I'm **guardedly optimistic**. **SUB: How does your deal with Sub-Pop work?** Tim Rutili: **We signed for ten records, and they have any option on the next nine.** Tim Hurley: We have to **deliver** the last three first. T.R.: And we have to **crawl** to **Seattle**. B.D.: **Signing** with a label, from what I've seen, basically always **means debt**. Period. It means, 'Okay, now you can be in debt,' and put yourself at the **mercy** of some **machine**, whether it's large or small. It's something over which, even in the best of situations, you're not going to be able to exercise much power. It's also usually taken as a large vote of confidence from somebody really important, and that's not necessarily true either. You can totally fucking blow and get signed to a very large record deal and maybe you'll do well but probably you won't, in that case. Probably you won't in any case. **Statistically speaking, you're almost certainly fucked** if you get a record deal. **SUB: Do you like being on the road?** T. H.: Sometimes it's really great. Playing every night is really good, because it was making us a lot **better** than we really are. But it would have been nice to have **sex more**. Or **eat** better. In the midwest, there's nothing really good to eat but **Denny's**. If you go into a **college town**, you can have bad **vegetarian** food. There was not enough good food. B.D.: So far, in general, it's **never** been **lucrative** to go on the road. We only make a little bit of money... on the road. We'll get some **pocket cash** but when we figure it out in the long run, accounting-wise, we've always lost money. It would be nice if we made a living off of this, if we were just able to concentrate on doing it. I think it's one of the most **insulting** drag things about the **music business**: that you can put as much work, probably **twice as much work**, into this career as someone who goes out and holds down a regular **day job** and **not** necessarily even **make** a poverty-level **living**. I'm not exactly sure why that is. There are way too many bands out there doing it. It's a completely flooded profession right now. It's **not** treated like a **profession**, though, to most people. **SUB: Yeah, how do you have money if you have to quit your day job to go on tour?** T.R.: I'm using tour money now. I don't have a job. I'm going to have to get one, or else we're going to have to go on the road and play until we **disintegrate**. **SUB: How was your reception, opening for the Flaming Lips on your last tour?** T.R.: For some [cities] it was really good, and for some it was not there at all. **SUB: Where was it especially good?** T.R.: Detroit. And Lawrence, **Kansas** was really good. B.D.: One night in Detroit we were playing an **all-ages** show and halfway through the set Glenn **threw out** two singles and a t-shirt, and he's playing along midway through the same song and he **feels** this **'whap'** against his leg. He looks down and there's our fucking stuff. They wouldn't even take it **for free**. They fucking **hated us**... We were opening for Smashing Pumpkins, so they were all there to see the **Pumpkins**... Kids fucking love them... Go figure. I mean, I don't think they **suck**, but I don't really... Maybe I should change the subject... The thing about our band is we have fun doing shows, but **I think there's a certain higher plateau of communication** that we're reaching for that we're not at, in terms of live playing. The real thing, the thing we exist to **make**, is the **records**... the media is the message. Live shows are a completely different thing. They're not always what we're about... we almost **never** make a **set list**. Less so than there used to be, but there's a lot of open-endedness in our music. It really depends on the listener. It's not **like** jazz, but it has that in common with **jazz**; it's **improvised**, and there has to be a **communication** going on. Most bands aren't that way. Everything they're going to do has been planned out six months ahead of time, you've heard it before and you're paying to go hear it again. That same set of songs. It's hard to do. We don't always do it that way. So it's **hit** or **miss** comin' to see us, boy I'll tell ya'. **SUB: What do you think of the Jesus Christ Superstar soundtrack?** B.D.: I **listened** to that very **heavily** when I was a kid... What you want to know is, where is Ted Neely today? **SUB: Both Pegboy and the Afghan Whigs cover songs from J.C. Superstar on their latest discs.** B.D.: So we as a **generation**, who were influenced by Andrew Lloyd Webber's second rock opera, are now going to bring it to the forefront in **music**. T.H.: The only time music ever made me nauseous was when I was on the Zipper at a **carnival**. I was drunk and in sixth grade, and **Queen** came on. I **threw up**. Another time it was Easter Sunday and a friend brought over a bottle of rum and played *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I **threw up** then, **too**. *Interviews by Chauncey Hollingsworth and Cara Jepsen. Photography by Brad Miller Photography.*

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S STAGE DEBUT WAS THE ROLE OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT AT PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 9.





FAX FROM



DR. ALFRED BADER
Suite 622
924 East Juneau Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202
Telephone: 414/277-0730
Fax: 414/277-0709

March 17, 1997

TO: Mr. Ken Pavichevich
FAX: 630/617-5259

Dear Ken:

Thank you for your fax of the 14th, just received.

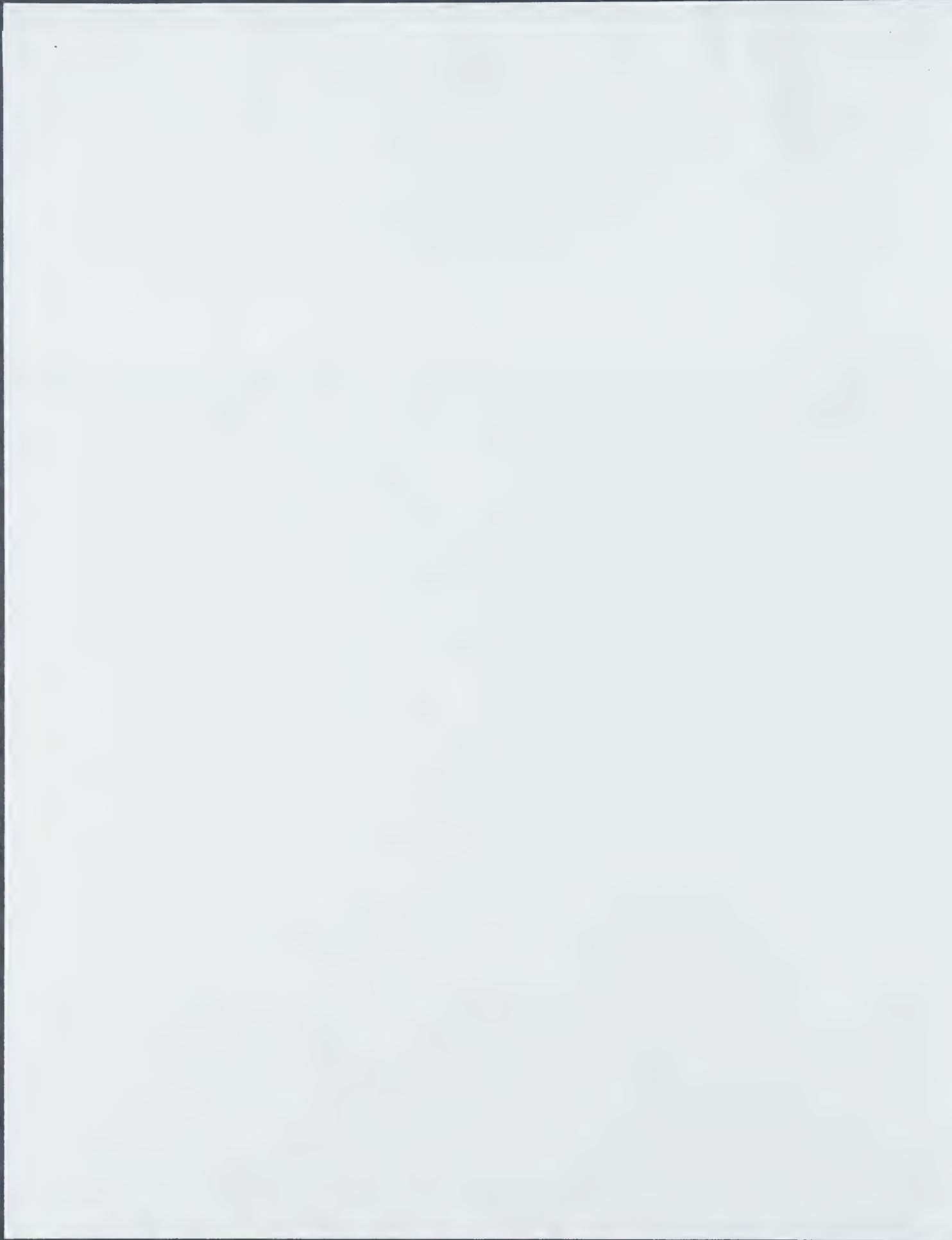
It seems to me that your letter of March 10th to the SEC is very clear, and I just hope that they will look at the tremendous human pressure under which you have been and will understand how the failing to report was really not under your control.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

AB/cw

YOU HAVE RECEIVED THIS COMMUNICATION BY FAX. IF YOU
return the original message to us at the above address via the United States Postal Service.
Thank you.



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Brewing
Company**

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This document is confidential and contains information that is exempt from disclosure under the Freedom of Information Act. It is intended for the use of the employees of the company and is not to be disseminated, distributed or copied. If you have received this communication in error, please notify us immediately by telephone, and return the original message to us at the above address via the United States Postal Service. Thank you.



Dear Mr. [Name]:

I am writing to you regarding the [Topic]...

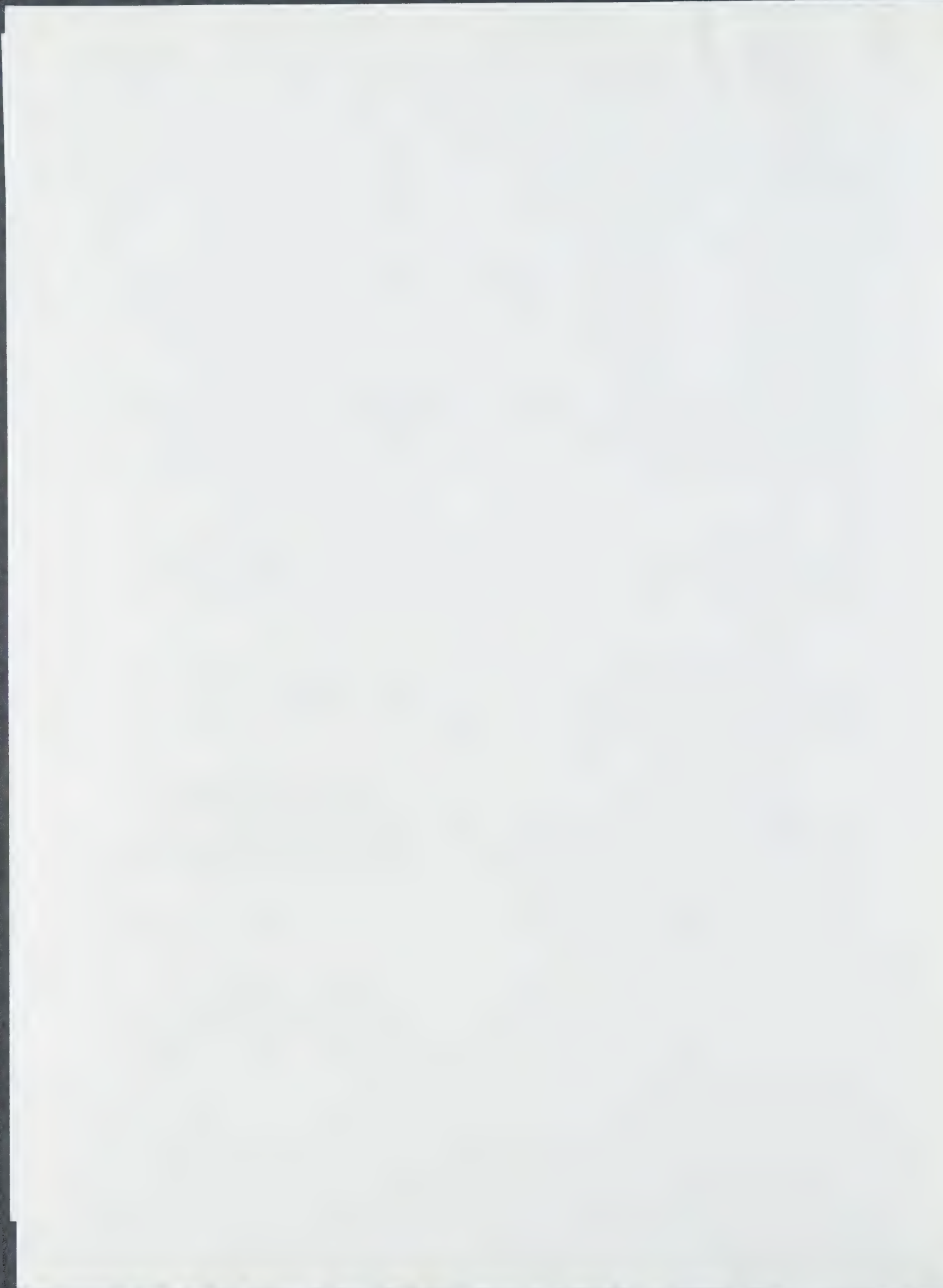
The [Topic] is currently being handled by...

I am sorry that I cannot provide a more definitive answer at this time...

I will be sure to contact you again as soon as the situation has changed...

Thank you for your patience and understanding.

Sincerely,
[Signature]



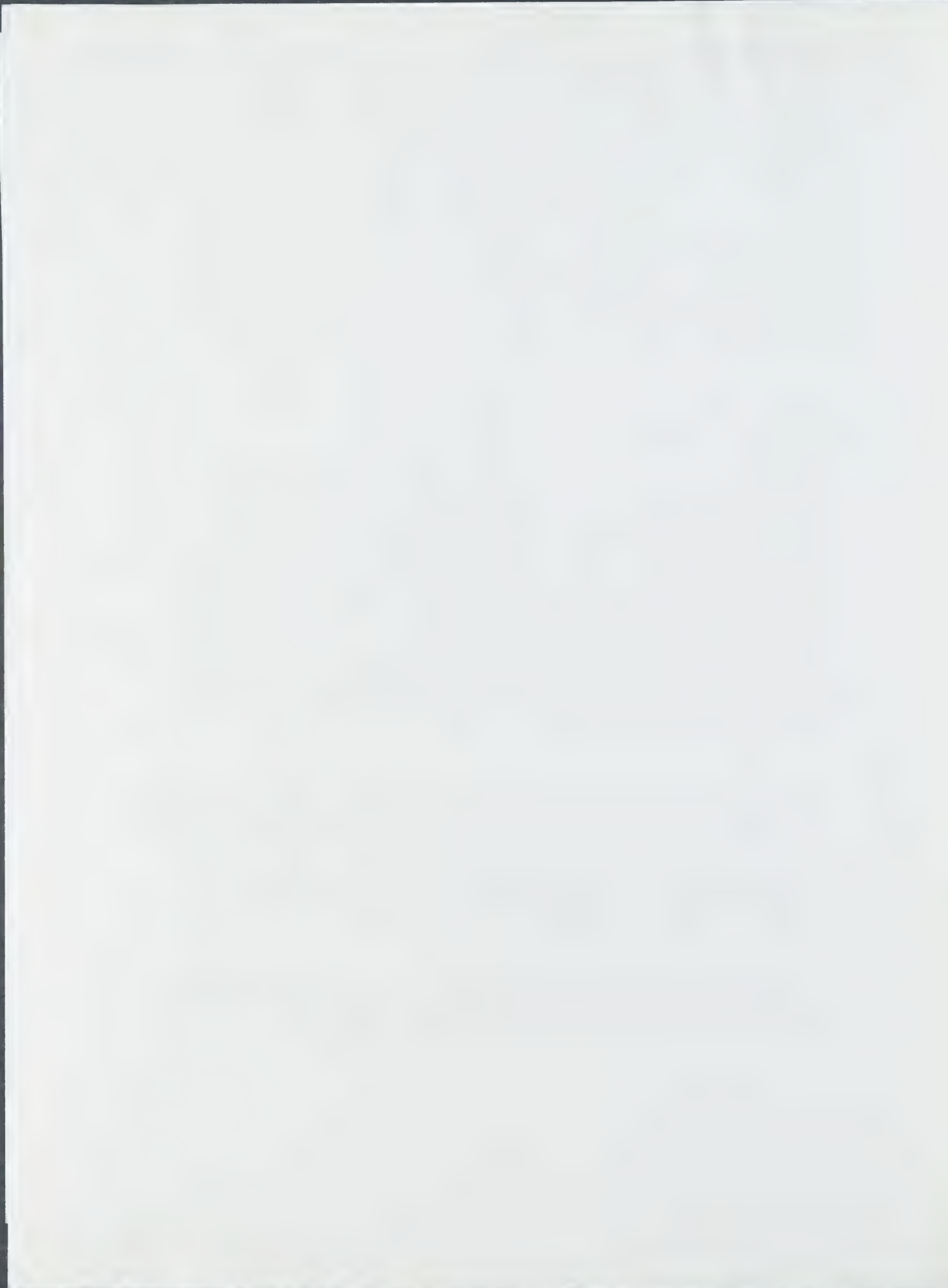
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF _____

I, _____, County Clerk of said County, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the _____ as the same appears from the records of said County.

County Clerk

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said County at _____ this _____ day of _____, 19____.

County Clerk



Section 1

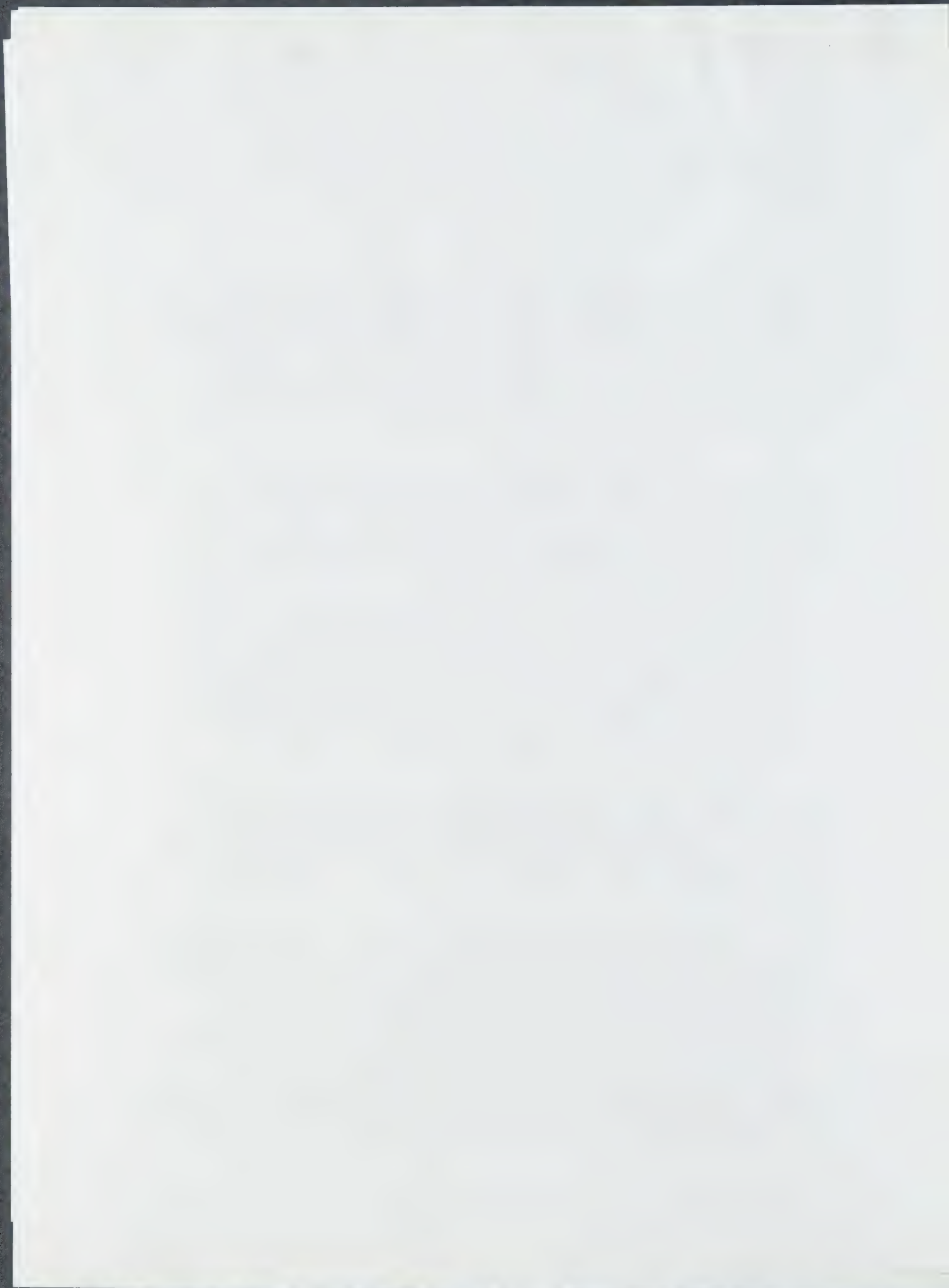
The first part of the document discusses the general principles of the project and the objectives that have been set. It outlines the scope of the work and the resources that will be required to complete the project. The document also provides a brief overview of the project's history and the progress that has been made to date.

The second part of the document provides a detailed description of the project's goals and objectives. It outlines the specific tasks that will be required to complete the project and the timeline for the project. The document also provides a list of the project's stakeholders and the roles that they will play in the project.

The third part of the document provides a detailed description of the project's budget and financial requirements. It outlines the estimated costs of the project and the sources of funding that will be used to finance the project. The document also provides a list of the project's financial risks and the strategies that will be used to manage these risks.

The fourth part of the document provides a detailed description of the project's organizational structure and the roles of the project team members. It outlines the reporting relationships between the team members and the project manager. The document also provides a list of the project's key milestones and the dates when these milestones are expected to be completed.

The fifth part of the document provides a detailed description of the project's communication plan. It outlines the methods that will be used to communicate with the project team and the project stakeholders. The document also provides a list of the project's communication risks and the strategies that will be used to manage these risks.



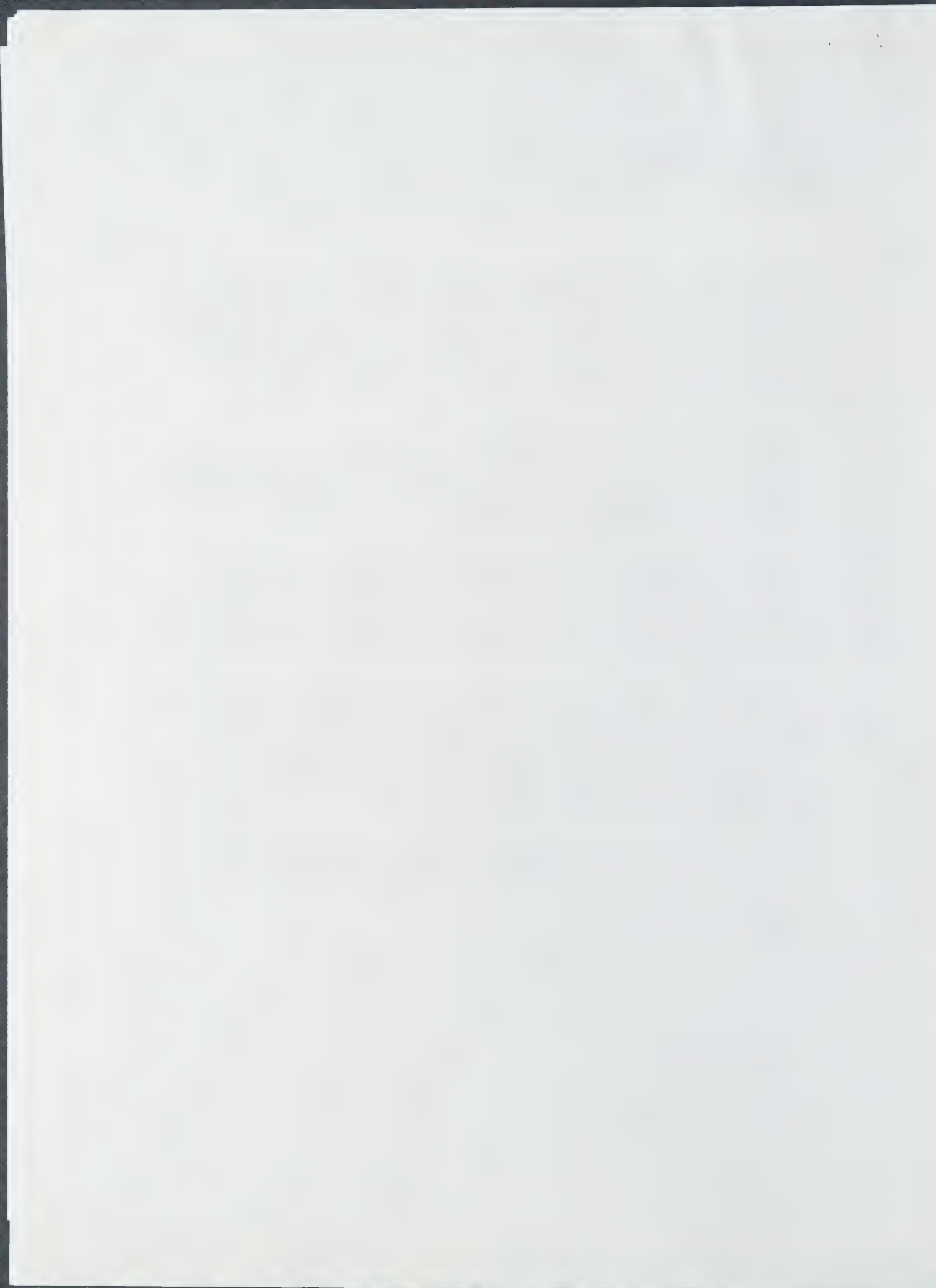
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
5700 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637
TEL: 773-936-3700

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1964
CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TO: DR. ROBERT M. WAYmouth
FROM: DR. J. H. GOLDSTEIN
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

RE: [Illegible]
[Illegible]
[Illegible]

Yours very truly,
J. H. Goldstein



BADERBRAU PILSENER is an all natural beer that is fire-brewed in a copper brew kettle. It conforms to the German Purity Law of 1516 which permits only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients.

Ken Parichevich


ベーター ブロウ、ピルスナー・ビール

アメリカのマイクロブルワリー(小さい醸造所)ビールは、個性豊かなために非常に人気があり、スポーツの都市シカゴで最もおいしいと評判で売れている世界に通用する天然のピルスナー・スタイルのビールです。

品名: ビール 容量: 355ml

アルコール度: 4.6% 原産国: アメリカ

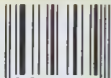
原材料: 大麦 麦芽、ポップ、酵母、水

輸入業者:  セントラル インペックス株式会社

東京都新宿区市谷仲之町2-23

Brewed & bottled by: PARICHEVICH BREWING CO., Elmhurst (Chicago), IL

輸入年月:



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FAX FROM

DR. ALFRED BADER
Suite 622
924 East Juneau Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202
Telephone: 414/277-0730
Fax: 414/277-0709

March 11, 1997

TO: Mr. Ken Pavichevich
FAX: 630/617-5259

Dear Ken:

You will have realized how very much I enjoyed meeting you.

During the last few days, I have spent quite a bit of time studying the material which you sent me, and I also had a long chat with Stan Andrie. He obviously knows a good deal about your company and is your good friend.

Even before talking to Mr. Andrie, it was clear to me that you are an excellent salesman and obviously enthusiastic and a man to be relied upon. Mr. Andrie's advice parallels mine: You should be in sales, and you should have somebody really good to manage your operation.

Of course I have thought about investing in your company. Unfortunately, I am almost 73 and simply cannot give this project the time which will be necessary to assure success. And of course, we never know when the good Lord will take us, and I certainly don't want to complicate matters for my estate.

Ken, I do hope that you will understand. You obviously have an operation that makes excellent beer, and if only you had the sales organization, all would be well. But at the moment, you need a substantial cash infusion, probably best from someone much younger than myself who would be willing to make the loan necessary in exchange for warrants of common stock.

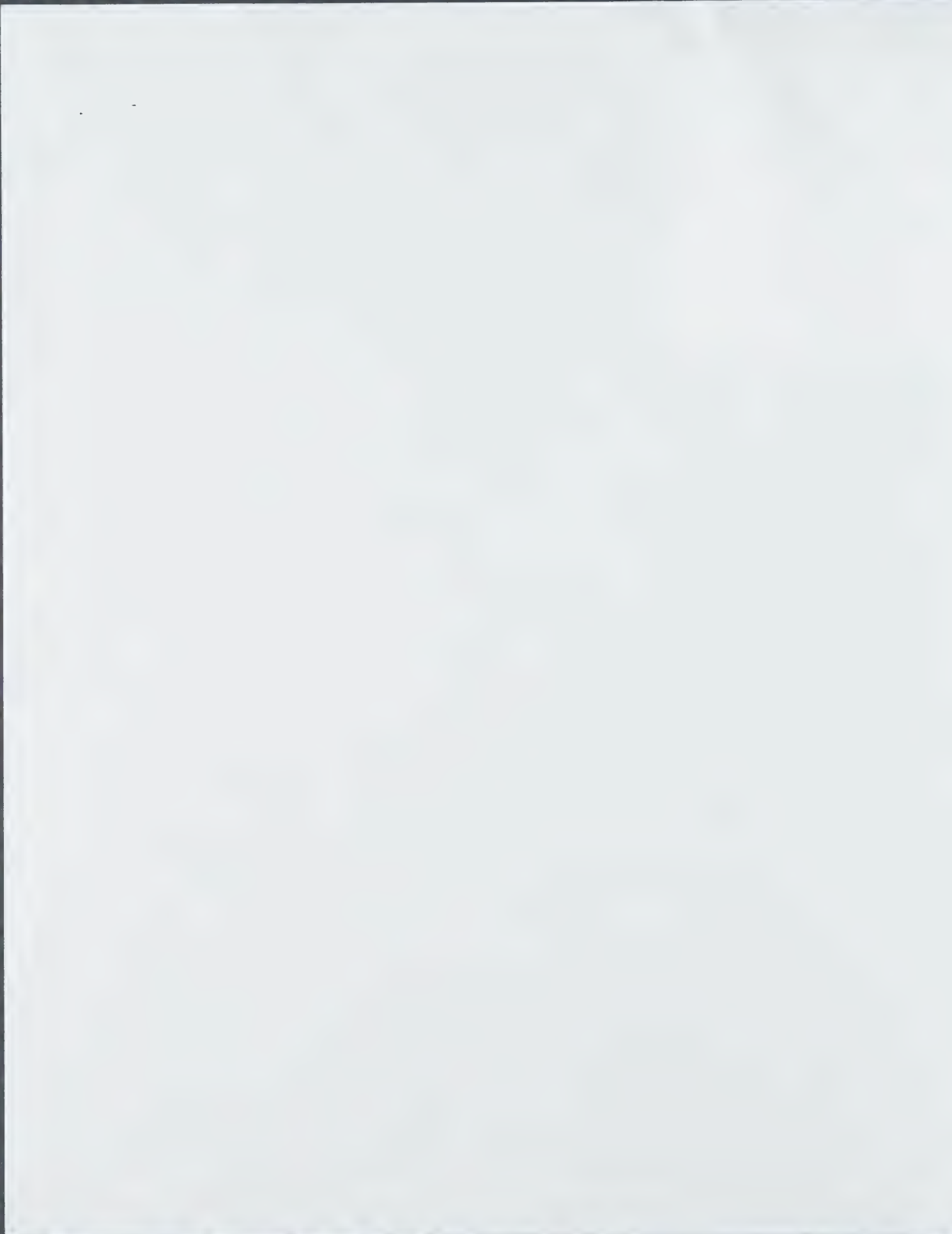
I have not made copies of any of the material which you sent me, and I am returning all of it to you by Priority Mail.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

AB/cw

Enclosures - by Priority Mail



1. December, 1992

Dear Madam Zelenka
Dear Sir Zelenka

I want to thank you very much for your nice letter. I must admire not only how well you speak, but also write Czech. I also was very pleased with the photographs that came with the letter.

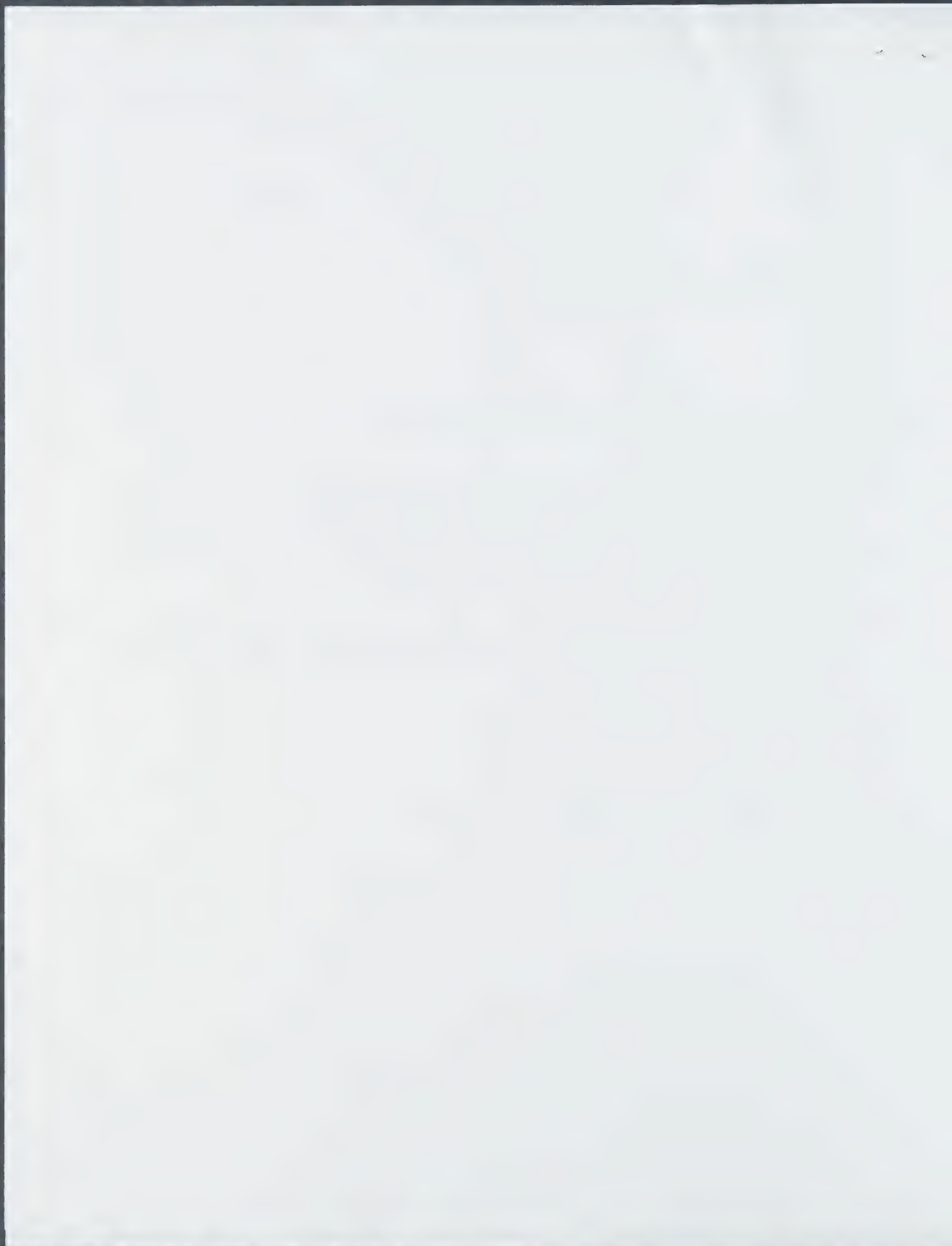
The beer **BADERBRAU**, which you took such particular care of on your trip across the ocean, I tasted and shared with my co-workers at the brewery and I must say it gave me great pleasure. I also wrote a letter right away to Mr. Pavichevich and complimented him that he indeed knows how to produce a classic beer, which now-a-days appears only to be written about in textbooks. If in the future he makes another trip to Europe, I would like to see him.

Now that the year is ending, I want to take this opportunity to wish you a very nice Christmas and the New Year holidays with the surroundings of your family and good health in the New Year.

With friendly regards,

Josef Tolar
Brewmaster of the Brewery

Budejovice Budvar



Budweiser
Budvar

ČESKÉ BUDĚJOVICE

Vážení

Libuše a Richard Zelenkovi

895 Saylor Ave
Elmhurst, Il 60126

U.S.A.

VÁŠ DOPIS ZNAČKY / ZE DNE

NAŠE ZNAČKA

VYŘIZUJE / LINKA

ČESKÉ BUDĚJOVICE

1. prosince 1992

VĚC

Vážená paní Zelenková
vážený pane Zelenka

Velice Vám děkuji za Váš milý dopis. Musím obdivovat, jak stále pěkně nejen mluvíte, ale i píšete česky. Také mne velmi potěšily fotografie, které jsem dopisem dostal.

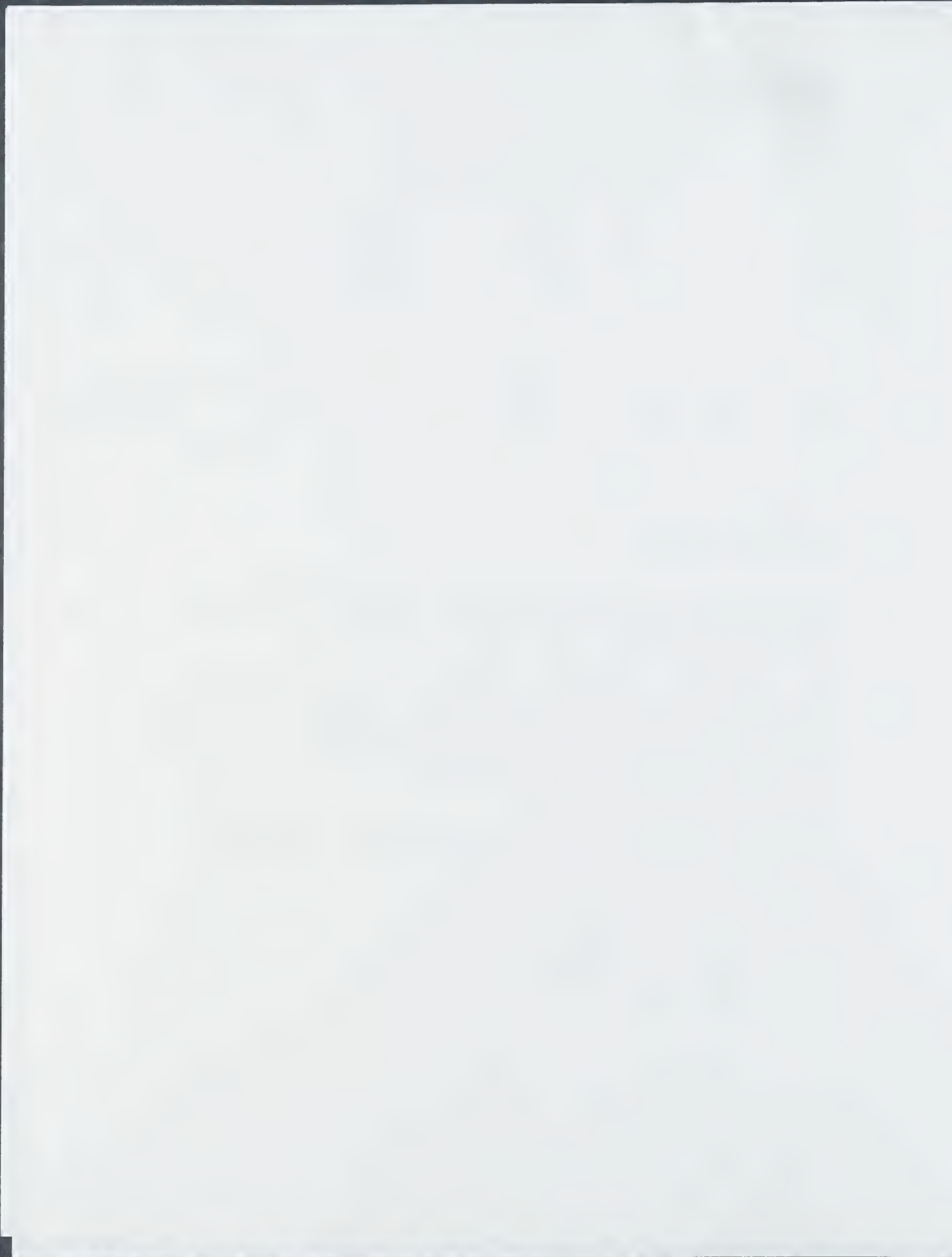
Pivo BADERBRAU, které jste s takovou pečlivostí opatrovali při své cestě přes oceán, jsem se svými spolupracovníky v pivovaru ochutnal a musím říci, že jsem ho hodnotil velmi dobře. Napsal jsem o tom také hned dopis panu Pavichewickovi a pochválil jsem jej, že umí vyrobit skutečně klasické pivo, jaké dnes už je jen v učebnicích. Pokud někdy bude mít zase cestu do Evropy, rád se s ním uvidím.

Vzhledem k nadcházejícímu konci roku si dovoluji Vám popřát také pěkné vánoční i novoroční svátky v kruhu Vaší rodiny a pevné zdraví do nového roku.

S přátelským pozdravem

Josef Tolar
sládek pivovaru

Budějovický Budvar



FAX FROM



DR. ALFRED BADER
Suite 622
924 East Juneau Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202
Telephone: 414/277-0730
Fax: 414/277-0709

February 27, 1997

TO: Mr. Ken Pavichevich
FAX: 630/617-5259

Dear Ken:

Thank you so much for your fax of yesterday.

I tried to call you several times today at 630/617-5252, but there was no answer.

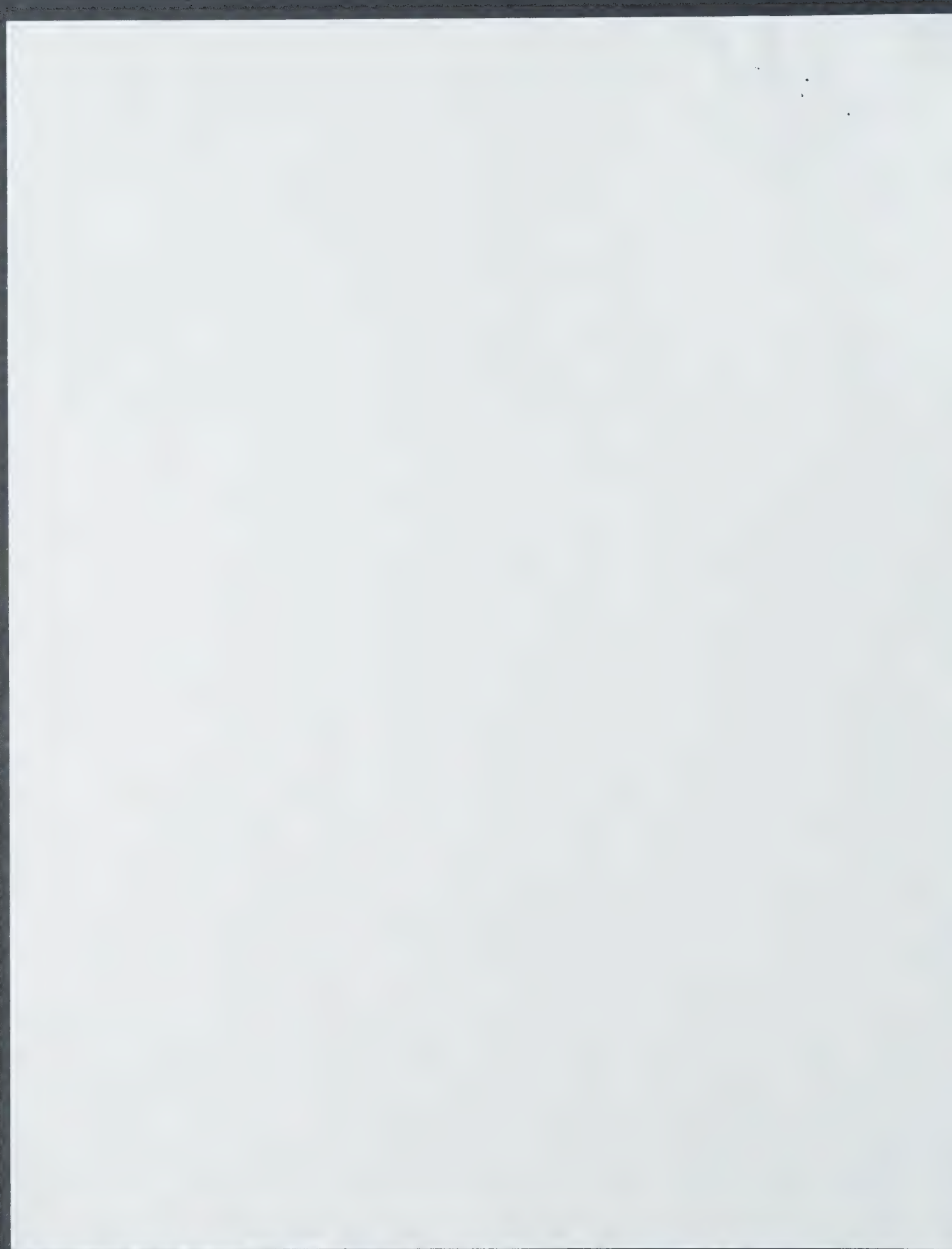
I look forward to seeing you next week, perhaps Wednesday, Thursday afternoon or Friday. But could you please change the number of cases of beer from 20 to 10, because Isabel has pointed out that we would be very hard put to store 20 cases in the gallery, particularly as I purchased a large collection of paintings yesterday!

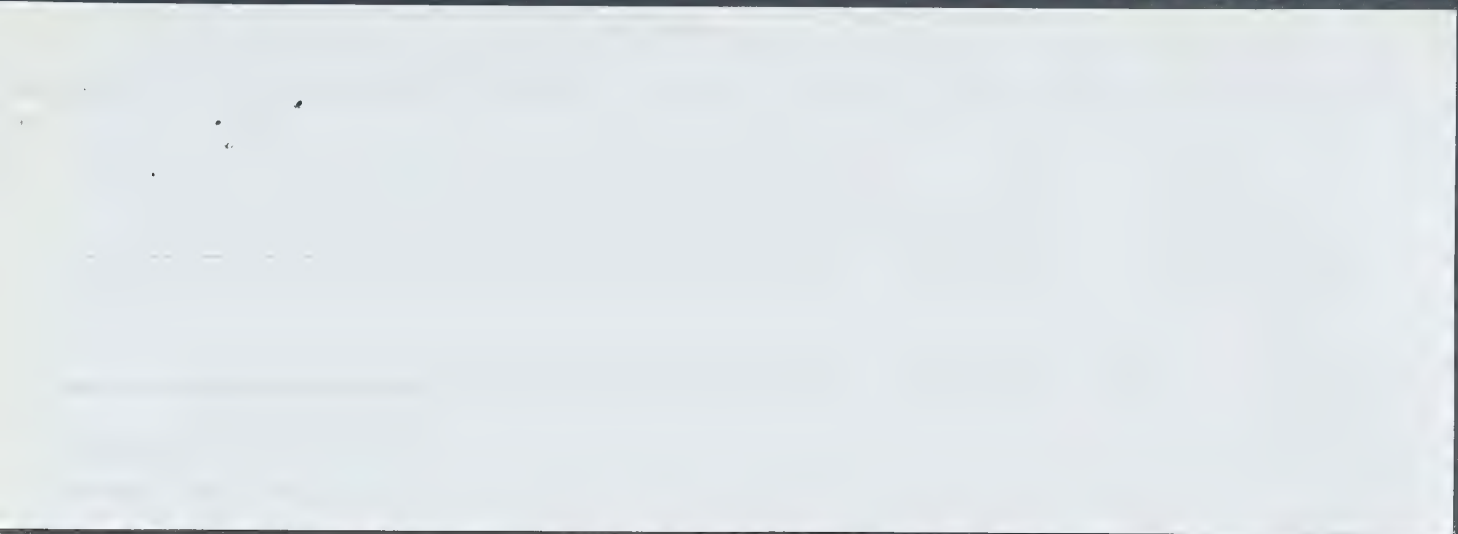
With best wishes, I remain,

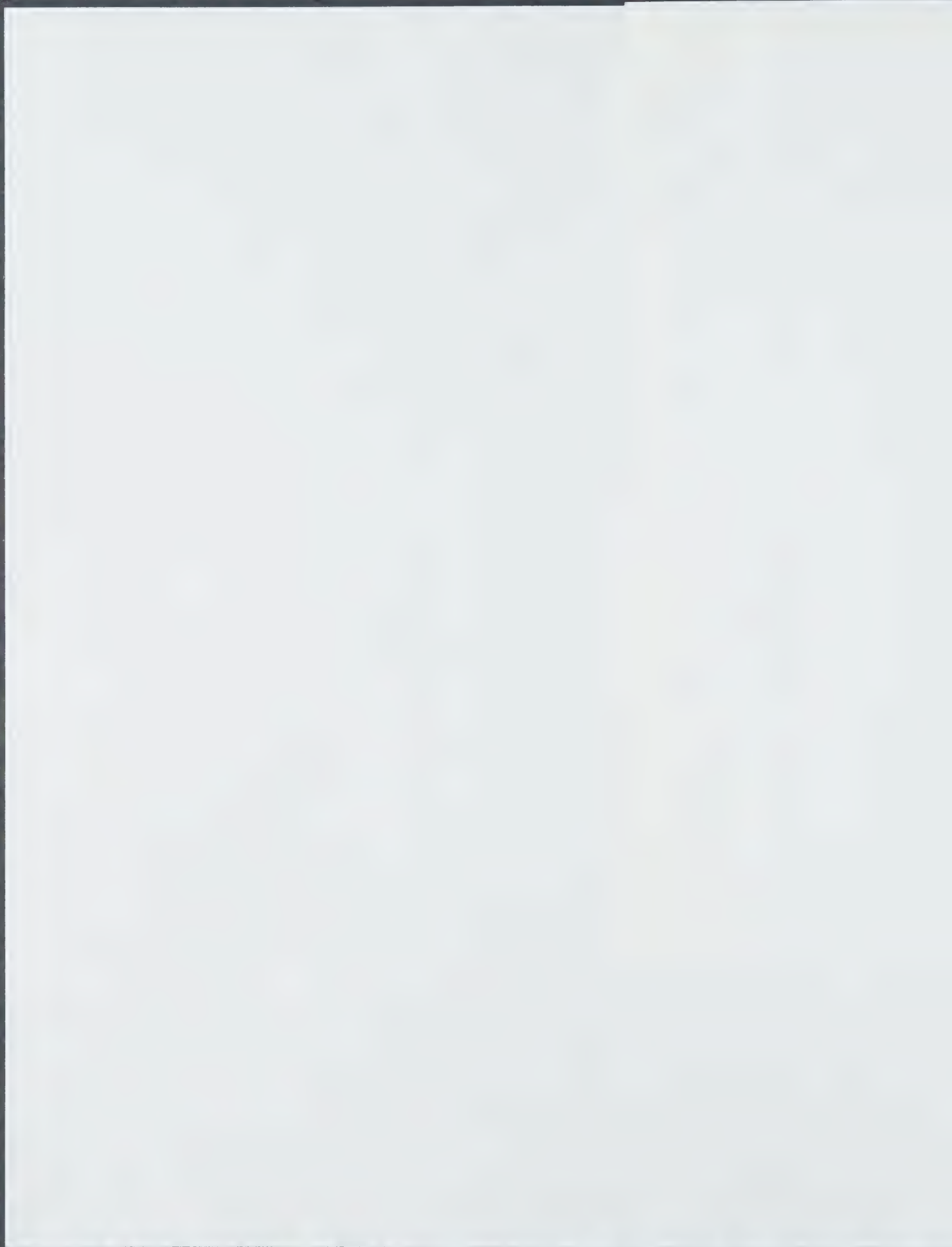
Sincerely yours,

AB/cw

Thank you.







**Pavichevich
Brewing
Company**

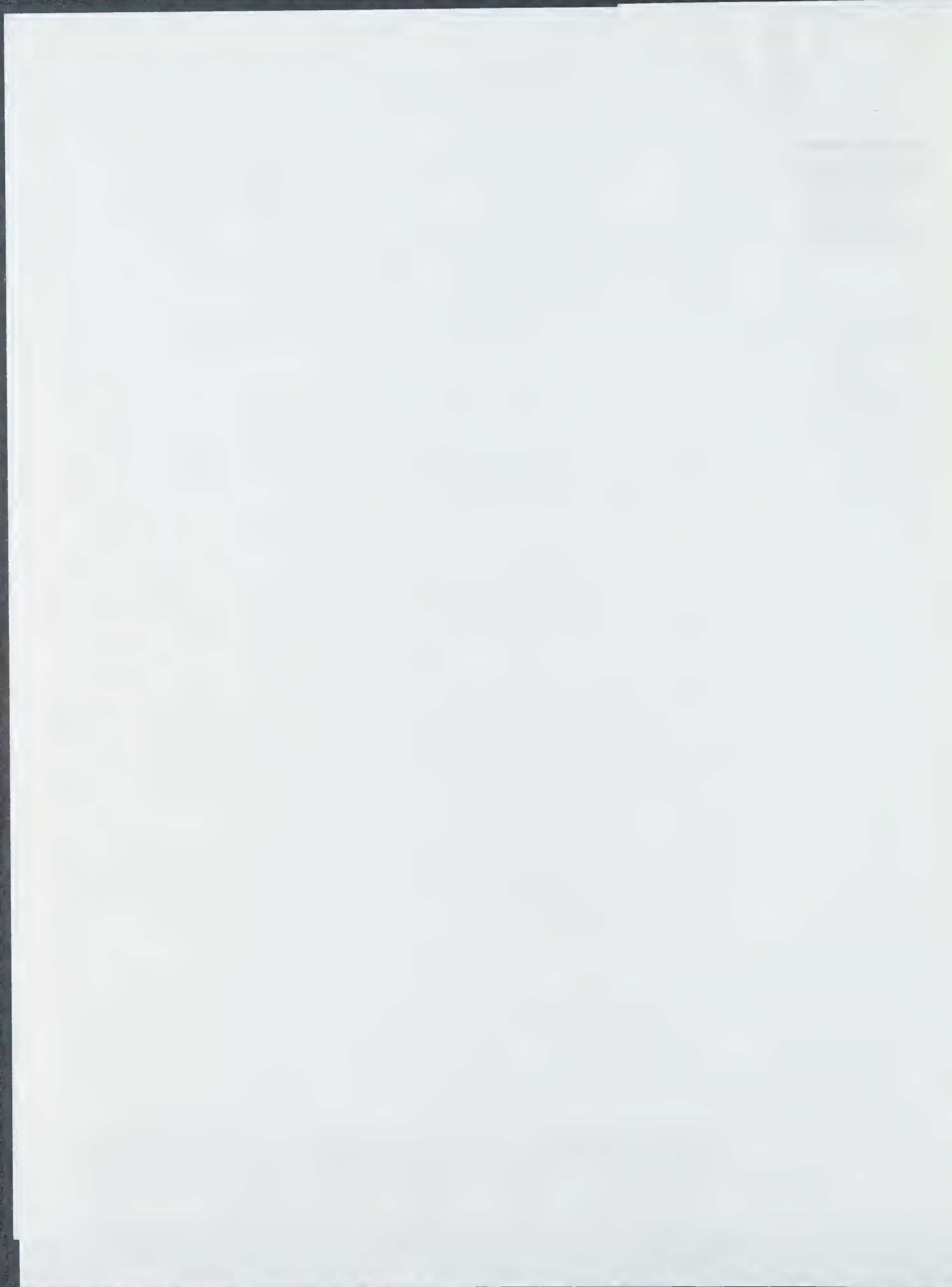
NO. _____ DATE _____
BY: _____ TIME: _____
TELEPHONE NUMBER: _____
ADDRESS: _____

EXHIBIT REFERENCE

630

[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly a letter or form content]

This message is for the use of the recipient only. It is intended to be confidential and may contain information that is exempt from disclosure under the Freedom of Information Act. If you are not the intended recipient, you should not disseminate, distribute or take any action in reliance on the contents of this message. If you have received this message in error, please notify the sender immediately by telephone, and return the original message to us at the above address via the United States Postal Service. Thank you.



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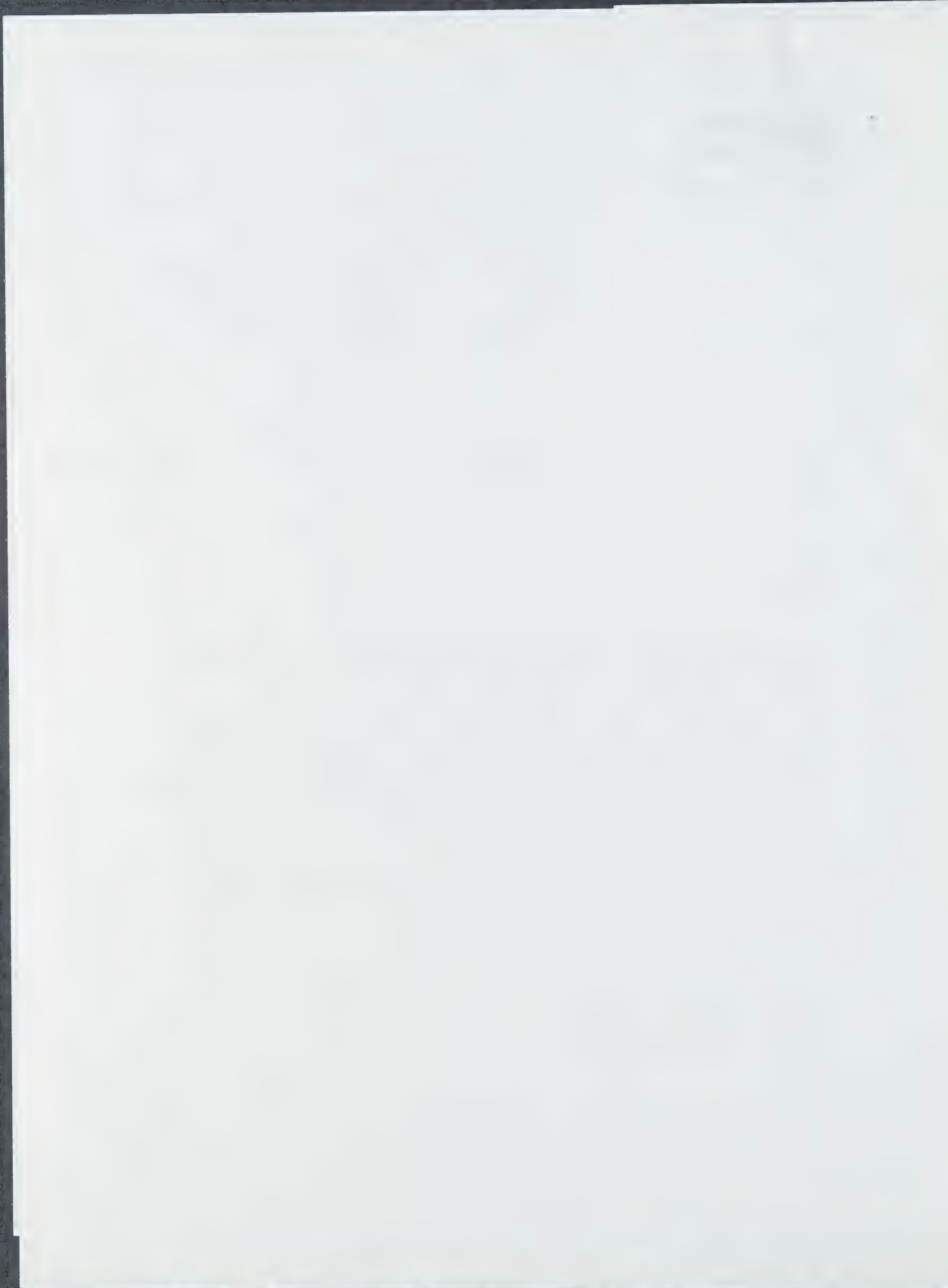
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CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to you regarding the information that was provided to me by [Name] on [Date]. I have reviewed the documents and find them to be of interest.

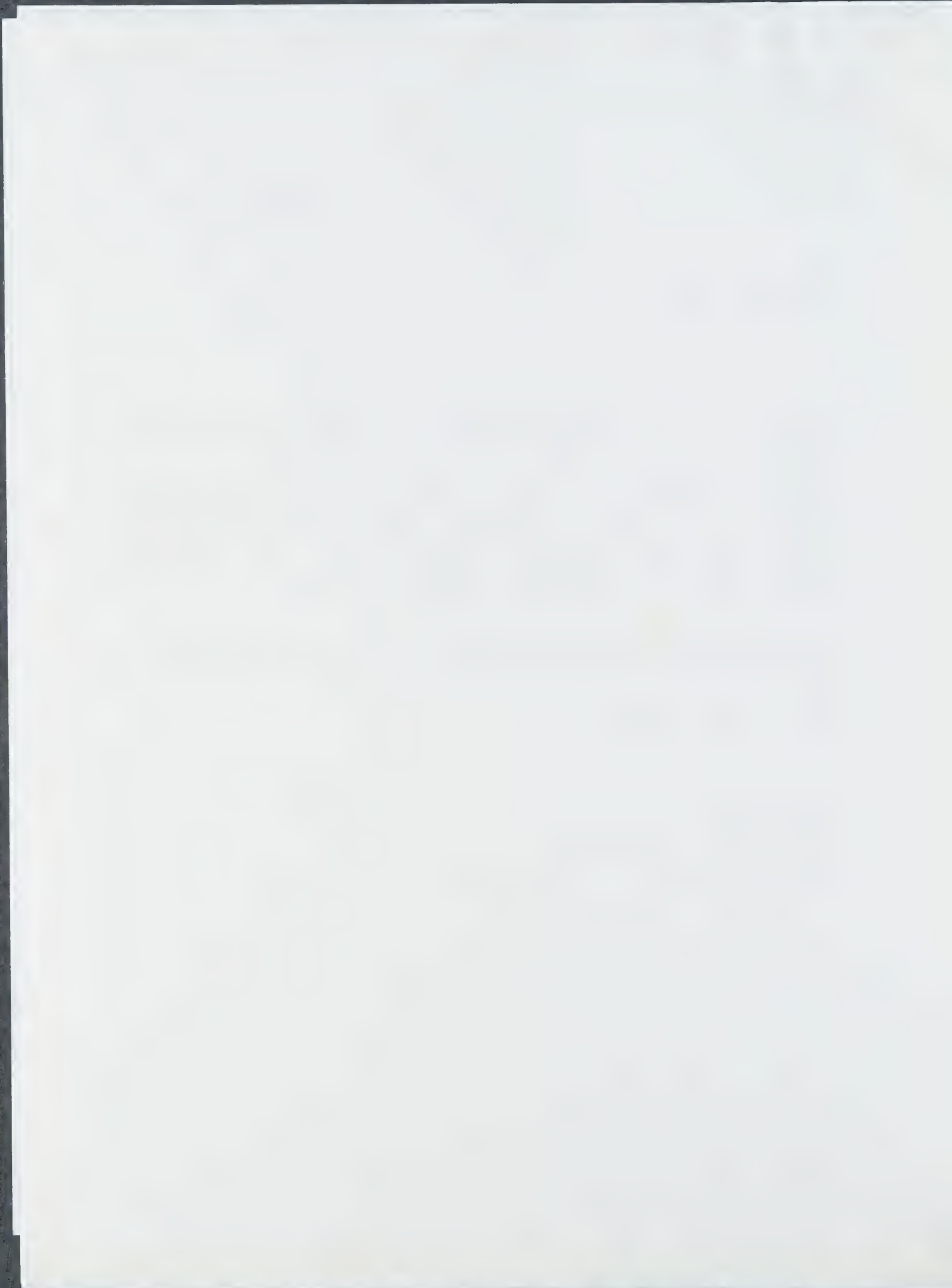
The fact that [Name] has provided this information to me is a matter of concern. I have written a letter to [Name] regarding this matter and I am sure that you will be able to provide me with the information that I need. I am sure that you will be able to provide me with the information that I need.

I am sure that you will be able to provide me with the information that I need. I am sure that you will be able to provide me with the information that I need.

Sincerely,
[Name]

[Name]
[Address]

[Name]





ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

ESTABLISHED 1961

January 17, 1997

Mr. Ken Pavichevich
Pavichevich Brewing Company
383 Romans Road
Elmhurst, IL 60126

Dear Mr. Pavichevich:

Thank you so much for your ten-page fax about your brewery.

In a way, you are running into an open door because I know how good your BADERBRAU is; I have been buying a good many cases on my visits to Chicago.

There is certainly no need to deliver any here by hand, but if you ever do get a distributor in Milwaukee, please do let me know.

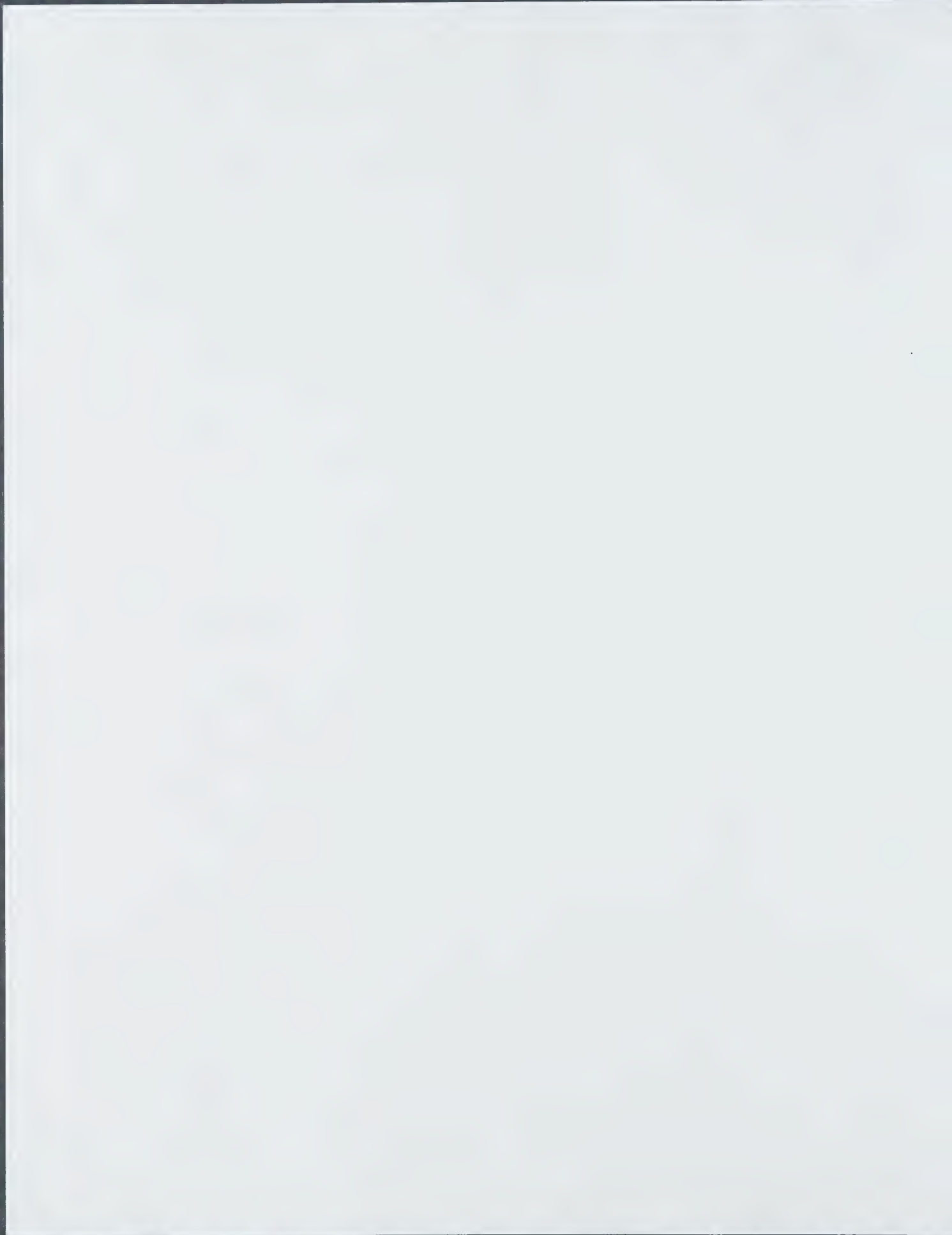
If you ever come to Milwaukee, do visit my gallery, but as I travel a good deal, please let me know in advance.

Keep up your good work.

Best wishes,

AB/cw

By Appointment Only
ASTOR HOTEL SUITE 622
924 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN USA 53202
TEL 414 277-0730 FAX 414 277-0700





ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

ESTABLISHED 1961

February 26, 1997

Mr. Ken Pavichevich
President and CEO
Pavichevich Brewing Company
383 Romans Road
Elmhurst, IL 60126

Dear Ken:

I so enjoyed meeting you on Monday though I was sorry to note that you must have been freezing as you left your coat here.

As promised, please find two colour xeroxes of the 1656 Jacob Bader crest, one for you and one for Franz Bader.

I look forward to your delivery - without any hurry whatever - of another twenty (20) cases of Baderbrau, of the various varieties. I will share these with old friends at Aldrich.

I also look forward to studying your financial report.

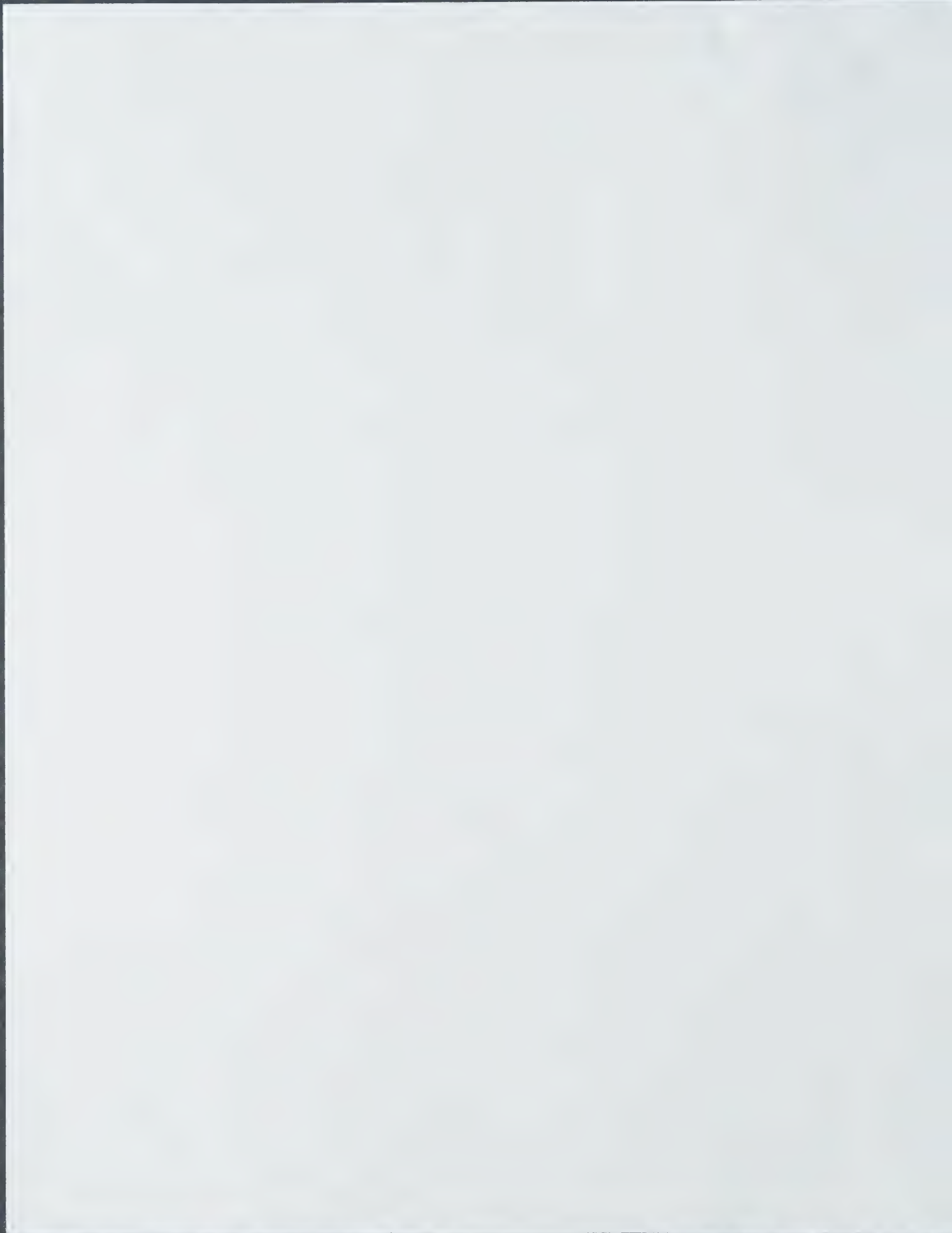
With all good wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

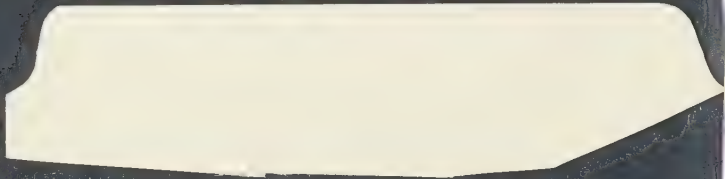
AB/nik

Enclosures

By Appointment Only
ASTOR HOTEL SUITE 622
924 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN USA 53202
TEL 414 277-0730 FAX 414 277-0709



BADERBRAU / Ken PAVICHEVICH



**Pavichevich
Brewing
Company**

TO: Cheryl Weiss DATE: 1/16/97
ATTN: TIME: 4:45 PM
TELEFAX NUMBER: 414-277-0709
TOTAL NUMBER OF PAGES: 10 (INCLUDES THIS PAGE)
FROM: Ken Pavichevich

Pavichevich Brewing Company
383 Romans Road
Emmurst Illinois 60125
Telephone 708-617-5259
Telefax 708-617-5259
NASDAQ Symbol BRAU

Dear Cheryl,

Thank you for your telephone call this afternoon and for the info on Alfred Bader.....our BADERBRAU beers are really named after the Bader family.

Enclosed are a few articles about our beers and please tell Mr. Bader that I will gladly drive up to Milwaukee to hand deliver BADERBRAU Pilsener, Bock and Winterfest beers at his convenience....the pleasure would be mine.

Wishing you the best of health for the new year and looking forward to a trip to Milwaukee.

Sincerely,



This message is intended only for the use of the individual or entity to which it is addressed, and may contain information that is privileged, confidential and exempt from disclosure under applicable law. If the reader of this message is not the intended recipient, or the employee or agent responsible for delivering the message to the intended recipient, you are hereby notified that any dissemination, distribution or copying of this communication is strictly prohibited. If you have received this communication in error, please notify us immediately by telephone, and return the original message to us at the above address via the United States Postal Service. Thank you.



Briefly, BADERBRAU Pilsener and BADERBRAU Bock are all natural draft beers that have been fire-brewed in a copper brewkettle. BADERBRAU Pilsener and Bock conform to "Reinheitsgebot" (German Purity Law of 1516) which only permits malted barley, hops, yeast and water as allowable ingredients. BADERBRAU Pilsener and Bock contain no additives, adjuncts or chemical preservatives.

In starting our brewery, and in formulating BADERBRAU Pilsener and BADERBRAU Bock, our staff frequently flew to Europe (1986, 1987, 1988, 1989) and spent time at more than 70 different breweries in Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. We tasted over 200 different beers from breweries, both large and small, and from cities, both large and small.

Our 40,000+ barrel brewery is newly constructed (1989) and our equipment is state-of-the-art. Pavichevich Brewing Company, a publicly held company, has been a feature story in Forbes magazine and on CNN (national and international), ABC Eyewitness News, NBC News, Fox Television Stations and WGN News.

Our Vice President and Master Brewer, Doug Babcock, was formerly the Senior Vice President and Master Brewer at the Stroh Brewing Company in Detroit, Michigan. Our project engineer, Leo Lampinen, of the design firm, Lampinen, Selby Engineers, Ltd., was the project or design engineer for breweries on five continents (Asia Brewing Company - Philippines; Swan Brewing Company - Australia; Polar Brewing Company - Venezuela; Carling Brewing Company - Ireland and Carling Brewing Company - Canada).

BADERBRAU Pilsener has been praised by Michael Jackson (British journalist and international beer authority) as, "the best pilsener beer I've ever tasted in America". Davis Barrager (beer and wine critic based in Tokyo, Japan) has written that, "more and more beers made outside Europe deserve a place in the pantheon of The World's Few Finest Beers. Two that have already earned enshrinement are BADERBRAU Pilsener and BADERBRAU Bock" and that, "In the final analysis, beer is for drinking, and by any standard, BADERBRAU beers rank among the top few in the world". The German Consulate in Chicago, Illinois has been serving BADERBRAU Pilsener at official functions since September 1989. BADERBRAU Pilsener has been awarded with Gold Medals, each year for the years 1990-1994, presented by the prestigious organization, "Chefs in America", a San Francisco based group of elite chefs from across the United States and Canada. BADERBRAU Bock has also been awarded with Gold Medals in 1993 and 1994 from "Chefs in America".

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document with several lines of text per paragraph, but no specific words or phrases can be discerned.]

WORLD BREWERIES / *Davis Barrager***America's Baderbräu beers make their mark**

With its centuries-long history of brewing fine beers, Europe is the uncontested cradleland of beer-brewing and its best products still provide the standards by which all beers are judged. Although this criterion seems likely to endure, such factors as the ever-escalating growth of microbreweries worldwide will speed the evolution of more and more beers made outside Europe that deserve a place in the pantheon of The World's Few Finest Beers.

Two that have already earned enshrinement are Baderbräu Pilsener and Baderbräu Bock, brewed and bottled by the Pavichevich Brewing Company. If that doesn't sound European, nothing does, but these two distinguished beers are made in suburban Elmhurst, Illinois, by Ken Pavichevich, 44, an ebullient, enthusiastic American born and raised not far from his new state-of-the-art brewery.

Pavichevich is, if anything, a perfectionist. "This is the right way to do this," he beamed as he did "a Pilsener pour"—straight into his specially designed large-bowl Baderbräu glass, the beer rushing to the

rim to form a rich, firm head. "I spent years traveling throughout Europe, researching the world's greatest beers," he continued, as we clinked our glasses. "My goal is quite simply to make Baderbräu Pilsener and Bock beers so outstanding that they're ranked as equals with the world's few finest beers.

"No 'greatest' beer exists," he added. "Porters, stouts, ales, bitters, lambics, pilseners—each category has its greats."

Baderbräu beers clearly stand among them. Both quickly won critical acclaim—and many gold medals—and became known across the breadth of the United States. Orders for deliveries to private functions come in regularly from as far away as the Bay Area and Beverly Hills. As far back as January 1990 the then Soviet Red Army hockey team enjoyed the beer so much at a restaurant that they toasted glasnost with Baderbräu. Early in June 1990 an advance man for George Bush had a case of Baderbräu sent to Bush's suite in Chicago.

Pavichevich, a success as both a Chicago police officer and an oil company executive, in that order, became obsessed in his 30s with the idea that he could successfully pro-

duce and market a beer as good as the best he'd had in Europe. With his characteristic drive, Pavichevich turned to brewing and in 1989 introduced Baderbräu Pilsener, declared "the best pilsener I've ever tasted in America" by Michael Jackson, England's beer doyen d'estime. Baderbräu Bock, rich, dark and delicious, came out on tap in select bars in late 1992 and was soon being bottled.

Douglas R. Babcock, vice president and master brewer of Pavichevich Brewing Company, described Baderbräu beers as "all natural draft beers fire-brewed in a copper brewkettle in accordance with the most rigid Old World brewing standard, Reinheitsgeböt, the German Purity Law of 1516." This law permits only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients. No additives, adjuncts, or chemical preservatives are used.

"Baderbräu Pilsener and Bock will not cause a headache or a hangover," said Babcock. "Beers containing syrup, corn or rice products do, though, as they produce more fusel oils and higher alcohols. Baderbräu all malt beers, having plenty of body to go with the alcohol, don't give you these problems." He

noted that Baderbräu beers have three times more potassium than sodium—under 35mg of potassium per 355ml.

Baderbräu Pilsener and Bock are both produced from only the finest two-row and six-row malted barley grown in the United States, and from only the finest aromatic hops (95% Czech and 5% German). The Czech-grown Saaz hops, the world's finest hops for making European-style pilsener beers, provide flavor and preserve beer naturally.

Baderbräu Bock is divinely smooth and redolent of coffee, thanks to chocolate-malted barley. If you like bock, this beer's extraordinary flavor and complexity will send you into raptures.

Medical science may also want to take a closer look at Baderbräu beers. Pavichevich says that cancer patients have written him personal letters describing salutary effects from drinking them—"hidden medical benefits" etc.—and one said his doctor "applauded my efforts to try whatever works" and was pleased at how well I am now doing."

In the final analysis, beer is for drinking, and by any standard Baderbräu beers rank among the top few in the world.



BADERBRAU TIPS

1. Fresh, all natural, draft beer. Contains no additives, adjuncts or chemical preservatives.
2. Conforms to "Reinheitsgebot" (German Purity Law of 1516) allowing only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients.
3. Malted Barley - we only use malted barley in each barrel of beer produced. Most other brewers use malted barley, corn, corn syrup and/or rice for each barrel of beer produced.
4. Hops - We use 95% Czech Saaz Hops and 5% German Hops.
5. Every keg and bottle is date stamped for freshness and the kegs are numbered for quality control.
6. Specialty product. Can produce approximately 600,000 cases per year.
7. Nutritional product - Triathletes train with BADERBRAU - replaces complex carbohydrates and electrolytes. High in potassium, B-12, B-6 - low in sodium.
8. Medical doctors specifically recommend one bottle of BADERBRAU beer, daily, for nutritional value (Forbes Magazine, September 1992).
9. No headache or hangover with BADERBRAU - do not brew with corn, corn syrup and/or rice which produce more fusel oils and higher alcohol's which promote headache and hangover.
10. BADERBRAU Pilsener has been praised by Michael Jackson (British Journalist and International Beer Authority) as "The best Pilsener I've ever tasted in America".
11. Gunter Wasserberg, Consul General of the German Consulate in Chicago has served BADERBRAU at official functions since 1989.
12. BADERBRAU Pilsener has been awarded Gold Medals for the years 1990, '91, '92, '93, '94, presented by the prestigious organization "Chefs in America", a San Francisco based group of elite chefs from across the U.S. and Canada. BADERBRAU Bock has been awarded with Gold Medals from "Chefs in America" for 1993 and 1994.
13. BADERBRAU MUST BE Poured VIGOROUSLY DOWN THE CENTER OF THE GLASS. THIS CREATES A CREAMY, FOAM HEAD AND AN EXCEPTIONALLY SMOOTH TASTE.
14. Brewery tours on weekends to public - call a few days in advance.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the need to maintain original documents and to keep copies of all supporting documents. It also discusses the importance of ensuring that records are accessible and retrievable.

3. The third part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

4. The fourth part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the need to maintain original documents and to keep copies of all supporting documents. It also discusses the importance of ensuring that records are accessible and retrievable.

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6. The sixth part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the need to maintain original documents and to keep copies of all supporting documents. It also discusses the importance of ensuring that records are accessible and retrievable.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

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**Pavichevich
Brewing
Company**

Pavichevich Brewing Company Approximate Nutritional Value of BADERBRAU Beers (All Malt)

BADERBRAU Pilsener and Bock are all natural draft beers that are fire brewed in a copper brew kettle in accordance with the most rigid, old world brewing standard, "Reinheitsgebot" (the German Purity Law of 1516), which permits only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients. In addition, there are no additives, adjuncts, clarifying agents, micro biological inhibitors or chemical preservatives.

Beers with adjuncts such as syrup, corn or rice produce more fusel oils and higher alcohols which promote headache and hangover. This is not the case with BADERBRAU Pilsener and Bock, all malt beers which have plenty of body to go with the alcohol.

The following are the daily requirements and % fulfilled by a liter (33.8 ounces) of beer. The figures are for male adults. Older men require less calories (2400 rather than 2700) and slightly less in proportion of thiamin, riboflavin and niacin. Women require 2100 calories and therefore slightly less again of the three vitamins. (There are approximately 12 calories per ounce in BADERBRAU beers).

-over-

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[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly containing names and dates, but the specific details cannot be discerned.]

Alcohol: 3.7% by weight, 4.8% by volume for BADERBRAU Pilsener:
4.6% by weight, 5.8% by volume for BADERBRAU Bock

Calories: 144 per 12 ounce (355ml) bottle

Carbohydrates: complex, approximately 70 calories per 12 ounce (355ml) bottle

<u>Nutrient</u>	<u>R.D.A. mg/day</u>	<u>mg/l</u>	<u>%R.D.A./1 liter</u>
Protein	56,000	4,800	8.6%
Calcium	800	60	7.5%
Phosphorus	800	250	31.0%
Iron	10	.03	.3%
Magnesium	350	80	22.9%
Thiamin	1.4	.05	3.6%
Riboflavin	1.6	.7	43.8%
Niacin	18	6.8	37.8%
Pantothenic	5	.7	14%
Vitamin B-6	2	.7	35%
Folacin	.4	.7	175%
Vitamin B-12	.003	.0099	330%

In other words, 1 liter of all malt beer is 13-14% of a person's recommended daily caloric intake and is a good source of phosphorous, niacin, riboflavin, folacin, magnesium and vitamins B6 and B12.

Beer is high in potassium and very low in sodium at less than 35mg per 12 ounces (for those who must watch their sodium). Most foods have more sodium than potassium but BADERBRAU Pilsener and Bock have 3 times as much potassium as sodium.

Douglas R. Babcock
Vice President - Master Brewer

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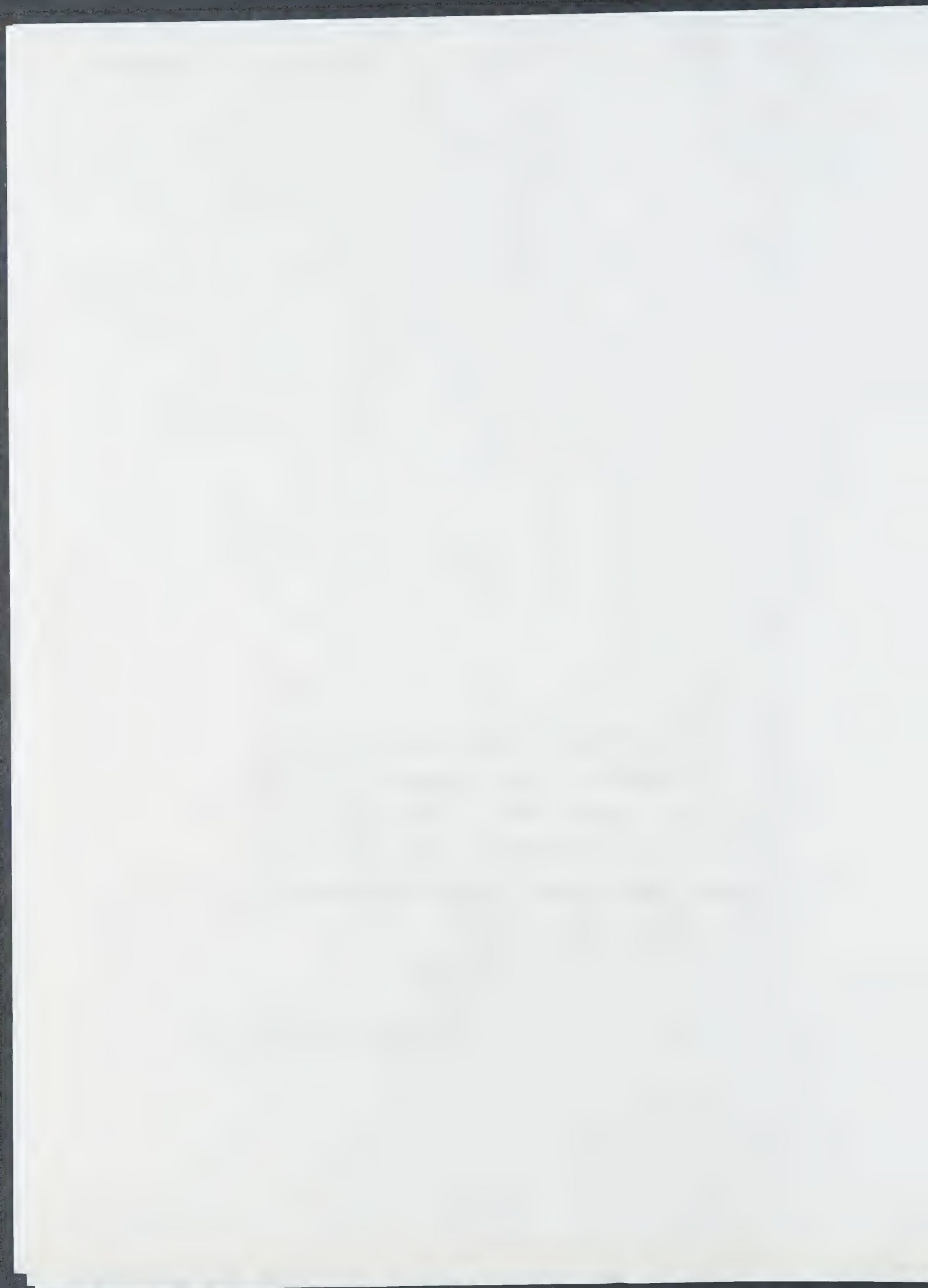
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Ken,

I wanted to drop you a note to say thanks for a great tasting beer. With the chemotherapy I'm going through, few things taste good anymore, except Budweiser. I have one daily.

Regards,

Suzanne Moraw



Nov. 11, 1990

To the CEO

I am writing this letter to you to compliment you on your fine product!

I have Hepatosarcoma and since being diagnosed with cancer so many things in my life have changed, including what my body can tolerate. I have had great difficulty consuming anything liquid or solid, that is until a friend encouraged me to try Baderbräu's Pilsener Beer. After much prodding I drank a bottle and thoroughly enjoyed it! Not only was it smooth and thirst quenching, but it seemed to have hidden medicinal benefits.

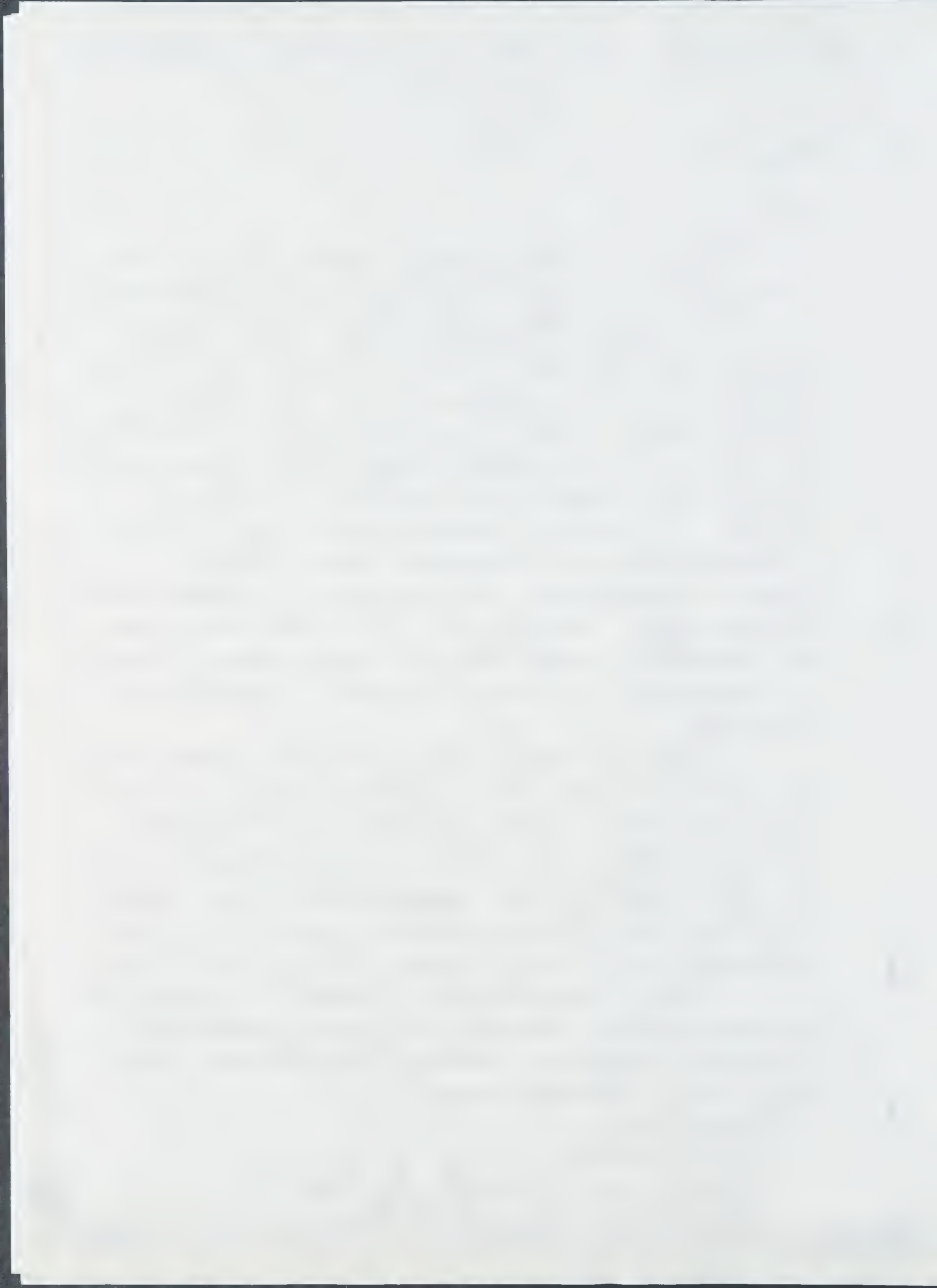
Since being turned on to Baderbräu, I now drink 2-3 bottles daily which provides me with calories and nutrition. As a matter of fact, at a recent visit to the doctor he applauded my efforts "to try whatever works" and he was pleased at how well I am now doing.

My heartfelt thanks to you for producing such a fine product. I am now a loyal customer and fan of Baderbräu!

Sincerely,

V. Doble

5231 N. Pittsburg Ave
Chicago, IL 60656



Baderbrau Pilsner Beer

Pavichevich Brewing Co
383 Romans Road
Elmhurst, IL 60126
Phone (708) 617-5252
Fax (708) 617-5259

Style: Pilsner

Brewer info: All natural, Czech style Pilsner draft beer. When fresh, it has a delightfully flowery bouquet of hops and some malty sweetness; both characteristics are sustained through the palate to a gentle, elegant finish. Smooth and creamy, extremely well balanced with its fine aroma, malty flavor, and complex character. Fire-brewing in a copper brew kettle caramelizes the wort for further flavor enhancement and deeper, richer color. "The finest American Pilsner I've ever tasted." – Michael Jackson

Availability: Year-round

First introduced: March 1989

Awards: 1990-94 Gold Medal, Chefs in America, the San Francisco based group of elite chefs from across the U.S. and Canada

Malt: 2-row & 6-row specialty

Hops: Predominantly Saaz, small percentage also of a few German varieties

Alcohol: 4.8% by volume

Original gravity: 12 Plato

Final gravity: 3.4 Plato





TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

BADERBRÄU PILSENER and **BADERBRÄU** BOCK, are world class, all natural draft beers that are brewed and bottled in our state-of-the-art brewery. Fire-brewed in a copper brewkettle in accordance with the most rigid, old-world brewing standard, "Reinheitsgebot" (German Purity Law of 1516), which permits only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients. There are no additives, adjuncts, clarifying agents, microbiological inhibitors or chemical preservatives.

BADERBRÄU Discover the quality and balance of these fine beers that are produced from only the finest two row and six row malted barley and only the finest aromatic hops from Germany and Czechoslovakia.

BADERBRÄU PILSENER has been praised by Michael Jackson (British journalist and international beer authority) in 1989 as, "the best pilsener beer I have ever tasted in America". "Chefs in America", a prestigious San Francisco based organization of elite chefs from across the United States and Canada, has awarded Gold Medals to **BADERBRÄU** PILSENER in 1990, '91, '92, '93 and '94 and to **BADERBRÄU** BOCK in 1993 and 1994.

BADERBRÄU Taste the difference. Pour vigorously down the center of the glass and their unique flavors and character will deliver a fresh brewed, full-bodied beer so smooth and creamy that you'll swear they are the finest beers you have ever tasted.

Ken Pavichovich

We ship cases all over the country. Call Today. Tel 708-617-5252 Fax 708-617-5250
PAVICHEVICH BREWING COMPANY, 383 Romano Road, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126. NASDAQ Symbol "BRAU"

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

BADENWEISER PILSENER has been brewed by Michael Jackson (British) magazine and International Beer Authority in 1987 as "the best pilsener beer I have ever tasted in America." "Great in America," a prestigious San Francisco based organization of wine critics from across the United States and Canada has awarded Gold Medal to **BADENWEISER PILSENER** in 1986, 1987, 1988 and 1989. It was the only **BADENWEISER BEER** to win 1987 and 1989.

BADENWEISER taste the difference four nights down the center of the town and their unique flavor and crispness will deliver a fresh brewed, full-bodied beer to you and yours that you'll never forget. It's the finest beer you have ever tasted.

For Distribution

WE ship cases all over the country. Call today. In 1987, we were named "Best Beer in America" by Wine Spectator magazine. **BADENWEISER BEER** is a registered trademark of Beck & Co. Bremen, Germany.

BADENWEISER PILSENER and **BADENWEISER BEER** are world class. All national drink shows that are brewed and judged in the same of the best. **BADENWEISER** is brewed in a copper brewery. The brewery is surrounded with the most light, air-ventilating technology. "Brewing Technology" (German) Pilsener Law of 1919, with permits only under better, pure, yeast and water as ingredients. There are no additives, adjuncts, clarifying agents, stabilizers, antibiotics or chemical preservatives.

BADENWEISER delivers the quality and flavor of these fine beers that are produced from only the finest raw materials and are brewed under the best conditions from ancient, pure, yeast, water and **BADENWEISER**.



HOPPY HOLIDAYS FROM BADERBRAU

Dear Bader Family,

We at Pavichevich Brewing would like to take the opportunity of this holiday season to introduce you and your family to our family of beers: Baderbrau Pilsener, Baderbrau Bock and Baderbrau Winterfest. Brewed strictly to the German Purity Law of 1516 (Reinheitsgebot), Baderbrau beers follow over 400 years of brewing tradition. The recipient of numerous gold medals and being praised as "The best pilsener I have ever tasted in America", by Michael Jackson (British Journalist and International beer authority), this tradition has not gone unnoticed.

It is in the spirit of this tradition and this holiday season that we reflect back to a time when Christmas was not the commercialized frenzy that it has become, yet a time for friends to gather with good food, good beer and good cheer. Back to a time in the tenth century when the common greeting was "wæs haeil", meaning good health. In time wæs haeil was transformed to wassail, a holiday punch consisting of dark beer, sugar, spices, fruit and honey. It was drank on the feasts of Christmas and The Twelfth Night. The wassail would be put in a communal bowl and passed from guest to guest. Caught up in the merriment of the night, some of the guests would spill out into the street carrying their wassail bowl, stopping at each house along the way. Contributing coins or small treats, they were invited in to join the next party and variation of wassail. Thus the customs of wassailing and caroling were born.

As this holiday season comes upon us, we offer up our wassail bowl to you and invite you to enjoy the quality, history and tradition passed from one Bader family to another Bader family.

WASSAIL

1 qt. Baderbrau Bock	½ tsp. nutmeg
4 oz. Gold Rum	½ tsp. Cinnamon
3 oz. Superfine sugar	1 Tbs. Honey
4 Eggs	2 Piping hot apples

Combine all the ingredients except the apples in a large sauce pan and heat (do not boil) over a medium flame. When hot plunge the apples into the mixture and transfer to a pitcher.

Hoppy Holidays
Pavichevich Brewing Co.

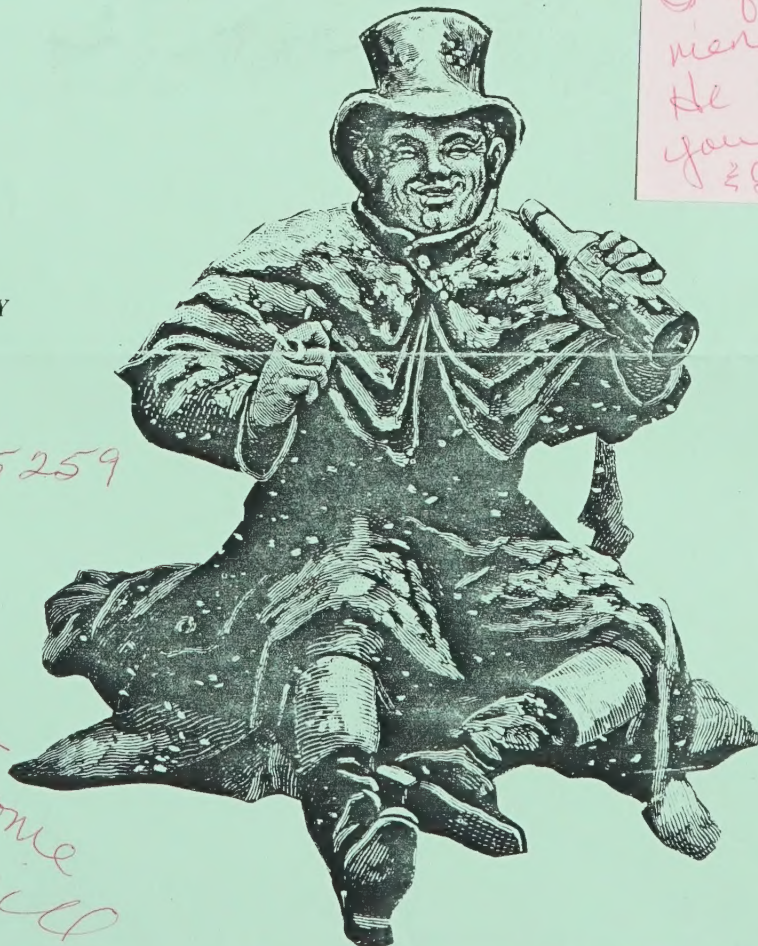
P.S

FOR ORDERING INFORMATION
PLEASE CALL OR WRITE:

PAVICHEVICH BREWING COMPANY
383 ROMANS ROAD
ELMHURST, ILLINIOS 60126

TELEPHONE: (630)617-5252

Fax 630/617-5259



P.S. He says he has friends @ DePaul Univ. who would be interested in having you speak - I faxed CV/bio & menu to him - He wants to meet you - see gallery - & give you a tour of brewery!

Can Will ship UPS -
Send literature you some
hand-deliver - or will
meet you!!

