

SHEET

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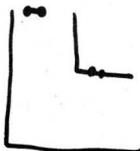
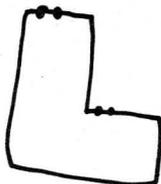
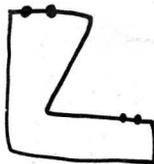
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IS AN EDITORIAL JUST ANOTHER COMMERCIAL? Sooner or later, whenever I watch enough television, someone representing station management pops up during a long commercial break and delivers their authorized opinion. Do we treat this as a separate entity, or do we lump it in the same category with the advertising? I am not immediately concerned with the subject matter, nor am I immediately concerned with the viewpoint expressed. Albeit shallow, I first judge an editorial by the mouth from which it is spouted. As the industry ads say, anything tastes better when you drink it out of glass. It is just the same with editorials: foreign or domestic, an editorial always tastes better out of glass. An example: It is of no consequence to me what Alexander Field (WGN-TV Channel 9) is

talking about for he will always appear to me constipated; very, very dry.

I do enjoy editorials whose content is relevant to my heart and mind; this certainly separates them from most commercials. However, editorially speaking, my primary preference is to watch someone who looks knowledgeable of that which they speak, someone I could talk to. So who serves me out of a glass?

I'M BILL CAMPBELL: I've heard that countless times, spoken by the Director of Public Affairs for WLS-TV, Channel 7. And I've liked hearing it. Since 1978 Campbell has appeared, stylishly attired in his Bigsby and Krathern suits or his Carsons trench-coats, sitting on the lakefront during the summer or standing in a back alley in the middle of winter. Every aspect of his spots is well produced

and his topics, including those that do not instantly affect me, are usually interesting, or he makes them interesting. When Campbell presents management's position, he is really presenting his own position, for at that moment he is the management; it is this personable on-camera approach that is largely responsible for his success. Campbell makes a good product that does not become just another commercial; and he makes it of the finest glass.

Born and raised in Chicago, Campbell will undoubtedly always remain a Chicagoan. It was a Chicagoan that temporarily left the city to major in Urban Affairs at Carleton College in Minnesota.

CAMPBELL: When you enter the town there's a sign that says, "Welcome to Northfield, Minnesota, population" —

INTERVIEW

THIS IS BILL CAMPBELL

CAMPBELL: A lot of the editorials we do, obviously, because of the critical nature of issues in the city, are going to be serious and somber. But as editorialists, one of the things I believe is that we shouldn't always take ourselves quite so seriously. There are things that are awfully important that aren't devastating, that people should be aware of. Like the Arch Center, for example, which is a fun one to do. Another fun one, but it dealt with an issue that affected a lot of people, was the Columbus Drive Bridge over on the river that was stuck up in the air for so long. We dubbed it "River Art."

To digress just a little bit, but it'll put things into perspective: Editorial Directors, historically — I'm not talking currently at all: moving back to when broadcasters first started editorializing. Usually you'd find a former anchor person or a former news director assuming that role at a station. Kind of a resting place before retirement; in many cases, not in every case. But there had been no clear cut career ladder for Editorial Directors. That's changed now. You find a number of young professionals, young journalists, being appointed as Editorial Director.

The job requires that I write with economy and an intent in purpose [laughs] and you're limited to about a minute and a half worth of copy. It kind of does a job on your mind when you're trying to expand a thought. And short stories turn out to be two pages long.

I don't [write editorials] as much as I did before I assumed the additional responsibilities. When we brought the department together we hired an Editorial Coordinator who handles about 95% of the research and about 90% of the initial writing.

ARE YOU WLS-TV'S OPINION? What I am doing is presenting the opinion of the management of the station.

HOW DO YOU ARRIVE AT THAT? At that opinion — it's a thoughtful process. I guess my job is pretty much like that of the editorial page of the *Tribune*, or the *Sun-Times*, or the *Defender*. We arrive at opinion we feel reflects management's views. We'll bounce them off the General Manager. After having done it for six years, established policy in terms of what our position has been on issues throughout the years, that it's consistent, it's pretty much my ball of wax.

THE COMPETITION I watch them all. I find them reflective of the general competitive nature of the Chicago market, with respect to news and local programming. I think the editorials in the [Chicago] marketplace are excellent when compared nationally. I think [WLS-TV's] are the best, and I'd be silly not to say that because I really do think that. Ours are unique. We're the only station in the marketplace that has made a commitment to the production of editorials on location, which is something important.

There are two schools of thought. The old school believes that a talking head in a studio with a bunch of books in the background is the most appropriate way of delivering an editorial. I disagree with that philosophy, obviously. Our medium is television and we should use the potential of that medium to the fullest extent.

We consider ourselves a Chicago station. If we're that, let's be that. Let's not be in a studio and pontificate. Let's go out where the action

is and show the people what's going on: be it a shelter for battered and abused mothers, or something as whimsical, but important, as showing the public these beautiful statues of Abraham Lincoln, that we have in Lincoln Park, that the Park District has just allowed to deteriorate. These are statues of national and international significance and nothing's happening so, hey folks, this is what it looks like. There's one in Grant Park which is even in worse shape, the sitting Lincoln, which is a replica of the one that's in the Lincoln Monument in Washington. Just in terrible shape.

I WAS WONDERING IF THERE'S ANY SANDBLASTING SCHEDULED FOR THE MERCHANDISE MART.

That's another one. Here you have just an incredible structure — it has the largest square footage of any building in the nation other than the Pentagon? Certainly the Kennedy family could ah, afford to buy some sand? [Laughs]

WHERE DO THE SUBJECTS COME FROM?

They come from all over the place. They may be current news stories, they may be things we've been tipped to by viewers, people on staff, friends, anybody. The idea you just gave me is one that merits investigation. Why should this building look as ugly as it does? Though Channel 5, which is located in the Merchandise Mart, might think we're taking a swipe at them.

But they do come from every place. With the background I have in politics and government in the city, and human and social services, there are a lot of contacts that we've developed over the years. But we actively solicit suggestions from viewers and a lot of the editorials we do are suggestions that our viewers have given us as gifts.

DO YOU WATCH A LOT OF TELEVISION?

I do, selectively. Of course, this thing is on here in the office every day, just to keep my eye on what's going on. [The large color set is showing Family Feud with the sound off. There is also a larger television in the lobby.] I watch the news. That's just part of the regiment. Channel 11 I watch a lot of. And some entertainment programs.

DO A LOT OF PEOPLE RECOGNIZE YOU ON THE STREET?

It's getting that way. Which is something important because it really helps me do my job. If there is that recognition factor, it's important. Of course, it does greatly reshape one's personal life. They come up and comment, as if I'm a friend, and that's one of the beauties of the medium. I think people feel that they've known me for a long time; unfortunately for me, I haven't had the benefit of knowing them. But I find it a blessing of sorts: it means that people understand that I



CERTAINLY THE KENNEDY FAMILY COULD AH, AFFORD SOME SAND?

whatever it is — "home of cows, colleges and contentment." So I did four years hard labor at Carleton.

After college, back in Chicago, he steadily worked his way up from the Administrative Assistant of the Administrative Assistant of Mayor Daley, to Communications Coordinator and then Director of Public Relations for the Chicago Urban League.

CAMPBELL: It's like a coin, you know. One side was working for "The Administration," the other side was working for the Chicago Urban League, which is of course the city's leading race relations organization. And then I came here to Channel 7, so I guess I'm on the edge of the coin now. [Laughs]

On a friend's suggestion, he applied for the position of Editorial Director at Channel 7 in the fall of '77. His interest in broadcasting began when he hosted URBAN UPDATE on WSDM Radio (now the LOOP) for the Urban League. However, after much door beating, resume sending, and numerous interviews, he had all but given up on the idea of working in Chicago television or radio; besides which, he was realizing great success with the Urban League and preparing to settle in for some time. Then came his interview at WLS, very nonaggressive, and the excitement returned. By the spring of '82, after four years as Editorial Director at WLS, he had helped to create their Department of Public Affairs.

CAMPBELL: It's great. Especially in a city like Chicago, with the diversity of neighborhoods and communities, the intense political climate. Plus the fact that Chicago is considered to be, by many journalists, the best news town in the country. Having an opportunity to work in that milieu is kind of exciting.

In person, unlike the hard-hitting seriousness he projects on the screen, he is very relaxed, conducting himself with a manner of casual charm. Certainly, the editorials cannot be treated as separate from Campbell, just as his thoughts should not be considered apart from his editorials; they are both of the same. Here are some of his thoughts, excerpted from a conversation earlier this year.

... HAVE FALLEN MADLY AND PASSIONATELY IN LOVE WITH CHICAGO; I MEAN, FOR A NEW YORKER?

care, and that it's not an act; that I've been in the city for all of my thirty-three years; that I love the city; that I'm concerned about it; that this station's commitment to the editorial process is a strong and solid and aggressive one. And that's the gratification of the job. Though sometimes I like to finish eating.

That's probably one of the most gratifying things to run into somebody on the street who will say: "Hey, Bill, you know you jump on the L and see a train with four cars and two cars say "A Train" and two cars say "B Train" and the intercom system is broken and you don't know until you've passed your stop that you're on the wrong train." And that happens a lot. There's an involvement.

What we seek to do through editorials is, initially, to get folks thinking about things that are hap-

pening in their lives and in the lives of the community that we live in, in the Chicago area. And secondly, to serve as a jumping off point for discussion either amongst ourselves or through the editorial reply process. And thirdly, is to hopefully be a call to action; be it on the part of government, or private agencies, or the business community. That again is something gratifying about the job: if we can affect changes that positively impact upon people's lives.

THE FUTURE

People often ask me, "where do you see yourself stepping to next?" The response to that is that the diversity of experience I have, and of course the opportunity that this job affords, gives me something I'm very grateful for, and that's a number of options to look at: whether it would be going into corporate public affairs or getting back

into public relations or concentrating more on the talent side, of TV, or public affairs, kinds of things, documentaries. The possibilities are endless. I have a feeling in what direction I would head. I think it's safe to say that my career pretty much has been dedicated in some form or fashion to public service, so I would expect that I won't shift gears and become a flaming capitalist or anything — well I, I won't close that option. [Laughs]

CHICAGO

The thing that moves me about Chicago is its people. This is a vibrant city, a city of such tremendous diversity. And the vibrancy of the people, the diversity of the people, I think speaks to the tremendous potential this city has to be a truly great city. I think there are some areas that we clearly see now, since the last major political season in which Harold Washington was elected, pretty clearly see what our major problems are. Race relations is obviously one that tops the list. Making the city economically viable is another one, but there's so much potential to do that, it's just finding the proper formulas to execute that.

As far as culture, and rich culture: theater, music — I mean Chicago's the home of urban blues, the home of jazz. Just so many things that the city has to be great about, to be great with, to be great for: it's a great city. The thing that makes me feel good is when I talk to people from New York, especially in this business, who've come from there and have fallen madly and passionately in love with Chicago; I mean, for a New Yorker? But that says something about the city. Vibrant is the most descriptive word I can come up with. There is something for everyone if we can get over our small problems and I think it's basically a problem with the human spirit that can be overcome. We've got everything going for us. I think it's probably the most exciting city in the nation. It's a beautiful city. The lakefront, I'm amazed and I work here everyday.

DIVERSION, FRUSTRATION AND HOPE

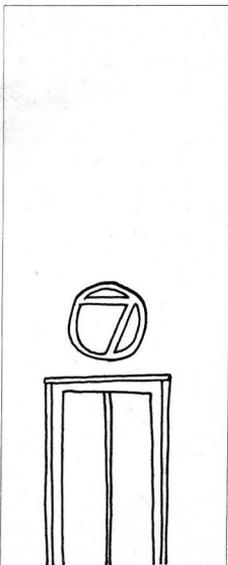
One of my nonprofessional interests is that of being a jazz musician. Four years ago, three of us here at the station — I don't remember how it happened — but we all discovered we had played with jazz groups in college, and thought it would be kind of neat to get together and brush the dust off and oil up the gears (I play saxophone.) So we started getting together on Sunday afternoons jamming, and then discovered that all of us had friends who were in similar positions: being a professional but having an interest and passion for music. So our group has grown to nine members now ... But it's a great diversion. I mean

it takes me completely out of my concerns. And that's one of the things I've found that is very important. Because dealing with issues like the political strife, murders, crime, rape, burglary, issues that really are heartrending, and reading six newspapers a day and watching all the news on TV and listening to WBBM Newsradio 78 when I first wake up and before I go to bed, my brain kind of fills up with all this information about things that are happening to my fellow Chicagoans. And it's good to break out of that and get into something that's different, such as jazz.

I do feel at times a frustration that things perhaps are not changing as quickly as they might, for the better. But then, that's the human process, that's the way humanity operates. So I find satisfaction that change does occur, and that's the only constant in life, and if it's not happening as quickly as I want, ultimately it will. And that's the important thing. That, I think, prevents me from feeling a sense of burnout or absolute frustration; that incremental change is occurring even as we speak. The future is what we have to live for.

The real satisfying thing about the job is that there have been incremental changes. There have been positive things happening. People's lives have been positively affected. People have reason to hope.

Jeremy A. Pollack
1984



COCKTAILS AT THE GOFFMORES



Clarence drank out of the punchbowl.



Donald hinted at his tennis ability.



Elizabeth talked about her new health diet.

Freddie talked about Elizabeth's body lifts.



THE OPINIONS OF INGRES

ART AND THE BEAUTIFUL

There are no two arts, there is only one: it is the one that has as its foundation the beautiful, which is eternal and natural. Those who seek elsewhere deceive themselves, and in the most fatal manner. What do those so-called artists mean when they preach the discovery of the "new"? Is there anything new? Everything has been done, everything has been discovered. Our task is not to invent but to continue, and we have enough to do if, following the examples of the masters, we utilize those innumerable which nature constantly offers to us, if we interpret them with wholehearted sincerity and ennoble them through that pure and firm style without which no work has beauty. What an absurdity it is to believe that the natural disposition and faculties can be compromised by the study — by the imitation, even — of the classic works! The original type, man, still remains: we have only to consult it in order to know whether, when we use the same means as they, we lie or tell the truth.

TASTE

It is rarely other than the lower type of the arts, whether in painting or in poetry or in music, which naturally pleases the multitude. The more sublime efforts of art have no effect at all upon uncultivated minds. Fine and delicate taste is the fruit of education and experience. All that we receive at birth is the faculty for creating such taste in ourselves and for cultivating it, just as we are born with a disposition for receiving the laws of society and for conforming to their usages. It is up to this point, and no further, that one may say that taste is natural to us.

Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres 1870

THE JOCKER

Bite bloody and stinky teeth, red paw-prints smear drying palms.

We would see him out there: a limping, white, matted, nutt full of teeth growling yellow sounds, Leering at us with the whites of his inky eyes.

We would see him out there: with his teeth sunk into the coat of a stray bitch while his tongue-colored cock stabbed her and dragged her backward, down.

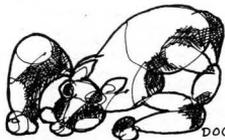
We would see him out there with his ass sticking out of a garbage can, giving a plaintive moan and suck sounds as he ate his way to the bottom.

We would see him out there: looking to fight a cat, a rat, or his own winter breath, once in a while stopping to piss where our shadows might cross.

We would see him out there: by the barroom doors at night, begging Slim Jims and pork-rind chips, trotting off, never eating in front of the enemy.

And we saw him out there: bite some spic, just above the knee and then receive five, 22 slugs, dance and die — we could do nothing but feel the rain warm on him, our blood.

Anthony Fitzpatrick 1984



DOG



descriptionofahuman

(a story in one paragraph)

Postumously, there is man, Visage reflects subjective yet impervious to query: capable of creating myths of automation coupled with the semblance of conviction however erratic being mostly a permutation of still-life. Prior misconceptions of autonomy caused reduction in stature finds the demeanor biped qua quintuped with a Darwinian need establishing the employ of the ground to forehead support. Discourse, if any, fluctuates between dictum and reflexive investigative contingent on the quantity of electrical activity shorted by the cortex. Existence is limited to the ethos of hermetics in conjunction with arbitrary mechanisms of synthetic time. Essence seeks to foster concentric quality which persists in maintaining the endless longing for continuous perpetual vertigo. This continues indefinitely.

John Budz 1982

#504

After discussing the falsity of so many seeming virtues, it seems proper to say something about how false is our scorn of death. I mean that scorn of death which unbelievers boast of acquiring through their own inner strength, without a hope of a life to come. There is a difference between meeting death bravely and scorning it. The first is usual enough, but I doubt whether the second is ever sincere. Yet men have done their best to persuade us that death is no evil, and the greatest weaklings among them no less than the heroes have produced a thousand famous examples to bear out their contention. But I doubt whether any sensible person has ever believed it, and the trouble men take to persuade themselves and others that it is true shows how difficult it is to accept. We may have many reasons for being disgusted with life, we never have any for despising death. Even those who choose to kill themselves do not hold it cheap, and are as shocked and resistant as the rest of us when it advances toward them in some other form than they have chosen. The varying degrees of courage that we note in all sorts of brave men derive from the varying ways in which death strikes their imagination, and strikes it more forcibly at one time than at another. Thus, after scorning what they are ignorant of they at length become frightened of what they know. If we would not judge death the worst of all misfortunes, we must avoid facing it in all its dire complexity. The bravest and most resourceful men are those who use the soundest pretexts to avoid facing it, but every man who can see it exactly as it is finds it appalling. The certainty of death produces all the strong-mindedness of the old philosophers: they deemed it best to go uncomplainingly where they could not avoid going; unable to immortalize their lives, they did all they could to immortalize their reputations, and to save from shipwreck as much as might be salvaged. Let us be content, for the sake of appearances, with not even telling ourselves all we think of



Garold showed off his money.



Havest talked of his affairs.



Liquid should in sea.

ON THE WAY TO NEW YORK

This past month I returned to New York. It had been quite awhile since my last visit, resulting in a certain anxiousness on my part, and I began mentioning my plans to my associates. They of course had advice in regards to my New York itinerary (actually, at that point, no itinerary yet existed). The range of suggestions from one person to another varied so that I became entirely caught up in the idea of seeking further advice: with this in mind I brought up the subject of the trip to everyone I met. From typesetters to bus drivers, they all had a chance to respond; nearly all of them did.

You really must go to the Windows of the World. It's utterly magnificent. It has a really neat view of the three big bridges. It's on top of the world trade center. It's a restaurant, you know. Thoroughly enjoyable. The food's pretty good.

They don't have pizza. They don't have softball. Don't expect to like Chicago so much when you come back.

Go to the coffee shops. Man, you want to see New York? That's where New York is. Your New York. At least, it's in the coffee shops. What you have to do is spend time out in public. Don't spend your days inside someone's apartment. You want to see people. Ride the subway. If I were you, what I'd do, I'd ride the subway the whole time. And go to the coffee shops. But don't sit next to a couple of cops.

First there are the museums. Naturally you'll visit the museums, won't you? That must be first on anybody's list, of course. A walking tour of Manhattan is quite good. Yes, Downtown Manhattan. Of course my bookstore, the Harcourt Brace, it has been gone for some time now. It was a nice little shop.

Here, I'm writing a number down for you. Just ask for "AL." Just "AL." He'll take care of you, okay? You going alone? I just want you to be taken care of.

I wish I was going with you. Boy, you'll have a great time. You should stay as long as you can. And bring as much money as you can. I never have enough money when I go there and that's no way to judge New York. You can only properly judge New York on a visit mind you, from your middle class point of view. If you don't have enough money, don't go. Save yourself a lot of empty trouble. Don't go.

Send me a postcard, will you?

Yeah, yeah. I've been to New York. I've been Paris, too. New York ain't no Paris. No, I've been there. Of course Chicago ain't no New York and vice versa. Yeah. They've got everything there. They had it way before I came and they had it after I left. But, you know, this is still my home. It is easy to come back. I can't see this country without New York. And I can't see New York without Chicago.

Editor

death, and put more faith in our temptations than in those feeble arguments which would convince us that we can face death unconcernedly. The distinction of dying bravely, the hope of being remembered fondly, the wish to leave an honored name, the certainty of shedding all life's ills and of being no longer buffeted by fortune, are consolations not to be rejected; but neither are they to be supposed unailing helps. They offer much the same reassurance as a mere hedge can offer soldiers under fire: at a distance it seems ample protection, but close at hand provides almost useless shelter. We delude ourselves if we suppose that death, when imminent, is as we imagined it when remote, and that our feelings, shaky as they really are, are so finely tempered as to stand up under the severest of all trials. We also misjudge the force of self-love if we think it will help us set at naught the very thing that will destroy it: and reason, which we count on as so resourceful, is at such time too weak to provide the strength of mind we desire. Indeed, it is our minds which at such moments oftenest desert us and, instead of inspiring us with scorn of death, make clear how fearful and terrible it is. All they can do for us is bid us look away and contemplate other things. Cato and Brutus chose noble visions; a lackey, some time since, was content to dance on the scaffold when he was about to be broken in pieces. Thus, though the motives may differ, the effects are the same, so that whatever the disparity between great men and ordinary ones, on a thousand occasions we see one sort meeting death like the other. But always with this distinction: when great men show scorn for death, it is a love of glory that distracts their minds from the truth; when ordinary men do so, it is because their lack of understanding shields them from the gravity of their plight, and leaves them free to think of other things.

ON GRASS AND BOOZE

To tell you the truth, I started smoking some grass a few years ago and at that time I immediately started writing in a different way than I'd written before. I wrote just for the joy of it, night and day, and I've got about a thousand pages.

I found one thing. After all those years — I used it quite diligently and beautifully for a long time. I've tapered off a good deal now, tapered off because I find the very thing that I thought for a long time — and this is right — form the gut: for a long time I found, not that I thought but I found, that it enabled me to hold booze at bay, hm? Then I found perhaps that as maybe I was getting older, perhaps more perceptive, perhaps more whatever. ahhh. The excitement, the glory, the beauty, of the weed, would get me so exquisitely happy that I thought, "All right, I don't want any more grass," which as we know is the way it goes. Which is part of the magic of it, hm?

Now what I want to do, I want to slow down, I would feel like I had a little volcano burning here, uuhhh? Which I do sometimes when I get straight. I would sometimes — we get, we get hooked up. Churned up, you're damned right. I was this way this summer and I wasn't using anything except sometimes I would, I would feel just like this, EEEYAAH! Now, the great friend under those conditions, I submit to all of us is, is certainly for me, port wine or almost anything else that has alcohol in it.

♣ Sterling Hayden
1981

THREE MUSICIANS

Cold atmosphere
No personality here
Make my colors run dry.
Contemporary times
Three dimensional crimes
Make my eyes go blind.
Waiting for someone
To save the world
From nine to five
I can't tell I'm alive
Make my mind go mad.
Nothing is warm
No small town charm
Make my hope run out.
Then Paul introduces

Three Musicians
Won't you strike up a tune.
Three Musicians
Trouble go away soon.

See the empty walls
The crowded halls
Make my soul turn grey.
See the knowing youth
The haphazard truth
Make my faith give out.
Waiting for someone
To save the world
Dressed like playing cards
It don't seem so hard
Make my colors return.
See the dog in the back
Lift his head from his nap
Even he knows.
When Paul introduces

Three Musicians
Won't you strike up a tune.
Three musicians
Trouble go away soon.

♣ Grace Chaplin
1983

♣ Francois De La Rochefoucauld
1665



THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO



THIS, O BEST BELOVED, IS ANOTHER
STORY OF THE HIGH AND FAR-OFF TIMES
... WHEN THE WORLD WAS SO NEW AND
ALL ...

Not always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him, but a Different Animal with four short legs. He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on an outcrop in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Little God Nqa.

He went to Nqa at six before breakfast, saying, "Make me different from all other animals by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nqa from his seat on the sandflat and shouted, "Go away!"

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a rockledge in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Middle God Nquing.

He went to Nquing at eight after breakfast, saying, "Make me different from all other animals: make me, also, wonderfully popular by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nquing from his burrow in the spinifex and shouted, "Go away!"

He was grey and he was woolly, and his pride was inordinate: he danced on a sandbank in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Big God Nqong.

He went to Nqong at ten before dinnertime, saying, "Make me different from all other animals: make me popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nqong from his bath in the saltpan and shouted, "Yes, I will!"

Nqong called Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always hungry, dusty in the sunshine, and showed him Kangaroo. Nqong said, "Dingo! Wake up, Dingo! Do you see that gentleman dancing on an ashpit? He wants to be popular and very truly run after. Dingo, make him so!"

Up jumped Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — and said, "What, that cat-rabbit?"

Off ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always hungry, grinning like a coal-scuttie, — ran after Kangaroo.

Off went the proud Kangaroo on his four little legs like a bunny.

This, O Beloved of mine, ends the first part of our tale!

He ran through the desert; he ran through the mountains; he ran through the salt-pans; he ran through the reed-beds; he ran through the blue gums; he ran through the spinifex: he

ran till his front legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always hungry, grinning like a rat-trap, never getting nearer, never getting farther, — ran after Kangaroo.

He had to!

Still ran Kangaroo — Old Man Kangaroo. He ran through the ti-trees; he ran through the mulga; he ran through the long grass; he ran through the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — hungrier and hungrier, grinning like a horse-collar, never getting nearer, never getting farther; and they came to the Wollongong River.

Now, there wasn't any bridge, and there wasn't any ferry-boat, and Kangaroo didn't know how to get over; so he stood on his legs and hopped.

He had to!

He hopped through the Flinders; he hopped through the Cinders; he hopped through the deserts in the middle of Australia. He hopped like a Kangaroo.

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards; then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer. He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — very much bewildered, very much hungry, and wondering what in the world or out of it made Old Man Kangaroo hop.

For he hopped like a cricket; like a pea in a saucepan; or a new rubber ball on a nursery floor.

He had to!

He tucked up his front legs; he hopped on his hind legs; he stuck out his tail for a balance-weight behind him; and he hopped through the Darling Downs.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Tired-Dog Dingo — hungrier and hungrier, very much bewildered, and wondering when in the world or out of it would Old Man Kangaroo stop.

Then came Nqong from his bath in the saltpans, and said, "It's five o'clock."

Down sat Dingo — Poor Dog Dingo — always hungry, dusky in the sun, shine; hung out his tongue and howled.

Down sat Kangaroo — Old Man Kangaroo — stuck out his tail like a milking-stool behind him, and said, "Thank goodness that's finished!"

Then said Nqong, who is always a gentleman, "Why aren't you grateful to Yellow-Dog Dingo? Why don't you thank him for all he has done for you?"

Then said Kangaroo — Tired Old Kangaroo — "He's chased me out of the homes of my childhood; he's chased me out of my regular meal-times; he's altered my shape so I'll never get it back; and he's played Old Scratch with my legs."

Then said Nqong, "Perhaps I'm mistaken, but didn't you ask me to make you different from all other animals, as well as to make you truly sought after? And now it is five o'clock."

"Yes," said Kangaroo. "I wish that I hadn't. I thought you would do it by charms and incantations, but this is a practical joke."

"Joke!" said Nqong from his bath in the blue gums. "Say that again and I'll whistle up Dingo and run your hind legs off."

"No," said the Kangaroo. "I must apologise. Legs are legs, and you needn't alter 'em so far as I am concerned. I only meant to explain to your Lordliness that I've had nothing to eat since morning, and I'm very empty indeed."

"Yes," said Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo, — "I am just in the same situation. I've made him different from all other animals; but what may I have for my tea?"

Then said Nqong from his bath in the saltpan, "Come and ask me about it to-morrow, because I'm going to wash."

So they were left in the middle of Australia, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo, and each said, "That's your fault."



Rudyard Kipling
1900

"How's the children," she asks. "How's the dog? I see the walls are wet again..."

You reply, "Yes. I know. The plumber's been by. He tells us the something flow valve has overflowed, causing the seepage. He guarantees it is all fixed and tidied."

"Oh," says she. The trivia has come to an end. She brushes her nose with a well placed index finger and throws her arms behind her head, reminding you too much of Cheryl Tiegs instead of Catherine Deneuve. Then she blurts, "Shall we? To the bed?"

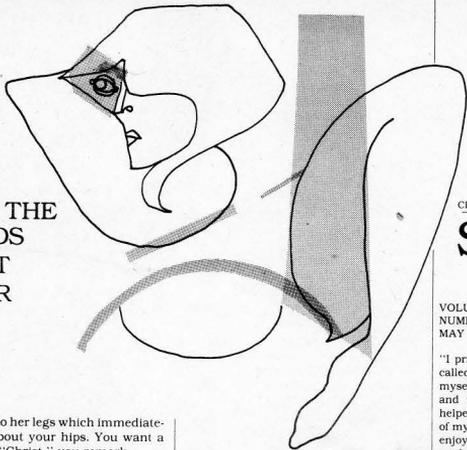
You then realize the sensation in your lower body is not from the Ranaldi's pizza, as you suspected, but rather it is from the Ranaldi's beer and you simply must have a pee. You say, tactfully, "You do look adorable, don't you?" She smiles. A distraction, such as a ringing phone does not occur as you hope. "We shall," you say. "To the bed."

Everyone and their mother knows she's on the pill, so no one is to worry as you both undress. She shakes and sways, you notice, pendulating her small, pretty chest as she peels down her French jeans. In the past you had pictured her, her graceful frame, so as not to feel alone. But tonight, even though your bodvis induced to go though your body is induced to go by a female curve, your mind is attracted to the argument in 8-C.

Apparently the Fords are angered by their daughter's wish to go to a Kiss concert instead of the Joffrey ballet. The parents are threatening to disengage the Betamax for a month. The youngster is threatening to engage in premarital sex.

By now you're cold enough to remember where you are, to remember how drafty your apartment is, and you marvel at the gousempms on your cock. You slip deep under the

**YOU
HER
AND THE
FORDS
NEXT
DOOR**



covers, into her legs which immediately wrap about your hips. You want a cigarette. "Christ," you remark. She asks, "What is it?" wetting her lips. God, she always was the quickest one in science class.

"I want a smoke," you respond. You watch her slim cheeks flap about every which way as she fetches you a Kool; it's one of hers; you detest menthol. You place the cigarette in your mouth and light it. She squirms out of sight, rubbing her chest up and down your crotch.

Little Miss Ford is crying now, but managing to yell clearly. You note that Mr. Ford has yielded the rest of the family discussion to his wife. You imagine Mr. Ford either leaving the room or keeling over from an ulcer attack. Although Mrs. Ford is doing her best to scream over the child's voice, the poor woman simply doesn't have the larynx she used to. All at once there is silence.

You close your eyes to hear better. Did they lose their voices? You tilt your head. Is the daughter holding her breath? Are they all dead? You hear a fading sob followed by nothing. There is no sound. You can't possibly imagine what they're doing. A muffled slurping breaks the quiet.

You recall that she is measurably talented at doing what she is doing down there below the sheets, but you shake your head knowing that even her very best technique can do nothing for you. You feel yourself shrinking in her mouth and your nails dig into your palms from clenching too tightly. She's darting quickly now, all over your exterior, but you feel only limpness and wetness as the uneven leg of the bed jumps up and down.

Again you close your eyes and you try to picture Marilyn in the subway scene from "The Seven Year Itch."

but all that your brain can drum up is the dirty little smirk on Tom Ewell's face. Barbara Cotton comes to mind, of all people. Why, you haven't seen her for at least six years. Then again, she always did get you going, so why the hell not?

You hear a whining. "Mmmmm..." from beneath the blanket as your fifth limb rises to the occasion. You've already fantasized Barbara under you, over you, and even behind you. Now she's clinging to you against the wall in your old high school gym locker-room. Barbara hops up on the horse so you have her there. Then onto the basketball court, the wrestling mat, and good, ol' Barb's moaning with delight as you take her in the long-jump sandbox. You feel yourself on the verge of climax.

"Mommy, you're a cunt!" The Fords have started up again causing Barbara to fade away, along with your manhood. You release your breath and spy the ashes on your chest from the Kool; your head is dizzy, the menthol smells rotten. The mid-bed bobbing slowly comes to a halt with a wet kiss below your appendix. Her head slithers up the center of your body, out into the open, and comes to rest just under your chin.

"Is it me?" she worries with puppy dog eyes. For the third time you close your eyes and manage, "No." It isn't loud enough to be heard but she understands from the short vibration in your throat. A peck under your jaw, a minute head adjustment, and she falls asleep. You, however, cannot.

She's had it, the evening's had it, and Barbara's had it. You're finally beginning to drift off for eight hour's peace, when it doesn't matter who you're lying next to. The last thing you hear is, THUD! Mr. Ford has avenged his wife by decking the daughter. The Kiss concert is out.



Ben Solomon 1981

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"I printed & published the newspaper called *The Chicago Literary Times* by myself for a year and a half. I also sold and wrote the advertising copy and helped distribute the paper. The policy of my paper was to attack everything. I enjoyed myself perhaps more than my readers."

— Ben Hecht

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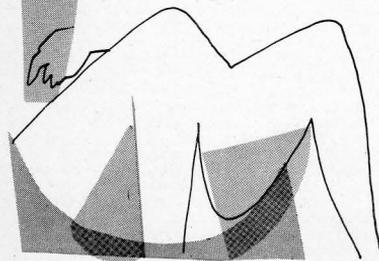
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"Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them."

— Thomas Mann



C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

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Letters are subject to editing for brevity and clarity



Let's drink to the hardworking people. Let's drink to the salt of the Earth.
The Rolling Stones

Slang is a language that rolls up its sleeves, spits on its hands and goes to work.

Carl Sandberg

There is no such thing as a moral or immoral book. Books are well written or badly written.

Oscar Wilde

I am sitting with a philosopher in the garden; he says again and again "I know that that's a tree," pointing to a tree that is near us. Someone else arrives and hears this, and I tell him: "This fellow isn't insane. We are only doing philosophy."

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Dear Jeremy,

I want to let you know how much I enjoyed the February number of the "Sheet," especially the interview and the Poe essay (both of which are relevant to what I'm doing and attempting to do).

It was enlightening and comforting to hear some of the ideas in those articles.

*Joe Morgan
Chicago, Illinois*

It's a very, very rare opportunity when somebody is given by accident, by a hundred different accidents, a chance to really do something that is serious, when everybody else is doing something they don't believe in at all. I can say that at the time I was the only person I KNOW of in Chicago who was doing something that was actually worth while. I didn't know anybody else. I'm sure that later in Paris and New York, too, you do find people who are totally preoccupied with something important, with something that has something to do with people. They're plugged into our society. But once in awhile somebody's extremely fortunate and gets his work all cut out for him. And there's really nothing else for him to do. It can be sculpting or acting or singing or something, but that is a really privileged person.

Nelson Algren

A working class person is something to be.

John Lennon

Without work, all life goes rotten.

Albert Camus

Hey Pete, let's eat more meat.

Dizzy Gillespie

Didn't Aristotle say that it is the mark of a poet to see the resemblances between apparently incongruous things?

There is not a woman in the world, the possession of whom, is as precious as the of the truth she reveals to us by causing us to suffer.

Marcel Proust

A newspaper is the lowest thing there is!

Major Richard J. Daley

I think the best definition of man is that he is a creature that walks on two legs and is ungrateful.

Dostoevsky

MGM produced THE BROADWAY MELODY, a full-length sound musical, and a cheap dull affair it was, but a stupendous box-office success. That started it: overnight every theatre began warring for sound. That was the twilight for silent films. It was a pity, for they were beginning to improve. Murnau, the German director, has used the medium effectively, and some of our American directors were beginning to do the same. A good silent picture had universal appeal both to the intellectual and the rank and file. Now it was all to be lost.

Charlie Chaplin

Mr. Alex. Fisher
415 W. Chicago Ave.
New York, N.Y.



Hear Mr. Fisher

I am writing to thank you for the copy of the magazine which has just arrived. I have read it with interest and pleasure. Would you be kind to send me a copy of the next issue. I am sure it will be most interesting and profitable to me. I am sure it will be most interesting and profitable to me.

Thank you for the copy of the magazine which has just arrived. I have read it with interest and pleasure. Would you be kind to send me a copy of the next issue. I am sure it will be most interesting and profitable to me.

Sincerely,
Mr. Fisher

The most translated poem is believed to be "If" by Joseph Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), first published in 1910. It has appeared in 27 languages and according to Kipling was "anthologized to weariness."

The basic unit of contemporary art is not the idea, but the analysis of and extension of sensations.

Susan Sontag

Mike Royko is a talented, witty columnist with a big heart, a skeptical outlook, and a sure-footed way among the back alleys of Chicago, where he finds real-life characters who tell him things that he passes on to his readers with style, empathy, and gusto.

Royko is lye his city. He has sharp elbows, he thinks sulphur and soap are natural ingredients of the atmosphere, and he has an astonishing capacity for idealism and love devoid of goo. He has written about Chicago in a way that has never been matched. It will probably never be matched in the future, either.

Bill Mauldin

You. It's you who bungled it. You and your stupid attempt to buy it! Kenidov found out how valuable it was! Huh. No wonder we had such an easy time stealing it! You, you imbecile! You bloated idiot! You stupid fathead you!

*Joel Cairo to Caspar Gutman
(Peter Lorre to Sydney Greenstreet)
John Huston's
THE MALTESE FALCON
1941*

It's okay with me.

*Phillip Marlowe
(Elliott Gould)
Robert Altman's
THE LONG GOODBYE
1973*



ROOFUSS



Suppose crime did pay? Is it an accident that the narcissistic heroes like Tarzan, Superman, cowboys, and sleuths are weak on social life? Is Bogart American's Shropshire lad?

Marshall McLuhan

Opera in English is, in the main, just about as sensible as baseball in Italian.

H.L. Mencken

You can observe a lot just by watching.

Yogi Berra

The important thing is to create. Nothing else matters; creation is all.

Pablo Picasso

What is jazz? If you don't get it, you don't get it, and there's nothing else to say.

Louis Armstrong