

STREET SCENE

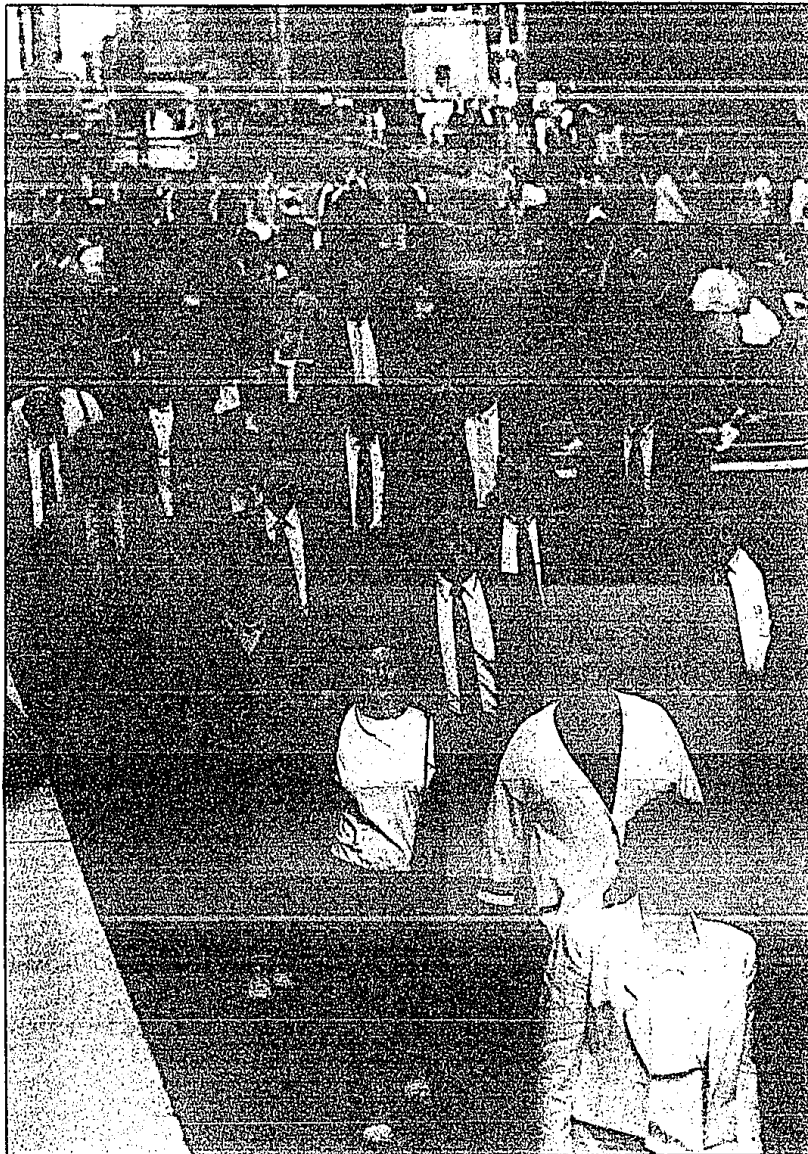
Inside **S?**

Like far out, man

The English band Happy Mondays is part of a large Acid House scene in Great Britain, bringing back '70s culture with all the vices. Except theirs is simply not a trip down the farout lane. Find out how this group has incorporated the music of the '70s into a new whirlwind of a sound on Page 4D.

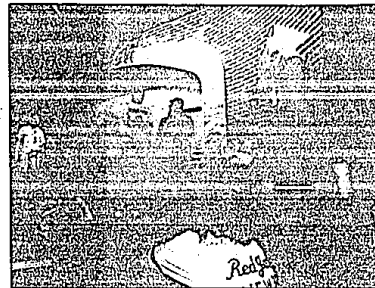
The Observer & Eccentric Newspapers

★10



The pedestrian rush hour in Chicago's Loop peaks around 8:30 a.m. as Reebok-clad office workers clog the sidewalks and intersections of the financial district.

photos by JERRY ZOLYNSKY/staff photographer



Members of the Second City Theater — Tim O'Malley (from left), Christina Dunn, Michael Franco, Ian Gomez, Maureen Kelley, Aaron Freeman, Rob Colson and Faith Soloway — rehearse a musical number for this summer's road show in Atlantic City.

In search of a 'hot time' in Chitown

By Tedd Schnolder
staff writer

We were off and running, Chicago-style:

MORNING:

I first knew it on the ride in from Midway, when the 20-minute conversation with our chauffeur — Melvin Stewart, City Cab Number 2316 — ranged from the Pistons ("They'll miss Mahorn") to life as a Windy City hack ("Retire? never... Ask me again tomorrow") to his police record ("So I, hit him in the mouth with the gun. I had to pay the fine and his dentist bill").

Chicago was definitely going to be my kind of town... for the next 12 hours anyway.

You can have the skyscrapers and museums, the restaurants, and night spots that usually dominate these tourist excursions. Oh, I'll make them part of my itinerary. But for my vacation memories I'll take the people whose paths cross mine along the way, thank you.

Those impressions are more vivid and tend to hold up better over time.

That's why Melvin Stewart, City Cab Number 2316, became the first Chicago snapshot in my personal album.

The idea was to cram as much of Chitown down our throats as possible in one day. Sort of a Reader's Digest version of the typical weekend tour package, with help from Southwest Airlines and the newspaper's expense account, of course.

A summer drizzle in Detroit gave way to sunshine and a promised high of 80 degrees as the 737 touched down at Midway.

We were supposed to take the bus from Midway to the Loop (the city's financial district) for our first round of stops. But the buses apparently don't start running until long after our 7 a.m. flight arrived, so we hailed Stewart, who was parked by the terminal curb looking for an early morning fare. The cab ride cost \$17 including tip, or only about \$2 more than two bus tickets.

First stop, the Sears Tower. Even with Sears about to take a hike to the suburbs (relocating its corporate headquarters to Hoffman Estates in a move that will leave the building half empty), the 110-story glass and steel monument will easily fulfill Personal Travel Rule Number 117: When going to a big city, always go to the top of one — and only one — tall building.

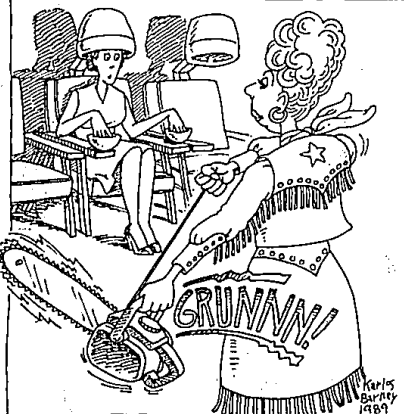
Unfortunately, to get to the top of the Sears Tower, we have to wade through some garbage at the bottom — namely, a shlocky "multi-media" presentation hosted (on tape) by a bubbly Oprah Winfrey, who goes on and on about the wonderfulness of her hometown. Mercifully, it ends in 15 minutes and we're whisked to the Sky Deck on the 103rd floor.

And on this slightly hazy morning, the view is spectacular. The

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Warp Factor

Karlos Barney



Finding that life really does imitate art, Myrna comes face to face with the Texas Chainsaw Manicure.

Chicago: A foodaholic's delight

By Larry Jones
special writer

The assignment read: "Get to Chicago and interview famed Italian chef and cookbook author Giuliano Bugialli."

At first, I had thought of taking Amtrak — round-trip train fare for under \$55. I could finish that paperback book I started on last summer's vacation. I could leave Detroit and five hours later, arrive in the Windy City, only to do an interview and then spend another five hours coming home... Maybe next time.

I could drive and spend about \$30 for gas. Then I realized it would cost a hundred bucks to park downtown.

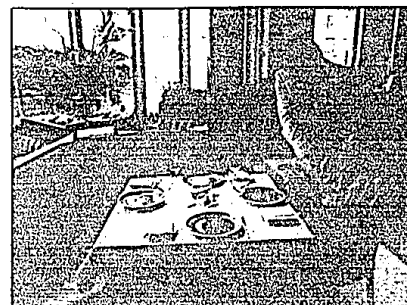
So, as luck would have, while watching "The Real Ghostbusters," an ad for Southwest Airlines \$19 one-way airfare to Chicago caught my eye. In the 48 hours that evolved between placing my reservation and picking up my ticket at the travel agency, the price had jumped an extra 10 bucks. But hey, I leave Metro at 10:45 a.m. and arrive in Chicago

at 10:45 a.m. Who could beat that?

The flight was late, but then again, so was I. It gave me just enough time to get a red-bellied diet Coke and bag of chips at the airport. I nearly choked when the tab totaled a little over \$5. (Take it from me, skip airport food.)

Metro could easily wise up and do something about the shoddy service and poor quality of food. If it tasted good and the person working the counter would smile occasionally, the hurried traveler wouldn't mind plunking down that kind of money. But in its present state, the food and service stunk.

AH, BUT ON to Chicago... My interview and luncheon took me to the beginning of the "Magnificent Mile" as the Windy City calls it. A huge, glittery building with the restaurant Splaggia discreetly placed on the second floor. The interview and press conference was in the private dining room and since the flight ran late, I entered while Chef Bugialli was giving his spiel for the Italian



JERRY ZOLYNSKY/staff photographer

Splaggia offers elegant Italian food and a sweeping view of the Magnificent Mile's north end.

olive oil industry. Little did I know I sat next to the restaurant critic for the Chicago Tribune and directly across

from me was a hefty, bearded fellow who called himself Chicago's

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