

# resto



TAKING BREAKFAST TO NEW HEIGHTS

## Kicking Out the Jams

By Michael Nagrant

I’M PRETTY SURE I can pinpoint the moment Heavy D, aka Dwight Errington Myers, the rotund rapper who brought us the fine jingle “Now That We Found Love,” jumped the shark. It wasn’t when he portrayed the half-wit migrant worker Peaches alongside Tobey Maguire in the “Cider House Rules,” though that was close. It was much earlier in 1991, when he appeared on Michael Jackson’s “Dangerous” album rapping on the song “Jam.” Consider the heart of his rhyme on that ditty: “Mingle Mingle Jingle. In The Jungle. Bum Rushed The Door. 3 And 4’s In A Bundle.”

If that wasn’t bad enough, Heavy also dances in the video alongside Chris “Mac Daddy” Kelly and Chris “Daddy Mac” Smith, aka Kriss Kross, originators of the

backwards-clothes-wearing movement and prepubescent crooners of “Jump,” the #75 rated song on VH1’s “100 Greatest Songs of the Nineties.” Oddly, Kriss Kross never actually sing on “Jam.” They just hobble around in their ill-fitting reversed baseball jerseys and flash baby gang signs throughout the video. Did the King of Pop mercilessly cut their vocal part?

Heavy D and Kris Kross weren’t the only ones who embarrassed themselves. In case you haven’t seen the video recently, you’ll find Michael Jordan inexplicably playing basketball in a dark abandoned warehouse that just happens to have a spotless regulation NBA glass backboard and thousands of concert-grade floodlights. It gets really weird when Jordan gives Michael Jackson a piggyback ride and takes awkward lessons on the Moonwalk and splays akimbo imitating other moves from Jackson. Thankfully his Airness stays away from that lewd Jackson dance standard, the crotch grab.

I know all this because on my way to Wicker Park’s new breakfast emporium, Jam, I couldn’t get the Jackson song and its persistent Duran Duran-worthy orchestral hit out of my head, and had to watch the video on You Tube after my meal.

Unlike the video, the show at Jam, the brainchild of Jerry Suqi (Sugar, La Pomme Rouge, Chickpea) helmed by Charlie Trotter-and-North Pond-vet Jeff Mauro is almost pitch-perfect.

The tang of lime whip cream mingles with the berry-like heat of a pink peppercorn garnish, brightening up a rich French toast featuring crispy caramelized crust and malted-custard-flavored gossamer cotton-candy-cloud-like interior.

Braised pork cheeks, crowned with a fried egg, oozy ricotta salata, and pickled plums and stuffed into a crispy French bread, are so tender, they fall apart under a stern gaze.

A hazelnut-sage perfume roils around glazed buckwheat blintzes filled with glistening luscious shreds of lamb and a tiny-ice of Asian pear and through a micro-forest of spicy mesclun greens.

Folks have been eating breakfast dishes for dinner for years, but only in search of carbohydrate comfort, not because such fare is more elegant than a gourmet supper. Jam is the first breakfast place I’ve eaten in Chicago, where creativity, refinement and flavor align in a manner coincident with fine dining. It’s certainly the first breakfast place at which I’ve been served an amuse bouche, a smurf-sized smack-yo-momma-good flaky biscuit smothered in cheddar chive butter.

With waitstaff topping off coffee (a tad overpriced at \$3 for drip, even if it is Metropolis) and water with the efficiency of Helio Castroneves’ Indy pit crew, service is just as refined as the food.

While weekends here are your typical line-out-the-door-type affairs, the minimalist dining room outfitted with rustic cement slab tables topped with chartreuse bubble-pattern Chilewich designer placemats offer plenty of room to linger over your favorite newspaper or to fold out a 17” Macbook Pro on weekdays.

Sure, you might be able to get ten sausage biscuits at McDonald’s for the price of an average Jam entrée (\$10) but it wouldn’t be close to an even trade. Considering the incomparable quality of the food, there’s a lot of value here. Just don’t forget cash, because unlike the Golden Arches, Jam doesn’t take Speedpass, American Express, or any credit cards for that matter.

*Jam, 937 North Damen, (773)489-0302*

# NEWCITY



Valentino Cabrera  
“Be Happy Be Happy Be Happy  
Be Happy”

**VOL 24, NO. 1108**

### PUBLISHERS

Brian & Jan Hieggelke  
Associate Publisher Mike Hartnett

### EDITORIAL

Editor Brian Hieggelke  
Senior Editor Tom Lynch  
Art Editor Jason Foumberg  
Film Editor Ray Pride  
Editorial Interns Jonathan Kaplan, David Stockdale, Beth Wang  
Contributing Writers Fabrizio O. Almeida, Ben Broeren, Lisa Buscani, Jaime Calder, John Alex Colon, Patrice Connelly, Jenn Danko, John Freeman, Rachel Furnari, Dan Gunn, Sharon Hoyer, Claudine Isé, Damien James, Valerie Jean Johnson, Noah Levine, Andrew Lochhead, Nina Metz, Michael Nagrant, Chris Miller, Danny Orendorff, Garin Pirnia, Dennis Polkow, Zeb Resman, Elly Rifkin, William Scott, Marla Seidell, Andy Seifert, Duke Shin, Jarrett Spiegel, Bill Stamets, Michael Weinstein, Monica Westin, David Mark Wise

### ART & DESIGN

Designers Hwa-Ryong Kim, Jerad Koskey

### OPERATIONS

General Manager Jan Hieggelke  
Accounts Receivable Manager Carrie Marceau Lawlor  
Publishing Intern Ilana Kowarski  
Distribution Nick Bachmann, Derrick Weems, Brandon Horton, Henry Horton, Preston Klik, Kevin Lawlor, Michael Saenz, Corey Rodriguez

ONE COPY OF CURRENT ISSUE FREE. ADDITIONAL COPIES, INCLUDING BACK ISSUES UP TO ONE YEAR, MAY BE PICKED UP AT OUR OFFICE FOR \$1 EACH. COPYRIGHT 2009, NEW CITY COMMUNICATIONS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

NEWCITY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND SUBJECT TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

NEWCITY IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY NEWCITY COMMUNICATIONS, INC., 770 NORTH HALSTED, SUITE 303, CHICAGO, IL 60642 (312)243-8786 (T) WWW.NEWCITY.COM

VISIT NEWCITYNETWORK.COM FOR ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL INFORMATION.



# words

TIP OF THE WEEK  
TRISHA MEILI



In April of 1989, a 28-year-old Wall Street investment banker went for a run in Central Park and was savagely beaten and raped, only to be found hours later unconscious with seventy-five-percent blood loss, severe hypothermia and a skull fracture so gruesome an eye was completely removed from its socket. The doctors didn’t expect her to survive, but she did. When she awoke she had no memory of the event. The media withheld the victim’s name and she quickly became known as the Central Park Jogger; the story swept the nation as a group of youths were tried and convicted of the crime. Years later, a new confession came forth that was corroborated with DNA evidence, and the teenagers originally convicted of the crime had their names cleared. The jogger identified herself as Trisha Meili and wrote a memoir about the events, the bestseller “I Am the Central Park Jogger,” and has since traveled discussing her book with inspirational speaking about recovery, hope and her survival. Haunting material, but Meili finds a way to include wit and energy and focuses her work on the possibility, and necessity, of healing. *(Tom Lynch)*

*Trisha Meili discusses her life September 14 at Barnes & Noble, 1 East Jackson, (312)362-8792, 5pm.*

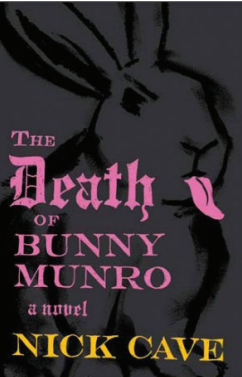
## Powell’s Bookstore

1501 East 57th Street  
828 South Wabash  
2850 North Lincoln Avenue



where  
academic  
books still  
have  
meaning

We Buy  
Books Too!



FICTION REVIEW

The Death of Bunny Munro

EVERYONE HAS A FAVORITE NICK CAVE RECORD. Hell, everyone has a favorite Nick Cave *band*, seeing as he fronted three separate ones during his long career, not to mention releasing some material under his own name. The Australian published his first novel in 1989, “And the Ass Saw the Angel,” a Southern Gothic piece about a mute with terribly abusive parents who has angelic visions and plots his revenge. It’s a fun book, if you can believe that, because Cave is more than able to juggle the plot’s absurdities.

Here’s another fun one. Twenty years later, the musician and author offers his second novel, “The Death of Bunny Munro.” His title character, a door-to-door salesman, is left to care for his young son after his wife commits suicide. He hits the road. His son adores him. Bunny’s not the greatest of dads; in fact, between his sexual liaisons and quick selling sprees, he doesn’t have much time for Bunny Junior. The dead wife might be haunting him, after all.

Cave’s crafted a delirious road novel that’s both grim and brimming with humanity; the father and son, as these stories work, develop a stronger bond over their traveling, but not with the help of the violent sorts they encounter along the way. Cormac McCarthy’s “The Road” is a bit of a stretched comparison, but McCarthy himself is not—like the great American writer, Cave fills his passages with grit, smoke and rage, yet corners the reader with unexpected emotion. You care for Bunny more than you think you do, despite his being rather despicable.

You also feel sorry for him. Hell, which this might very well be, you feel sorry for all them. The hustlers, the housewives, the dangerous. Cave falters once in a while when he attempts to shoehorn in too much comic farce, gags that threaten the overall stream of the book. (I must say, whenever I chuckled out loud, that was also when I stopped reading and got a bite to eat.) “The Death of Bunny Munro” would’ve worked without any humor, but of course that’s not Cave’s style and, of course, a humorless book about a decrepit dad and his young son called “The Death of Bunny Munro” wouldn’t be for everyone.

It’s well known that Cave is devoutly Christian, and it would be sloppy to not at least mention that some of the book’s themes could touch on beliefs, whether Cave intended it or not. Most obvious is a thinly veiled “All you need is love” concept, as Cave does write intelligently on the son’s love for his father, though that presumption, that the world’s worth its weight in love, is amateurish to say the least.

Despite some missteps, Cave churns out another worthwhile book. A quick read, you won’t be transfixed by his characters or plot, but you won’t be bored either. If Cave is anything, he’s an entertainer, no matter the medium. (Tom Lynch)

“The Death of Bunny Munro,”  
By Nick Cave  
Faber and Faber, 278 pages, \$25

READINGS

MON/14

→ Cathleen Falsani

A book release party for “The Dude Abides: The Gospel According to the Coen Brothers.”  
Smart Bar, 3730 N. Clark, (773)549-0203. 7pm. Rsvp to nicole.prince@zondervan.com.

→ Granta Chicago Issue Release Party

With Audrey Niffenegger, Aleksandar Hemon and more.  
Chicago Cultural Center, 78 E. Washington, (312)744-6630. 6pm.

→ Trisha Meili

The author discuss her memoir, “I Am the Central Park Jogger: A Story of Hope and Possibility.”  
Barnes & Noble, 1 E. Jackson, (312)362-8792. 5pm-6:30pm. Free.

TUE/15

→ Bookslut Reading Series

Featuring Dave Reidy and Barry Schechter.  
Hopleaf Bar, 5148 N. Clark, (773)793-9488. 7:30pm.

WED/16

→ Kurt Eichenwald

The author discusses “The Informant: A True Story.”  
Borders, 2817 N. Clark, (773)935-3509. 7pm. Free.

Local Author Night

With Tasha Alexander, Claire Zulkey, Scott Blackwood, Joan Naper. The Book Cellar, 4736 N. Lincoln, (773)293-2665. 7pm. Free.

THU/10

Dr. Jochy Herrera

The author delivers a lecture entitled “The Heart: past and present.” Instituto Cervantes, 31 W. Ohio. 6pm.

FRI/11

Joe Pernice

The author reads from “It Feels So Good When I Stop.”  
Schubas, 3159 N. Southport, (773)525-2508. 7pm. \$15.

Maryann Lesert

The author discusses “Base Ten.”  
Women and Children First Bookstore, 5233 N. Clark, (773)769-9299. 7:30pm. Free.

SAT/12

→ Second City/Third Person

With Kyle Beachy, Zach Dodson, Alexis Thomas. The Book Cellar, 4736 N. Lincoln, (773)293-2665. 7pm. Free.

SUN/13

Myopic Poetry Series

Featuring Wayne Miller and John Gallagher. Myopic Books, 1564 N. Milwaukee, 773-862-4482. 7pm. Free.



The one people listen to.

The one to set the record straight.

Break through the clutter with a graduate degree from DePaul’s College of Communication. As the second largest program in Illinois, the college integrates mass communication and communication studies while faculty and guest lecturers bring practical senior-level experience into the classroom from corporations, nonprofits and agencies across Chicago. At DePaul you’ll not only find your voice, you’ll make sure it gets heard.

What will you **become**?

depaul.edu/communication