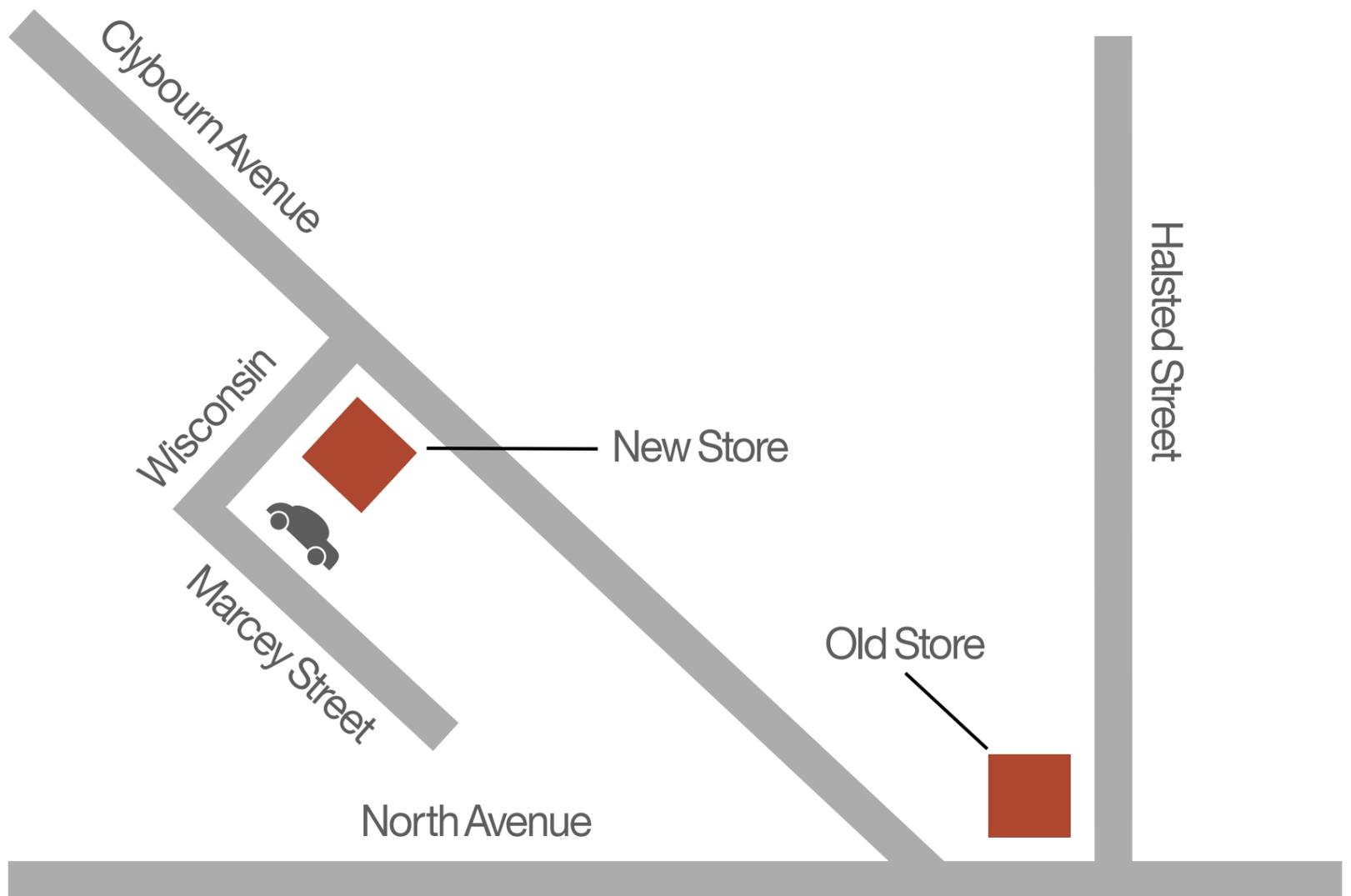


Before you can pay 70% less, you have to pay attention.



1. We've moved. But just 3 blocks. From Clybourn and North to Clybourn and Wisconsin.

2. We've now got more parking. Tons of it. But it's not real obvious. So if you turn left on Wisconsin and left on Marcey, you'll see it under our building. It's even free for 2 hours with validation.

3. We have an elevator that takes you from parking up to the store. It's the same elevator we'll use to help you take things back to your car. Pretty cool, huh?

4. We have stuff. Lots of it. All your favorite Crate and Barrel stuff. More stuff than the old store. In every conceivable category. Discontinued things, samples, out of season products. Yadda, yadda.

5. We have insane prices. Savings of at least 20%, and up to 70% in a lot of cases. Salivating yet?

6. OK. The test is over. Come see us.

Crate&BarrelOutlet Now at 1864 N.Clybourn.

Mon.-Fri. 10-8, Sat. 10-7, Sun. 11-6. Tel: 312-787-4775.

**CHICAGO READER**JULY 22, 2005
VOL 34 | NO 43**Publisher** Michael Crystal**Editor** Alison True**Managing Editor** Kiki Yablou**Senior Editors** Michael Miner | Laura Molzahn | Kitry Krause**Associate Editors** Martha Bayne | Anaheed Alani
Philip Montoro | Kate Schmidt**Assistant Editors** Jim Shapiro | Mark Athitakis**Staff Writers** Steve Bogira | John Conroy | Jeffrey Felshman
Harold Henderson | Deanna Isaacs | J.R. Jones | Ben Joravsky
Monica Kendrick | Peter Margasak | Tori Marlan | Bob Mehr
Jonathan Rosenbaum | Mike Sula | Albert Williams**Copy Chief** Brian Nemtusak**Editorial Assistants** Pat Graham | Renaldo Migaldi | Joel Score
Laura Kopen | Mario Kladis | Michael Marsh | Tom Porter
Jerome Ludwig | Ann Sterzinger | Tamara Faulkner
Patrick Daily | Stephanie Manis | Robert Cass | Kerry Reid
Todd Dills | Katherine Young | Julia Rickert | Ryan Hubbard**Typesetters** Vera Videnovich | Kabir Hamid**Archivist** Eben English**Advertising Director** Don Humbertson**Sales Director** Ginger Wade**Display Advertising Manager** Sandra Goplin**Assistant Display Advertising Manager** Katie Platz**Online Advertising Coordinator** Renate Durnbaugh**Display Representatives** Jeff Martin | Christine Thiel
Brad Winckler**Sales Development Manager** Susan Zuckert**Senior Account Executives** Denise Barndt | Angie Ingham
Evangeline Miller | Ryan A. Norsworthy | Beth Somers
Geary Yonker**Account Executives** Michael J. Anderson | Nichole Flores
Julie Mueller | Tim Tomaszewski**Advertising Project Coordinator** Allison Hendrickson**Advertising Assistants** Katie Hennebery | Jennifer K. Johnson
Kieran Kelley | Sarah Nishiura**Art Director** Sheila Sachs**Associate Art Director** Godfrey Carmona**Art Coordinator** Elizabeth Tamny**Production Director** David Jones**Production Manager** Bob Cooper**Associate Production Manager** Nickie Sage**Production Artists** Jeff Marlin | Jennifer McLaughlin
Mark Blade | Benjamin Utley | John Cross | Andrea Bauer
Dustin Kimmel | Josh Honn | Mike Browarski
Nadine Nakanishi**Editorial Design** Jardí + Utensil**Operations & Classifieds Director** Mary Jo Madden**Controller** Karl David Wilt**Classifieds Manager** Brett Murphy**Classified Representatives** Sara Bassick | Danette Chavez
Bill Daniel | Kris Dodd | Chip Dudley | Jane Hanna
Andy Hermann | Janet Lukasiewicz | Jeff McMurray
Amy O'Connor | Scott Shehan | Kristal Snow | Bob Tilendis
Stephen Walker**Matches Coordinator** Michael Beaumier**Back Page Representative** Chris Auman**Operations Assistants** Patrick O'Neil | Alicia Tomaszewski**Receptionists** Monica Brown-Fielding | Dorie T. Greer
Robert Jacobs | Dave Thomas | Stephen Walker**Bookkeeper** Marquell Jordan**Circulation Manager** Perry A. Kim**Circulation** Fred Adams | Sadar Bahar | Neil Bagwell
John Barrille | Kriss Bataille | Mark Blade | Michael Boltz
Jeff Boyd | Michael Bulington | Bill Daniel | Tom Frederick
Kennedy Greenrod | Nathan Greer | Scott Harris | John Holland
Sasha Kadukov | Dave Leoschke | Mark Mardell | James McArdle
Shane MacDougall | John Merton | Dave Miedzianski | Terry
Nelson | Gerald Perdue | John Roeser | Phil Schuster | Dorian
Tajbakhsh | David Thomas | Stephen Walker | Craig White**Information Systems Director** Jerry Davis**Information Systems Project Manager** Conrad Hunter**Information Systems** James Crandall | John Dunlevy

Doug Fawley | Sean Phelan

Special Projects Coordinator Lisa Martain Hoffer**National Advertising**

The Ruxton Group, 1-888-2-RUXTON

New York | Chicago | Phoenix | San Francisco

CHICAGO READER

11 E. Illinois, Chicago, IL 60611

312-828-0350

www.chicagoreader.comFor recorded information on placing classified ads,
call **312-828-1140** (24 hours).The entire contents of the Reader are copyright © 2005, Chicago Reader, Inc.
All rights reserved. Chicago Reader, Hot Type, Reader, Reader Matches,
and Straight Dope are registered trademarks of Chicago Reader, Inc.Subscriptions are available by mail inside the U.S. for \$95 per year. Foreign sub-
scriptions cost \$200 per year. Include check or money order payable to Chicago
Reader, Inc., and mail to Reader Subscriptions, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago, IL 60611.
Note: Subscription copies are usually received 3-5 days after publication date in the
Chicago area. Please allow a maximum of 4 weeks for fulfillment of your subscription.Reader (ISSN 1096-6919) is published weekly by Chicago Reader, Inc.,
11 East Illinois, Chicago, IL 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois.**Postmaster** Send address changes to Reader, 11 East Illinois, Chicago, IL 60611.**CHICAGO READER, INC.****President** Robert A. Roth**Vice President** Robert E. McCamant**Treasurer** Thomas K. Yoder**Executive Editor** Michael Lenehan

Letters

Remembering a Friend

The Chicago musical community lost three great men on Thursday. Michael Dahlquist, John Glick, and Doug Meis were killed at an intersection in Skokie while on their lunch break from their day jobs. The outpouring of emotion from their friends and peers in the last few days is testament to what terrific guys they were. One of them, Dahlquist, was like a brother to me, as he was to a lot of people, and I wanted to say something publicly about him.

When I think of Michael Dahlquist, two images spring to mind. First, I imagine him drumming; he was a fantastic drummer. He played drums for Silkworm, a great band, and he played with titanic gusto. Arms swinging high overhead, knees hopping up to his chin, he played like he was trying to break the damn things. Next, I imagine him dancing, because he danced big, and he would do it anywhere. He danced like he played the drums, with a recklessness bounded not by modesty, but by concern for other people's furniture. And his drums were huge. His special drum kit was a giant Slingerland from the swing era with a bass drum the size of a wagon wheel. He kept it in a pristine state of dilapidation, just as he found it, and this was his genius. His drums often resided at the studio where I work, and countless other drummers, intrigued by their immensity, would sit behind them and try to play them. Some famous, some greatly skilled, some merely curious, these pretenders all fell short. Like a demanding lover, this Stonehenge of drums would not yield to just anyone, but required the touch, the experience of her true mate to respond with affection. These drums sounded like shit when played by anyone other than Michael.

But Michael was an artist on them. He belonged to these drums in the same way they belonged to him. Michael made half a dozen of Silkworm's albums on them, and he sounded like thunder. Michael Dahlquist was a big, beautiful guy. Tall and fit, everything about him was large. Huge hands, giant smile full of big teeth, riotous laugh, bold, friendly voice (bolder and friendlier if he'd had a couple or if you were a cute girl), and enormous

**Michael Dahlquist**

heart. He wore his enormous heart on his sleeve—no, not on his sleeve. He was shirtless often enough. Sometimes pantless. He wore his heart instead of sleeves, like a frock coat. With the wrong sort of person, such a thing can be a drag. With a needy or petulant person, or someone who wants you to mark his every mood swing and spend your energy helping him get over them. That's not what I mean. Michael had no swing in his mood. Michael was continuously aglow.

I'm going to try to explain something specific about Michael, so bear with me, because unless you've experienced it you might think I'm being coy here. Michael enjoyed literally everything that ever happened to him. Everything was a marvel to him—a moment of discovery, of novelty and insight to be celebrated with an openmouthed laugh. I mean everything. The best coffee, the shittiest gig, the cutest waitress, the worst hangover, the most awesome video store, the worst unrequited crush—all of it was worth discovering, laughing about, and genuinely reveling in. An unremarkable afternoon was worth reveling in because it was the most unremarkable afternoon, ever.

I am in a band, and my band played many shows with Silkworm. On a tour of western

Chicago Reader, 11 E. Illinois, Chicago, IL 60611

312-828-9926

letters@chicagoreader.com

How Michael lived is what I want to remember: shirtless, raging, grinning, blissed-out, hollering, dancing without propriety, rolling around in ecstasy with a lust for every moment like a puppy dog in a leaf pile.

Canada (worst coffee ever) we witnessed the birth of a forest fire (most amazing natural disaster ever) from the parking lot of a hamburger stand that didn't offer ice for its drinks (worst concession ever). Later, in Winnipeg, after both bands had played (most inappropriate crowd behavior ever), Michael disappeared with some filly (best crazy broad ever) and spent the night dancing at an impromptu speakeasy in a neighborhood apartment building. He returned while it was still dark to our flop-house accommodations (most tragic hotel ever), and shortly we all discovered that someone had set a dozen Dumpsters behind the hotel on fire, and that we might all be burned to death. That didn't happen, so it was the best weird day on tour ever.

Michael died in the company of friends, Doug Meis and John Glick, and they died with him. I'm sad to say I didn't know them well, because I know they were the best guys ever. The people who loved them say so, and because they were there with Michael, I know it's true. How they died is unimportant. Tragic and stupid (they died because someone else's death wish involved crashing her car into theirs), but unimportant. How Michael lived is what I want to remember: shirtless, raging, grinning, blissed out, hollering, dancing without propriety, rolling around in ecstasy with a lust for every moment like a puppy dog in a leaf pile.

Michael, I know you aren't here to read this, but I'm saying it so I can tell everyone else, on the chance that you already knew it: I love you like a brother, and I wish I could be as embroiled in the moment (for one moment even) as thoroughly as you were every day you were alive.

Requiescat in pace, Mikey.
Salut!

Steve Albini
W. Belmont

A GOOD EASY CHAIR IS HARD TO FIND.

Floor Model Sale! Up to 50% OFF!

1130 North Milwaukee Chicago 773.278.2972
www.casalocafurniture.com
Handcrafted in Mexico.

CASA LOCA

Make Something BEAUTIFUL and LASTING Learn Pottery

Creative Claythings
2255 West Grand Ave
(312) 421-8000

Classes begin
Tues 8/2 & Wed 8/3
8 Week course for \$150.00,
All materials included!