

# LUMPEN POLITICS

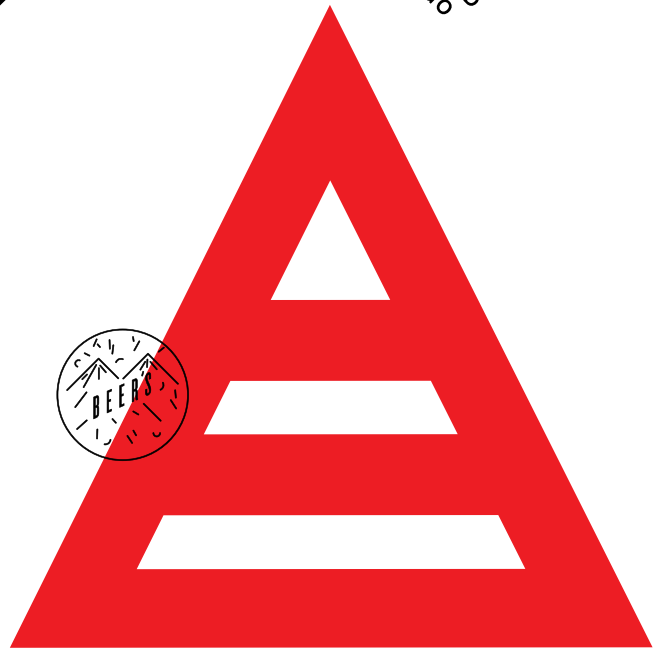




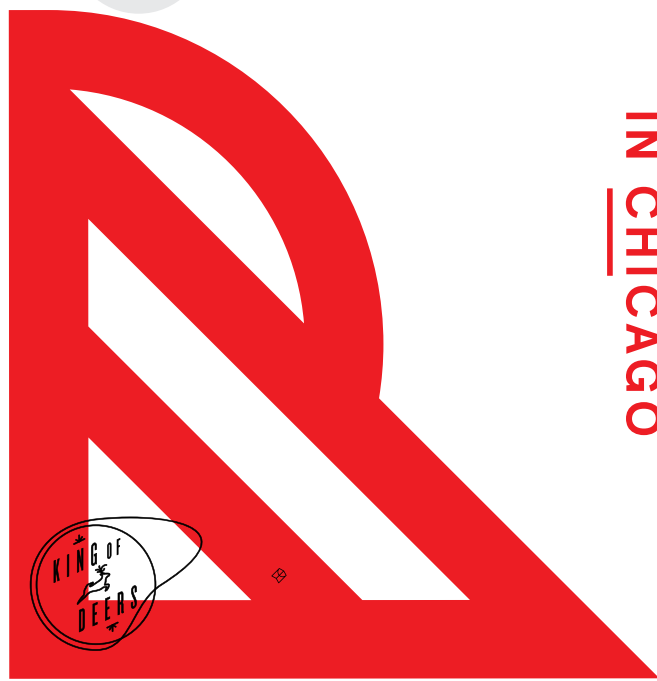
BEST AT: 2° C



HAND BREWED  
IN CHICAGO



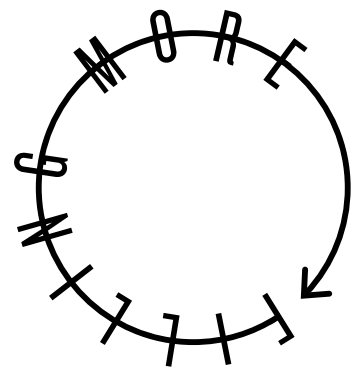
THIS  
DECENT  
IS



HAND BREWED  
IN CHICAGO

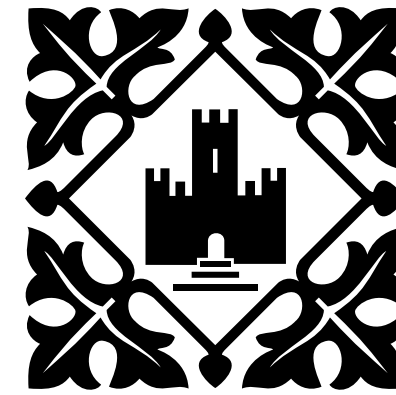


CHICAGO CRAFT BEER  
MADE IN BRIDGEPORT  
MARZ COMMUNITY BREWING CO.



4024 627 PM

MARZBREWING.COM



nightwood

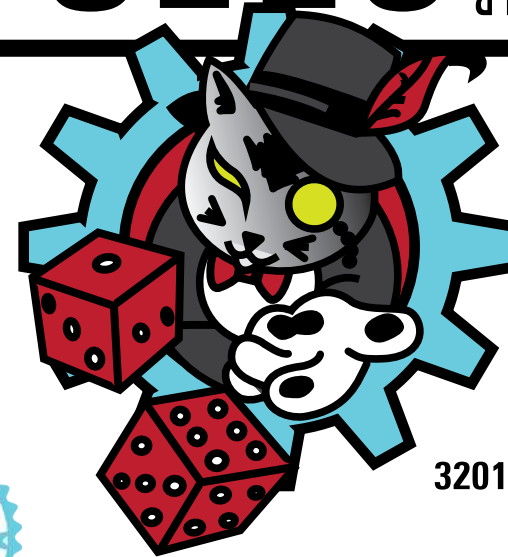
2119 S. HALSTED ST.  
CHICAGO, IL  
(312) 526-3385

DINNER  
MONDAY — THURSDAY  
5:30PM — 10:00PM  
FRIDAY + SATURDAY  
5:30PM — 11:00PM

BRUNCH  
SUNDAY  
9:00AM — 2:30PM

NIGHTWOODRESTAURANT.COM

**BLUE CITY  
CYCLES** NEW AND USED  
BICYCLES  
& REPAIR



3201 S. Halsted St.  
312-225-3780

bluecitycycles.com

Tourists come to  
Bridgeport  
to taste “The Bean.”



bridgeportcoffee™

bridgeportcoffeecompany.com

# Quimby's Bookstore

*zines ~ books ~ comix  
weirdo reading material  
you've made and consigned*

**1854 W. North Ave  
Chicago, IL 60622  
773-342-0910  
quimbys.com**

**Take 10% Off.  
Cool Stuff.  
Made in Chicago.**



Shop Bridgeport's premier boutique gift shop, offering affordable accessories, art, decor and gifts for all occasions.

Specialties include non-touristy Chicago gifts, custom t-shirts and personalized gifts made in-store, alongside many unique handmade and fair trade items designed by local indie artists.

Valid on regular and sale items, thru 03/31/15 not to be combined with any other offer.

**3RD FRIDAY SALE EVENTS  
WE'RE SLASHING OUR PRICES!**  
EVERY 3RD FRIDAY 7PM TO 10PM



**DRINK SOME WINE  
SHOP EXCLUSIVE MARKDOWNS  
MEET LOCAL ARTISTS  
WIN AWESOME RAFFLE ITEMS  
BUY COOL STUFF MADE IN CHICAGO**

*Get Social with Hardscrabble for Special Deals and Local Event Info!*

-  @hardscrabblegifts
-  @hardscrabble\_chi
-  @hardscrabble33
-  @hardscrabble33
-  +HardscrabbleGiftsLLCChicago

**★★ hardscrabble ★★**  
gift shop

Hardscrabble Gift Shop | 3333 S Halsted St  
Chicago, IL 60608 | 773.696.9574



**Do you want to lose weight? Get stronger? Feel better?  
Jeff at Iron Lung Fitness can help!  
Dare to be your best!**

Contact Jeff: 312.505.5442  
jefferylung@gmail.com  
www.ironlungfitness.com

NCSF Certified Personal Trainer  
USATF Certified Coach  
USA Boxing Certified Trainer/Coach  
English, Español, 中文

*lil' angels  
studio*

**Now Open  
by Appointment**

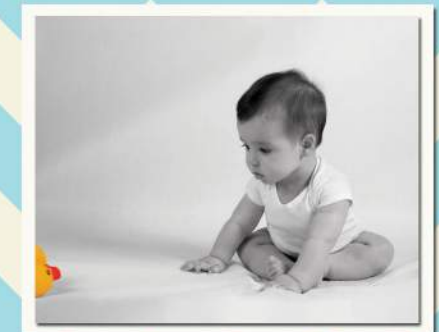
3201 S Morgan Street  
(773) 559-1234



Maternity  
Children  
Families  
Seniors  
Christenings



*Studio and location portraits available*



**Like Lil' Angels Chicago on Facebook  
to see seasonal Mini Session offerings**

**Grand Opening Special**

*Free 8x10 Print with Portrait Session  
or \$25 off Spring Mini Sessions*

*\*Session must be booked by 5/1/15 to qualify\**

Contents

# Well hello there reader. In this issue of Lumpen we explore Jagoffs.

Guest Editors  
Paul Durica  
Bill Savage

Editor / Publisher  
Ed Marszewski  
edmarlumpen@gmail.com

Editorial Team  
Sara McCall  
Emma Saperstein  
Daniel Sloan

World Correspondent  
Brian Mier

Design  
Alex Dougherty

Cover + Illustrations  
Dmitry Samarov

Photo Editor  
Aron Gent

Comics Editor  
Joe Tallarico

Technowizard  
Mike Evans

The Business  
Logan Bay  
Marian Frost

Advertising  
Leah Menzer  
leahzmenzer@gmail.com

Lumpen Worldwide HQ  
960 W 31st Street  
Chicago IL 60608  
LUMPEN.COM

INDIVIDUAL JAGOFFS

1. <b>John Kinzie</b> Paul Durica	10	13. <b>Marshall Field</b> Julie Welsh	17	24. <b>The Jacksons: Jesse, Jr. &amp; Sandi</b> Bill Savage	25
2. <b>Margaret Anderson</b> Paul Durica	10	14. <b>Marshall Field, Part II</b> Paul Durica	17	25. <b>Rahm Emanuel</b> Jerry Boyle	25
3. <b>Saul Bellow</b> Paul Durica	11	15. <b>Charles Tyson Yerkes</b> Paul Durica	20	26. <b>Bernard Epton</b> Ian Morris	26
4. <b>Steve Dahl</b> Bill Savage	11	16. <b>Cubic Transportation System</b> Robert O'Connor	20	27. <b>Bruce Rauner</b> Kari Lydersen	26
5. <b>Ronnie "Woo-Woo" Wickers</b> Bill Savage	12	17. <b>Ventra</b> Yana Kunichoff	21	28. <b>Jon Burge</b> Pawel Grajnert	26
6. <b>The Old Navy Street Preacher</b> Marc Fisher	13	18. <b>M. Fishman</b> W.R. Logan Sq.	21	TYPES OF JAGOFFS	
7. <b>Larry Harmon</b> Paul Durica	13	19. <b>Unelected Chicago Board of Education</b> Mary Zerkel	22	29. <b>The Clout Jagoff</b> Bill Savage	27
8. <b>Jerry Reinsdorf</b> Bill Savage	14	20. <b>Dan Ryan</b> Hugh Iglarsh	22	30. <b>Pub Crawlers</b> Paul Dailing	32
9. <b>Bushman</b> Paul Durica	14	21. <b>Mathias "Paddy" Bauler</b> Anonymous	23	31. <b>12.5-er</b> Jamie Trecker & Shanna van Volt	32
10. <b>John Kass</b> Paul Dailing	15	22. <b>Urban Planners on 1900 Farwell Block CLub, plus Aldermann Joe Moore (49th)</b> Anonymous Neighbor	23	32. <b>The "My Chicago" Jagoff</b> Bill Savage	33
11. <b>Phillip Danforth Armour</b> Paul Durica	15	23. <b>William Hale Thompson</b> Paul Durica	24	33. <b>The "New York Sucks" Jagoff</b> Sam Weiner	33
12. <b>George Pullman</b> Paul Durica	16			34. <b>Bike Ninja Jagoffs</b> Bill Savage	34

35. <b>A City Cyclist Responds</b> Andrés Carrasquillo	35	52. <b>The Totebags</b> Kathy O'Neil	45	SELF-NAMED JAGOFFS	
36. <b>Chicago Drivers</b> Carol LaChapelle	36	53. <b>The "I Never Complain About the Weather, but..." Weather-Complaining Jagoff</b> Sam Weiner	46	66. <b>Thorndale Jagoffs</b> Tom Schnieder	54
37. <b>Jaywalking Jagoff</b> V. Francone	36	54. <b>Random Extras</b> Honna Eichler George	46	67. <b>Sidewalk Linebackers</b> Joseph S. Pete	55
38. <b>Parking Lane Drivers</b> Matt Lauritzen	36	55. <b>People who Grew Up On Wine Coolers Jagoffs</b> Peter Hand	47	68. <b>JaGoFF (Guerrilla Artists/Musicians)</b> Gary Kuzminiski (on behalf on JaGoff)	55
39. <b>Secretary of State Jagoff</b> Amy Beth Danzer	37	56. <b>The Coffee Shop Complicated Drink Right NOW Jagoff</b> Charlie Davis	47	THE JAGOFFS ABOARD	
40. <b>The LiPaWoP</b> Ed Herrmann	37	57. <b>Locals Who Hate Newcomers</b> Chris Brotherton	48	69. <b>The Business Traveler</b> Nick Jager	56
41. <b>First Wave Gentrifiers who Protest Second Wave Gentrifiers</b> Bill Savage	38	58. <b>The One-Man Neighborhood Watch</b> John Shuster	48	70. <b>The Suburban White Kid on the Green Line</b> Jarrett Neal	56
42. <b>Thrifters</b> Honna Eichler George	38	59. <b>Lakeview Watchdogs</b> Honna Eichler George	49	71. <b>The ChicagoLAND Jagoff</b> Julie Welsh	58
43. <b>The Ol' Timer Who's Only 20 Jagoff</b> Sam Weiner	39	60. <b>The I Think the Public Alley Is My Private Oasis Jagoff</b> Amy Friedman	49	COMMON JAGOFFS HABITATS	
44. <b>Hipster Musician</b> Christopher Peterson	39	61. <b>Dibs Jagoff</b> Amy Friedman	52	72. <b>Michigan Ave. is my honorary Chicago Jagoff</b> Rachel	57
45. <b>"Get Oprah!" Jagoff</b> Greg Salustro	39	62. <b>Dibs Jagoff, Part II</b> Randy Bushwa	53	73. <b>The state's number one tourist attraction is My Chicago Jagoff</b> Rachel	58
46. <b>Youths Riding the #66</b> Katherine Uhrich	42	63. <b>The Rescue Dog Owner at the Bucktown/Lincoln Park Dog Park</b> Amy Friedman	53	IN THE LAND OF JAGOFF	
47. <b>Slow-Walking Cell Phone on Metro Platform</b> Max North	42	64. <b>The Losing Their (dog) Shit Jagoff</b> John Dudas	53	74. <b>A Child's Tale</b> Joe Bryl	59
48. <b>The El Door Blocker Jagoff</b> Bill Savage	43	65. <b>The Devil in the White City Superfan Jagoff</b> Sam Weiner	54	75. <b>Parting Jags</b>	59
49. <b>The Space-Grabber</b> Vincent Truman	44				
50. <b>The Old Left</b> August Spies	44				
51. <b>Trapped in Amber Liberal Jagoff</b> LuAnn Paladino	45				

## Introduction

# Welcome to the Lumpen Field Guide to Chicago Jagoffs.

This experiment in urban lexicography and crowd-sourced freelance socio-linguistics had its origins in the Llano Del Rio Collective's *An Antagonist's Guide to the Assholes of Los Angeles*, which “annotates over 80 places, banks, businesses, politicians and polluters, war contractors, institutions, a troll, a yeller, and a cruel mis-dial,” culled from an “open public call.”

But “assholes” is such an . . . LA term. In Chicago, we have jagoffs. So we set out to produce this Guide.

What the word actually meant was our starting point. We thought, like most people who bother to think about such things did, that “jagoff” was a Chicago variant pronunciation of a term for male masturbation. “Jerk off” or “jack off” becomes “jagoff,” the same way “fuck” becomes “fugg.” Yet the word was used in Chicago as a noun, not just a verb—a noun for a particular sort of really annoying person.

We thought that the term was unique to Chicago, since we had never encountered it elsewhere, either in person or in writing. There was no sign of it in the Oxford English Dictionary, or various lexicons of American slang.

We were soon informed, though—thanks to the Internet!—that it was a common Pittsburgh term: common, and rude, enough that a newspaper editor there wanted to ban it from the paper's pages. And popular/

populist enough that the Mayor of Pittsburgh campaigned to have it included in dictionaries.

This Pittsburgh claim, we rashly theorized, might suggest an Eastern European linguistic origin, “jag” sounding like a Slavic verb of some kind, “jagov” perhaps meaning a person who . . . annoyed you. Pittsburgh and Chicago both having been settled in no small part by Slavic immigrants.

That turned out not to be the case: as Carnegie-Mellon professor Barbara Johnstone points out, the term originates in northern England, where “the verb ‘to jag’ means to prick or poke.” “Jagoff,” it turns out, comes from the same root as “jagged,” a term for something that pokes or annoys.

*The Dictionary of American Regional English* identifies several usages associated with the Pittsburgh region:

A reckless person, one who takes foolish chances; A very awkward, clumsy person; A dull and stupid person.

Or

Uncomplimentary words with no definite meaning—just used when you want to show that you don't think much of a person: “Don't invite him. He's a \_\_\_\_\_.”

It's this last definition that most seems to jibe with how the term is used in Chicago.

Casey Cora, of DNAinfo Chicago, wrote a story about the planned *Guide*, including our incorrect—yet highly plausible!—speculation about Slavic origins for the term. This initial publicity led to further media attention.

An appearance on WBEZ, Chicago's local public radio station, caused a bit of a stir, as some folks with delicate sensibilities were deeply offended that we would say “jagoff” on the radio, even as we explained that it did not mean anything sexual. It seems that you cannot talk about what words really mean, as opposed to what people think they mean, without Western Civilization crashing down. It's as though you cannot wake up when the cock crows anymore, since that word also has a rude sexual meaning. As any aficionado of the *New York Times* crossword can tell you, “small wrens” are also called *tits*, but we cannot mention such things!

Well, when people are offended by serious attempts to explore the truth of what words actually mean, that's their problem, not ours.

Back to Chicago v. Pittsburgh: we could get into a throw-down with Pittsburghers over ownership of “jagoff,” but it's probably better to acknowledge that many Rust Belt towns have parallel linguistic heritages, and we all should team up against Houston, Phoenix, and Tampa-St. Petersburg.

In Chicagoese, we argue that the term “jagoff” has a relatively precise meaning. It's not a person who is just annoying in a particular situation, or who does one annoying thing. The jagoff stands distinct from other Chicago sorts of urban loser, though the Venn Diagram of Loserhood has

many overlapping categories. The Mope, the Jamoke, the Douchebag, the Bust-out, the Bro: any person in each of these might veer into jagoffery at their worst moments. But let's give them credit: Mopes and Jamokes and Douchebags and Bust-outs and Bros sometimes deal with their fellow citizens in clean and honest (if Loserish) ways. Not the Jagoff. The Jagoff always acts as though no one else exists, or if they do exist, they don't matter except for how they may gratify the Jagoff.

The pure Jagoff is gonna be who he (or she) is, regardless of anyone or anything else around them, regardless of common decency or common sense. Jagoff is an essential subject position, immutable, and a Jagoff's jagoffery will continue regardless of what anyone around them says or does. Jagoffs are like Louis XIV of France, the Sun King, around whom everyone revolved. One common theme in the entries below will show that Jagoffs transform public space into private space, as they act like no one else exists or matters.

So we set out to call out the jagoffs of Chicago, the people who annoy everyone around them, even as they advance to high political office, attain local or national celebrity.

Lots of names popped to mind, and lots of sorts of jagoffs, when we began to think about this. Most, our readers will note, are sort of canonical: White Men, and lots of Dead White Men. Well, sorry if we're not diverse enough: but this is satire as much as scholarship, and satire should always punch up.

But we didn't want this to be all about us. What kind of jagoff presumes to speak for the whole city?

So we opened this *Guide* up to anyone who was listening on the radio or lurking on the Internet. A twitter account (@Chijagoffsguide) and a yahoo email (lumpencjp@

yahoo.com) solicited submissions, and many Chicagoans contributed their ideas for who, or what, was a jagoff. Some didn't make the cut—frankly, people who don't clean up after their dogs, or people who go slow in the left lane of highways aren't just Chicago, and aren't necessarily jagoffs. The writing styles and approaches vary greatly, as we're not like those *Chicago Manual of Style* jagoffs who try to make everything uniform.

So what follows includes six things: individual jagoffs; types of jagoffs; self-identified jagoffs; Chicagoland jagoffs; jagoff habitats; and some parting jags. It's not a comprehensive list, just what we have as of the time just before the epochal 2015 Mayoral election. We would hope that any Jagoffs we've neglected to include will inspire discussion, action, and perhaps a general reduction of jagoffery all over town. But we're not holding our breaths.

Here is your *Field Guide to Chicago Jagoffs*.

Enjoy.

By Bill Savage & Paul Durica

1

## John Kinzie

PAUL DURICA

The founding jagoff, the one who started it all and set a Chicago standard for self-serving behavior and indifference to others, John Kinzie may have played a part in ensuring that the violence following the forced evacuation of Fort Dearborn in August 1812 was as extensive as it was. Kinzie made certain that he and his family eluded the hundreds of Potawatomie warriors who killed most of the garrison, local militia, and the women and children near the intersection of today's Michigan Avenue and Roosevelt Road. While protecting one's own in a time of crisis is understandable jaggoffery (to be fair, he helped the fort's commanding officer and his wife escape and negotiated for the freedom for some of the other survivors), Kinzie's actions in June 1812 are difficult to defend. He committed the first documented murder in the area that would become Chicago, killing fellow fur trader Jean La Lime after a heated argument. Kinzie claimed that he stabbed La Lime after the latter took a shot at him but either didn't believe his own story or its ability to withstand scrutiny because he promptly fled O.J.-style first to Milwaukee and then into Indian Territory. Away from Chicago, he shifted his allegiance between the British and the Americans to his advantage, only returning after it became clear he wouldn't be held responsible for La Lime's death. And what had been the cause of the argument between Kinzie and La Lime? Corruption within the government-supported fur trade that the soon-to-be-dead La Lime connected to Kinzie and threatened to expose. And how did La Lime's death affect the evacuation of Fort Dearborn? He was a skilled interpreter and well-known friend of the Potawatomie whose presence would have eased tensions and been invaluable in preventing violence. Jean Baptiste Point du Sable is now recognized as the first long-term, non-native settler in the Chicago area and thus has taken the title of "father of the city" from Kinzie. Commercially corrupt, politically shifty, and unquestionably violent, Kinzie is perhaps a more fitting father for the city that arose from the ashes of Fort Dearborn.

2

## Margaret Anderson

PAUL DURICA

In 1930, Margaret Anderson published her autobiography *My Thirty Years' War*. She was in her mid-forties at the time, which gives you some insight into her character. The battles she fought were mostly literary. As an editor, Anderson played an important role in the period some literary scholars regard as the Chicago Renaissance, roughly 1912-1925, when Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and others called Chicago home. Anderson's *The Little Review*, which she began publishing in 1914, provided an outlet for these writers and other modernists such as T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. The journal serialized James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which led to an infamous obscenity trial that Anderson and her co-editor and lover Jane Heap lost. Anderson is rightly celebrated for her editorial work and for championing free expression, but her ego made her a bit of a jagoff: she was fond of using the excuse often expressed by creative types that great art justifies being an asshole. Constantly cash poor, Anderson was always borrowing funds from fellow starving artists just to get *The Little Review* published, while never paying contributors. The Newberry has the ticket from a ring poet Eunice Teitjens pawned to finance one particular issue. Anderson also put in advertisements for companies she hadn't solicited and then sent them a bill after the issue had gone into print. Rather than sell her beloved piano to pay the rent, Anderson moved her sister and her sister's children into a tent on the beaches of Lake Michigan in the middle of winter, but don't worry, the piano and Margaret went with them. Her unwavering self-regard could lead to some interesting editorial decisions. Upon determining that submissions for the September 1916 issue of *The Little Review* didn't meet her high artistic standards, she published a volume made up of blank pages and cartoons that showed her, among other things, playing that beloved piano. Subscribers, however, were still expected to pay.

3

## Saul Bellow

PAUL DURICA

He was a Quebecer, Canadian-born—Quebec, that treasonous province—and went at things as he taught himself, self-regarding, and made his record in his own way: elitist, racist, and chauvinistic. It's hard to come up with a literary figure less liked in Chicago than Saul Bellow: he can't even get an honorary street named after him despite having received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1976. A brilliant prose stylist with a broad if somewhat biased knowledge of the Western canon, Bellow continually undermined his artistic genius through his public stupidity. His infamous and insensitive comments concerning the "Tolstoy of the Zulus" and the "Proust of the Papuans" made in a 1988 *New York Times Magazine* interview broadcast nationally attitudes that were well-known locally in his longtime Hyde Park neighborhood. While Bellow's defenders rightly suggest that one can love the art without loving the artist, they should take a good, long read of *The Dean's December* (1982). Somewhat regretfully, Studs Terkel had to admit that Bellow had a real fear of people of color and viewed them as culpable in a believed decline in the city. His attitudes toward women weren't much more evolved: reputedly, he "interviewed" prospective students for his seminars at the University of Chicago simply so that he could personally select the sexiest women to allow into the class. In *The Dean's December*, the titular character regards his deceased brother-in-law as the "true, buzzing, bullying, braying, La Salle Street brass"—in other words, as a textbook Chicago jagoff. But an outright "bullying" and "braying" jagoff is certainly easier to respect than a jagoff who conceals those qualities within clever phrases and an artistic demeanor.



4

## Steve Dahl

PAUL DURICA

Radio talk show host Steve Dahl pioneered the "shock jock" attitude, which is basically on-air jaggoffery, in the 1970s, long before Howard Stern, to whom he's often compared. Dahl makes it in the Guide, however, for his role in the July 1979 Disco Demolition Night at Comiskey Park. While the stunt, which basically encouraged Dahl's listeners to bring disco records to the ballpark to be ceremoniously destroyed in the break between the two games of a doubleheader, was merely juvenile, it resulted in a very public expression of latent racist and homophobic attitudes among the city's citizens, the wrecking of the playing field, and the White Sox forfeiting the second game to the Detroit Tigers (which one of these three results you consider the worst reflects your own level of jaggoffery). Dahl is a jagoff because he planned the event so poorly, blowing up portions of the field and allowing a riot to occur, and then ran away from the chaos he'd caused, getting defensive when criticized for it and letting Bill Veeck, Jr., and others assume all the blame. Given the success of Disco Demolition Night, it's surprising that Rahm Emanuel didn't pair Dahl with Redmoon when planning the Chicago Fire Festival—at the very least, the fake buildings would be guaranteed to catch fire.



## Ronnie “Woo-Woo” Wickers

BILL SAVAGE

Ronnie Woo epitomizes the relentless self-promotion that characterizes a certain breed of Chicago jagoff: it’s all about him. A self-styled Chicago Cubs mascot, Wickers got his nickname by showing up in the bleachers and chanting “WOO!” after the names of various Cubs players. Dressed in full Cubs home uniform, he evolved from a minor annoyance (his piercing cry could be heard from every seat in the park) to a perpetual motion annoyance machine, from the Cubs Convention to Spring Training to Opening Day to the bitter end of the season, and then to Bears and Bulls and Blackhawks games. Casual fans, especially drunk young women and the jagoff bro’s who love them, eat up his schtick, and eagerly pose for pictures. Woo gloms tickets from morons who should know better, and then works his celebrity magic for beer in the bleachers and beyond.

What truly elevates him to pure jagoff status is when he takes his act beyond Wrigley, where at least he has a self-selected crowd of baseball masochists to pester.

In November of 2014, he went to the funeral of Mayor Jane Byrne at St. Vincent’s Church. Went through the receiving line. In full uniform. Twice.

In January 2015, he attached himself to the civic mourning over the death of Ernie Banks, posing with tourists and fans who should know better in front of the Banks statue when it was relocated to Daley Plaza.

Ronnie “Woo-Woo” Wickers is to Ernie Banks what an overweight 16-inch softball beer-league bench-rider is to an MLB Hall of Famer. But if there were a Jagoff Hall of Fame, Wickers would be a first-ballot unanimous selection.



## 6

## The Old Navy Street Preacher

MARC FISHER

The tagline for George Romero’s 1978 zombie film *Dawn of the Dead* famously read, “When there’s no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth.” For those who believe that hell is real, one of the reasons it might be filled to capacity is because Samuel Chambers—who many know only as The Old Navy Street Preacher—has been damning people to hell for decades. It doesn’t take much to be deemed hell-worthy by this State Street fixture. Gays, prostitutes, smokers, and fornicators are obviously fucked, but this preacher’s general tactic seems to be to assume that everyone is a gay, smoking, prostitute fornicator, until otherwise proven heterosexual straightedge and deemed safe for entry into heaven.

Samuel Chambers is so strongly associated with Old Navy, having continued to preach in front of the store even after they moved across the street (lest he become known as The Target Street Preacher) that he appears in some of the store’s Yelp reviews. He has also been given his own Facebook page, and you can find numerous videos of his rants on YouTube. Being told you are going to hell by Chambers is about as much a part of visiting Chicago as a photo in front of ‘The Bean,’ a walk down The Magnificent Mile™, eating a hot dog smothered with a bunch of shit, or stuffing your face with a deep dish pizza. A 2004 article by Emily Nunn in the *Chicago Tribune* reported that Chambers has been standing at State and Madison for 35 years. The article also states that he has eight children, and a wife (who works, because standing on a corner telling people they are going to hell doesn’t pay the bills, shockingly).

Not everyone likes hearing the preacher’s judgments, and he has been physically assaulted on multiple occasions. Usually my own response, which is like a reflex after years of walking past him, is to simply reply, “You are such a hateful piece of shit” and keep right on going. One day, as I braced myself for his usual slurs or assumptions about my conduct, he caught me off guard with, “If you’re bald, you’re going to hell.” I had nothing, and he knew it; I couldn’t help but smile. You can’t teach an old dog new tricks, but apparently even a homophobic jagoff like the Old Navy Street Preacher can sometimes learn new ways of antagonizing passersby.

## 7

## Larry Harmon

PAUL DURICA

Bob Bell portrayed Bozo the Clown from 1960-1984. While in the midst of being treated for a brain aneurysm in the late 1960s, Bell called in to the show in character so that Chicago’s children would know that their favorite clown was still thinking of them. In short, Bell was loved and fully deserving of his induction into the International Clown Hall of Fame in 1996. Bell expected to attend the induction ceremony in Wisconsin in character as was the custom but was prevented from doing so by an LA-based producer named Larry Harmon. Harmon had worked for Columbia Records, which developed the Bozo character in the 1940s, and, sensing the potential of the character within the emerging medium of television, had snatched up the copyright when it became available. He then franchised out Bozo shows across the country, with Chicago’s becoming the longest running and arguably best loved. When one of the franchises came up with a character or concept Harmon liked, he simply expanded his copyright to include it; as a result, Chicago creations like Cooky, Wizzo, and the Grand Prize Game, developed by Bell, Roy Brown, Marshall Brodien, and others at WGN became Harmon’s property. And he made certain to squeeze every last dollar out of that property. Harmon was a jagoff to Bell but got his comeuppance. He has the distinction of having been de-inducted from the International Clown Hall of Fame. For decades he had claimed to be Bozo’s creator when, in truth, he simply was a businessman who owned a copyright and was reaping wealth from the work of others—and the clown community gave him a well-deserved pie in the face.



8

## Jerry Reinsdorf

BILL SAVAGE

While some might think 6 NBA Championships and the 2005 World Series victory for the White Sox makes Jerry Reinsdorf like unto a God in this town, he still qualifies for jagoff status.

Just ask anyone who ever drank at McCuddy's.

After threatening to move the White Sox to St. Petersburg, Florida unless he got a new stadium, Richard M. Daley and Illinois Governor James R. Thompson caved like undernourished street urchins threatened by the local precinct captain and gave Reinsdorf his new ballpark, originally New Comiskey Park, now US Cellular Field, aka, the Cell. Despite designs that would have revitalized Armour Square Park and spared local public housing, Reinsdorf and his Welfare King minions instead sat the park down in a sea of sterile parking lots, an area designed to make sure that everyone coming to a Sox game has to spend all of their money inside the park (and all that cash goes to Jerry, not the state). Say what you like about Wrigleyville, at least you can get a drink without enriching the Cubs' owners. The Sox promised to re-open McCuddy's, the historic 35th Street family-owned bar, where Babe Ruth was reputed to have had beer and hot dogs during games. More than two decades later, we're still waiting.

The park itself was designed to maximize the number of skyboxes, which makes its upper deck a vertiginous ski slope with terrible views of the game. Instead of the retro Camden Yards, Reinsdorf delivered the last of the truly ugly ball-malls to his fans, who stay away in droves to thank him.

9

## Bushman

PAUL DURICA

This now-unfortunately-named famous ape has the distinction of being the second-hairiest being to appear in a literary work by Nelson Algren, specifically *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1949). Algren knew who was truly important in Chicago, and it's difficult to imagine a figure who brought more people from different walks of life together than this gorilla. Thousands upon thousands visited Bushman at Lincoln Park Zoo when it was feared that he was close to death in the mid-1950s. He had come to Chicago while just a little gorilla in the early 1930s, and at the height of the Depression, he charmed countless visitors to the zoo. Bushman didn't actually return the love: he made tossing poop through bars into an art form. But the guy had good reason to be gruff, confined for most of his long life to a cage and treated less than kindly by one of his trainers—he was made into a jagoff by the jagoffs he found himself captive among. After his death, he was publicly dissected at the Field Museum, and his body was stuffed and mounted. Now he stares down visitors to the museum from his glass case in the basement, but he does so, as the result of a taxidermy misstep, with human eyes.

10

## John Kass

PAUL DAILING

Everyone I know at the *Chicago Tribune* says columnist John Kass is one hell of a guy — genial, incisive, and on the money about every backdoor deal in town. Too bad that guy's never shown up in Kass' bomb-throwing, right-of-Koch writing. He called Ferguson a “lynching.” A “legal lynching” of the white police officer who shot and killed an unarmed black teen. If Western Springs resident Kass has a skill, it's passing off nicknames as political commentary. “Rahmfather” for the mayor (who loves it so much Kass gave him a framed portrait). “Little Bike People” for cyclists (a frequent target of his in a city with bigger problems). “Sensible Shoes” for Cook County Board President Toni Preckwinkle (because of... shoes?). So here are some nicknames for the shitstorm of Page 2: Rich Little, because he's made a career of a cut-rate Royko impression; Pom Squad, because that's the last place catty nicknames earned anyone that much status; Navy Pier, because he slathers himself in a faux Chicagoana to match what the tourists expect. John Kass has position, power, and prestige to make change in the world and he punts it with a “Chik-kahgo guy” impression. Give this jag a moutza, and give someone else his job.

11

## Philip Danforth Armour

PAUL DURICA

Philip Danforth Armour made his money out of meat and men. He modernized the packing industry and maximized its profits, finding a use for every part of the pig, he reputedly boasted, “but the squeal.” Cruelty to animals isn't enough to get him on this list—jagoffs that we are, we like our hams and hot dogs—but Armour regarded his largely immigrant workforce as being as disposable as the pigs they processed. Working conditions in his plant were so bad and injuries, illness, and maiming common enough that Upton Sinclair was able to get a whole novel's worth of material out of them. Like Marshall Field, Armour seemed to have believed that the United States military existed for the sole purpose of protecting his wealth. In the aftermath of the 1877 railroad strikes, Armour was quite vocal in expressing his belief that a Gatling gun was the best way to deal with disgruntled workers and helped to establish Fort Sheridan so that the army would always be standing by. But here is what makes Armour such a jagoff: to the same army he expected to aid him, he sold tainted meat by the barrel. An official inquiry into the matter severely tarnished his image. Screwing over the people who make your money is one thing, but screwing over the people who protect that money as well, that's just plain jagoffery.



12

## George Pullman

PAUL DURICA

When George Pullman arrived in Chicago towards the middle of the nineteenth century, he helped lift the city out of the muck—literally. He ran a business that specialized in raising buildings at a moment when Chicago's street grade was elevated in order to mitigate problems associated with its swampy foundations. With the money made on that venture, he went into the luxury train car line, achieving national prominence when, through typical Chicago-style machinations, a Pullman Palace Car was selected to carry the body of the assassinated Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield. Success in this market led him to create a model town adjoining the train car factory. While it offered the latest in urban amenities, it also prohibited its residents from buying their own houses, running their own newspapers, drinking, assembling in public, and attending Sunday services in their own house of worship (Pullman rented out the Greenstone Church by the hour). Cash conscious Pullman even had the residents' waste materials pumped out to the fields surrounding the town to be used as fertilizer in growing the crops that were then sold back to said residents: in other words, Pullman's people ate their own shit. When an economic crisis hit the country in 1893, Pullman cut the wages of his workers but did not lower the rent in his town, believing the two matters were completely unrelated and caring only about making a profit. Workers at the Pullman factory wanted to negotiate with him, but he refused all entreaties to settle the dispute in arbitration, even when they came from a secular saint like Jane Addams. In 1894 the Pullman workers went on strike and were joined in sympathy by railroad employees from across the country. Federal troops put down the strike and restored order, but Pullman ultimately lost ownership of his town, which became part of Chicago. His friends and family must have known he was something of a jagoff. When he died, they buried him in Graceland Cemetery in the early morning hours and covered over the coffin with several feet of concrete to prevent the body from being desecrated by disgruntled employees.

13

## Marshall Field

JULIE WELSH

As will come as a surprise to no one, Marshall Field was the offspring of Puritan, Massachusetts jagoffs. He moved to Chicago, like many East Coast jagoffs, to make money. Which he did, hand over fist, in retail and dry goods. So much so that, because he was a miserly miserable jagoff, he was able to buy out his partners, the equally despicable Potter Palmer and Levi Leiter, and name the business solely after himself.

Field's big contribution to Chicago retail was giving rich, fancy ladies who lunch a safe place to be demanding cunts and have every whim catered to. This was the Gilded Age, after all.

Field, of course, like many of our modern jagoff retailers, prevented his employees from unionizing, but took it even further. Field employees were encouraged to rat out fellow employees who gambled or drank after work hours, but the cardinal sin was always fraternizing with union members. Field funded anti-union militias to patrol the Chicago Board of Trade. After the railroading shitshow of the Haymarket Riots and subsequent arrests and convictions of innocent men, even real pieces of work like Lyman Gage thought things had gone too far. The convicted men's wives started a clemency campaign, which even jagoffs like Potter Palmer were inclined to support, but Field let it be known that he would never support clemency and all the rest of the jagoffs were too scared to cross him, so four innocent men were hanged.

As a final show of generosity to Chicago, this jagoff helped found the University of Chicago, where fun goes to die.

14

## Marshall Field, Part II

PAUL DURICA

Marshall Field is the king of the merchant princes of Chicago. And like any sovereign, he could be petty and cruel. After the civil unrest of the 1877 railroad strikes, Field didn't respond by perhaps considering why workers across the country might be unhappy with low wages, long hours, and absolutely no safety laws. Instead, he bought the city of Chicago a Gatling gun to be used in case those uppity Irish, Germans, and Poles ever again dared to agitate for some level of economic fairness. As a leading member of the Commercial Club, he worked to purchase land north of the city that could be given to the federal government for the purpose of building a fort there—part of the problem in 1877 is that federal troops, who had been chasing the Sioux out in the Dakota territories, had to be shipped in to Chicago to fire upon immigrant laborers. Said fort and the road connecting it to the city were named for Field stooge General Philip Sheridan, who enjoyed killing Indians and immigrants alike. In the aftermath of the Haymarket bombing in 1886, Field openly expressed the view that various labor leaders and anarchists should be executed without trial. Time and again, he valued property over human life. Now you might be saying, didn't he do some good, civic-minded things like give the land upon which the University of Chicago stands and fund the Field Museum of Natural History? While he did give some land to the University, it was not the land the school needed or wanted, which he did sell to them eventually at a sizable profit. As for the museum, he had to be talked into it by his friend, Edward Ayer, businessman and book collector, who deserves the real credit for this Chicago treasure. On the other hand, Marshall Field & Co. did give Chicagoans the Walnut Room.



BY BEN MARCUS



BY DANIELLE CHENETTE

15

## Charles Tyson Yerkes

PAUL DURICA

Charles Tyson Yerkes in the words of the Rolling Stones was a “man of wealth and taste.” He amassed over his lifetime an impressive collection of fine art and had the reputation as a food and wine connoisseur. He was a devil, however, who didn’t merit much sympathy. At a time when the rules regulating business were few, Yerkes still found a way to break the existing ones: his financial dealings in Philadelphia landed him in prison. Upon his release, he moved to Chicago and set out to take over the city’s transit system, freely dispensing bribes to get his way. Yerkes bought up several elevated train lines but kept them purposefully separate so that riders would have to transfer to get pretty much anywhere yet pay a full fare each time. Eventually, his machinations became so egregious that notoriously corrupt aldermen John “Bathhouse” Coughlin and Mike “Hinky Dink” Kenna had to oppose him. Chicagoans of all walks of life so hated Yerkes that when it was discovered that he’d helped finance the move of the original Ferris Wheel from the 1893 World’s Columbian Exposition north to a beer garden near today’s Wrigley Field, they protested and made certain the venture failed. Yerkes left a despised man for London, where he’d play a role in the building of the Tube. About as civic-minded as fellow jagoff Marshall Field, he had to be convinced to fund the University of Chicago observatory that bears his name.



16

## Cubic Transportation Systems

ROBERT O’CONNOR

These are the jagoffs responsible for Ventra – that space-age farecard system for the CTA that 1) doesn’t work, 2) helps the CTA lose money contracting out what it used to do itself and 3) have I mentioned that it doesn’t work?

The machines are so bad I have to take my Ventra card out of my wallet to swipe it, lest my credit card or debit card get charged by mistake. What really pushes Cubic into the higher realms of jagoff is that they make these fair card systems for other cities around the world, like the London Oyster card, and guess what? THAT CARD WORKS! I’ve used it; it works perfectly! You don’t have to take it out of your wallet or anything.

If London can have a working faire card, why can’t we? What’s London got that we ain’t got?

Oh, and they’ve got no offices here, they’re all out in California. So they have no idea what it’s like having to use these things. And we can’t walk into their office and complain; we have to call. Pfft!

17

## Ventra

YANA KUNICHOFF

Getting around the city of Chicago is hard enough – clogged six-lane arteries branch through the entire city, and whipping winds buffet El platforms at all hours of the day – and most irritable commuters would have been hard-pressed to find a way to make travel more mishap-prone. Enter Ventra. The open-fare card system introduced by Rahm Emanuel in the spring of 2013 merits inclusion in the list of Chicago jagoffs because in one \$454 million, twelve-year contract it created a set of unforeseen difficulties for public transit consumers all across the city. From the woman who received 274 Ventra cards in the mail to investigations revealing that a litany of unseen fees came with the prepaid debit card available to Ventra customers, the months following the launch went almost as badly as they could. The ties that Ventra’s parent company, Cubic, has with military and surveillance projects didn’t help the already brewing controversy.

It isn’t all bad, though. The Second City now has an illustrious place alongside London, Los Angeles, and Vancouver on the list of cities that have struggled with a bungled introduction of new components to their transit system.

18

## M. Fishman

W.R. LOGAN SQ.

One by one, he has bought up the historically significant apartment stock, maximizing on low, low white flight sale prices, all while lining the silk pockets of the aldermanic laissez-faire coats for speculative zoning changes.

Day by day, he sucks the bucks of the working class while turning down their heat, letting the build code violations stack up to evict the masses. Inspectors turn blind eyes and the young professionals rent his manufactured urban lifestyle by paying him double, even triple.

Month by month, he calculatingly passes ‘go’ to collect from the TIF pot and property tax appeals. Counting his loot safely behind his closed-captioned cameras and shyster lawyers, crouched on his pile of cash in his suburban Deerfield vault, laughing while shitting on the lives of people he despises.

Year by year, he manifests his whitewashed empire for the false gentry of the gentrified. A stolen arts festival, a remodeled theatre and appropriated culinary partnerships for the discerning tastes of the neoliberal take over.

This jagoff puts Mr. Potter, the Grinch and the Monopoly man to shame. The only hope of this prideful community is for the Eagle overlooking the Square to exact his revenge.

20

## Dan Ryan

HUGH IGLARSH

Here's a curse to the Chicago Expressway System, that web of scars that cut through, killed and cauterized the living urban tissue; transformed neighborhoods into walled ghettos; and traumatized a great city, creating an army of internal refugees who settled in the suburban wasteland made possible by an out-of-control road-building program, inspired by Hitler's autobahnen. As one city historian has noted, Chicago's expressway development between 1948 and 1966 was the single greatest cause for family relocation in the city.

So here's a middle-finger salute to Dan Ryan, Jr. (1894-1961), the insurance man and local pol who sat on the Cook County board for much of five decades, salivating at the prospect of Chicago superhighways and the construction jobs and kickbacks accruing therefrom. It was he who in 1955 engineered the issuing of bonds to jump-start construction, as the interstate program was gearing up, with its billions in federal dollars.

And here's an affectionate toast to Ireland, where Dan Ryan Senior hailed from. In 1999, the Irish National Roads Authority was told that a proposed bypass in western Ireland would destroy a certain hawthorn bush that had played an important role in – I'm not making this up – “fairy military history.” Believing that cutting down the shrub would lead to auto accidents and general bad karma, the authorities rerouted the roadway and built a protective fence around the enchanted shrub. After all, who would want to offend the genius loci, the spirit of the place, by interfering with a well-worn fairy path?

How many fairy paths, how many enclaves and subcultures and delicate networks of connection and relationship were wrecked by Dan Ryan, Jr.? How many lives were disrupted by these broad and brutal straight lines, bordered by polluted and degraded real estate?

If there is one reason why life in Chicago is so alienated and unconvivial, it is the dominion of the automobile over the pedestrian. And there is one simple solution to the problem of livability here: take down the expressways, restore the urban fabric that was taken away from us, build a city for people, not cars. Undo the work of Dan Ryan, Jr. and Richard J. Daley – men who, in philosopher Marshall Berman's phrase, saw themselves as “demiurges of a state-funded modernity,” wielding a meat ax to neighborhoods that were seen not as places in themselves, but rather as obstacles to progress, to movement, to the going-nowhere-quickly dynamic of postwar American life.

19

## Unelected Chicago Board of Education

MARY ZERKEL

For twenty years this rotating cast of bankers, PR shills, charter school investors, and the super-wealthy have presided over the privatization of our public school system and the destruction of neighborhood schools.

Having secured the power to SOLELY appoint the Chicago Board of Education, former Mayor Richard M. Daley no longer had to worry about having his corporate agenda derailed by meddling stakeholders. He and his successor Rahm Emanuel have relied on the hand-picked CBOE to rubber stamp even the craziest of schemes, such as opening scads of privately run charter schools that operate on tax dollars but don't have to admit students with special needs or disciplinary issues; implementing a high-stakes standardized testing regime that is tied to teacher evaluation and consumes much of the instructional year; and closing 49 schools in black and brown neighborhoods—the most massive such act in US history and one that has destabilized communities and paved the way for more charters.

Take heart, however: students, teachers, and parents retain the right to negotiate a byzantine system to attend the CBOE public meetings every fourth Wednesday of the month for the opportunity to have their input and impassioned pleas ignored in person.

21

## Mathias “Paddy” Bauler

ANONYMOUS

Alderman Mathias “Paddy” Bauler believed Chicago wasn't ready for reform and lived his life accordingly, serving on the City Council from 1933-1967. From his saloon on North Avenue, in the 43rd ward, he ruled like a feudal prince, dispensing favors and punishments and doing very little work—he often regarded city council meetings as naptime. Bauler is one of the last in a line of saloonkeeper aldermen, such as John Powers, nemesis to Jane Addams, and Michael “Hinky Dink” Kenna, subject along with his First Ward counterpart John “Bathhouse” Coughlin of Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan's Lords of the Levee (1943), who were capable of turning a bar and its patrons into a loyal and unassailable base of power. Like Powers, Kenna, and Coughlin, Bauler engaged in very run-of-the-mill grafts and election fixing. His designation as a jagoff is due largely to his boorish personality, regarded as colorful by some, and his brazenness. For example, Kenna never took a drunken shot at a Chicago police officer and got away with it, but Bauler did. Powers never boasted of his corruption, while, Bauler, in the aftermath of a difficult 1939 reelection, made his infamous “Chicago ain't ready for reform” remark, which now appears in pretty much anything written that's critical of politics in the city. Worst of all, however, is that this orotund, booze-soaked, and jolly “Irish”-man had parents of German ethnicity. Only a jagoff pretends to be Chicago Irish, as the city is reminded of every March.

22

## Urban Planners on 1900 Farwell Block Club, plus Alderman Joe Moore (49th)

ANONYMOUS NEIGHBOR

Some jagoffs reshape the whole city to suit themselves.

The residential street Farwell Avenue was primarily one way east-bound from Western Avenue to the lake. In December 1997, Ald. Joe Moore (49th) OK'd changing ONE BLOCK of the short two-way stretch of Farwell between Clark Street and Ridge Avenue to one way. Going west. In attempting to address the traffic concerns of one NIMBY block, new problems were created, including diversion of traffic to a neighboring street with a playlot and many near-accidents on Ridge as confused drivers discovered that they could no longer turn either east or west onto Farwell. This change was foisted on the community furtively. The original request came from the members of the 1900 Farwell Ave block club, who complained of the amount and speed of traffic coming off of Ridge. Neighbors on surrounding blocks objected—most people thought it was selfish to calm traffic on your own street by diverting it to other blocks. Residents of the other blocks were told by Ald. Joe Moore that a city traffic study would be done and shared with residents before any decision was finalized, but suddenly in December, the 1900 block of Farwell was made one way. Moore chose not to share the results of the study and to ignore its results, which stated that an area-wide solution should be considered “rather than focusing on a single street such as Farwell.”

THE JAGOFFS:

1. Neighbors who make their own block nicer by shifting problems to other blocks are jagoffs.
2. Ald. Joe Moore, prevaricator and just another hack who paints himself as a progressive but actually operates as the king of his own fiefdom, is another jagoff.
3. The City Traffic Department, which should have a spine and not allow aldermen to make these types of decisions on a whim, is a bureaucracy of jagoffs.

23

## William Hale Thompson

PAUL DURICA

As the name suggests, William Hale Thompson came from a long-established and well-respected family, but he is better remembered by his nickname, “Big Bill.” He holds the distinction of being the last self-identified Republican to serve as Mayor of Chicago, having left office in the early 1930s and effectively destroying the brand. His cozy relationship with criminal figures during the era of prohibition is not enough to earn the designation of jagoff. No, what makes “Big Bill” a jagoff is the loud-mouthed and boorish behavior that characterized his administration. Cognizant of the city’s large German population, he remained less than neutral during the early years of the First World War, openly threatening to punch the nose of George V of England. Once he claimed he was going to engage an opponent in a public debate and then showed up with a rat in a cage (a stand-in for the opponent), which he then harangued. All of this could be written off as mere political theater, except that “Big Bill” used these antics to distract from the flagrant breaking of laws he was elected to enforce. Let’s just say that a safe full of undocumented money was discovered upon his death. But his jaggoffery did have its upside: his ego ensured that countless bridges and other structures got built, and he recognized the importance of the black community to the Republican Party and supported some progressive measures to secure their vote.



24

## The Jacksons: Jesse, Jr. & Sandi

BILL SAVAGE

Once Chicago’s African American royalty, the Jacksons have become exemplary jagoffs.

It’s not just that the U.S. Representative from Illinois’s Second District and his Seventh Ward Alderman wife were corrupt, embezzling hundreds of thousands of dollars from their campaign funds to bankroll their everyday living. Mere corruption does not a jagoff make. Their jaggoffery comes from the spectacularly stupid and inane form their corruption took.

They didn’t spend their money getting allies elected, buying off judges, influencing politics. They spent it on spectacularly ugly and stupid home décor. A fedora that once belonged to the King of Pop, Michael Jackson. Bruce Lee memorabilia. Two stuffed elk heads. Cigars, dry cleaning, appliances for their kitchen.

Elk heads? Bear heads, ok, but elk? Neither of them ever represented Elk Grove Village, what’s the connection?

Jaggoffery is the connection. Unlike the scions of white political dynasties—Daley, Madigan, Burke, Mell come to mind—the Jacksons never learned from Jesse, Sr. how electoral politics should be played, since Jesse, Sr. himself was never elected to anything.

Great corrupt Chicago politicians die after serving some time in jail, with shoeboxes full of cash to cushion their twilight years. The Jacksons’ impossibly venal corruption got them some jail time, endless embarrassment, and should remind Chicago’s political class of the one rule that successful political jagoffs never forget: Don’t Get Caught.

25

## Rahm Emanuel

JERRY BOYLE

A child of White Flight, the vertically-challenged Rahm Emanuel spent his formative years in Wilmette, suckling on the elitism and racism of the North Shore. After a brief flirtation with the arts (hence, “Tiny Dancer”), Rahm chose power. A master of money politics, he specialized in selling the soul of the Democratic Party to Wall Street.

After a stint as White House Chief of Staff, his principal responsibility being to convince President Obama to betray every campaign promise he ever made, he coveted Obama’s job. But with no executive experience, and the public image of a Walking Personality Disorder, he had to remake himself. So he parachuted into Chicago and purchased the Office of Mayor.

He planned to piss us off, abusing the base being the path to success for Democratic politicians. Rahm is White Flight’s Revenge, withdrawing resources from African Americans to promote ethnic cleansing, busting unions, selling public assets to Wall Street cronies, all the while keeping a public lid on his explosive temper. It’s not enough for Rahm to be the Biggest Jagoff in Chicago. He wants to be the Biggest Jagoff on the planet. He wants to be President, and he’ll destroy Chicago to do it.



# 26

## Jon Burge

PAWEL GRAJNERT

When I'm asked why Chicago remains so segregated and why poor and African-American neighborhoods remain so violent, I provide a two-part answer: 1) That much of the white population of Chicago, like much of the US, is racist. 2) Jon Burge. Not until 2013 did Rahm Emmanuel officially acknowledge the burning, beating, and use of electric shocks on more than 200 African-Americans from our community in the custody of Chicago-born and -bred Police Officer Jon Burge and his cohorts between 1970 and 1992. Burge's actions helped to destabilize whole sections of the city and contributed to a culture of violence and distrust of authorities that persists to this day. This distrust has been thoroughly exploited by sociopathic criminal gangs native to segregated neighborhoods. Because prosecutions were stymied by Chicago's elites, statutes of limitation lapsed and Burge was convicted only of obstruction of justice and perjury in 2010. He served 3 1/2 years in prison. Burge has cost taxpayers of the city and Cook County north of \$100 million in legal fees and settlements. [Editor's note: imagine if all of that money was in municipal pension funds instead!] Because of a decision by the Illinois Supreme Court, Burge receives a pension check from the state every month at his Apollo Beach, Florida home.

# 27

## Bruce Rauner

KARI LYDERSEN

New Illinois Governor Bruce Rauner is passionate about protecting people's right to work and "empowering" them by liberating them from the power of those pesky labor unions. All while wearing his beloved Carhartt jacket and \$18 watch. Never mind that this man of the people profited handsomely from his investments in nursing homes that cut staff while patients were neglected and sickened. A good buddy of Rahm Emanuel, he wants to send all kids to privately-run for-profit charter schools—while apparently clouting his daughter into an elite admissions public school, while laying off their parents and slashing their pensions. It looks like Bruce Rauner loves a fight as much as he loves a bottle from a wine club where membership alone runs \$100,000 a year. A proud member of the 0.01 percent, he's already declared his intentions to crush the unions that represent greedy teachers and lazy government workers. What a jagoff.

# 28

## Bernard Epton

IAN MORRIS

Despite thirteen years in the Illinois General Assembly and a failed bid to buy the White Sox (with comedian Danny Thomas), Bernard "Bernie" Epton was little known in Chicago when he won the Republican nomination in the 1983 mayoral election. Expected to face well-funded incumbent Jane Byrne in the general, Epton's fortunes changed when Harold Washington upset Byrne to secure the Democratic nomination. Though Epton said he wouldn't run on race, his campaign slogan "Before it's too late" was deemed a dog whistle by everyone, it seemed, but the candidate himself. Eight white Democratic committeemen endorsed Epton. Six endorsed Washington.

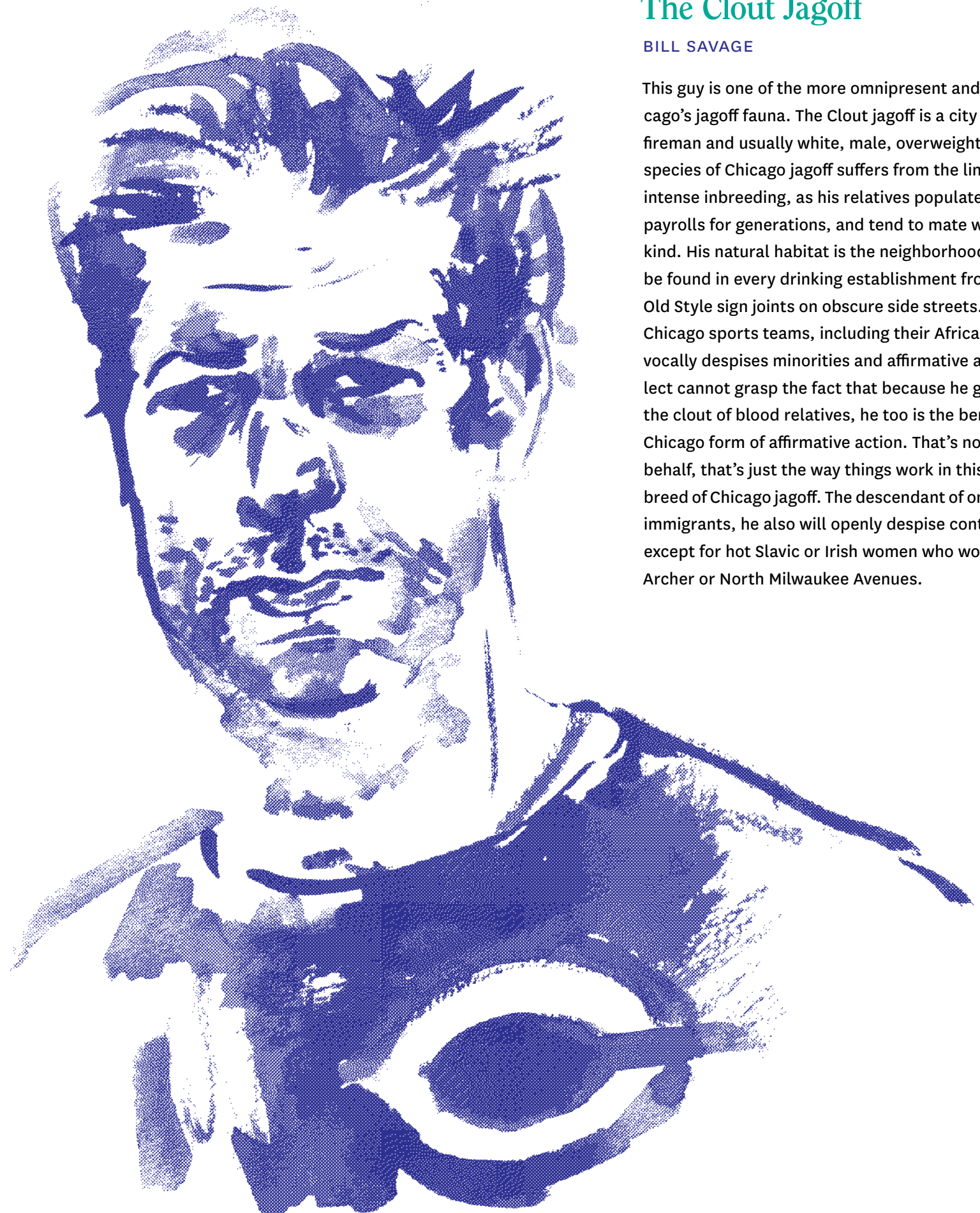
In the end Washington was elected mayor, receiving less than 20 percent of the white vote. The Epton landslide among white voters masked a division by zip code: it was as possible to be white and live in Lakeview and not know anyone who voted for Epton as it was to live in Bridgeport and know no one who didn't. Whether Epton was a racist or merely a useful idiot swept along by a cabal of Republicans, ethnic whites, and political opportunists remains an open question—as does the question, Which is worse?

# 29

## The Clout Jagoff

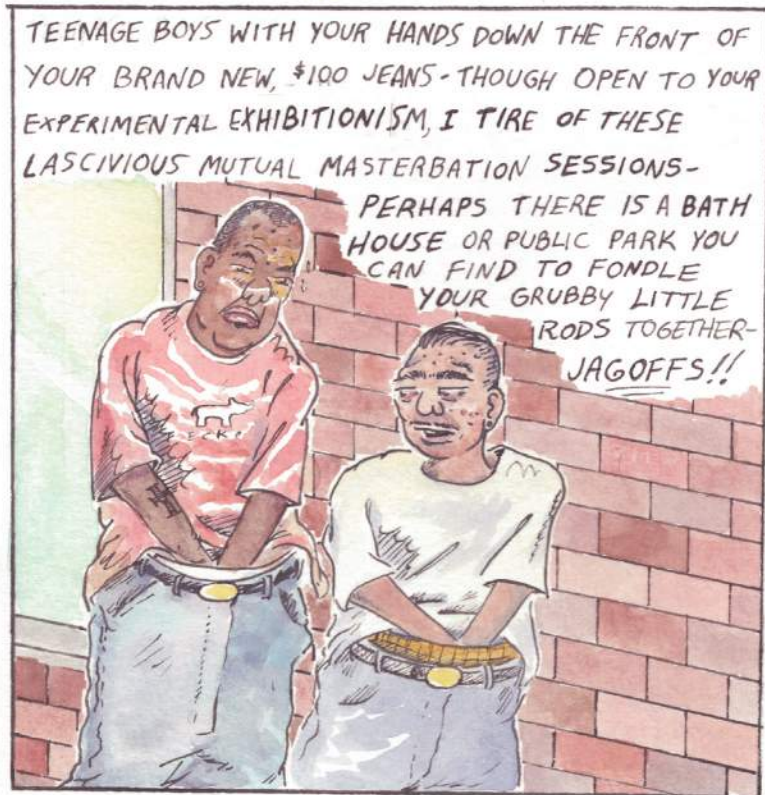
BILL SAVAGE

This guy is one of the more omnipresent and omni-annoying of Chicago's jagoff fauna. The Clout jagoff is a city worker, often a cop or fireman and usually white, male, overweight, and mustachioed. This species of Chicago jagoff suffers from the lingering after-effects of intense inbreeding, as his relatives populate city, county, and state payrolls for generations, and tend to mate with females of their own kind. His natural habitat is the neighborhood corner bar, but he can be found in every drinking establishment from Gibson's to nameless Old Style sign joints on obscure side streets. Despite avidly rooting for Chicago sports teams, including their African-American players, he vocally despises minorities and affirmative action. His limited intellect cannot grasp the fact that because he got his city job through the clout of blood relatives, he too is the beneficiary of the primary Chicago form of affirmative action. That's not special treatment on his behalf, that's just the way things work in this town, according to this breed of Chicago jagoff. The descendant of once-discriminated-against immigrants, he also will openly despise contemporary immigrants, except for hot Slavic or Irish women who work in bars along South Archer or North Milwaukee Avenues.



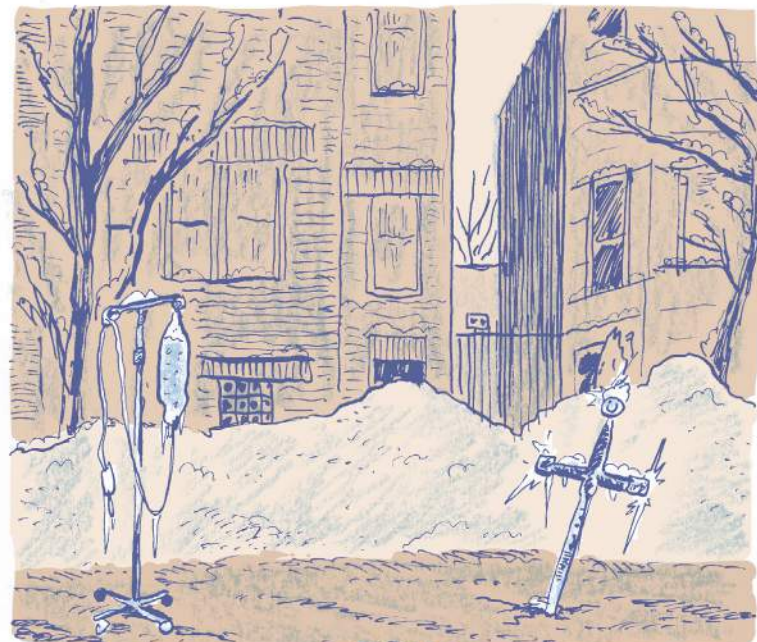
# JAGOFF CITY

## EDDY RIVERA



SPORTS GUYS, OUTSIDE BARS WITH BIG-SCREEN TELEVISION WALLS, DISCUSSING "THEIR" BIG WINGLEEFULLY RECOUNTING PLAY-BY-PLAYS, RECITING STATS AND REVIEWING COACH STRATEGIES, ALL WHILE HUFFING CIG SMOKE AND STROKING THE SILKY FABRIC OF THEIR JERSEY-CLAD BELLIES...





BY NATE BEATY



BY SARAH LEITEN



## 30

## Pub crawlers

PAUL DAILING

A brunette with long, flowing hair and a body no one has past twenty-five showed her moves. She whipped and whirled, flipped her hair like women in '80s rock videos did to imply orgasm.

She leaped on her man at one point, wrapping thin legs around him as he continued his dance. She stumbled back through broken glass and suds. An older man from Kansas had to stop her from plowing head-long into a load-bearing column.

But the blues club didn't kick the Gong Show pub-crawler jagoffs out until the dustbin incident.

As a worker tried to talk the couple out of dancing in broken glass, a jagoff in a Northwestern football jersey snuck up and took the broom and dustbin.

He started sweeping. He did it with a grin as his friends laughed and cheered.

He was sweeping in a bar! Him! He of the expensive college and football body! He was doing a black man's job! What a hoot!

The bartenders and bouncers kicked them out. All of those jagoffs.

Somewhere, Gong Show wobbled into the night, to the next bar, to shenanigans and mugging about doing servants' work. There will be hangovers, high fives, and bright-futured children only cleaning up after themselves if they think it's funny.

## 31

## 12.5-er

JAMIE TRECKER & SHANNA VAN VOLT

From the vantage point of your neighborhood barkeep, there is perhaps no bigger Chicago jagoff than the "12.5-er." This is a special kind of asshole, forged in the student hells of DePaul or, say, Loyola, that chokes bars from Wrigleyville to Avondale and points north. Sporting upturned polo shirt collars, perhaps even a rakish backwards Cubs hat, these motherfuckers flaunt a very special understanding of the phrase "customer service."

You've seen them. These are the guys who order Miller Lites for all their bros, while sharing their "insights" into the craft beer scene with you. They summon you by first name from across the bar on first meeting, as if they actually know you. And when time comes to pay the tab, this trustifarian will inevitably tip half the amount he should.

Other signs of this genus of Chicagous jagofficus: he speaks at a volume more appropriate to an in-use general aviation runway. You kicked him out in the middle of the day for fighting with a Cardinals fan. Or, hey, you found him hurling in your john at the end of your shift because your barback mistook him for a regular and slid him a drink after you'd cut his ass off. And, blissfully unaware of how the service economy works, he left you \$5 on a \$50 tab.

That's a real Chicago jagoff, right there.

## 32

## The "My Chicago" Jagoff

BILL SAVAGE

This individual can be of any race, ethnicity, class, or gender, and is defined by the perpetual insistence that his or her neighborhood is the authentic Chicago. "My Chicago," this jagoff will ALWAYS say "is the real Chicago." If this jagoff is from the North Side, the South Side is just a wasteland of crime and corrupt politicians with a ballpark and a few museums. If this jagoff is from the South Side, the North Side is just yuppies and bike messengers and the Gay Pride Parade. If this jagoff is a Cubs fan, Sox fans are just thugs. If this jagoff is a Sox fan, Cubs fans are not real Chicagoans because they're not working-class South Siders (This, by the by, is the only way in which Studs Terkel was ever a jagoff). The "My Chicago" jagoff insists that his or her favorite bar, or hot dog stand, or pizza joint is the best in Chicago, despite never having, you know, tried any others beyond the boundaries of their neighborhood or parish. If the "My Chicago" jagoff has moved to the suburbs, he or she will still insist that the area its family fled is more "real" than anywhere else, including the white flight suburb they now infest. This particular breed of Chicago jagoff is endemic to all parts of town but is most annoying when a way with words leads to work in the media, where they perpetuate bullshit about sports loyalties, pizza, ketchup on hot dogs, and other foundational myths of Chicago Authenticity.

## 33

## The "New York Sucks" Jagoff

SAM WEINER

New York City exists. This fact drives certain Chicagoans absolutely fucking nuts. There's really not any competition between the cities—in large part because New Yorkers don't see a need to compete with Chicago. This fact also drives certain Chicagoans absolutely nuts.

The "New York Sucks" jagoff takes every opportunity to badmouth New York. To him, every mention of New York City calls for a red-faced, dissertation-like defense of Chicago's relative cleanliness and affordability. His pride forces him to scream belligerently whenever a New York sports game is on TV. His Big Apple vs. Big Shoulders arguments are so precise and effective, they barely need to be made: "New York City? Just look at that place!"

Nobody in the world loves New York as much as certain Chicago Jagoffs hate it.

34

## Bike Ninja Jagoffs

BILL SAVAGE

This individual, who can be of any gender, is the bicyclist who makes other two-wheelers look bad. He or she provides fodder for anti-biking jagoffs in the media (cough, John Kass, cough, and endless Local Crank Letter Writer Mopes) by riding recklessly, blowing through not just stop signs at vacant intersections, but red lights with active cross-traffic. The BNJ thinks his or her superiorly honed biking skills allow them to do whatever the hell they want, as though other bikers, pedestrians, and drivers don't exist. They dress in dark colors, ride bikes without lights (sometimes without brakes) and often become hood ornaments for drivers who never saw them coming. The BNJ will ride right up the taillight of the responsible cyclist who is stopping appropriately and giving the right of way to those who have it, blow past, and create nerve-jangling chaos, for which the responsible cyclist will be blamed. This particular brand of Jagoff often congregates in massive groups known as Critical Mass, the Bicycle-Rights equivalent of Anti-Choice protesters who wave placards of bloody fetuses outside abortion clinics.



35

## A City Cyclist Responds

ANDRÉS CARRASQUILLO

I am a cyclist in the city. You, a driver in a car, see me wherever you go. I blow through stop signs and yield at stoplights. I participate in bicycle parades on avenues like Milwaukee and on streets like Clark. When we share a lane on the way to a hipster haven like Logan Square and I get a little too close for your comfort, or when I weave in front of you in the line of traffic stopped up at Davis Street in Evanston, or when you simply take issue with my very existence among motor vehicles, you might call me by a different name: I am a jagoff. I assert my place on the street, and once you get the chance, you assert yourself past me, which honestly makes the acceleration of your car sound kind of pissy. What explains your displeasure for me? Why do you like to steer into me to clip my wheel? Why do you slow down to shout invectives out your open window? Occasionally, yes, I ride like a jagoff, but sometimes you drive like a real asshole. Maybe you actually fear for my life, and this is the twisted way you express it, since the danger I put myself in might cause you to imagine the same fear I do: a body mashed between your wheel and axle. Why not suffer my jagoffery and drive a little more carefully, because after all, from the inside of your car, I am just one of those little bike people? As you drive away you might yell some stupid name at me. But you know what? Considering the alternative, I'll take it.

36

## Chicago Drivers

CAROL LACHAPELLE

They race through parking lots, pause at stop signs, and blow through alleys, sometimes while honking, most often not.

They are Chicago drivers. They are jagoffs.

They accelerate when approaching red lights then come to a screeching stop in the middle of the crosswalk.

They don't back up.

They are Chicago drivers. They are jagoffs.

They make right turns on red while looking left; they drive too close to bike lanes; they drive in bike lanes.

They are Chicago drivers. They are jagoffs.

They do all this while on their cell phones or while texting.

I'm neither a Chicago driver nor a jagoff. I'm an urban walker and cyclist. In 2013 I was hit on my bike while crossing legally at a three-way stop on Pratt and Bell. That Chicago driver not only struck my rear tire but did so in a big white Mercedes, then fled the scene.

He was immediately pursued by a witness, a Chicago driver who is not a jagoff. She pulled him over blocks away, then made him come back and apologize to me.

I was a month shy of my 70th birthday.

37

## Jaywalking Jagoff

V. FRANCONI

This is the person who takes the whole “Cars need to yield to me” thing a bit too far and ignores DON'T WALK signs and yellow lights or just walks across a street when they feel like it despite the presence of traffic.

In short, these jagoffs walk when they should not walk, adding to the already dangerous roads. They are jagoffs because they don't feel the need to wait thirty goddamn seconds for a light to change, or they think that they can walk at a pace sufficient to cross a street when the yellow light and their own lazy shuffle confirm otherwise. I used to give these people the benefit of the doubt—they must be too stupid to understand the basic rules of society. Now I know they are simply selfish jagoffs.

38

## Parking Lane Drivers

MATT LAURITZEN

People drive in the parking lane of a one-lane-each-way street because they must think they are special and allowed to skip everyone else. There is no way they actually think it is a lane for driving. This happens on southbound Milwaukee Ave. every morning. Increased levels of jagoffery occur when they encounter a parked car and then must cut back into traffic, usually in a manner that makes you hit the brakes or crash into them- they don't wait for someone to let them in. They cannot wait. They are more important than anyone else, and your parking lane is their express lane. Jagoffs.

40

## The LiPaWoP

ED HERRMANN

At first it may seem that the Lincoln Park Woman of Privilege is a creature deserving our pity - stressed trying to remember the name or location of that cute new organic hand-crafted cosmetics shop; worried about the slow lines at Whole Foods; whether she'll be late for yoga; maintaining her chirpy optimism despite spilling her coffee; chatting about the color, grain, and gloss of the rare tropical hardwoods in her new custom cabinets; unable to find Brazil on a map but knowing it's a cool place cuz Zumba's from there; loving the new doublewide stroller (“the nanny feels like she's so in control”) - but as she chats, car door open blocking the street, oblivious to the three cars waiting, it is in fact she, (“sorry, I'm in a rush here”) with a flip of her perfect blond mane stepping into the cab we've hailed, who pities us.

39

## Secretary of State Jagoff

AMY BETH DANZER

Standing before the Secretary of State Jagoff, with a bulletproof glass between the two of you, you feel like Josef K. from *The Trial*; the universe has declared you guilty of something, and the Secretary of State Jagoffs are there to - not facilitate, but - deal with you. They are not interested in helping you one iota. They assume you are either a swindler or a disorganized, dimwitted troll and treat you as though you just rang the doorbell of their home during a family dinner. They are put out by your very presence. If your paperwork is not in order, they send you to another line without telling you what the other line is for, or they send you home with a vague idea that you were missing something without any clue as to what that something was. If your paperwork is in order, they stamp off on it with the apathy of a disenfranchised cog, avoiding eye contact all the while.



## First Wave Gentrifiers Who Protest Second Wave Gentrifiers

BILL SAVAGE

These are the poor huddled masses of recent college graduates or dropouts who move into that hip new neighborhood. Wicker Park in the '90s, Pilsen in the '00s, Bridgeport in the Teens. They like the neighborhood's character, especially the cheap rent and proximity to public transportation and their Loop sell-out McJobs. An urban infrastructure that includes former industrial or warehouse spaces that can be made into lofts helps. After a critical mass of First Wave Gentrifiers (FWGs) accumulates, someone opens a coffee shop. Then a tattoo parlor. Then a bar that serves more than just Old Style or Zywiec or Tecate. Then an art gallery or a "performance space." People who lived there in the first place—immigrants or their children, from some Latin American or Eastern European region that the FWG might have studied in college—have to move out due to rising rents. This opens more space for even more FWGs. But then, their mortal enemies, The Second Wave Gentrifiers, arrive.

The SWGs don't just rent, they buy, driving up rents. Soon someone opens a bistro. Then not just a café, but a coffee roaster! Strollers appear, some of them doublewides, and trendy dog breeds, instead of shelter mutts and rescued pit bulls, crap up the sidewalks.

FWGs protesting the presence in their sacred neighborhoods of SWGs are jagoffs of the first order. How dare the SWGs do to the FWGs what the FWGs did to the neighborhood in the first place? They are like the southern "right to work" state textile mill workers, who bitch about losing their jobs to even cheaper workers in Mexico or China, when they themselves stole unionized jobs from New England mills a generation earlier. No one likes the taste of their own medicine, least of all Gentrifier jagoffs.



## Thrifters

HONNA EICHLER GEORGE

While having the means to buy new garments, Thrifters spend their time and energy roaming through low-income resale shops (Salvation Army, Village Discount, or Unique Thrift Store) to discover the perfect find. Their zeal for a deal is often at the expense of store employees, as Thrifters conduct their methodical search and displace half of what they touch in the process. This is all necessary, of course, because a Thrifter's outfit must be as unique as their personality, which will aid in separating them from any established social order. The main social disorder Thrifters cause, however, is the discarded, forgotten clothing left throughout the store in their pursuit of, say, a worn leather clutch or "authentic" plaid shirt. These piles are then restocked by low-income workers and stumbled over by those who could truly benefit from the discounted prices. While thrifting is justified for pro-environmental reasons, Thrifters are defined by their lack of care for the environment and people they encounter in resale shops.



## The Ol' Timer Who's Only 20 Jagoff

SAM WEINER

"Damn, damn, damn. This old neighborhood sure has changed." It makes total sense to hear this from a retiree visiting his hometown, but only in Chicago will you hear it from someone too young to legally drink who just moved one neighborhood west six months earlier. Get a tour of the North Side from one of these young geezers and be treated to history lessons like:

"See this bar? Used to be a different bar."

"This used to be the biggest roller rink in the state. Then yuppies bought it and now it's a condo."

"A frozen yogurt shop? This used to be a . . . well, I don't remember what it was but it wasn't yogurt."

These lifelong experts are equally able to hold forth on subjects like local fence-height ordinances, real estate advice ("Get a two-flat."), and why the South Side is the "real" Chicago despite the fact that they've never been there. Unlike most Chicago jagoffs, however, these old souls mean no harm—they just love the Chicago they grew up with. And that's not so bad, even if the old neighborhood has been taken over by yuppies.



## Hipster Musician

CHRISTOPHER PETERSON

Here's to you, O Aspiring Hipster Musician. Here's to the smug smirk buried beneath your ironic Rutherford B. Hayes beard as you judge me in the acoustic room at Chicago Music Exchange while I strum a Radiohead tune instead of a B-side from the up-and-coming indie-folk-pop duo that only you and your fixie biker gang bandmates are cool enough to have seen before Pitchfork mentioned them. Here's to your just-loud-enough-for-everyone-to-hear profundities about how Arcade Fire sold out long before Reflektor as you seek out that vintage paisley guitar strap for your new tenor banjo, which is only new to you because you wouldn't be caught dead buying anything new off the showroom floor. Here's to your first show at Empty Bottle, sipping your PBR during the horn intro while your high-waisted fiancé with the Victorian-styled sleeve tattoos and her layered-local friends talk about your latest excursion to the microbrewery that just opened up outside of Milwaukee. Here's to your Rusty Nails before dinner and your judgmental Millennial entitlement and your Bizzaro-world Yuppie groupthink. Play on, O Aspiring Hipster Musician, but rest assured that your upcoming vinyl release will never be swapped at the handmade markets.



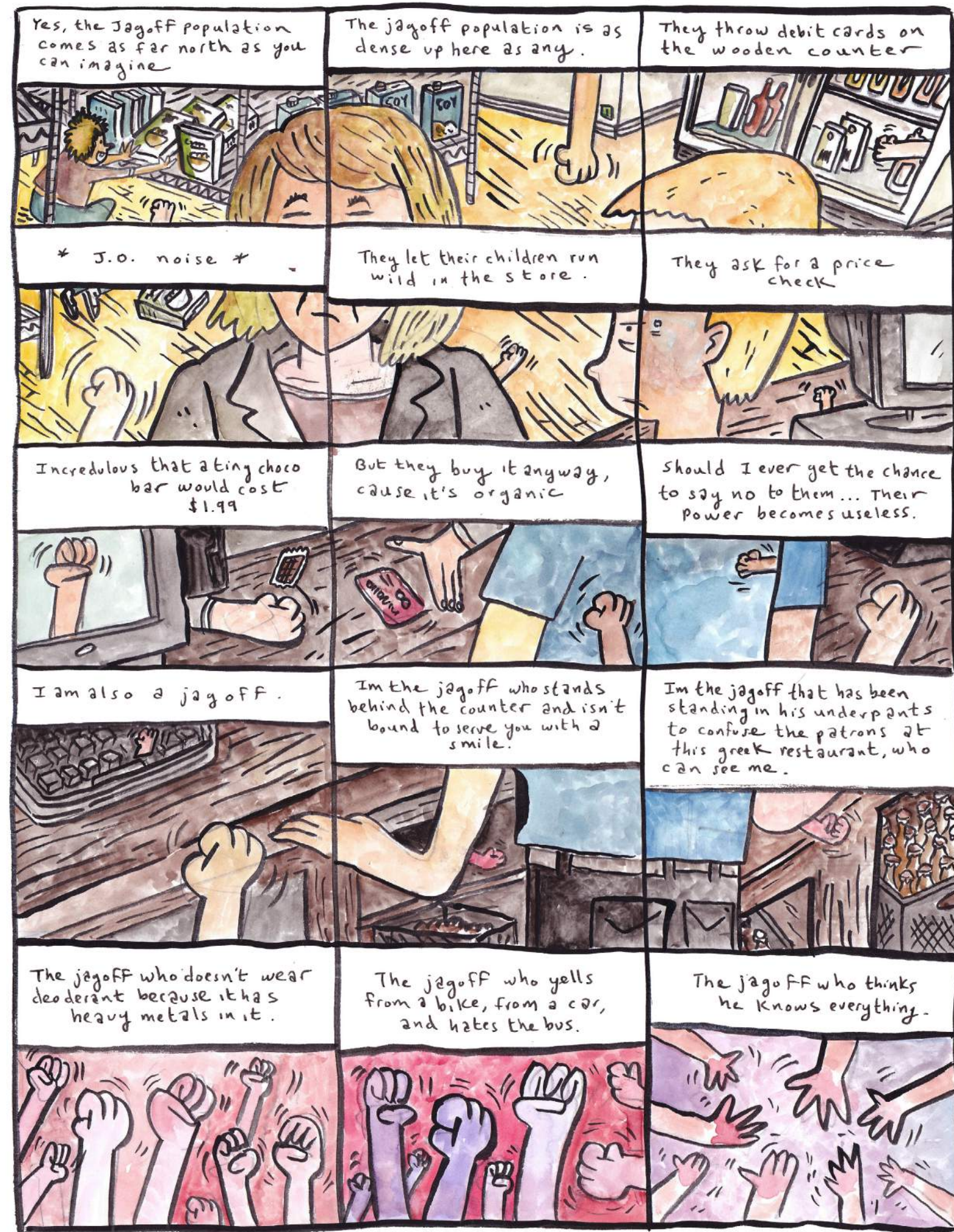
## "Get Oprah!" Jagoffs

GREG SALUSTRO

Hundreds of thousands of us in Chicago work at fantastic nonprofits; we love our work and how we're making the city better. But a week doesn't go by when we don't hear from the "Get Oprahs." Fundraiser coming up? Just get Oprah! Work with kids, women, poverty, education, arts, media? "You should get Oprah!" Asking someone for money? "Well, I can't help you but you know who would? Oprah!" These jagoffs, who can afford to help, just want Oprah to take over.



BY GRANT REYNOLDS



BY KEVIN BUDNIK



## Youths Riding the #66:

KATHERINE UHRICH

Yours is a special type of jagoffery: you accost the weak. You inflict your teen stupidity and egomania on sleepy, pre-caffeinated commuters. I don't care that you jump the line of us queuing chumps. I mind that, once on board and shielded from rain, you can't find your Ventra card. It's not your loud music I detest. It's your pathetic attempts at singing aloud with it. I'm not frustrated that your backpack gets its own seat. I'm pissed that you ignore me when I ask, "Can I sit here?" It's not your poor posture that makes me wince. It's your legs' invasive, obtuse angle allowing me only a half-seat. Look, you little slack-jawed imbecile—I'm a grown-ass woman and have no interest in your half-formed genitalia! I don't cringe at your slang-ridden dialogue about who you will next beat the shit out of... actually, yes. That is worrisome, and I do cringe.

Jagoff Youths, I know you face teenage strife and pain, but until you display one ounce of citizenship, may you forever turn the corner as the last of four accordion buses lumbers off. Twenty-eight minutes 'til the next bus, jagoff!



## Slow-Walking Cell Phone on Metro Platform

MAX NORTON

Taking the Metra into the city ain't half bad, but it doesn't matter whether your train is pulling into Ogilvie, Union Station, or LaSalle Street, you will always find this little jag blocking you whenever you're in a hurry. More times than not, this is a five-foot tall girl in her early twenties wearing a silk scarf regardless of the season. For this little jagoff, it doesn't matter that hundreds of tired, hard-working people are trying to get to work on time, or trying to get home after a long day. Because none of those people matter, or even exist, for this little jagoff. There is only her. This is her world and she is the queen. And her millions of followers cannot go another moment waiting for her to post a selfie on insta, or tweet about her fascinating day: #trainlyfe #newscarf. If you get stuck behind her, you're fucked. She moves like a snail on heroin. You can see an obvious obstruction of flow ahead, but cannot determine the cause. She is too short to see in the crowd. You're stuck behind her until she comes to a dead stop, dead center in front of the exit. She needs to pin the most important thing on Pinterest before she ventures out into the either way too hot or way too cold for her beautiful scarf weather.



## The El Door Blocker Jagoff

BILL SAVAGE

This jagoff's natural habitat is the CTA train car, though related subspecies can be found on CTA and Pace buses and the Metra. This particular strain of Chicago jagoff can be of any race, gender, age, or class. These people board El trains and immediately stop and stand in the doorway, blocking the movement of people behind them, even when the empty car has many seats available. Their primary identifying characteristic, besides rude selfishness, is stupidity. They think that by standing in the doorway, they will arrive at their eventual destination faster, since they will be able to get off the train first. But their obstruction of the door means that it takes longer at each stop for other passengers to get on or off the train, and this time adds up. So while they will indeed be the first jagoff to disembark at their eventual stop, the train will be later than it might have been because of their clueless and rude obstruction of our common public transitional space.





## The Space-Grabber

VINCENT TRUMAN

I take you to that great breeding ground of jagoffery: the CTA. One day in early 2014, long before the corporate jagoffery of Ventra, when #chiberia was trending on Instagram, I had found a rare seat on my commute home. A bearded Mr. Jagoff sat beside me and immediately the problems began. While we were both layered in our gay winter apparel, Mr. Jagoff decided I had too much clothing and began to jerk his elbow aggressively against mine. In front, then behind, then in front again, like an angry infant unable to attain comfort in his crib. A moment would transpire, and he'd do it again, as if he hoped, by mere friction, to wear down my arm and gain his anointed 75% of the two-seater. Withered sighs and double takes to other passengers followed. Finally, he ejected himself from the seat and stood with his back to the door, repeating his pained moans when anyone entered or alit the train and entered his sacred personal space. Eventually, he departed into the night, disappearing like a jagoff troll.



## The Old Left

AUGUST SPIES

Don't trust anyone over thirty. Purity is an illusion; it's hard to grow up without selling out. The mantra is particularly apropos when it comes to the institutions that emerged from the rancid afterbirth of Chicago's 1960s glory days as a hub of leftwing politics. Today, the specter of the Old Left—white, Marxist, “color blind,” with a penchant for hawkin' papers—has made a business of driving a wedge between would-be activists and the city's radical history. Mother knows best, and she wants you at that desk, not out in the streets.

One socialist-rag-turned-progressive-glossy has spearheaded the movement to separate radical words from radical deeds in the name of the dollar: *In These Times*. Though ITT, a nonprofit labor magazine, counts a number of today's most impressive young journalists among its contributors, the magazine still pushes a hardline Old Left. ITT was called out in a recent *VICE* report on the abuse of unpaid intern labor in the publishing industry (though they reportedly receive a modest travel stipend, probably so they can get back to their SROs?), and according to one source, recently stiffed a comrade delivery kid on a tip, the ultimate faux pas, no matter your politics.

As an observer quipped: “Sorry, can't tip you today, but if you try to form a union, we might have an intern blog about it. Sound fair?”



## Trapped In Amber Liberal Jagoff

LUANN PALADINO

The trapped-in-amber liberals busy throwing contemporary progressives under the bus to look good to their imagined minority audience. I know someone teaching a class on media and race, and in the process she holds her students hostage to her once-radical past. To demonstrate pervasive racism, she shows them commercials that have only white people in them and ignores real media progress like the recent Cheerios commercial with the mixed race family, or any of the Target commercials with gay couples, or that extended god-awfully-sentimental Tylenol commercial depicting the “new Norman Rockwell Thanksgiving family.” Hey, jagoffs: come into the twenty-first century, enjoy some of our victories over racism.



## The Totebags

KATHY O'NEILL

The Totebags show up at lectures. They ask too many questions, take too long with the set up, and eat too many purple grapes at the reception.

The Totebag respects the speaker's opinion, though he disagrees. He whispers through the whole lecture, raises his hand, the *WHOLE TIME* during Q and A, and walks in front of the projector. *TWICE*.

The Totebag *DOES NOT BUY YOUR BOOK*.

He borrows it from a friend and it comes back with notes in the margins and covered in hummus. At the podium for Q and A, the Totebag's Q is not really a Q at all. It is a manifesto, a rant, a thesis. But he tacks a question mark on at the end.

The Totebag went to summer camp with Fran Leibowitz. There are women Totebags, oh, yes there are.

Madame Totebag is gentler in her approach. “I liked your book, but....” And then recites a review of your book, co-written by her calico cat named Walter Cronkite. Ms. Totebag brings her own snacks in said tote, a pungent and noisy arrangement of homemade trail mix, granola, and Count Chocula.

A lecture, a panel discussion, a symposium, a day of puppetry. They're there, waiting, with frayed and laminated articles from magazines long since gone out of business. The Totebag is everywhere, but always looking at his watch, can't really talk, got to run, but will catch up with you at the Newberry next Saturday, or the Harold the week after that, or the Humanities Festival. . .

53

## The “I Never Complain About The Weather, But...” Weather-Complaining Jagoff

SAM WEINER

Chicagoans can deal with winter. They persevere through cold snap after cold snap and unlike those whiners in LA or New York who can’t handle a couple days of below-freezing temps, most Chicagoans never complain. Which is why the few Chicagoans who do complain feel the need to always preface their complaints by saying, “Now, I never complain about the weather . . . [but let me complain about it right now].”

This particular type of jagoff would have us believe that he’d never stoop so low as to grumble about the cold—yet he simply must do so at this extraordinary moment. He is a model of perseverance, a hero of immense fortitude, but even he, who NEVER complains, finds that he must complain about being cold, if only to warn others!

He knows he should be ashamed of his inability to bear the weather. So he hopes that by adding that he, “Never complains, but...” his audience will forgive his childish sensitivity to the cold and that he doesn’t seem to understand that they are all dealing with the EXACT SAME WEATHER.

Here’s a tip for these jagoffs: Shut up. Everyone knows it’s cold. The weather you’re currently complaining about is not especially bad, or historically bad, or even the most bad you’ve personally experienced. It’s just normal bad. Because in Chicago, the worst possible bad weather is still normal. And if you’re going to complain about bad weather, spare us the “I never complain, but” lead-in and cut to your jagoff point.

54

## Random Extras

HONNA EICHLER GEORGE

Random Extra jagoffs are the ones who have been an extra in a show or movie filmed in Chicago and have at least ten conversational segues to bring up this fact. They believe they get more conversation time because it is important for you to understand how close they were standing to a well-known actor, what they were wearing, and what would be communicated to this actor off the set, if such an opportunity were to arise. The Random Extras are not professional actors but might convince you otherwise; they did, after all, sign a release form and help themselves to the snack table. Everyone who lives in Chicago has been on camera, but the Random Extras believe the camera that captured them in a scene that was not used is better than the one that filmed you getting cash at the ATM.

55

## People Who Grew Up On Wine Coolers Jagoffs

PETER HAND

The microbrew jagoff hails beverages that are “tasty.” “Tasty.”

A Starbucks Frappuccino is tasty. A pumpkin spice latte is tasty.

Beer is not tasty.

Beer tastes like beer, the beverage that didn’t go down as easy as a tasty, say, Kool-Aid ... when you were nine and had stolen your first beer. God made it that way so nine-year-olds don’t drink so much beer as to get drunk (if nine-year-olds are gonna get drunk it should be on schnapps or Bacardi Breezers or something... tasty ).

The fruity microbrew jagoff grew up on Zima, or Bartles & Jaymes... then had to stomach cheap beer to get through life on the land-grant quad... then when he can finally afford it, he finds a pumpkin spice ale.

Oatmeal. Nut brown. These are the flavors your Aunt Fannie enjoys... of General Foods International Coffees and store-brand cookies.

Good beer is to cheap beer what steak is to hamburger... you don’t graduate from hamburger to Pop Tarts. Jever or Radeberger or Lezajsk or Pilsner Urquell don’t taste like Bud

Light, but they don’t taste like blueberries either.

56

## The Coffee Shop Complicated Drink Right NOW Jagoff

CHARLIE DAVIS

Coffee is technically considered a stimulant drug and when people don’t get their fix when they want it, the jagoff grows in an incredible Hulkish fashion.

During the early morning shift, like any coffee shop at 6:30 or 7:00 am, business folks needing their daily pick me up before their commute downtown slam the café.

During this short period of time, several jagoffs inevitably order a complicated hand-crafted beverage, i.e. a dry cappuccino or a large mocha with extra froth and whip and two ice cubes or extra hot hot chocolate, and then explain to us that they need the beverage in less than thirty seconds or they are going to miss their bus and it will be our fault that they are late to work. Unless it’s a drip coffee or water for tea, drinks take at least two minutes to make perfectly. Finally, if for some reason a miracle happens and I or another barista can get the complicated beverage to them before their bus arrives, the drink tastes like shit. We know it’s going to taste like shit. If a latte or cappuccino is rushed, it is going to taste terrible.

Then the drama of “remake this!” or “I want to talk to the manager” ensues, and then sometimes they get the drink remade, a refund, and stroll out the door like they were never in a rush to begin with.

And on top of that, these jagoffs never tip.



57

## Locals Who Hate Newcomers

CHRIS BROTHERTON

When I first moved to Chicago from Atlanta, I scoped out the neighborhood, trying to find the right bar for me. I went into a bar near Loyola. I had just started graduate school and figured it would be a good place to meet other students. After a few visits, I was acquainted with everyone, and I heard the term “jagoff” come up in conversation. I had never heard of it before and asked what it meant. I was informed that I was a jagoff because I was an out-of-towner ruining the established order of the bar. So I promptly left and I have never set foot in the place since. But it quickly became clear to me—as I found other places for a beer—that a jagoff is the bartender who drives off good business by telling patrons they’re not welcome because they don’t fit in. And a good thing, too: some jagoff places you probably don’t want to fit into.

58

## The One-Man Neighborhood Watch

JOHN SHUSTER

“The neighborhood didn’t used to be like this.” You gird yourself for what’s about to come, you’ve heard it a million times before, its exact wording changing over the years, to adapt to new codes, but there it is, just as vile and racist as it would be in 1955, 1995, whenever. “Until they started to show up...” You’ve stopped listening. You realize you’ve come face to face with one of THOSE guys, who comments on every article about a shooting on the *Trib*, *the Reader*, DNAinfo, anywhere, who fancies himself the only one who tells it like it is: the One-Man Neighborhood Watch. Locked behind an extra lock he had to ASK the landlord to put in, he turns on the police scanner, every chirp and routine call validating him. Refreshing the news page to see if they posted about the shots on the 4000 block of wherever. “When I was a kid, you could walk in the park...” Your friends arrive, you nod, tell him to have a good night, try to be polite. He looks over: “Hipsters. Good sign...”

59

## Lakeview Watchdogs

HONNA EICHLER GEORGE

Despite living in Chicago and in an area attracting youth, sports fans, and tourists alike, Lakeview Watchdogs seem surprised when beer cans appear in their yards, the occasional drunken brawl erupts, or people are smoking in parking lots. The disproportionate outrage experienced by Lakeview Watchdogs distinguishes them from the average city dweller or homeowner, who might find these occurrences annoying. Lakeview Watchdogs might say they are “protecting their neighborhood for those who pay taxes” and are often concerned when they notice someone not like them “lurking” about. To address these issues, Lakeview Watchdogs are in regular contact with the Chicago Police Department, their alderman’s office, and the City of Chicago to regulate the social service agencies that “are responsible” for attracting disruptive youth. Yes, Lakeview Watchdogs are the people who blame crime on local agencies providing services, including healthcare and shelter, to at-risk youth. Many Lakeview Watchdogs may not realize that in this past year alone there were 22,000 homeless youth registered as students in Chicago Public Schools (Chicago Coalition for the Homeless, 2014) and Lakeview is one of the safest neighborhoods to receive comprehensive support.

60

## The I Think The Public Alley Is My Private Oasis Jagoff

AMY FRIEDMAN

Alleys in the city do not serve the same function as suburban driveways, though some seem to think they do. Alleys are for access, not for parking, though try telling that to the jagoff who parks his second and third cars there or insists that his kids’ nanny park in the alley to avoid taking a street spot. Garbage collection schedules don’t exist for this public space larcenist as old sofas and stoves from his most recent renovations litter the alley, even though they won’t be collected. Playsets for the children of this jagoff spill out from his garage into the alley as if it’s some kind of paved backyard. Floodlights the size of satellite dishes affixed to the top of the jagoff’s house, meant to cast light onto the alley, instead blind neighbors in every living room and bedroom within a block. The sound of the alley hijacker’s car horn is heard every time he pulls his car into or out of the alley. In the winter, he piles his snow up against your garage door.



BY KRystal DIFRONZO

# YA JAG

WRITTEN BY: MIKEY CARRETTA  
DRAWN BY: NATE McDONOUGH

WHEN THE SENIORS ARE IN THERE GIVING IT ALL THEY GOT AND YOU'RE ON THE SIDELINES PLAYING GRABASS YOU'RE BEING A **JAGOFF**



IF YOU LEAVE THE OVEN ON ALL NIGHT, YOU'RE A JAGOFF.



GROWING WEED AT YOUR MUM'S HOUSE - BIG JAG MOVE.



CLOGGING THE TOILET ANY WHERE, ON ACCIDENT OR ON PURPOSE.



DRIVING RILL FAST AT NIGHT WITH YOUR LIGHTS OFF AND CUTTING PEOPLE OFF ON THE PARKWAY.



WHEN YOU PRETEND YOU'RE NOT SNIFFING MARKERS YOU'RE BEING A JAGOFF.



YOU'RE TOO DRUNK AND YOU KEEP HITTING ON YOUR BUDDY'S STEP AUNT. EVERYONE'S WATCHING. QUIT BEING A JAGOFF YA JAG.



WEARING A JAG'S JERSEY TO CHURCH ON EASTER, JAG.



BORROWING YOUR BUDDY'S CAR. DRIVING TO BLAWNOX, BRINGING IT BACK WITH NO GAS.



WRITTEN BY MIKEY CARRETTA & DRAWN BY NATE McDONOUGH

# 61

## Dibs Jagoff

AMY BETH DANZER

The archaic system of claiming dibs in Chicago is already a borderline jagoff practice, where an individual shovels out a spot on a public street for their vehicle and secures said spot with lawn furniture, toy rocking horses, old keyboards, Virgin Marys, boxes of cereal, etc. until they next return home. While they are away at work, running errands, visiting friends, or even gone for the weekend, they expect no one else to use the – under less inclement circumstances – public space. A bonafide Dibs Jagoff is one who continues this practice even after the snow is gone. They continue to reserve public space for private use. Dibs Jagoffs should not be surprised to find said place holders thrown unto their lawns, smashed into little pieces, or sold on Craig’s List. Likewise, individuals who take on Dibs Jagoffs, beware of retaliation in the form of keyed cars, slashed tires, or broken windows. It’s a jungle out there!

And it can be even worse. As this Guide was going to press after the 5th-worst blizzard in Chicago history—now dubbed the Super Bowl Blizzard--we received this email from Ms. Danzer:

So... yesterday, I spent close to an hour shoveling around my car -- and this morning, I got up early and spent another half hour, shoveling the more recently fallen snow. Because I do not subscribe to “dibs” (I feel if everyone shovels their spot, we should all be cool and why shouldn’t others use my spot while I’m away?), I did not leave anything to save the spot. When I arrived home from work tonight (worked through lunch so I could leave early to get a leg up on the parking sitch), I found two lamp shades marking my spot. A new dimension to dibs jagoffery! I, of course, swiftly tossed the lamp shades into a nearby snow bank and proceeded to park my Toyota. But, can you believe that? Low.

We pray her car wasn’t covered in ice by morning. Dibs: the ultimate arena for jagoffery.



# 62

## Dibs Jagoff, Part II

RANDY BUSHWA

The Dibs Abuser - a separate entity from the dibs/no dibs debate; this is a jagoff we can all agree on. This jagoff will do the minimal amount of work to actually clear his/her own spot, yet he/she will ride out the dibs privilege until past the bitter end. Johnny Dibs was seen pulling his car out of his spot after the big snow. He didn't do any shoveling, just threw some milk crates in the space formerly protected by his rusted Taurus’s chassis. It's now May and there're only a couple sad nuggets of black ice sludge on the street, but Johnny is

still fighting the good fight and leaving angry notes on any cars that creep on his undeserved dibs. Hey, Johnny, clean out that rat's nest of junk in your garage and park in there, you bum.

# 63

## The Rescue Dog Owner At The Bucktown/Lincoln Park Dog Park

AMY FRIEDMAN

Making small talk at the Churchill Field Dog Park, or anywhere else where those with money and canines congregate in the city, is impossible without hearing "my dog's a rescue (fill in the breed)." Thanks, self-appointed philanthropist, but a rescue is not a breed. Terrier is a breed. Boxer is a breed. Rescue means you got a free fucking dog. Fine, you paid for its shots, or sprung to get its balls cut off, but other than that, you're not Mia Farrow. You hardly opened your home and your heart to a dozen kids in need. You wanted a dog and you simply paid less than I did and less than you could afford to stand in the park recently re-designed for the upwardly mobile to tell me how magnanimous you are. Of course it's great to rescue a dog. But do people with adopted children tell you that when you ask them how many kids they have? Right. This is the Chicago jagoff's new way of giving back without actually giving back.

# 64

## The Losing Their (dog) Shit Jagoff

JOHN DUDAS

It is possible for a person, sensitive to the offenses of jagoffs, to evolve into that which they are so quick to despise.

One afternoon I stepped out onto a sunny, Heart of Chicago sidewalk to find an angry, handwritten sign planted in a narrow strip of grass. It read, “Please pick up your dog’s shit! We play in this area, so please pick up your dog’s shit?!!! This goes for the whole block!”

This neighbor had finally crossed that narrow threshold, the fine line that separates jagoffs from common, decent citizens. In his emotional fit, he extended his expletive rage to the whole block (including the children who play there and are learning to read). The people who don’t pick up their dog’s shit are jagoffs, but no one has to be a jagoff in return. At least not in writing.

65

## The *Devil in the White City* Superfan Jagoff

SAM WEINER

“Hey, great party. I’m Sam. I’m new to Chicago.”

“Bro, have you read *Devil in The White City*?”

“No.”

“Bro! You gotta read *Devil in The White City*! Best book ever. Can’t call yourself a Chicagoan unless you’ve read *Devil in The White City*.”

“Everyone says it’s good.”

“You can’t understand Chicago until you’ve read *Devil in The White City*. It’s mandatory, bro.

“I’ll have to check it out.”

“Bro, what I’m saying is: If you haven’t read *Devil in The White City*, you made a big fucking mistake coming to my town.”

“I...I plan on reading it.”

“Everyone, listen up! This new guy hasn’t read *Devil in The White City*!”

[MALE PARTY GUESTS GASP. WOMEN FAINT.]

“Please...I will read it, I promise!”

“Too late for that, bro. Grab his ankles! Let’s take him out back and cut his throat like the dog that he is!”

“No! No! I’m begging you! I’ll read it, I swear! I just don’t read very often, that’s all.”

[THE CROWD DISPERSES]

“Why didn’t you say so, bro? I never read, either! No one here does! You’ll love Chicago. Let’s party!”

66

## Thorndale Jagoffs

TOM SCHNEIDER

In the ‘60s and ‘70s there was a white street gang in the Edgewater/Rogers Park community that was originally known as the Thorndale Jarvis Organization, referring to two streets in those neighborhoods that represented the southern and northern boundaries of their influence (such as it was).

When I was assigned to the Uptown Office of the Juvenile Court Probation Department in the mid-1970s, the TJOs were still raising a ruckus, but the demographics of the community were starting to change. Minorities were moving in, and their teenaged sons found themselves in conflict with the TJOs, who were not well-known for their cosmopolitan and tolerant views on social change.

The result was a disturbing, racially-oriented conflict, especially at Senn High School. Around this time, it is said, perhaps apocryphally, that either a Juvenile Court Judge or a local cop referred to the TJOs as “Those jagoffs.” The name stuck and they started referring to themselves thusly, apparently becoming fond of the moniker. A colleague of mine, evincing the common mistake as to the meaning of the term, said, “It’s like calling yourself the nose pickers.”

I suggested that he missed the point: these guys were perfect examples of the Chicago jagoff. Loud, obnoxious, and rude thieves, enamored of senseless violence. Sometime later a black kid, who fancied himself a Gangster Disciple, told me that he was “really tired of those jagoffs.”

All too soon, the whole neighborhood would become fatigued with his gang in its turn.

67

## Sidewalk Linebackers

JOSEPH S. PETE

When I was a bookish teenager who weighed around 140 lbs., I spent lunch squirreled away in the school library, had arms like tetherball poles, and the physical heft of a plastic grocery bag floating in a light breeze. My dour father took me to the Loop, River North, the Old Town and other neighborhoods where thick-necked, heavysset men would bulldoze ahead no matter who stood in their way. They would walk right at you in a spirit of brinkmanship or total disregard. Resist? All that would be bruised was your pigeony shoulder.

The bullishness of their walking, their stubborn refusal to deviate from their course by the slightest degree even if you hugged the curb, always bothered me. Chicagoans were brutes, troglodytes! Jagoffs.

Life always intervenes. I enlisted in the Army so I could finish college on the GI Bill. After a million push-ups, countless hours at the gym, and innumerable beers, I’ve put on a lot of weight and now clock in at around 230 broad-shouldered lbs. Now I walk straight at other men, whether Loop suits or Wicker Park hipsters, and they always hop out of my way.

68

## JaGoFF (Guerrilla Artists/Musicians)

GARY KUZMINSKI (ON BEHALF OF JAGOFF)

Sir Real and MOFO have been called many things: “Chicago’s Music Guerrillas,” by law professor Henry H. Perritt, Jr.; “Anarcho-Activists” by Jim DeRogatis; and professional agitators, troublemakers, and smart-asses. But together they’ve always been called the quintessential Chicago term JaGoFF, and they wear it as a badge of honor. JaGoFF chose the self-deprecating name to lower the bar of expectations, allowing for irreverent artistic license and fearless creative freedom. The name most certainly identifies where they hail from and their unshakable pride in Chicago’s tough, hard-working, take-no-shit attitude. Spawned from the post-industrial South Side, JaGoFF are fierce independent artist advocates, community organizers, social/political satirists, pranksters, hell-raisers, and all things funk. From their infamous 2011 mayoral bid, running on a platform of “Restoring Honor Among Thieves,” to resisting City Hall’s never-ending war on artists by spearheading the defeat of the Chicago Promoters’ Ordinance, to their revolutionary Occupy soundtrack “Sit Down and Shut Up,” named for the Rahmfather’s outlawing of dissent and severe crack-down on the movement, and their countless street art campaigns poking fun and skewering the scum of Cook County... JaGoFF is completely and utterly Chicago.

69

## The Business Traveler

NICK JAEGER

I've found that a jagoff Chicagoan's "jagoff traits" are even more pronounced when they are outside of the city. Their abrasive accents, high volume, and boisterous tones make them easy to identify at any hotel bar or front desk (God help you if they've got the gate agent on your homebound flight via ORD on the speakerphone). Usually male, the jagoff Chicago business traveler can be heard from three tables away, telling some half-true story about a deal he recently closed. This story always involves regular use of the F-word, challenging the other party's manhood, and concludes with a ridiculously inflated commission. He'll address the bartender as "honey," and if she is attractive enough he may chat her up by disparaging their local beer, and then telling her about the greatest brewery she's never heard of (Goose Island).

If, by chance, you run into a jagoff Chicago business traveler in the hotel bar near an international airport, you are in for a treat. They will undoubtedly be sitting within earshot of international travelers, and they are not afraid to chime in. If you're really lucky, you may hear a drunk Chicagoan interrupt an English Premier League football discussion by saying, "Whatever...the Chicago Bears would beat the shit out of Manchester United!"

That jagoff has no idea about the difference between Bears Tailgaters and Man United travelling supporters. With luck, he will soon learn a hard lesson.

70

## The Suburban White Kid on the Green Line

JARRETT NEAL

I live in Naperville and you should know it. You should know it because I drove my dad's Lexus SUV to a friend's house in Oak Park—the real part of Oak Park, between Ridgeland and Harlem Avenue—and boarded the Green Line at the Oak Park station. Yeah, I'm white but, like, whatever. I might go to Lolla and roll in mud. I might kick it up to Wrigleyville, fake ID my way into a bar, puke my guts on the Red Line coming back. I might transfer to the Brown Line and mack on pouty Trixies desperate to get over the dude who dumped them. It's all good. So when the Green Line arrives at the Oak Park stop I hop on with my peeps: we look like an American Apparel ad or some shit. But usually I'm in Sperry canvas shoes, a Run DMC T-shirt, and cargo shorts. Like, it doesn't matter. The only people who care about white kids on the L are the black guys who beg us for money or want a swig of beer. Yeah, we're brown bagging it cuz, shit, it's not like anybody's gonna say shit to a bunch of rich white kids from the burbs tippin' it on the Green Line. And by tippin' it I mean swigging on PBR or MGD like newborns grasping for Ma's nipple. Black kids drinking on the L, that's another story. Stop hatin'.



71

## The ChicagoLAND Jagoff

JULIE WELSH

We've all been there. Maybe you're on a plane returning to Chicago. Or maybe you're in a pub in Dublin. You spot a guy in a Toews shirt or overhear someone complaining bitterly about the goddamn potholes on Ashland. In a burst of civic pride or boredom, you wade in and ask, "So, you from Chicago?" The guy (it's almost always a guy) immediately answers in the affirmative and you begin to banter: how badly the Bears suck, whether D. Rose is ever gonna be 100% and you segue into local schools or the next mayoral election and the dude slams the brakes on the conversation by stating, "Oh, I'm not from the city, I'm from Schaumburg," or Glen Ellyn or Wheeling or whatever jagoff suburb he's from.

No, intrepid Inverness/Winnetka/Tinley Park resident, you do not get to say you're from Chicago and if you do you're a jagoff. Unless you have to navigate the byzantine CPS selective enrollment system; deal with the entire North Side of the city becoming a parking lot when the Cubs play; have to pay the goddamn meter on a Sunday; wait for the #49 bus in -12 degrees; keep a running tally of the likelihood of your alderman being indicted and/or a machine tool, while still keeping on his good side because you want the goddamn sinkhole in front of your house fixed; and are still reveling that recycling finally expanded to the whole city in goddamn 2011, you're not from goddamn Chicago. So stop sayin' you are, ya jagoff.

72

## Michigan Avenue is my honorary Chicago Jagoff...

RACHEL

There is nothing magnificent about the Magnificent Mile. Beautiful and striking are not the words I would choose to describe the outdoor mall otherwise known as North Michigan Avenue, where tourists slowly move in packs taking smart phone pics of some of the city's worst architecture, mostly nondescript high-rises and facaded Art Decos, and carrying American Girl and Garrett Popcorn shopping bags. Every city has its touristy areas, but this congested, homogenized street conveys nothing of Chicago's rich culture. It is deplorable to think the majority of tourists, who usually come from car-dependent Nowheresville U.S.A., only see this fabricated version of a "real" city, rarely going beyond the environs of Streeterville. Instead of experiencing the city's many culinary offerings, tourists swarm chain eateries like the Cheesecake Factory. Believe it or not, Michigan Avenue used to be charming in character—the Diana Court restaurant is just one of the forgotten gems. But like most American cities, the unique shops and restaurants that once lined glamorous Michigan Avenue were replaced by high-priced national stores and massive high-rises by greedy real estate developers, who destroyed Chicago's pride and created a poor imitation.



73

## The state's number one tourist attraction is My Chicago Jagoff

RACHEL

London has Covent Garden. Boston has Faneuil Hall. New York City has Times Square. Every city has its own tourist trap, but Chicago's Navy Pier is certainly the worst because once you're there, the only form of escape is to either squirm through the slow-moving crowds back whence you came or to jump in the water. Bereft of anything remotely resembling culture—with the exception-proves-the-rule of Chicago Shakespeare Theater—Navy Pier is a nightmare with absolutely nothing to do except shop and eat at the very few places open. It's basically a half-empty mall with a Ferris Wheel. The only redeeming qualities are the lake setting and skyline views, but those pluses quickly turn into minuses during the humid summer months when suburbanites are on their once-a-year excursion to the city. Sweaty and overweight families, usually wearing ill-fitting clothes covered in logos, and masses of teenagers cluster around the third-rate mall kiosks full of useless tchotchkes, the food court and chain restaurants like Bubba Gump Shrimp Co., and the ubiquitous boat companies that line the south side of the pier. Unless you plan to do every Chicagoan a favor by burning it down, avoid Navy Pier at all costs!

74

## A Child's Tale

JOE BRYL

One upon time in the Land of Jagoff lived a sweet little girl named Eloise. Eloise who was not yet five years old, an age that suited her just fine thank you, lived with her mother and father in a towering castle of glass and metal. A winding, shimmering, silvered river wrapped its banks along the castle's main portico and sweet little Eloise sometimes thought that she could see her reflection mirrored on the water's silent waves which never once moved due to either a witch's spell or its natural indolent disposition.

One day, while having a tea party with her stuffed animals who always complained to her that the tea was too hot and the biscuits too hard (an all too common criticism in the Land of Jagoff) sweet little Eloise overheard her parents bickering between themselves, calling each other the most scandalous names not yet fit for the still wholesome and pure ears of their precious Eloise. Unable to find refuge from the verbal skirmish that became more heated with each new accusation, beloved Eloise thought to herself "How can they both be so unhappy? Don't they have a charming and kind little girl like myself who they can hug warmly and shower with soft kisses all day long and who always finishes her tea and biscuits no matter how hot or hard they are and always sings pretty songs and dances like a Russian ballerina?"

But then, quite unexpectedly for such a young and innocent child, normally guileless Eloise who always made sure that she said thank you and please came to the alarming realization, an awareness that is rarely awakened even in the most saintly mystic or contemplative philosopher, that her parents were Jagoffs.

Her previous uncorrupted consciousness momentarily shattered, sweet little Eloise unmindfully pushed aside her stuffed animals with a never before seen mixture of anger and regret. They bounced and careened in a pell-mell fashion across her tiny tearoom floor which caused her favorite, the pure white pony with a long luxurious mane of bright pink hair to lose one of its back legs. With a gentle hand like she once saw her elderly Auntie hold a delicate crystal Christmas globe, sweet little Eloise caressed the now limbless pony, gently petting its soft white fur while shedding oh so many tears.

It was at this moment of sadness and contrition that sweet little Eloise came upon the profound awareness that she, like her parents, was also a Jagoff. Sweet little Eloise then placed the remnants of her favorite white pony into the empty wastebasket and took no further delight in afternoon teas.

75

## Parting Jags

That jagoff who stands on the left side of any CTA escalator and stops while the entire right row is congested and there is a line of people trying to walk behind him. That guy/gal!—Rebecca Shorsch

Looking around when taking a wizz in Wrigley's troughs. Stare straight ahead, pal.—Carter O'Brien

Bridgeport drivers who double park to talk or pick up their family and buddies and block the street while there is a parking spot open within reasonable distance.—Lou Sandoval

The runner that jogs in the bike lane on the street instead of the sidewalk that bikers are forbidden to ride on is a jagoff!—Sarah Tuohy

The jagoff who asks the bartender's name, because then he or she can shout the bartender's name when it's busy, instead of patiently waiting their goddamned turn. My parents named me "Bartender."—Bartender, my name is none of your business, jagoff.

The jagoff who remains standing after the hitter steps into the batter's box. The jagoff who jumps up at every routine downfield pass, fast-break, or 4-on-2 breakaway. Down in front, jagoff—Season Ticket Holder, I paid for seats, not stands, so sit the fuck down.

## A Note on Our Contributors

Many people sent contributions in that could not be included, due to redundancy (everyone wanted to write about dibs), non-Chicago-ness, space constraints, or, frankly, kind of sucking as writers. Many of our contributors don't seem to be very detail-oriented, and did not include biographies. Their loss! Some used noms de plume, of course. Any writer with no bio listed didn't submit a bio.

All contributors retain their copyrights. We thank them sincerely!

[Randy Bushwa](#) is a longtime resident of the South Side, on sabbatical out west.

[Chris Brotherton](#)

[Jerry Boyle](#)

[Joe Bryl](#)

[Andrés Carrasquillo](#) lives, works, volunteers—and rides his bike responsibly—throughout Chicagoland.

[Paul Dailing](#) writes the 1001 Chicago Afternoons blog.

[Amy Beth Danzer](#) writes fiction and creative nonfiction, teaches literature and writing at Chicago-area colleges and universities, manages several masters programs at Northwestern University, and is the assistant literary editor for Newcity.

[Charlie Davis](#)

[John Dudas](#)

[Paul Durica](#) is the founder of Pocket Guide to Hell, a free series of interactive walks, talks, and reenactments dealing with Chicago's past.

[Marc Fischer](#)

[V. Francone](#)

[Amy Friedman](#) teaches English at Harper College and earned her MA in Comparative Literature from Northwestern University. She is a regular contributor to Newcity, and her poetry and creative nonfiction has appeared in Fractal, Extract(s), Crack the Spine, Black Fox Literary, and Decades Review.

[Pawel Grajnert](#)

[Honna Eichler George](#) has lived in Chicago since 2003. In 2014, she accomplished a lifelong goal when one of her pictures was published on Tom Skilling's weather blog.

[Peter Hand](#) used to brew beer in this town (for the craft beer jagoff)

[Ed Herrmann](#) is a musician and composer who occasionally steps off the Brown Line at Armitage to marvel at his old neighborhood.

[Hugh Iglarsh](#)

[Nick Jaeger](#)

[Yana Kunichoff](#) is a Pilsen-based journalist covering inequality. She's covered stories ranging from the Arab Spring protests in Bahrain to the human casualties of rapidly disappearing SROs in Chicago. Her

work has most recently appeared in Al Jazeera America and Fusion.net. You can find her most days with an ear to the ground.

[Matt Lauritzen](#)

[Carol LaChapelle](#) is a writer, teacher, blogger, and the author of Finding Your Voice, Telling Your Stories (Marion Street Press, 2008). Her essays have appeared in the New York Times, America magazine, and in The Writing Group Book.

[Ian Morris](#) is the author of the novel When Bad Things Happen to Rich People (Switchgrass Books, 2014), is coeditor (with Joanne Diaz) of The Little Magazine in Contemporary America (University of Chicago Press, 2015), is founding editor of Fifth Star Press, and is managing editor of Punctuate, Columbia College.

[Jarrett Neal](#) writes, reads, tutors, teaches, and studies all over Chicagoland. His first book, What Color Is Your Hoodie?: Essays on Black Gay Identity will be available summer 2015.

[Max Norton](#)

[Robert O'Connor](#)

[LuAnn Paladino](#)

[Joseph S. Pete](#)

[Christopher Peterson](#)

[Rachel](#)

[Greg Salustro](#)

[Dmitry Samarov](#) paints and writes in Chicago, Illinois. He has exhibited his work in all manner of bars, coffee shops, libraries, and even the odd gallery (when he's really hard up). He is the author of the illustrated work memoirs Hack: Stories from a Chicago Cab (University of Chicago Press, 2011) and Where To? A Hack Memoir (Curbside Splendor, 2014). He no longer drives a cab.

[Bill Savage](#) teaches Chicago literature, history, and culture at Northwestern University and the Newberry Library. He also tends bar, has various season tickets, and writes for various local publications. He has been called a "jagoff" for at least 45 years, and it doesn't much bother him.

[Tom Schneider](#) was a Cook County Juvenile Probation Officer for forty years and is now retired.

[Christopher Sholes](#) wasn't born in Chicago but he's called it home for 15 years. He lives on Logan Boulevard. And likes it. Mostly.

[John Shuster](#)

[August Spies](#) is a German-born trade unionist and former editor of Chicagoer Arbeiter-Zeitung. He currently resides in Lincoln Square with his dachshunds, Emma and Alexander.

[W.R. Logan Sq.](#)

[Jamie Trecker](#)

[Vincent Truman](#)

[Katharine Uhrich](#) has mastered the art of falling asleep on her thirty-minute #66 commute despite the aforementioned grievances. Her position of choice is: feet flat, legs parallel, head slightly tipped, mouth agape. She has only missed her stop once.

[Shanna van Volt](#)

[Sam Weiner](#) is a former staff writer for the Onion News Network, a contributor to NPR's Marketplace, and co-author of the book How to Win at Everything.

[Julie Welsh](#) is a twenty-two-year resident of Chicago and owns a bungalow. She is the type of Chicago jagoff who never makes it to the Siskel and brags about owning a bungalow.

[Mary Zerkel](#)



2620 N. MILWAUKEE AVE. CHICAGO, IL,

CONTACT@UNCHARTEDBOOKS.COM

A used bookstore, event space, and writer's haven in Chicago's Logan Square.

Open Monday-Friday 1-9 and Saturday- Sunday 10-10

Buying books Thursday and Friday 2-6.



Barks N'Bites Pet Boutique  
702 West 35th Street, Chicago, IL 60616  
(312) 265-1205  
facebook.com/BarkNBitesPetBoutique

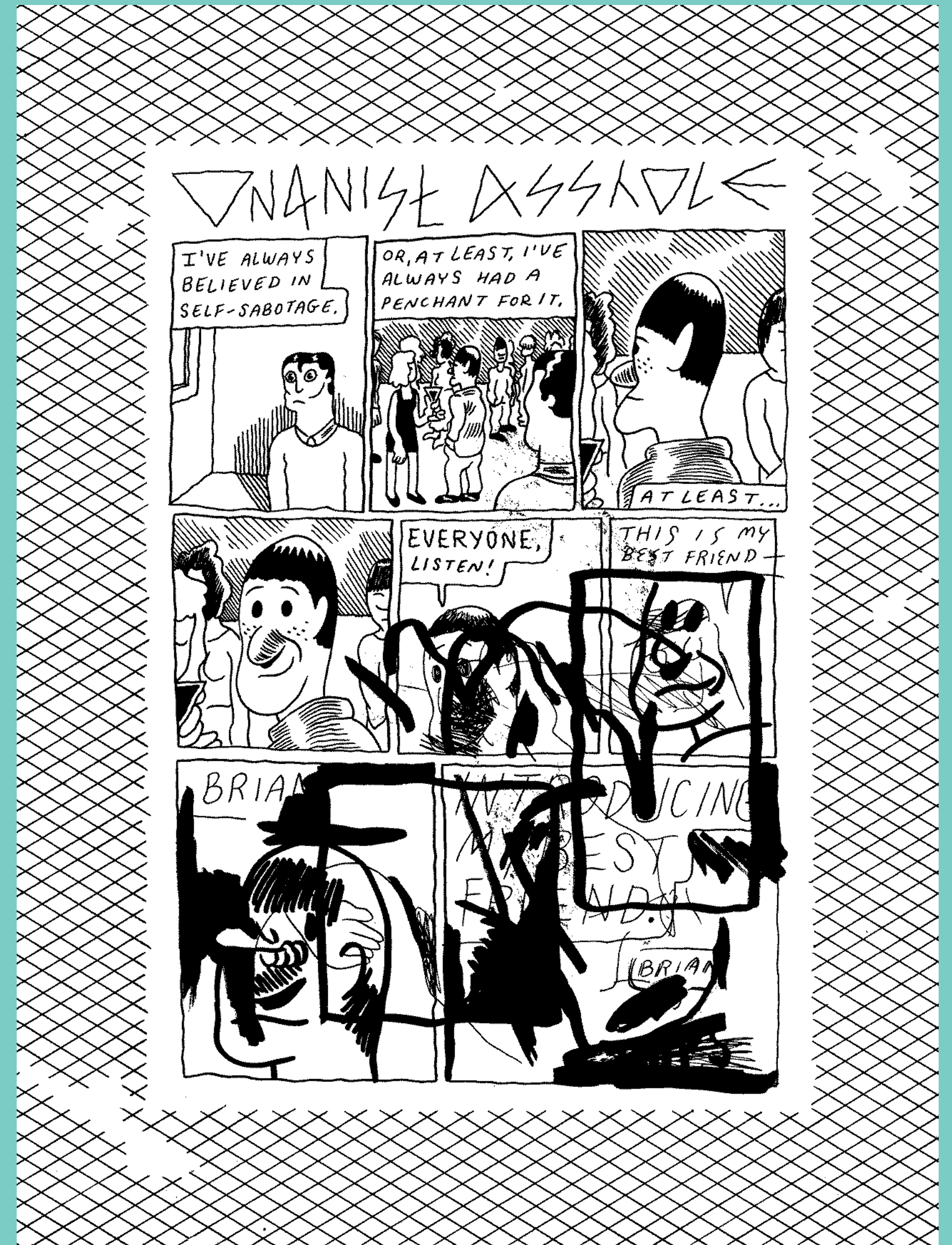


Try our HAWKS SPECIAL!

37 Years in Bridgeport

RESTAURANT

3445 s Halsted • 773 247 4770



BY ANDY BURKHOLDER



**New & Used Stock  
updated EVERYDAY**



**RECKLESS RECORDS**

**CHICAGO**

LAKEVIEW • WICKER PARK • THE LOOP

*\*New Wicker Park Store opens Spring 2015 !!!\**

**RECKLESS.COM**



**Andorka's  
Sandwich Shop**

.....  
: FRESH LOCAL HOMEMADE SANDWICHES :  
.....

2110 S Halsted St    [www.andorkas.com](http://www.andorkas.com)

the bubbly creek

berliner weiss



**Zaytune**



*Mediterranean Grill*

**A Fresh & Healthy Way To Eat!**

*• We use the freshest produce, herbs, and meats prepared daily.*

*Catering and Carryout*

*[www.zatyunegrill.com](http://www.zatyunegrill.com)*

**Chicago Reader's Best Middle Eastern Restaurant**

**FREE FRESH CUT  
HERB FRIES**

*with purchase of \$5.95 or more*

*With coupon. Not valid with any other offers!*

**3129 S Morgan St. 773.254.6300 & 3500 S. Western Ave 773.523.3500**

**Bridgeport Transmissions**

930 WEST 31ST STREET 312.842.1887 • [bridgeporttrans.com](http://bridgeporttrans.com)



**Bring in this ad for \$50 off all  
major repairs**

Owned and operated by Richard Grund  
We are transmission specialists and we do other work.  
25 years in the same location.  
75 years of combined experience in the shop.

845 w  
Washington  
3rd Floor  
Chicago > IL  
60607

a

- Gallery
- Services

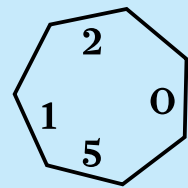
- Thomas Killian Roach
- Marco Braunschweiler
- Christalena Hughmanick  
and Sterling Lawrence

- Greg Stimac
- Sara Magenheimer
- Marcus Geiger  
and Margaret Welsh

- Erin Jane Nelson
- Derek Franklin
- Phillip Maisel
- Greenberger Rafferty  
w Norman Wilson

website:  
documentspace.com

262.719.3500  
Documentspace.org

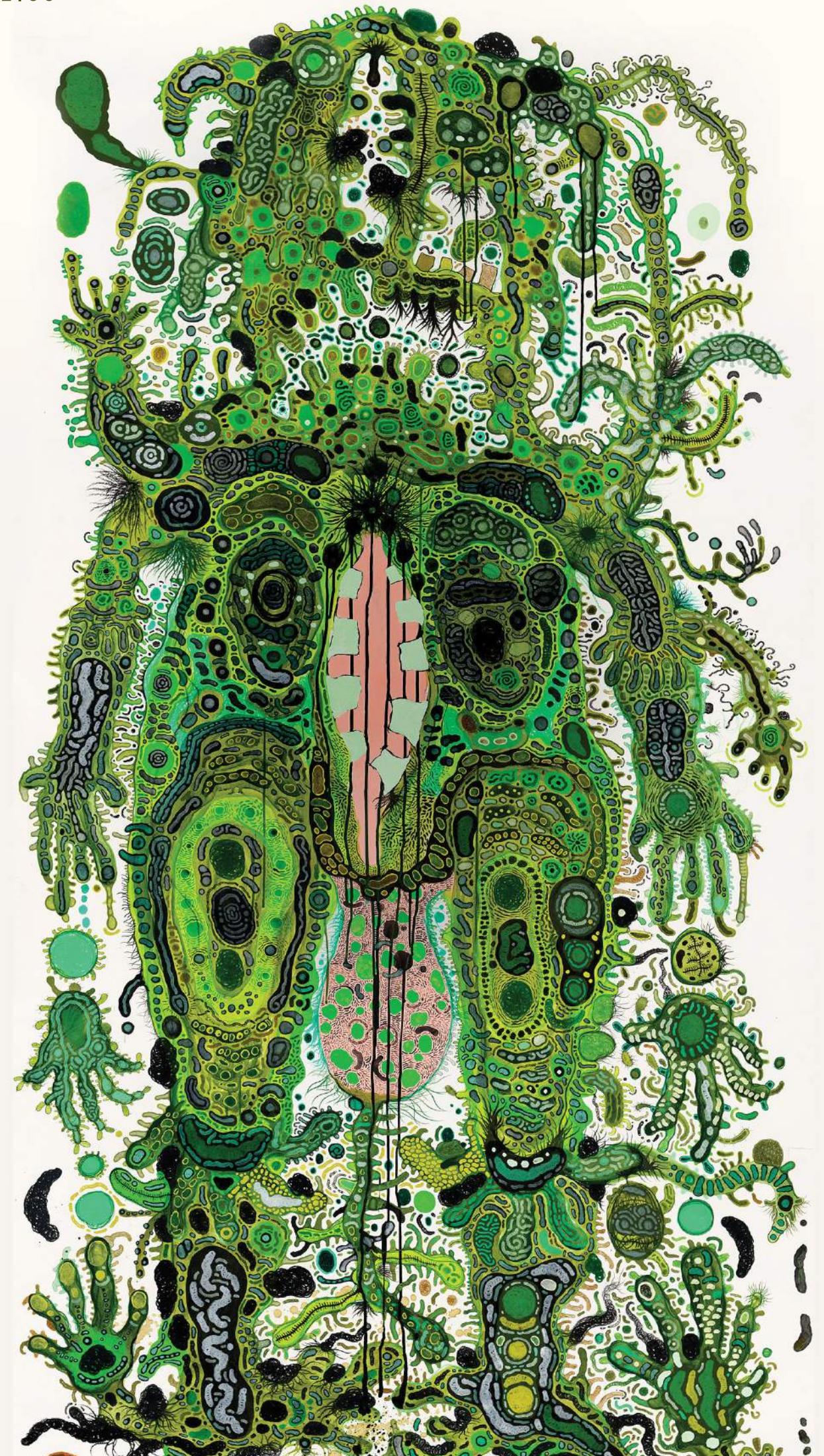


DOCUMENT

## the bubby creek

BERLINER WEISS

ABV. 3.0%



A SOUTH SIDE SOUR  
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY MARZ COMMUNITY BREWING CO. / MARZBREWING.COM

**LHOTAK'S SERVICE**  
**ACCOUNTING AND TAX PLANNING**  
 937 W 31st St. 773-847-1755  
**INCOME TAX**  
**E-FILING AVAILABLE**  
 In Neighborhood Over 45 Years  
**IRA'S AVAILABLE**



*Co-Prosperity*  
**SPHERE**

duchess de bridgeport

sour red ale



**Bridgeport Yoga**  
 Conscious Vinyasa Flow  
 Mondays 7-8:15pm  
 3149 S. Morgan St. #1

YOGAGLOW Studios  
 deirdreguthrie@att.net  
 269-362-5773  
 yogathreeroaks.com

\$10 for seniors/students  
 \$15 for drop-in  
 \$65 for 5 class pass



nana | 3267 South Halsted  
 312.929.2486 | www.nanaorganic.com

Local, organic comfort food with a Latin twist

Half-priced Wine Bottles on Wednesdays & Cocktail Specials on Thursdays

Private Parties & Catering



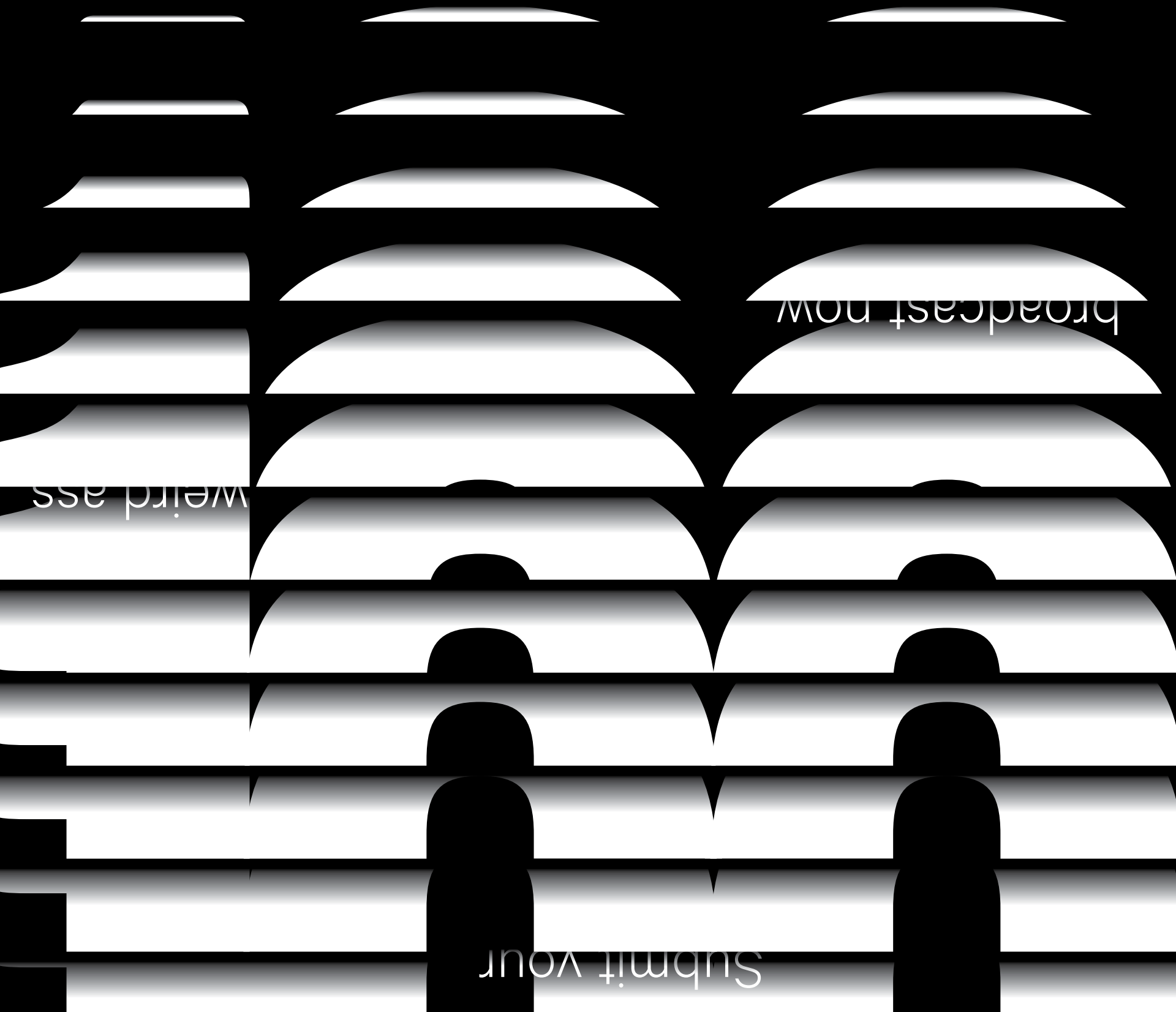
#nanaorganic



BREWED AND BOTTLED BY MARZ COMMUNITY BREWING CO. / MARZBREWING.COM

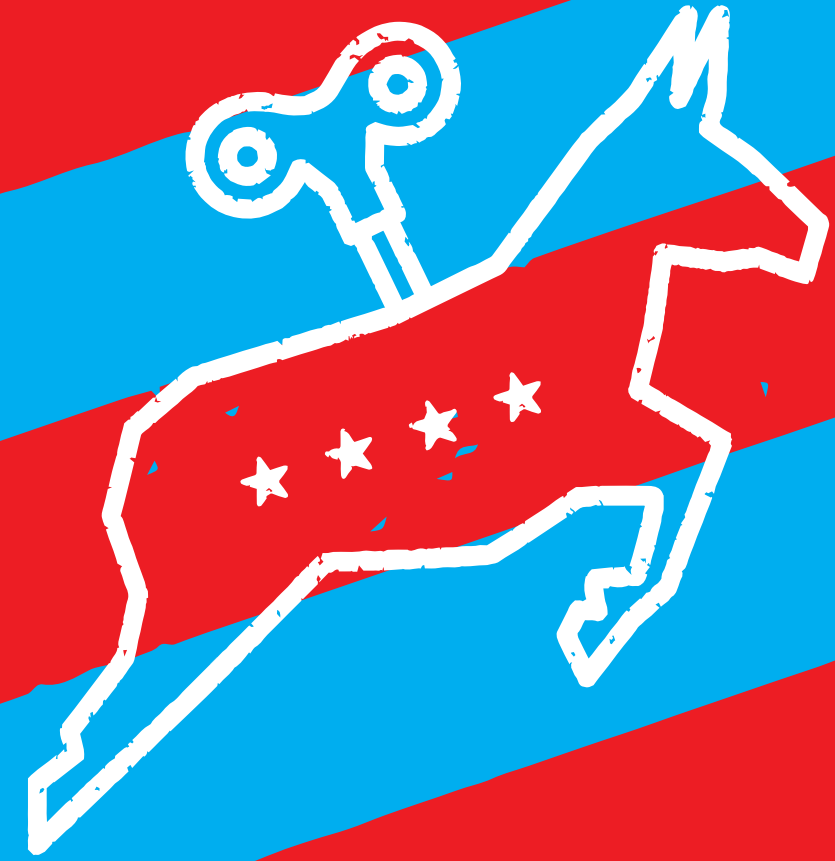
Version15  
versionfest.org

100 Watts



the machine

AMERICAN PALE ALE  
ABV. 5.3%



DON'T MAKE NO WAVES. DON'T BACK NO LOSERS.  
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY MARZ COMMUNITY BREWING CO. / MARZBREWING.COM

*Greetings from Maria's in...*

# BRIDGEPORT

*THE COMMUNITY OF THE FUTURE*



*Maria's*



*The Community of the Future* is a not so tongue-in-cheek reference to the burgeoning cultural scene in Bridgeport. Stop by Maria's Packaged Goods & Community Bar at 960 W 31st Street to get your bearings. While there enjoy one of the largest selections of craft and imported beers and ales in the city of Chicago.

*Maria's Packaged Goods & Community Bar, 960 West 31st Street, Chicago IL 60608*

PHONE: 773.890.0588 WEB: [community-bar.com](http://community-bar.com)

BAR: 3PM – 2AM SUN - THURS / 1PM – 2AM FRI & SUN / 1PM – 3AM SAT