



JACK ROBINSON/GETTY 1968. NANCY STONE/CHICAGO TRIBUNE 1994

## The musical blueprint for #MeToo

Albums from Joni Mitchell and Liz Phair both contain the stories of women wrestling out from under lives that men tried to define. **A+E**

## Wimbledon visit a winning trip

Europe issue in Travel

## Financing that home abroad

Real Estate

## HAPPY FATHER'S DAY

**DAVID HAUGH** Thank you, hockey, for making my son stronger and helping me understand him better. **Chicago Sports**

**HEIDI STEVENS** Lucky beyond measure, grateful beyond words for dad. **Life+Style**

**MARY SCHMICH** Feel left out on dad's day? Find a way to make it yours. **Page 3**

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Early Edition

# Chicago Tribune



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SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 2018

BREAKING NEWS AT CHICAGOTRIBUNE.COM

# A blind spot in Ill. concealed carry

Almost nothing is known about dozens of shootings by license holders. Why?

By **KATHERINE ROSENBERG-DOUGLAS AND JENNIFER SMITH RICHARDS**  
Chicago Tribune

It took days to figure out where all the bullets flew when a man licensed to carry a gun exchanged shots with a masked 16-year-old boy and killed him on a busy street in Oak Park last year.

Investigators counted about a dozen shell casings outside a bank on Madison Street, according to police reports. They dug bullets from the man's Buick Regal.

The teen was the only person hit that sunny spring morning as bystanders scattered inside cars and crouched behind a telephone pole. One of the bullets traveled across the street into an office building. It apparently came from one of the shots the man fired over his shoulder as he ran away.

The man, who worked for the Chicago Park District, was released within hours after a prosecutor determined over the phone that he had fired in self-defense. Nothing was said about him randomly shooting behind him, even

though an investigator later questioned the action. And nothing was reported to the Illinois State Police, even though they oversee the training and licensing of concealed carry holders.

The state police know nothing about the nearly 40 shootings by people with concealed carry licenses since Illinois became the last state to allow them four years ago.

A Tribune review found that most of the shootings have been in public places in the Chicago area, and half the cases have involved concealed carry holders firing to defend themselves or someone

Turn to **Concealed carry**, Page 12



CITY OF OAK PARK

Police evidence markers surround the car of a concealed carry license holder who shot and killed a 16-year-old masked gunman May 27, 2017.



ZBIGNIEW BZDAK/CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Diana Rauner, wife of Gov. Bruce Rauner, chairs the nonprofit that supports the Executive Mansion. She provided a tour Thursday.

## 'PEOPLE'S HOUSE' SHINES AGAIN

Renovated for \$15M, once-neglected Executive Mansion reopening to public

paign. We're talking about the Executive Mansion, the "People's House," which will reopen to the public July 14 after a \$15 million renovation

windows that don't leak and an elevator that finally provides full access to the home for people who are disabled. For the first time in years

nificant stories about the state, including its role in the Civil War and the World's Columbian Exposition. And there's no more peeling plaster in the

## CPS to do new checks on thousands of workers

Officials say background vetting will be essential to fall employment

By **JUAN PEREZ JR.**  
Chicago Tribune

Thousands of adults who work in Chicago Public Schools will undergo fresh background checks this summer prior to the coming academic term, the school district announced as part of a large-scale effort to obtain updated information about workers' backgrounds following a Tribune investigation.

That means teachers, coaches, volunteers, vendors and other workers who regularly work inside CPS buildings will have their records re-examined as the district tries to shore up its employment process.

If those school-based workers do not go through a background check by the fall, CPS said, they will not be permitted to enter schools.

CPS announced the latest effort to employees Friday morning.

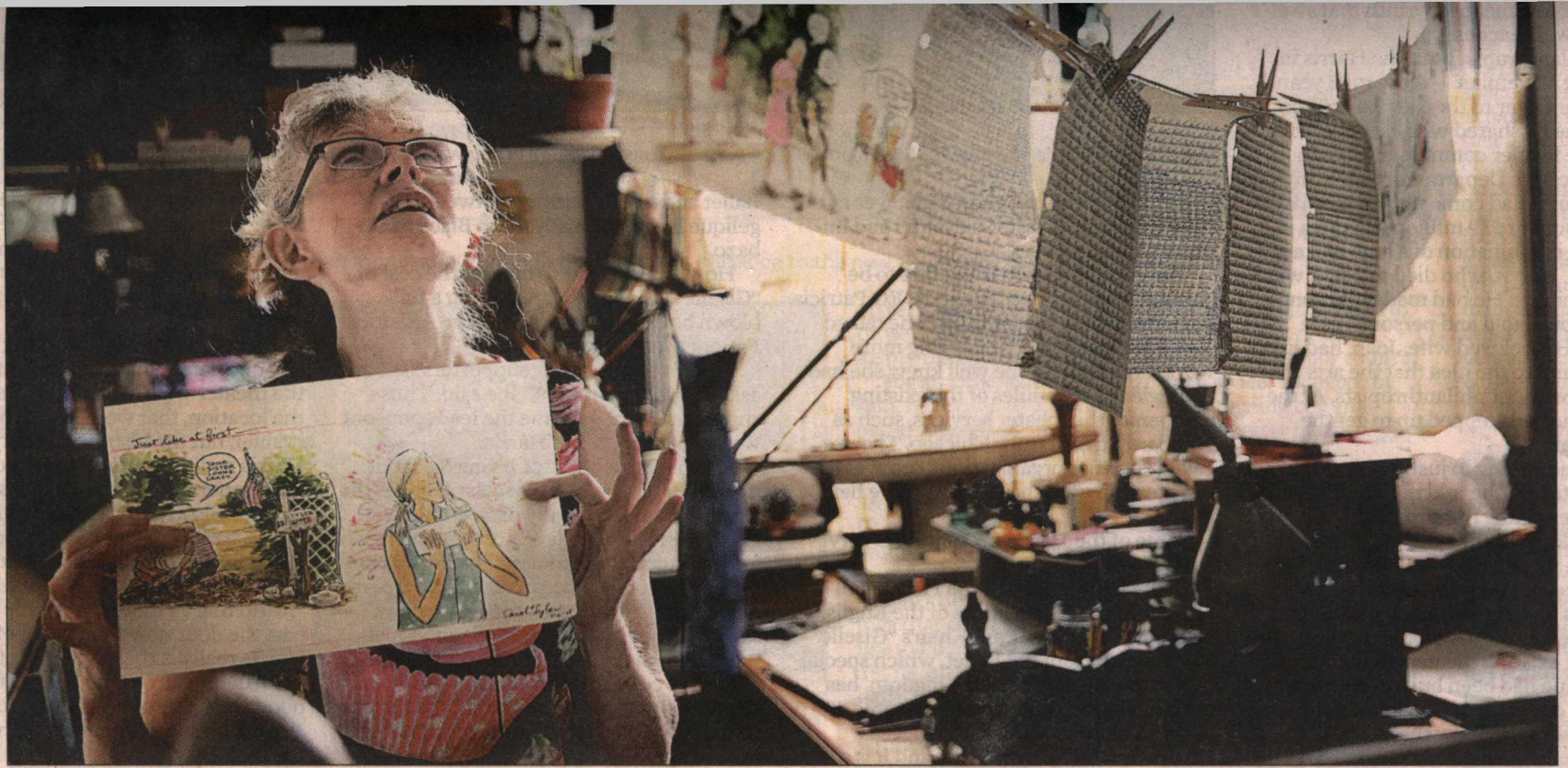
Approximately 45,000 employees will undergo the new checks, CPS spokesman Michael Passman

Turn to **CPS**, Page 16

## Settling for a subpar job can hurt for years

Skills gained in first job lead to the





Carol Tyler, a pioneering female cartoonist, with some of her work last month at her home in Cincinnati.

E. JASON WAMBSGANS/CHICAGO TRIBUNE PHOTOS

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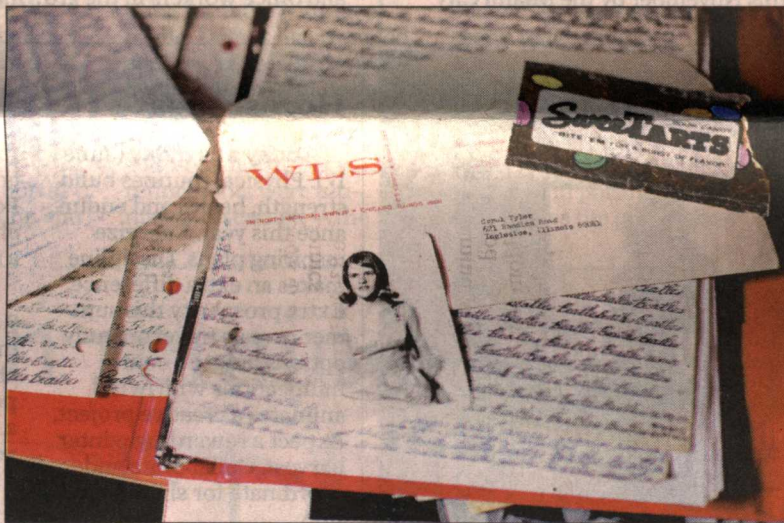
Cartoonist Carol Tyler recounts childhood in Chicago in 'Fab4 Mania'

BY CHRISTOPHER BORRELLI  
Chicago Tribune

CINCINNATI — The day I drove down to see Carol Tyler, I knocked on her door and waited a while on her porch. After 10 minutes I sat on the front steps. A cardinal flitted past and landed in the community garden next door. A basketball hoop lay toppled in the street. The neighborhood, working class, tattered, was still, nestled in a valley that cast long midmorning shadows. Her home, tall, cute and in decline, stood on the crest of a hill, looking every inch of its century. Just past the backyard grew the Cincinnati Zoo. In all, ideal conditions — ennui, randomness, neglect — for a cartoonist.

Just add incident.

A moment later, as if on cue, a blue hearse stopped in front of her house. Its front end was smashed, and a woman dressed in black, wearing a G.G. Allin T-shirt, chunky boots and a trail of lip piercings, got out. She climbed the steps, ignored me and knocked. We waited together, saying nothing, then after 15 minutes, Tyler cracked open the door and surveyed the scene without a comment or much of a surprise. She looked instead delighted and overwhelmed, a combination of expressions that never quite left her face.



Details from the original Beatles diary kept by a 13-year-old Tyler and the basis for her new book, "Fab 4 Mania," which comes out Tuesday.

She greeted the woman — a student of her daughter, a Cincinnati art consultant and teacher — and told me to put my bag down. Then she stepped backward to reveal a stairwell leading upward, into a museum of a home, a Joseph Cornell box of a place, an assortment of seemingly arbitrary this and that, every artifact arranged just so.

A Cubs program from 1969.

A display of tools owned by her father, a Chicago plumber.

A cardboard opossum with a trapdoor in its stomach, made for her daughter many years ago, from which slips of paper magically spill, each containing a fact about the opossum.

A set of wooden strips, delaminated and warped, side by side like waves, on which she had drawn a grim story about her great-grandfather, who Tyler says was a wife-beater.

If you know the work of Carol Tyler, the place felt like an extension, a deeply

tangible manifestation of an artist with a fondness for old things salvaged, and unvarnished history, and setting a mood. Her surroundings are as evocative as the pages of her work. She grew up a stone's throw from Wrigley Field; then later in Fox Lake, on a peninsula. For the past couple of decades she has made her home in Cincinnati. She is, within the world of cartoonists and higher-minded graphic novelists, a great open secret, a pioneering memoirist and staple of underground comix, appreciated by only a handful,

Turn to *Beatlemaniac*, Page 4

## The musical blueprint for #MeToo



GREG KOT

Joni Mitchell, Liz Phair and independence

"Will you take me as I am?" Joni Mitchell sang on her groundbreaking 1971 album, "Blue." There's a vulnerability in that openness, but also a resolve. Mitchell wasn't coming from a place of weakness.

The singer never viewed herself as part of a movement — she was not going to be anyone's figurehead or spokeswoman. But "Blue" still sounds like a map for the road being traveled by countless women in the #MeToo era.

It also was an album of startling intimacy that helped pave the way for three cassette tapes recorded by Liz Phair under the name "Girly Sound" in 1991-92. They became the backbone of Phair's 1993 debut, "Exile in Guyville," a revered if initially divisive album that's getting a renewed round of attention on its 25th anniversary.



REPRISE RECORDS; MATADOR RECORDS

Joni Mitchell's 1971 album and Liz Phair's 1993 record were confrontational and controversial, daring to talk about what many women felt.

Turn to *Kot*, Page 6



# Uncompromising approach

Kot, from Page 1

As good as "Guyville" was, it was the "Girly Sound" tapes — voice and guitar recorded in Phair's bedroom in the Chicago suburbs — that got the buzz going in the then-dominant Wicker Park rock scene. This was the "Guyville" that Phair fell into but never quite infiltrated. She wasn't one of the boys, she didn't sound anything like any of the cool bands, and she didn't play endless gigs on Tuesday nights as part of the pay-your-dues hierarchy. "Girly Sound" critiqued that scene's clichés and "stupid rules," and "Guyville" turned them into unnerving and — for a generation of young women who had never heard anything like it — cathartic rock anthems.

Phair's label, Matador Records, is marking the "Exile in Guyville" anniversary with a box set that includes the original album plus the "Girly Sound" recordings. Phair is devoting her current tour to the "Girly Sound" songs.

Mitchell, 74, is unlikely to ever tour again. She had a brain aneurysm in 2015 and hasn't performed in years, but her music still sounds visionary. She was celebrated in a recent biography, David Yaffe's "Reckless Daughter" (Sarah Crichton/Farrar, Straus and Giroux), and "Blue" ranked at the top of a recent National Public Radio list of the 150 greatest albums ever made by women.

"Exile" was Phair's first album, "Blue" Mitchell's fourth. Both contain the stories of women wrestling out from under lives that men tried to define, and were met with a mixture of acclaim and disdain. Each in its own way was a confrontational album, filled with songs that dared to speak what so many women silently felt.

When Mitchell asked on "Blue" to be accepted for who she was, it made many listeners uncomfortable. "God, Joan, save something of yourself," Kris Kristofferson said.

"He was embarrassed by it," Mitchell recalled in a late '90s interview with the Tribune. "People were generally embarrassed by it because people, especially women, didn't say things like that in pop music."

By the time Mitchell's debut album, "Song to a Seagull," was released 50 years ago in March, she had already been writing and playing original songs destined to become classics ("Both Sides Now," "Chelsea Morning," "The Circle Game"), enough to fill several albums. David Crosby — in his final days with the Byrds and soon to form Crosby Stills & Nash with Stephen Stills and Graham Nash — brought her to the attention of Reprise Records, and then was assigned to produce the label's latest signing. His flat production turned "Song to a Seagull" into a ho-hum debut, but Mitch-



JACK ROBINSON/GETTY 1968

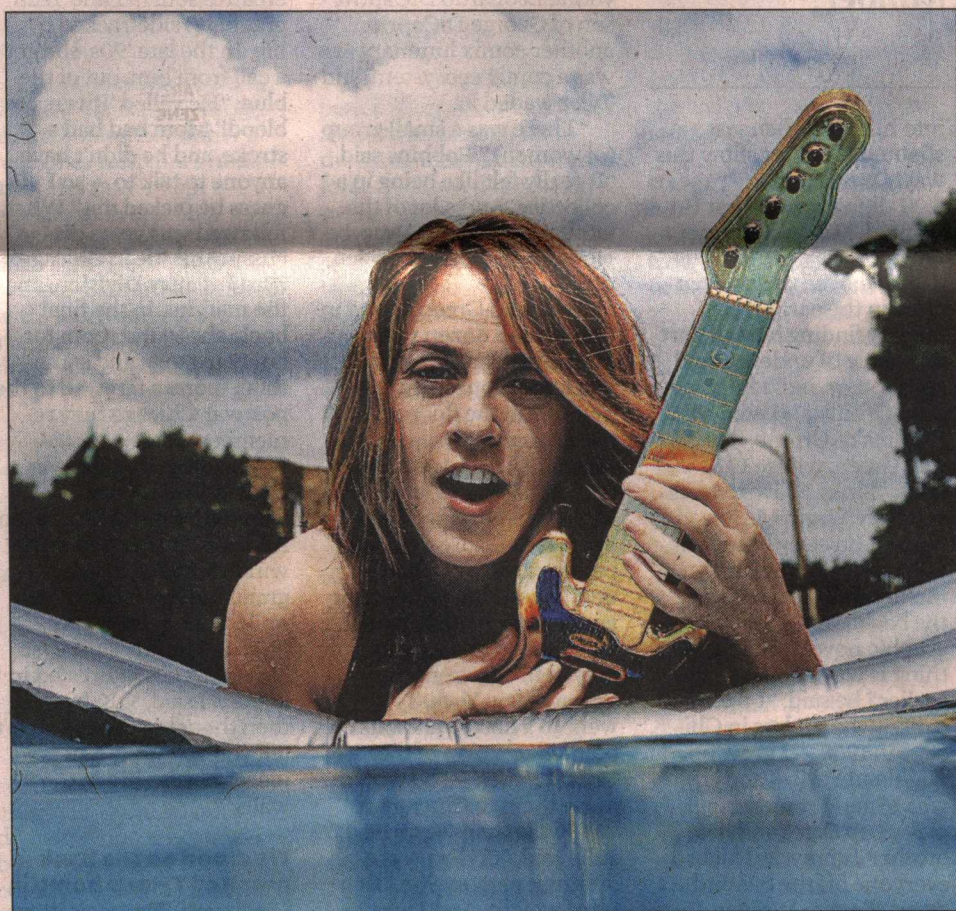
Joni Mitchell released "Blue" in 1971. Some songs drew on the emotional toll of fractured relationships in her life without naming names.

**Many of the characters in "Exile" couldn't be so easily reduced to a cliché.**

ell emerged with a clearer idea of how to get her music across.

She would produce herself from then on, and "Clouds" (1969) and "Ladies of the Canyon" (1970) established the Canadian-born artist as the most accomplished singer-songwriter in a California scene overflowing with talent and ambition. Her home served as a kind of artistic sanctuary for members of the Mamas and Papas, CSN, fellow Canadian Neil Young, James Taylor, Jackson Browne, JD Souther and countless others.

But for Mitchell, this was also a time for reckoning. Through talent and pluck she had risen from nowhere to become a star, which didn't suit her. She ran away — to Crete, where she taught herself to play the Appalachian dulcimer — and then had a nervous breakdown. She was haunted by the memory of



NANCY STONE/CHICAGO TRIBUNE 1994

Liz Phair's debut features a resolute mix of anger, humor and bravado.

the daughter she had when she was 21 and placed for adoption while struggling to make a living in the mid-'60s. And she was going through a series of

troubled romances with famous or soon-to-famous artists: Nash, Taylor, Leonard Cohen.

A number of songs on "Blue" drew on the emotional toll taken by these relationships without naming names. Yet even though the album arrived to a generally favorable, if often stunned, response, it also engendered its share of

about the human condition, not wallow in petty gossip. It was not a traditional singer-songwriter work so much as a soul-jazz album — its cover, tone and introspection evoked Otis Redding's "Otis Blue," Miles Davis' "Kind of Blue," Van Morrison's "Astral Weeks." It spoke through a highly personal language: idiosyncratic guitar tunings, a

have been.

A similar sense of loss pervades Phair's "Girly Sound" and "Exile in Guyville."

"Well I look at the stars, and I know you're under them," she sang on one of the "Girly Sound" songs, "Ant in Alaska." "I look at the cars and I know you insure them." The home-made music came with a rueful, knowing laugh. "Guyville" is more direct, "Girly Sound" introspection filtered through guitar-bass-drums basics, but it still feels unsettled and unsettling, in part because the arrangements were built on Phair's deadpan vocals and self-taught guitar. Her anger, humor and I'll-show-you bravado was that of an outsider, and much of the album has a nothing-to-lose transparency.

It was too much for some listeners. Much of the initial conversation around "Exile" was directed at its more sensationalist elements, the explicitness in songs such as "Flower" or "F--- and Run." Like the "Queen of El-Lay" chatter that swirled around Mitchell, as if to reduce her to a checklist of relationships, Phair's accomplishment was sometimes reduced to a variation of "how can a woman think/say those things on a rock record?" Which was precisely the point.

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CHICAGOLAND



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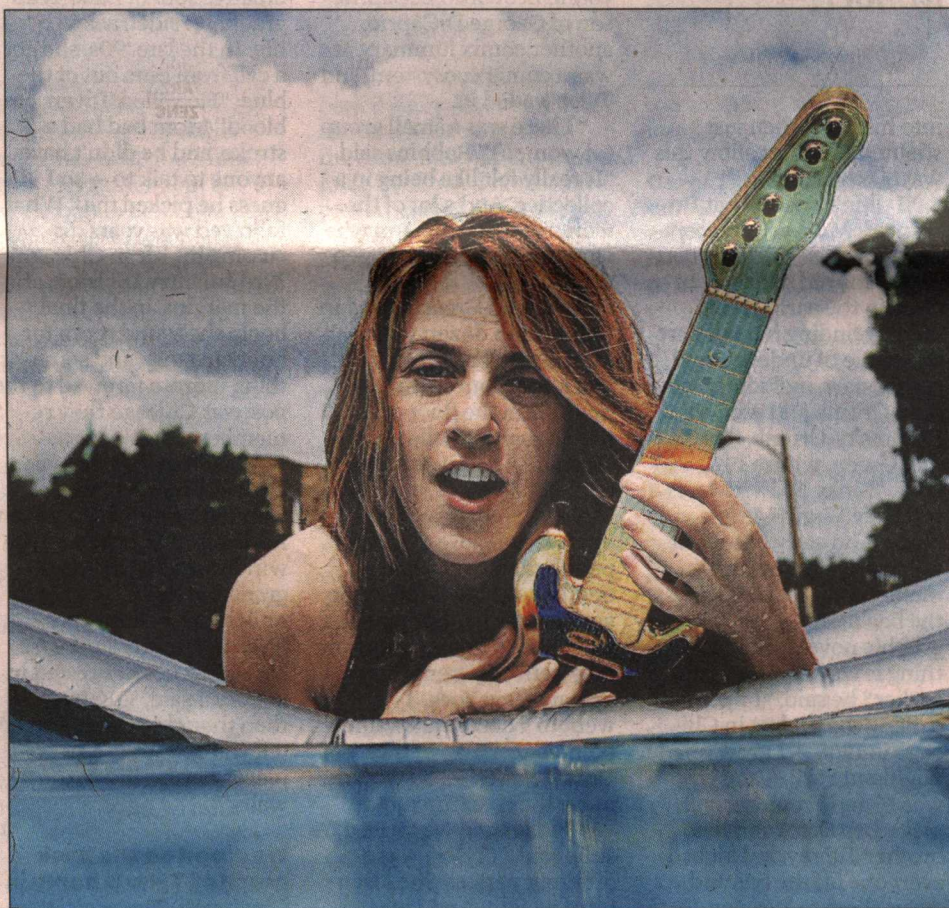
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A number of songs on "Blue" drew on the emotional toll taken by these relationships without naming names. Yet even though the album arrived to a generally favorable, if often stunned, response, it also engendered its share of snark. Rolling Stone, the loudest voice in rock journalism, dubbed her "Queen of El Lay" and diagrammed her affairs, a blatantly sexist put-down to which countless male rock-star lotharios were never subjected.

Mitchell declined interviews with Rolling Stone for years after, but the damage had been done — a landmark album had somehow been discounted, slotted in the bin with other "confessional" singer-songwriter albums. That was rock critic shorthand for "weepy, self-pitying, solipsistic and melodramatic."

But "Blue" was never that. Mitchell's personal experiences were woven through the songs, but the personalities weren't the point — intimacy was. This was, above all, a layered, artistic statement that aspired to say something

about the human condition, not wallow in petty gossip. It was not a traditional singer-songwriter work so much as a soul-jazz album — its cover, tone and introspection evoked Otis Redding's "Otis Blue," Miles Davis' "Kind of Blue," Van Morrison's "Astral Weeks." It spoke through a highly personal language: idiosyncratic guitar tunings, a voice that at times resembled a muted jazz trumpet. It suggested an expressionist painting of emotion and texture on a wide-open canvas that provided room for the music to move. Yet somehow it came packaged as a series of three-minute songs brimming with melodies built to linger, familiar yet mysterious.

It's also an album about longing and shattered illusions.

"The Last Time I Saw Richard" might have come off as irrevocably cynical with a less nuanced singer, but Mitchell's jazzlike phrasing over her counterpoint piano lines gives it all a bittersweet glow. She pulls off a similar feat on the deeply wounded "Little Green," about the daughter she thought she might never see again, the performance betraying not a hint of self-pity, only a yearning for what might

have been.

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Many of the characters in "Exile" couldn't be so easily reduced to a cliché once the album's 18 songs were taken in full. They convey a complexity that never succumbs to the stereotypes that had been laid out for any woman who picked up a guitar before her: victim, vixen, the "angry female." Phair wanted it all, and her album is a declaration of that desire. She was not only angry and skeptical, but also tender and darkly humorous.

Much like Joni Mitchell at the height of her powers in 1971, Phair wasn't compromising. Like many women who followed in the wake of "Blue," the singer understood that Mitchell's question — "Will you take me as I am?" — was not just a plea, but a demand.

Greg Kot is a Tribune critic.

gregk@gregkot.com

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