Hologram holidays and . . .

By Rick Kogan

tion has a thing about holograms. It's not the same sort of thing that I have for holograms. So every time that I mention holograms, I get a strange look from this editor. It's the sort of look a father gives a son when the son says, "I want to grow up to be a cowboy"—something between affectionate bemusement and oh-get-serious.

That is perhaps one of the reasons he has allowed me to write about holograms a few times in the past and why he, feeling the Christmas spirit, has again.

That's right. It's time again for Around Town's annual, very personal guide to Christmas shopping. (Our collaborator, Mitch O'Connell, has his own strange ideas for Christmas, as you can see from the drawing accompanying today's column). Though shopping for presents is an activity that we don't start until a few days before Christmas, we know that there are many people who like to shop earlier. For them, we offer:

• The Hologram Museum, 1134 W. Washington Blvd. (226-1007), is one of the most interesting places in Chicago and it has continued to expand its selection of affordable holographic gifts. These range from simple items (spinning toys, earrings, pins and goofy glasses) to things that will make anyone say "Wow" (Beethoven's head, a furry rabbit, a man's mouth containing a smaller man), most all of them in the \$5-\$50 range. Telling you this is one thing. Seeing them is quite another. Since holograms are, in short, three-dimensional creations made with lasers, they have to be seen to be appreciated. And



Illustration by Mitch O'Connell

though we highly recommend a gift-buying jaunt here, there is a more rarified reason for visiting: the recent opening of the museum's newest show, "Equus/Underwater," the eye-popping creation of California-based holographers Nancy Gorglione and Greg Cherry. So even if you aren't in the gift-buying mood, the new show is worth a visit all by itself. It's a breathtaking blast of art's future.

The City of Chicago Store, 174 W. Randolph St. (332-0055) is where, not long ago, a friend and I bought the most unusual thing either of us had ever bought-or even thought of buying. It was a manhole cover (our friend, a female, referred to it as a "person hole" cover). It was a real manhole cover, one that had suffered the wheels of thousands of Chicago cars for an untold number of years, and one that made the recipient blush and stutter and laugh. This store, barely more than a year old, is a glorious repository for things determinedly Chicago. There are such relatively prosaic items as cards, calendars and posters. But on the unusual end, one can find banners (the sort that adorn Chicago streets), parking meters, old wooden ballots boxes, fire alarm boxes, street signs, stoplights and other surprises. These are all the genuine articles, things that made the "city that works" work, and now make-the manhole covers cost \$100 and are very, very heavyunique gifts.