

Extra! Extra! Read all about Katharine Graham, in Carol Felsenthal's new book

BOOKS

Post script

I'm one of the few people in Chicago who get the *Washington Post*," says Carol Felsenthal. "It's required reading." So, too, for many bigwigs in the nation's capital will be her book *Power, Privilege, and the Post: The Katharine Graham Story* (Putnam). The book is the biography of the woman who took over the *Washington Post* in 1963 following her husband's death and has guided it through its emergence as one of the country's great newspapers.

Graham, who is writing her memoirs, didn't cooperate with Felsenthal, and if she reads the book, she's unlikely to be entirely happy: Felsenthal's account is tough. She tells of husband Phil Graham's reckless marital infidelity, mental illness, and, ultimately, suicide in the bathroom of their country estate; she portrays Graham's management style as insecure, and sug-

gests that the publisher had a profound sense of worthlessness, even as she remade herself and the *Post* into a success. "Given her enormous achievement, power, wealth, and circle of friends," says Felsenthal, "she still falls apart before giving a speech, gets tongue-tied, and physically shakes."

Though Felsenthal takes Graham, who is now 75, to task for many character flaws, including anti-Semitism, she still finds much to admire. "She could have gone to Europe [after the suicide] and played tennis and done charity work," says Felsenthal, "but instead she decided to turn the *Post* into something that would be worth passing on to her son."

Under her guidance the *Post* broke the Watergate story and, concurrently with *The New York Times*, published the Pentagon Papers. "She gave her editors independence even in the face of threats from Nixon's people," says Felsenthal. "She made the right decisions when they counted."



For Felsenthal, who lives in Old Town with her husband and three children, Graham was the perfect subject. "I'm a writer, and I've always been fascinated by publishing and the media," she says. A 1982 story in this magazine on the Equal Rights Amendment led to a biography of Phyllis Schlafly, the leader of the anti-ERA movement, and then to a biography of Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

Still, says Felsenthal, she can relate a bit to Graham's lack of confidence. "I have this feeling of panic sometimes in the middle of the night. I'm just a kid from an unremarkable family in Rogers Park—who am I to write about somebody like Kay Graham? Even now I still wonder about that."
—DAN SANTOW



Ed Berry (left) and Michael Sanders, looking for a new lost generation

NIGHTLIFE

Mondo bongo

At first glance, Ed Berry and Michael Sanders are an unlikely pair of dharma bums. They don't wear black turtle-necks. They don't have

beatnik approach to life, which they define as experimental, edgy, and with a willingness to test the margins. Maybe that's why they call their new restaurant and bar, at 3407 North Paulina Street, Kerouac Jack's.

"It's not a shrine to Ker-

ouac," says Sanders, 33. "But we're inspired by his attitude."

Neither Berry, 35, nor Sanders has any experience in the restaurant business. They work in the Midwest sales office of *Rolling Stone* magazine, where Berry is an advertising manager and Sanders is an account manager. But it's work that they believe might come in handy in this new endeavor. "It used to be taboo to play progressive music while people are eating," says Berry. "It was too upsetting. Well, I don't believe that." So the bar will play new music. "If you want to know who is the next Nirvana—hey, we'll turn you on to it because we've got a bit of a scoop working at *Rolling Stone*."

Just so no would-be bohemian misses the place, a five-by-seven set of bongo drums shoots out of the façade. Inside, the kitchen will be serving tapas and other "small foods." Berry and Sanders like to imagine the place being a continuous loop of a road trip, so the interior walls are painted a muted green—suitable for a 1950s sedan.

Up front, the Bongo Bar features—what else?—bongos. In fact, Berry says, he just got a call. "The bongos have just arrived," he tells Sanders. Then he corrects himself. "I mean, the bongos have just arrived, daddy-o."

And the beat goes on.

—MARCIA FROELKE COBURN