

#### OF CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Editor:

Recently I finished reading the last issue of the *Scholastic* which dealt with the problem of relationships between faculty and administration and students and administration.

I would like to commend you and your staff on what I consider to be a very honest and courageous presentation of the problem. The overall tone of the magazine was one of constructive criticism based upon a very real loyalty to the University.

I thoroughly enjoyed all the previous issues of the *Scholastic* but found your approach to the problems of our University very encouraging and hopeful after the great amount of sensationalism reflected in our other campus publication.

Thank you again and continue to produce the fine piece of journalism that you do.

> Sincerely, Sr. Paula Kleine-Kracht 237 Lewis Hall

### NUMBERS CONSCIOUSNESS III

Editor:

I noticed in today's edition of *The Observer* that Father Riehle had upheld a ruling forbidding women to live off-campus next year. While I cannot believe that such a discriminatory policy will be allowed to continue, I am obliged from my own anger at this injustice to state my feelings on this issue.

No minority at this University has been treated the way that women have — especially within this past year. Black students, foreign students, athletes and scholarship students have never been so "welcomed" as a significant new presence which would make this a better place to be. If Father Riehle had issued a ruling forbidding any of these minorities to live off-campus (excepting scholarship students), he would be immediately accused of violating the Civil Rights Act. Certainly such a ruling concerning women violates the spirit, if not also the letter, of United States Federal Law. In fact, when I spoke with one of the Deans of Arts and Letters last spring about coming here, he admitted concerning housing all women on campus: "Of course, it's discriminatory."

The Notre Dame administration impresses me as unbelievably blind concerning the place of women on this campus. For me as a senior, the welcoming speeches beginning this year were awkward and ironic -- as I had considered myself a part of this University for all of my four years of classes here. The "welcome" was not so welcome when one considers that many female students gave up — as well as gained something when they chose to come here.

Since Notre Dame does not offer financial aid to first-year transfer students, a regulation requiring all women to live on campus becomes strongly discriminatory. As one who lost a scholarship when I came here and is working now to pay my way through this year, the financial facts of attending school are very real to me — and I think to others.

I also think that you could ask any upperclassman at Notre Dame about the "visibility" of women on this campus and be contradicted concerning the supposed purpose of the ruling. This year there are fewer women around campus than there have been during any of my years here — primarily because of limitation on co-exchange classes with Saint Mary's. However, no one can be so narrow-minded as to think that to be a part of Notre Dame, a student must necessarily spend all his or her time here.

Forcing the few women who are here to live on campus is a sickening form of tokenism. For four years I have been one of the few girls in my classes, but hopefully this is not as significant as the fact that I myself was there. Notre Dame cannot believe itself to be educating students when some students are obliged to become symbols and not allowed to develop as themselves. The very slow process of coeducation on this campus is so numbers-conscious and quota-conscious that one questions how conscious it is of the people involved in this place. Although only a small number of women desire to live off-campus, this is no justification to prevent every woman from choosing where she wishes to live. People are what really will make coeducation here.

If some people are not given the responsibilities and privileges which others enjoy, then these people are obviously being treated as secondclass persons. A Catholic university like Notre Dame which stresses "community" so much becomes very hypocritical and very un-Christian.

> —Jan Reimer 240 Badin



# Rome, Dome, and Frisbee

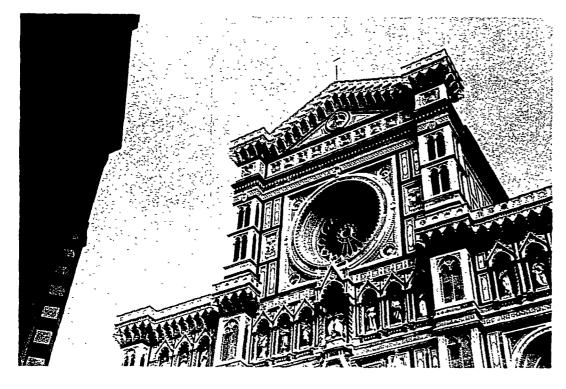
Americans have always had a special relationship with Europe. It was the homeland of the vast majority of our ancestors and millions of us travel there every year. Even for those Americans who have not been there, the idea of Europe maintains a unique significance. It serves as a basis of comparison for many elements in our own culture i.e., French wines, Italian food, English sophistication. Europe has also been a major resource for our literary imagination. Henry James, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain and others have written major works concerning Americans and Europeans. The following juxtaposes extracts from one factual and two fictional accounts of a 19th-century American in Europe with the recollections of a visitor to Europe in 1972. It is by no means meant as a conclusive study but perhaps it will give an initial insight into whether or not our relationship with Europe has undergone some changes in the last one hundred years. My thanks to Professor John McDonald of the English department for his aid and advice during the preparation of the article.

Still gliding onward, Hilda now looked up into the dome, where the sunshine came through the western windows and threw across great shafts of light. They rested upon the mosaic figures of two evangelists above the cornice. These great beams of radiance, traversing what seemed to be empty space, were made visible in misty glory, by the holy cloud of incense . . . which had risen into the middle dome. It was to Hilda as if she beheld the worship of the priest and people ascending heavenward, purified from its alloy of earth, and acquiring celestial substance in the golden atmosphere to which it aspired. She wondered if angels did not sometimes hover within the dome, and show themselves . . . floating amid the sunshine and the glorified vapor, to those who devoutly worshipped on the pavement. From *The Marble Faun* by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1860)

We arrived in Rome on September 15th but it was a good three weeks before I made a concerted effort at sight-seeing. One Saturday morning Rick and I decided to make an allday tour. We started out for St. Peter's figuring we'd stop at some of the more important sights along the way. Our first stop was the Castel St. Angelo and standing on top of the tower, just below Cellini's bronze Michael, we first saw the giant dome of the cathedral. But we'd seen other big domes, like the capitol in Washington, so St. Peter's didn't really impress us. One doesn't appreciate the sheer immensity of the building before entering, and even then it takes several visits to realize the full effect. Amazed by the scale of the space and the brilliance of the gilded bronze and marble, we wandered up the center aisle. To our right was the fifth-century statue of St. Peter. Two old peasant ladies bent over to it, kissed the toe, and set a string of rosary beads on it to gain some sort of indulgence. Their mystical devotion was strange to us but its obvious sincerity precluded any inclination toward ridicule. Nevertheless the contrast between the ostentatious wealth of the church and the poverty of the worshippers was piercing. We began to look around with a more critical eye.

After a few minutes at some of the side altars we looked for the entry to the dome. What we saw there made us laugh incredouslyit seemed the only possible reaction. In front of the entrance was a ticket booth, with a little, uniformed man behind it, like an amusement park. Tickets to the dome were 300 lire (60 cents) if you walked; 400 lire if you preferred the elevator. The sign did not ask for a donation-it demanded a fee. Immediately to the left of the sign was a big photograph of Pope Paul, just like the picture of the President on display at all federal offices around the world.

As we reached the top of the first level we stepped out onto the roof of the nave and stared up at the still staggering height of the main dome. Then as we looked down we saw it a religious articles store. Inside an auxiliary stucco shelter in the middle of the rooftop, tourists from all parts of the world were perusing the wares: post cards, religious calendars, and statues. After our tempers cooled we reentered the staircase to continue to the top of the dome. There is an inner walkway around the base of the dome, and as we approached the entrance there was an inscription on the wall written in plain American graffiti, "Welcome to God's living room." It seemed



fitting sarcasm for a Church and a world that had made such a mockery of the message of Christ.

"My father ain't in Europe; my father's in a better place than Europe." Winterbourne imagined for a moment that this was the manner in which the child had been taught to intimate that Mr. Miller had been removed to the sphere of celestial rewards. But Randolph immediately added, "My father's in Schenectady." From *Daisy Miller* by Henry James (1878)

It was an extraordinarily lovely day for the first week in January when I got off the train in Nice. My four years of high school French turned out to be useful, at least for reading the signs. Eventually I found a room for fourteen francs, a little exorbitant but then this was Nice. She wouldn't arrive until tomorrow night so I had a full day on my hands. What to do with my first day on the French Riviera? The French Riviera!---Bardot, Garibaldi, Picasso. . . . I welcomed these delusions of grandeur as if I alone had ever felt them. Finally I sighed to in mock sophistication, myself "Matisse will do," My mother had told me of the chapel he had designed at Vence, a small town just to the north. My anticipation was blunted temporarily by the bus ride which featured a typically meaningless "Where are you from? Where are you studying?" conversation with two giddy homesick American girls. After waiting until they left

what to expect, but genuinely excited to be where I was and to be there alone. En route I met a fellow sightseer. He was French but in my happy mood he reminded me of Rodney Dangerfield. He didn't look the same but he spoke and gestured with that same sputtering delivery. Surprisingly I caught most of what he said, though my response was slow and unsure. "What is wrong with this crazy president of yours?" he said. "I do not understand what goes on in his head." I recalled reading earlier that morning of President Nixon's renewed bombing of North Vietnam. Sadly I tried to explain that I could not answer the question. I was ashamed to be recognized as an American and I couldn't defend my country-a powerful feeling on foreign soil. So we walked together, talking at each other, condemning Nixon and De Gaulle and proceeding toward the work of art that was our mutual interest. There aren't too many tourists around in January so we entered the chapel alone. No gold, no marble, just a small white room with two blue and green stained-glass windows. Overwhelming simplicity. The individual features, color, line, and texture combined in powerful unity. Staring at the altar, I felt comforted, safe from the war and the problems of the world that had dominated our conversation. Nationalism made no sense here. I looked at the Frenchman-he was looking at some post cards and chatting with the nun who sold them. But for that one brief

the bus stop I headed in the general

direction of the chapel, not knowing

moment I felt very close to him.

Here, as it seemed, had the Golden Age come back again within the precincts of this sunny glade, throwing mankind out of their cold formalities, releasing them from irksome restraint, mingling them together in such childlike gayety that new flowers ... sprang up beneath their footsteps. The sole exception to the geniality of the moment, as we have understood, was seen in a countryman of our own, who sneered at the spectacle, and declined to compromise his dignity by making part of it.

From *The Marble Faun* by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1860)

Spring had arrived and dark, rainy, winter Rome was now preparing itself for its summer metamorphosis. Sunlight rebounded gaily off the travertine stone of monuments and tour busses became more numerous. We all felt that unique exhilaration that comes with spring as we walked up the Corso to the Villa Borghese, a public park which had originally housed the private gardens of the powerful Borghese popes. There were five of us, and we couldn't have looked more typically Americanlong hair, beards, guitars, cut-off ieans and a frisbee.

The park was lush, beautifully landscaped with Berniniesque fountain figures and closely trimmed hedges, but nobody seemed to notice it like we did. Old men with classic Italian features sat on benches, smoking cigars and exchanging small talk, never looking at each other but always seeming preoccupied with what was happening around them. We started throwing the frisbee and instantly captured their attention. They stared in wonder like children seeing their first airplane. We couldn't understand their sudden interest and then we realized that frisbees don't exist in Italy or in any part of Europe. They were amazed. Children began to gather in groups of two or three, chattering Italian faster than any of us could understand. Finally one or two approached shyly, "Where did you buy this?" "May I try it?" Before long the old men and children were joined by another group of

spectators who didn't share their enthusiasm. Strolling couples stopped to permit the meticulously dressed Italian male to demonstrate his machismo to a spellbound girlfriend. Invariably they had no competence with a frisbee. Their mightiest efforts crashed quickly to the ground, delighting their younger and older countrymen. We didn't expect them to be good and we tried to help them, but they made no effort to improve. After one or two futile attempts they walked away scoffing at this crazy American game.

Mrs. Sturgis is beginning to wonder whether Julian will not be "unsettled" by America, but I don't quite see how you can unsettle anything that never had equilibrium.... Of books there are none on this side. As for society it is as dingy and solemn as ever.... Europe has got to do some more heavy revoluting in the next twenty years, and America has a long start.

Henry Adams to Henry Cabot Lodge July 9, 1880

When I woke up that morning I felt good enough to be consciously aware of it. Brian had come home from Greece just in time for finals, my parents had come and gone after a mutually renewing visit, the weather was beautiful. I smiled at myself in the mirror, no loose ends. I decided to skip classes and go to some of the churches we had been assigned to see for art history. On the way out of the pension, I stopped to see my friend at the bar for a pizzetta and continued on my way past the corner "George newsstand. Wallace is Shot." I stared at the headline on The Daily American and for the first time in a long while I was afraid. I didn't enjoy the rest of the day; my thoughts couldn't escape from the idea that I would soon be going back to America. It would mean hustling for grades for the hassle of grad school. It would mean plastic flowers and artificial Christmas trees and what I feared the most was the least specific: turmoil. Murders, rape, Vietnam, hateful rhetoric and rushing, rushing, rushing. I felt guilty thinking this way about my home, but I didn't want to go back.

train through West Philadelphia toward center city was a journey caught at the crossroads between anticipation and sleepy anxiety. Demi, her brother Peter, and I were going into town to watch the fascinating and renowned spectacle which is the Mummers' Parade. There lay the seeds of anticipation. Whereas Peter, however, possessed the wide-eved attentiveness and early-morning exuberance that are normal fare for any twelve-year-old after a decent night's sleep, Demi and I, on the other hand, nursed the swollen head that accompanies too few hours of sleep, after too long and too busy a day. Oddly enough, our somber and quiet demeanors were truly not products of too much drink on a New Year's Eve when a goodly share of America flies off the edge of sobriety and into drunken voids. During the bona fide New Year's Ball we had attended. Demi held only a token glass of wine. One of life's pleasures for me is a not infrequent cup of wine or whatever; yet, we had to attend more than one party that night and, since it is no mean task to drive on that night of maniacal highways, I kept my habit in check.

On the first morning of this year.

the ride on the subway-elevated

So it was, in fact, very understandable that after four hours of sleep, our ride on the *el* at the crack of ten a.m. was not a time of merry ebullience. It was a quiet ride and not so inspirational. To travel on the train before it went underground was to travel in company with West Philadelphia's rooftops of broken

# King Kong is Alive and Well and Living in Philly

glass and deflated rubber balls. During one tired, anemic conversation, Demi made the point that her primary image correlation of the city was to look out from the window of the *el* at the countless rooftops. She had thought so much of the sight that she had even, at one time, painted the scene for an art presentation. I countered by offering the gutter as my image of the city. Gutters say much about the city — any city. It is through the gutters that the city sludge is washed toward the sewer. It is in the gutter that many rest tired feet as they sit upon the curb. On that morning, my head was so drowsy that the gutter related especially well to the limitations of my mental prowess and wit.

With such thoughts, I was not surprised to find myself meditating upon what seemed to be a curious disproportion. As I bounced in my seat, it appeared peculiar that such profound celebrations were reserved for seeing the old year out and welcoming the new one in. Who is to say that the New Year will not be utterly terrible? What if the old year had been good and one would just as soon stay with it? While my cloak of cynicism is seldom worn, 1972 was, after all, one of the better years of my life. I was not sure that I was glad to see it go. During the year, January to the end of December, I had made a fair amount of correct decisions and the good seemed by far to outweigh the bad. The only period of chronic darkness that transformed me into the cvnic was a month before and after the reelection of R. M. Nixon. Even then, the events were so in-

-greg conti



comprehensible that one could not safely brood upon them for very long.

Riding into town on New Year's morning, I was not in very fine humor. My mood was akin to the irascible sentiments that wild bears would harbor as they run amok and trapped through dark sewers. This was the third day that I had considered when the time most proper for celebration might be and was rather uncomfortable with the whole question. The flash of discomfort had first arrived on Saturday night, New Year's Eve Eve. By chance, some friends from Notre Dame arrived for the weekend and it was deemed an excellent opportunity to have a party. One reason we had called the party for Saturday night instead of New Year's Eve was that we did not wish to compete with the oceans of other parties that are traditionally on the boards for the big night. The competition may have proven quite devastating for our party. Any New Year's Eve party worth the name would undoubtedly be far more rich in food and liquor than we could ever hope to provide and possibly even possess a better quality of excitement than ours. The decision was irrevocably made. We would have a New Year's Eve Eve party. Thus committed, time was invested to phone even the most seldom seen acquaintances.

The party turned out to be a grand affair (with Mike Young of Dillon Hall teaching the funky chicken). The atmosphere was loose and there existed little pressure to have a good time. Very probably, the psychology of the guests was that if our party bombed, well — there was always New Year's Eve. Nonetheless, the fine success and relaxed mood of our New Year's Eve Evë party also gave birth to my minor dilemma. The question of the most relevant time to celebrate and the proper emphasis for the New Year's festivities—the gazing backward or the looking forward—offered no easy answer.

By now, the train had long since entered the subway and, looking out the window, I could discern only my own reflection in the glass. Demi sat to my left. Peter was alone in the seat behind us. I abandoned my heavyweight investigations as we prepared to leave the train to then ascend the staircase to the surface of the street. Although Demi and I were tired — Peter alone felt physically well — and we still had long hours ahead to stand on the curb watching the parade, we all sensed an air of anticipation.

The parade of Philadelphia's 15,000 Mummers was truly great fun to watch. Philadelphia has for so long been the prey and butt of a long tradition of bad jokes that it is a rather momentous experience to be able, actually, justifiably and publicly, to cerebrate my affinity for the city. Even with Frank Rizzo for mayor and even with my numerous misgivings about the existence of any great measure of "Brotherly Love," I still liked the place. The New Year's Mummers' Parade is indeed living tradition and the Comic, Fancy and String Band grandeur is a phenomenon specifically of Philadelphia.

The 1973 parade was the seventythird annual affair. There are three separate divisions included in the parade: the Comic, Fancy and String Band divisions. Officially, there are five Comic Clubs. It is not unusual, however, for various, individuated, "anarchistic" clowns to join the parade on their own accord and march for the sport of it.

In the Fancy and String Band divisions, the operations, by nature of their increased complexity of function, are a bit more controlled. For example, the Fancy division winner this year, receiving \$2,775 from the city, was the Charles Klein Club whose captain wore a suit that depicted "Dante's Inferno." The suit itself was sixteen feet high and twenty feet in diameter. To complete the scene, the Captain was accompanied up Broad Street by ten pages dressed as devils and wearing suits of eight-feet-high "Flames." The club also consists of various brigades whose diverse entries ranged from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" to "Cleopatra Enters Rome"; from "Spider-Man" to sundry sharply and beautifully arrayed clowns with triple-tier umbrellas.

Possibly the most exciting, most anticipated and most aesthetically pleasing contingent, also the group which more clearly contains the roots of the Mummers' tradition, is the String Band division. This year, twenty-two String Bands marched. Only one club can win the first prize of \$2,850. In 1973, the winner was the Fralinger String Band which

were "Jazzmen of Mardi Gras" and played Dixieland music. Later on in the day I would wonder aloud if the method of selecting winners was by nature academic as well as problematic. Every club looked good to me. This point contains the seed of what may well be most essential to the Mummer "philosophy." Since winners, in ratio, must indeed be few and also since the winning club's financial stipend is a rather paltry sum when viewed in relation to the huge expenditures of money and physical man-hours of labor, it is of great importance to note that all the Mummers enthusiastically enjoy the parade and many have said that it is truly in their blood. If one considers winning first prize to be an essential aspect, then the character of this "first prize" is indeed not financial. In light of the relatively meager size of the sum, the true prize must be sought in more intangible territories. The honor of winning is the motivating force that compensates for an entire year of preparation for a one-day, one-shot opportunity.

Demi, Peter and I ascended out of the subway darkness and into the bright daylight. (At the time, I had no conscious concern with reflections upon honor, prizes or who the winner could be. Such thoughts arrive unannounced in secret and retrospect.) I was still not concerned with a more in-depth examination of my rather caustic train-ride meanderings. The pressing issue of the moment was to wheedle our way through the crowds and get a good view of the parade which, at that hour, was well under way. But first, we had a few blocks to walk. On the way down Broad Street, I was struck by the immensity of the crowd. Newspapers estimated the spectator population to be approximately 1.25million individuals. We happened upon a great location at Broad and Samson streets and were able to squirm our way to the front.

On the sidewalk behind us, numerous peddlers were scattered selling everything from straw hats to salami sandwiches. After the purchase of a red bullhorn from one of the peddlers, some insensitive child blew a coarse, loud note directly into my ear. If a peddler was indirectly responsible for that brief discomfort, he could also carry the potential to relieve various species of human anguish. Since none of us had eaten that day and since the laws of chance demanded that we all should become hungry at the same time, I looked around and spied a pretzel vender. The price was listed at twenty-five cents a bag. There was great dismay when we found that inflation does not discriminate. "One bag" contained only two rather sickly looking pretzels. Up to this point, I considered the cultural phenomenon of the "Philadelphia Pretzel" to be untouched by corruption. Eating my two-thirds of a pretzel, I recalled the conservative regret that there is little left to be called sacred.

We viewed the parade from an excellent location. It was a pleasing revelation to discover that many of the clubs drilled — i.e., performed the routines which the judges would watch two blocks away at City Hall - in the street directly before us. Perhaps the two most memorable performances were the Original Hobo Band and the Golden Sunrise Fancy Club's depiction of King Kong dashing from behind the famous jungle wall to grab the "girl" from atop the altar of sacrifice. (Note: It has been no small surprise that I have never heard news of any protestations from the local Women's Liberation camp. It seems that ladies are not allowed to be officially Mummers. King Kong's "girl" was in fact a young boy in drag.)

The day was long. We stood for five hours and made one more purchase from the Pretzel Man. Unappeased hunger and the lateness of the hour drove us homeward. On our way back to the subway, Demi made the mistake of buying a damnable, apocalypso bullhorn for Peter which could bellow loudly but not toot softly. Although the monotonic notes which Peter blew on the horn were raucous and ultimately unbearable, my mood and the tone of my thoughts were far less desultory and much more joyous than they had been at the day's beginning.

Let the New Year be celebrated, I thought. For if the old year was not completely devastating for me, still there were enough sour moments to leave a bad taste. Let the new year be celebrated, I thought again, for it is in the future only that hope resides. While I write, people still starve, the parasitic war is couched in ambivalence, and who knows how many snipers are now planning a repeat of the New Orleans shooting of innocents in the street. Yet these problems were also problems of last year. If there is no hope in the metaphor of the New Year, then the correlating metaphor must primarily be a metaphorical step from the old. It no longer seemed important as to what the actual day for a blowout of a celebration should or should not be. At the end of this year, the gang can again choose to have our New Year's Eve party. The rest of America can have raging celebrations on New Year's Eve. Neither way is of any real essence. Finally, if the New Year metaphor of a new birth and, of course, a new child has any efficacy at all, it can only be divined in the wish that the metaphor will cease to be metaphorical. The hope may then become that the first baby step to be taken will be the first step toward the actual reacquisition of a new national mood to replace the tattered rag of a costume that is now worn.

—jack wenke

# A Chicago Loop Architectural Tour

Chicago seems to me, architecturally speaking, America's most interesting city. From the air or the deck of a boat, Manhattan is more dazzling, but up close Chicago building is more original and varied.

For one thing, it all started here, or very nearly so. Modern architecture is a Chicago invention. Most of its founders lived and built there: the straightforward engineer, William Le Baron Jenney; ambitious, elegant Daniel Burnham; cultivated, facile John Root; inventive, brilliant John Holabird; and the great pair of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright trained in Sullivan's office and got his vision largely there. Which of them deserves the title of the greatest artist this country has produced is a nice question. Surely it is one of those two.

That's the early generation. They, and many others too numerous to mention here, during the period from 1875 to 1925 dug Chicago out of the Lake Michigan sand and swamp and swept away the debris of the great fire of 1871. How often a holocaust like the fire turns, or seems to as far as can be judged, into a blessing. Chicago had to rebuild and had learned to build as nearly fireproof as possible. So its architects seized on every new technology that came along-first iron then steel framing, elevators, plate glass, revolving doors, flush toilets, all the rest. Unchallenged by any such catastrophe, other cities went at a slower pace.

But the triumphs were not merely technological. Most of these architects were real artists in handling scale, proportions and textures. Above all, they knew how to decorate their new steel cages. Had Sullivan and Wright done nothing but their decorative designs they would still be known as fine artists. Beginning on February 24 the **Art Institute of Chicago** is presenting a special exhibition of Arts & Crafts in the United States, including some work of Wright and Sullivan, but the decoration in and on their buildings is superior to anything in this show.

When the early generation petered out, the city's architecture got a new impetus when Mies van der Rohe moved in. Already famous, Mies had been working in Berlin, but his way of building found no favor with Hitler's Germany and eventually he was officially proscribed. Coming to Chicago in 1939 he soon became the inspiration of the building of the last thirty years. His Chicago legacy is enormous-fourteen apartment towers all over the city, practically an entire college campus, the great new Federal Center and many other office buildings, and numerous houses, including the famous Farnsworth vacation home in Plano, Illinois, 50 miles southwest of Chicago. Rivalling Mies' influence is that of the firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. Provincial New Yorkers please note that two of Manhattan's most admired newer buildings are by these two Chicago institutions: Mies' Seagram Building and SOM's Lever House, practically across Park Avenue from one another. Other fine Chicago architecture firms include Bernard Goldberg Associates, C. F. Murphy Associates, Perkins & Will and many others.

So, Chicago remains of paramount interest to building watchers. Of course there are fine buildings everywhere in the United States, many of them the work of such great architects as Eero Saarinen, I. M. Pei, Philip Johnson, and others who practiced little in and around Chicago. New York is a fascinating city architecturally, of course. So's Pittsburgh. And so's little Columbus, Indiana, where there is a fine collection of smaller buildings, churches, schools, banks, offices by famous contemporary architects. If you go to Columbus, which is about 40 miles south of Indianapolis, go on another 40 miles southeast to the beautiful old river town of Madison, a town frozen in the great style of the 1830-1850 period of American building.

Perhaps it's worth noting that until recent times the United States hasn't done much in the traditional arts of painting, sculpture and music. We have properly looked to Europe for these. And, naturally, much of our earlier building both good and bad was copied from European models. But with modern architecture it's the other way around. European and other cultures don't seem able to handle steel very well-the new steel cage architecture of London and Paris is mostly tasteless and insipid. If you want to see what's best in modern architecture, you've only to go the short 90 miles to Chicago.

The Loop (downtown) part of the following tour can be easily done in 2 to 3 hours, and even if the northside part is added it will only take a long afternoon. This tour is obviously incomplete and as obviously represents my personal taste.

A convenient place to begin is the **Art Institute of Chicago**, which is the only building on the east side of Michigan Street, in Grant Park, at the foot of Adams Street. Randolph Street, five blocks north, is the terminus for both bus and South Shore. Automobilists take Lake Shore Drive along Lake Michigan to Congress Street, then follow the signs to the underground parking; or stay on Lake Shore Drive and turn left (west) at Monroe Street and park in the slightly less expensive huge lot there.

Don't miss the superb collection of modern French painting, the finest in the world, in this museum. The American wing is also good, but no better than many another. Let's place you as you pause coming out of the Museum. It will then be at your back, and you'll be facing west.

Pause there for a moment and look at the splendid panorama before you, one of the world's finest at this distance. New York's Fifth Avenue in the fifties is more elegant at shopwindow distance, but for the long view it's Chicago-and Rio de Janeiro. To your left is the fine old Railway Exchange Building, a big square faced with delicately designed terra cotta blocks on the corner of Michigan and Jackson, designed by Daniel Burnham. To your right, a block north, are two buildings on either side of Monroe, both designed by Holabird and Roche, the 23 East Monroe Building and the University Club. Purists sneer at them because of the derived decoration, but they seem to me to have some style.

Now, turn right and sweep the horizon toward the east. You'll see at considerable distance four new skyscrapers: the Prudential Building, the still unfinished Standard Oil Building, farthest away Lake Point Towers, with its rounded four ends, like a gigantic and elegant Sorin Hall, and the apartment building at the foot of Randolph Street, much nearer to you. Of these the only one of any distinction is Lake Point Towers, designed by Mies' disciples Schippereet and Heinrich in 1968, and the main reason for this evesweep is that it's so far out of the way you might not otherwise get a glimpse of it.

Turn back now and cross Michigan Street. Hang a right and walk a few doors to the building at **18 South Michigan**, whose facade is the work of Louis Sullivan (1898). Note the delicacy and charm of its ornamentation—compare it with the inept decoration of the Chicago **Athletic Club** next door.

Turn around and head south till you hit one of Sullivan's masterpieces, the **Auditorium Hotel** and

Theater. The Hotel is now Roosevelt College, but the Theater has been tastefully refurbished by Harry Weese. It's worth the price of admission to go there just to see Sullivan's glorious ornamentation, around the stage especially. There is nothing like this in the world so fine-the somewhat similar work of Victor Horta, mostly in Paris and Brussels, is simply not as imaginative. Perhaps the Plateresque decoration of southern Spain and northern Mexico comes closest, but this, executed in plaster and terra cotta, seems heavy by comparison. Across the street from the Auditorium is the Pick-Congress Hotel, designed by Clinton J. Warren, which a few of us persist in thinking one of the finest hotel buildings in the world, inside and out.

Head west on Congress Street to State Street, only two blocks, to the **Sears Roebuck** downtown store, designed by William Le Baron Jenney in 1889. Think of that date as you look at this utilitarian structure, no work of art, but perhaps the very first modern building, with plenty of windows for light and air set into a free-standing steel-and-iron frame. This is a genuinely important landmark.

Keep on State Street another block to Jackson, and turn left on it a block or so to 53 West Jackson, the famous **Monadnock Building**, designed by Burnham & Root in 1889 and added to by Holabird & Roche in 1893. This turns its back on Jenney's brilliant originality; it is a masonry building with immensely thick walls, like the Auditorium. Sullivan did not master the steel structure form for another two years.

Keep going down Jackson Street till you hit LaSalle, then turn right till you come to the **Rookery**, at 209. Designed by Burnham & Root in 1886, and a precursor of the modern skyscraper, this building was remodeled in 1905 by Frank Lloyd Wright. You can see his hand in the beautiful lobby, with its tinted glass and wrought-iron staircases and elevator cage.

Now turn back east, still on Jackson, till you come to Dearborn Street. There before you, still only about half completed, is the vast **Dirksen Federal Center**, basically the work of Mies van der Rohe. C. F. Murphy worked with van der Rohe on this complex, but I prefer his **Continental Center,** a few blocks east on Wabash and Jackson.

That takes you back east almost to Michigan Street, but now go west again, only one block to State Street, then north a couple of blocks to Madison Street. There you will see, in the Carson, Pirie & Scott store, how a great architect, Louis Sullivan, improves the work of an engineer like Jenney. Note the beautiful broad windows, the famous "Chicago" windows, with side panels for air. Note especially the beautiful decoration over the entrance—and once again compare it with the vulgar stuff on the O'Connor & Goldberg store next door on Madison Street, to see the difference.

From Carson's go north on State Street another block to Monroe Street, and there turn left to the **Inland Steel** building one block west. Many think this the masterpiece, along with Lever House in New York, of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. Look in the lobby at Richard Lippold's beautiful wire construct, the most perfect decoration for a big building lobby I know—superior, I think, to the similar one he did for the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Standing in front of the Inland Building, look down left on Dearborn Street to the fine new **First National Bank Building**, the work of Perkins and Will, but walk north (right) on Dearborn, to Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's fine **Brunswick Building**. Stand in front of this for a good look at the new **Civic Center**, obviously inspired by Mies though the work of others, and see if you like the **Picasso sculpture**. Many think it may have been well enough as a smaller piece, but that it is grotesquely blown up here.

That ends the Loop tour. But let's go on. Go back to State Street, about two blocks to your right from the Civic Center, and turn left, i.e., north, till you come to Wacker Drive and the Chicago River. Look across it at Bernard Goldberg's imaginative and beautiful **Marina Towers**, and at Mies' fine **IBM Building** just across the street. But wait till you get to Michigan Street to cross the river, where you can see the **Wrigley Building** (designed by the same firm that did our old Commerce Building, Graham, Anderson, Probst & White) on your left, which looks like a giant wedding cake, and on your right the **Tribune Tower**, designed by Ramond Hood in 1924. Hood had gotten over his fascination with Gothic ornamentation by the time he designed, for the same ownership, the Daily News Building in New York. The prize he won in competition for the Tribune Tower should have gone, many think, to the **Playboy Building** much further north on Michigan Street, the work of Holabird & Root.

But on the way there you pass the charming old **Water Tower**, Chicago's oldest landmark building (1867), and the controversial **John Hancock Bldg.**, another Skidmore, Okings & Merrill design. I am one of those who think it very beautiful. For a buck you can whisk to the top.

Well, that ends our walking tour. You are now in Chicago's fashionable near north side, and you can keep on going to your satisfaction, perhaps as far as the now-fading hippie hangout, Old Town, about a mile north to North Avenue and then west to Wells Street.

But, if your architectural sensibilities are still a-quiver, and there's a tomorrow or another day, you might try some further excursions. Two fine college campuses are quite close to the Loop, Mies' Illinois Institute of Technology, 3300 South State, and Gordon Bunschaft's (for SOM again) Chicago Circle campus, 1800 South Halsted. The University of Chicago is well worth a visit, for the new (SOM **Regenstein** Library yet again), Eero Saarinen's Law Quadrangle, and Bertram Goodhue's older (1929) chapel.

You don't have to drive around to see the 30-odd buildings, mostly houses, that Frank Lloyd Wright built in the near-west suburb of Oak Park during the early 1900's, for they are mostly close together. His home and studio are at 428 Forest Avenue and a list of his other Oak Park buildings may be had from the Chicago Public Library. Bear in mind that most of these are very early designs, not the work of the mature Wright you know. That is best seen in Robie House, 5757 South Woodlawn, near the University of Chicago.

Professor Thomas Stritch Acting Chairman of the American Studies Department

### Chiculture

To acquire insight into the possible existence of a Midwestern regional culture, Notre Dame's American Studies Department is conducting an exploration of the Midwest's largest city entitled: *Chicago*: *Studies in a Regional Culture* — 1871-1920. There are twenty students in this major seminar taught by Mr. Thomas Schlereth. The objectives of the seminar are trifold:

—To acquire insight into the possible existence and relationship of a regional culture (Chicago and the Midwest) and the national culture.

—To apply the methodology of various disciplines (history, architecture, literature) toward understanding the origins, development, and consequences of the cultural movement often called the Chicago Renaissance.

—To gain expertise in the interpretation of diverse source materials and cultural artifacts by studying in depth a segment of the American cultural experience in a specific geographical area and time period.

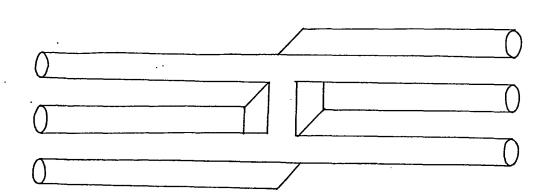
The question may be asked: Are there regional idiosyncrasies attributable to a unique Midwestern culture? This is one of the many questions the seminar will be asked to answer during the semester. Mr. Schlereth believes that in the time span the class is looking at, 1878-1920, a unique culture does exist. Seminar participants are researching its chraracteristics in Chicago's artists, architects, journalists, poets, politicians, and musicians.

One of the highlights of the semester is "An evening with Ben Hecht" featuring Mr. James Sullivan of Chicago's New American Theatre. On February 27 in Notre Dame's Washington Hall, Mr. Sullivan will present his interpretation of the wit and intelligence of Ben Hecht—journalist, raconteur, and general jack-ofall-trades, in a show recreating his exploits as a gutsy newsman who "invented" news when actual events failed to match his imagination. One of the stories ran under a seven-column front page headline and described an earthquake in Chicago. Hecht and his friends dug a fissure on a beach to add to a realistic touch to the story. His imaginative news stories ended when the paper ran a story and picture of a "runaway princess who chose love over the crown" and the princess was recognized by the publisher as one of Chicago's best known prostitutes.

During the semester each student, in collaboration with a colleague, will prepare and be responsible for a class presentation, demonstration, or panel discussion dealing with an aspect of Chicago. Mr. Schlereth has opened the door to the wealth of cultural materials available to seminar participants at the major historical research centers for study of Chicago. Seminar participants will be encouraged to utilize these facilities-Chicago Public Library, The Newberry Library, Chicago Historical Society, University of Chicago, McCormick Historical Association, Burnham Library, Art Institute and others.

-ann arbour

### week in distortion



### LAMPOON HARPOONED

Recently missing from the shelves of the infamous Huddle: The National Lampoon. Perhaps things aren't so bad in Lampoon Central, though. After all, Playboy received that honor several years ago and look how its readership soared.

### ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL . . .

A couple of weeks back, Father Riehle projected that Farley and Breen-Phillips combined would hold 450 women instead of the present 475 men.

By means of our trusty slide rule we calculated that one man is equal to .95 of a woman in the eyes of the Administration.

If you feel like you're only half the man you used to be you're off by 45%.

### PHILOSOPHY

Back in the dorm we formulated a statement that could do for philosophy what Newton's laws did for physics. It takes care of the Problem of God, the Problem of Existence, the Problem of Self and the Problem of the Other, not to mention Problem 3 on the last Chem Quiz. It goes like this:

If it is, so what?

If it isn't, there's nothing you can do about it.

We also humbly submit our proof that beer is better than God. Nothing is better than God, right? Well, beer is better than nothing, so . . . .

### **MISSAPPREHENSIONS**

The Security Department has announced another goodie: Groups of more than three women may request an escort from the Security Department if they put in a request more than fifteen minutes ahead of time. Of course there will be few such requests, since groups of more than three girls do not usually need escorts.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Perhaps the whole Lewis Hall affair could be written off as a missapprehension. That's *pun*ishment.

### SCIENTIFIC METHOD HELPS WITH SCORING

SLC (Scientific Leadership Coalition) leader Michael Carl Goetz is back in the headlines again. The student leader noted that "Notre Dame is a place with two totally different cultures, the A-L culture and the scientific culture; it should provide a social life for both of these groups."

Goetz also had a few more demands he wished to add to the list of grievances he released last semester. Among his new requests were:

• The establishment of an offcampus "science house" where science students could experiment with pair bonding and perhaps strike up some "simple linear relationships."

• A course in contributions of scientists to society as part of the required curriculum. • A better male-female ratio in science programs. "With the academic pressure science majors have to cope with, it's a wonder anyone has managed to stay in the College of Science," Goetz noted.

The SLC leader concluded by saying that, although he is proud of his affiliation with Notre Dame, he does not want the tension of the "Notre Dame Stereotype" hanging over him. "Not everybody at Notre Dame can play football," he added. "Somebody has to keep score."

### SHORT AND PITHY

Our favorite quote of the week, from Cathy Kelly: "No."



# the windy city

This article is aimed at introducing new points of interest in the city. Unlike other urban centers, such as New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco, Chicago is a city that hides her treasures. It seems that, perhaps, they are hidden even to the natives as many Chicagoans themselves are unaware of unexplored eating houses, museums, gardens, cultural events and others.

The focus is essentially geared towards things to do in areas of eating, social life, museums, zoos, and cultural events.

Historically, Chicago is a city of neighborhoods, ethnically orientated and seemingly locked within boundaries outlined by streets, parks, or train tracks. Name the ethnic group and most probably there will be a neighborhood associated with it.

Politically, the Democratic machine has thrived on this principle. The reinforcement of ethnic areas, thus retaining security for those areas, has enabled the *party* to thrive and remain a self-perpetuating force. Other reasons are political patronage and general American politics at its best—avoiding the issue head on. Problems of the city are given immediate solutions that lack long-term tenacity.

Yet, this should not scare the visitor. The city works. Garbage is collected, streets are cleaned, major strikes are averted, in general, problems or strikes of the city are either worked into the facade of the present situation or used for political expediency. People remain content as long as their lives remain unchanged.

The city presently offers itself as an ever-growing organism seemingly hung up on its number-two complex. Growth in the Loop has been unprecedented except possibly since Mrs. O'Leary's cow caused the great Chicago fire resulting in Chicago's entry into the big time. When the Sears building is completed, Chi-town can claim the tallest building in the world.

Getting into the city offers no problem with or without a car. For the big time, you can charter a flight from St. Joseph County Airport straight to Meiggs Field and from there taxi into the Loop. Or consider flying the friendly skies of United into Midway or O'Hare and from there hopping on the limosine into the illustrious Palmer House in the center of the Loop. By land, the Greyhound Bus Company offers excellent scenic cruises straight to the Loop (exactly across from City Hall) on a daily service. By rail, the South Shore, (they've moved the South Bend station somewhere near the Bendix plant), will take you within one block of Marshall Field or the Art Institute.

Without a doubt, the best manner to experience a trip to Chicago is driving and playing Meille Borne into the city by way of its expressways. Two routes seem to offer their own separate visual delights. (If the automobile has FM stations then turn to WLS, WGLD, WMAQ or WSDM; if AM is in the dashboard then don't bother to turn on the radio unless you haven't heard a radio station in years.)

Route one, completely free of tolls, is established by following route 20 to Michigan City; there it runs into Interstate 94. Follow 94 until it veers at almost a right angle to the right onto the Calumet Expressway proceeding north. As that road reaches 103rd Street it will automatically run into the Dan Ryan Expressway, otherwise known as the world's largest, widest road and a

## Unwind in Windy City



marvel of urban planning under Democratic auspices. (When driving on this pretend you have no rear window and be careful of turns as radar cars quietly wait for speeders. Don't worry though; the traffic, at large, is usually over the speed limit.) Stay to the left lanes after 43rd Street (before that you'll be in the local lanes) and watch for signs stating Lake Shore Drive. This segment of road seems as though it will take you into the lake, but it doesn't. Obviously. Instead it turns north again, running by McCormick Place (the new one) on the right, Soldiers Field and the Field Museum on the left, and on the right again Meiggs Field, the Shedd Aquarium, Adler Planetarium and the Burnham and Monroe Harbors. Looking towards the north to the Navy Pier and right is a Miles van der Rohe-inspired Lake Point Tower. The driver of the car may see all of this splendidly, and on the left, if you haven't noticed, is the skyline of the Loop.

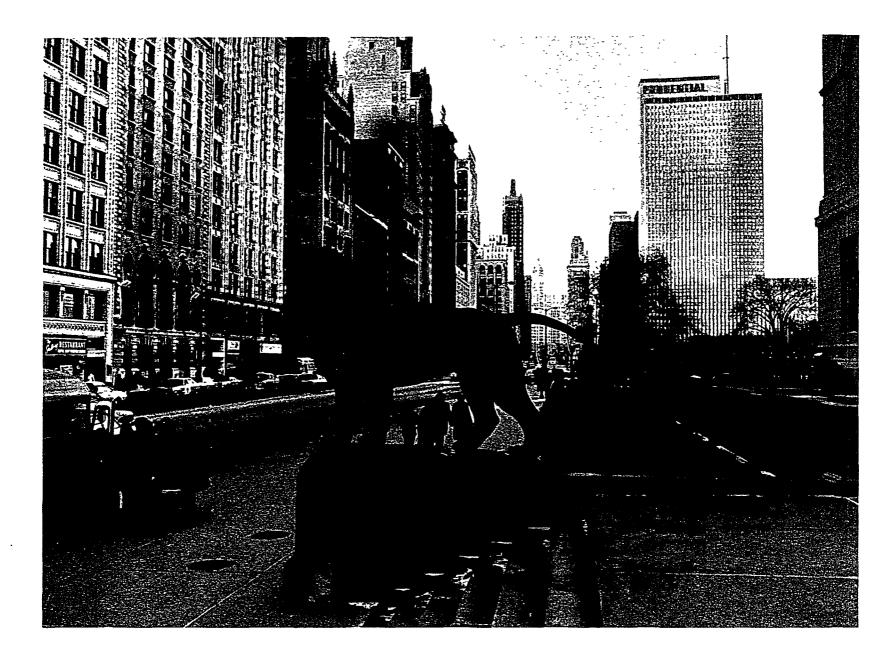
Parking there is your problem. Best bet is offered in Grant Park undergrounds or private lots in the Loop. But be careful if you want your car in one piece when you return. Or if you have California plates and you're graduating, why not overpark; the most they can do is give you a ticket.

The other route is taking the Indiana Toll Road to the end (on the Illinois frontier), over the Chicago Skyway and either heading into the Dan Ryan again as formerly directed, or getting off at 79th Street and taking Stony Island north till it connects with Lake Shore Drive somewhere around Jackson Park. There at 55th (or 57th) is the Museum of Science and Industry and nearby is the famed center of learning, the University of Chicago, located next to the famed Robie Home of Frank Lloyd Wright.

### Sight-seeing by air—Sky Harbor—Northbrook, 30minute flight in a 4-passenger Cessna over Northwestern University, Bahai Temple, Wilmette Harbor. \$3.45 per person in groups of 3. CR 2-4000. Howell Field— 13202 S. Cicero. Call for information. FU 92231.

**Sight-seeing by bus**—Chicago Gray Line offers tours by air-conditioned bus to North or South Sides, \$3.50. Four-hour tour of entire city, \$6.00. Children 5-12 ride at half fare. Daily. 738-2900.

Sight-seeing by boat—Boat sight-seeing available on the MERCURY SCENICRUISER, south side Michigan Avenue Bridge at Wacker Drive (DE 2-1353); the Wendella Streamliner, north side of Michigan Avenue Bridge at the Wrigley Building (337-1446); SKYLINER, at State and Wacker (236-9717); Shoreline Marine, dock at Shedd Aquarium (days), Buckingham Fountain (evenings) (HA 7-2900).



#### PLACES TO VISIT AND SEE

### ART GALLERIES DOWNTOWN

American Academy of Art Gallery, 10th floor, 220 S. State Street.

Circle Gallery, Ltd., 108 S. Michigan.

Illinois Arts Council Gallery, 111 N. Wabash, room 1610.

Kenneth Nebenzahl, Inc., Rare original American historical prints. 28th floor, 333 N. Michigan.

**Tie One On,** Located at the Macrame and Weaving Supply Company. Exhibits works of the same field. Room 403, 63 E. Adams.

**Wabash Dransit Gallery** (school of the Art Institute of Chicago) 2nd floor, 218 S. Wabash.

Aiko's Gallery, Japanese, 714 N. Wabash.

American Society of Artists, Inc., 737 N. Michigan.

The Arts Club of Chicago, 109 E. Ontario.

Artists Guild of Chicago, Inc., 54 E. Erie.

**Arts International**—Le Garage—modern. 58 E. Walton.

Benjamin Galleries, contemporary graphics, Suite 318, 900 N. Michigan.

The Carlsan Gallery, Handwoven contemporary Aubusson tapestries and wall hangings. 226 E. Ontario,

**Deson-Zaks Gallery,** Modern, contemporary, 226 E. Ontario.

**Distelheim Galleries,** Contemporary and modern. Suite 6E, 67 E. Oak.

Fairweather Hardin Gallery, Contemporary, 101 E. Ontario.

Galleries Maurice Sternberg, 140 E. Ontario.

**The Paper Gallery Museum** and art gallery posters. 223 E. Ontario.

**Shop for Prison A.R.T.** The non-profit gallery is devoted exclusively to the work of inmate artists across the U.S. and Canada. Prices range from \$1-\$150. 72 E. Oak.

Van Straaten Gallery. Posters and art, 646 N. Michigan.

Michael Wyman Gallery, 233 E. Ontario. Phyllis Kind Gallery, 226 E. Ontario.

#### GARDENS

**Lincoln Park.** The main, formal garden, with St. Gaudens' and Mac Monnies' fountain and the Schiller Statue; the rock garden of plants and annuals and some unusual (for Illinois) trees; and the grandmothers' garden; perennials and annuals, including yarrow, meadow rue, milfoil, and Mexican torch.

**Grant Park.** The rose garden in the *Versailles* Style (beds and grass panels with appropriate statuary and fountains), lighted at night and in view of the Buckingham fountain; the formal court of Presidents, originally supposed to enstatue all the Presidents but, to date, only St. Gaudens' seated Lincoln is here.

Jackson Park. Perennial garden, a sunken lawn with stone-wall terrace, planted for the three flowering seasons. (59th and Stony Island Ave., the east end of the Midway Pliasance, south).

**Lincoln Park Conservatory.** Covering 3 acres, this landmark of flora and fauna ranks among the best of horticulture centers of the world. Rooms devoted to all types of plants. Lincoln park near Fullerton.

#### MUSEUMS

**Chicago Fire Academy.** 558 W. DeKoven St. 744-4728. Tours of firefighting training. Call for specific time.

Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum. East of the Shedd Aquarium and Field Museum. 922-4488. Cost: free admittance; however, Sky Shows are \$.75 adults and \$.35 for the kiddies. This place, over the years, for some reason or other has increased in popu-

### see ultra-violet paintings of a solar eclipse

larity. See: astronomical, navigational, and mathematical instruments; astrolabes, sundials, armillary spheres, telescopes, calendars, and measuring devices. See: ultraviolet paintings of a solar eclipse, the Andromeda galaxy, meteorites, numerous temporary exhibits and (in the summer) demonstrations of the coelostat. The Sky Show is definitely  $\star \star \star \star$ .

American College of Surgeons, 55 E. Erie. 664-4050. The history of medicine.

Art Institute of Chicago. Adams and Michigan, 236-7080. If time warrants only one place to visit in the Windy City, this is the place. Of particular interest is the museum's collections of Impressionists, Renaissance Period, and Oriental (Far East) periods. Masterpieces may be noted in artists such as El Greco, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Seuret, of course, Picasso and many others that deserve mention. One should also take the time to view the Medieval Room, the Thorne Miniature Rooms, the Primitive Art Gallery, the Photography Gallery, the Graphics Gallery and the Morton wing of twentieth-century art.

**Balzekas Musuem of Lithuanian Culture.** 4012 S. Archer. Free. Generally a museum noted for the ethnic group's arts and crafts that influenced much of the art of Europe. A good place for studies in Lithuanian culture.

**Chicago Academy of Science,** 2001 N. Clark. 549-0606. An old place depicting the history of natural science with an emphasis on Illinois.

**Chicago Historical Society.** North and Clark. 642-4600. History freaks will enjoy the displays of the "Chicago story" and "Lincolniana."

**DuSable Museum of African American History.** 3806 S. Michigan. 624-8121. Devoted to the history of welland not so well-known black Americans. Especially noted here is the fine collection of African Art and Art by black Americans.

Field Museum. Lake Shore Drive and Roosevelt. 922-9410. Admittance fee, but well worth the effort and

cost. Essentially a museum of art for when does one divide the line between the formal and "applied arts"? The Arts and Crafts Movement was established long before Rosetti and Morris' time; indeed here is recorded a unique history of woven cloth, decorated paddles, tools, furniture, and other artifacts. Outstanding among these collections are the American Indian and primitive art sections. And, of course, don't miss the dinosaur eggs, the bone constructions of prehistoric animals and man and mummies. For the campus room one may buy a lovely metal dinosaur. This is definitely a place to lose your mind in and re-create past segments of natural history and anthropology.

Hull House. Halsted St. and Polk St. This home, given to Jane Adams by the Hull family, was orginally a farm. Now this elegant little mansion fits in like blackwall tires on a Cadillac as it is surrounded by the Union Building and the University of Illinois at Chicago. See it to believe it.

Maurice Spertus Museum of Judaica. 72 East 11th St. Not open on the Sabbath and Jewish holidays. Collections of manuscripts, religious art objects, and ceremonial art. For the scholar and the casual viewer.

**Morton B. Weiss Museum of Judaica.** 1100 Hyde Park Blvd. By appointment and after services. Unlike the Spertus Museum this concentrates on Persian art of the same categories as above.

Ling Long Chinese Museum. 2238 S. Wentworth. 225-6181. Before taking that summer trip to China, learn about the Chinese culture at this fine institution. See: the great monad, discovery of fire by Sui Jen, the great flood of 3000 BC and flood-control engineering, opium in China, the Great Wall, and others.

**Museum of Contemporary Art.** 237 E. Ontario. 943-7755. 50c. A museum that exhibits "current ideas rather than a repository for recent art." For the place to see "the best that is created today, regardless of medium or locale" this is it in Chi-town. Once the place was wrapped entirely under canvas. The building is six stories high.

**Museum of Science and Industry.** Lake Shore Drive and 57th Street. The Industrial Revolution has made itself a museum to industrial research. See industrial landmarks as they made social, cultural and economic history. Most significant are the coal mine, the German U-Boat, the Nickelodeon, steam trains, antique cars, Paul Bunyan, more antique cars, railroads, a pumping heart, gigantic washing machine and others. This is the play as you see museum. All along the line one gets the chance to prove his intellectual and trivia powers by answering questions, pushing buttons, answering telephones, and generally taking part in the celebration of industry's museum.

**Oriental Institute.** U. of Chicago, 1155 E. 58. 643-0800, Ext. 2471. The presence of this institute is quite overwhelming. One is offered the chance to study the antiquities from Egypt, Turkey, Libya, Iraq, Iran, Israel, Syria, Jordan and others. The reason for the term "oriental" is that it was used before the more recent term "Near East."

**Polish Museum of America.** 984 Milwaukee. 384-3352. Before taking that summer trip to Poland, learn about the Polish culture at this fine institution. Polish folklore, crafts, art, archives, technology, and areas devoted to Paderewski, Kosciuszko, Pulaski, Helen Modjeska, Marie Sklodowska Curie, Copernicus and others. (Someone told me they have an antique **Ski**doo here.)

**Shedd Aquarium.** Lake Shore Drive and Roosevelt. 939-2426. The world's largest aquarium that isn't just devoted to raising guppies and black mollies. Rather it has amassed some 7500 specimens of 350 species.

Here is offered a small listing of Chicago's eating places, selected with enough variety, we hope, to satisfy most any appetite on a Windy City excursion. Not all of the restaurants have been staff-tested, but we've had recommendations on all of them to make us think they're worth a try.

**Dill Pickle**, 26 Van Buren Street, is a friendly delicatessen and pub, with pickles and sandwiches for cheap.

Submarine Village, 213 S. Wabash, specialize in the sandwich of the same name. Lots of students and sandwiches for about a buck.

**Char-Lite** is across from the Peoples Gas building at 67 E. Adams and serves three meals a day to a mixed clientele of students, businessmen, and people in general.

Golden Way Snack Shop is at 74 East Jackson Boulevard, with soup and sandwich for about a dollar.

Jolly Chefs are at 17 N. Wabash, 227 W. Jackson, and 10 S. LaSalle. There's a quick order place upstairs at the Wabash location with big hot sandwiches and beer for a quarter.

Blackhawk is an expensive place where you can find the businessmen of Chicago meeting for lunch. There's a cheaper place downstairs with students in it sometimes where you can get hot sandwiches and drink beer for substantially less money.

**Shanghai,** at 406 S. Cark, has enough Chinese food to fill you up for little enough money to make your wallet happy, too. Also Philippine dishes.

Wimpy's has a Chicago location on Wabash with daily specials and a cheap menu.

The Berghoff is a classy restaurant at Adams and Wabash with meals around two bucks. They're proud of their German dishes, and the old wooden rooms and well-dressed clientele make for quite an atmosphere.

**Kramer's Health Bar** is on Adams, about two blocks from the Art Institute with celery juice, yogurt, and the regular health fare, if you want it.

The Beef Pub is on Wabash and has giant halfpound hamburgers and scratch pizzas. Quick service, good, tasty food.

**Marshall Field's Department Store** at Wabash and State has, count 'em, seven restaurants, *and* mostly on the seventh floor. The Walnut Room has roses, silver, music, and a lot of lady shoppers; in the Veranda Room, you can get a full meal for a buck and a half. There's a gourmet foods department and a bakery on Marshall's seventh floor, too.

**Carson, Pirie, Scott** have a good ice cream parlor on their third floor, with old-fashioned decor and good ice cream. (Also on Fridays take note of their smorgasbord luncheon—cheap.)

**Fannie** May Candy Stores are all over the Loop in case your sweet tooth gets to bothering you.

### marshall field's has seven restaurants--mostly on the seventh floor



University Snack Shop on North Wabash is a good place with a large menu and low prices, as is Nick's Snacks, 16-18 E. Jackson Boulevard.

The Stop & Shop is a grocery store at the corner of Washington and State with all kinds of gourmet and imported foods and a large candy department and bakery.

Geja's at 340 W. Armitage has wine and cheese until two a.m. It's a fine place, recently moved from Old Town.

**Gennaro's** is a home-style Italian restaurant at 1352 Taylor. Look for the specialties every night that aren't on the glorious menu.

Ann Sather's, 925 Belmont, has Swedish and Scandinavian specialties, as does the nearby Quiet Knight. Both eateries are near the Belmont L stop. The heart of the Chicago Swedish population, and several more fine Swedish restaurants, lie in the N. Clark area around 5400, and over to Foster and Damen Avenues.

**Greek Islands** at 766 W. Jackson is another place in which to forget the twentieth century and relive an Old World feast. It's in the back of an old grocery store, hung with beads and with the kitchen showing it makes for that quaint rustic atmosphere. Noted are the Greek specialties from octopus to souvlaki.

**Parthenon** is at 314 S. Halsted, in the same area as **Greek Islands** and **Diana**, with fine food at prices a bit higher than the other two; however, that shouldn't offend anyone's budget since they are all reasonable.

Naniwa has some of the best Japanese food in Chicago. It's at 923 W. Belmont, next door to the Swedish delight, Ann Sather's.

**Grandma's Recipes,** 2837 N. Clark, is hung with Tiffany lamps and serves solid American food (chicken and dumplings and apple pie) in giant servings. Take note of the Sunday Brunch.

White Eagle, 3724 N. Clark. 327-2226. Serbian. Specialties that run the Balkan gamut—even to Turkish coffee.

Le Bordeaux, 3 West Madison. French. The Loop's only authentic French restaurant. Reasonable for lunch.

Sophie's Ukrainian American, 2132 W. Chicago. Ask for Sophie to serve you.

Alice's Revisited at 950 W. Wrightwood has music and blues singers besides food and drink. Informal and cozy.

**Gran Colombia** at 3908 N. Lincoln specializes in Colombian food and has a special weekend menu. Also look for **El Inca** and **Pique** for good food in the Peruvian style.

**Bowl and Roll** at 1246 N. Wells is at the gaudy end of glorious Old Town and specializes in spooning out soup for a buck and a half.

**Grecian Restaurant** at 2423 W. Lawrence has honest Greek food in the afternoons.

**Delphi** is nearby at 2659 W. Lawrence with the same kind of food. Both places run about two dollars for a main dish. It's not a bad idea to order à la carte in most Greek restaurants; the portions are usually larger.

**Bratislava** is at 2527 N. Clark and serves Czechoslovakian dishes. The place isn't as large as the South Dining Hall, only about forty seats or so, so weekday nights are your best bet if you want a place to sit.

Schwaben Stube at 3500 N. Lincoln hat deutsches Essen und Bier on tap. Open 'til one on Friday and Saturday.

**Sam Mee** at 3370 N. Clark is an oriental restaurant with food a bit spicier than the usual Chinese or Japanese fare. **Korean Pagoda** is in the same area at 2834 N. Broadway with excellent food for a "rittle" more yen.

**Hubertus** at 2305 N. Clark. Czechoslovakian. Charming and quiet is the setting—enjoy gramma-like cooking in this seven-table restaurant.

Mamma Lena's. 24 E. Chicago. Sicilian. Seating twice a night by reservation only. No liquor, bring your own wine. No menu, a party every time.

La Cucina Italiana di Mamma Lena. Siciliana. Prenderà prenotazioni due volte a notte. Senza liquori, porta il vino. Senza il menu, una festa tutte notte!

**Mandar-inn,** 2130 S. Wentworth. Mandarin. Come here for a Nixon-Chou banquet running \$100.00 per table, serves ten. (Peking duck).

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Timothy Standring

THE SCHOLASTIC

### America, 1871-1920: A View from Chicago

"How I wish I could go to America—if only to see that CHICAGO!"—Prince Bismarck to General Philip Sheridan (1870)

Among the twenty-seven million people who went through the turnstiles at the World's Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in the summer of 1893 was the historian Henry Adams. In fact, the Fair so intrigued Adams—he found it "a matter of study to fill a hundred years"—that he went back a second time especially to decide on Chicago's relationship to the rest of fin de siècle America. In Adam's estimate, "Chicago asked in 1893 for the first time the question whether the American people knew where they were driving." Adams admitted that he did not know but when he sat down in the shadow of Richard Hunt's French Renaissance dome he could not help but brood, much like his idol Edward Gibbon had mused over the direction of Roman civilization, whether the American people "might still be driving or drifting unconsciously to some point in thought, as their solar system was said to be drifting towards some point in space; and that, possibly, if relations enough could be observed, this point might be fixed."

In attempting to understand the emergence of modern America in his own lifetime, Adams did eventually find "the point in thought" that his restless but monistic mind sought so desperately. As all readers of his unique autobiography know, Adams lingered among the Westinghouse and Edison dynamos at Chicago, concluding that they "gave history a new phase" and causing him to employ them as the symbol of the chaotic modern "multiverse" he saw replacing the medieval universe which had centered in the virgin of Chartres. Had Henry Adams the historian not evolved into Henry Adams the philosopher of history, he might have looked at Chicago as a symbol of modern American history. That is, given his historical perspicacity, he might have appraised the city and its development with the imaginative breadth he had once displayed in his classic single-chapter survey of American life in 1800 in the nine-volume *History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*. He could then have read Chicago's history from the 1870's to the 1920's as a striking microcosm of the political, economic, literary and artistic developments happening in the nation at large.

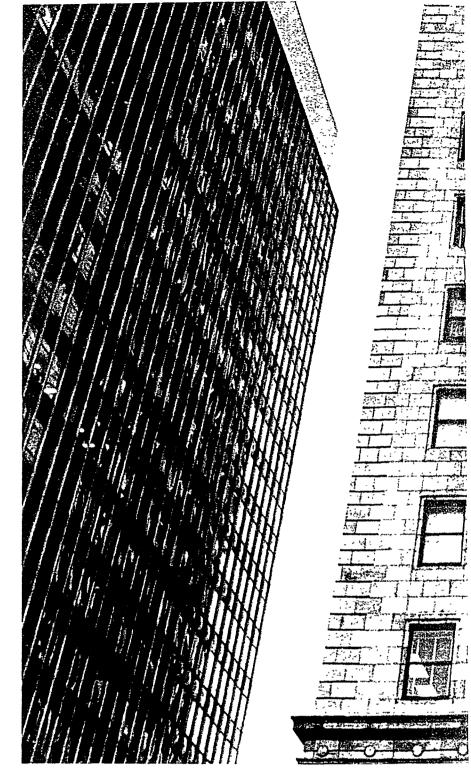
In economic development alone Adams could not avoid the conclusion that the striking and in a sense quintessentially "American" fact about Chicago was the unparalleled rapidity with which in three generations it passed from wilderness to a predominantly agrarian culture and then to becoming the industrial heartland of the United States. In 1825, there were only an Indian agency and about fourteen houses around the river that those Indians called the Checagou; by the 1880's Chicago was already the nation's "Second City," having surpassed Philadelphia, and when Adams came to visit in 1893, the population exceeded the million mark. During the nineteenth century, no part of the republic underwent a more amazing transformation from a state of nature to a state of industry; for some early city residents the resulting industrialization and urbanization took place within their life spans.

The inventions and techniques of a gigantic industrial order expanded and, in some cases, were expanded by Chicago: the endless freight and passenger trains of

### slums were the regretable side effects of a sound economic order

the city's six major rail terminals; the booming steel mills first along the north branch of the river then in Calumet and Gary; the stockyards, miles of them, feeding the packing houses of Swift and Armour; the mass transit network of Charles Yerkes; the agriculture implements of the McCormicks; the dynamos, power plants, and financial pyramiding of Samuel Insull's Chicago Edison, and the volume merchandising techniques of the numerous dry-goods merchants-Leiter, Field, Ward, Sears. Like mysterious genii these "forces of the future" as Adams would call them, drew thousands from the country, from the East and the South, and from Europe; hordes of laborers, skilled and unskilled, who lived in areas like the 19th Ward slums (sometimes called "patches") which the new millionaires of meat, steel, transportation, corn, electricity, wheat or banking never saw, or seeing, simply regarded as regrettable side effects of an otherwise sound economic order.

A closer investigation, however, would indicate other "forces" also at work in Chicago and the America it so accurately represents. The industrial progress at the World's Fair that so impressed Adams-the high-tension currents of Nikola Tesla, the long-distance telephone to New York, and, of course, the dynamos, "those symbols of ultimate energy"-expressed one important facet of late nineteenth century America. Yet Chicago in 1893 suggested other signs of the times. There was the nation-wide financial panic that carried over into a depression which in turn begat Coxey's Army, the militant workers who struck Pullman, and the Populists who streamed into the Chicago Coliseum to thrill to William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech at the Democratic National Convention of 1896. And it should be remembered that there was another historian at the Columbian Exposition who, like Henry Adams, pondered the direction of America. Appearing there at the meeting of the newly formed American Historical Association, Frederick Jackson Turner asserted that the chief influence on three centuries of American life had been the almost unlimited existence of unoccupied land beyond the western border of settlement. By examining the 1890 census Turner concluded that the frontier line had disappeared, the American frontier was closed, the country settled. Checagou had become Chicago.



Adams might have made use of Turner's insight in his own interpretation but no matter what aspect of the nation's history he examined from the end of Reconstruction to the conclusion of World War I, he would have found highly representative illustrations in Chicago's parallel history. The history of American labor could be viewed from the turbulent "Bread or Blood" riots of 1873 when Chicago workers, in imitation of Paris Communards, carried flags of "the red and the black," or their battles with the Pinkertons (Chicagobased detective agency) in the Great Strikes of 1877, to the brutal Haymarket Affair, to the A. F. of L. National Congress under Samuel Gompers in 1893, to the bloody Pullman affair a year later. The "Wobblies," the International Workers of the World, owe their birth in 1905 to Chicago and the organizing skill of Eugene Debs, Daniel DeLeon, Vincent St. John, and Big Bill Haywood; the radical labor faction also met its demise in the city when one hundred of its leaders were tried in 1919 before Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and found guilty of criminal syndicalism.

An important chapter of the black man's American

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history is also encapsulated in Chicago, especially after World War I when European migration declined and southern Negroes, prompted by newspapers like *The Chicago Defender*, began moving up the Mississippi Valley. This long internal migration provided a major test case of race relations in the North. One test that the city unfortunately failed was the terrible fourteenday race riot that broke out on the 25-29th Street beaches in the summer of 1919. The toll was awesome. Thirty-eight were killed including twenty-three black men and boys. At least 537 were injured, of whom 342 were black. The Chicago racial conflict was but one of the "Red Summer" riots that bloodied the streets of twenty-five American towns and cities in the sixmonth period from April to October 1919.

Henry Adams might also have been expected to see in Chicago two final trends characteristic of a rapidly urbanizing America: increasing protests for social reform and the rise of city bosses and ethnic politics. Adams himself had been a gentry-type reformer and, along with his brother Charles Francis, had attempted exposure of political corruption and economic exploitation in Jay Gould's Erie Railroad. Henry would have felt at home with certain Mugwump reform movements afoot in Chicago. He could have easily considered the city's Civic Foundation and the Muncipal Voters League as Midwestern counterparts to organizations such as the National Civil Service Reform League. Likewise, given his sensitivity to the "woman question," he could have applauded the high-minded idealism of the social settlement and social service movement of the heroic women at Hull House on Halsted Street. The work of Jane Adams, Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, Ellen Gates Starr, Dr. Alice Hamilton not only had important ramifications for local and national social reform, it also contributed to the tides of feeling that eventually led to the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment.

The reform impulse assumed other faces in Chicago. Frank Norris's exposure of the Board of Trade in *The Pit* or Upton Sinclair's equally graphic portrayal of "the yards" in *The Jungle* were fictive expressions of the general muckraking vogue. Clarence Darrow, a Chicago-based criminal lawyer, sought revision of the legal code and jurisprudence practice in a series of



### verse, like meat and grain, became a specialty

sensational trials from his defense of Mayor Carter Harrison's assassin in 1893 to his involvement in the more famous Leopold-Loeb case in 1924.

In juxtaposition to these urban reformers, Henry Adams could have nicely arrayed the ward heelers, city bosses, city councilmen, and venal legislators who were on the take, or as the Chicagoans put it, "on the boodle." Chicago "grey wolves" or "Lords of the Levee"-Johnny "De Pow" Powers, John "The Bath" Coughlin, Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna-the city's most picturesque aldermen would compare favorably in exploits, extravagance, and extortion with others of their stripe in any American city of the 1890's. As in other cities the boss system thrived, in part, because it exploited the polyglot nature of Chicago's inner city-the Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians that came in droves in the 1840's and 1850's; the immigrants who traveled later from Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Greece, Italy, Sicily, and the black Americans from the South. Hence there grew up Kilgubbin, Conley's Patch, the Nord Seite, Bronzetown, Little Italy, and even, during the twenties, a colony of Persians on the near north side. What was diluted in the nation was concentrated in Chicago, and where in the nation lines were blurred, in Chicago they were as distinct as city blocks.

#### Π

Even if one realizes the bravado in H. L. Mencken's famous statements of the early twenties that Chicago was the literary captial of America an dthat practically all American writers of consequence had been molded by the city, it must still be granted that from Hamlin Garland's publication of Crumbling Idols in 1893 to Sherwood Anderson's departure for New York in 1920, the city had a significant share in the nation's literary inspiration, production, and consumption. Henry Adams, who had been but a young man when his own New England had had its "flowering," sensed the "literary possibilities in the Midwest" and W. D. Howells, Ohioan gone to Boston and self-transplanted to New York, also acknowledged the vitality of the literary tendencies that came to be known by various names: realism, naturalism, regionalism, the local color movement. Nevertheless, it remained for Garland, son of the middle border, to issue the call for a fresh, truly indigenous Midwestern literature in Crumbling Idols, a set of essays elegantly published by the Chicago firm of Stone and Kimball.

Although Garland eventually became disillusioned with his prophecy for a Chicago literature, for a brilliant moment it was a reality. A group of writers native to the city plus a stimulating, avant-garde younger generation of men and women from Midwest towns like Clyde, Ohio, Terre Haute, Indiana, Garnett, Kansas, Galesburg, Illinois, and Davenport, Iowa made it so. While it is often remarked that many of these writers owed their success to their revolt from the villages, it should not be forgotten that they came to a rich city, well endowed with nineteenth-century culture and also familiar with late nineteenth-century literary innovations. The city was as much a magnet to the aspirant writer as to the immigrant. Felix Fay, the hero of Floyd Dell's autobiographical novel, Moon Calf, was typical when he recalled a map that hung in the small town railroad station and symbolized his aspirations: "the map with a picture of iron roads from all of the Middle West centered in a dark blotch in the corner ... CHICAGO!" Dell, like his persona Fay, as well as an impressive list of American authors made the exodus along those iron roads for many of the reasons that have always drawn creative young men and women to urban centers: anonymity, learning, cultural institutions, bohemian slums, conversation of like-minded peers, and also an old guard both to join and to fight. With its curious mixture of crudeness and culture, provincialism and cosmopolitanism, vulgarity and aggressiveness, Chicago consequently became, if but for a few decades, not only the hub of the country's rail system but also of its literary creativity.

The Chicago press was perhaps the liveliest in the nation between 1875 and 1925. Over a dozen dailies flourished and the newspaper offices and city rooms were one source of genuine literary talent: Eugene Field's column, "Sharps and Flats" in The News; George Ade's "Stories of the Streets and Town," illustrated by John T. McCutcheon's famous cartoons in The Record, and Francis Hackett and The Posts's "Friday Literary Review." Of course, Finley Peter Dunne's creation of "Mr. Dooley" of Archey Road (his original was a barkeeper in Dearborn Street) was the humorous, indulgent, skeptical and very popular commentator on the nation's political scene, particularly its imperialist adventures. Heir to Dunne, Ade, and others was Ring Lardner, and then, novelist, wit, essayist, bon vivant, short story writer, raconteur, and journalist, Ben Hecht, who along with Charles MacArthur, captured much of the delight of a city with over a dozen dailies in the play, The Front Page.

Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, and Floyd Dell cut their literary teeth on Chicago journalism. But before this cadre of writers came into their own, an older generation had begun to explore a variety of new literary topics even if they were reluctant to experiment with new literary forms: Henry B. Fuller, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Francis Fisher Browne, Edith Wyatt, Joseph Kirkland were all primarily concerned with the impact of the dominant business ethos upon cultural values and aspirations, especially those of the leisured and cultivated middle class. The generation that followed these gentry authors are even more familiar to the student of American literature. Here a sample catalog includes the massive, stolid naturalism of Dreiser's Sister Carrie or his trilogy on the traction-magnate Yerkes (The Financier, The Titan,

The Stoic), the unbounded curiosity of Dell's Moon Calf and Briary Bush, the haunting estrangement of Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology, Sherwood Anderson's Windy McPherson's Son, Marching Men, or Winesburg, Ohio. It is no exaggeration, argues Bernard Duffey, historian of The Chicago Renaissance in American Letters, that "the group reality of twentieth-century American literature began in Chicago because in Chicago a chief strain which has formed our modern writing was first recognized." The Chicago writers defined a literary culture deliberately hostile to and liberated from the dominant forces of a modern business civilization. In Duffey's estimate, this was the legacy of the Chicago renaissance to the following decades.

Most of the Chicago writers were also poets; verse, like meat and grain, became a Chicago specialty and for a while the city was the poetic center not only of America but the Anglo-Saxan world. The movement's chief organ, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, burst upon the country in 1912 due to the tenacity of little Harriet Monroe. Miss Monroe, a native Chicagoan and a formidable entrepreneuse, convinced a hundred city residents to subscribe fifty dollars a year for five years, and though a Philadephia paper sneered at Chicago for using "the proceeds of pork for the promotion of poetry," the journal was a success from its origin. "Poetry is my mother," wrote Amy Lowell exuberantly calling Chicago "her adopted city." "General William Booth Enters Heaven" gave Vachel Lindsay his first national audience via publication in the magazine and Mrs. Carl Sandburg credits the journal with bringing her husband back to creativity after years of discouragement. Poetry "discovered" Tagore, gave a banquet for Yeats, enlisted Pound as foreign editor, and published Eliot.

Thus for anyone willing to look closely, Chicago's literary and poetic achievements not only paralleled currents in other parts of the country but in several instances stimulated them. For many years the East had dismissed Chicago as a smoky slaughterhouse, a Porkopolis, devoted to "cash, cussing, and cuspidors." But between 1871 and 1920, the city became self-conscious and self-corrective about its cultural life and had produced a first-rate set of cultural institutions. These decades saw the founding of the American Conservatory of Music (1883), John Root's building for the Art Institute (1887) and its new structure (1893), the opening of the Chicago Public (1872), the John Crerar (1889) and the Newberry (1887) libraries; the creation of the Field Museum (1894), the organization of the Chicago Civic Opera Company (1910) and the founding of the Chicago Symphony (1891) under the baton of Theodore Thomas. In the same year that Harriet Monroe first published Poetry, Maurice Browne, along with Anna Morgan, created the Little Theater (1912) which significantly influenced both the Provincetown Players and the Washington Square Players, and two years later prompted the Drama League of America to make Chicago its headquarters.

Moreover, the founding (1892) of the University of Chicago—created practically overnight with Standard Oil money, land from Marshall Field, and the presidential entrepreneurship of Hebraist William Rainey Harper—nicely represents the important trends of late nine-

### chicago contains the history of contemporary design

teenth-century American higher education: the rise of graduate and professional schools, the new emphasis of the social and behavioral sciences, and the increased concern to involve the university in social issues. President Harper recruited a quality faculty with such vigor and largesse that some claimed the highest degree an educator could get was a C.T.C. (Called To Chicago). Harper successfully scoured the groves of academe for talent like Thorstein Veblen, A. A. Michelson, Jacques Loeb, Charles Merriman, George Herbert Mead, Albion Small and John Dewey, who established the famous Laboratory school and the principles of Progressive education. Dewey and Harper's tradition of educational experimentation continued, although in a different direction, under Robert M. Hutchins when Chicago became, among other things, a center of Neo-Thomist thought and the academic wags spoke of it as a Baptist institution engaging in teaching Catholic theology to Jewish students.

III

Despite his unusual receptivity to new ideas in education, science, politics, philosophy, and history, Henry Adams could not appreciate Chicago's truly greatest contribution to American cultural history: The Chicago School of Architecture. Adams' own artistic sensibilities remained markedly traditional, a mixture of the classical and the Gothic. He would hardly have been disposed to describe, much less try to explain, why Chicago not St. Louis or Cincinnati-important river and rail centers before Chicago-had not produced great art from its commerce; he could not have asked why Chicago not New York nor his native Boston-which also had a great fire and a talented architect in Henry Richardson-had developed the architectural principles and practice that would mark it as a historic site in the arts. In the estimate of one architecture historian Chicago contains "the entire history of contemporary design."



Chicago architects developed this modern perspective in at least two directions which periodically merged into a single style. One tendency might be symbolized by William LeBaron Jenney, in whose office Sullivan had once worked: the other direction was inspired by Sullivan himself. Jenney, along with Chicago architects John Wellborn Root and William Holabird, developed an architectural style that might be characterized as aesthetically clean, and striking in its use of natural light.

Jenney, like the Chicago architects in general, coupled aesthetics with innovations in building technology. In 1883, trying to provide as much window space as possible, Jenney discovered the true skyscraper principle by using a skeleton type of construction (wrought iron to the sixth story and Bessemer steel beams above) on the ten-story Home Insurance Building. Three years later, Holabird employed a complete, riveted steel frame from the foundation up in the Tacoma Building, and in 1891, Daniel H. Burnham and Root put up the twentytwo story Masonic Temple, then the highest building in the world. Significantly in the same year Maitland's *Dictionary of American Slang* defined the term skyscraper as "very tall building such as now being built in Chicago." The Monadrock Building and the Reliance Building with its "Chicago windows" were further elaborations of this Chicago architectural innovation.

Nonetheless the unchallenged master of the skyscraper was Louis Henri Sullivan-a self-conscious romantic, idealist, Emersonian democrat whose Chicago practice (1873-1924) aptly spans the fifty years when the city can be seen as the nation in miniature. In his numerous and varied architectural landmarks-the Schlesinger and Mayer Building (now Carson, Pirie, and Scott, Co.), the Stock Exchange Building, the Ryerson and Getty Tombs in Graceland Cemetery, the World's Fair Transportation Building, the nine business blocks and banks scattered throughout the Midwest-Sullivan sought not only the perfection of architectural form but also a way of expressing an organic, democratic social philosophy to which he felt America could and should aspire. In many ways, the recently restored Auditorium Building which Sullivan designed with his partner Dankmar Adler was representative of his genius. When the Auditorium, a four-hundred-room hotel combined with business offices and a concert hall seating four thousand, opened on December 9, 1889, the audience could not help but be struck by the sweep of Sullivan's imagination. It was reported that President Benjamin Harrison leaned over to Vice-President Levi P. Morton and mused, "New York surrenders, eh?"

Four years after the successful triumph of Sullivan's Auditorium, Chicago had an unprecedented opportunity to show its architectural creativity to the world in the 1893 Exposition. In Sullivan's estimate, the city completely muffed its chance. Despite the sculptor Saint-Gaudens hyperbole that the Fair architecture committee had assembled "the greatest meeting of artists since the fifteenth century," Sullivan knew better. Only his Transportation Building and the Fisheries Building in the Richardsonian manner by Chicagoan Henry Ives Cobb deviated from the prevailing classical pattern of "The White City." Sullivan probably overemphasized the setback done by the Fair to the originality of Chicago's architecture when he predicted it would take fifty years for the city to recover. As Christopher Tunnard reminds us, D. H. Burnham would never have dreamed of his famous "Chicago Plan" of 1909 if he had not first gazed on Frederick Law Olmstead's lagoons in Jackson Park. Burnham's scheme, although never fully deployed, was a pioneering effort in city planning that not only prompted the dramatic development of Chicago's lake front but also revived L'Enfant's plan for Washington, D. C.

Moreover the heritage of Sullivan himself underwent a brilliant artistic exegesis in the work of his protégé, Frank Lloyd Wright. The domestic buildings that Wright created in and around Chicago and its suburbs are among the most dramatic uses of space and native materials ever achieved in modern art. Wright's "Prairie Style" homes—the Robie, the Willitts, the Coonley residences—sought an indigenous and organic relationship to the Midwest landscape on which they were built; other superb examples of Wright's work abound in Riverside and Pak Park, where the architect made his home. The modernity of the Chicago School extends beyond the early twentieth-century accomplishments of Sullivan and Wright; a third generation of architects represented by Mies van der Rohe and many of his followers acknowledge their indebtedness to the two early masters.

So when Henry Adams came to Chicago in 1893 he could have early paraphased Alexis de Tocqueville's famous remark about seeing more in America than America. In seeing Chicago, Adams rightly saw more than Chicago; he had a large part of the truth he realized that the city's history could be seen as a fragment of the American whole, a case history sliced off for the microscope, showing in enlarged form many of the inner characteristics, tensions, and aspirations of . the wider society. None of the struggles, problems, and achievements common to the nation, 1871-1920, were missing in Chicago. Sectional antagonisms merely fired the energy of this restless city where eastern industrial drive meshed with frontier vitality. Immense wealth shared the sidewalks with abject poverty; the capitalism of the Gilded Age rode rampant ignoring the nascent labor movement in its ranks. Within the midst of an established high culture, largely borrowed from the European past and the British tradition of a classical education, arose a "New Poetry" and a new, American literature in which a daring younger generation would say new things in new ways. In another area of the arts. Louis Sullivan could be seen as the prophet of modern architecture and Frank Lloyd Wright as the first great modern architect. Finally the cultural history of Chicago at the opening of the twentieth century could be viewed as one of the loci wherein a prolonged cultural debate went on among classicists, humanists, engineers, novelists, academicians, poets, reformers, architects, and artists over how to create democratic forms of life, thought, and art.

Adams was right about Chicago in the 1890's when he said "one must start there" in order to understand "American thought as a unity." For there in Chicago was not just a middle America, but a little America, an America writ small—or as the residents of the City of Big Shoulders would have probably preferred it—an America writ large.

### Thomas Schlereth

### Father James Flanigan Recent Drawings



# at the Notre Dame Art Gallery through March 4



### perspectives

Beat Swords into Ploughshares

Frank O'Malley

Observing now the cessation—however limited, selective and cloudy---of the carnage that has crushed us, crippled us, perhaps we can begin in this country to speak of, to hope for a new age of the spirit. We have known for too long evil and devilry unsurpassed and unnecessary. Still we can dare to think that the horror-with its ineffable mortal suffering and death -can be transfigured creatively, that before us there are horizons of moral beauty that the fire of the spirit will stir us to create. Maybe we have a new chance to regard ourselves as persons rooted in the community, rising out of it in creation, then to return in order to give out. Remember: all creativeness is love and all love is creative. If you want to receive, give; if you want to obtain satisfaction, do not seek it-never think of it and forget the very word; if you want to acquire strength-the true strength of human decency-manifest it by giving it to others. Spiritual persons must not remain proudly on the mountaintops in separation from the carnal world; instead they must devote their energies to its spiritualization and to lifting it to the highest levels. Ambition, the lustful will-to-power, the fierce competitive push to glory-these are not creative manifestations. They are the warping and distortion of whatever in personality could be creative. They lead to satiety, dullness, disillusionment—and destruction.

Yet—even as blood brimmed our eyes during the past decade, we could continue to discern certain characteristics of the moral life circling over and under-indeed in the very midst of-the outrageous, God-forsaken, men-forsaken mess, a total vipers' tangle. Within our land we could still see citizens struggling for freedom and justice as never before; perceive also a vast awakening of compassion and of pity and increased sensitivity, and realize the human longing to create and even to find religious justification for human creativity. Sadly, however, other instincts have been at work in us (especially the instincts of cruelty and brutality) which we show in a lack of creativeness, leading us to thwart it and deny its very existence. Nevertheless, in us remains the striving for *freedom*, compassion and creativeness, ever old and ever new. So our ethics in the time now apparently given us must be an ethics of real freedom, compassion and creativeness. The emancipation of the human spirit begun by Christ is a process from which there can no longer be any turning back in America. The young mind, for sure, will no longer be warned off certain areas. The young mind is wonderfully conscious of freedom; and, however helpless a person's feeling of slavery to money, to the machine, to war and to the state may be--to his thought no bounds can be set, the thought that restores to him his dignity, his hope, his belief in his person, his nature and destiny, his basic freedom of spirit, his creativity-which no regime can destroy. Yes, tired of all the drumming, shouting, spirit-blocking, mindnumbing nonsense that we somehow compose a "holy nation," we should now, without fear, urge the actualization in America of a new spirituality, the genuine experience of creative energy and inspiration, the transcending of our camouflaged, flag-waving egoism. What will this mean? It will mean first hand contact of our spirit with the Holy Spirit. It will mean an out-going, transfiguring activity directed towards humanity and to the spiritualizing of all the new forms and developments of our human society.

Of course, we do not believe that our future is fated. We believe that men made in God's image must themselves be creators out of the freedom which neither God nor man can destroy, though at times we may suffer enslavement to a variety of men, things or ideas. We are not to break with our nation or our church, though seeing clearly and exposing their faults. We are not to seek for salvation in self-righteous cliques or claques; nor by withdrawal from the tasks with which our present, painful history now confronts us.

Those of us who are Christians in America believe in men; we know that in the God-man, Christ, man's divine image, currently scarred and wounded and disfigured-never to be drained out or dried out entirelycan be renewed, that we in America, like all the people of the world, are still called to be fellow workers with God, that the end of our time is a divine-human event to which we are summoned for the sharing. We are not to be deluded anymore by the shams of the established order-or by the lies and phrases and slogans of those who recklessly and arrogantly invoking "God and Country," would renew the face of the earth by phony patrotic pieties. Admitting rather than blessing our sins and shortcomings, we, as honest, humble, non-hypocritical, non-self-righteous Christians enduring in the density of American civilization of the seventies, shall in all circumstances know that we are

called to look forward and to go forward—that is, to rediscover for ourselves at first hand the sources of new spiritual power and vision; and above all to see, to seek, the creation of new life, new love, new goodness and new beauty as the supreme task of those whom illimitable freedom has brought to Christ.

After all that has happened to us recently, we should not be ashamed anymore to go as the Holy Spirit leads us, sustaining us all the while in the freedom, compassion and creativeness of which we are capable. Today this is all there is to say; we must, after the carnage, have the courage to move through and with our complicated matter up the avenue of the spirit. And at last we can only pray: Anticipate our actions we beg you, O Lord, by Your inspiration and assist them with Your help, that our every prayer and deed may in You ever have their beginning, and, once begun, may by You be brought to completion.



Mr. O'Malley is a professor in the Department of English. The text printed above is a copy of the address given by Professor O'Malley at the Peace Observance held at Notre Dame on January 28.

# Linas A. Sidrys

# Tests, Tubes, and Wisdom

A person in science must often step back from his scientific work and justify his own existence. Not only does he feel a need to demonstrate to others that science is important and relevant, he feels an urgent need to demonstrate this fact to himself. More importantly, such a person wants to prove to himself that he is a person first and a scientist only secondly.

In fact, what science student has not caught himself wistfully wishing he were an infallible computer —after getting back those crucial exams whose grade is pretty good for proving how human we are, but not at all good for showing that we really understood the material? A blush of embarrassment is quickly followed by a blaze of contempt for one's own stupidity, then a heated concern for future exams and their charring consequences on our future. Ironically, it is exactly at such warmly human moments that we wish for the ideal coldness of a computer!

In this oft-repeated experience during freshman year, the student begins to wonder: does our humanity really consist in making stupid little mistakes?—or is there more to it than that; something that makes it all worthwhile? Thus, the frustration of science quizzes can lead to the exploration of first causes, to an inquiry of what it really means to be human.

If luck is with him, perhaps the science student will be able to enroll in a philosophy course with substance with a professor who truly "loves wisdom," and is able to communicate both the love and the wisdom. With such a professor's aid, perhaps he will see that to be really human requires a receptivity to the whole of reality, through the labor of the intellect and personal spiritual experience; as Jacques Maritain notes, through a wisdom that is gained with much difficulty and always held insecurely. Perhaps the student will begin such a pursuit himself: it's called "the liberal education."

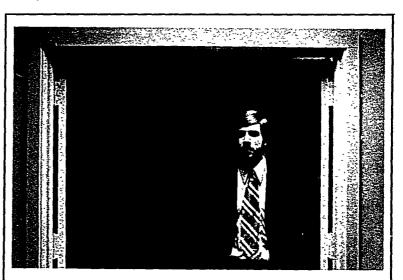
However, more often than not, the science student with his one philosophy elective will find himself in a course in which "what men have said" is studied rather than "what men can know of reality by the light of their natural reason." Contradictory assertions of dead men are quoted and must be repeated back, word studies analyzed, the prejudices of other students are endlessly debated; the initial confusion is deepened, the force of wonder weakened; the science student gladly returns to the order of the natural sciences, retaining a life-long scorn of "philosophical nonsense."

Such a student is indeed unfortunate because the undergraduate years of college are probably the last chance really to enter deeply into the fulfilling acts of human life—what Josef Piper calls the philosophical, aesthetic and religious acts, which administer a shock of wonder to the man who is proceeding through his life's journey half-asleep, and enable him to transcend the confining deadening bounds of the utilitarian world. The student who misunderstands and turns away from the philosophical act, the essence of a liberal education, turns away from the eternal, final ends which can be understood only in this manner; he loses part of his *being*, in that he loses the chance to be a more complete person: the ability to love well, to contemplate truly, to reason deeply, to see clearly, to do the great things that he may have been called to do during his life time.

In The Ultimate Belief, Sir Arthur Clutton-Brock concluded: "Education ought to teach us how to be in love always and what to be in love with. The great things of history have been done by the great lovers, by the saints and men of science and artists; ... men must be taught what it means to be these things." This is why the right teacher is so important. Unlike the machine, a person not only by demonstration, presentation and logic but by what he is and what he has really seen. It makes all the difference in the world whether a science teacher merely reads his lecture notes, brilliant though they may be, and endlessly quotes what other people have said; or whether he loves the truths that he has learned, in that he carries them within himself and in presenting them to others generates a love and enthusiasm for that science at the same time that he is addressing the rational intellect of his students. Similarly the liberal arts and philosophy professors must embody the principles they teach: the virtuous man is the measure for the student who ponders the deeper questions of life and returns with a greater love.

Unfortunately, the initial rebellion against the frustration and dryness of a scientific, solely vocational training usually does not last long enough. We become complacent and satisfied with mediocre, habitual ends and search no longer for the more mysterious, more elusive springs of life. We lose the freshness and simplicity which perpetually keep on asking: why this, why that, what is this for?





Linas A. Sidrys is a senior preprofessional major in the College of Science.

# Marceau the Mime Man

Marcel Marceau will be appearing tonight, Feb. 16, at 8:00 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium at St. Mary's College. The performance is being sponsored by the Cultural Arts Commission of the University of Notre Dame.

"One cannot exercise an art unless one has a love for it. I became a mime because of my love for an art as old as the world itself."

Marcel Marceau is an artist. His art breaks through the barriers of culture and nationality. His pantomime expresses the human condition as it has never been expressed before. The essence of this expression is that it speaks the language of the heart. Marceau firmly believes, and proves each time he walks onto a stage, that "by breaking through the wall of languages, a mime can become a brother to all the audiences of the world."

Identification is considered by many to be an important facet of art. Though many artists may disagree and call it a debasement of the art, people love to experience something they themselves have questioned, felt or dreamed as it is expressed by the artist more beautifully than they ever could. The work of Marcel Marceau shows people themselves. He has shown that laughter or tears are the same in all audiences. His pantomime, whether as a butterfly hunter, lion tamer, skater, professor of botany or guest at a social party, bears silent witness to the lives of all men, struggling against one handicap or another, with joys and sorrows as their daily companions.

Marceau believes the art of mime portrays the human being in its most secret yearnings. The success of the portrayal lies in the fact that, unlike words which can be deceitful, mime, in order to be understood by all, must be simple and clear and without ambiguity.

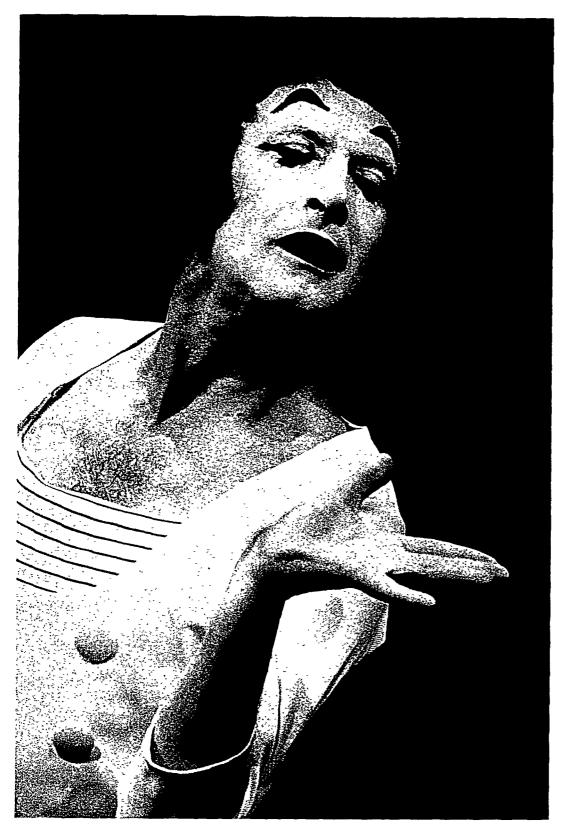
"The art of mime, halfway between dancing and the theatre, is a complete art in the sense that it tends toward an all-embracing definition of the human being. . . Above all, and this to my mind is essential, it is a form of art we might call unassuaged, and the only material it uses is the human being."

Nonetheless, mime is a symbolic art. Marceau conceives it as a system of conventions whereby the component parts of reality are broken down and stylized. Certain gestures are easily identified by the public, but they must still be restricted by aesthetic rules. Mime is also an art of illusion. It will blossom only under the spell of a welltrained magician, one who makes the audience identify with the characters and even the trickery of the spell.

Marceau is an inspirational artist, but as he himself points out, "though there is no art without inspiration, of course, there is just as surely no form without technique." Marceau has developed the technique of a master. Having mastered the mechanics of the art, he is free to create around them. It is rumored that once an eager French reporter asked him about how meticulous he was with regard to the technique of his art. He answered, "Il faut s'en foutre de l'art autrement l'art en s'en fountra de toi." You must give a damn about art otherwise art won't give a damn about you.

The performance that Marceau gives is divided into two main programs. One consists of a series of "style pantomimes." The other portrays the various escapades of Marceau's created alter ego, Bip, who is characterized by his white face, his striped shirt, his tight pants and most especially his tattered hat topped with a trembling flower.

The style pantomimes, such as "The Cage," "The Staircase," and



"Youth, Maturity, Old Age and Death," are short interpretations of a human being in a specific situation. Without words, the mime convinces the audience that things invisible are very obviously present and real. Each movement or expression is carefully worked and directed toward the creation of a certain emotion. With a single facial expression, for example, the expert mime can convey emotions with a clarity a writer could attempt for volumes and never achieve.

As is quite obvious, the form of the pantomime is the means toward the end of the dramatic tone. It gives the color to the work. The physical action of the mime, by its detail and accuracy, is what brings the art to its perfection. In this marriage of form and content, the audience receives pleasure from the artist's gracefulness while being harmoniously moved by the content. The style pantomimes are very similar to musical pieces in that they move in a dramatic crescendo and end with a fall.

As Bip, Marceau creates a tragicomic hero as diverse as Man himself. He is beautiful yet pitiable, foolish yet wise, humorous while tragic. The audience is fully aware of the people and forces that act upon Bip, but what they see is one man alone and they witness his solitary struggle.

While his pantomime is uniquely his and Marceau is definitely a contemporary artist, the art form itself is one of the oldest. Since the days of the Golden Age of Greece and Rome and probably before that, artists have attempted to present the passions and aspirations of men by movements of the body alone, disregarding the tangled mess of verbal communication. The artists of the Commedia dell'Arte, the Roman Arlequins, the English Punch and the French Pierrots were all the fathers of the modern mime. Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and Laurel and Hardy set the stage in their silent films for the likes of Danny Kaye. Red Skelton and, of course, Marceau.

Probably the greatest influence in Marceau's career was Charlie Chaplin. He says of Chaplin, "To us he was a god. He made us laugh and cry, purged us of our own misfortunes, showed us a thousand tricks. And, always, no matter how beaten down, he triumphed over his tribulations in the end. At the fadeout, there was that black silhouette, walking with his feet pointed outwards along the bright road of happiness and hope.

"As a little boy I sat entranced in movie houses as I watched those shining images unfold before me. It





was then that I determined to become a mime. To be capable of expressing a wealth of emotion in one look, one gesture, to be able to interpret the slightest nuance of the soul — was that not a prodigious ambition?"

At the age of twenty, Marceau actively began the fulfillment of that ambition. He began studying pantomime under the direction of Etienne Decroux at the School of Dramatic Art in the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in Paris. From there he began a steady climb. In 1947 he created Bip and the character was an immediate success. He was called the "little brother" of Charlie Chaplin's tramp. Marceau began touring all over the world and was welcomed warmly. He founded his own acting company and theatre. He made numerous television appearances and movies. The language of the heart was well understood and applauded everywhere. Recently the French government honored Marceau with its highest award when it named him a "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur."

Marcel Marceau is, without question, a very talented, very creative man. As a pure dramatist he must be seen to be fully appreciated. As unromantic as it may seem, however, Marcel Marceau is also a very useful man. He provides a desperately needed communion between all people who crave for love and beauty.

All references to *Marcel Marceau*, copyright 1971 by Dunetz & Lovett.

—jim gresser

### Loggins and Messina: Rockin' It

Every once in a very great while, a new group comes along that is so good its sudden importance cannot be denied. Such a group is Loggins & Messina.

Born in 1970, the Loggins & Messina band has enjoyed immense success, both commercial and creative. Their first album (Kenny Loggins with Jim Messina—SITTIN' IN) was an enormous hit among those who were fortunate enough to discover it. Its success was fostered by two hit singles, Messina's "Nobody But You," a nicely done rocker, and "Vahevala," a calypso sailor's song, with steel drums and superb vocalizing. But, in fact, these two songs are only the highlights of a strong, strong album. Other gems include the trilogy with Messina's "Peace of Mind" as the closing song, and two Loggins tunes, the whimsical "House at Pooh Corner" and his simple ballad, "Danny's Song."

LOGGINS & MESSINA, album #2, was released in November of last year, and once again was an immediate success. The great popularity of "Your Mama Don't Dance" on AM radio assures the band that this album will be more widely enjoyed than its predecessor, and therein lies an unbeatable formula-the appeal of the group in Top 40 circles will certainly help in getting wider FM airplay and greater potential sales. And by the way, "Your Mama Don't Dance" is a superior Top 40 tune when compared with some of the watered-down commercial pap that dominates AM airwaves.

"Good Friend" opens in a vaguely blues-oriented sound, a good rocker (chunkachunkachunk) that is nonetheless nicely understated. Horns are used very effectively, and the whole song is full of surprises, though they are subtle and easy on the ear. Messina's lyrics here are quite good: "I knew a fine man/So strong in strife/ He ran for election/And he lost his life . . ." "Good Friend" is nicely done, probably the strongest tune on the album.

Loggins' "Whiskey" and "Long Tail Cat" are gently uplifting (like most of his material), and though they are simply constructed, each is tastefully instrumentalized—"Whiskey" with organ and harmonica; "Long Tail Cat" with organ, dobro (by Rusty Young of Poco), and voices. One of Loggins' strongest assets is his voice, and he uses it well in both tunes.

Messina's "Golden Ribbons" is the sleeper on the album, a sad song that changes complexion many times without ever abandoning its dominant mood. Messina has developed a strong melodic sense that is unusually pleasant, showing strongly in the vocal lines. Once again, the use of horns and backing instruments is well accomplished, and Messina's guitar is, as always, perfectly suited to the vehicle which the song provides. "Golden Ribbons" is a song of protest that probably won't alienate anyone: "I see young men my own age in coffins/And mothers in tears for their son / And sweethearts and wives alone with their memories/ And golden ribbons, those fortunes of war." Sung with grace and gentility at first, then building in power and movement, "Golden Ribbons" is a lesson in precision and practice.

Each of the other tunes on the album is well written and well performed, in particular, Loggins' "Till the Ends Meet" and "Lady of My Heart," and a co-written song, "Angry Eyes."

Both Loggins and Messina are exceptional music makers. You'd be hard pressed to find two people more suited to each other. Ken Loggins got his start several years ago with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Jim Messina, comes by way of Buffalo Springfield and Poco, and he's certainly one of a handful of good producers now in the business. His playing, and especially his writing, have now developed to a professional degree with this band. With Springfield and Poco, he turned out only a handful of tunes, but he's supplied this band with roughly half of its material, and it is consistently good.

Perhaps the greatest quality of Loggins & Messina is that they have impeccable taste. They know what they want their music to do, and they know how to do it. The end product very nearly approaches perfection. Their two albums are as good as any two albums I've heard in almost two years. But more than ability, this band has something infinitely more important. They've got class. And that, my friends, makes all the difference in the world.

-kevin dockrell

### the power and the power

In Boss Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Mike Royko is a journalistic surgeon who incisively cuts to the marrow of the political bone and exposes the malady for all to see. A crisis of political schizophrenia exists in the character of Chicago, residing most profoundly in the personality of the city's most powerful man. If we may consider Chicago an organic entity, then the very face of the city possesses a dichotomous composition. On one side of the face, there are political leaders and party members with all the power and money that the party machine can supply; on the other side reside the politically impotent voters in one party who continually elect the "bosses" into power beneath the fear of losing the mere pittance which they insecurely possess. From out of this divide comes Mike Royko with his very angry, yet extremely well-wrought book.

Boss is a stunning indictment of Mayor Daley and the American city. It is also a scathing jeremiad of hard-core facts, top-notch journalism and a fair measure of lip-bitten cynicism that conducts the reader on a journey through fifty years of political machination. There are some who romantically consider it a blessing that the Chicago politician is typified as one who loathes to drink his political whiskey any way but straight; yet Royko has neither time nor use for such modifications. To him, a lie is a lie; hypocrisy, no mattery how florid in presentation, is still hypocrisy; political power breeds more power and always at the expense of the individual lacking power.

Indeed, Boss is a journalistic brick to the head of Mayor Daley which has undoubtedly grown from the seed of a long-simmering rage. Although Royko can justifiably suffer criticism for grinding a very hard axe, he can, nevertheless, be forgiven for the sin. The book is a "reality trip" where the facts bellow loudly through the journalistic slant. Boss is ultimately a book about Power, Politics, and Mayor Daley which speaks boldly about the infested political air smothering the great American city, Chicago.

Boss begins by conducting the reader through a typical day in the life of Daley. Daley, we discover, is a religious man, a man of simplicity not given to extravagance. To explicate this, Royko numbers the constituents of Daley's private library. "There are only a few volumes — The Baltimore Catechism, the Bible, a leather-bound Profiles in Courage and several self-improvement books. All of the art is religious, most of it is bloody with crucifixion and crosses of thorns." One can divine here a curious single-mindedness which will be profoundly manifested in the biography. Somewhere between the great divide between the Baltimore Catechism and the U.S. Constitution resides the single tenet, that one unwritten ethical measure of power, corruption, pragmatism, racism. fear, favors and America which Chicago and Daley have come to exemplify. This one standard is the Democratic Party of Mayor Daley.

As we ride to work with the mayor, Royko speaks of the lan-

guage of the party code. It is a jargon of property - buildings, expressways, patronage. In the Daley canon, the Party is imbued with mystical and religious significance. If one is faithful to the political machinery, all will be well. Here lies the root of the army's dedication. "The person becomes more than an employee: he joins the Political Machine, part of the army numbering in the thousands who help win elections." The war that the army wages is a holy war, striving to beat down or convert 'outsiders." Salvation and spoils come together at the polls in November.

Boss is primarily biographical. Royko pointedly establishes Daley's intrinsic relationship with violence, beginning in 1919 with the Hamburg Athletic Club. Great pains are taken to show that, for Daley, violence is common truck. He began at the bottom by ringing doorbells and continued to "plod" until he secured power. While Daley was aware of much of the corruption, Royko is clear when he asserts that Daley did not personally participate in the widespread practices of graft and sexual exploitation. Daley, according to Royko, was content to coexist with these vices. From this, Royko imposes on Daley this moral code: "Thou shalt not steal, but thou shalt not blow the whistle on anybody who does." In 1953, Daley reaped the benefits of his patience and loyalty when he became Chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee. Royko comments, "He finally had his own machine."

Royko is, indeed, in high feather as he races through the psychology

and structure of the machine. Everything is designed to get power and then to securely retain it. The Machine is composed of four rather amorphous and inseparable entities: patronage, labor unions, money and nepotism. For example, there are thirty-five hundred precincts in Chicago. "Every one of them has a Democratic captain and most captains have assistant captains. They all have, or can have, jobs in government." The exact size of the Army is impossible to ascertain unless, of course, you happen to be Mayor Daley.

The visible manifestation of the Army's effectiveness, as was mentioned, comes in the forms of concrete, steel and glass. They are the signs of progress. Royko is quick to note that these great constructs do little good for the common voter. The new buildings cover the ground that a new school or a park or a recreational center could have occupied. Yet, since these poor people are with the wrong contingent of the political dichotomy, they must remain content to pull the correct lever and collect a mere chicken as they step from the booth.

The Mayoralty years of Daley, from 1955 to 1968, were years of reform — i.e., massive construction. They were also years blighted by various scandals which reached an apex when certain policemen were found to lie among those who burglarized. Reforms were continually launched. Royko, however, calls upon the Daley Code to qualify this: "Ignored was the fact that he instituted reforms only after his people got caught." There is probably little needed to be said about the fact of the 1968 Democratic Convention. The section of *Boss* dealing with the convention is characterized by a clear and clean reporting. I found it curious that this incident was least trafficked in vendetta and cynicism. Royko is to be applauded because he declines to lean heavily on the situation. He lets the facts speak for themselves. Reporters, we should remember, were among those victimized by what was later termed a "police riot" by the Walker Report.

Chicago is a hard town. Boss is an excellent piece of journalism which, like the man it studies, pulls few punches and even takes a few hard jabs after the bell has sounded. Before reading Royko's book, I was secure in the notion that it would be merely another scandalous rag - a wad of muck-raking trash. There are, however, too many facts. Royko is truly biased, but he is angry. Boss is a book that was launched from a writer who lived too long amid the disproportionate reality. Given Chicago and the power of the man who runs it, Boss is also a courageous book, for it speaks of things which the power of the Press will not change. In this light, I find it difficult to discern the pragmatic purpose of writing such a book. Whatever the reason may be, I am sure it is that same reason shared by people who write books explaining the operations of the Mafia. Only a fool would see this type of literature as reformatory. Perhaps we should be content with the half-comfort of social awareness. Indeed, Chicago is a hard town.

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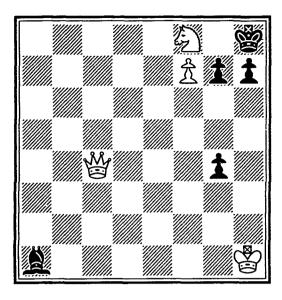
College you're attending\_

State\_

the crooked rook

SAMUEL LOYD Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung October 23, 1869

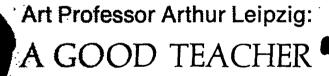
White mates in three moves



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

### SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM (11/17/72)

1. N-Q5	P - B4	2. R - N1	PXP	3. N - N6 mate
	B - R2	B - R7	BXP	N-K3 mate



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### coming distractions

#### FILMS

Be prepared as "Zeppelin" comes crashing to the screen this Sunday, February 18, at the IUSB lecture hall: 75c...Not a bad hors d'oeuvre for the **Orson Wells Film Festival** which comes to ND with "Citizen Kane" on Feb. 18, "The Magnificent Amberson" Feb. 19, "Lady From Shanghai" Feb. 20, "Macbeth" Feb. 21, and "A Touch of Evil" Feb. 22. All S1 at the Engineering Auditorium. Finally, Brazil's answer to the Marx brothers is here March 2 with "Macunaima."

#### **EXHIBITIONS**

All you exhibitionists are in for a lot of good cheap thrills at the University Gallery in O'Shaughnessy Hall. Contemporary Photography Since 1950 will be exposing itself through March 15. March 4 is the last day for the recent works of Father James Flannigan, and until Feb. 25 you can see a visiting exhibit from the New York University Collection featuring Milton Avery, Will Barnet and Willem DeKooning. The Moreau Gallery at SMC counters with several exhibits of its own until Feb. 24, a display of poetry and paintings entitled "Who Am I?" by Pat Dinnen, an exhibit of prehistoric ceramics and a show of Japanese woodcuts by Ryaji Kaskaka. Tues.-Fri. and Sun., 1 p.m.-9 p.m., Sat., 1 p.m.-5 p.m. Closed Mon.

#### **LECTURES**

Get into a taste of "Bitch's Brew" with a lecture/discussion of **"The**  Art of Miles Davis" at LaFortune Center. After your five-course meal of four potatoes and a beer all you Mc's can catch a lecture on "Ethnic Conflict: Irish and American" by Professor McKiernan in the Library auditorium Feb. 16. Professor John Searle from the University of California will lecture on the Philosophy of Language in the Library auditorium Feb. 19 and 21 at 8 p.m. and Feb. 23 at 3:30 p.m. The "India '73" lectures continue with Professor Kenneth Jameson speaking on "Economic Problems in Modern India" on Feb. 22 and Professor S. I. Ali on "India's Relations with Pakistan. Bangladesh, and the U.S." on March 1.

### SPORTS

The ND cagers and stickmen face some tough competition on their way

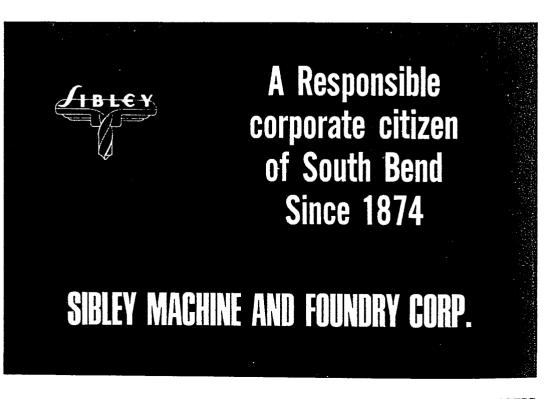
to some postseason activity. The **Basketball team** meets Western Michigan on Feb. 28 at 8 p.m., and South Carolina March 3 at 3:30 p.m. Both at the ACC. The **Hockey team** faces off against the **Wisconsin Badgers** Feb. 23 and 24 at 7:30 also at the ACC.

Get a glimpse of the summer and watch the **swimming team** as they meet Purdue Feb. 17 at 2:00 p.m., Illinois State Feb. 23 at 4:00 p.m., and Wayne St. Feb. 24 at 2:00 p.m.

#### CONCERTS AND SPECIALS

It's time to visit IUSB again if you want to hear some symphonic melodies. The IU Symphonic Band is in concert at Goodman Hall Fri. at 8:00 p.m. Admission: adults \$2, students \$1. Just as good and even cheaper is the free concert by the Jazz Band at LaFortune Center Feb. 24 at 9:00 p.m. Veteran gondola drivers may be interested in the fifth appearance on campus of the Philidor Trio with their concert entitled "The Silver Age of Venice," Library auditorium, Feb. 24 at 8:15 p.m. \$1. The ND-SMC theater prepares for spring in South Bend with the opening of a new production "After The Rain," Feb. 16, 17, 22, 23, 24 at 8:30 in Washington Hall. \$1.50. The Ice Capades is at the ACC for a twoday stint Feb. 16 at 8:00 p.m. and Feb. 17 at 2:00 p.m. If none of these appeal to you, you can take a trip with the ND Flying Club to the St. Joe County FAA facilities, Mon. Feb. 26. Call Bill at 1854.

*—kerry* mcnamara



## **CHIcoming distractions**

### CONCERTS

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- Chicago Symphony String Quartet Feb. 25, Sunday, 3 p.m.
  Randolph St. & Michigan Avenue —Auditorium, 2nd floor
- Chicago Symphony Orchestra Thursdays, 8:15 p.m.
  Fridays, 2 p.m.
  Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.
  Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan
- Chicago Symphony Chamber Music Concerts Feb. 16, 20, 8:30 p.m. Orchestra Hall

### EXHIBITS

• Art Institute of Chicago "Paintings by Renoir"

- Feb. 3 Apr. 1, Morton Wing
- "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America"
- Feb. 24 Apr. 22, Montgomery Ward Gallery
- "Claes Oldenburg Object into Monument"

Through Feb. 25

### LECTURES

 Art Institute of Chicago "The West's Romantic Encounter with the Exotic" Thursdays, 6 p.m. Fridays, 11 a.m.

#### FILMS

• Art Institute of Chicago "Elena et Les Hommes," 1956, Jean Renoir

#### Feb. 22

"Bondu Saved from Drowning," 1932, Jean Renoir Mar. 1

#### **MUSEUMS**

 Field Museum of Natural History Lake Shore Drive at Roosevelt Rd.
75th anniversary exhibition: "A Sense of Wonder, A Sense of History and A Sense of Discovery" Hall 3

### DANCE

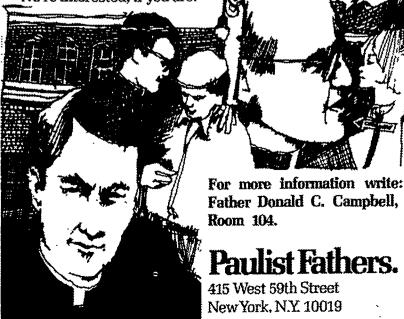
 The Alvin Ailey Dance Company February 23, 24, 8 p.m. Auditorium Theatre, 70 E. Congress \$3.50-10.00

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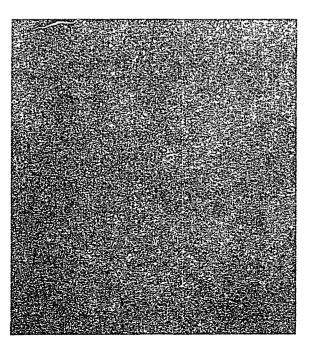
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### FEBRUARY 16, 1973



The week was hell. I found early in the week that there were no retreats from the barrage of comments about the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Twice I was late for class after being cornered by presumably well-meaning readers offering their comments on the Christian community, on academic freedom, on the Administration, etc. No issue that I recall has produced such a response, and never have I felt that our words were so widely misunderstood. The reactions seemed to range from surprise to skepticism, praise to disappointment; but they all seemed to stem from the sense that the intent behind the issue was to launch some sort of attack against the Administration. That was simply not our purpose: What could be gained from adding even more fuel to the flames of misunderstanding?

Now that a week has passed I am questioning why the issue was so misunderstood. Our only purpose when we sat down to discuss the issue was to raise some questions about the Notre Dame "Christian"/academic community, questions that we find extremely bewildering. Our mistake was that we made the issue seem too personal, that is, directed at only one or two individuals in the Administration. I suppose the reason for this apparent emphasis was our preoccupation with recent activities and statements by the Administration that exacerbated the already-inflicted pains of those questions.

The questions we decided to think out publicly and the decision was not an easy one-were not questions about the alleged "outrages" of administrators, but rather questions about human decency, to use an embarrassingly lofty term. And administrators are not the only ones who are vulnerable to lapses in recalling that the people they deal with are human being. Students and Faculty members sometimes, and in similar fashion, tend to forget the feelings of administration; and I am reminded of the many ways, the infinity of ways that students forget that other students are human beings. I guess that is what makes us human: the ability to be hurt in ways that are not physical, and the weakness that we often forget that we have the power to hurt others. And that is what we hoped would be clear was the thrust of the questions raised in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC—that we are a community, and that as a community and as individuals, we must look carefully at ourselves and try to be aware of our recent human failings in dealing with others as human beings. This is not to diminish the sense of bewilderment we felt when we were thinking out the specific questions in writing. They are no less bewildering now than they were then, but it is necessary to state explicitly that it was not our intention that any one individual be "attacked" personally.

Shortly after the celebrated author Norman Mailer visited this campus during the first semester, he was quoted in a Chicago paper as saying in reference to Notre Dame: "What you get from the students is an interesting mix of a lively Catholicism and a lively agnosticism. I can use the word 'soul' there and they don't necessarily snicker." Of course it is difficult to know when one is to take Mailer seriously, but I can recall reading that with something of a sense of pride. mixed with the hope that he was not being facetious. I think perhaps what makes Notre Dame unique is that many of the members of its community are persistently and stubbornly striving after an unattainable ideal, an ideal that was realized probably by only one man. You may call that ideal the Christian ideal. And, in our weakness and failures, that striving becomes a very painful process.

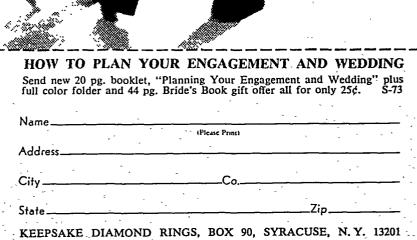
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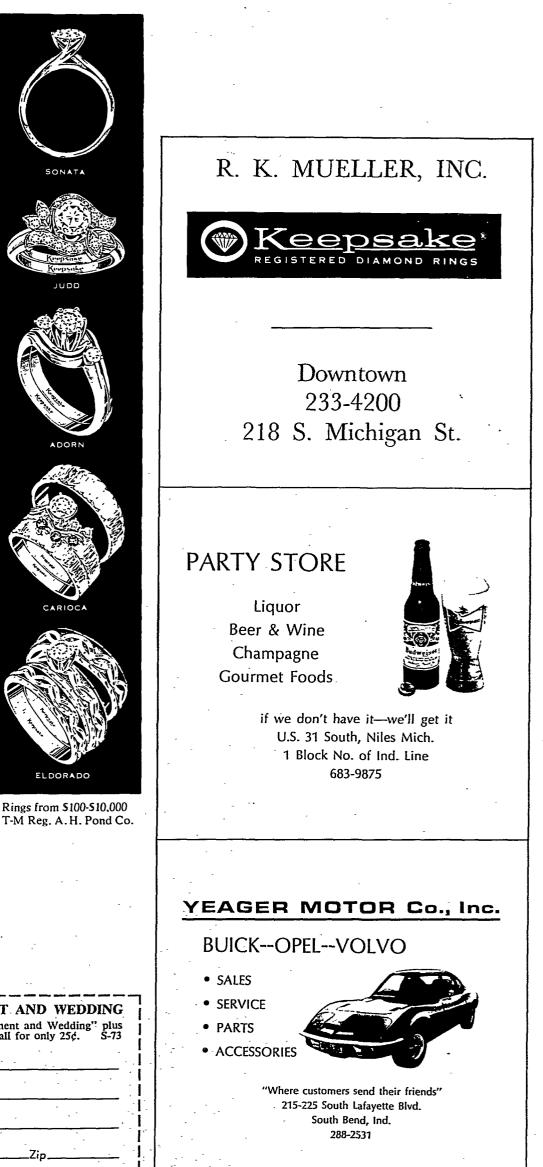
"They do not love that do not show their love." William Shakespeare

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