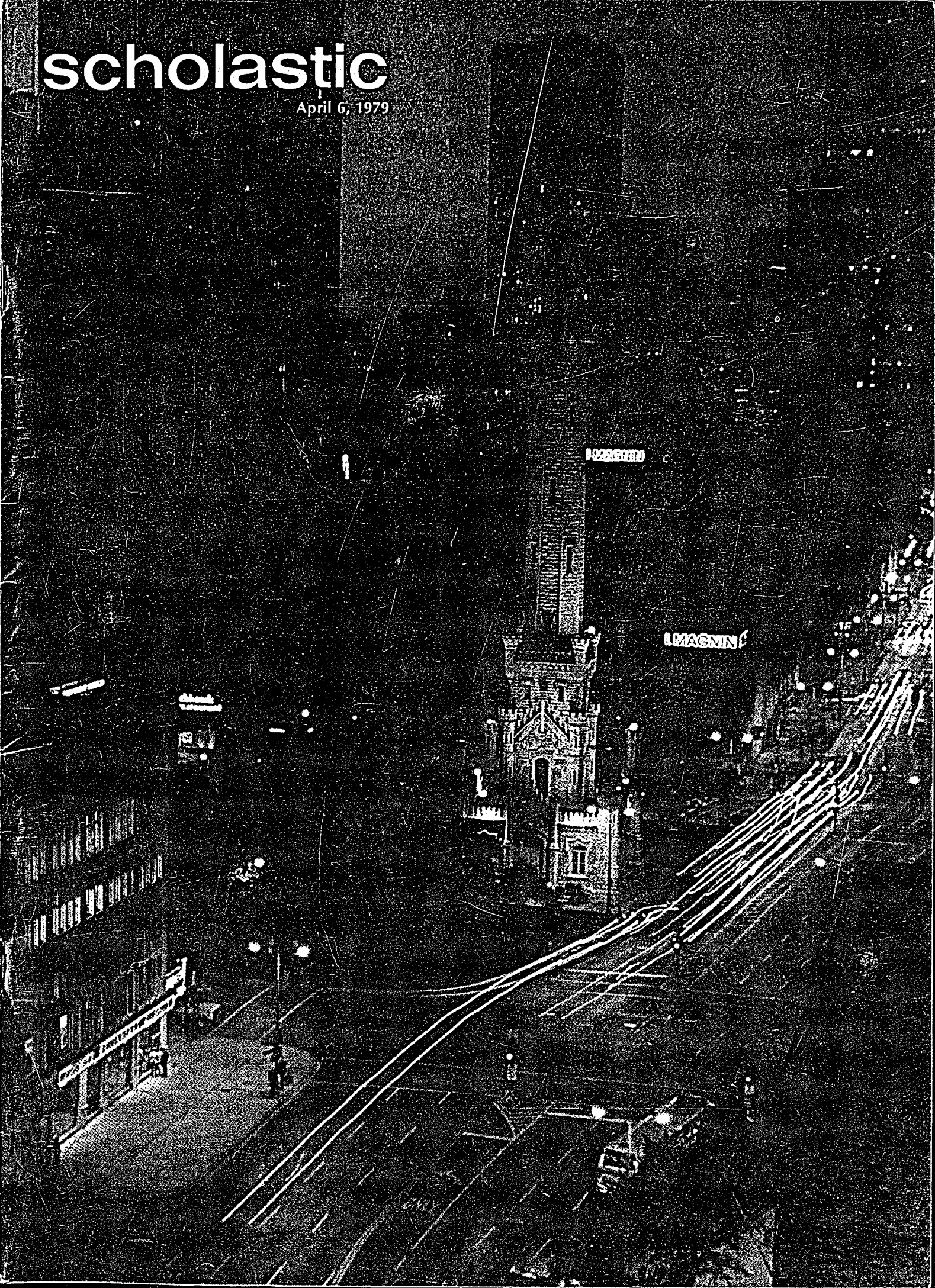


# scholastic

April 6, 1979



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*Picture of Minims at Notre Dame, 1916, by Robert P. Galloway*

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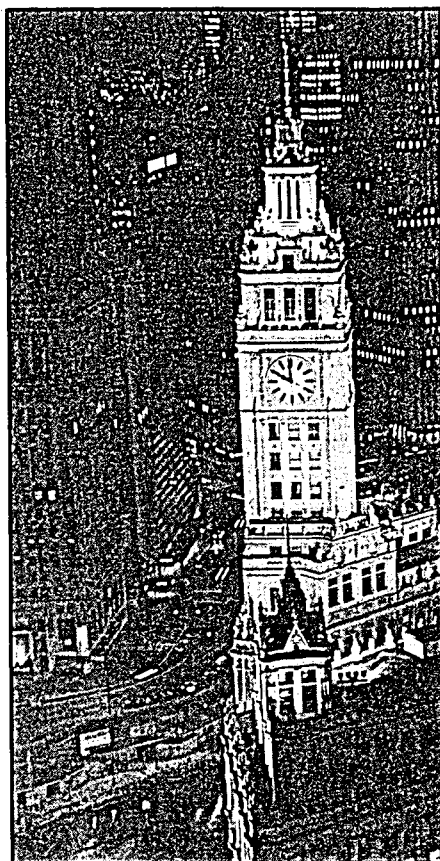
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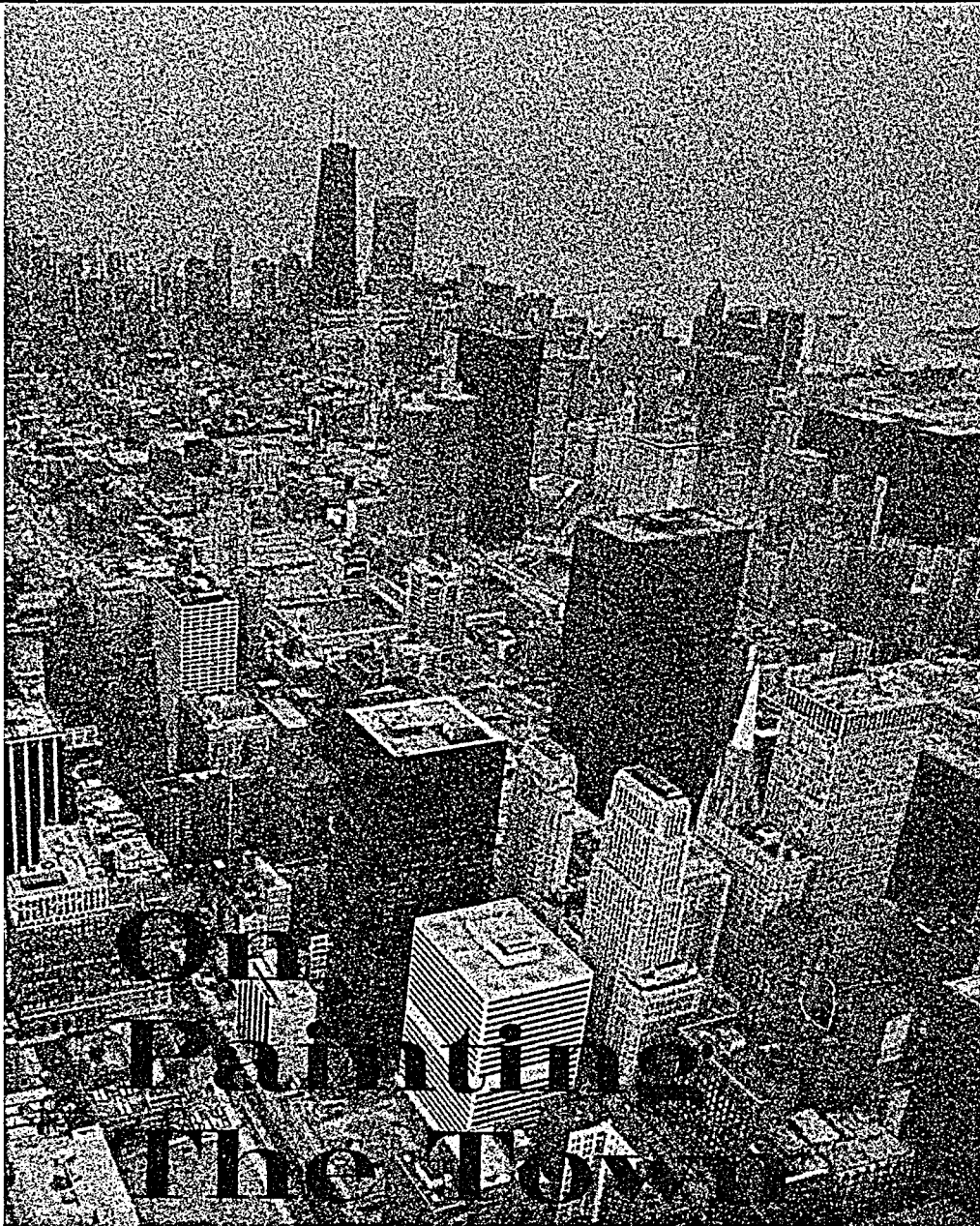
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# On Painting The Town Red

by Anthony Walton

Some Easterners might tell you that "Chicago" and "entertainment" are mutually exclusive terms. Not so. The Second City is a potpourri of interesting happenings for either the once-a-year venturer or for the connoisseur of entertainment and excitement. The possibilities range from the sporting to the cultural and, you can find almost *anything* between these two extremes. There is so much to choose from that it is hard to find a place to begin describing it all.

For the sportsman, there are several major-league teams from which to choose. The Bears, Bulls, Black Hawks, Cubs, White Sox, and Sting all offer exciting and competitive professional sports. Chicago also hosts several individual sporting events during the year such as tennis and golf tournaments. For the gambler, Chicago has several race-tracks, where both thoroughbred and harness races are held. Infor-

mation about all these events can be found in the Chicago newspapers.

For music lovers, Chicago plays host to concerts by artists in all different fields of music. Large rock concerts are held at Comiskey Park and Soldier Field. Two theatres, the Uptown and the Auditorium, host medium-sized concerts. A more intimate setting is provided by the Park West, a nightclub on the north side. Among those appearing there in recent weeks have been Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, Santana, Judy Collins, and Boston. Chicago also has much to offer in classical music and dance. The New York City Ballet, featuring Mikhail Baryshnikov, will be performing in April. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Sir George Solti, performs weekly at Orchestra Hall in Chicago.

The Shubert, the Arie Crown, the Drury Lanes, and the Mill Run are just a few of the many theatres in Chicago. Broadway plays and original first runs are among those available for your viewing pleasure. Recent examples have been "A Chorus Line," "Beatlemania," and "The Wiz." Now playing are "Dracula," and "Bosoms and Neglect." The local hit is "Sexual Perversity in Chicago" by David Mamet, recently invited to the Sophomore Literary Festival. Chicago also offers a special treat in the field of theater—the Second City troupe, improvisational comics par excellence. Second City is nationally acclaimed and has its own syndicated television program. Its alumni number, among others, several "Not-Ready-For-Prime-Time-Players," including John Belushi, Dan Akroyd, and Gilda Radner.

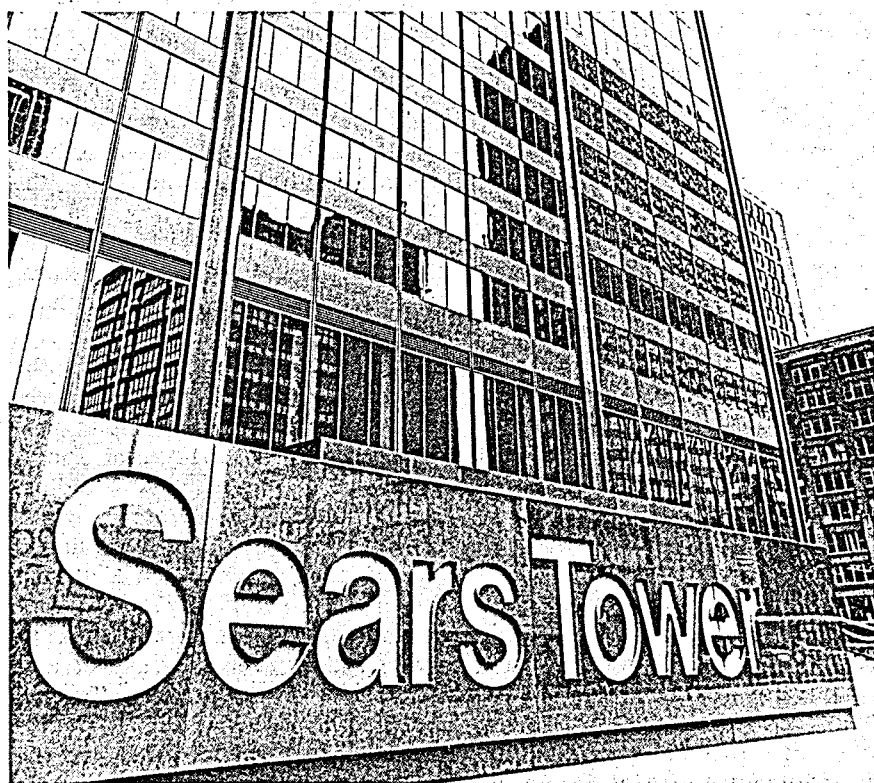
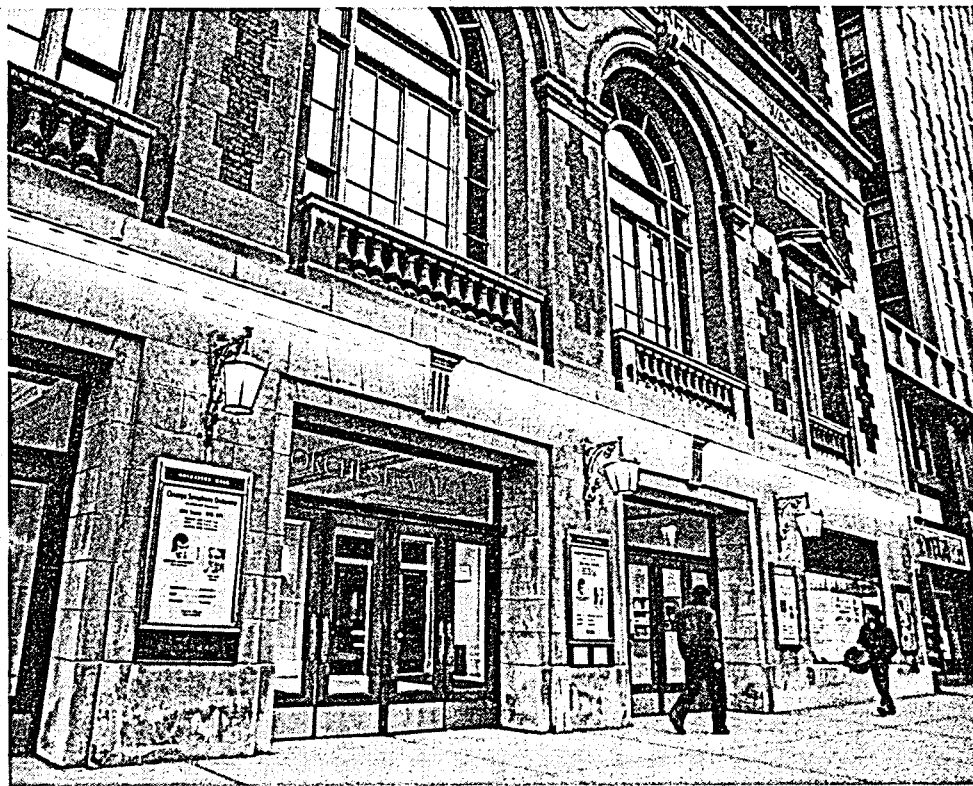
For the museum-goer, Chicago again is a leader in the field and has something for even the most discriminating tastes. The Art Institute and the Museum of Contemporary Art have wide collections of both classic and modern art. The Impressionist Collection at the Art Institute is especially fine. The Oriental Institute, the Field Museum, the Adler Planetarium, and the Museum of Science and Industry are favorites of the historically and scientifically minded museum-goer. For the animal lover, there are such world-renowned and popular sights as the Brookfield Zoo, the Lincoln Park Zoo, and the Shedd Aquarium.

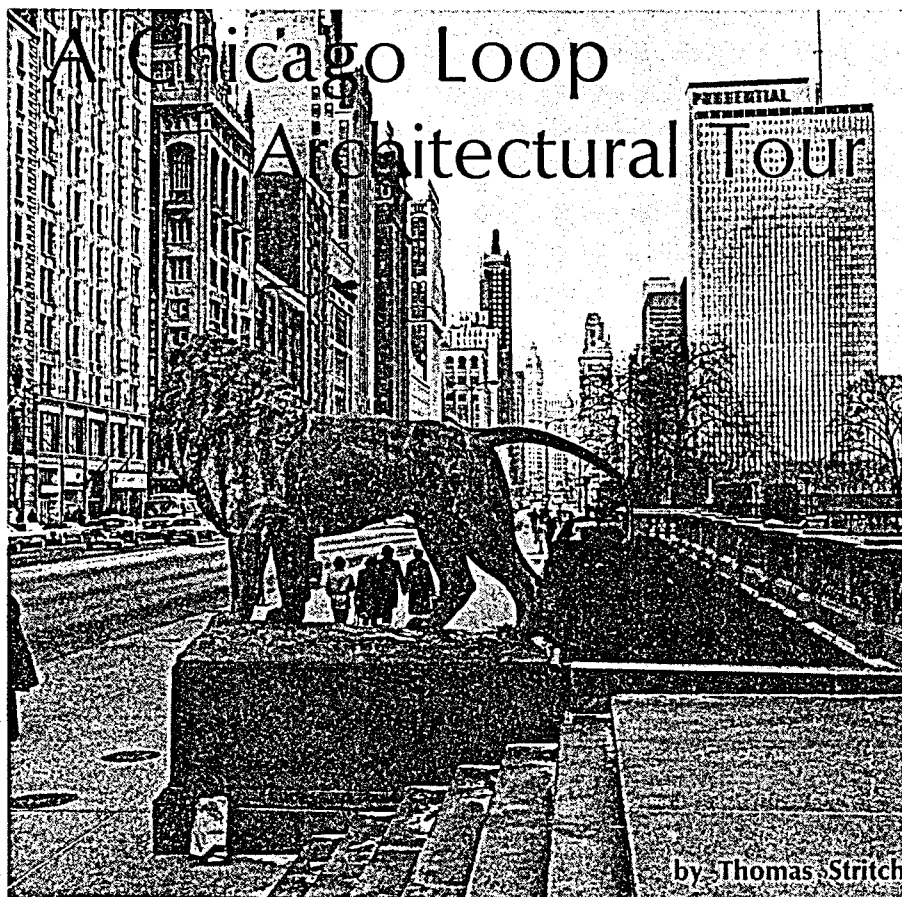
SCHOLASTIC



I'm sure I'm overlooking a myriad of other entertainment possibilities. There are just too many things to mention them all. For further information on any of the above suggestions, or many other possibilities, there are several places to gain information. *Chicago Magazine* contains ratings on all the restaurants in Chicago and offers hints for new things to do. The Chicago newspapers contain ads for all of the mentioned activities and run weekend sections on entertainment. For specific information, here are some phone numbers to call: For the update on rock concerts, call JAM's rock hotline, 312-666-6667. To find out what's happening in jazz, call 312-666-1881. Dial 212-F-I-N-E-A-R-T for information on general entertainment. 312-372-5178 is the number of CAPA, Chicago Alliance for the Performing Arts, for theater information. 312-454-6777 is the number for TICKETRON, for information on availability of tickets and ordering.

Chicago. It's ninety minutes away and holds in store another world of new and different things to do. It's the perfect cure for a case of the South Bend blues. Give it a try, and I think you'll agree. For entertainment, it's your kind of town. □





If Charleston, South Carolina, is the United States' most interesting city architecturally for the period before the Civil War, and San Francisco for the period just after it, Chicago seems to me to beat New York for the modern period. From the air or the deck of a ship New York is more dazzling, but up close Chicago 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. 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, and 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.

As the early generation petered out, Chicago architecture got a new impetus when Mies van der Rohe moved there in 1939 as a refugee from Hitler's Germany. His Chicago legacy is enormous—fourteen apartment towers all over the city, most of the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology, and numerous houses. On this tour we'll see his huge new Dirksen Federal Center and glimpse his splendid IBM Building. But Mies' influence is even greater than his buildings. The Chicago architecture firm of Skidmore,

Owings and Merrill, several of whose buildings are on the tour, was so influenced by Mies that they are often referred to as three blind Mies. And the three splendid new Loop buildings by C. F. Murphy are straight out of Mies.

So the Chicago tradition goes on, some of it in Mies' wake, some of it exploring different approaches to the finest art the United States has produced—modern building.

If you want to see what's best in modern architecture, you've only got to go the short 90 miles to Chicago.

The Loop (downtown) part of the following tour can be easily done in two to three hours, and even if the North Side part is added, it will only take a long afternoon. This tour is obviously incomplete and, 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 Avenue, in Grant Park at the foot of Adams Street.

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 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 Schipperet and Heinrich in 1968, and the main reason for this eyesweep 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 Ave. 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, possibly 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. Turn west now to the river and the fine new buildings that line Wacker Dr., most especially SOM's Sears Tower.

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 Avenue, 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 at 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 master-





piece, along with Lever House in New York, of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. Look in the lobby at Richard Lippold's beautiful wire construction, 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 good 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 Bertram Goldberg's imaginative and beautiful Marina Towers, and at Mies' fine IBM Building just across the street. But wait till you get to Michigan Avenue 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 Raymond Hood in 1924. Hood had got-

ten 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, Owings & 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 Regenstein Library (SOM 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 not the mature Wright you know. That is best seen in Robie House, 5757 South Woodlawn, near the University of Chicago. □

*This is an updated version of an article Prof. Stritch wrote for Scholastic six years ago. Scholastic thanks Prof. Stritch for all his help on this reprint.*

# A

## Culinary

## Cruise

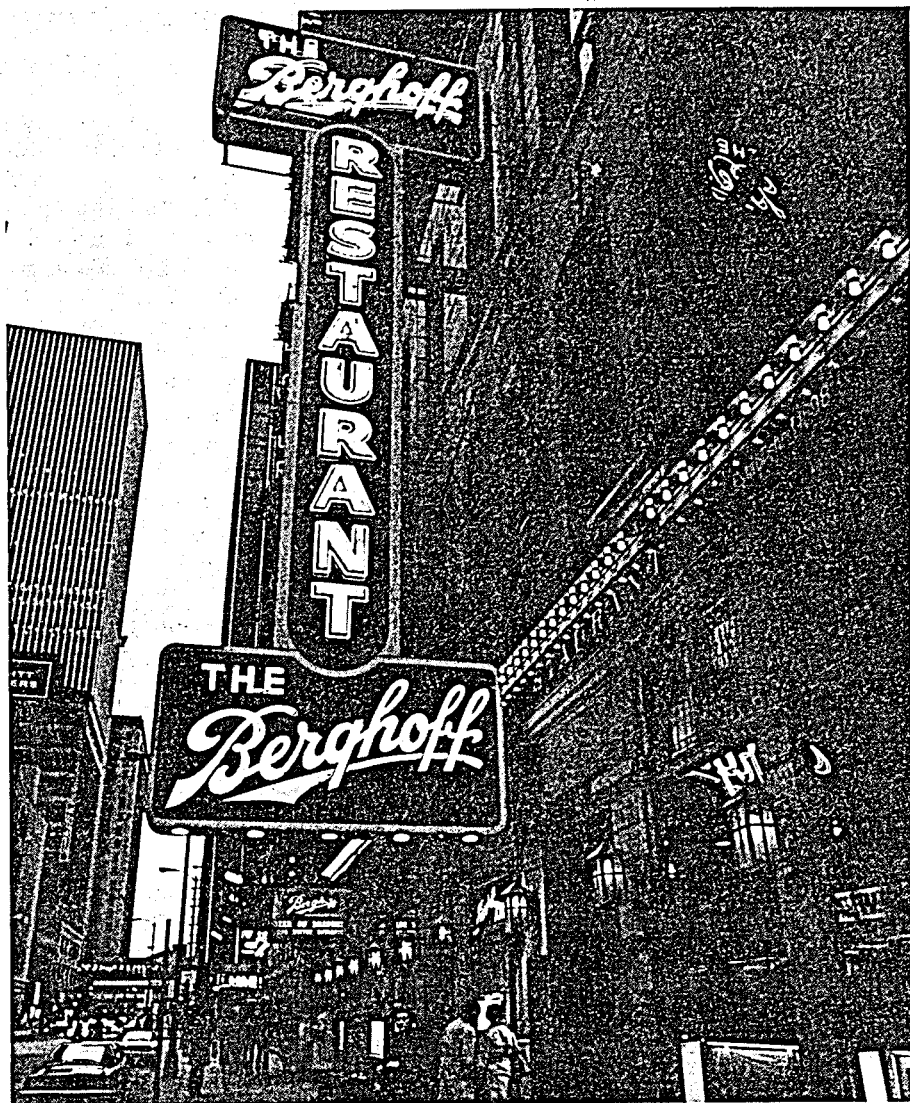
by Liz Donovan



When asked to name his favorite restaurant in Chicago, one Notre Dame student replied, "The Berghoff. Great restaurants begin there and radiate outward." The Berghoff is located at 17 W. Adams St., just down the street from the Art Institute. A finer German restaurant would be hard to find this side of Munich. Don't be intimidated by the long lines of people waiting outside at lunchtime. The Berghoff has earned a reputation for fast service, and, you'll find, the food is well worth the wait. For a reasonable price, the Berghoff offers many selections of hearty German fare such as wiener schnitzel, bratwurst and sauerkraut, stuffed cabbage, and apple streudel. Annexed to the main dining room is a stand-up cafeteria called "The Men's Buffet." The Buffet serves men (and women), a fine variety of German sausages, sandwiches, and side dishes. A complement to any meal is the Berghoff's family brewed beer. Good alone, too.

According to *Chicago Magazine*, Chicago is "the natural and spiritual home of the deep-dish pizza." Pizzerias abound, and each one claims to make the best in town. One of the most popular places is Gino's at 160 E. Superior St., familiar turf to many students venturing into the Windy City. Deep dish is a happy wedding of tomato sauce, cheese, and options piled high on a thick crust and served in a skillet. Veteran deep-dish fans pace themselves when at Gino's. Eat conservatively, for the pizza is deceptively filling. Also nice are Pizzeria Uno, 29 E. Ohio, and Pizzeria Duo, 619 N. Wabash Ave., a two-link chain of restaurants where the deep-dish pizza is said to have originated. On Friday and Saturday nights it's often difficult to get into these places without waiting for as long as an hour. If bribing the hostess doesn't work, try Giordano's at 6253 S. California Ave., a restaurant off the beaten tourist path which is highly recommended by those who know Chicago well. "Six pounds of double-crusted delight," is the description of Giordano's pizza offered by one fan.

Consistently rated as one of Chicago's finest restaurants is The Magic Pan Creperie, 60 E. Walton



near Rush St. It's always a good idea to make reservations when dining out in Chicago, and it's especially true for this popular restaurant. The decor is tastefully done, very chic. A typical dinner costs around \$6.50 and includes soup or salad and two of the all but typical crepes. A nice combination is the corn chowder, chicken and mushroom crepe, broccoli crepe with cheddar cheese sauce. It's a shame not to try dessert. If you're not counting pennies or calories, have a chocolate mint crepe, a *specialité de la maison*. Memorable. Then take a long walk down Rush St.!

For a high-brow experience have lunch at the Hyatt Regency on Wacker Dr. Here the upwardly mobile meet at noon to see, be seen, and lunch on what must be Chicago's most expensive hamburgers. The shrimp salad is good, as are the crepes, but the prices are a bit extreme. If someone is treating you, you'll enjoy it. If not,

try someplace else. The decor is sleek and sophisticated, yet I was distracted by the fact that the waiters emerged with food from behind a door marked "MEN," effectively cancelling the posh image. I presume the kitchen door is right behind this one, but really!

If you prefer something a bit more genuine than the Hyatt, try Diana's Opaa, a locale at 212 S. Halsted in Greektown. Why the curious name? After a few minutes in this lively place you'll know. One of Diana's specialties is a cheese appetizer which the waiter flambées at the table and announces with an enthusiastic "OPAA"! The theatrics are great, and the food is a real treat at a good price. Try a Greek salad with the cheese and spinach pie. And after a few bottles of Resina, diners let down their hair and almost anything can happen. Have I heard stories—Opaa! Also a real hoot is the Parthenon, just down the street

at 314 S. Halsted. Both are decorated in early kitsch, both are great fun.

Unmatched for their imagination and food are the restaurants of the Lettuce Entertain You chain. Each place offers something a little different, and each is a sure bet for a super lunch or dinner. The Great Gritsby's Flying Food Show, 21 E. Chestnut near Rush St., has a cheese bar included in the price of an entrée. If you've never tried chocolate chip cheese spread, or if you think you wouldn't want to, duck into the Flying Food Show. Lawrence of Oregano, 662 W. Diversy Pkwy., is a nice little Italian place complete with checkered tablecloths, terrific food, and a good salad bar. The veal is top drawer. Also, ask about their daily specials. Jonathan Livingston Seafood, 5419 N. Sheridan Rd., has seafood so good you'd swear you weren't landlocked in the Midwest. R. J. Grunt's, despite the indelicate name, is home to one of Chicago's favorites—the "Gruntburger," a one-half-pound monstrosity. It's a challenge. Grunt's is located at 2056 N. Lincoln Park West. The Pump Room, 1300 N. State, and Fritz That's It, in Evanston, are also part of the Lettuce bunch.

If you get hungry while shopping

at the Water Tower, skip McDonald's and head into D. B. Kaplan's Delicatessen. Allot plenty of time for lunch, because the menu takes a good thirty minutes to read. Winner of the 1977 Great Menu Award from the National Restaurant Association, the menu is a hilarious description of their 152 sandwiches, salads, quiches, drinks, and sweets. A brief sampling includes #34, "The Chicago Clubs"; #68, "De Bird and D.B.'s"; #85, "Yes Sir, Cheese My Baby." The chocolate chip cheesecake has earned its way into my hall of fame.

These are just a few of the many, many, great restaurants in Chicago. If I neglected to mention your favorite place, don't get mad. Bring me along next time you go, and I'll rewrite this article. Someday I'll be a silver-haired lady with a bag of money, and then I'll check out Chicago's more expensive eateries. My wish list includes Benihana's at 166 E. Superior, a Japanese restaurant where the waiter chops, cooks, and serves the food right at the table, all with great fanfare. Also, the Cape Cod at the Drake Hotel, the French restaurant on the 95th floor of the Hancock Building, Maxim's on Michigan Ave.'s Gold Coast, and . . . □

## Everyone's Kind of Town

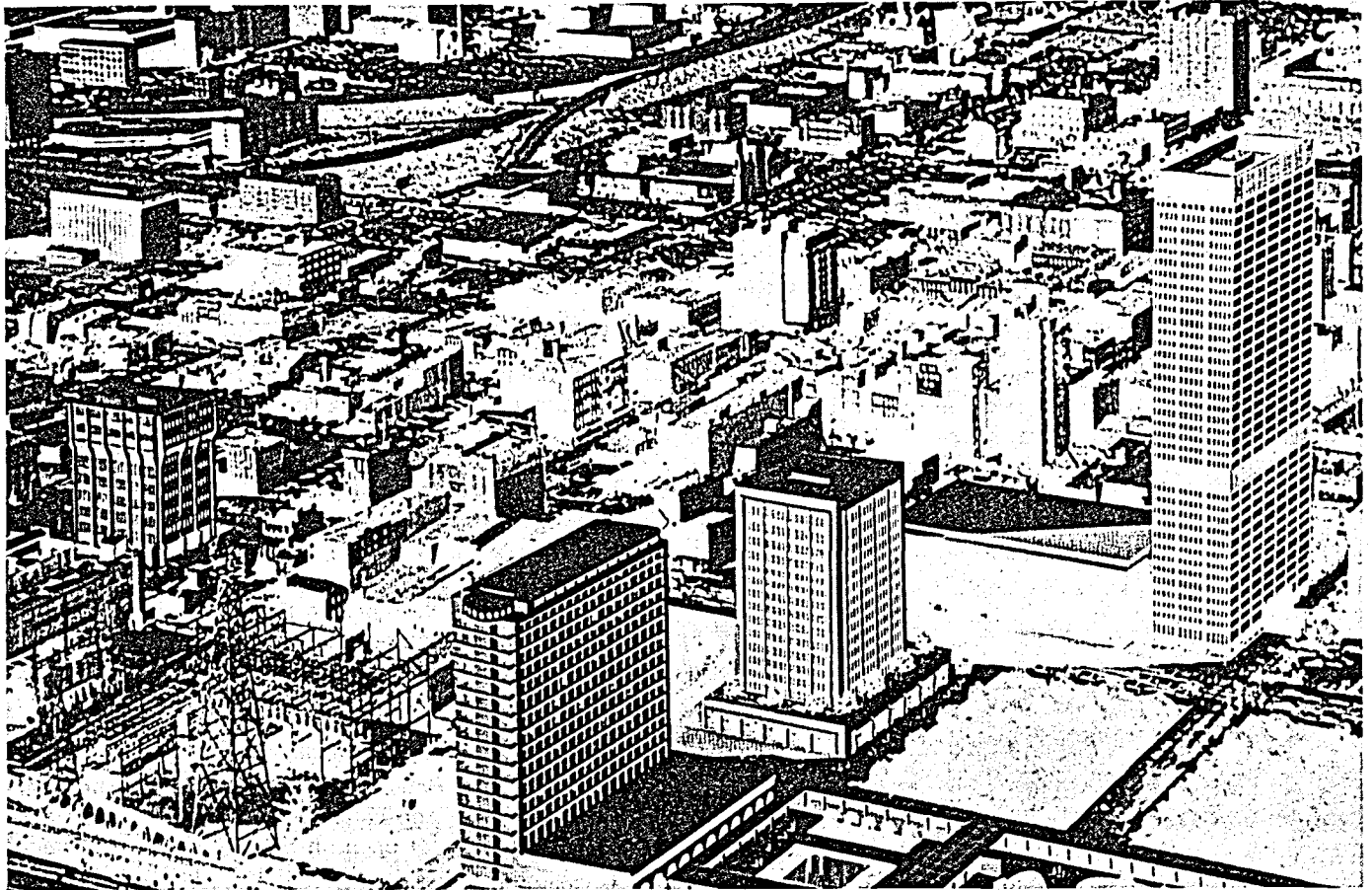
by Eileen Durkin

The second day of October break, my mother shouted up the stairs to me, "Ron wants to see some Chicago neighborhoods. Would you like to come along?"

Ron was spending the weekend with us before heading down to Notre Dame for a conference on neighborhoods. He is familiar with many cities, but he had never toured Chicago's streets. Chicago is the home of many different ethnic groups, and the old neighborhoods are often changing. This flow happens so fast at times that I decided I had better join in the exploration beyond the street signs before it got to be too late. I screamed back, "Give me five minutes!"

Twenty-five minutes later found us at point zero, the corner of State and Madison, ready to begin our expedition. Armed with the script "Historical and Architectural Tour of Chicago," my mother insisted on reading the entire introduction. Un-





til she reached "Our bus is equipped with a lavatory . . .," that is. This was news to my bus driver father, who was instructed to keep his eyes and the Chevy wagon on the road as we took a quick spin around the downtown area to point out the many architectural landmarks to Ron.

Two blocks south is Adams, and as we traveled west on that street to Halsted (800 W), we got our first sampling of Chicago's plurality. We passed **Berghoff's Restaurant**, which is still operated in the European manner (with each waiter running his own business) and Chicago's oldest church, St. Patrick's.

At Halsted we hit Greektown. Greek shops and restaurants line the street for a block or so. The Congress Expressway, a bit south, uprooted a Greek neighborhood, and the result of this tragedy was the attempt to recreate café life in Greece. Our script mentioned "inexpensive food, modest wines, and a friendly atmosphere." We could see for ourselves the flavor of Socrates' world in such stores as the **Mediterranean Pastry Shop** and **Diana's Grocery and Restaurant**. My mother explained that the author of

*Zorba the Greek*, which was later made into a movie starring Anthony Quinn, frequented this store. Windows in Greektown boast such goodies as gyros, baklava, saganaki (brandy-flamed Greek cheese), and within **Diana's Opaa** at 212 S. Halsted, kisses to all the ladies.

I still cannot pronounce Ron's last name, except for the "-elli" at the end, but I knew that he appreciated the next leg of our trip best. This portion took us south on Halsted to the Roosevelt Road area, University of Illinois' Circle Campus, and Hull House, all within Chicago's "Little Italy."

The University uprooted a tightly knit neighborhood of Italians, along with some Polish and Irish, too. Many ethnics in the Vernon Park community, however, have not left, and signs abound of the Italians who immigrated here and stayed. My father drove us up and down many little side streets to see the Hull House, Mother Cabrini Hospital, Our Lady of Pompeii Church, and Victor Arrigo Park.

The first of these sights, Jane Addams' famous Hull House, opened in 1889 in the heart of the first settlement of the immigrants in Chi-

cago. Hull House workers encouraged (and often pushed, so I have heard) these new citizens into programs to preserve their own heritage and to learn the American culture. Across the street from Hull House is the Fire Academy, built on the spot where the disastrous Chicago Fire of 1871 allegedly began. Further down the street is the Mother Cabrini Hospital. Mother Cabrini, the first saint who lived in America, was born in Italy, and helped the immigrants in their harsh struggle to survive. Continuing our tour, we came to Our Lady of Pompeii Church. The church's most recent claim to fame involves a ruse to throw off the press. It was the parish of the wife of the late Mayor Daley's son, and their wedding was scheduled there, but actually took place at the Mayor's church in Bridgeport. The Irish contingent in our tour bus appreciated that story.

Twenty-four million dollars has been granted to Vernon Park to compensate for the destruction done by the University and, again, by an expressway. Victor Arrigo Park on Lexington Avenue (730 S) is an example of the ongoing renewal,

complete with a statue of Christopher Columbus.

In this area, we also went by Notre Dame Church, the only French church in Chicago, which has confessions in French, by request. The French have long since left the surrounding neighborhood, but a French-Canadian order of priests remains. We also drove by the old Irish parish of Holy Family, which borders on St. Ignatius High School. The Irish, too, have left this area of the "Church of the Prairies," but urban renewal is improving the neighborhood for its new members.

The day was advancing quickly, and Carter had not yet revealed the Peking Pact, so we skipped the section of the script labelled "Chinatown." I know, however, that it is a fascinating place, with bilingual street signs and many small shops, restaurants, and Chinese organizations. We merely glanced down Maxwell Street, which, while it is slowly losing its popularity, still retains its flavor. It is the last of the City's open-air markets. Many of these markets used to line the Chicago River in the downtown area, but they were closed by such big-wigs as Marshall Field who wished to prevent workers from having a place to meet and rally during the early days of the unions.

Instead, we traveled south on the Dan Ryan Expressway, got off at 35th Street, and drove a short while to the community of Bridgeport. Descendants of many different ethnic groups live here, but it is primarily an Irish enclave and home of the last four mayors—Kelley, Kennelly, Daley, and Bilandic. With their gift of blarney, the Irish here have been very successful in politics. (They were also the only major immigrant group who could speak English.) My mother read, "It has been said that every home in Bridgeport houses at least one person on the county or city payroll."

People who move into Bridgeport stay, even mayors. We drove past the Daley and the Bilandic homes, two modest little bungalows. We then drove past Daley's church, Our Lady of Nativity (where the wedding took place), which is one of 12 churches within about one square mile.

Next, we headed north, to the Lincoln Park area. We deviated from the script a little and showed Ron some of the homes in that area, in one of which we believe my great-grandfather lived. We have addresses from the Chicago Historical Society dating back to the 1880's. There is an incredible amount of building going on between North Avenue and Armitage, a little west of the lake, and several of the addresses now house modern townhouses. The old is juxtaposed with the new, however, and we were able to see the homes which are, by now, below street level because they have been paving the streets over for so many years. The family was Irish, but the neighborhood was German, and my great-grandmother taught school in that language. We visited St. Michael's Church where they undoubtedly heard Mass in German. The beer gardens and breweries which used to line North Avenue are long since torn down, though.

Our next stop was Wicker Park, a former suburb which is very rich in architecture and heritage. This area is bordered by Milwaukee, Damen, and North Avenues. Many different immigrant groups have settled here, the latest being blacks and Puerto Ricans. The largest remaining group is the Poles. As a matter of fact, there are more Poles in this area than in any other urban concentration except Warsaw. Amidst some urban decay, there remains one street of beautiful homes which began as residences for German burghers, were converted to Polish boardinghouses, and are now being fixed up by wealthy young couples. One of these famous Pierce Street houses is called the "Paderewski Cottage" because this famous Pole gave a piano concert from the porch in the 1930's.

Pope John Paul II was inaugurated that October day, and Ron was very interested to see what, if any, festivities the Poles were having. Consequently, we drove up Milwaukee Avenue from Division Street (1200 N.). This street has always been known for its Central European flavor, particularly influenced by the Poles. We passed Zlata's Belgrade, a Serbian restaurant named by the *Chicago Tribune* as one of the 10 best in Chicago.

The script suggests that tourists try to spot as many nationalities as possible from the storefronts and windows. While we did not play the game, we could clearly see the evidence of such an "assault of cultures."

A very large Latino population has moved onto Milwaukee Avenue, and the Poles have just kept moving north along the street. We had to drive almost to the suburbs to see successive Polish stores. *The Polish Daily Zgoda*, a Polish daily newspaper, has left its longtime post at the corner of Ashland and Milwaukee and moved north. The churches remain, however, and the ethnics from the suburbs still return on Sundays to their neighborhood churches to hear Mass said in their native tongues.

Ron was expecting pictures of the Pope to be in store windows, but he was disappointed. We did see a display, however, in the window of the Polish museum, which was the final stop called for in the script. It was not open on Sunday, but it is a very interesting little museum. I had been there several years before and had seen such diverse exhibits as the hotel room in which Paderewski died and a spear of St. Maurice's dating from 1000 A.D. From the museum we could see St. Stanislaus Church. The pride of the immigrant Poles is manifested in their encounter with the city of Chicago, when the Kennedy Expressway was built. The Poles did not want their neighborhoods to be destroyed by the expressway. The result of this clash rerouted the expressway around St. Stanislaus Church and the parish school.

On the orders of the driver and out of deference to Pope John Paul II, our bus pulled over on Milwaukee Avenue, and we dined on Polish food in a small restaurant. Ron assured my mother that she had been a most informative guide, and we all concluded that the neighborhoods in Chicago lent themselves quite well to an introductory tour on a Sunday during break. Polish dumplings taste pretty good, too, I discovered. Perhaps I will try those Greek goodies next. □

*Freshman Eileen Durkin, in addition to being Scholastic's neighborhood expert, has appeared in both "All Over" and "Spring Awakening."*



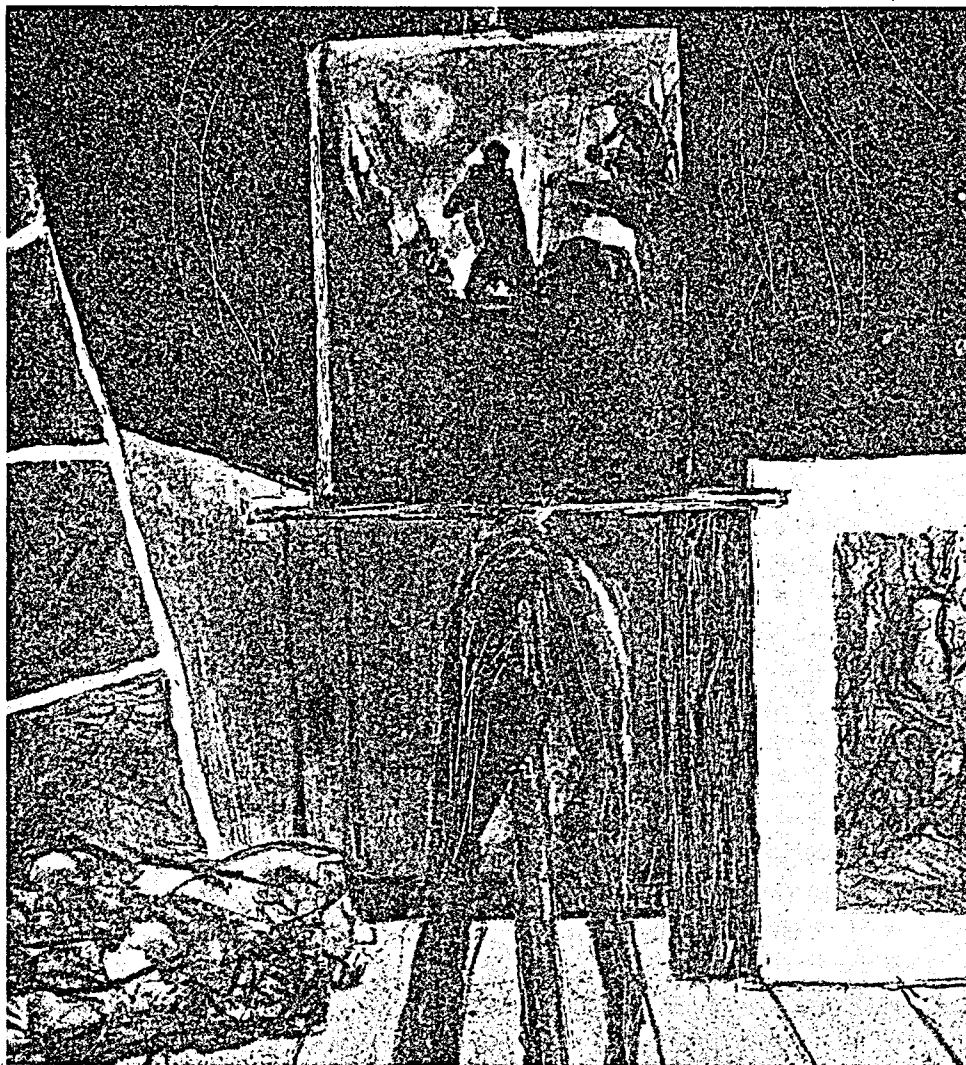
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## Gallery

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Mark Bonner



Mark Bonner

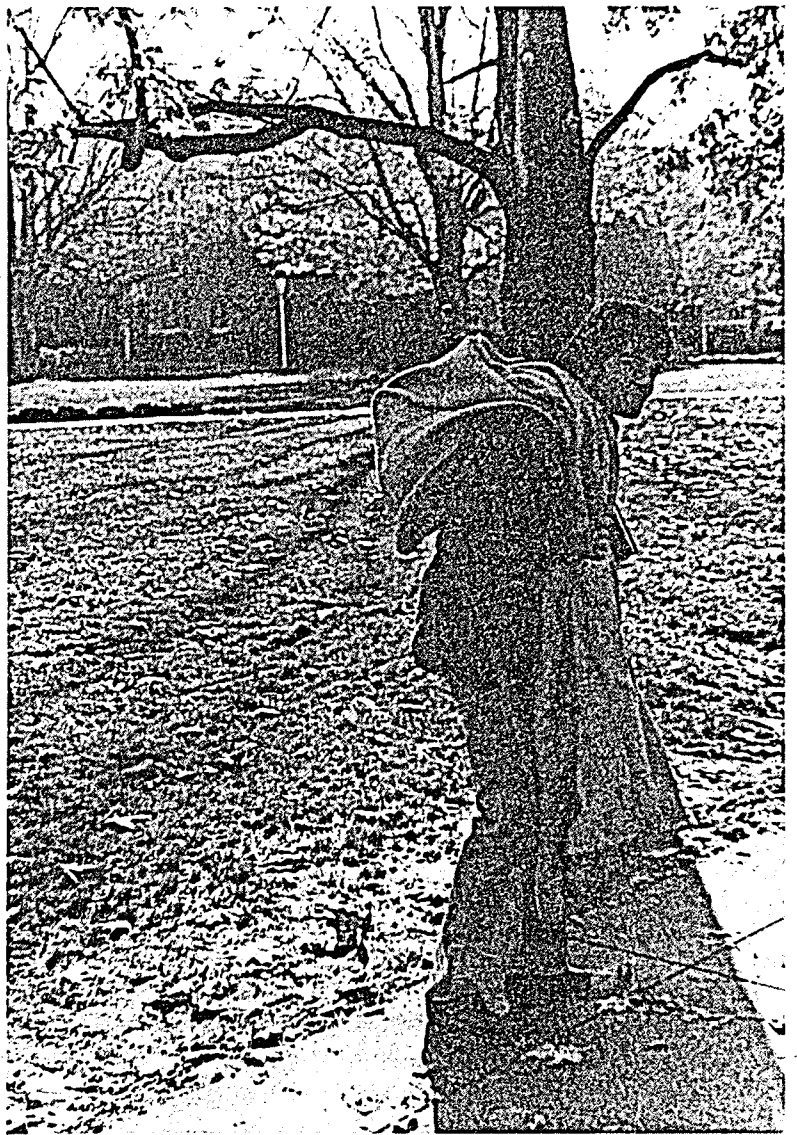
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## Gallery

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Theresa Rebeck



Phil Whitmer



# BILANDIC BYRNE, MACHINE DEAD

by Paul Peralta

This title may have appeared in some newspaper a few weeks ago to describe the stunning upset of Chicago mayor Michael Bilandic by Ms. Jane Byrne. Her unexpected victory in the Democratic mayoral primary was thought to have spelled the end of the legendary Chicago political machine. Many political observers, however, view the primary result as not the death knell for the machine but as a harbinger for its rejuvenation.

Interestingly, the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community has been affected by what has happened in "The Second City." Members of the faculty and student body, both past and present, reflect the ties between the city and the two schools, and several of them have expressed reflections on what has transpired.

Monsignor John J. Egan, Special Assistant to the President and Director of the Center for Pastoral and Social Ministry, has been familiar with the Chicago political mechanism. From 1956-1970, Msgr. Egan worked with various organizations, such as the Inter-Religious Council of Urban Affairs, Model Cities, the Urban Renewal Program, etc., which brought him into constant contact with city officials. Msgr. Egan defines the "machine" as "a coalition of people of differing opinions, interests, and cultures brought together to work with one another for mutual survival and for the survival of the Democratic organization." This organization, Egan states, is built on a system of patronage. The success of the organization depended on how well the mayor held together his coalition which included ward committeemen, precinct captains, and

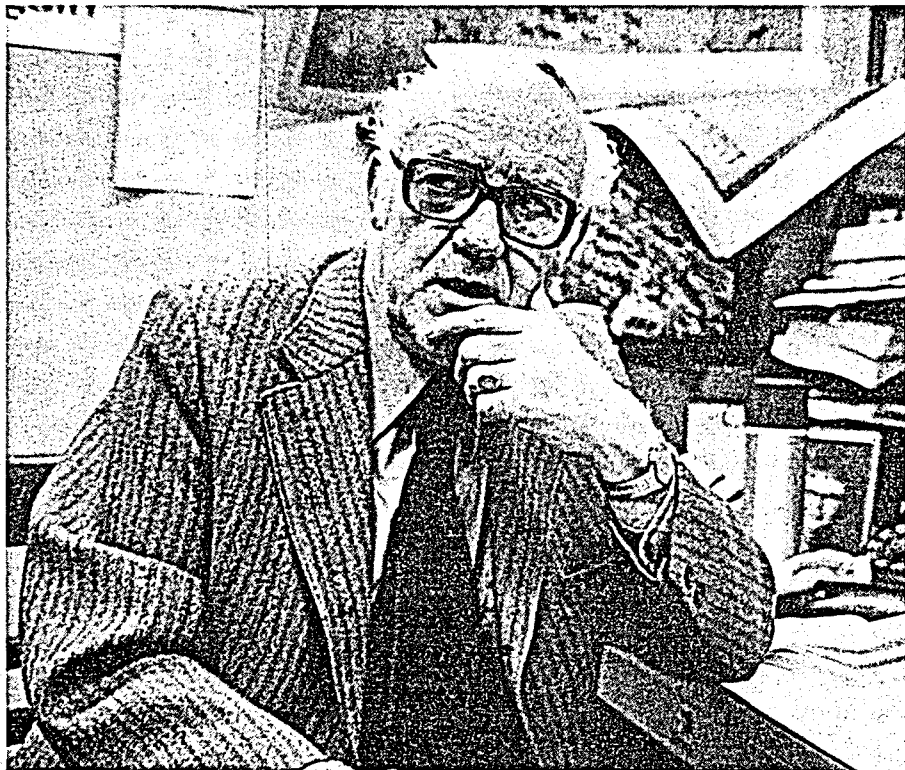
aldermen. Msgr. Egan points to the late mayor Richard Daley as one who "effectively managed the Democratic organization."

Outlining the history of the Chicago machine, Msgr. Egan says, "We must remember that Mayor Daley did not build the Democratic organization. It came through a long series of years from around 1930 during the administration of Mayor Anthony Cermak. Successive administrations which carried on the coalition were the Kelly-Nash machine, Martin Canelli, and then Daley, who came in the early 50's."

Msgr. Egan knew Mayor Daley

personally. "I knew him and knew him well, but I was not a personal friend; I don't know if anyone was really a close friend. He was a private individual and only had a few intimates. We had, I think I can respectfully say, a good working relationship between the two of us. . . We had a cordial relationship although we did disagree on matters of policy."

Contrary to popular belief, the machine is not dead, as Msgr. Egan states: "Jane Byrne is in the direct line of the building of that organization (the machine). I think we can expect a continuation of the Daley



Professor Edward Cronin



regime. I think we can expect the word 'coalition' to come to the fore far more than it did with Mayor Bilandic."

Chicago, as a predominantly Catholic city, was attracted to Notre Dame, the predominant Catholic university of the Midwest, primarily for ecclesiastical reasons. Religion notwithstanding, however, athletics also drew Chicagoans to Notre Dame.

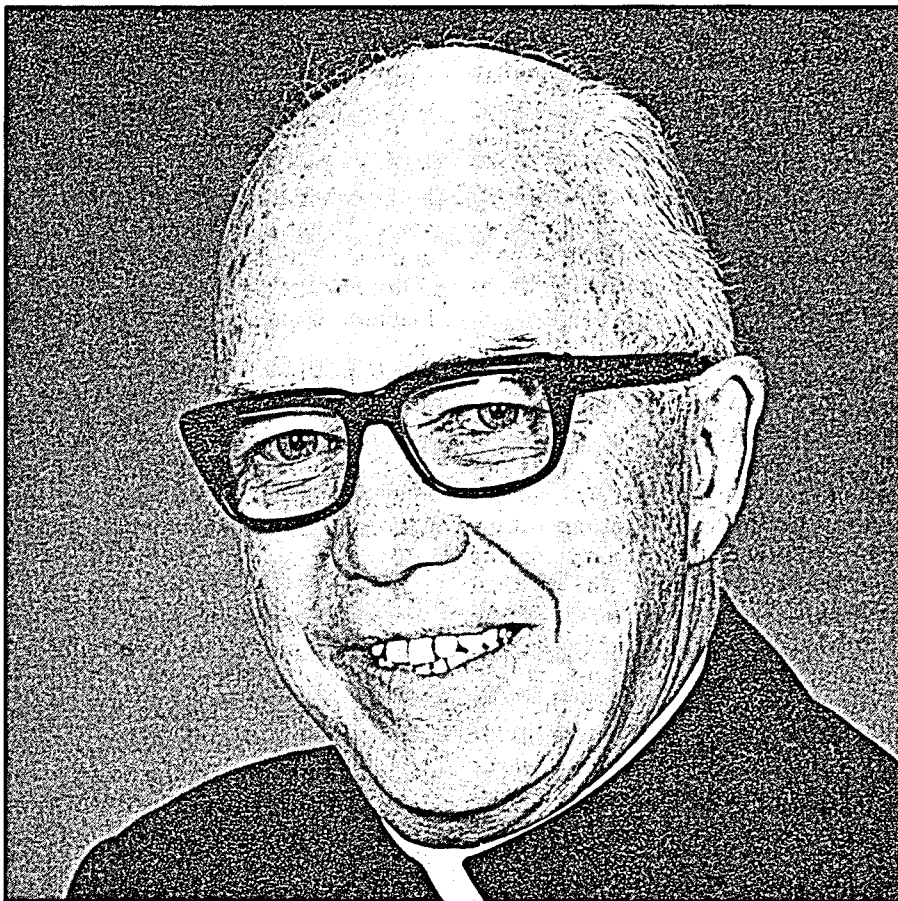
"Saturday afternoon football games were a tremendous magnet for a city as close as Chicago," states Egan. "The Four Horsemen and Rockne started an athletic legacy. A tie naturally developed, and graduates who lived in Chicago in time assumed positions of power."

An example of this is the ties Jane Byrne has with the ND-SMC community. Her daughter, Kathy, is a senior at St. Mary's. Her late husband was a graduate of Notre Dame, and as Egan cited, her uncles, Msgr. Burke and Fr. Joseph Burke "would always find their way to South Bend on the Saturdays of home football games. Jane grew up with this relationship (to ND) and so her association is natural." In addition to Byrne's ties, Mayor Michael Bilandic attended Notre Dame for a semester in 1947.

In contrast with Msgr. Egan's near firsthand observations on the Chicago political system, Prof. Edward Cronin of the General Program Department views the system from afar: "My uncle was a precinct captain, and that's about as close as I came to politics."

Echoing Msgr. Egan's definition of the "machine," Cronin stresses its professional quality. "With Chicago, politics is not an amateur's pastime; that's for the pros. You can tell the pros by the way the machine works; with them, it works as well the day after the election as the day before."

The popular notion of political payoffs and under-the-table dealings within the machine has an interesting place in Prof. Cronin's view of Chicago politics. Referring to the Sain-Bilandic alleged payoff for snow removal, he says, "Now I suppose most Chicagoans are not surprised when they find out a politician gets paid something for doing something for the city. In fact, as a Chicagoan, I'd be surprised if he



Monsignor John J. Egan

did it for nothing. In other words, a Chicagoan is a good politician because he's not shocked when he sees the result of original sin. Now, a Republican is always shocked with original sin and its aftermath."

To Prof. Cronin, Mayor Bilandic's downfall came not as a result of the Sain affair, or as a result of the stifling blizzard, but as a result of "losing his cool." In a speech in which he likened himself to Jesus Christ being persecuted, Bilandic apparently lost any aura of professionalism. Cronin states, "It was truly shameful."

Political machines have not been viewed popularly, something Cronin finds strange. "For a society like America to knock the machine is a little odd. If the machines do good things, it's a good machine. If it doesn't, it's a bad one. For the most part, the Chicago machine has been a good one, and not only for its own mechanics. . . . When a man (Daley) wins by 75%, that's winning big, and you win that big by being that good."

Part of "being that good" involves efficiency in government, again reverting to the idea of a

working coalition. To start in that organization, Cronin states, requires starting "pretty much from the bottom," as opposed to starting from the outside. "You might say, 'What about Jane Byrne?' Well, she's a homegrown product; she's one of Daley's appointments. She was an insider who was pushed outside but wanted to be inside where she always thought she belonged."

As for those who claim the machine is dead, Cronin states, "The machine has not been wrecked. This election proves it's merely being retooled. I believe Chicago voters saw that Bilandic doesn't know how to drive (the machine); Byrne has had her driving license for quite some time now."

In illustrating some of the ties between Chicago politics and Notre Dame, Prof. Cronin says, "I taught Mr. Byrne while he was at Notre Dame; he was in the General Program. I also taught two of the Nash boys of the Kelly-Nash machine. With those two, whenever I wanted to know what was *really* going on in Chicago, I'd just go to them. And then I had Dan Shannon in a class. He was a linebacker for

the team, and his family was involved in the inner circle. I also had Joe Bertrand, a great basketball player for ND. He was a city treasurer and is presently running for alderman."

Prof. Thomas Schlereth of the American Studies Department identifies the machine in not only a positive light but a negative light as well.

"It is politics conducted with nepotism, family preference, patronage for supporters, etc.," says Schlereth. "Often in the course of elections, it's a mechanism that has gotten out the vote by several means. In the course of operation, it's not out of the ordinary for the machine to reward with political patronage: jobs."

Culturally speaking, the machine is unique in its person-to-person familial operation. "What the machine reflects," says Schlereth, "is almost a feudal orientation towards politics; city hall was the paternal figure to help immigrants get started. To them, this was expected and understood. Such acceptance nurtured the machine's growth."

"Mayor Daley exemplified the ideal leader in such a system. He was of the philosophy that you should take care of your own. He saw this as perfectly natural and good."

The contemporary Chicago scene, unlike decades past, is not characterized by new arrivals and "looking out for our own." As a result, such a system's function comes into question. "There are challenges, rivals, who wish to reform the machine. Many of these people do it for personal gain but I think the significant challenge to the system is the neighborhood groups who seem to be vying for the Big Brother role. This tends to press the machine and I believe the machine will have to assert itself in response."

"One such reform politician is Jane Byrne. She's interesting because she seems to straddle the fence," he says. "We can be sure that she will try to continue Daley's legacy. She's fiery."

No one is more familiar with Jane Byrne than her own daughter, Kathy Byrne. A senior at St. Mary's majoring in government, Kathy worked on her mother's campaign and views the election results as

natural. "Mom's whole campaign all along had been pointing out the inequities in the Bilandic administration."

As the nominee's daughter, Kathy enjoys occasionally being both confidante and unofficial advisor: "There have been a few times when she has asked me 'What do you think about . . . ?' but usually when her mind's made up, it's firmly made up."

Commenting on her mother's probable tenure as mayor, Kathy speculates that "she'll be very much like Mayor Daley in terms of administration. In that respect, she will carry on the machine tradition."

To be mayor of Chicago involves a certain degree of national prominence. If elected mayor, does she expect her mother to eventually enter national politics?

"I hope not," says Kathy. "Running for Chicago office is bad enough. I don't think she's going to seek national elective office. She'll work for the cities at the national level and that's about as far as I think she'll go."

Greg Oberland, a senior government major, is also a native Chicagoan and an interested observer of Chicago politics. The primary result, he concurs, did not spell the end of the Democratic organization.

"She (Jane Byrne) was part of the machine all along," he says. "You must remember that Daley gave (Byrne) her first break in politics."

"What's really interesting about the primary is that I don't think she won so much on a pro-Jane Byrne vote but rather on an anti-Bilandic vote." Oberland continues, "The election came at a very bad time for Bilandic; it was right after the blizzard and inefficiencies in administration were starting to show. If the primary had been in the summer, Bilandic might have won."

"Chicagoans have high expectations of their government because it worked so well under Daley. Bilandic's administration was showing signs of ineptitude and so the people looked for a change. Jane Byrne will definitely bring change."

Whether Chicagoans definitely decide to bring about such a change will soon be seen. The mayoral elections were held April 3. Machine dead? We'll see. □

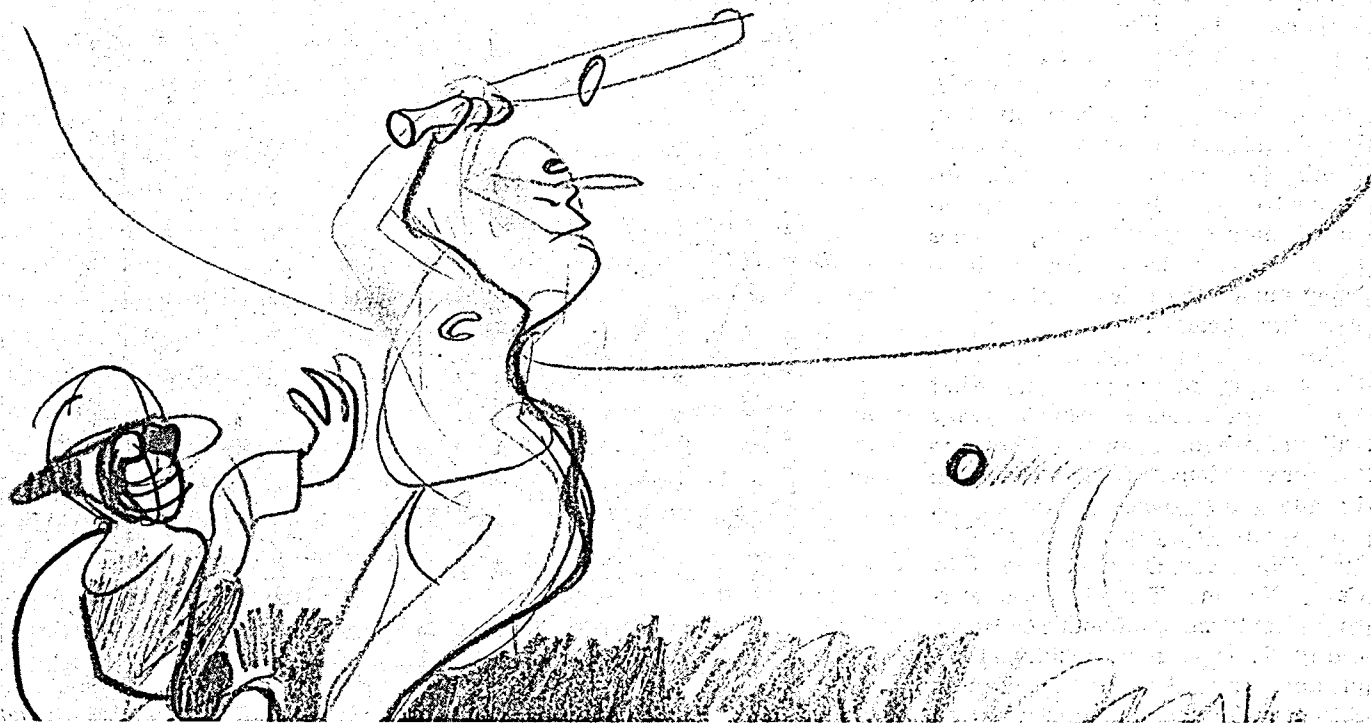
# NORTH SIDE . . . SOUTH SIDE

by Jim Trausch

(February 20-8 a.m.) The phone is ringing in my room for what seems like the twentieth time already. The caller, without so much as a hello, begins—"What do you think of the trade the Cubs made with the Phillies?" I mumble something incoherent in return and glance at a *Chicago Tribune* Sports headline proclaiming the trade on my bedroom floor. Being the number-one Cub fan on campus has such drawbacks. But the trade has made one important contribution to my day: The long winter of Black Hawk hockey, Bears football, and Bulls on CBS is over. On this steely-grey Indiana morning there is a glimmer of light; Next Year is here for the Cubs.

Just what would make a Cub fan eagerly await the start of a new season is unfathomable to outsiders of the Windy City. How could anyone in their right mind like a team that has not won anything since 1945? Every year they start out strong and every year it's the same old story — "June Swoon," and "Good-bye in July." But Cub fans are tough and loyal; they don't let little things like errors and ten-game losing streaks in September dampen their enthusiasm. Their ties to the North Side Boy Wonders go beyond the usual fan-team relationship. Chicagoans love the Cubs.

Their love for the team even starts with the ball park. God himself built Wrigley Field, the home of the Cubs.



There is no shiny, slick, green astro-turf stretching from wall to wall like indoor-outdoor carpeting. Instead, a beautiful, lush, green field of real grass. The ivy on the walls gives it a scholarly quality. No electronic scoreboard flashing large-scale pictures distracts Cub fans. The scoreboard is manually operated and gives only the information essential to the enjoyable viewing of a game.

Curt Gowdy often refers to Fenway Park as a "cozy and exclusive nightclub." If that is accurate, then Wrigley Field is your living room—homey and casual. The best seats in the house are in the left field bleachers. You have to get to the ball park by ten a.m. to gain those coveted seats, but the bother is well worth it. Once there, most fans discard unnecessary clothing, spread on some suntan lotion, kick back, soak up some rays, and, of course, watch the game.

Cub games are always exciting because the smallness of the ball park means that many runs are scored. No deficit is too large for the Cubs to overcome and, unfortunately, the reverse is more often true. No Cub lead is really safe. But that brings back the subject of winning, and this is not a topic Cub fans intelligently discuss. Yes, Cub fans really believe that this year they can win the Eastern Division. No, they are not candidates for Nurse Ratchet's floor.

Cub fans look at the season as they do a *Peanuts* comic strip—the one where Lucy holds the football for Charlie Brown. Everyone knows that Lucy will pick the ball up at the last moment and Chuck will fall flat on his back. Yet, just once, you hope Lucy will leave the football there and let Charlie Brown kick it. Lucy can not keep it up forever, sooner or later the law of averages will right things and Charlie Brown will kick that ball. It is the same way with Cub fans. Everyone knows that the Cubs cannot win the division, everyone except Cub fans. They are the same ones who believe that someday Lucy will be nice to Charlie Brown. One of these years they just have to win it. In fact, the more the Cubs lose, the more adamant Cub fans become in their belief that this will finally be the year.

The annoying thing about it is that the season always starts out so well. On opening day you can be sure of three things; thousands of grade-schoolers will mysteriously call in sick, they will recover in time to pack Wrigley to the tune of 40,000, and the Cubs will win. They will win in April and they will win in May but, with each win a dark, ominous cloud appears. It is the same boogeyman that haunts them every year. They're too far out in front, they will never be able to sustain the pace, they're gonna choke. Fighting hard, the true Cub fan can

suppress these thoughts. But a new danger appears.

About this time, the White Sox begin to make noises. Up until then it was easy to ignore, but they begin to steal the limelight from the Cubs. Sooner or later, it never fails, some unknowing person suggests the wonderful possibility of a Cubs-White Sox World Series. Let's get one thing straight right now: such an event would be the worst thing, besides more snow, that could happen to the city. Cub fans hate the White Sox and Sox fans hate the Cubs. Neither would have it any other way.

Furthermore, the lowest day in a Cub fan's life would be the day the White Sox beat the Cubs in a Series. The reverse is true for Sox fans. Cub fans would rather see their team finish in last place than watch them lose to the Sox in a Series. It is the same for ChiSox backers.

But let's give the White Sox and their fans credit. They weather a lot in their love for the Sox, too. They coexist with what they view as a hostile press. Most sportswriters are unabashedly pro-Cubbie. Soxers root for the only team ever to throw a World Series. Even more embarrassing is the fact that they did not even get paid for the deal. They have not seen Series action in two decades. Yet, their fans remain as intensely loyal and devoted as their Cub counterparts.

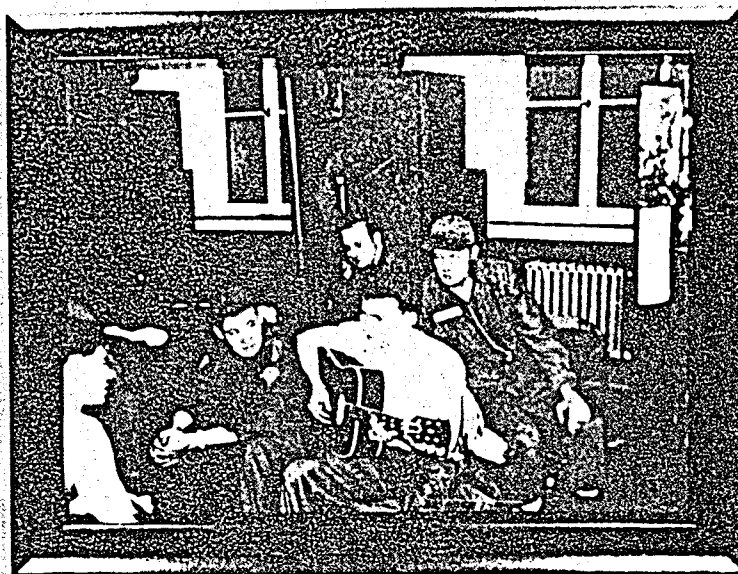
This is not an easy task. Whereas Wrigley Field is likened to your living room, Comiskey Park is like the attic above the garage — cramped, stuffy, dusty, and unbearably hot. It is in this sauna of a park that the South Side Hitmen chase the divisional crown. In spite of the enclosed nature of the park, it does have a certain character about it — being one of the oldest parks in the American League.

Sox fans do not give a hoot about the structure of the park, just what kind of outrageous behavior they will unleash once inside. They are the crazy fans of the American League. They dance in the aisles, sing songs (they put "Sha-Na-Na-Na," "Hey, Hey, Goodbye" back into Casey Kasem's Top 40), and worship beerguzzling announcer Harry Caray. They take particular delight in unnerving the crybaby Kansas City Royals who come apart at the seams at the first contact with Sox fans.

The average Sox fan is a factory worker with a big beer belly who pays his two dollars to come out to the park to watch his team and drink, but not necessarily in that order. The Sox players reflect their fans. They are the misfits and cast-offs from around the league molded together by their eccentric owner Bill Veeck. There are no loudmouth, lazy, overpriced free agents on the team, and the fans appreciate this. Their uniforms fit this image. They look like they should be worn by the Acme Plumbing and Storm Door Company softball team.

The play on the field often resembles a softball game — lots of home runs and very little defense. This makes for good entertainment and White Sox fans will trek to the park in droves again and again to enjoy the good times.

In fact, both the Cubs and the White Sox attendance records figure to be in jeopardy this year. Last year, with both teams out of the pennant races by September, they drew over 1½ million apiece. If either team could stay in the race the entire season, a gate of 2 million is not inconceivable. Regardless of whether the Cubs or the Sox make a legitimate run for the top, the fans will continue to support their team. Rain or shine, win or lose, Cub and Sox backers love their boys. □



John Prine's services provided by First Avenue Productions Inc.  
Production Coordinator: Tom Messer  
Beer, Pizza and Oranges by Tom Hanson

## John Prine: Chicago's Folk Hero

by Tom Balcerek

*You may see me tonight with an illegal smile/. It don't cost very much but it lasts a long while/ Won't you please tell the man I didn't kill anyone/ I'm just tryin' to have me some fun—John Prine*

One lazy Saturday afternoon I cranked the television dial past *Bandstand*, baseball, cartoons, *Wild Kingdom* and *Sesame Street*, only to stop at the sound of fiddles and a cheering crowd. On the stage was a man who looked like he needed directions and a shave. He was awkwardly sipping at a Budweiser and trying to introduce his next song while a zipping bee laid claim to the immediate area around his head. He swatted at the bee twice before he lost his composure completely, put down his guitar and ran. That's when I saw his pointy-toed cowboy boots.

I decided to stick around for this one.

The man on the stage was John Prine. The occasion was the 1974 Philadelphia Folk Festival and up to this point in time I had never even heard of the guy. John Prine returned from the bee attack giggling and went into an appropriately inspired rendering of "Dear Abby," a comic song in which Abby answers all questions with the message: "You have no complaint. You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't." By now my attention was solidly focused on Prine



as he stood staring at who knows what and blinking away occasionally at something that seemed to be trying to get at him. Only this time there was no bee in sight. Prine followed *Dear Abby* with a weighty song called *Sam Stone*, a poignant yet cynical piece about a Vietnam veteran hooked on heroin. He was sharp here too as his rusty-can voice etched out the haunting lyrics, "There's a hole in Daddy's arm where all the money goes/ Jesus Christ died for nothing I suppose." By this time, John Prine had himself a new fan.

The next time I saw John Prine on TV was a couple of years later on *Saturday Night Live*. He looked like a scared rabbit as he barely eked out a song about a station wagon full of nuns or something falling to "the bottom of the bottomless pit." He came back on later in the show, a little less strung-out, to sing what had become one of my favorites, *Hello in There*, a song about old people. I was glad to see him again but it was obvious that he had changed: he was clean-shaven and a little less sure of himself. I guess national exposure can do that to a person.

John Prine is Chicago's own, but he's a country boy at heart. He grew up in a working-class suburb called Maywood where his nickname was "Hillbilly." Apparently Prine had kept close ties with his heritage: the coal mining town of Paradise in western Kentucky where his paternal grandfather was a carpenter and his mother's father ran a ferryboat on the Green River. In Maywood, Prine struggled through high school and then held a variety of jobs before going to work at the post office as a mailman. He was drafted into the Vietnam war and got married to his high school sweetheart while in the army. Shortly after he returned from the war, Prine found his post office job was a grind, so he started writing songs in 1970 and performing them at the *Fifth Peg*, a Chicago nightclub. He started playing on a regular basis at the *Earl of Old Town*, another Chicago club where he was eventually discovered by Kris Kristofferson, who whisked him off to New York shortly thereafter.

The transition from civil servant to public persona was unsettling.

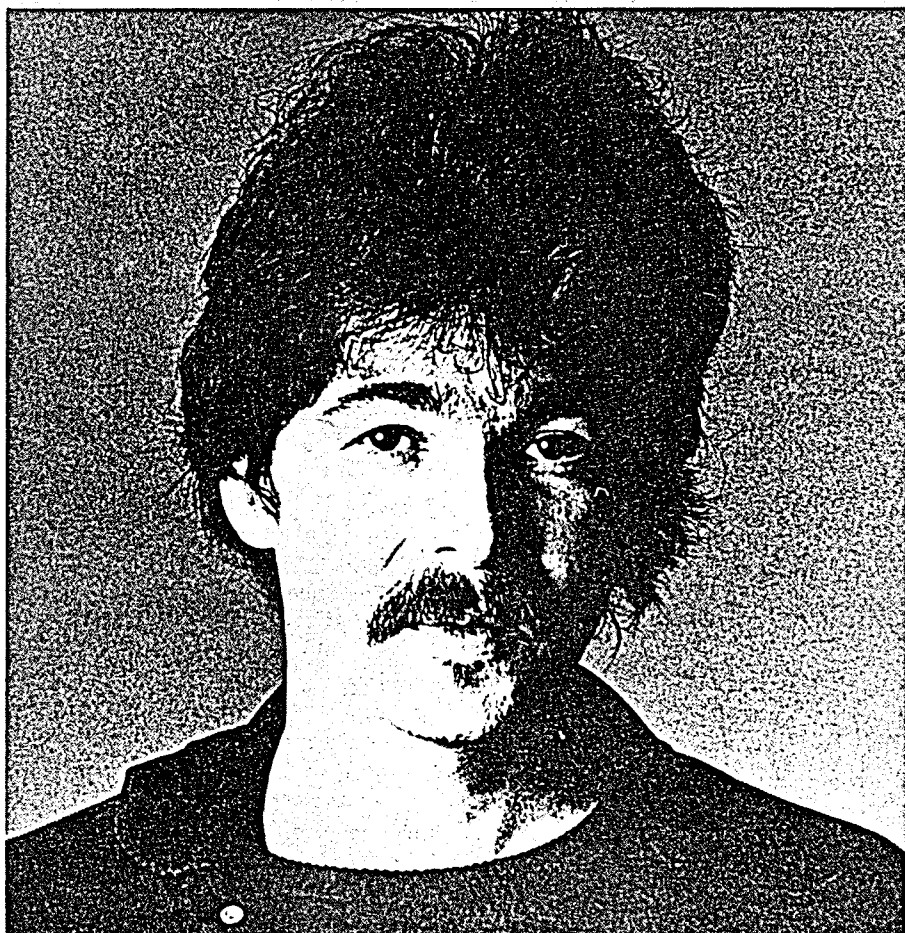
Referring to his overnight success, Prine stated, "There were people saying 'You're great, man—you're a fucking genius!' If I'm such a genius, how come it took me five years to get out of high school?" But the praise heaped on John Prine was warranted. His coarse voice is not very pretty, but his lyrics and the conviction with which he sings them are sure to find a place in the ear of the thoughtful listener. If he takes you in with his lyrics, you're hooked. Besides that, Prine has the knack for writing tunes that are catchy.

On the one hand, critics have accused him of trying to copy the style of Bob Dylan (there are some similarities) and on the other, Prine himself says that if there were anyone he wished to emulate it would be Roger Miller. "I like tunes that pop right out at you from the car radio and you can't help but tap your feet," says Prine. "Those are the kinds of songs that I would like to write."

Well, there have been catchy, "poppy" tunes in John Prine's past like *Flashback Blues* and *Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore* but none of them

have ever gotten the chance to pop out of car radios with any consistency. With the qualified exception of *Hello in There*, John Prine has never had a hit. And after listening to his most recent album *Bruised Orange* it appears that he would like to have one. This album, released in 1978, is his most commercial attempt to date, but that's not saying very much considering his previous material. With a voice that you could strike a match on, and a twangy hillbilly tinge to his songs, which stay pretty much in the realm of folk and bluegrass, Prine hasn't sold enough albums to be considered a "major artist." But with major artists such as the *Bee Gees* these days, the distinction is dubious at best.

*Bruised Orange*, which was produced for Electra/Asylum records by Steve Goodman, is a clean album with a "poppy" texture within which Prine's snappy lyrics are showcased for optimal listening pleasure. Admittedly, the album is a commercial attempt, but it is a good commercial attempt not sacrificing any of Prine's integrity for the sake of airplay. The album can be seen as a washed and scrubbed

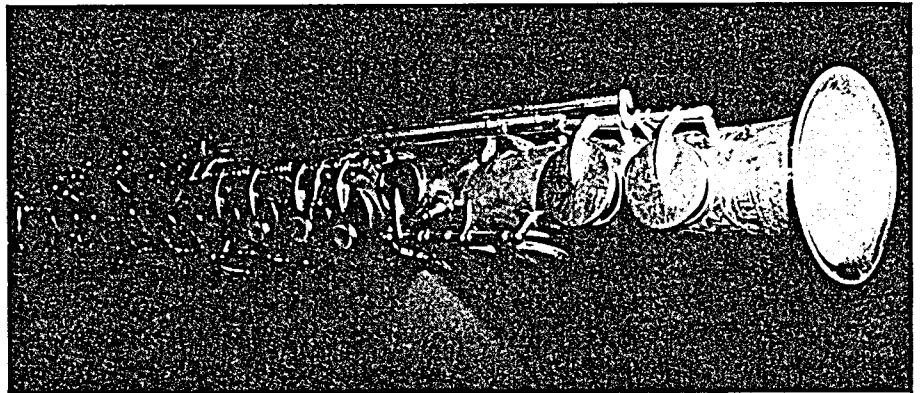
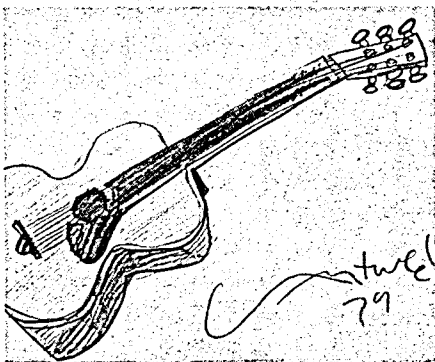


John Prine. And considering his insolubility as an artist, it is, perhaps, John Prine at his best. It is interesting, too, because it seems to reflect a change in Prine's way of looking at things. He seems to be telling the listener he has learned something. In a statement concerning the title cut of *Bruised Orange* (subtitled *Chain of Sorrow*) Prine says, "The chain of sorrow is getting pissed off about getting pissed off and you just end up double pissed off, like a chain reaction." He expresses this idea more eloquently in the lyrics of the song:

A heart stained in anger/ grows weak and grow bitter/ You become your own prisoner/ as you watch yourself/ sit there/ wrapped up in a trap/ of your very own/ chain of sorrow

Without this infinite regress of melancholy that has both plagued and graced his previous albums, Prine now seems to be ready to register perceptions of another kind: less psychological, more experiential. The old guard John Prine fans will surely miss wallowing in the mire of such classics as *The Late John Garfield Blues* and *Far From Me*, but Prine contends that the change was necessary. "I'm getting to be 31 and I ain't out to kick the world's ass no more," he explains, "I just want to get up in the morning and have a good time." Prine has even developed a prayer for his new life-style:

Father forgive us for what we must do/ You forgive us, we'll forgive you/ We'll forgive each other till be both turn blue/ Then we'll whistle and go fishing in heaven. □



Take a scat-singing emcee who is irked by liver, a clarinetist who enjoys dueting with Canadian accordionists, two funk-up dudes on reeds and keyboards, and a drummer named after a city, place them gently alongside a bassist/horseman and an ever-present critic, and you will have undoubtedly begun to



of an acoustic mystique, and, of course, talents worthy only of the world's greatest mandolinist.

For Jethro Burns, prankster extraordinaire and nimble-fingered wizard of fretted wood, a special musical category must, and does exist. Few people in any mode of artistic expression are ever critically, or publicly, acclaimed as undisputed master of their particular endeavor. Fortunately, one of the few exceptions to this subjectivity of taste, technique or talent is the question: "Who is the greatest mandolinist?" By anybody's abacus, any type of music from Classical to Bluegrass (with a muscled emphasis on Swing) the answer is, *naturellement*, Monsieur Burns.

Although Jethro exists peacefully these days in local and suburban Chicagoland pubs such as *Charlotte's Web* and *Somebody Else's Troubles*, he first found earthly footing in Conasonga, Tennessee. Born in this Southern mecca in 1920, he endured a Knoxville adolescence which, to music's gain, introduced him to the mandolin.

By the age of 12, already a prodigious plucker, Jethro landed a studio job at WNOX in Knoxville along with brother Aytchie (on bass) and two other young guitarists, Henry Haynes and Charlie Hagaman. Utilizing creativity in the extreme, fine wit and lavish spontaneity, they named themselves the *String Dusters* and became station regulars, remaining at WNOX for the next seven years. In 1937, Jethro and Henry split from the foursome and headed for Kentucky. There they joined forces with the Renfro Valley Barn Dance as a mandolin-and-guitar duet. Hank changed his professional name to Homer, and, to Renfro's good fortune, Homer and Jethro were born.

explore the deep-rooted logic of the Collegiate Jazz Festival, the annual du Lac Bacchanalian-musical rite of spring.

Something, though, as the toe-tapping jazz connoisseur will surely note, is missing from this rhythm-stained crowd. Some final rounding of the heptagon's edge, one last magical gesticulation, one final brick of entertainment. The procurer of this solid cube, and almighty man of mortar, is none other than Jethro Burns, possessor

# And All that Jazz

by Joe Carey

After dual hitches in the war, H & J reunited somewhere in the Midwest and began recording for King records. After a few musical years, they moved to R.C.A. The first hit Homer and Jethro produced for their new payrollers was a satire on a Frank Loesser tune, which they titled *Baby, It's Cold Outside*. Released with "apologies," this number seemed to take a tarpaulin off the duo's hoard of humor. For the next twenty years, until Henry Haynes' death, they unleashed a typhoon of parodies on every imaginable hit with, of course, thin-grinned apologies every time. Their versions of *Hound Dog*, and *Battle of Cucamonga* were tremendous sellers, the latter reaping a Grammy for best humorous recording of 1959.

So, Grammy intact, Homer and Jethro proceeded to cut two albums of light, swinging instrumentals entitled *Playing It Straight*, and *It Ain't Necessarily So*. Both sold out in their initial releases and, for some unfathomable reason, have never been reissued. After this output, however, there is a gap in Jethro's recorded material, leading the jazz enthusiast to howl the question "where is that dude?" Has Jethro's mandolinic voice been stifled? Has he cut any discs, scrawled his musical finesse into plastic anywhere? Has his stringed mallet become warped, infirm or wholly closeted? Hardly.

Since the breakup of H & J, Jethro Burns has been one of the busiest studio men around. Making his way into the ears of Chicagoans during the folk boom of the late 60's and 70's, he soon acquired a mystique equal to that of the early John Prine. Chi-towners of acoustic patronage grin upon

mention of his name, and spill beer on their shirts in reverie. They remember the swinging music, spontaneity, and drive of his performances. They recall his wit and spark and his droll, occasionally bordering-on-bawdy stories. Most of all, though, they recall the man, and his style, his touch of class.

Whatever the case, whatever the occasion, Jethro Burns must be regarded as a virtuoso performer, and a pickin' legend whose motto exists in the words placed after this semicolon; "pure swing." Jethro has come of age, certainly not an age

of talent, for he achieved that long ago, but, more importantly, an age of recognition. In the same way, the Collegiate Jazz Festival, too, has come of age. So, whether you be Chicagoan, townie, a religious on sabbatical, Gregorian monk, or a just plain jazz-hungry music buff, join Jethro and his combo on Saturday night, April 7, in Stepan Center as he etches the final musical lines of the twenty-first Collegiate Jazz Festival into the past. It may be the most enjoyable jazz encounter you have until CJF #22 rolls around. □



Jethro Burns

by Paul Lauer

## I

The purpose of this essay is to speculate about what rape is, its implications, and how it may serve to instigate change.

To that end, let me give five examples:

Rape most commonly might be thought of as a violent assault occurring on the street. Rape is also one of the atrocities that accompanies war, often occurring on massive scales. It is also rape when an employer forces an employee to have sex with him with the often implicit threat of firing (the employee who uses her body to "get ahead" to some extent is anticipating her employer). Rape can occur between a married couple, and I mean here to include not only when violence is used but also simply when a woman does not feel she has the right to refuse her husband sex. Finally, let me include the macabre incident that happened to a friend (and prompted these reflections): after going out for several weeks to restaurants, the theater and other shows with a man, at his expense, there came a time when he felt he had a right to have sex with her and became outraged upon being denied; clearly he felt there was a tacit agreement which had been broken. I am told situations like this, though perhaps not as overt, are not uncommon.

These actions are dissimilar in a number of ways: Only the first two are commonly thought of as criminal and sometimes only the first is thought to be done by criminals; the first and second are not always directed at the young and beautiful as I imagine the third usually is; the fourth, paradoxically, might occur between two people who love each

other — but it is rape in that the woman no longer feels she has control over her body; the fifth is not, of course, actually rape, but perhaps most readily yields to an analysis of the attitudes that rape manifests.

There is a fundamental similarity among all these actions, though, when examined in connection with our economic relations. Let me mention, then, what we all know: that we are in many ways not members of an egalitarian society. There is a hierarchy of power, if you will, that determines the control we have over the worldly affairs of our lives. There is a frightening equivalency between our economic and political or social positions in society. This

nomically so as well.

Rape in war is one way of showing that the people you have conquered, or are trying to conquer, are in your power. War is, of course, all about domination, but it is fought by men with women only rarely participating. Why, then, do men so consistently rape women in war? Is rape really just one way of subjecting a people? Is it incidental to an end or an end in itself? Is it something which happens when men, jaded from slaughtering other men, turn their attention to women? But still the question remains, why rape?

Victory in war is usually accompanied by some form of economic subordination or exploitation; it can be an overt power-play making a

## **"This hierarchy, which places one group over another, underlies the phenomenon of rape."**

hierarchy, which places one person or group over another, underlies the phenomenon of rape. The employer, husband and my friend's date all have economic power; the employer most obviously. As I understand the Rideout case, there is still no legal precedent of a man having been convicted of raping his wife. I understand that economic relations will be bound by law but when such an effect of that subordination as rape is also legally sanctioned, we must make changes. And my friend placed herself in a compromising position by unquestioningly accepting a custom that has, at best, a questionable origin. Women, in order to be independent, must be eco-

whole country only means to your end. But this is only an overt example of what all too often never comes to violence because the condition of the subordinated is not such that they can resist being exploited (i.e., blacks in America). And with the war comes all too often extensive and brutal raping of women.

The rape in the street is similar to rape in war, at least so far as both depend on physical strength, and in that they are more conscious demonstrations of power. They differ, though, in that the rapist in the streets needs to assert power and, in some cases I think, this need might be grounded in economic impotence, in a frustration at an in-



ability to control his life. Compare this to the employer raping his employee where there is no economic impotence.

What I would like to conclude from this is that rape accompanies the subjection of women to men, the subjection that shows itself more conventionally in man's economic, social, and political power over women. We may learn much about rape by not viewing it as an isolated phenomenon committed by psychopaths, but by examining our own relations with women. These five examples cover a frighteningly complete spectrum of life. They show how desperately wrong something is in the way men, as a whole, view women. The fear is that there is in man's collective psyche a view of women that gives itself to rape.

## II

The second part of this essay attempts to reveal how we consciously or unconsciously view women. I really have only one other observation to make; it will not answer why, but it does move the inquiry to a different level.

Let me begin in the following way: if I as a man say that I take enjoyment or delight in the beauty of another man's body, I believe that I would be at least suspected of being a homosexual. A moment's reflection will determine the truth of this observation. The reason for this, let me postulate, is that we, as men, equate a woman's beauty with the desirability of having sex with her. So unconscious and strong is this equation that my comments on a man's beauty are confused with a sexual desire on my part. That there is no necessary connection between beauty and sexual desire should be

obvious, though I fear it is not.

Most advertisements and magazines such as *Playboy* are notorious for making this equation, and I here point to only the most obvious examples. The difference between last month's foldout and an Edward Weston nude is obvious. Yet, are fashionable clothes a celebration of a beautiful body or the slick packaging of a sexual object?

The distinction between enjoying the beauty of a woman and seeing and appreciating that beauty only in relation to one's own misdirected desires may be hard to make. When we view another as the means to the satisfaction of our desire we are treating that person as an object, not as a person, not with respect. And when we judge people by their beauty or clothing styles, we are being equally vicious, equally shallow. This is the main point. Eroticism and erotic love are, I think, healthy aspects of culture, but sexual desire, when out of place, loses its meaning. As the point is subtle, I may only be able to give one obvious example to make the distinction more clear: a pretty girl walks by and a crowd of men, with the dull and stupid curiosity of buffalo, swing their heads around to stare. David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* is a caricature, I hope, of just this type of behavior and is indeed perverse.

There is a reciprocity to this behavior when women see themselves as objects. In what other way can we understand the fashion, perfume and cosmetic industries with their overemphasis and wrong emphasis placed on physical beauty?

This consciousness is a rape of women, not less because figurative, but worse because so pervasive. It is rape in that we treat women as

sexual objects. The thesis of this essay is simply that rape is a manifestation of this consciousness. The outrage of my friend's date and the violent assault on the street are related in that they are express examples of the way men view women. If you have not already, I can only ask that you examine how deeply this attitude pervades our culture; from the last issue of *Playboy* magazine to, for example, the sonnet sequences of the English Renaissance and certainly beyond, man has portrayed women as objects of his sexual gratification.

## III

What remains unclear is whether this is a special problem or part of a larger problem. What is the difference between our treatment of women and, say, blacks? What is the extent to which we treat all others as means to our ends? (I feel that our mistreatment of women is more substantial but I would have trouble pointing out why that is, so let us stay with the similarities.)

Even if our society was fully integrated there would still be a hierarchy of power. And even if all individuals were able to move freely, according to their talents, to a certain level, we still would have a difficult time justifying the treatment of those on the low side as means to an end. At all levels of an organization, from the assembly line to the president, individuals are replaceable, they fulfill certain roles. These roles are all means to a larger end, even those at the top are constrained in what they can do by the ends of profit and market position. It becomes a necessity to treat others in the hierarchy, as their role demands, either as a means to your end or

with obedience if they are higher than you. And if this is not bad enough, all too often the only relationship we have with our roles is that we are paid to fulfill them; the roles are not intrinsically satisfying. This leads to a schizophrenia when we try to live our lives as human beings and also try to fulfill the roles we have taken on to support ourselves. The result can only be that either our hopes and values as human beings conflict with being an assembly-line worker or vice-president, or the qualities exercised and reinforced in the role invade our lives, making us uncreative or uncaring.

The absolute absurdity of this comes home when we realize that often what is sold, for which the corporate hierarchy supposedly but not actually exists, does not fulfill a real need but one that has been literally created by our prodigious advertising agencies.

It is a process of self-deception; a circle that is complete and utterly devastating. The seriousness of the charge lies in that our very image of ourselves as human beings, how we see each other, is at stake. We begin to see each other not as fellow men and women but as means to our end.

The very structure of capitalism and its complete indifference to values other than profit lead me to think that it is a paradigm of ethical egoism (the view that we act simply out of self-interest and are incapable of altruism) with that one horrifying qualification; the self-interest that we act out of is defined by the requirements of the role we have taken on—the self-interest is not intrinsic to us as human beings. In other words, we are alienated from our work in that we take it on not

out of intrinsic interest but need for money: we are alienated from our fellow workers to the extent that we are forced to treat them as means or blindly to obey them, and we are alienated from those for whom we produce to the extent that we do not respond responsibly to their needs—to the extent that we manipulate them.

I would like to conclude not that ethical egoism is the universal condition of man in spite of the prodigious evidence (for we all agree, I hope, that we can act not out of self-interest), but rather that capitalism actually requires this behavior toward individuals and the world. And this behavior is very similar to our treatment of women as sexual objects, as means to our ends.

#### IV

Women's liberation must demand a change in consciousness so that men regard women truly as equals. This change in perception, if you will, must be accompanied by a change in our economic relations; it is important to see that socialist theory is an attempt to do just that. If we see others as ends in themselves we cannot in our economic relationships treat them as means. We must be consistent. Women (and men) must realize that to simply demand entry into all areas of society and to be paid equally for equal work is limited; it is to demand equality for a class and not for its individuals.

For a revolution to begin, there must be widespread awareness of a basic wrong. Rape is a symbol of a terrible wrong. What rears its ugly head in war, in dark streets and lonely apartments hides its hideous bulk in our relationships with wom-

en, with other men, with other races, with other religions and with other countries. By focusing on rape and trying to understand its origins, its extensiveness and its implications, we might create an awareness that would demand meaningful change. Women's liberation more than any other single movement has the potential to become a transcendent force; the more intensively we see that, the more extensive the change.

I fear, though, that some women may be responding in kind. The image of man in *Playgirl* or *Cosmopolitan* is the mirror image of women in *Playboy*. Women here take on the frightening face of their oppressors; by equating women's liberation with sexual promiscuity and by viewing men as sexual objects, they cultivate this consciousness that I as a man find so narrow and defeating. It is to enter into a tired and deadly struggle from which there are no winners.

\* \* \*

It is my hope that these lines will provide a dialogue among members of our community. The topic is certainly of enough importance that, whatever the worth of this essay, it is not unreasonable to ask for a response. *Scholastic*, it seems, would be an ideal place to print responses. Needless to say, this does not represent a fully developed theory but rather some thoughts I have recently had that I wish to make coherent and share. □

*Paul Lauer is a junior from South Bend. He is double majoring in English and Philosophy. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

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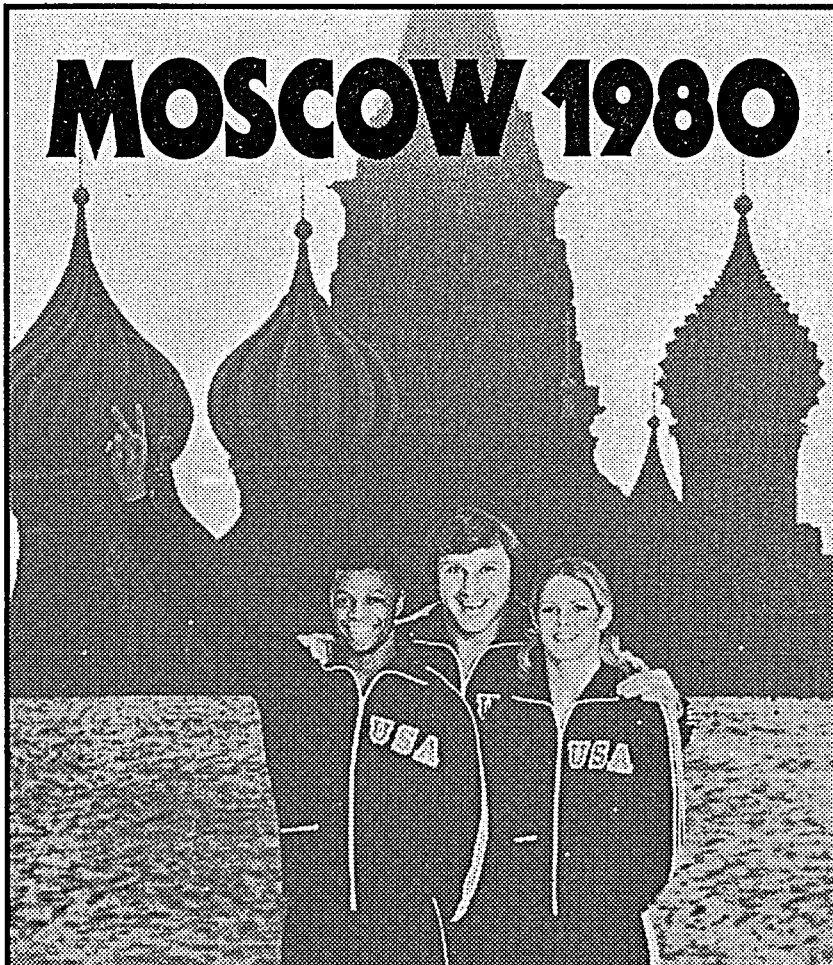
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