

*freewsmagazine*

— The 50th Anniversary of Chicago  
— SUMMER 2014





## THE INTERNATIONAL VANISHING OF AN UNNAMED GATE [part 1]

// GUY EYTAN

*A gate stands on a threshold as an entrance that cannot be closed. Now that the gate is not connected to anything, it is still a gate. The gate is just on a small green island within a wider sidewalk. The building behind them shies away to give them space.*

## IN MEMORIAM

// PATRICK REYNOLDS

*But still, there was the bird. Splayed out in the same spot between the buildings; unmoved for weeks and protected in plain sight from the destructive powers of sunlight and truck tires. Caught in the purgatory of the alley.*

## DAMEN: N ➤ S

PETRICHOR // ALYSSA MOXLEY

*A finger-drawn sentence with a smiling, shining sun on a damp paving stone prompts, "Don't Worry, Be Happy."*

RENDERED GHOSTS // JESSICA BARRETT SATTELL

*I am some different set of pixels, a spectrum of hex colors scattered in many guises within this once-removed universe.*

BUS CONSCIOUS // BERKE YAZICIOGLU

*Always unprepared when it finally arrives.*

WINKING AT MACHINES // ANDREW KAYE & VIOLET FOREST

*Riding down Damen Avenue on my bicycle, I did not encounter flipped-over cars or murder scenes.*

MARBLE AND BITUMEN // TROY PIEPER

*The smoldering belt of earth recalls the legacy of industrial captains buried under Roosevelt Cemetery's green lawn, opposite the machines that might have produced their wealth.*

## THE DIFFICULTY OF WALKING IN CHICAGO

// ANGHARAD DAVIES

*The columns did not stand in sufficiently for walls and the mimicry of the curved floor felt like the exterior shell of a larger globe – a fragment of a landscape in which, like salt planes, one could observe the curvature of the earth.*

## HUMBOLDT'S MARSH

// TROY PIEPER

*Among slow-pitch softball players attended by spouses and children, between the blankets spread out for laying and among encamped families grilling skirt steak on the lawn, the park's sullied history has grown over.*

## THE INTERNATIONAL VANISHING OF AN UNNAMED GATE [part 2]

// GUY EYTAN

*The traffic is unbearably loud.*



F Newsmagazine's summer edition trods on well-worn ground with our senses enlivened. We drift, and we ramble on and through the alleys, streets, parks, and monuments of Chicago.

Visit our summer online edition at [fnewsmagazine.com/byway](http://fnewsmagazine.com/byway) for complementary multimedia features.



# The International Vanishing of an Untitled Monument /Part I

WORDS & PHOTOS BY GUY EYTAN

The Prentice Women's Hospital Building is gone. When I arrived in Chicago it was rumored that it would be demolished soon, but there had been constant attempts to save it from rubble by different groups that included six Pritzker award-winning architects. In an expedited procedure by the Landmark Commission in December 2012, it was designated as "not a landmark." By March 2013 Northwestern announced its demolition. It is no longer a monument to a pivotal moment when architecture first started to use computer modelling. Now it is no longer a building.

Every year Preservation Chicago lists seven buildings that are gravely endangered. Prentice Hospital had been on the endangered list of 2012. It was one of four buildings on the list that have now been demolished. Only one building was actually renovated and reopened after the 2012 list was published. Buildings are not forever but then neither are monuments.

The following is an account of an attempt to discern what it means for me, that monuments vanish, that the looming buildings and objects that made me know my much smaller place in the world can disappear.



## Untitled (Chicago Picasso – Daley Plaza):

It was there before the plaza—it is usually named after it. Rising on a dais, looking down. Most of the people who go up to it are kids who run up its sides and use it as a metal slide.

When the blue green cocoon opened to reveal it, the Tribune described it as a giant insect waiting to eat up the lesser, weaker insects around it, drawing a parallel between it and the slumlords of Chicago. The mayor said that what seems strange today will be familiar tomorrow. I don't know if that is a good thing. Knowing brings neither love nor contempt, just indifference.

It was the first of many monuments that did not stand for an event, but just stood there. It was never explained by the artist and it could suggest anything from an Egyptian god to a predatory insect. It looms above an eternal flame that is used these days mostly by pigeons that want to warm themselves.

It was celebrated so often and so unabashedly before it was built that it lost the right to its own image before it had an image to own. There is a lesson in that.



## The International (860 N. Lake Shore Drive Apartments):

Square pillars that are twenty-two inches on each side hold the main frame of the building floating the bulk of the structure, creating a limestone plaza. You can see Lake Michigan from the plaza. You can only barely see the sky between the two steel and glass buildings. The plaza was supposed to be a meeting place, but apart from me there is no one here. I have never seen anyone here who is not a tenant going in or out of the building. It is protected from rain and sun and the unrelenting gaze of the sky. However, it is on the lake so it is windswept and bitter cold. Even in summer the plaza is not really used, losing out to the more appealing grass that lines its perimeter.

Mies van der Rohe's style, as always, is clean. If it is not structurally important, then it is not there. That, of course, is a lie. I-beams are attached outside the floating frame. I always imagined I-beams as the Care Bear Stare of Narcissist Bear. They are there to show how raw and pure the building is. But it isn't pure at all; this structural item is only decoration.

The building is now being eaten from the inside. The apartments were made with all the amenities one would need except space, so people bought apartments in bulk, joined two or three of them together, and created new hybrids. Soon the only thing left from the original design will be the I-beam decorated frame that is heresy to the International's architectural ideals.

River City is sinking. The storefront and basement level are regularly flooded and so remain vacant. The market crash hit it hard and the apartment value collapsed with it. I heard the rumor that it might be razed at some point.

River city is the only part of a larger project that was actually built. The full project was supposed to be ten times the size, fully living up to the "city" part of its name. As it stands, River City is a gated community with its own private road and place for shops. The "River Road" that was supposed to connect the districts is nicknamed "the snake."

Next to River City stands an empty lot, fenced off from the street, where Grand Central Station used to be. The former bus parking lot of the station is where River City is now. Grand Central fell out of use after the second World War and was entirely abandoned in 1969. Its lavishly decorated marble halls with hand-carved Corinthian columns were gone by 1972.

Thirty years after its demolition, enthusiasts have started cataloguing the lost building. They say that it wasn't just impressive-looking, it was also a marvel of engineering. The station was built before the river was straightened. The last remnant of the station is the soon-to-die bridge that was built for the trains when the river shifted. I find comfort in the fact that the bridge might survive if the high-speed railroad project gets on its way. I find amusement if the new railway is commissioned after the bridge is destroyed and then a new bridge would have to be built.

The Board of Trade's first building was destroyed in the Chicago Fire. In 1882 they started building a new home. It cost almost two million dollars, which translates roughly into 47 million in today's terms. The building opened in 1885 on May Day, and was immediately denounced as a lavish expenditure in the middle of the Long Depression. It also didn't survive long. When the Great Depression hit in 1929, it was demolished and replaced with the building that stands there today.


Industry and Agriculture in the form of two tunic clad women stood at the entrance of the original Board of Trade building. When it was destroyed, they were presumed to be lost forever amongst the other decorations that had become rubble. In 2005, in a restoration endeavor on a donated plot on the north side of Chicago, they were found: in the back garden of a turn of the century mansion. They were then returned to their original location, which had by now become a pedestrian plaza. They stand on a plinth, with an added plaque that explains who they are and where they came from. The plaque states that their move up north remains a mystery.



# In Memoriam

// WORDS & PHOTOS BY PATRICK REYNOLDS





**T**HE bird was the last remaining reminder of the life that we had just abandoned. We had only moved to the other side of the alley, but the new apartment was meant to signify a complete change in quality of life. We'd finally have space to finish the projects that we'd started. Our plants would be getting enough sunlight to sustain them. Our windows would no longer place us face-to-face with whoever decided to meander past our trash cans.

Our alley, like just about every alley in Chicago, is made up of a smattering of generic visual noise — garbage receptacles, sparkling bits of broken glass, cigarette butts, abandoned furniture. Urban flotsam that is either carried away or blends into unrecognizable emptiness. The alley was a blank extension of my home. Moving across the street and up the stairs was meant to be wholly transformative — an experience that would shape not only my interior surroundings, but the street as well.

But the bird was a problem. It died some time in early May. The semester was wrapping up, and we had just signed the lease for the new apartment. Stresses were gradually dissipating and being replaced by new sources of anxiety and expectation. The alley morphed each day in my mind from the stagnant view from my old living room window to the anticipated view from my new bedroom window. But as the space attempted to redefine itself in my mind, the bird continued to exist.

Its decomposition was obscured by its relatively untouched feathers and identifiable look of pain that had remained transfixed on its face even weeks after its death. It was tough to tell exactly how the bird had died; its placement on the street, wings outstretched, implied an impact with and subsequent fall from one of the buildings, but this was difficult to confirm. There was little evidence of a broken body or a struggle. It was just there, dead.

The alley is populated by cats and rats along with the typical scattered urban trash, but it seemed that none of them were interested in the bird. It remained in the same spot, unbothered, for weeks. As we finished carrying our last bag of belongings across the street and up the stairs, I took a relieved and exhausted look out of my new bedroom window, eager to view the street from a new but soon-to-be familiar perspective.

The top-down perspective cast the entire scene in a new light. Previously unattainable details were suddenly brought to the forefront. An abandoned paint roller sat on a rooftop with a trail of red paint mimicking the aftermath of cinematic street fight. The city skyline gazed upon the neighborhood from afar, drifting out of a hazy fog. Fenced-in backyards betrayed their once-hidden lawn chairs and grills.

But still, there was the bird. Splayed out in the same spot between the buildings; unmoved for weeks and protected in plain sight from the destructive powers of sunlight and truck tires. Caught in the purgatory of the alley.

A week went by. Memories of the old apartment quickly faded, supplanted by constant confrontations with the new house. My anxieties about the new tenant noticing the ant problem or the extra holes in the wall from hung photographs drifted effortlessly into the intoxicating ether of the freshly painted walls and the creative potential inherent in the attached untouched attic space. Our exodus from the building coincided with the simultaneous moves out of two other tenants in the building; I failed to recognize the faces pacing down the alley and neither knew nor particularly cared whether or not they were occupying the place where we used to live.

And still, whenever I looked out the window or took out the trash or rolled out my bike, there it was again. The bird. The anomaly in the alley. A bridge between temporal spaces — spaces separated by the tiniest blink of time, but separate spaces nonetheless. I wanted the space — the apartment, the alley, the neighborhood — to signify a new beginning, but it couldn't. Not yet. Not with the bird.

I crept outside around midnight with our rubber gloves and two grocery bags. I knew no one would be around, but I was still racked with anxiety that someone might see me picking up the bird. I worried right before picking it up that its solidity might be an illusion. That it might vanish into a cloud of dust and feathers if I moved it.

The bird had hollowed and flattened over the course of its month in the alley. It retained the two-dimensional shape of a pigeon, but it lacked depth and weight.

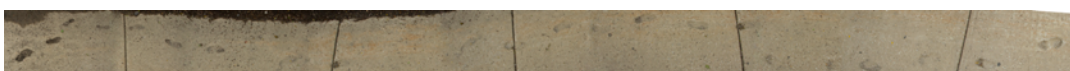
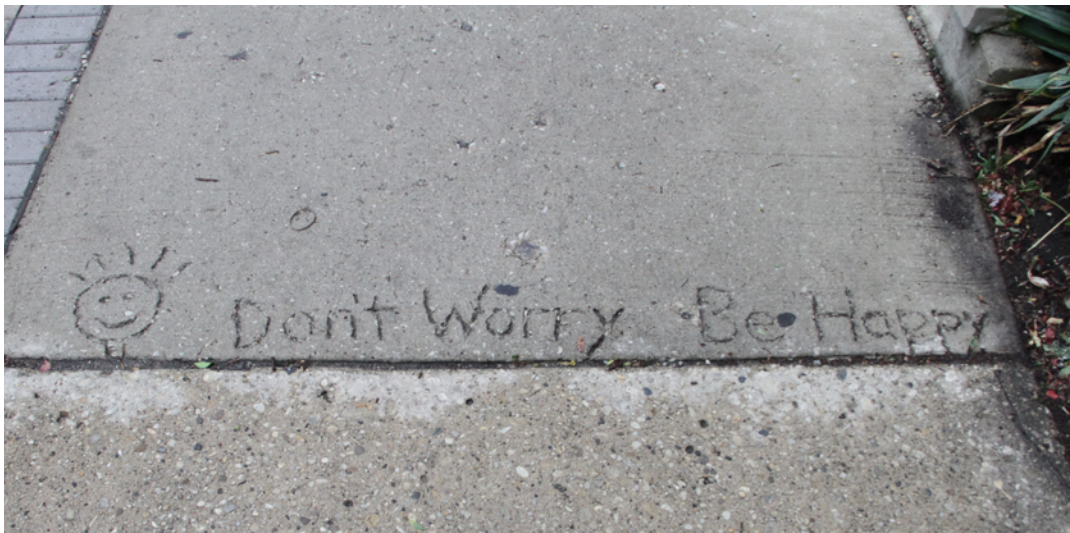
I strung up the bird to take its photo. I felt sorry for it once I was face-to-face with it in the house. But I had already gone to the trouble of taking it inside, so I continued to finish its portrait. The bird stayed intact and static, still caught in its last moment of flight before its death.

The bird had an unceremonious funeral in a plastic bag coffin. It was carried away a few days later along with our remaining bits of packing trash and food that we'd carried over from our old fridge.

It rained for the rest of the week. The bird's imprint was quickly washed away. I can no longer remember the exact spot where its body had landed.



# DAMEN: N S

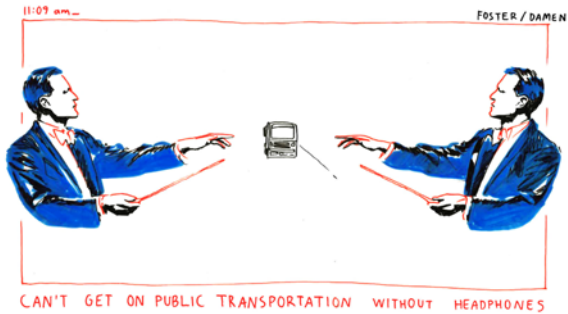


**P. 07 :** *BUS CONSCIOUS* Berke Yazicioglu (Bus) // *PETRICHOR* Alyssa Moxley (Foot) // **P. 08 / 09 :** *RENDERED GHOSTS* Jessica Barrett Sattell (Google Maps) // *BUS CONSCIOUS* cont'd. Berke Yazicioglu (Bus) // *WINKING AT MACHINES* Andrew Kaye & Violet Forest (Bicycle) // **P. 10 :** *BUS CONSCIOUS* cont'd. Berke Yazicioglu (Bus) // *MARBLE & BITUMEN* Troy Pieper (Automobile)



# BUS CONSCIOUS

// WORDS & ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERKE YAZICIOGLU



# PETRICHOR

// WORDS & PHOTOS BY ALYSSA MOXLEY

In the summer this part of the street usually smells of marijuana and cigarettes, but the rain has washed the air. A man, accompanied by his brother and nephew, approaches me while I look up at the steel undergirding of the elevated train. "Do you think it will fall?"

"The rain? Or the bridge?" I shrug. "The bridge?" "No," I reply. "Why do you ask?" "I didn't know why you were looking at it," he says and laughs, walking back over to his family to continue tickling his nephew. They head towards the donut store, giggling.

South of five corners, the foliage of bars, boutiques and restaurants is weeded out to a few neighborhood seedlings — an artisan pizzeria, the Greek corner café — planted between fire brick houses with arched windows, elaborate gardens and powder-coated patio furniture. The heaving crowds that loiter around the Damen Blue Line dissipate and the thoroughfare now appears deserted. The street continues to have signs that remind a walker, even on a rainy day, to be happy. A finger-drawn sentence with a smiling, shining sun on a damp paving stone prompts, "Don't Worry, Be Happy."

Further on, past Division and Chicago, the last approachable venues of commerce are a plant store, a corner bar, a taqueria/burger joint, and a dinner company that appears to sell only microwavable dinners. Enclosed by windows, the store is full of freezers with plastic trays of neatly arranged frozen meals. South of Chicago, the sidewalks are cordoned off by construction operations. Three men hang off the side of an unfinished condo, seated on wooden planks held up by ropes and spraying the façade with hoses. The Schlitz trademark from 1898, a belted globe, crumbles off of what must now be a residence.

Tony's café, just south of Grand, opposite the Midwestern Destruction Company, has a solitary customer slowly chewing on dried-out fries. The ripped-out payphone outside, beside the forest-green painted wrought-iron chairs, signals a time when perhaps people would call home from this place. Maybe they still do, from mobiles. I wonder where the few pedestrians here are headed. A woman in the destruction company lot smokes while she walks two golden retrievers. A young man passes with a backpack and heads into the Kinzie Industrial Corridor; a

zone marked with a sign subtitled, "Richard M. Daley, Mayor."

Before reaching this area of warehouses, artist studios, and industrial enterprises, I pass under a railway tunnel that doesn't service any trains. There has been construction work here for a few days. The workers are digging something out and the sidewalk under the bridge is littered with refuse piles. One is a pile of stone and metal filings. The other is broken glass, like the kind that comes from beer bottles. I imagine that the gutter became clogged with Schlitz beer bottles that had to be smashed and removed.

Emerging from the tunnel I can begin to see the city in the foggy distance. A path next to the railway tracks, beneath the electric pylons, leads towards the metropolis. "Breakfast" is scrawled on the cement barrier at the start of the trail. I begin to follow the footpath and hear the thrum of crickets and tweeting birds amidst the scene of butterflies, thistles, primrose, gutted television sets, freight trucks and discarded grocery carts. The trail is worn, frequently used. I decide not to continue in case I meet regular users of this private road.

Re-emerging from Digression Way onto Damen, I pass a doggy day camp and a small handmade lighting showroom. The base of a streetlight is painted with the words, "Keep Havin A Good Day!" Opposite, an old water tower stands tall in a sky that begins to increase its share of blue in a grey gradient. The air smells of burnt coffee beans drifting from the Intelligentsia plant; a scent that mingles with the gasoline and exhaust of warehouse trucks.

I cross Lake Street, whose interminable elevated rail lines carry on east to the city and west to places of less-renown, all that meaning that fewer people go there, probably making them ultimately more fascinating or terrifying. I notice a handpainted black and white sign across the street advertising the Book of Yeshua between the bus stop and mobile tower. A man at the corner waves to me and asks why I don't take his picture, so I do. And in turning around I notice another harbinger of joy. Another "Keep Havin A Good Day!" sign. The glittering mosaic on the side of the Montessori school of glass-and-foil children living their dreams manages to shimmer even in today's still white light.

The street widens into a tarmac plain of

open lots surrounding the United Center. The only other buildings are two small churches and a store selling sports memorabilia. The traffic lights all turn red and green at the same time over the entire distance to Roosevelt; the traffic pulses in a regular rhythm, visible for miles. A lot for Truck'N Roll cargo shipping sits opposite the United Center's loading bay, flagged with three large satellite dishes that I assume are for broadcasting games and concerts. One of the dishes is covered with ivy at the base, so that the rounded dome emerges like the cupola of a flower beside the adjacent parking lot for the disabled. In a neighboring empty lot, a lesson of the Chicago Motorcycle School is taking place. A line of helmeted students watch the instructor flex his ankles and wrists. As I pass, their helmets turn one by one, each turn inciting the curiosity of the next in line; they're looking to see who is watching them on this otherwise empty highway.

Several slabs of sidewalk beside the Center are marked with the presence of a walker in the setting of the cement. The first step arrives from the road as if they were exiting a car and walking towards the security entrance. This is Damen's equivalent of the Hollywood Star.



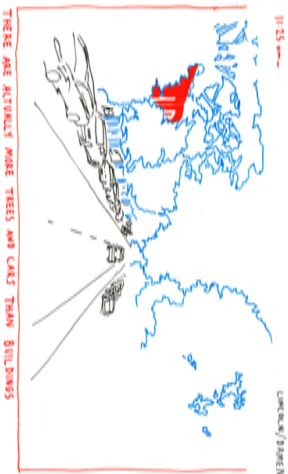
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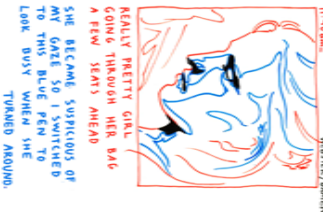
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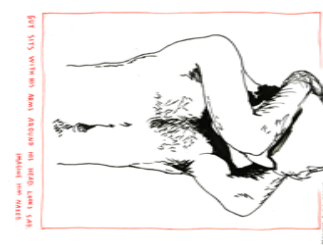
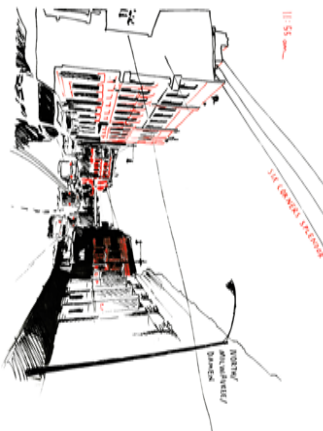




THERE ARE ACTUALLY MORE TREES AND CARS THAN BILL BUNDS



REALLY PRETTY GIRL  
GOING THROUGH HER BAG  
A FEW SEATS AHEAD  
SHE BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF  
MY GAZE SO I SWITCHED  
TO THIS BLUE PEN TO  
LOOK BUSY WHEN SHE  
TURNED AROUND.



GET THIS WITH AN ARMY ADVANCE IN THIS LINE, I AM  
MILITARY AND DRILL

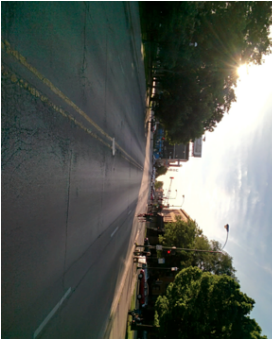
## WINKING AT MACHINES

// WORK BY ANDREW KATE & VOLKSTADT

Andrew Kater has been on my mind a lot lately. He's a photographer who's been in the game for a while, and he's got a really good eye for a story. He's got a really good eye for a story.

Joe Babin, artist of a type and a type of a type, is a really good artist. He's got a really good eye for a story. He's got a really good eye for a story.

There's something about the way he looks at the world. He's got a really good eye for a story. He's got a really good eye for a story.



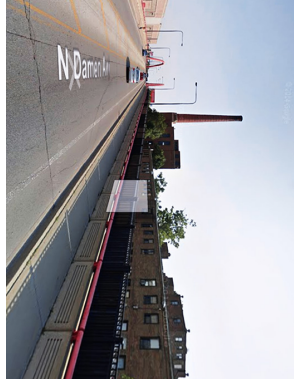
## RENDERED GHOSTS

// WORK BY JESSICA MARRETT MATTEL

From 2005 to 2010, I spent three years in the city of Chicago. I was a photographer. I was a writer. I was a person. I was a person.

There's something about the way he looks at the world. He's got a really good eye for a story. He's got a really good eye for a story.

There's something about the way he looks at the world. He's got a really good eye for a story. He's got a really good eye for a story.







MY HEADPHONES HAVE BEEN IN ALL THIS TIME.



ON THE ROAD FOR ALMOST TWO HOURS, I NEVER SAW A COW.

## MARBLE & BITUMEN

// WORDS & PHOTOS BY TROY PIEPER

Father Arnold Damen was born in Holland in 1815. He emigrated to the U.S. to study theology with the Jesuits in St. Louis, Missouri and was sent to Chicago in 1857 when the Catholic bishop there invited the Jesuits to establish a house. The bishop offered him the position of pastor at the Church of the Holy Name, but he founded his own church instead on the outskirts of the city on Roosevelt Road. Holy Family Church today is the second oldest in Chicago. Damen was also responsible for the establishment of Loyola University.

In 1871, the Great Chicago Fire, which began just a few blocks from Holy Name, nearly wiped out the church. Though he was in New York during the fire, Father Damen reportedly spent the night in vigil praying for fear that the church be spared, and in the night the wind shifted toward Lake Michigan and away from the church. And so after his death in 1890, a street was renamed for him in 1927.

Damen Avenue terminates in the north of Chicago with the largest cemetery in the city, called Rosehill. Its limestone gate is made to look like a medieval castle, and its original six-foot walls have been heightened to 12 since the cemetery was built in 1859.

Chicago mayors, Illinois governors, sports heroes and philanthropists are interred among acres of monuments and mausoleums. Statues of greyhounds stand atop the graves of rich men's pets, and a stone stag watches over the graves of the men's children.

A bleak industrial plain bookends the south side of Damen Avenue, where smoke stacks pierce the skyline before the lake, and rail cars and river tugs run. Not one tree is visible from the low bridge near this end of Damen, which spans this mile of concrete and bitumen between the last residential neighborhood along the street and the rest of the South Side. The smoldering belt of earth recalls the legacy of industrial captains buried under Roosevelt Cemetery's green lawn, opposite the machines that might have produced their wealth.

Between both of these, the vitality of Chicagoans generates that which feeds the city's fires.





# the difficulty

// WORDS BY ANGHARAD DAVIES

// PHOTOS BY ANGHARAD DAVIES

## of walking

### IN VISIBLE BOUNDARIES

The sidewalk on the east side of the road had been replaced by a grove of trees. The branches hung low indicating that this area was not designated for walking, but instead they were there to act as a secondary fence, complimenting the one that bordered the building supplies yard. The grove had collected litter blown through the industrial landscape. Despite the debris a passage was evident — a line cut into the grass by foot-fall. Pedestrians preferred to negotiate this space rather than opt for the opposite side of the road, devoid of a natural habitat. Here the concrete flowed continuously into the parking spaces. At two points along this stretch the asphalt was punctuated by two raised ellipses that each housed a fire hydrant. A step up — a pace — a step down — breaking the gait of the path. Nearing the bridge, the grove became wilderness. The bramble sprawled into the road, making it impossible to pass and forcing one into the passing traffic. The bridge's metal fencing, however, gave sufficient separation from the trucks and cars. Some thirty feet below the center of the bridge an inch of water in the canal flowed perpendicular to the iron grating, marking the boundary between two neighborhoods.



### NO N-PLACES

The perimeter fence of the factory turned to the left after crossing the border, marked within a straightened and redirected cargo canal. Cars occupied the previously empty spaces in the car lot. An arch leaned at the entrance of the lot; one column was formed of concrete and the other was a honey locust, whose branches completed the curve as they pushed back against the wall. The gate of the opposing vacant lot was constructed from a series of miscellaneous metal masks to create an empty placard stripped of its awning that succeeded in keeping potential vehicles of varying heights from entering. Residential homes had been built along one side of the street with a view of the power plant beyond. Constructed from brick with a rash of boulders blistering the facade, each one demonstrated a different architectural style that married the bungalow with modern ecclesiastical ambitions. One house was being undressed, and as its wooden tongue and groove strips were removed, the logo of the insulating company was revealed beneath. In the window of another home the hand of a woman was visible in the gap that hung between the half drawn curtains. The houses faced directly onto the concrete field populated by weeds growing through cracks in the flatness. The fence that surrounded the power plant dipped in and out of the roadways and turned to run parallel to the railway siding. Crossing under the rails supported by a bridge the vaulted ceiling of the express-way opened up above. The ground took on a purple hue from the filtered light that pulsed as the vehicles above interrupted its stream. The surface on which they drove was not a ceiling; it was an underneath; a negative space. Its excessive height offered no shelter from the weather. The columns did not stand in sufficiently for walls and the mimicry of the curved floor felt like the exterior shell of a larger globe — a fragment of a landscape in which, like salt planes, one could observe the curvature of the earth.



## in chicago

### TR ESPASSING

The second bridge, despite being a roadway, was no place for pedestrians or cars. The asphalt eroded promptly into grey gravel and the light dissolved to near pitch blackness at its center. No signs marked the path as it ran alongside the railway tracks and leveled out at the signaling post. Abandoned vehicles with marks of violent struggle and the white van crawling in the distance provoked an immediate feeling of guilt. The exposed train platform assumed an air of theatricality. Actors on a stage, the passengers cooked themselves under the heating lamps like rotisserie chickens. The path tapered into a slope of scree and debris ending abruptly with a line of steel wire at throat height.



### LI NEAR LANDSCAPE

It had rained, but while gazing at the interior of the Italian diner, the falling drops went unseen. The shine of the newly wetted paving slabs could be mistaken for the varnish that was used on the ones downtown. This pause and the coffee in a paper cup that accompanied it marked the middle of the walk. The cafe was populated with middle-aged white-collar workers in suits who were eating their lunches of spaghetti with a long sausage resting under a layer of puréed bolognese served on blue polystyrene plates. A cooking program described how to make homemade gravy rather than showing the election-day coverage that populated most other television sets that day. The wet paving outside formed a continuous plane and texture with the grey polished marble of the counter surface. This interior line could be followed along the sidewalk before making a turn onto Halsted Street. Twenty more miles of the same road reached to the city limits and beyond that another two hundred and eighty miles all the way to the Ohio River.



P // 11

BYWAY

THE DIFFICULTY OF WALKING IN CHICAGO

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// WORDS & PHOTOS BY TROY PIEPER

Works Progress Association-era buildings stand as sentinels of another age at the edge of a slender but far-reaching pond bordered by lusty vegetation. The water's extremities, dramatized by stepping stones and fish, radiate to the four corners of this outsized park. A goose spent the spring warming her eggs in a masonry urn that sits along a wall of the field house. That L. Frank Baum began to write *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* within view of the park is no effort to believe. This estate's little forests and expansive lawns give way to goat bridges and secret nooks — and dogs and children and lovers.

In some spots Humboldt Park's sumptuous, fecund bulk undulates along Division Street, looking pretty and leading one to wonder. Humboldt Park is complicated. Built in 1869 over a prairie marsh, it was considered the park district's crown jewel when Chicago's first planners envisioned it as the seat of the

city's original boulevard system. Its first visitors were immigrants from among the waves that struck American cities in the early twentieth century: Germans, Norwegians, Danes, then Poles and Russian Jews. They walked its paths made of packed dirt, and they would row in its ponds.

Later, massive waves of Puerto Ricans moved from eastern parts of Chicago to Humboldt, and Mexicans and Black people came to make up a good part of the neighborhood. Every June, the park is host to a festival of Puerto Rican culture, one of the largest Latin events in the country.

Among slow-pitch softball players attended by spouses and children, between the blankets spread out for lying and among encamped families grilling skirt steak on the lawn, the park's variegated history has grown over. Race riots erupted around Humboldt in the 1960s in response to the slaying of a teenager by police,

and its Puerto Rican and Black residents faced economic conditions that embodied the nation's urban crisis at the time. Ethnic conflicts and gangs defined the park's tree-lined walkways in subsequent decades.

People who lived near the park 15 years ago remember drug dealers and bodies turning up in the park's pond with the spring thaw. Now Humboldt is as bucolic and spirited as it wants to be. Cycling by the water after dark is not out of the question, and spring thaws only bring up dead carp.



# The International Vanishing of an Untitled Monument /Part II



WORDS & PHOTOS BY GUY EYTAN

## **Gate (McKinlock Gate – 723 N. Lakeshore Drive):**

A gate stands on a threshold as an entrance that cannot be closed. Even though the gate is not connected to anything now, it remains a gate. It sits on a small green island within a wider sidewalk, where the building behind shies away to give it space. The traffic is unbearably loud.

McKinlock was never here. He studied at Harvard. He died almost a hundred years ago on the first day he saw action in the military. His father, who had business affairs in Chicago, wanted to commemorate him. So, he gave Northwestern University money to erect magnificent ornate gates with wrought-iron flowers and snake handles to stand at the entrance of the halls of knowledge. The money his father had earmarked for the construction of the gate and the halls was lost when all money was lost, during the great loss. But the gate had already been built and so the debt was forgiven if the monument no longer kept its name. The gates stand without a name for whom they were built. In order to understand what they are there for you need to search for it in the university site by description of the gate.

Is it a gate if it cannot prevent an entrance to anything? Is it a commission if the money was never given? Is it a memorial if there is no way to know who it is for?

The only time I saw someone looking at the gates was a dog walker who waited for one of the dogs to mark the gate as his own. The street is not a much-travelled street. There is a trail on the other side of the drive that is a nicer walk. Here you get the worst of both situations; you are assaulted by the traffic, but are cold due to the lake winds.

## **How to become one with a monument:**

First, it is important to note that osmosis and diffusion also work between solids.

Place your head so it will be touching a monument of your choosing.

Keep it there for 52,384 years.

As both you and it are slowly destroyed, you will morph into one.





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