

A Search for The Sacred: The Ethos of Porch Life and A Resistance to Institution



From Left to Right: Tat, Andrew, Adam, Erik

I. Pre-Script

I want to begin by saying, I am slightly out of my element here. However, conducting an ethnography has been highly beneficially to my other projects. My current work is concerned with the dissemination of knowledge and how the scholar mediates between their theory and their data.¹ I argue that though these two scholars differ in method, which makes them appear

¹ I concentrate on two particular Religious studies scholars, Robert Orsi and Russell McCutcheon because of their intense, published disagreements with one another over what a religious studies scholar ought to be doing. McCutcheon, a philosopher, emphasizes theory, whereas Orsi, an ethnographer, emphasizes data. Orsi even suggests that a year of “reflexive fieldwork” be a mandatory part of graduate work in religious studies, placing all the more emphasis on the priority of data.

quite different, they actually have very similar understanding to the dissemination of knowledge concerning religious studies.

I, myself, have been trained as a philosopher. I am starting to know what it means to do fieldwork, and furthermore the ethical questions which accompany it. While doing philosophy I never had to worry about how my representations of the people I am working with might affect them. Or to what extent being an insider or outsider of a group might influence my research. Not to mention how I would even go about writing an with ethnographic work, which is something I struggled with in this project. Doing an ethnographic project such as this has allowed me to exit from my comfort zone and actually practice different methods in the field rather than take scholars such as Robert Orsi and other ethnographers on their word. Though I am only dipping my toes in ethnographic waters, the experience and practice of this method has considerably influenced how I will continue forward with current and future projects.

If I did step out of my comfort zone, I must say I did not step very far. This project began as an examination of The Trees, a band I was in my senior year of my time at Luther College, yet as I transcribed the interview and read letters written by those involved I quickly realized this project is not primarily about the band The Trees, but rather about what we call Porch Life. I worry about the relevance this project. However, that being said, I think this project can be viewed as a microcosm of a larger conversation pertaining to a male centric discourse involving a formation of the sacred. Music is a part of this discourse, but more so there is a larger sense of communitas which develops as myself and friends generated a collective identity called Porch Life. I think Porch Life is a general resistance to what we thought of as the status quo of the Luther College student.

This project is auto-ethnographic in nature, which has been one of my biggest difficulties. I am a intimate insider of this group, of The Trees, of Porch Life. Because of this I have included an element of reflexivity in which a fellow religious studies scholar and friend, Danae Faulk, has interviewed me for a class of hers in which the topic of emotion worked well as a place for me to answer questions about my own experiences as a musician. This interview and Danae's analysis opened the door for me to think more critically about how male-centric my experience with music has been and that my discussion about Porch Life and The Trees is men making meaning with other men. I have included my transcriptions, my mates letters, and Danae's paper in there entirety in an appendix to open the door of reflexivity as wide as I am able. James Clifford writes in his piece *On Ethnographic Allegory* that, "Anthropological fieldwork has been represented as both scientific 'laboratory' and a personal 'rite of passage.' The two metaphors capture nicely the discipline's impossible attempt to fuse objective and subjective practices."² My attempts to walk between the 'laboratory' and the 'rite of passage' have proven difficult, yet enlightening to myself as to what scholarship can actually look like. Reflexivity is certainly a new concept for me.

I have further plans to give my work to those involved with it and ask for a responses back which will also be included in the appendix. I am sure this will work well because my friends involved have already been willing to send me writing when an interview was impractical. This adds an element of reciprocalness to this project. In fact I was talking with Erik, a member of the Trees, on Facebook, and he asked if he could see other letters our friends sent me. I gladly sent him my working appendix and after reading letters and the interview this is how he responded, "*-god dude its so amazing hearing what other people though of this i never*

² James Clifford 1986 p.109

had a ton of like deep personal discussions with leroy or erb and really not even adam but hearing their thoughts on it and knowing they are the same as my own is just like...god its just so validating as like a human being dude...fuck!...like that was so good” I think this further validates our experiences together and actually is a continuation of the discourse it is discussing.

I want to make this project as multi-vocal as possible. This is not to say I have developed an script by any means, but rather I think leaving long portions of the interview(s) and letters within the work to be possibly read aloud and accompanied at times by music would be beneficial. Similar to a work I encountered in Ethnographic History, *Alabi’s World* by Richard Price, which leaves much of his archival data unchanged within the work interjecting his own voice on occasion.³ Though I do not think a script with music written about a day on the porch would be such a bad idea. I do not have the wherewithal do accomplish this currently. I want to thank my good friends from Luther who have so diligently and lovingly helped me with this project by providing me with inspiration and their own thoughts. I am writing this for you as much as I am myself.

II. From Humble Beginnings

Though this paper is about Porch Life, I think I will still begin with a brief discussion of The Trees, as it was where my thinking about the project itself began. The Trees existed from early January 2013 to early May 2013, other than a small show we did in late July 2013. The band consisted of three Luther College seniors, myself, Adam and Erik and a recent graduate and song writer, Tat. Luther College is a small Liberal Arts College in the town of Decorah Iowa which is about a twenty minute drive north to the Minnesota boarder and an hour east to the

³ This is to say as well I think this project could look much different, once more interviews have taken place and more of them have been transcribed. This project could be exceedingly multi-vocal.

Mississippi. We have described ourselves as “Reggae-Billy Soul-Grass” to “Alternative Folk-Rock.” The legend of the of The Trees goes as such...

One faithful night a bright star shone above the ole silver star saloon. Three Kings saw this Godly sign and approached the location under the bright golden star. There the three kings found The Grey Pilgrim. The Grey Pilgrim knew how to rock, and took under his wing the three kings. The Gods were jealous of how hard they rocked, and turned The Grey Pilgrim and his Three Kings into grand Trees for the rest of eternity.⁴

Actually, I as I remember it the genesis went more along these lines. I saw Adam, my good friend and drummer I had played bass with for 3 years, talking to someone I didn’t recognize at a party at Naked House, the cross country runners house. They were smoking. I walked over and lit a cigarette and gave the nod,

“Dude.”

Adam replied, “Duuuuude, this is the dude I was talking about, Tat. He’s the shit man.” “Right on,” Addressing Tat, I extended out my hand, “What’s up dude, I’m Andrew.”

Shortly there after Adam, Tat and I played once briefly in Tat’s apartment. I think we played the same song about six times. Tat explained he had played with another guitar player named Erik, whom I had known as well and had made plans to play music with which never came to fruition. The three of us soon became four and we practiced for the first time as a whole band in a local microbrewery called Toppling and Goliath. We continued to play there many times inside or out on the patio.

We began playing shows around town in Decorah Iowa and eventually as far away as Duluth Minnesota. We had to privilege to play at Fitgers Brew Pub in Duluth, Minnesota where the popular and influential band Trampled by Turtles got their start. I remember the feeling

⁴ The Tree’s Facebook Page accessed March 3, 2014. <https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Trees>

clearly after we finished a set at Fitgers Brew Pub with *Golddigger* of a crowd roaring with applause. It still gives me goosebumps thinking about it.

We recorded five original songs in two different recording sessions. If the reader would please listen to a song we recorded that was quite popular.⁵ It is an original by Tat called *Golddigger*. We did a recording of *Golddigger* along with another original

Are You Feeling Paranoid Yet?

in the basement of Play ground house with one microphone and a recording software called garage band.

More importantly than many of the live shows was the practice space we made in that basement. That and the porch really became a sacred space for



⁵ Please listen to more music if you are inclined. *Golddigger* and *Are You Feeling Paranoid Yet?* were recorded in the basement of Playground, which was an excited time for everyone in The Trees and the house itself. The other Three songs we recorded, *Axe of Capitalism*, *Mirrors*, and *Like a Wall That Talks Back* we recorded in a two cabins from the 1860s which had be combined together. We were at least twenty miles out of town and it was a beautiful day. We recorded live takes of five songs, three of which ended up having the lyrics put with them. One can download and listen to these songs for free at www.reverbnation/thetrees13.com.

not only the Trees, but our friends as well. A place of refuge away from the banality with which we considered Luther to be infested. We lived, learned, fought, and loved together in that basement.

Tat described the experience well in a brief letter he wrote me concerning this project. He writes,

Things happened quickly and it was lots of fun. Andrew showed up with an upright bass. Erik came back with his own banjo. Adam had a full drum kit and some microphones owned by the college. I brought songs and gigs to play them at. We would hang out for hours at Playground jamming in the basement and on the porches, we smoked a lot of joints and blunts and drank a lot of forties. This pretty much continued as such for another five months. What can I say, it was a blast! We had misadventures, met beautiful women, and played some pretty good music. I felt like these three guys were more my peers than my coworkers at the college and music once again surged to the forefront of my priorities. But alas, all good things must end or so they say, and after those first few months went by we found ourselves separated like leaves blown on the wind. It ended nearly as quickly and quietly as it began. But I still often think of those blissful times, and hope to perhaps one day reignite that flame that burned among The Trees...⁶

I think it is fair to say, and my former band mates would not disagree, that this experience with The Trees was a powerful and extraordinarily meaningful. But why? And was it entirely driven by the music? Or rather, how did a particular environment we considered sacred encourage great music and camaraderie? Even

further, was there a sense of camaraderie and music that created the sacred? I think the best way to continue is by jumping ahead in time.

III- An Interview

From Left to Right: Leroy, John, Dan

⁶ A letter from Tat, May 8, 2014



It was March first, 2014, myself, Adam, Leroy and Dan, had pulled a couch and a few chairs in a circle around a twelve pack of PBR; meanwhile our other friend John was pacing around the Luther College art studio. Snow was steadily falling to the ground outside. We were not worried about being interrupted because it was a quite space, especially during the late



Adam

afternoon and evening on a Saturday. I told them to be themselves and not to feel strange or awkward because it was an *interview* being recorded. I asked them to speak to their thoughts and feeling about the January term and the last semester we had all been at Luther. My iPad was diligently recording my first statement, “Let’s fuckin do this...I guess I would like to ask you guys to please recount experiences, of different feeling, thoughts, actions, about j term our senior year to may.” We were about eight minutes into, what turned into being a two and a half hour interview, which I think went well for not knowing what I was doing. We were discussing the house called *Play Ground* where we spent much of our time together. Leroy had just finished speaking when after being quite for some time, Dan Erb chimed in, “...Dan Erb here, folk hero, professional scientists and life coach,” everybody laughs, “...off of your idea of place I guess, I didn’t really play with you guys or anything, but you guys kinda had like a,” he pleased briefly, “I don’t want to say sense of community that’s kinda cliche but you like a...” Leroy interjected, “



The House Itself: Playground

Like a niche?" Dan continued, "A niche, you had a thing, it was a good vibe generating machine, and like whenever you guys were playing there, like at a party or whatever you kinda just like attracted people down. Not in like an awkward way like you see with some bands where people are kinda just like standing there, you know what I mean?"⁷ I think it is important to note Dan's use of the second person when he is describing what was going on with Playground and The Trees. I think this indicates that Dan considers himself as an observer, rather than a full on participant. This is to say, someone who wasn't in the Trees or as intimately involved with us acknowledges witnessing this sense of a, as Dan and Leroy called it, a niche or as I want to call it, *communitas* or rather why not call it a good vibes generating machine. I think this "machine"

⁷ Erb, Dan, Dahl, John, Lapp, Adam, and Smith, Jake. Interview with Andrew Meland. Personal Interview. Decorah IA, March 3, 2014.

is a combination of place, people, music, emotion and meaning. A notion of what we created as sacred, or the ineffable.

I want to describe a few moments which happened during the interview which I think details nicely where I realized the transition from what I thought would be the object of this project, The Trees, to what I realized was the crux behind this project and the closeness between friends, Porch Life. Leroy was describing his experience at Luther College, begin a recent transfer with few places to go:

Andrew: You called yourself a visitor?

Leroy: As an outsider?...

Adam: None of you guys were outsiders...

Leroy: I found myself being able to drink and chill there and it was like before the semester had even started...I've got like five days to meet people and there is where I found myself clicking with people, because these people are very similar. Like Mark. Like Mark is a fucking goon...In terms of being in like an inviting place, it was defiantly that. And there was just a lot of cool things, like Gunnar he really dug music, like Gunnar was cool. Adam, we did all of our fun things that we did together... (Pause)

Andrew- Like what?

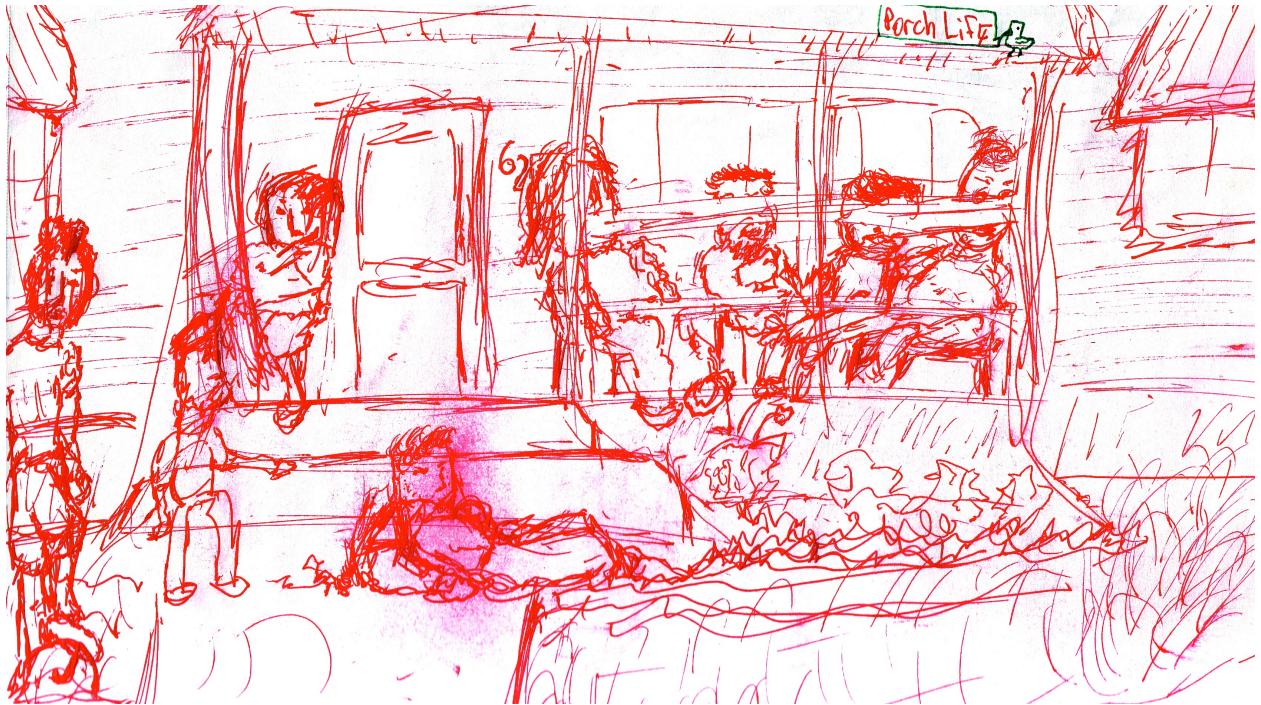
Leroy: Pots, Drinks, just normal dorking around. Like going to the store even was fun.

Adam: Yeah dude, I love going to the store. It was always fun.

Leroy: Yeah, just shit like that, but It served for me as like a meeting ground, almost like a forum, like a public space, a public square, like, I would get done with my shit that I had to do, I had to finish eating in the caf, cause none of you assholes had meal plans (Laughter) I'd eat by myself so many times that semester...so yea I would just come down there get some dinner and hang out get some beers. Fye would drive his jeep, or we'd drive mark's car. Cause Mark would drive drunk as fuck all the time

Adam: We'd all do that too much (laughter) Mark was bad though right?

Leroy: That another thing I think about the Trees, not necessarily Tat, I don't want say that he's not apart of this kinda thing that I'm gonna bring up, but for Adam, Andrew, and Erik, like you guys, like you guys just kinda found people in that house just as much as I did. Almost you know what I mean like, we hang out, we'd share Porch Life together



Leroy's rendition of Porch Life

Adam: Oh God yea

Leroy: And, you know how much time we did music during Porch Life?

Everyone: Yea

Leroy: There'd be like thirty three acoustic guitars!

Andrew: Can someone explain what you mean by Porch life?

Leroy: Porch Life for me, it started as soon as I got there. That was with cigarettes. But as soon as the coats can kinda come off and you can sit outside comfortably without your hands freezing. It became the time to just, the goon spot. And by the goon spot I mean a place where we would all congregate and just sit in the same chair for like hours on end

Adam: Drinking, smoking....

Leroy: and just watch the day go by. and just kinda of dick around. especially towards the end of the semester when things got nice. I just remember. we were skating on the stoop, laying in the grass, kicking balls around . It was fun...I have a great portrait of porch life. I will show you actually.

Adam: I will talk about Porch Life while you are looking. For me, what it meant for me, being one of the, being a member of the house I guess, being a roommate...

(Leroy finds picture.)

Leroy: We got the porch life. You can see the Porch. Sammichth, theres me (leroy), Andy was there, that you (andrew) smashing a tulip, J-Fye, Mark, Lapp laying in the grass like a sexy model, and then Gunnar over here sitting on the stoop.

Adam: Yeah, I mean thats it right there.

Leroy: It was just Porch Life. Thats exactly, that just about encompasses it...

Adam: That's really bad-ass...I guess Porch Life is something that all the roommates still talk about. I mean we still talk to each other a lot and Porch Life is the main thing that comes up, almost everyday. Its just like, that was almost what that house was like know for at the end

Leroy: it is what it was about

Adam: yea, and about

Leroy: Yea yea like in the winter it was like about the music and the darts, like inside and then when we could expand like when

Adam: and we loved being outside dude, it made us go outside, it was the most beautiful thing and why wouldn't you at that place, Jesus

Leroy: I have picture on my phone even. One day you were standing out in the front yard playing your stand up bass and like I think you had your washboard

Adam: or something stupid

Leroy: and yeah, just jamming out there

Adam: It was bad ass. I remember that. I remember also, maybe it was just me, Andrew, Mark, we were just screaming as tree-beards

Andrew: oh yea when we were just yelling

Adam: Drunk by like 2:30 in the afternoon, started screaming and yelling. What would we say?

Andrew: (clears throat) ahhhh...These Trees (Adam joins in) were my friends! AHHHHH!

Adam: We just start throwing shit. But yea, Porch life is really what made living at Playground what is was, obviously the music was something, people, really great people in our life. Fortunate to have and also Porch Life, had a place to chill outside, like leroy referred to, and I don't know...

It is interesting how Adam is refers to Porch Life, as if it was doing action. As if it was acting upon him and all of us. Another story that was told during the interview which I will call the “Vomit Story” works well to further illustrate the deviant behavior (drinking and driving, use of drugs, being generally loud and obnoxious) that was an essential aspect of Porch Life.

Dan: Dan here. I have a story, maybe its relevant. Maybe its reverent, its just a story. One of the last, it is the morning of graduation. And me and Andrew arrive to playground and meet the boys

Andrew: Can you say who is who? Or who the boys are?

Dan: The boys being the guys who lived there and friends: Adam, Mark, Jimbo, Jordan, and Guns, and others

Andrew: Probably other Jordan

Adam: Dan, I think that's it.

Dan: and as we congregate

Adam: Jon maybe

Dan: Near the outside, inhaling cigarettes, and some members are trying not to vomit(Laughter) as we stand there in our cap and gowns

Adam: I vomited that morning

Dan: Some people dressed up nice, unlike me, just wearing a tee shirt and boxers underneath your robes, but that's kinda of the feeling it was...

All: yup

Dan: Camaraderie, Brotherhood

Adam: there ya go



From Left to Right: Adam, Emma, Jordan

To further this dissuasion of what Porch Life and the Trees meant to those involved, please refer to items 3 through 6 in the appendix. They are letters of which I have left in their entirety from some folks involved in Porch Life. A further analysis of Porch Life, our sentiments towards Luther College and how to make ourselves differ benefits from an examination using religious studies scholars Eliade and Turner. Eliade's notion of the sacred and Turner's discussion of *communitas* and liminality fit well to the experiences described as Porch Life.

IV- Analyses: Sacred Porch

Though this project is a work in progress, one which is about a coming of age tale or rather a resistance to at least what we thought was a “proper coming of age.” The porch and basement were epicenters for what we called Porch Life. This was an orienting and identity formation mechanism for the group of us. A group larger than just the band. The house was a liminal space, it was off the Luther College campus, yet occupied by Luther Students. It allowed us to *rebel* while still being a part of Luther. I think the presence of The Trees was part of the cement that brought a strong sense of togetherness among those of us who spent our time at Play Ground, living the Porch Life. Adorno stats, “Music is largely social cement. And the meaning listeners attribute to a material, the inherent logic of which is inaccessible to them, is above all means by which they achieve some psychical adjustment to the mechanism of present-day life.”⁸ Music helped us define who we were. But it was not by any means the only defining feature. I think our notion of community stemmed deeper than music to a general resistance to Luther College. To answer some of questions from earlier, there is a reciprocal nature between notions of community and music, feeding off one another.

⁸ Adorno, Theodor, “On Popular Music,” in *On Record: Rock, Pop, and the Written Word*, eds. Simon Frith and Andrew Goodwin (New York: Pantheon Books, 1990), 311-312

It is so clear there is a powerful sense of meaning which occurred. Porch life is another word for the, the sacred in this sense. Eliade writes, “The sacred reveals absolute reality and at the same time makes orientation possible; hence it *finds the world* in the sense that it fixes the limits and establishes the order of the world.”⁹ We were revealing an absolute reality to ourselves. Instead of thinking of Eliade’s notion of the sacred as something beyond us, something metaphysical, the sacred was our own orienting mechanism for our own identity. It was a way to establish our own sense of order apart from what we considered *normal* or in Eliade’s words, profane. It was a place for us to seek refuge, a word used by my friends during the interview. Porch Life was a place where we could engage in illicit activities, relatively safely. Playground was this liminal space where we could resist what we felt was a stagnant, stifling Luther environment. We choose a fail at what we considered to be the idea of success at Luther. It is a political choice to fail. A political resistant. I get this idea of Judith Halberstam, who is working with queer failure. But I think this idea of failure can be employed to our group of men finding out who we were. I think Turner’s notion of *communitas* fits well with our circumstances.

He writes,

I prefer the Latin term “*communitas*” to “community,” to distinguish this modality of social relationship from an “area of common living.” The distinction between structure and *communitas* is not simply the familiar one between “secular” and “sacred” or that, for example, between politics and religion. Certain fixed offices in tribal societies have *many* sacred attributes; indeed, every social position has *some* sacred characters. But this ‘sacred component is acquired by the incumbents of positions during the *rites of passage*, through which they change positions...¹⁰

Furthermore this project is describing a particular male oriented *communitas*. It is not an accident, nor is it intensional. Yet, I think this is a chance to discuss a discourse on white affluent

⁹ Eliade 1957 p.30

¹⁰ Turner 1969 p.96 Turner further this notion to more present day societies such as hippies on p.113, however I think this notion can be expanded upon and it much deeper than how he describes that social movement.

males. Yes, more often than not this social group is known or consider the “bad guy.” However if scholars don't open a discussion on male centric discourses then the full extent of particular power structures may go unanalyzed, leaving parts unknown.

To further this conversation of gender I want to examine Faulk's understanding of my own relationship to music. My hope in the future is to integrate this discussion of gender into the paper rather than place it in the final paragraphs of this paper. She writes,

Finally, I conclude that Modern's discussion of music is a highly gendered one. Music appears as a licensed avenue of emotional expression in men, an outlet deemed appropriate for men to do masculine emotion work, express feelings, and become more aware of their bodies. I have pointed out to Modern, after the interview, that of all the men he mentioned playing with he only mentioned women four times. Of these four times, two experiences were ambiguous while the others were extremely negative. With the female lead singer and piano player, Modern never expresses the excitement, interest, or even “good” tension that he frequently does with male band mates. In the case of his mother and the group of critical talent show judges, all mothers, Modern goes so far as to express extreme shame, disgust and even hate. While he had some of the best times of his life learning to play music with his father, Modern hates playing with his mother. While I would not go as far as to say that Modern's musical world is completely devoid of females, it is however for all its vulnerability strikingly phobic of affective contact with authoritative women. It seems that this vulnerability and expressive quality that music allows is only desirable with other men. In this way, this music serves as a male social bonding, to communicate only with other men, to be acted upon only by other men, and to do emotion work and social bonding only with other men. Music is not just “expressing being a human” as Modern says, but is particularly expressing being a man. Perhaps this best explains how without music, a crucial part of his masculine identity, Modern feels that life is meaningless.¹¹

In this particular case the interview concentrated on music, yet it is safe to consider that this gendered discourse can be carried into Porch Life. I think to continue this line a inquiry while I give my work to my friends to read it I will ask them specifically to make sure they response to how this gendered discourse made them feel. How accurate do they think this

¹¹ Faulk, 2014 p. 7 She refers to me as Chip Modern throughout the paper.

analysis of how gendered our discourse of Porch Life really was. What did having women on the porch mean? Were they mere decorations? Were women a part of the sacred we sought?¹²

I want to end the current discussion with a excerpt from a letter I received from Jordan Fye. A resident of Playground and close associate to the Trees. Jordan writes,

take all of the facets of this oddly long email that i have mentioned so far: senior year living at playground, the glorious porch, and the trees. you wind up with a wildly eventful senior year that lead to great times being had by all, me learning a shitload more about music and specifically how to appreciate the playing of it, and some of the best warm days turning into the best cool nights sitting on that porch. maybe this ramble (on) was enough to get my point across about senior year filling that void in my college time. i still cant put it plainly in a concise manner, but i, and i think probably all of us, just felt a little more adult-like and it was something that we all needed after our first three years of a college. for me, playground helped break a lot of unseen shackles of being strictly a college kid and kick me in the ass enough times to get me thinking about life afterwards. senior year is an odd time because as students, we were never more focused on what was next for all of us, yet at the same time our focus for the now and being in the present was more acute than ever.¹³

I think what Jordan has done were, is sum up, better than I could with any language of the Sacred and Profane or Liminality and Communitas what our sentiments were. The Porch, Playground



and The Trees was an opportunity to fill the “void.” Whether this void was “real” or not doesn't seem to matter. Jordan describes this liminal place we all found ourselves. Porch Life gave us an opportunity to feel unique and queer. Not merely another face in a crowd of Luther Students.

¹² I am intentionally leaving much of this gender discourse unanalyzed as an attempt not to sway the opinions of soon to come reciprocal letters responding to this work in progress.

¹³ Fye 2014 p.2 see appendix.



Picture above:

Left to Right

Jordan and Leroy

From Left to Right: Tat and Andrew

Lastly for now the caption to this picture is as follows, “Now what we have here is a big tangled mess of equipment that we are suppose to sup up in an orderly fashion...This does not tend to happen.” I think we might say the same about ethnography and walking the line between subjective and objective.

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