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Site of America's First Olympics
The photographs on this page and on the back cover are from “Facade,” a multi-media theatrical performance combining the poetry of Edith Sitwell, the music of William Walton, and the choreography of artistic director Annelise Mertz and artist-in-residence Gale Ornston.

Scenic design was by David Kruger, costumes by Bonnie Cutter, and lighting by Ruth Grauert. “Facade” was staged April 13, 14, and 15 to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the opening of Edison Theatre.

Conceived originally as a work combining music and the spoken word, “Facade” had its first performance in England in 1922. It was Mertz who first added another dimension to the work by introducing dance. Her original version of “Facade” had its world premier at Washington University in 1962. The new version contains all new choreography and is essentially a new work.

Also presented as part of the 10th anniversary celebration was the theatrical performance, “Flowers for the Dead,” a selection of scenes from the plays of one-time Washington University student, Tennessee Williams. The performance was conceived and directed by Herbert Metz, Director of the Division of Drama, Performing Arts Area.
Openers/2
Wit and wisdom of Bob Hope, help for victims of a genetic skin disease, performing arts grant thanks to Newman's Own, and other items of note.

Carlos Fuentes/6
He's Mexico's foremost novelist, an insightful critic, and a former ambassador to France. What he does best is make you think. See if you don't agree.

Francis Field/10
If an athletic field could speak, what a story this one would tell.

Chippendale from Lilliput/16
Harry Smith didn't set out to become the world's greatest maker of miniature furniture, but that's what he is today. How did this former architecture student find his way into a small-scale world?

The Truman Years/20
Clark Clifford was special adviser to President Truman from 1946 to 1952. Now, on the centennial of Truman's birth, he shares his insider's views of those critical post-war years.

Treating Depression Without Drugs/26
Now there's an alternative to antidepressants and shock treatment. It's called cognitive therapy, and it works.

The Jackson Candidacy/30
Lucius Barker believes that Jesse Jackson's presidential bid will be a watershed in the black struggle for equality.

A Case of the Heart/32
When they cut through your breastbone and split your chest apart, it gets you thinking. Why are we here? Why do we go on?

On the cover:
The gates of Francis Field. When the new athletic complex is finished, they'll frame an entirely new vista, but the memories will remain. Story on page 10.
National Academy of Science Inductees

Two WU researchers, Gerald D. Fischbach and Joseph E. Varner, have been elected to the National Academy of Sciences.

Fischbach, Edison Professor of Neurobiology and head of the Department of Anatomy at WU's School of Medicine, was elected to the academy in recognition of his pioneering studies of embryonic nerve and muscle cells maintained in tissue culture. His work has helped explain the sequence of events that occurs during the formation of connection (synapse) between these cells. He currently is investigating molecules released from growing neurons that influence the maturation of their synaptic partners.

Fischbach has been on the WU faculty since 1981. He came to St. Louis from Harvard Medical School where he was professor of pharmacology and master of the Fuller Albright Academic Society. He holds the doctor of medicine degree from Cornell University Medical School.

Varner, Rebstock Professor of Biology, was elected in recognition of his work in the field of plant biology. His current research involves cell wall proteins in plants and the reactions of plants to stress.

After receiving his doctorate in biochemistry from Ohio State University in 1949, Varner went on to teach and conduct research at a number of institutions, including California Institute of Technology, the University of Cambridge, and Michigan State University, before coming to WU in 1973.

Election to the academy is one of the highest honors that can be given to an American scientist. The society of distinguished science and engineering scholars was chartered by an Act of Congress in 1863 to further scientific research and its use for the general welfare. It serves as an official adviser to the federal government on any question on science and technology.

But Seriously, Folks

When a university picks a commencement speaker, it honors not only the person but what that person stands for. This year, Washington University honored laughter by selecting comedian Bob Hope.

In a short speech, the octogenarian performer kept his audience chuckling but made some serious points as well. Of the Doctor of Humanities degree that WU had awarded him, he remarked, “I want you to know I’m deeply grateful for this degree. Of course, bestowing this honor on a comedian is more a proof of your humanity than mine.”

Shifting to politics, he remarked on a recent meeting between President Reagan and singer Michael Jackson. “That really bridges the generation gap,” Hope said. “It’s like Pepsi Cola meeting Pepto-Bismol.”

But when it came to leaving the graduates with inspiring advice, Hope proved that he could lay humor aside and wax eloquent with the best of them. America no longer has an unknown frontier to conquer, he said, but “We have unchartered wilderness in medicine, education, science, foreign and domestic relations, and there are frontiers waiting for you that demand as much courage and know-how as the original wilderness that our forefathers faced and conquered.”

Citing his own rise from a “two-a-day vaudeville hoofer,” he said that “America is indeed the land of opportunity—a land where anyone with perseverance and dreams can see those dreams come true.”
The James S. McDonnell Foundation has given the McDonnell Center for Studies of Higher Brain Function at the Washington University School of Medicine a gift of $5 million.

Headed by Sidney Goldring, M.D., the McDonnell Center for Studies of Higher Brain Function was created in 1980 through a gift of $5.5 million from the James S. McDonnell Foundation. The foundation was established by the late James S. McDonnell, aerospace pioneer and founder of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation. The new $5 million gift, a part of the ALLIANCE FOR WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, will provide continued support for the Center.

The Center was created to focus interdisciplinary research on the brain, including investigating the structure, organization, and function of the brain’s component parts, employing new technologies to study the brain with non-invasive methods, and recruiting neuroscientists for areas not staffed at the University.

Samuel B. Guze, M.D., Washington University’s vice chancellor for Medical Affairs, pointed out, “There exists at this University an exceptional degree of expertise in the neurosciences. We have been on the forefront of modern neurophysiological research since two of our faculty, Joseph Erlanger and Herbert Gasser, received the Nobel Prize in 1943 for their work on nerve impulses.”

Chancellor William H. Danforth said, “The late James S. McDonnell and the foundation he established have shown extraordinary commitment and foresight regarding the importance of the neurosciences. This additional support for the work of Dr. Goldring and his colleagues will strengthen Washington University’s scientific effort to better understand the higher function of the human brain.”

Sidney Goldring is professor and head of neurological surgery and co-head of the department of neurology and neurological surgery. He also serves as neurosurgeon-in-chief at Barnes and Children’s Hospitals.

The Center has accomplished much since its founding three years ago. Five senior McDonnell Neuroscientists have been appointed and to date their efforts have resulted in 46 papers which have been published. Two McDonnell Fellows have been appointed.

The 1982 Conference on the Biology of Memory launched the McDonnell Conferences on Higher Brain Function. Conference participation was international in scope and featured Nobel Laureate David H. Hubel. The purpose of these conferences is to periodically bring together the world’s leading scientists to discuss a topic relevant to the Center’s goals.

Washington University’s new building for its Business School, which is presently under construction, will be named John E. Simon Hall to honor John E. Simon, prominent business and civic leader of St. Louis, in recognition of a major contribution he has made to the School through the ALLIANCE FOR WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

Ceremonies commemorating the naming of the new building were held April 5 at a reception on campus. The reception was attended by friends of Washington University and of Simon and his wife, Adaline.

Simon, a generous supporter of the School of Business, has been involved in many philanthropic endeavors which include contributions to the Washington University School of Medicine, Jewish Hospital, and institutions of higher learning. In May, 1981 he established the John E. Simon Chair in Finance, the first endowed professorship in the Business School.

Groundbreaking for the new building took place Oct. 7, and construction is scheduled to be completed in June, 1985.

The $13 million structure will be three and one-half times larger than the present school building, with significantly expanded library, computer, and classroom space.
Salad Days for Performing Arts

Shoppers who have seen "Newman's Own" salad dressing on their supermarket shelves may be unaware of the full story behind this unusual product. Actor Paul Newman's name and likeness may grace the label, but the dressing is really the result of a partnership.

The formula for "Newman's Own" was developed by Newman and his friend, A. E. Hotchner, a 1940 graduate of both the WU School of Arts and Sciences and the Law School. He is the author of *Papa Hemingway* and many other books. His latest is *Choice People: The Greats, Near-Greats and Ingrates I Have Known*, published by William Morrow. For several years the two made up large batches of the stuff and distributed it as gifts to friends. Then in 1982 they decided to put it on the market.

The product did well—so well, in fact, that the partners, who never really wanted to become condiment magnates anyway, decided to give the profits to a worthy cause. Chief on Hotchner's list was his alma mater, which was responsible for producing his first play, a musical comedy called "Down in Front," as the 1940 Quadangle show. Accordingly, Newman and Hotchner have donated $25,000 to Washington University's Performing Arts Area for the production of a yearly workshop based on an original student script. The gift has been named "The A. E. Hotchner Play Production Fund."

In making the donation, Hotchner stated in a letter to Joseph R. Roach, Jr., chairperson of Performing Arts, "I sincerely hope this contribution to Washington University will lead to a resurgence of the kind of Thespian activity that existed there when I was an undergraduate."

We're sure that all those who love the theater will be grateful to Newman and Hotchner for their vision and generosity. Lettuce give thanks.

W.U. Scholars Match Wits with the Champions

What is sericulture? What were James Dean's three movies? What New York governor was scouted by the Pittsburgh Pirates? These were some of the questions that WU undergraduates Andy Zupan, Kate Toomey, Stephen Beach, and Michael Cadwalader fielded when they competed in the finals of the national College Bowl competition, which was televised live May 23 on NBC from Ohio State University. The results? We came in second. But that's second, mind you, in the nation!

Sixteen teams had traveled to Ohio State to begin the competition on May 21. The national championship is the culmination of tens of thousands of intramural, intercollegiate, and championship matches at schools all across America. The WU team had won its regional tournament for the seventh straight year to advance to the nationals.

In the semifinals, the WU team trounced Vassar with a score of 165-10. Then came the final showdown with the team from the University of Minnesota. The WU team fought valiantly, but they were defeated with a final score of 205-120.

Said team captain Andy Zupan, "A lot of playing the game is when you push the button, and we were just fast at the wrong time. That's what didn't do us in. That's not to take anything away from the team from Minnesota. They buzzed in at the right time and we didn't."

*answers:*
1. the manufacture of silk
2. "Rebel Without a Cause," "East of Eden," and "Giant"
3. Mario Cuomo
Horwitz Prize Recipients

Viktor Hamburger, Ph.D. and Rita Levi-Montalcini, M.D. have been awarded Columbia University’s Louisa Gross Horwitz Prize for 1983. This prize, awarded annually since 1967, is bestowed upon outstanding researchers in biology or biochemistry and often precedes the Nobel Prize.

Hamburger is Edward Mallinckrodt Distinguished University Professor Emeritus of Biology, and Levi-Montalcini is Professor Emeritus of Biology.

Their collaboration at Washington University in the late 1940s and early 1950s culminated in the discovery of nerve growth factor (NGF).

The discovery and study of NGF laid the groundwork for much of our present understanding of how nerve fibers make connections, as well as our understanding of how other cell types grow and differentiate.

Hamburger and Levi-Montalcini have received several awards, including honorary doctor of science degrees from Washington University, as well as Founders Day Distinguished Faculty Awards.

New Hope for Thin-skinned Kids

They’re known as thin-skinned children because even the most minor trauma to the skin can create painful blisters and threaten fatal infection. This rare genetic disease, called Epidermolysis Bullosa (EB), afflicts 25,000 to 50,000 Americans, mostly children. Victims of EB live daily with pain, scarring, deformities, restriction of movement, malnutrition, anemia, gastrointestinal problems, dental problems, corneal erosions, and cancer. Many resemble severe burn patients. The disease has long been an enigma to the medical community, though it was mentioned in medical literature as early as 1869.

There is no known cure.

A new national center for research and treatment of epidermolysis bullosa is at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. There, physicians and scientists are conducting basic research on the causes of EB and treating patients from throughout the United States. They hope their studies will lead one day to a cure or at least to more effective therapy.

“Our ultimate goal is to derive clues from laboratory experience and use them to develop rational therapy for the disease,” comments Eugene A. Bauer, M.D., professor of dermatology and director of the center.

Arlene Pessar, R.N., can summarize Bauer’s description of Washington University’s work in one word: “Hope. Now we know that somebody cares. EB victims used to live literally in their own hell.”

Pessar is the mother of an EB patient and executive director of the Dystrophic Epidermolysis Bullosa Research Association, the New York-based national support organization whose grant established the Washington University center.

“Physicians are seldom taught about EB and most still cannot accurately diagnose or treat it,” she said. “As with many other misunderstood and unknown disorders, ineffective and often inhuman treatments have been tried: special diets, creams and lotions, megavitamin therapy, faith-healing, even exorcism.”

Many “thin-skinned children” are ostracized because of disfigurement and, therefore, often have low self-esteem and poor self-image, Pessar noted. Compounding the medical and psychological problems, there is a staggering financial drain on the families of EB patients. The cost of medical care can reach $10,000 a year.

As with many rare diseases, research into the causes and treatments of EB has been slow and painstaking. However, creation of the Washington University center offers new hope for progress in understanding and treating epidermolysis bullosa.
by Ken Gewertz

In America artists aren’t expected to handle practical affairs. What do you say about an avant garde novelist who’s served as ambassador to France? With his double perspective, Mexican writer Carlos Fuentes is someone well worth listening to.

It is five minutes to eight on Thursday night and Steinberg Auditorium is rapidly filling up. It seems to be a typical lecture crowd—students, academics, a smattering of those quixotic types from the surrounding community who would rather hear a lone human speak for an hour than bask in the lurid blandishments of the tube—and yet there is something atypical about the audience’s behavior; they seem more purposeful than usual, more certain about what they have come for.

At 8:00 on the dot the speaker arrives. He is a handsome man of middle age, wavy brown hair brushed back from a broad forehead, moustache like an awning of neatly clipped thatch over a wide, amiably determined mouth. He stands at the side of the stage, waiting to be introduced, his trim, erect body charged with formidable energy contained by an equally formidable self-discipline.

At last the podium is his and he takes possession of it with an urgency, an intensity that rivets all eyes on his curtily expressive gestures, all ears on the pounding cadences of his speech. His theme? Machiavelli, More, and Erasmus in the New World, specifically the Spanish New World. How did the concepts, the attitudes, of these three great social thinkers graft themselves to the mysterious, fecund wilderness of the Spanish colonies? And in what way did the new Western lands, so rich, so perilous, transform and fulfill the notions of these influential Europeans?

It is a fascinating topic, and our speaker handles it with a combination of flair and authority that one hopes
for but rarely finds in a talk on the history of ideas. Caught in the onrushing flow of words, we see the resolute Spanish settlers planting their libraries and their flag on pristine soil. And we see the New World through their eyes, its unutterable foreignness refocussed through the lens of their European expectations.

The speaker is Carlos Fuentes, one of Mexico's most eminent writers, indeed, one of the most significant figures in contemporary world literature. Since the publication of his first novel, Where the Air is Clear, in 1958, Fuentes has commanded attention as a major literary voice, sending forth a succession of challenging, innovative works, some of which (his magnum opus, Terra Nostra, for example) have already been accepted by many critics as masterpieces.

The son of a career diplomat, Fuentes grew up in several Western capitals. His father was ambassador to the Netherlands, Portugal, Italy, and Panama; at other times the family resided in the United States, Chile, and Brazil. Educated in the law, Fuentes served in several Mexican diplomatic posts during the 1950s, including director of International Cultural Relations with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Mexico City. In 1975, after he had already made his name as a writer, Fuentes returned to the diplomatic corps for two years to serve as ambassador to France.

Fuentes' association with Washington University began last year when he was here for a month as Lewin professor. It resumed last January when he returned for a semester as visiting professor in the Humanities, and in May, Gass, David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities, and himself a writer of considerable reputation. "I think that Americans don't see enough of the sort of combination that Fuentes represents. They either see scholars or they see creative types. Fuentes combines both of these capacities. He's an artist and a scholar as well as being politically active, and everything he does is marked by passion and intellectual brilliance."

In an interview with Washington University Magazine, Fuentes spoke about his work, his experiences teaching on this campus, and his feelings about the United States and its relations with the countries of Latin America.

WUM: What writers have had the greatest influence on you?

Fuentes: Cervantes and Balzac have been the two primordial influences on my work, I would say. In the 20th century, I think the major influence has been Faulkner. For all of Latin America, Faulkner has been very influential, because he is a Latin American writer.

WUM: William Faulkner is a Latin American writer?

Fuentes: Oh yes, a baroque writer from the Old South who uses the formulas of 17th century Spanish baroque poetry. He's one of us.

WUM: Was he aware of that?

Fuentes: Yes, because Allan Tate once called him a "Dixie Gongorist," meaning it as a slur, but actually I think Gongora and Donne are probably the two greatest European poets of the 17th Century, and to be compared with Gongora is praise indeed. You know, Borges translated Faulkner into Spanish, and all he did was put him into those extremely long, convoluted, baroque sentences. The tradition for translating Faulkner into Spanish is right there.

WUM: Why is that?
Fuentes: Because it's part of the baroque. The culture of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico is a baroque culture.

WUM: But why has Latin America held onto the baroque?
Fuentes: Because it is the culture of the vacuum. When you have nothing, you have to fill it up with anything, and that is the baroque.

WUM: Moving from the Latin American baroque to what I'm sure is a very different sort of experience, how are you enjoying your stay here?
Fuentes: Oh, I like it very much. My children are going to the Forsyth School where they are learning Latin, and I think that is great. My wife is taking several courses in history and literature, and she says it's a wonderful university. And I can only say that I have brilliant students, a group of 19 young men and women who are very committed to thinking and studying, so all in all it's not a bad proposition.

WUM: You grew up all over the world, didn't you? How did that affect you?
Fuentes: There are pluses and minuses to moving around a great deal. The minuses are that you lose roots, you have to leave your schools, your friends behind, and that is painful. But the plus side is that you become very adaptable and your intelligence is forced to develop very quickly in order to adapt and meet traumatic changes in language, culture, habits. We know that the children with the highest IQ happen to be the children of the foreign service and the military service, those that move around the most. They have to be intelligent. So there is a compensation for the things you lose.

WUM: What are you working on now?
Fuentes: I have three books in different stages of progress right now. The one that's finished is a brief novel, 200 pages, on a mystery of the Mexican Revolution, the disappearance of the American writer, Ambrose Bierce, in 1915. It is known that he went to Mexico, joined Pancho Villa, and presumably provoked Villa or one of his lieutenants. Based on this framework, I wrote the novel, which is now being translated into English, and which is perhaps one of the first instances in which a Latin American novel deals with North American characters. There are three principal characters: Bierce himself, a young revolutionary general named Arroyo, and Harry Winslow, who is a young schoolteacher from Washington, DC, who has gone to teach English to the children of the Miranda family on a Hacienda in Chihuahua and goes there and discovers there's no Miranda family—they've left for Paris—and there are a lot of revolutionaries who have taken over and are looting and burning. And so this creates a triangle between three visions of the world, if you wish.

The second project is a long novel, 400 or 500 pages, which is called *Christopher Unborn*. The conceit of this novel is that it is told by a fetus as he prepares to be born in Mexico in October of 1992, which will be the day when we will all celebrate the 5th centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. There are a series of festivities in Mexico at the time, and one of these is a contest for male children born at 12:00 midnight on October 12th, 1992, Columbus Day, and so my little protagonist is created especially to win that contest, and then has a hard time deciding whether it would be worthwhile being born at all, and so this permits me to create a whole world, which I foresee for that time.

WUM: I have a confession to make. I guess it's a measure of my North American chauvinism, but it has never occurred to me before that Columbus Day is a holiday for all the countries in the Western Hemisphere. Tell me, what does Columbus Day mean to Mexicans, compared to what it means here?
Fuentes: We celebrate it much more than you and with greater reason because Columbus was sailing for the
king and queen of Spain and he discovered our New World—the Spanish-speaking New World—long before anybody settled the Anglo-American world. For us, Columbus Day means the arrival of one half of our being. It is a moment in which the Indian civilizations meet the European civilization and something new is born of this encounter. After all, ninety percent of our population is Mestizo, of mixed Indian and European blood, and we feel as much akin to Spain and the Mediterranean as we do to the Aztecs.

**WUM:** It must be a constant struggle to forge an identity out of those two cultures. I mean, the Spanish conquistadors did so much damage to the Indian civilizations that it must be difficult to avoid taking sides.

**Fuentes:** Yes, it is a constant struggle. You put it very well. But you must remember that Spain created the New World as well. We have taken sides for a long time, and now it’s time to stop because one thing is important and that is that Mexico has always recognized the Indian tradition. The problem, if anything, is that we have too many statues to Indian heroes and none to Cortez, which I think is a mistake. I think a sign of maturity is to accept that we are both Spanish and Indian. The fact is that the Spanish conquest occurred, and, while being critical of its negative aspects, we have to accept at this late date the positive aspects of having been born from Spain.

**WUM:** Getting back to *Christopher Unborn*, what are some of the things you foresee for the Mexico for 1992?

**Fuentes:** I wouldn’t like to spell it out because then the surprise is lost. It’s as though Jonathan Swift were to describe to you the kingdom of the Lilliputians before the book came out. A big element of surprise would be lost. I hope each reader will be Gulliver and find out what I have to say.

**WUM:** What about the third book you mentioned: What is that one about?

**Fuentes:** It’s a volume I’m doing for Doubleday in English. I’ve always been astounded at the way Latin American news is offered to the American public with hardly any sense of context. So I am writing a book of interconnected essays—historical, political, literary—explaining how I, as a Latin American, would like my own tradition and context to be understood. I plan to call it *Bad Neighbors*.

**WUM:** Are we bad neighbors?

**Fuentes** Yes, I think so, especially now. And I think you could be good neighbors, as you were under Roosevelt. It is not difficult to be good neighbors, you know. It means respecting the decisions of the Latin American countries, their capacity for self-government, their capacity for making mistakes, sometimes grievous mistakes. But it’s no business of the United States to say when people should have elections and who should be empowered and who should not. We can do that for ourselves. The United States should be present as a great world power—patient and capable of conducting normal relations with any sort of government. I’m sorry that some countries give the United States a pretext for intervention by calling themselves Marxist-Leninist, but that is not the problem. They are not Marxist-Leninist so much as nationalist, and I think the United States is opposed to the independence of states which have been client states for too long, like Cuba and Nicaragua. Or Guatamala, where an independent government, a moderate-left government, was overthrown by the CIA in 1954. Since then Guatamala has known nothing but genocide, repression, economic catastrophe—nothing was solved. The overthrow of the Allende government in 1973 in Chile solved nothing. There is a totally incompetent and repressive dictatorship now in that country. So interventionism doesn’t solve any problems. The United States will be a good neighbor when it understands that.

**WUM:** What kind of role do you think the United States should play in Latin America?

**Fuentes:** I would like to see an attentive diplomacy, not an interventionist diplomacy, capable of exhausting diplomatic and political solutions before thinking of military solutions, not vice versa.

**WUM:** Why hasn’t the United States followed such a policy?

**Fuentes:** Because great powers are not accustomed to seeing their little client states go. Imagine how the Soviet Union would feel if suddenly Lithuania went its own way. The Soviet Union wouldn’t think twice about simply crushing such an uprising with tanks. But in Latin America we insist that the United States is not the Soviet Union, and that it must proceed through other means.
1904 was a wonderful year for St. Louis. In Forest Park and on Wash U's new Hilltop campus a miraculous display of modernity called the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was going great guns. And in a field named for mover and shaker David R. Francis, the very first American Olympics was taking place. This year, with the completion of the new athletic complex, the old field will recapture its former glory.

Eighty years ago, under the deep blue skies of late summer in St. Louis, the Washington University campus was the setting for what was perhaps one of the most unusual international sporting events ever—the 3rd Olympian games of modern times, the first Olympics to be held in the United States.

The castle-like gymnasium, constructed of Indiana limestone and Missouri red granite, a new-fangled stadium made of concrete poured into wooden forms, and a third-of-a-mile track, were the site of these Olympics, which would again feature the marathon race, an approximately 26-mile run along the bucolic "wilds" of Clayton and Manchester Roads to the new stadium.

The Olympian Games of 1904 (the word Olympian was the official designation then) had been snatched away from the city of Chicago by a prominent Washington University alumnus, David Rowland Francis, the father of the St. Louis World's Fair and the international games of '04.

Francis received an A.B. degree from the university in 1870, at a time when the school was situated at Seventeenth and Washington Avenue in downtown St. Louis. He lived with relatives in town after moving from his family's Kentucky farm to attend WU.

After graduation, Francis rose rapidly. His first job was as a shipping clerk with his uncle's wholesale grain company, Shryock & Rowland. Seven years after graduating from WU, he had his own firm, D. R. Francis Commission Company. In 1884, at the age of 34, he was elected mayor of St. Louis. Francis was on his way, and his work and activities would have a profound effect on the university, the city, and the nation.

In the spring of 1899, Washington University, then only 45 years old, had started planning to move from downtown to the woods and cornfields.
beyond Skinker Road, and Francis, by now a well-known grain trader and politician, was making big plans himself at this time. The former St. Louis mayor and governor of Missouri already had visions of a major exposition for the city. Earlier, he had tried to drum up support for an exposition that would recognize the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. That effort failed. But "our Dave," as his WU classmates called him, was not a man to walk away from anything.

Francis turned his attention and energies to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. With a delegation of 90 St. Louisans, Francis forged the outlines of the World's Fair, which he felt would not be complete without the Olympian Games, scheduled to be held in Chicago.

Francis argued that it would make no sense for the games to be held in Chicago, as the World's Fair was going on in St. Louis. The Olympic Committee agreed.

The World's Fair was to have taken up the western half of Forest Park, and 40,000 trees were cut down to make room for the fairgrounds. But the 657 acres were not enough.

It was decided that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co., with Francis as president, would lease the first four quadrangle buildings of the "new" university—then under construction to the west of the park—for $650,000 plus an additional $100,000 if the fair was held in 1904 instead of the centennial date, 1903.

Fair organizers were unable to pull off the ambitious project in time for the '03 centennial, so the new university got a total of three quarters of a million dollars in lease money from the fair. In 1905, when the University occupied these buildings, WU athletic teams received the nickname "Pikers" because of the school's proximity to the fair's amusement section, the Pike.

From all accounts, the St. Louis Games provided moments of high comedy.

From the vantage point of our own ultra-serious, highly competitive world of long-distance running, the marathon run seems like something out of a Chaplin movie. Twenty-nine runners set off from the unusual third-of-a-mile cinder track at Francis Field. (That historic track is now being replaced by a regulation 400 meter oval.)

Among the runners that day was Felix Caraval, a Cuban postman, barely five feet tall, who had trained for the event by running around the town square of Havana. During these runs, he would periodically mount a soapbox to beg for funds to make the trip to St. Louis.

Even during the Marathon he wore a long sleeved shirt, trousers, and heavy street shoes. Caraval finished the race in 4th place out of the 14 finishers, this despite the fact that he had stopped from time to time to pick apples from a roadside tree. Another of the marathon finishers was a Greek named John Furla. He ran for his native country, even though he had recently become a U.S. citizen. He then settled in the St. Louis area, where his descendants live today.

But it would be another marathon "finisher" who would cause the big stir. Fred Lorz of the Mohawk Athletic Club was about 9 miles into the race when he doubled over with cramps. Lorz hitched a ride with a passing car and spent most of the marathon in the back seat, waving to other runners as the auto passed by.

A few miles from the waiting crowd at Francis Field, the car broke down. And Lorz, now greatly refreshed, jumped out and began the dash for the finish line. When those in the stadium saw him coming, they sent up a roar and the waiting brass bands began to play victory music.

What happened next is open to question, but according to one version, the music and excitement caused Alice Roosevelt, President Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, to rush forward to meet the high-stepping Lorz with the winner's floral wreath.

However, angry Olympic officials realized that Lorz's dash for the tape was a hoax, and they rushed to stop Miss Roosevelt from presenting the imposter with the victory flowers.

When the real winner, an Englishman named Thomas J. Hicks, made the last lap on the stadium track, he was in a state of near collapse.
He was kept upright by handlers who gave him shots of French brandy, doses of strychnine, and sponges of warm water from the boiler of a Stanley Steamer. There is little chance that this summer's huge crowd at the Los Angeles Coliseum will see anything like that.

Of course, the marathon run was just part of the wild and wooly Olympics of '04. The overall winner was the U.S. team fielded by the New York Athletic Club, which won the 1904 equivalent of the top gold medal—the Spaulding Trophy. Athletes competed in track and field events, as well as weight lifting.

Actually, the 3rd Olympian games were not the only athletic events taking place that year. There was also a series of games known as the Olympic Collegiate Championships, featuring "the prominent colleges of America," competing under their colors against other universities and athletic clubs. Washington University was among them.

But without a doubt, the most unusual aspect of the summer's athletic events came on August 12 and 13, when J. E. Sullivan, chief of physical culture, held the so-called "Anthropology Days" at Francis Field. It was an experiment to show whether brown and black-skinned people could challenge the records set by the competing white athletes.

According to the official version of those two days in August, it was "a spectacle indeed extraordinary and rare in the records of human experience."

And the conclusion? The "alien" competitors were no match for white athletes. It would be several decades before minority athletes like Jesse Owens and Jim Thorpe would finally shatter the white world's smug notions of athletic superiority.

Last winter, as part of a $300 million fund-raising drive, Washington University Chancellor William H. Danforth announced several building programs, including a $13 million sports and recreation complex, now under construction on the historic grounds of the Francis Field and Gymnasium.

Built in 1902, the old stadium and fieldhouse have become the linchpin for this athletic expansion. New facilities are rising from the foundations of the places that were the heart of America's very first Olympics. Everything is being completely refurbished.

The football-soccer field is being moved east, and the new practice field will take up the western end of Francis Field. Field event areas will be developed within the stadium and adjacent to the playing field. The old stadium itself is being rejuvenated and will have 3,200 permanent seats.

The distinctive old wings of the stadium, which jutted out on an angle from either end, have been demolished. And there will be a new press box.

A new fieldhouse is being constructed within the old structure, and
it will seat 3,600 people. To the north, there will be a new 8-lane, 25-meter swimming pool with a diving well. Adjacent to that is a recreation gym, squash and racquetball courts, a modern entrance plaza, refurbished outdoor tennis courts, and much more.

"We're working towards a brighter future in athletics," said John Schael, the young athletic director. "In the past, the lack of quality athletic facilities has been a detriment to the program. The athletic field and gymnasium, like the classroom, are laboratories for learning, and by no means the least important."

Francis Field had been the setting for major football contests during the university's halcyon days of the pigskin—the 1920s, '30s, '40s, and '50s. Washington University teams coached by Jimmy Conzelman, Weeb Ewbank, and Carl Snavely played the likes of Notre Dame, SMU, Missouri, Nebraska, Army, Oklahoma, and Boston College, before crowds of 13,000, half of them seated in temporary wooden stands.

There was one annual contest, however, which stood out above all others—the annual Thanksgiving football game against the St. Louis University Billikens. At its peak, that game—the game for both schools—became a battle of faith, morals, and social status. It was the mid-town Jesuit university, the "plebian" institution, doing battle with the Washington U. swells, those "rich Protestant" kids whose perceived ethics and free-thinking notions made the game a struggle that would do justice to Northern Ireland. Halftime festivities often included name calling and fist fights.

There were even flood lights back then, an innovation, quite revolutionary at the time, which provided a young sportswriter named Red Smith with the kind of column that would one day take him to New York and the Pulitzer Prize.

Smith wrote a whimsical piece about the first night game at Francis Field, a "view from a glow worm," he called it. It ran in the old St. Louis Star-Times.

A change in the direction of athletics on the Hilltop began more or less in 1947, when the late University Chancellor Arthur Holley Compton introduced a new philosophy for the conduct of intercollegiate programs. Compton was a former associate of Robert Maynard Hutchins, the chancellor who proudly abolished football at the University of Chicago, which had been a charter member of the old Western Conference, known now as the Big 10. Compton admired Hutchins.

Slowly, the old Olympic facilities began to deteriorate. A section of the wooden stands, erected in the days of big time football, collapsed at a game in December 1947, injuring 22 people. By the latter half of the 1970s, the stadium was beginning to show its age. A third of the seats were declared unsafe in 1978.

Nevertheless, the old stadium, gymnasium, and field house continued to have their moments in the sun. In 1975, the old St. Louis Stars of the North American Soccer League returned to Francis Field—they had played their 1970 home games there—and again breathed life into the old place. The Stars spent $100,000 in renovations, including once again installing lights.

Two years later, the Stars were grumbling about the old stadium. They declared it unsatisfactory, and moved to Orange County, California. The franchise is now extinct.

Before the $13 million construction project, old Francis Gymnasium (1902), the Wilson swimming pool (1922), and the fieldhouse (1926) were all showing severe signs of wear.

Entrants in the marathon. Felix Caraval, the Cuban mailman, is number three; note long-sleeved shirt and street shoes.
Today, Athletic Director Schael is looking to a new era of Washington University intercollegiate sports to complement the new athletic facility. The department currently sponsors 16 varsity sports, and is looking to an athletic future with a renewed emphasis. "We are seeking new and attractive opponents," Schael said, "schools with similar academic distinction and athletic direction." With this aim in mind, the Athletic Department is organizing the Lopata Invitational Basketball Classic, a tournament that will bring together teams from Johns Hopkins, MIT, Cal Tech, and Washington University. Basketball coach Mark Edwards believes that the Lopata Classic may inaugurate a trend in college athletics of "teams coming together on the basis of philosophy and similar athletic policies," even though they may be widely separated geographically.

The football schedule, with some games scheduled through 1989, shows "the attractive opponents" that Schael believes will revive interest in the Battling Bears. Under Schael, a former wrestling coach and associate athletic director at the University of Chicago, the number of states and areas where Washington University is recruiting has increased dramatically. In 1981, the University brought back men's basketball, and the reborn team is awaiting the completion of the new fieldhouse.

The new football and basketball schedules include such prestigious institutions as Johns Hopkins, M.I.T., Cal Tech, Trinity, Case Western Reserve, and one other—the University of Chicago Maroons.

What an athletic event. The old Monsters of the Midway and Washington University's Battling Bears once again competing on the hallowed turf of Francis Field.
It isn't doll furniture; it's furniture in miniature. And the way Harry Smith sees it, miniaturization is the essence of art.

The pleasure of looking at one of Harry Smith's pieces of furniture in miniature isn't difficult to describe. It's the pleasure you feel looking out an airplane window and taking in whole a landscape that you must, on the ground, take in only piecemeal. It's the pleasure you feel when you concentrate on the background of a 15th-century Flemish painting and find there, on a tiny patch of canvas, magpies in a garden of roses and lilies, pedestrians in red breeches crossing a bridge, fishing boats on a river, orchards, wagons, mountains, and a Gothic town all spired and buttressed, prosperous and well-governed. It's the pleasure you feel when you read that Gulliver captured the fleet of Blefuscu using "cable about as thick as pack-thread" and grappling hooks fashioned from iron bars "the length and size of a knitting-needle."

"I'm an illusionist," says Harry Smith, who graduated from the WU School of Architecture in 1962. Since 1959, he has devoted his life to creating illusions on canvas, in books, on the stage, and in small-scale architectural settings fully furnished with furniture in miniature.

Exploring the studio where Smith builds his furniture in miniature, I feel like Gulliver inspecting a Lilliputian factory. Smith's totally accurate reproductions are usually small-scale versions of classic furniture—Queen Anne, Chippendale, Victorian—and he uses the same materials that were used in the original pieces. He stocks his lumberyard with ebony, walnut, cherry, orangewood, satinwood; yet this lumberyard would not fill your hall closet. His "gigantic lathe," on which he might turn the posts for a canopy bed, would fit comfortably in the space where you store your toaster oven. He hews wood with a surgeon's scalpel. Some of his tools Smith must fashion himself or have specially made; others have seen duty in your dentist's office. On a jeweler's lathe he turns a piece of...
brass smaller than a toothpick and creates a candlestick, for which he will later hand-dip a candle thin as a broomstraw.

Twenty-five years ago, Smith was making miniature furniture, pieces that an average collector of dollhouse furniture could buy. Now, he says, he makes “furniture in miniature.” The latter phrase denotes a crucial, qualitative difference in Smith’s mastery of technique and the excellence of his product. Of the original piece, the only aspect which he sacrifices is size; everything else — materials, method of construction, clarity and accuracy of detail, function — he retains in its full integrity. His pieces now command prices in the tens of thousands of dollars; art collectors prize his work.

In his furniture in miniature, Harry Smith has isolated what Claude Lévi-Strauss in *The Savage Mind* calls “the universal type of the work of art... All miniatures seem to have intrinsic aesthetic quality—and from what should they draw this constant virtue if not from the dimensions themselves?”

When asked to account for this intrinsic aesthetic quality, Smith ventures an answer: he makes a world that a person can totally control. Take, for instance, an 18th-century highboy that stands six feet high, and imagine your relationship to it. If familiarity has not dulled its effect, the highboy will impose itself upon you with a presence analogous to a human being’s. You measure yourself against it. It is wider than you are; it is probably taller than you are; it certainly weighs more than you weigh. Its legs are just that — legs; they represent physical strength that matches your own. The brass bail of its drawer-pull feels hefty in your palm. You slip your hands around two; now you’re shaking hands with the creature. Give a yank; the highboy shows you a maw that could easily swallow everything you have covering your body.

When you look at the highboy, you cannot really take it in all at once. You look first at its outline; you look up, down, across its breadth. You examine details of wood grain and coloring, finials, fixtures, inlay. You take, as it were, dozens of snapshots, and from these dozens of snapshots you form a composite portrait of the highboy. The process of your perception, by the way, is very like the way Harry Smith begins his creative process. Once he has selected a piece to reproduce, he takes hundreds of photographs of every part of the piece. He analyzes the methods of its construction, for those invisible parts of its structure — its dovetails, its mortises and tenons — will also be reproduced in Smith’s version. He then chooses a scale appropriate to the piece. He usually works on a scale of three inches to the foot or one inch to the foot, but he has translated to an accurate version in small scale.

The result? After weeks of careful labor, that bail around which you could wrap your hand has become a delicate brass curve that might outline the moon of your thumbnail. The drawer that could hold your pants, shirt, socks, sweater, and underwear now might hold one thin and tightly creased handkerchief. The highboy which you had to hire two teens to help you move from the east wall of your living room to the west has become, through Harry Smith’s painstaking art, an object you can hold in two hands.

That is what Smith means by control, what Lévi-Strauss means by overcoming an object’s resistance to your perception. We can grasp the miniature highboy, literally and figuratively; we can take it in whole. “In the case of miniatures,” says Lévi-Strauss, “in contrast to what happens when we try to understand an object or living creature of real dimensions, knowledge of the whole precedes knowledge of the parts... This is an illusion... which gratifies and gives rise to a sense of
Fully functional tambour desk built by Smith. Note the dimensions indicated on the plan.

pleasure which can already be called aesthetic on these grounds alone."

Smith searches museums all over the country to find pieces that he likes enough to put in the countless hours of patient work necessary to create a miniature version. If reproducing a piece will not extend his mastery and refine his technique, he passes it by.

He is always trying to emulate himself; he has no peer in the field.

"I have taught my hands to do what my eyes see," he says, reducing to a simple formula what in actual execution most of us would miserably flub or send us screaming from the room in frustration. There is more control, more stillness of concentration in his right forefinger than most of us can summon over our right arm. My spiritual equilibrium can be destroyed in the minute it takes me to thread a needle; Harry Smith can sit for hours carving delicate scrolls on a fiddlehead tinier than a pea, for a violin which Barbie, if she had any talent, might tuck under her chin to play.

Smith grew up knowing he wanted to be an artist, though he didn't know that one of his arts would be the creation of furniture in miniature. Like many of us, he bought kits and glued together balsawood models, but he never confessed to the friend of the family who asked him what he wanted to do when he grew up, "I want to make miniatures." He studied architecture at Washington University, and his training in making drawings to scale has obviously proved important to him, as has his training at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Since 1972, he has lived with his wife and children in Maine in a big yellow house tucked in the skirts of one of the Camden Hills overlooking Penobscot Bay. Here he pursues his many interests and plans new projects. Although he derives "tremendous satisfaction" from producing miniatures and has a backlog of commissions that will keep him busy far into the future, Smith will not restrict his creativity to that field alone. His work in miniatures resulted in his writing, illustrating, and publishing *The Art of Making Furniture in Miniature*; this book explains how to make 18 pieces of furniture in miniature and also contains an autobiography. From observing his son's first sailing experience, he produced another book, *Michael and the Mary Day*, which he also illustrated. Smith is in love with the sea and with sailing vessels; his *Windjammers of the Maine Coast* reproduces oil paintings and technical drawings he made of sailing vessels that find moorings in the many coves and harbors of his adoptive state.

1984 will see the publication of two more books by Smith: *ABC's of New Hampshire* and *ABC's of Vermont*—logical sequels to an earlier book of his, *ABC's of Maine*. These are picture books full of charming watercolors, each watercolor illustrating an appro-
appropriately alliterative entry. (Some examples from the forthcoming *ABC's of New Hampshire*: Bear in Birches, Lavender Lilac, Rascal Raccoons, Zillions of Zinnias.)

Smith is also a sculptor and has been working on woodcarvings which he calls his “Audubon series.” These woodcarvings of birds he does in near life-size scale, and they are products of the same convergence of exquisite craft and faithfulness to reality that makes his furniture in miniature so fine. The wood duck presented him with a special problem. It has a green and purple crest, and the feathers of its body are brown, stippled black and white. These colors could be easily found on the palette, but Smith was not satisfied with merely accurate markings; he wanted to capture as well the iridescence of the bird’s plumage. The solution? He covered the woodcarving with silverleaf then painted in the bird’s markings using watercolors. The thinness of the pigment allowed the silverleaf to reflect light, thus creating an illusion that imitates the lustrous effect of sunlight on a wood duck’s crest.

Writing, painting, sculpting, making furniture in miniature—the catalogue of Harry Smith’s pursuits evokes the picture of a solitary artist perched inaccessibly on a rock of the Maine coast. That picture is incomplete. While Smith certainly values the solitude of his studio, he has interests that draw him out. He’s a restless, talkative man, generous with his time. The self-styled illusionist gives his community the benefit of his talents by working in the local theater company. Here, on a scale big as life, he has directed productions of *My Fair Lady* and *Teahouse of the August Moon*, overseeing lighting and helping to build the sets that he designed.

He’s a teacher, too. He speaks of this avocation with especial warmth and excitement. Every year, Smith selects a group of high-school juniors and seniors from the mid-coast region of Maine and gives them an intensive course in the fundamentals of art. The course is rigorous; his students work hard learning to master chiaroscuro, perspective, etc. These basics, Smith strongly maintains, are necessary to the education of the artist, and he deplores their disappearance from the high-school art curriculum. He is a mentor wielding considerable authority, but offering great compassion as well. Smith is no stranger, he says, to the insecurity, self-doubt, and frustration that infest the life of art, and he is honest with his students about the extent to which these plagues visit him. When his students hear that Harry Smith, the artist who has “made it,” in the previous week clicked every painting he started because none were good, they learn a valuable lesson: a committed artist continues his work despite the bad days, despite knowing that the bad days will come again. He measures his success by what he is able to achieve.

What next? For Harry Smith, in his forty-sixth year, the question is particularly apt. Recent circumstances have forced him to do something he normally doesn’t think to do—relax. He is looking forward to a week’s sailing in the Caribbean. And then? He outlines a number of projects: building an addition to the house; beginning work on a new commission for six pieces of furniture in miniature, to be set in an accurate reproduction of an early nineteenth-century room; continuing the “Audubon series”—puffins, this time; exploring the lost-wax method of casting bronze; working in precious metals; making marionettes; making things he calls “animated sculptures.” Obviously, he won’t relax for long.
A 1928 graduate of the Washington University Law School, Clark Clifford served as special adviser to Harry S Truman from 1946 to 1952, helping to shape such programs as the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, NATO, and the Fair Deal. He directed the transition from the Eisenhower to the Kennedy Administration and also served as JFK's personal attorney. From 1968 to 1969 he was Secretary of Defense under Lyndon Johnson. In this reminiscence, given originally as a talk before the WU Law School alumni, Clifford talks about his experience as part of the Truman inner circle.
On April the ninth, 1945, Vice President Truman received a phone call from the White House. Mr. Truman went to the phone, and the secretary said, "Vice President Truman, Mrs. Roosevelt wishes to speak to you." So he waited a moment, and Mrs. Roosevelt came on and said, "Mr. Truman?"

"Yes!"

She said, "You must come to the White House immediately. Franklin has died."

And that's how Vice President Truman knew that he was in the process of becoming President. Within an hour and a half he'd gone to the White House, the Cabinet and Chief Justices had been assembled, he had taken the oath, and he had become President of the United States.

Now, stop a minute and think about what confronted him. When a man is elected President, he brings a full team in with him. He's gone through a year or two years or even three years of running for the nomination and then for the election. He usually has around him a small group of five or six who are his intimate advisers, then a larger group of perhaps 15 around them, and then maybe 20 or 25 that get called in for special service. And that's the group he brings in with him. He'll select his staff from them—Cabinet members, regulatory heads, and so forth. When the Vice President succeeds the President, he comes in with his secretary and two aides. And that was the condition that existed in the White House.

I arrived shortly after that, and I sensed as soon as I got there that a vacuum existed, and if one were front and center, possibly one could help fill that vacuum.

That first three or four months, I don't believe anybody did any planning, for next week, for next month, for next year. You only got through the day.

The War concluded, you will remember, in August of 1945. The deepest hope that President Truman had at the time was that he would be able to find the basis for some permanent concord with the Soviet Union. The Soviets had an enormous military machine, to a great extent due to the assistance we had given them during the War. So he felt, if he could build upon that past relationship, and if he could develop the relationship that he had established with Joseph Stalin at the Potsdam Conference, then he might be able to develop something that the world needed more than it needed anything else, and that was some plan for a lasting peace. He worked at it assiduously, but despite every effort that he and his associates made, it was not to be.

The Soviets had an entirely different plan in mind. They proceeded to enter upon a period of the most aggressive type of expansionism, and in particular their first pressure came in the Eastern Mediterranean on Greece and on Turkey.

I happened to be in his office in December in 1946 when we received a cable from the British saying that they must terminate the aid that they were giving to Greece and to Turkey. It created a myriad of problems. The British had for centuries been the presence in the Mediterranean, particularly in the eastern Mediterranean, and now they found themselves in such economic straits that they could no longer perform that function. Later in early January we got the formal word that they were pulling out, and they said, "We know what this means. We know that it leaves a vacuum, we're sorry we cannot help it. It is our fervent hope and plea that the United States will be able to fill the presence in the eastern Mediterranean."

Now mind you, for 200 years our nation had followed that admonition of George Washington in his farewell address, when he said, "Enter into no foreign entangling alliances." We'd been drawn into the First World War and helped the Allies win it, and then we had backed right away from our responsibility by refusing to join the League of Nations. Here now we were faced with very much the same kind of challenge. President Truman met it, and met it with that indomitability that he demonstrated on any number of occasions.

On January 12, 1947, he went up before a joint session of Congress and made a speech in which he enunciated what became known as The Truman Doctrine. And the key words in that message were, "It must be the policy of the United States to come to the aid of those nations whose subjugation is threatened either by armed minorities or by outside pressures."
The message went around the world. And whereas the feeling was that maybe there was no way to stem the Soviet tide, the world took hope then. I think the effort that we made, the nights that we stayed up, the long arguments, all that went into it, seemed especially worthwhile the day that I stood in the central square in Athens and viewed the statue of Harry Truman bearing an inscription that said, in effect, "This is the man who saved our nation."

That was really the beginning of the entry of the United States into the 20th century as far as accepting responsibility for peace in the world. The next major step came some time after that when the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was formed. And the message conveyed by NATO to the Soviets was a very simple and straightforward one. It was, "If you attack any ally in NATO, you attack the United States."

Then came the grandest of them all, and that was the Marshall Plan. We had made an enormous contribution in the Second World War, and here was a concept in which the President of the United States went to the people and asked them to do more, not in the immediate interests of the United States, but because it was necessary to save freedom in Western Europe.

I remember saying at the time to President Truman, "I hope when this develops and becomes an actual fact that it will bear your name." That suggestion merely showed my inexperience because Mr. Truman spoke up and said, "Oh, no. We have a Republican majority in the Senate and the House. Anything that goes up there at this time, with an election in November, if it bears the name Truman, it will die a quick death." He was right, of course. So the decision was made to select somebody who would have the kind of standing in the House and Senate that would help the bill get through. It so happened that General George Marshall was making a speech at Harvard that spring. It was given to General Marshall; he made the speech, and in two days it became known as the Marshall Plan, and that has been the name ever since.

It performed a rare function. Perhaps the best way for me to refer to it is to read a short quote. Many people consider Arnold Toynbee to be the world's greatest historian. Certainly he's up among the very top. And not too long ago, in writing of that period of the world's history, he said, "It was not the discovery of atomic energy, but the solicitude of the world's most privileged people for its less privileged as vested in Truman's Point Four and the Marshall Plan. This will be remembered as the signal achievement of our age." I suggest that President Truman couldn't have a much greater monument than that.

Another important development at that time was the decision on the part of the Soviets to blockade Berlin. It was illegal, it was improper, it was unethical, and it was done apparently to test the determination of the United States and to demonstrate to the world that the Soviets were the wave of the future.

The principal military adviser that the President had in Germany and the principal military adviser he had in Washington both recommended that he arm a train and put on it his most elite troops, put the greatest volume of fire power on it that had ever been assembled and run that train through to Berlin, the idea being that if we got the train through to Berlin, we would have broken the blockade, but if the Soviets saw fit to stop it, they then would have engaged in an act of war, and we would be at war with the Soviet Union.

It shall be everlasting to the credit of President Truman that he rejected that plan, and instead entered upon a much more onerous and arduous task, but one that ultimately proved successful. He instituted the Berlin Air-lift, which supplied Berlin all of its needs—food, clothing, medicine. And eight months later the Soviets gave up, removed the blockade, and the United States had demonstrated a type of determination that earned us many friends throughout the entire world.

The second very dramatic chapter that is worth referring to is the election of 1948. The Republicans had nominated Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York. By the early summer of that year the two polling agencies, Gallup and Roper, announced that Dewey was approximately 30 points ahead in the polls and that there was no reason to take any more polls. It was Dewey, and it was all over.
I remember one incident that came at a very critical time, about six weeks before the election. *Newsweek* said that it was sending a ballot to 50 leading political experts in the country. The ballot was a simple one: it just said, "In your opinion, which man do you think will win on November sixth, Dewey or Truman?"

Ten days before the election, they were to come out with the results, and we were someplace out in Iowa. He conducted that entire campaign by train, and he went to almost every state in the Union. I slipped off the train and went into this small town to see if there was a copy of *Newsweek* on the stand, and there was. And on the cover was the result of the poll. It was Truman zero, Dewey fifty. Not one of the experts thought that Harry Truman could win.

Something was happening, however, in the campaign. The crowds were getting bigger, and they were getting more enthusiastic. President Truman would come out on the back platform and begin to speak, and he'd go for about a minute or two, and somebody would yell, "Give 'em hell, Harry!" And that would key things up, and he'd go a little harder, and the crowds kept getting larger and more enthusiastic, and we didn't know what was happening.

Finally Election Day came, and by three o'clock on the morning of the next day the whole election depended upon Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and California. Pretty soon Illinois came in. By a fair margin Truman had won. Then came Michigan, and Truman had won. Then came Ohio, and then California, and he won them all. So, by the time you counted the electoral votes, he had won really quite handily.

The interesting part of it is that despite the fact that nobody else thought he was going to win, I never heard him at any time during that whole summer, or into the fall, ever suggest that there was any possibility that he was going to lose. I think it was one of the greatest

*Clark Clifford*
displays of courage and indomitability under pressure, and he brought it off in an unforgettable way.

The last chapter I've selected had more emotion in it than possibly any other issue, and it had to do with the question of what was then known as Palestine. The British had struggled with that problem for a great many years, and then we inherited it, and it was getting worse all the time.

Now for many years, the main question about Palestine was whether there would be partition or trusteeship. The British had decided that the whole situation was hopeless, and they had decided in favor of trusteeship. Our State Department, for reasons that are sometimes quite obscure, had always been great admirers of the British Foreign Office, and they followed the British lead to a great extent. So our State Department, over a period of years, had become educated to accept the concept of trusteeship—that the British, or possibly the British and the French, would develop areas that would be set aside under trusteeship for those of the Jewish faith, and hopefully they would be satisfied, and maybe someday the whole problem would go away.

Now, those who wanted partition were the realistic ones, we thought. They wanted an area set aside so the Jews could have a homeland. We gave more time to that issue than almost any other. It was so complicated. You'd think you were on the right track and then the war would break out again. Then you'd try something else, get the war settled, and then it would break out again. All this time, the State Department had its own notion, and it was working against what the President wanted. Now that sounds as though it wouldn't happen in government. It happens more often than one might suppose.

I remember having a conversation with James Forrestal. By that time it was 1948 and he was Secretary of Defense. I told him about the position that we were taking on Israel and why we were in favor of partition. And he said, "You just don't understand, Clark. There are 350,000 Jews, and 35 million Arabs, and the 35 million Arabs are going to push the 350,000 Jews into the Mediterranean."

FORRESTAL SAID, "You just don't understand, Clark. There are 350,000 Jews, and 35 million Arabs, and the 35 million Arabs are going to push the 350,000 Jews into the Mediterranean."

We did not even know what the name was going to be. The President said, "I want the United States to be the first nation to recognize the new, independent Jewish homeland." And he said, "We're going to have trouble with Marshall. They've worked on him over at the State Department, and I think he's very strongly against it. Now, they're going to make the announcement Friday in Palestine. On Tuesday, I'm going to have Marshall and his whole Middle Eastern team over. I want them to make a presentation of their views on the recognition of the Jewish homeland, and, Clark, I want you to present our view."

The day came, and we met in the President's office. General Marshall made his presentation. He was followed by Lovett, and then by the man on the Middle Eastern desk. Then the President asked me to state the other side. I had the opportunity to make about a 20-minute presentation, and I looked over at General Marshall, and his face was getting redder and redder and redder.

I had hardly sat down, when he just exploded. He said, "I don't understand what's going on here, Mr. President. I thought that this was to be a carefully analyzed survey of a very important foreign policy issue. I don't even know why Clifford is here."

"Well," Marshall said, "I don't think we should drag in any politics."

Now, there were no politics in my presentation. I had made the case that I thought would be appealing to President Truman. My first point had to do with intolerance. He had demonstrated over and over again his opposition to intolerance, and these people had put up with intolerance from time immemorial, and it was time it came to an end.

This led to a discussion of persecution. These people had endured this for centuries, and now was the time to
strike a blow for decency. And then I said, "Isn't there perhaps some responsibility upon humanity to try to find some way to compensate for the most bestial act that ever happened in the history of mankind; that is, six million Jews destroyed by Hitler and the Third Reich? Should we not recognize some continuing responsibility and see if we can't in some small manner erase this blot?"

And then I suggested that after the close of the Second World War, there were hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, of displaced people. Everybody had a place to go, except the Jews. This was a time to give them a place to go, so that they could have pride in their homeland.

Then I concluded with a reference to the fact that the British themselves had made an honest, solemn promise in the Balfour Declaration of 1917 to help the Jews establish a homeland.

I remember Marshall and his team filed out, and I began to put my papers into the case, and the President said, "This didn't go very well."

I said, "Mr. President, it isn't the first case I've lost, and I'm sure it isn't the last."

He said, "Don't proceed on the assumption that you've lost. Let's let the dust settle. We've got two more days after today."

Then the most curious development occurred. About three o'clock that afternoon the Assistant Secretary of State, Robert Lovett, phoned. He said, "Clark, I wonder if you'd stop by my house on your way home this evening and have a drink. I'm just as uneasy as I can be since we had the meeting this morning."

I stopped by and we talked about it, and he said, "I think a breech between Marshall and the President now would be very, very bad."

I said, "the President is not going to change. If Marshall wants to come along, fine."

On Friday morning, Marshall phoned the President. He said, "Mr. President, at four o'clock that afternoon the Jewish homeland was established. It was named Israel, and 11 minutes later the United States recognized the state of Israel, and we were the first nation to do so.

I'm calling you to say I'm not sure that I can support your position, but I will not oppose it."

At four o'clock that afternoon the Jewish homeland was established. It was named Israel, and 11 minutes later the United States recognized the state of Israel, and we were the first nation to do so.

David Ben-Gurion was the Prime Minister of Israel from 1948 to 1953, and in his memoirs appeared this passage. He was in this country, staying in a New York hotel. Ben-Gurion had asked if he could see President Truman, and President Truman said, "I'm going to be in New York and I will drop in and see you." So he came, and they visited together for about a half an hour, and then, Mr. Truman left, and Ben-Gurion wrote this paragraph:

"At our meeting in the New York hotel, after an interesting talk, I told him that as a foreigner I could not judge what his place would be in American history. But his helpfulness to us, his constant sympathy with our aims in Israel, his courageous decision to recognize our new state so quickly, and his steadfast support since then had given him an immortal place in Jewish history. As I said that, tears suddenly sprang to his eyes, and his eyes were still wet when he bade me goodbye. I had rarely seen anybody so moved. I tried to hold him for a few minutes until he had become more composed, for I recalled that the hotel corridors were full of waiting journalists and photographers. He left. A little while later I too had to go out, and a correspondent came up to me to ask, "Why was President Truman in tears when he left you?"

Ben-Gurion doesn't answer that. I can answer it. He was so moved because he felt finally that with the help of his God he had been able to reach his goal and accomplish something that he wanted very much to accomplish.

If there is any one quotation that would characterize President Truman more than any other, it was a comment that the great 19th century journalist Horace Greeley made. He said, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow. Only one thing endures—character."

And perhaps the President's mother's comment should be remembered. She said, "Harry could plow the straightest furrow in Jackson County." That says it all.
Depression has been called the common cold of psychological disorders because it is such a universal experience. Everyone has a touch of it now and then. Unlike the common cold, however, depression can be a serious, prolonged, even life-threatening disease. Severe depression can deprive a person of almost all enjoyment and sense of self-worth. In some cases, it may lead to suicide. Therefore, when depression is more than just a passing phase, a dark mood that evaporates of its own accord, prompt and effective treatment is very important. But what form should that treatment take?

For years, the only clinically proven forms of treatment for depression were antidepressant drugs and electroconvulsive therapy or, colloquially, shock treatment. But shock treatments have only proven effective with the severely depressed, while antidepressants, like most medications, have certain side-effects, making them undesirable for many patients and even impossible for some. What could be done for those who were neither candidates for electroconvulsive therapy nor able to tolerate the effects of antidepressant drugs? Until recently doctors had no clinically proven option.

Now there is one.

In studies done at the Washington University School of Medicine and elsewhere, psychiatrists and psychologists have found that a certain type of psychotherapy, called cognitive therapy, is just as effective as are drugs in treating depression. Through cognitive therapy, patients are led to overcome their depression by consciously ridding themselves of the self-defeating and pessimistic thoughts that accompany their condition. In the Washington University study, moderately to severely depressed patients treated with cognitive therapy had the same rate of improvement as did those treated with drugs.

“The significance of these recent studies is that now there is evidence of a viable option to drug therapy for the treatment of depression,” says George E. Murphy, M.D., principal investigator for the Washington University study. He is director of the Outpatient Psychiatric Clinic and professor of psychiatry at the University.

That option is of real importance to depression sufferers. “Not everyone wants to take medication for their depression. They may have had drug therapy before and had unsatisfactory results with it or they may just not be psychologically disposed to accept medication as the appropriate treatment,” Murphy says. “They want to master their own problem, not be a passive recipient of treatment.”

For others, aversion to drug therapy...
is more than a matter of preference. "Some patients tolerate the side effects of antidepressants poorly or not at all," according to Murphy. The most commonly prescribed antidepressants today, and the type used in the Washington University study, are tricyclic antidepressants (TCAs), which, at the same time they are relieving the depression, often produce sleepiness, light-headedness, constipation, and stimulate the user's appetite, frequently leading to weight gain. "For some, medication has an impact on their thought processes, producing a 'fuzzy-mindedness'. Someone who needs to maintain a high level of thinking—a writer or a medical student—could have a very difficult time. Someone whose job does not require such a high level of thinking might not be aware of, or bothered by that effect," Murphy says.

For still other patients, drug therapy is not advisable. "TCAs are potentially dangerous to patients with certain cardiac problems. Also they are highly toxic and can be dangerous for patients with suicidal tendencies," he says.

But now there is cognitive therapy, which "has no side effects and is absolutely non-fattening," Murphy says.

Cognitive therapy originated in the 1950s at the University of Pennsylvania, through the work of psychiatrist Aaron T. Beck. Beck found that depressed patients had a certain frame of thinking. They tended to see the world in negative, perhaps hopeless terms. "Depressed people tend to discount positive achievements and experiences," Murphy says. "They see things as all-or-nothing-at-all situations. They have pronounced feelings of guilt or failure and say things like 'I should have taken that job five years ago,' or 'I should have treated my mother or father better when I was younger.'"

Beck decided that it may be possible to attack depression by getting his patients to change the way they consciously thought of themselves and of life in general. In the treatment method he developed, patient and therapist begin by developing a list of the problems that the patient is troubled by. They then go through these problems one by one, and in each case the therapist guides the patient in uncovering the illogic and inconsistency behind his attitudes.

"The problem," as Murphy puts it, "is not so much what happens to people as how they regard it." And in the thinking of depressed patients, there is usually some logical distortion which they can recognize if it is brought to their attention.

"The problem," as Murphy puts it, "is not so much what happens to people as how they regard it." And in the thinking of depressed patients, there is usually some logical distortion which they can recognize if it is brought to their attention.

Murphy finds that underlying the thinking of a depressed person there is usually a self-defeating theory or belief which causes him to process experiences in a certain way. One such belief might be, "Unless I'm perfect, I'm worthless." Because such a person is continually measuring himself against an impossible standard, he never feels that he is deserving of any rewards or recognition. This continual self-deprivation perpetuates his depressed state.

"In some cases," Murphy says, "once a patient sees this underlying false assumption, he may immediately begin to sort out all his other problems." Most cases of depression respond to treatment more slowly, however—three to four months on the average.

The first evidence that cognitive therapy could be an effective method of treating depression came out of a study done by Beck and others at the University of Pennsylvania in 1977. "Before that time, there was no conclusive evidence that any type of psychotherapy, not even psychodynamic therapy, was effective in treating depression," Murphy says. Psychodynamic therapy is the name that psychiatrists apply to the therapy that grew out of the work of Freud; as opposed to cognitive therapy, which works with the conscious mind, psychodynamic therapy begins from the assumption that psychological disorders are determined by the unconscious.

According to Murphy, the unconscious is a difficult beast to tackle in a rigorous scientific study. "By its nature, an unconscious process has to be inferred. It isn't palpable," Murphy says.

But the conscious mind is much easier to deal with.

Murphy's interest in cognitive therapy was piqued when he read Beck's 1977 Pennsylvania study, which reported that cognitive therapy was more effective than TCAs in treating depression. He decided to conduct a study to determine if the results could be replicated.

Replicating a study is essential to proving the validity of its results. "Any finding in science has to be repeated to show that it wasn't just a chance finding," Murphy says. Repeating the Pennsylvania study was also important in this particular case, since cognitive therapy was born and developed there. "We needed to find out if people elsewhere could do cognitive therapy as well as its developers could and to find out if it was, indeed, an effective treatment of depression."

The Washington University study,
which involved 70 subjects—roughly twice the number in the Pennsylvania study—did not quite bear out the earlier results. Whereas the 1977 study showed cognitive therapy superior to the use of TCAs, the Washington University study did not show either one to be better

not been clinically determined. But it is undeniable that both chemical and psychological events are integral parts of the disorder, and that each contributes to the occurrence of the other. To stop the depression, the circle needs to be broken. “To intervene in the process

George E. Murphy

than the other. “Patients with cognitive therapy fared not better, but equally as well as patients receiving TCAs,” Murphy says. But that result is in keeping with our current understanding of the causes of depression.

Whether depression is a neurochemical imbalance bringing about low feelings or whether the low feelings cause the neurochemical imbalance has

obviously a difference in the cost of the two treatments, because in cognitive therapy, you are dealing with the therapist’s time. It’s labor intensive as opposed to drug therapy. Once an initial interview occurs and a history is taken, the amount of necessary contact between the doctor and patient is much less in drug therapy. Medication is less expensive in the long run.”

And just as there are depressed patients who are not good candidates for drug therapy, there are some for whom cognitive therapy may not be the best course of treatment. While Murphy says that further study is needed before a pattern can be accurately determined, one indicator of success in cognitive therapy seems to be a high score on a profile test called the Self Control Schedule. In this test, the patient is asked to respond to 34 statements, indicating for each the extent to which he feels that it accurately describes him. For example, one such statement might be: “When I have a difficult job to do, I think of the more pleasant aspects of it.” Patients who consciously try to alter their response to experience rather than submit passively may be better candidates for cognitive therapy. “But if we give cognitive therapy to those who do not feel in control of their emotions, they might be able to be trained to manage them more successfully,” Murphy points out.

As a result of the study, Murphy suspects that patients treated with cognitive therapy might stay undep ressed longer than do those treated with TCAs. “The real significance will come from a one-year follow-up study that we are currently completing,” he says.

That study will be published in the next few months.

Results of the Washington University study which compared the effectiveness of Cognitive Therapy to Drug Therapy were published in the Archives of General Psychiatry, January, 1984 issue.
ANDIDACY

For LUCIUS BARKER the Jackson candidacy is neither politics-as-usual nor symbolic gesture. It is more ambitious and potentially more significant than either—an attempt to change the face of representational politics.

"I think the whole country's going to profit from Jesse Jackson's bid for the Presidency. His campaign is not going to end in July at San Francisco. He may not run for President, but the kind of organization, the kind of coalition that he's building will go on developing after the Convention is over. I think he's continuing a major historical thrust of people trying to become included in the American political system."

The speaker is Lucius Barker, immediate past president of the National Conference of Black Political Scientists and chairman of the political science department at Washington University. He is also Edna F. Gellhorn Professor of Public Affairs and co-author of one of the leading college texts on black politics, Black Americans and the Political System (Little Brown Publishers, 1980).

Barker believes that increased black involvement in national electoral politics is the best way to speed up improvements in the social and political status of blacks. That status has improved little since the 1960s, he adds.

In a recent issue of PS, the quarterly publication of the American Political Science Association, Barker edited a special section on black electoral politics. In his own PS article, "Black Americans and the Politics of Inclusion," Barker says that many whites like to believe that minorities now are sufficiently included in the political system. But this, he finds, is not necessarily the case. "Although the 'politics of inclusion' has made some important strides, many blacks and other minorities see only an 'illusion of inclusion.'"

Barker points out that only since 1954 have blacks been legally guaranteed the treatment, recognition, and respect that American law and practice have always accorded to whites. "But a political-social order that has so long engaged in racial discrimination apparently finds it difficult to translate these legal guarantees into everyday practice."

Barker sees Jackson's campaign as an extension of the Civil Rights Movement led during the 1960s by Martin Luther King, but in some ways the Jackson campaign may have an even greater historical importance. This is because the movement Jackson has started marks a change from clientage politics to the politics of direct participation. In clientage politics a particular group trusts a leader to represent their interests in the political process. The leader may represent those interests with a greater or lesser degree of commitment, but in any case the group will be represented indirectly. In Barker's view, Jackson is helping to
accelerate a change that will render such indirect representation unnecessary. As one observer has put it, "Blacks are no longer passing notes; they're right at the table."

Barker says blacks stand to gain increased political consciousness and experience through a black presidential candidacy. More blacks will register and vote, and the spinoffs of the political mobilization could be enormous.

"The Presidential office touches every aspect of American politics. The President is the ceremonial head of the nation, the executive head, the chief legislator the commander-in-chief of the world's greatest military force. When he speaks, the entire world listens. And Jackson is trying to become that person. Now, by aspiring to that power, he's pointing out that if you really want to change things, you've got to go where the action is. And if he can aspire to that office, then others can aspire to lesser offices."

More blacks will be stimulated to seek congressional, state, and local offices, Barker believes, and that increased political know-how could influence long-term policy direction.

"He's pointing the way for people who ordinarily might drop out of the system. He's saying to them, 'Let's try this electoral/political route.'"

Barker also believes that Jackson's candidacy has had an elevating effect on the race for the Democratic nomination, making it more than a 'politics as usual' campaign. "He's raised the level of debate, forcing Mondale and Hart to sharpen their views and be more knowledgeable about certain issues than they ordinarily would have been. He's also tried to dramatize things—for example, living with poor families when he visits a city and hoping that the media will follow him and thus expose conditions there. In some instances they have."

Not only has Jackson forced the other candidates to deal with black-related issues, he has also challenged the public's preconceptions of blacks by discussing issues of a more general nature. "Some people feel that blacks can only be authorities on civil rights," Barker says. "But Jackson has been articulating positions on foreign policy, the nuclear freeze, agricultural problems, and that indicates to people that blacks are indeed conversant and concerned with issues that are non-racial."

What about criticism that Jackson's candidacy has split the Democratic Party and hurt white candidates who are sympathetic to black causes, and also more likely to win? It is always true that certain candidacies might hurt front-runners, Barker replies. "But the fact that a particular candidate might affect the fortunes of other candidates—sympathetic or not—must be viewed as part of a general problem inherent in electoral politics, especially presidential nomination politics, and cannot in itself determine long-term political objectives."

Besides, it is very likely that the entry of large numbers of formerly uninvolved blacks into electoral politics—a side-effect of Jackson's campaign—will ultimately be beneficial to white Democratic politicians, at least those with proven liberal records. Blacks, Barker points out, are the single most liberal group in the United States, and this tendency does not merely apply to racial matters but extends through the full spectrum of issues.

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"It's something like a jigsaw," the surgeon said, explaining how he had parted my sternum in order to begin the coronary bypass operation.

I had seen butchers split chicken breasts, but I knew, in my heart, that at Barnes Hospital surgical technology would be so sophisticated that my chest would probably part itself at the press of a button. There would be a kind of open-sesame laser, something with the power of Moses confronting the Red Sea and the cunning of a computer that knows a body better than its owner.

But a jigsaw. This was carpentry. And in the Intensive Care Unit we had moved on to plumbing. I had sprouted tubes and wires like a porcupine, from the mouth, the neck, the chest, the leg, even a convenient tube that meant I would not, praise the Lord, have to stand in line at the men's room.

Though I would not know it until morning, those of us who had emerged from cardio-thoracic surgery were arranged in curtained stations around a central command unit. We were the only ones taking it easy. The nurses moved quickly, talking in what sounded like a military dialect to each other and to me. This would hurt, but for my own good. I would be a better Marine.

"Don't try to talk." "I'm just going to put a yard of something down your throat tube. It will help clear you out."

My only attempt to reverse the power structure failed pathetically. Expecting to be disoriented after the operation, I had asked my wife to tell me the date and time when I first awoke. She was home now, perhaps offering herself and accepting another two fingers of Scotch. But she had performed her loving mission. I knew it was after midnight October 13, and the tear-off calendar on the wall said the 10th. I raised my free arm to point to the wall, anxious to show the nurse that I knew something she didn't. "What's the matter, Mr. Shea?" She went down a checklist of possibilities and I had to shake my head.
each time. When does she get to the part where she admits she doesn't know what day it is? As it became clear that I had no life-threatening complaint, she lost interest. "When you feel better, I'll let you write it down." Now I'm writing it down.

And in the morning, they took the tube out of my throat, put me in a room with a view and a TV set, and I felt better. My roommate, I soon learned, had been to the operating room twice. For some reason his sternum had not held together after the operation. He had to be opened and closed again. He was retired, diabetic, and overweight, and he slept a lot. He had been in the Air Force in World War II, had flown bombing missions over Germany, and had come through unscathed. I tried to imagine him young, healthy, in uniform, crushing his hat to look like Terry and the Pirates or Smilin' Jack, patting the fuselage pin-up before he climbed in for another mission. His snoring, the mood music of his hard-won inertness, interrupted me.

My roommate was more successful than I at resisting the positive spirit of a Cardio-Thoracic Surgical Recovery Unit. There is, to begin with, the euphoria that comes with survival. The night has passed and I am alive. In a few days you discover that the unit's nurses have taken advanced degrees in how to give positive reinforcement. Blind to your frailties, they compliment every achievement, remark every inch of progress. The glass is almost empty, and they tell you it's filling up. They recite the Olympic records of those who tried hard and have long since vacated the bed you loll in. They tell saint's stories about your surgeon blessing you by association.

A sense of universal right stuff permeates the place and lifts up the lowest intern trying in the gloom of early-morning rounds to get interested in the bed-by-bed variations on a theme. If these men and women are not a team of heroes, I think, the 1927 Yankees never lived. It should say over the door: Lives saved here. Or made immensely more comfortable, if you will settle for that.

The euphoria doesn't last. For a fee, I learn from my TV set that in my absence no one has operated on the world outside. More marines are dead in Lebanon. Our septuagenerian President says it will be thirty-five years before he can decide whether Martin Luther King was a Communist sympathizer. Crowds in England and West Germany march to tell us that after the next war there will be no Marshall Plan. There will be no one named Marshall. We will have no plans. One's life, renewed by prayers and science and caring strangers, remains a faint and fragile gift after all. The yen to live is interrogated for its sanity by a world that has given us one Holocaust and promises another, that will make Jews of us all, our homes our ovens, the planet a death camp. There is a moment toward the end of the bypass operation when the chilled-down heart, its function taken over by a machine, hesitates to resume. The heart has its reasons.

A wise friend had given me two mindless detective novels to read before I was ready for nuance. The next day I read Isaac Bashevis Singer, the story about the Gentile woman in his childhood Warsaw who washed clothes by hand for a few kopecks. Nearly eighty, crossing and recrossing town through a bitter winter, she has little reason to cling to life and, in a rich son who will not have her at his wedding, much reason for bitterness. Singer describes the last time she comes to his family for laundry. The bundle is bigger than usual, and, rising, she sways under it.

"But an inner obstinacy seemed to call out: No, you may not fall. A donkey may permit himself to fall under his burden, but not a human being, the crown of creation." The family waits two months before the old woman, wasted further by illness, returns the bundle. "The wash would not let me die," she explains. Then leaves and dies.

The bundle is her globe, and she cleans it so that it can get dirty again. The world is to carry. Mothers give birth to what can kill them. Longer-lived than their tellers, stories are to write. The restored heart beats, warming slowly to its task.

Dan Shea is retiring from the chairmanship of the WU English department, which he has held since 1978. He will be on sabbatical for the 1984-85 year, during which he will travel to Bellagio, Italy, and Cambridge, England, to do research for his book, The American Metamorphosis. He has recovered from surgery and is in good health.