1971

Washington University Magazine, Winter 1971

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COVER: COMPTON CRATER

Photograph of the far side of the moon, taken on a lunar orbital mission, shows in the upper left (outlined in color) the crater recently named for Karl and Arthur Holly Compton.

The crater, which measures eighty miles in diameter, was officially named by the International Astronomical Union.

Dr. Karl Compton served as president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Arthur Holly Compton won the Nobel Prize for the work he did at Washington University in the 1920's, when he was professor of physics and chairman of the department. After serving in a key role in the atomic bomb project during World War II, Dr. Compton came back to Washington University as Chancellor from 1946 to 1954.

Dr. William H. Danforth
Comment / On the University's Next Chancellor

CHANCELLOR THOMAS H. ELIOT, who retires June 30, 1971, recently wrote to the faculty about his successor, Dr. William H. Danforth: "Dr. Danforth has consistently thought in terms of the whole University. . . . His calmness, good sense, understanding, and commitment to fairness have helped us through more than one storm."

This says much about the character of the man who will become Washington University's thirteenth Chancellor, after having been Vice Chancellor for Medical Affairs for five years and a member of the medical faculty since 1957. Those who know Dr. Danforth are aware of the personal qualities articulated by Chancellor Eliot. Few people outside the Medical School, however, are familiar with Dr. Danforth's contributions as a professor, researcher, and administrator.

After his graduation from Harvard Medical School in 1951, he was an intern and resident in the medical service at Barnes Hospital and an assistant resident in pediatrics at Children's Hospital. Dr. Danforth became interested in metabolic processes that underlie the failing heart and began research into these problems as a Fellow in Cardiology in Washington University's Department of Medicine. Later he did biochemical investigations in the laboratory of Nobel Laureate Dr. Carl Cori and made original observations on certain enzymes which are critical in the contraction of heart muscle. The quality of his research resulted in his election to membership in the American Society for Clinical Investigation, the country's most elite group of clinical investigators.

Throughout this period of intense laboratory work, he continued to see patients and built a reputation as a stimulating teacher. In 1965 he put aside a personally rewarding career as teacher and investigator to accept the medical vice chancellorship.

In addition to handling the internal administrative demands of that office, Dr. Danforth has also, in the opinion of one colleague, "done more to bring the alumni of the Medical School together than anyone else during the past thirty years." He also has spent a great deal of time in bringing about a higher level of cooperation between the Medical School and the various hospitals which make up the Washington University Medical School and Allied Hospitals (WUMSAH). Long concerned with the inequalities in how health care is delivered throughout the entire metropolitan area, Dr. Danforth was instrumental in setting up a new Division of Health Care Research at the Medical School.

At the same time, he concerned himself with problems of the entire University, attending weekly meetings with Chancellor Eliot and other top officers of the University. Recently he served in the key post of chairman of the University's Committee on Goals and Objectives. Thus, Dr. Danforth has had a close look at the problems of the entire University. His grasp of these complex
and trying times was revealed in a speech last October when he said, "Tom Eliot has been Chancellor for eight formative and exciting and at times difficult years. . . . In my opinion he has stood up courageously. He has stood for careful, informed thought and against sloppy, uncritical judgments from whatever source they have come. . . ."

Upon accepting the Chancellorship, Dr. Danforth acknowledged serious problems, such as financing and student unrest, which face all educational institutions today. "No one can deny the problems," he said, "but anyone who thinks seriously about the matter realizes that without the existence of a vigorous educational system mankind will be ill-prepared for the tasks ahead or even for survival in this complex and interdependent world.

"The universities in particular have a heavy responsibility. We cannot afford to forget that these institutions still bear the burden of seeking truth and enlarging our understanding; they remain the reservoir of intellectual and technical resources that are necessary to confront the new and the untried. It is within the universities that students who will soon have the major responsibility for the American heritage are asking the basic and most difficult questions. It is here that reside the variety of talents necessary for society's unending task of civilizing itself, that of bringing wisdom and perspective, moral sensitivity and esthetic appreciation to the problems that confront us."

DESPITE HIS full schedule of University business, Dr. Danforth's commitment to St. Louis and the State of Missouri has been extensive. He was program coordinator of the Bi-State Regional Medical Program for two years and serves on the Joint Advisory Board of the St. Louis Department of Health and Hospitals. Chairman of the board of the Danforth Foundation, he is a director of the St. Louis Comprehensive Health Center and the St. Louis Area Boy Scouts Council. On a national level, last year he was chairman of the Cardiovascular Study Section of the National Institutes of Health and is a member of the Institute's National Advisory Heart and Lung Council.

In 1967, Dr. Danforth received the national Newton D. Baker Award from the United Community Funds and Councils of America, Inc., in recognition of his work to bring about implementation of Medicaid (Title 19) legislation in Missouri.

On December 1, a faculty-student-trustee Search Committee unanimously recommended to the Board of Trustees that Dr. Danforth be named to succeed Chancellor Eliot, and the Board unanimously voted approval. Both the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat endorsed the appointment heartily.

Dr. Danforth's stature as an educator also is recognized nationally among leading institutions of higher learning, which was borne out on December 14, when Newsweek magazine revealed that he had been on the list of final candidates to succeed Nathan Pusey as president of Harvard University. Dr. Danforth's unassuming ways didn't mask his qualities to either the Washington University or Harvard search committees.

One of the most respected physicians in St. Louis said of Dr. Danforth, "Bill is a warm person whose patients have always felt that he gives them the very best he has. This comes across to people in his other relationships, too. He makes an extremely thorough analysis of any problem, whether it involves a patient or an administrative matter. He's kind and gentle, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have backbone or doesn't take a stand. When he sees what has to be done, he does it, quietly, but he does it."
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

WINTER 1971
Vol. 41, No. 2

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Washington University Magazine is published quarterly by Washington University at 1201-05 Bluff Street, Fulton, Missouri 65251. Second-class postage paid at Fulton, Missouri.
RESEARCH:
Hope for the Future

Dr. Philip Handler, president of the National Academy of Sciences, was the principal speaker at the dedication of Washington University's new McDonnell Medical Sciences Building. In his address, a portion of which is reproduced here, Dr. Handler stressed the vital importance of basic medical research to the future of public health. Last month, in presenting the latest in a series of reports on scientific research in this country, Dr. Handler stated that "only by using the fruits of continuing research can this nation cope with the problems posed by a growing population, an advancing technology, a deteriorating environment, and dissipation of the great natural resources of our land."
There are those who condemn our medical schools on the ground that their faculties devote themselves excessively to research, while others complain that the clinical faculty spends too much of its time in the care of patients, in place of teaching. These voices demand an increase in medical enrollments and a decrease in research within the medical school, while a few decry the growing role of the university medical center in the delivery of health care. They ask that the school dedicate itself to the production of larger numbers of "ordinary practicing physicians," whatever they may be, somehow conveniently overlooking the fact that every effective diagnostic and therapeutic procedure at their disposal is the product of research in the last few decades.

Moreover, the same critics demand that available research resources be diverted to the delivery of care or research on how the nation should optimally organize to provide that care, while they also demand that medical faculties cease addressing themselves to the exploration of the nature of life and concern themselves, rather, more closely with the problems of disease.

They could not be more wrong. Diversion of the approximately $1 billion available for biomedical research could do little to improve the $60 billion health care system, but it could utterly destroy our hope that the efficacy of such care tomorrow will exceed that of today.

Much of the high cost and complexity of medical care is attributable to what Ivan Bennett has termed "halfway technology," offering only partial solutions or palliative measures for treatment of major diseases, the underlying mechanisms of which are insufficiently understood. In an earlier day, this kind of halfway technology consisted of the massive commitment of hospital beds to patients afflicted with tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and meningitis, then the commonest of diseases. That day is behind us, thanks to antibiotics. More recently we witnessed the development and subsequent decline of the complex technology of respirators and other prostheses for those who fell victim to poliomyelitis.

At the moment, we live with such examples of "halfway technology" as the artificial kidney and renal transplantation for the treatment of kidney failure, where the underlying cause of the disability—most frequently chronic glomerulonephritis—remains essentially unsolved. It is predictable that when a clearer understanding has been gained of the mechanism by which immune precipitates are deposited within the walls of the renal glomeruli, when the precise nature of the antigens involved has been identified, and when the disease can be approached by measures designed to prevent or reverse those phenomena, there will no longer be a need for the substitution or replacement of human kidneys.

Similarly, current pressures for a new technology in the form of artificial hearts or the transplantation of human hearts are manifestations of our lack of adequate basic information concerning disease mechanisms operative in cardiac muscle fibers and heart valves. To be sure, cardiac transplantation is a great surgical tour de force which has been made possible, to the extent to which it is possible, by enhanced understanding of immunological processes. But it seems inconceivable that we shall ever undertake to perform the one thousand cardiac transplantsations a day which would be required nationally. Surely there must be some more rational approach to atherosclerosis and its consequences.

If we need another example, consider rheumatoid arthritis, a situation in which we still lack understanding of the cause and mechanism of damage to the joints. We have a battery of laboratory tests which assist in making diagnoses, but they do not illuminate the underlying cause of the disease, they merely indicate the stage of its activity and estimate its probable long-range outcome. Use of our most effective therapeutic agents—salicylates and corticosteroids—is based largely on empiricism. They may diminish pain and disability, but they do not affect the duration or the eventual outcome of the disease. Surgical removal of inflamed joint tissue may improve function; psychotherapy may diminish the anxiety associated with the disease and, as in all chronic relentless illness, reassurance and moral support are constantly needed for the family as well as for the patient.

"If we forswear research progress, we must plan for 50 per cent more doctors, more nurses, more sanitaria, more suffering—and only thirty years hence."

And so we find psychotherapists, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, rehabilitation technicians, and psychologists, as well as the primary physician, all engaged at one stage or another of this disorder. This array of modern medical care is impressive and invaluable; frequently, it transforms human misery to a state approaching comfort or equanimity. But it does not alter the natural history of the disease, nor does it reduce the process of joint destruction.

Yet there is increasingly suggestive evidence indicating that rheumatoid arthritis is the consequence of infection by either a bacterium or a virus. If, indeed, some microorganism is found to be its ultimate cause, one may confidently predict that some form of chemotherapy will eventually be found and, quite possibly, a preventive, immunizing procedure as well. Should that happen, the disease could be caused essentially to vanish; certainly, it could become as minor a problem for the health care system as are lobar pneumonia and poliomyelitis today.

History indicates that each time a major disease comes under decisive control, either prevention or cure, the solution has been far simpler and cheaper than was the "halfway technology" devised during earlier stages of incomplete knowledge. Most importantly, each time this sort of advance has occurred it has been the consequence of fundamental insight into an underlying mechanism of disease provided by basic research.

Consider if you will a list of such diseases, each of which was, at one time, a major drain upon the then
RESEARCH: Hope for the Future

extant health care system but is now of little consequence: such infectious disorders as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, epidemic meningitis, typhus, trachoma, scarlet fever, poliomyelitis, cholera, yellow fever, whooping cough, diphtheria, smallpox, tetanus, and lobar pneumonia; nutritional deficiencies like pellagra, rickets, scurvy, and iron deficiency anemia; endocrinopathies such as Addison’s disease, hyperthyroidism, goiter, and juvenile diabetes, or Parkinsonism, glaucoma, certain types of cancer, and even essential hypertension.

All were life-threatening diseases which caused long disability when not fatal. In every case, today their control or prevention is relatively simple, cheap, and readily available. It is not these diseases, now under control, that pose the great problems of logistics, manpower, and costs for the current health care system.

In contrast are the diseases concerning which significant progress has been made in the past two decades, diseases which we understand only partially and which we can mitigate only by major efforts—but for which we lack cures or effective preventive measures. These now occasion utilization of the most complex technologies available to the modern hospital, particularly the superlative technical advances in diagnosis, surgical technology, anesthesia, and intensive patient care which, however, generally offer only palliative or physiologically corrective measures.

It is the insufficiently understood disorders which are, today, both the major killers of man and the greatest drains on the capabilities of our health care system. The central point is that these disorders engender large human and financial costs to our society and frustrate the health care system, not because of shortage of professional manpower or of hospital facilities, but primarily because there is so little truly effective medical technology available even in the very best of circumstances.

This is true for stroke, most forms of cancer, arteriosclerosis, coronary thrombosis, hepatic cirrhosis, myocardial infarction, glomerulonephritis, pyelonephritis, rheumatoid arthritis, osteoarthritis, acute rheumatic fever, disseminated lupus, bronchial asthma, multiple sclerosis, the senile psychoses, schizophrenia, emphysema, most genetic disorders of metabolism, mental retardation, muscular dystrophy, cystic fibrosis, and virtually all the virus diseases which are not preventable by early immunization.

These are the major diseases that pose the most formidable problems for the health care system today and will so continue until we have understanding tomorrow. But one can be optimistic—provided that the research effort is continued and, where talent and opportunity afford, the effort is expanded. Even now, there are clues and promising avenues of research with respect to practically each of these disorders. At this moment, none are regarded as hopeless problems by the scientists engaged in their study. Indeed, an atmosphere of excitement and high confidence is shared by the research community in almost every instance, in large measure the consequence of the rapidly developing understanding of normal anatomy, physiology, and metabolism in molecular terms, permitting us to ask rational, significant questions concerning the etiology and pathogenesis of disease.

But be clear that the only avenue to success derives from the freedom of well-trained, competent scientists to follow where their imaginations lead. Some therapeutic procedures have derived from totally rational, logical trails of research, focused constantly on management of some disease state, such as carbonic anhydrase inhibitors for glaucoma, the battery of modern diuretics and the armamentarium which can be used to manage hypertensive disease. But consider the surprising fact that the prostaglandins, for fifteen years a set of curious lipid-soluble compounds isolated from prostatic tissue, now prove to be antihypertensive, diuretic, and the best available basis for the next generation of contraceptive drugs as well as a replacement for pituitary extract for the induction of delayed labor.

Consider the fact that almost nothing which I believe that I really know about cancer and consider to be of primary significance was learned by someone who thought he was working on cancer. Or consider the history of cytosine arabinoside, the most effective agent for therapy of leukemia yet tested. This compound, which was first found in the tissue of sea sponges ten years ago, was observed to block the metabolism of cells in culture. It resisted successful synthesis until rediscovered in the mixtures of an organic chemist who was investigating the chemistry of events which might have occurred on the earth’s surface at about the time the first living organisms appeared.

The chance that this compound would have become available as a result of a program of research closely directed to a “solution to the cancer problem” is just about zero. The moral of this and a hundred other tales is that successful, directed research in medicine can be undertaken only when the scientific stage has been set. Otherwise we witness not research but feeble attempts to apply the inapplicable.

If history is any guide, we may be hopeful that the pathogenic mechanisms underlying the unsolved major diseases will be revealed within a not-too-distant future, but only provided that the programs of basic and clinical research which now occupy our medical faculties and their junior colleagues are continued at a reasonable pace and provided that there is a continuing inflow of new, young investigators equipped with the research training they require for this enterprise. It is not a wild dream to hope that the major lethal and incapacitating diseases which now afflict mankind can be eliminated or their effects minimized. This is not a vision of utopia—it
is but a rational projection into the future based on the capabilities of the present and knowledge of the past.

By all means let us, as rapidly as possible, devise and implement a plan that will bring the best of currently available health care to all of our citizens. But please understand that any such plan, implemented today, should be outdated and outmoded long before the advent of the next century if we continue to prosecute biomedical research with our full national vigor, largely because what we currently mean by "the delivery of health care" is the utilization of these expensive and yet inadequate "halfway medical technologies."

I do not know how to formulate guidelines to establish a singularly appropriate level for financial support of the biomedical research endeavor. I can urge only that it is the opportunities for significant research, the national or local supply of talented life scientists, and the requirements for their support which can best define the appropriate magnitude of the research effort or determine its tempo. In turn, this must rest upon decisions concerning the support of educational institutions, the desired character of these institutions, the provision of facilities and the training of manpower, all decisions that must necessarily be made in the public arena. But they must be made with understanding of the real world of medical education and research, the nature of our clinical problems and of the health care system which should be feasible tomorrow.

It would be the most profound sort of financial shortsightedness and the greatest disservice to our grandchildren if, today, we put all emphasis on trade-school-like training of medical practitioners rather than highly trained practitioners, and disregard the clear lesson of the past that both economic and humane considerations demand vigorous prosecution of the research endeavor.

All of our experience indicates that the best of medical education occurs within the atmosphere of research. Even those medical students who are not themselves caught up in the research endeavor are more thoughtful, more analytical, more aware of their own limitations, better prepared for a lifelong medical education, and therefore more useful as future physicians when trained in the modern research-conducting medical center.

The university-based medical school of tomorrow will not resemble that of today. It is the yeasty flavor of the university, its concern with human and social problems, which together with the fruits of research, will most cer-

tainly alter the nature of both the medical curriculum and of medical practice tomorrow. The hospital of a university-based medical center should be a living laboratory not only for the medical school but for many other major elements of the university. Much more social and behavioral research is needed for better understanding of social pathology, of personality disorders and their interrelations. The time has come for research in child development and the aging process to be greatly stimulated not merely by classical approaches but by deeper psychological and social insights.

Medical and university faculties must also cooperate in attempting to understand the rise of a drug culture in our society, the effects of marijuana and the hallucinogens as well as of hard narcotics and their alleviation by chemical means while we learn to minimize the social cost of this dreadful blight. Practitioners of the social sciences must concern themselves with the changing life of geriatric patients, and the medical community must be responsive to the insights so gained. Almost all elements of the academic world must collaborate if ever we are to design an acceptable and effective means to limit population growth. And if indeed there are permanent virtues and values to be communicated by the humanities, where better can they be exemplified than in establishing the ethos of medical care in a violently changing world?

We owe it to our posterity to pursue research into the nature of life and of man and his disorders with all the imagination and tools at our command.

Only if the research endeavor is successful can we leave to future generations assurance of the quality of our national life. Above all, we must guard against impatience. Decades have elapsed between appreciation of a new scientific observation and its intelligent application to human problems. The penalty for failure to prosecute a vigorous program of fundamental research today will be paid by those as yet unborn. What remains yet to be investigated certainly exceeds in scope and experimental difficulty as well as in potential human benefit all that has been learned throughout recorded history. I can see no reason to believe that the fruits of research tomorrow will be any less applicable to human affairs than were those of yesterday. Certainly it is clear that if we fail to prosecute such research, if we fail to follow up the promising beginnings which have been made, then surely there will be no new cures, no new modes of disease prevention, no new approaches to the mental disorders which inflict so much grief and suffering.

It is no brave sight to look forward to the year 2000, when our population will have increased by another 100 million. If we forewear research progress, we must plan for 50 percent more hospitals, 50 percent more doctors, more nurses, more sanitaria, more suffering—and only thirty years hence.

Research may yet extend the fruitful and enjoyable years, iron out the biological vicissitudes of accident and infection, and help compensate for mankind's multitude of biological deficiencies. The challenge is exciting and certain to be rewarding!
THE four writers whose work is reproduced on the following pages have much in common. For one, they are all members of the faculty of the Washington University Department of English. For another, all are recognized authors of national prominence. And all write for the market place as well as for scholarly journals.

Their work is represented here, however, as much to convey its diversity as to point out its similarity or that of its authors.

In order to be truly representative of its discipline, the University’s Department of English provides depth and balance. Students must be able to study poetry with a modern poet, as well as with a medieval or Shakespearean scholar; the novel with a novelist, as well as with a critic; criticism with a critic as well as with a practicing poet or essayist or novelist.

Kenneth Burke, Howard Nemerov, Donald Finkel, Stanley Elkin, each is a man of varied talents. Taken together their experiences cover a broad spectrum of modern writing, critical, dramatic, and poetic.

And the writing experience of the full-time professor complements and completes the offerings of his able, experienced, though less-widely published colleagues.
EDUCATION:
Benchmarks for a Survey

By KENNETH BURKE
Fanny Hurst Visiting Professor of English

Over the past forty years Kenneth Burke has become one of America's foremost literary figures. His writings include a novel, a novella, short stories, poems, and major essays of criticism. A biographer has described Burke as an "all purpose intellectual and man of letters." The following survey exemplifies his profound concern for education which is relevant to the present human condition and his buoyant optimism concerning that condition.

As a kind of benchmark for this brief survey of education, think of a tribe that, living primatively, survives because it has developed a way of life fairly adequate to its needs. Under such conditions, there would be no "system of education" as we know it. The most important factor would be the scrupulous upholding of traditions, whereby the young males in growing up gradually learned the skills of the older males, and young girls learned the ways of their mothers. There would be inequities; but even these inequities would be so interwoven with the traditions making for survival that the primary equivalent of an "educational system" would be the progressive acceptance of the tribal customs.

For another step along the way, think of the distinction that arises with the development of clericalism. Here are the makings of a pronounced institutional difference between the "scribes" and the illiterate. The realm of literacy can develop a lore of its own, even to the extent of monasticism, along with its services in the cause of governance. And although clericalism prevailed at the time of a comparative stability in the traditions that maintained a hierarchical order among social classes, men of ambition could rise within its own orders, and the son of a peasant could end up as a Cardinal.

In Europe, this structure developed along with a formal system with regard to the various kinds of artisans who transmitted their "mysteries" by the steps from apprentice to journeyman to master. (Goethe preserves the formula, in writing of Wilhelm Meister's successive Lehrjahre and Wanderjahre, here figuratively viewing life itself as the learning of a trade, with the ideal end implicit at the start in the learner's surname.)

Today, owing primarily to the great upsurge in the realm of applied science, we confront an educational situation that strongly contrast with these (admittedly oversimplified) stages I have outlined. For instance, although tribal arts of warfare actually could contribute to the survival not only of a given tribe but even to the tribes with which it fought, such spontaneous "wholesome" or "manly" ways of thinking now bring the entire human race to the edge of suicide.

Or some poor pious fellow who carries on the ancient traditions of a fisherman may now be all wrong, because his fish happen to be loaded with mercury poisoning, due to modern kinds of technologic pollution (a term for which, I understand, we are now being asked to substitute a somewhat gentler word, "emission").

As for survivals of the apprentice-journeyman-master pattern in technology itself, I recall a whole host of stories to the effect that the more of a master a man becomes in his specialty, the more pressing becomes the need to replace him with younger men who, never having got so far along in his particular skills, are not so "set in their ways" and thus are better able to keep abreast of newer methods in their field. As you might expect, such radical dislocations with regard to either old traditions or new ones in the realm of sheer survival are also reflected in pedagogical puzzlements with the mere Idea of a University.

Years ago, I happened to disagree with a university's policies. Those were individualistic times, so I individually dropped out. Today, owing to the more collective ways of thinking we have developed since then, in a similar situation, I'd probably look for a group with which to sit-in. The courses that I wanted to take were available, but the student had to cross a wide range of prerequisites before he could get to them. Though they were no more difficult than some I was already taking as an undergraduate, they were available only to postgraduates.

So I left and became a kind of autodidact, making up
courses after my own fashion. But I had already learned how to use the library—and that’s the core of the educational enterprise. We should also remember that, besides the general backlog of conscientious teaching, somewhere along the line the student usually chances upon a teacher who happens to be a particular fit for the needs of that particular student—and the combination makes for a notable step forward.

There’s a twist, however, in this state of affairs. It seems now that when a student demands more independence, his first clarion call is for a course in independence, and he expects to be given a fixed set of assignments for him to be independent in.

AFTER MOVING ON, in time I got to thinking of a process to which in my *Attitudes Toward History*, I gave the purposely bunglesome title “bureaucratization of the imaginative.” The expression is what I call a “perspective of incongruity,” for it jampacks two quite discordant realms into one—here meaning the “rigidifying of the plant.”

Influenced by such works as Eduard von Hartmann’s *Philosophy of the Unconscious* and Spengler’s *Decline of the West*, I came to view civilization in general as an inexorable and inevitable hardening of the arteries. For instance, think of the vast political and administrative clutter (much of it out of line with the necessities) in which we have gradually become entangled, and which, so far as I can see, will become still more burdensome. It seems to be devoid of human gratification, thus essentially aimless, except insofar as it invents requirements of its own and bends us to those artificial needs which are the results of its own dire genius as a mighty Bureaucratized Leviathan. This state of affairs leads to what I recently heard a speaker on the radio radiantely call “problems of packaging and merchandizing an educational system.”

I see the University as necessarily reflecting this condition that man made but that has got free of man’s control. And when I looked back later at the arrangements whereby certain courses were prerequisite to the courses I most wanted, I realized the irony whereby the very possibilities of academic freedom were grounded in such regularities. For the profession of teaching, there must be a basic assurance which amounts in the end to guarantees that the teacher’s job will continue. An administration thus necessarily confronts the need for a stable pedagogic structure that cannot be as plant as desirable with regard to shifts in students’ interests.

Where, then are we?

In one sense, I would suggest that a pedagogic system should be somewhat unwieldly or unplant. It should be the repository of all the phases and transformations of tribal lore. This humane function should be its primary reason for existence. Here would be kept alive, insofar as can be, the many exhibits of the ages—and academic study should be based on the attempt to provide opportunities for shopping around among all those imaginative possibilities.

Do such modes of study become “bureaucratized”? Regrettably, yes—such will remain a fatal tendency. Yet, at times we can shift the accent from “bureaucratization of the imaginative” to “bureaucratization of the imaginative.” That is to say: within the letter there is always preserved the possibility of the spirit. And thus the Great Repository that the University in its essence represents always upholds the possibility of humane imaginative insight into the lore of the human animal, a lore that we should study, the better to study ourselves. And such study becomes more and more drastically necessary in proportion as the physical sciences ingeniously unleash such tremendous powers, with their many sinister possibilities, indeed their many sinister actualities.

Insofar as corresponding new winds of doctrine do and should beset us, ideally they could be imaginatively viewed from somewhat of a distance (in the technical sense that a view of them in terms of the accumulated traditional academic lore would somewhat modify the sense of the last-minute immediacy otherwise uppermost in our thoughts of such new-things).

In such a lineup, I’d still subscribe to a tripartite approach that I proposed some years ago. In education as a whole, there should be: (1) a pragmatic dimension, the teaching of skills; (2) an esthetic dimension, the teaching of appreciation; (3) an ethical dimension, the admonitory.

All courses in the catalogue have an unwritten line: “Take this course, and you’re in.” There should be another line, the ethical, admonitory: “inextricably entangled with the lore of human genius is the lore of human madness. Enter here with fright.” That line should be explicit, and over-arching the main entrance.

MEANWHILE, the nature of human congregation under present conditions is made particularly problematical (read “controversial?”) by a vexing paradox: Though technology is essentially a quite rational mode of production and distribution, and thus in a sense an end or direction of social effort, we confront the disturbingly increased manifestations of what, in my *Attitudes Toward History*, I called “untended by-products,” but which would now be called technology’s “side effects.”

Thus, though nothing is more characteristically a product of human genius than machinery (with each separate contrivance embodying its particular kind of “built-in purpose”), the complexity of our cultural problems due to technology’s “side effects” adds up to a kind of confusion whereby the ultimate purposes of education become in turn confused. And much in education that might have been viewed as a preparatory stage in life can now threaten to resemble rather a stage of mere delay, which seems somewhat aimless except insofar as it may help keep many spirited younger citizens off the streets during a difficult transitional period in their development.
Educators themselves have a peculiar relation to this state of affairs. For whether their function is to be classed as preparation or procrastination or something somewhere in between, their place in this transitional realm is definitely final and purposed, in keeping with the demands set by the nature of the subjects they are teaching. Thus there is a basic respect in which each course sets up its intrinsic aim, regardless of the role it might play in connection with the world’s present necessities (many of which transcend immediate practical demands). And any course can become wholly preparatory for students who plan later to teach that same kind of course.

At its worst, such internal handovering down of traditions can become a kind of mandarilism, anachronistically imparting the equipment of the gentleman to a society in which there are few gentlemen. At its best, I like to think, it introduces between “Life” and “Literature” a realm of “Method,” with a corresponding attitude that might modify our relation to things in general (in keeping with the previously mentioned Goethean suggestion that the very process of living is itself like the learning of a trade).

Perhaps a handy “benchmark” for this survey is the rationale behind the final assignments for my present seminar. I suggested two topics, one for members of the class who would be more at home in the close analysis of one particular text, the other for those who would prefer a more general discussion.

For a particular text, I proposed Shakespeare’s A Midsummer-Night’s Dream. I thought of this masque-like, easy-going comedy in contrast with a rough-tough tragedy such as Coriolanus. How differently the nature of the literary genre in these works treats the relations between upper and lower classes! And I have hoped that the papers will analyze the ways in which the Puckish woody theme serves as intermediate between that of the elderly couple (Theseus and Hippolyta, preparations for whose marriage are central to the plot) and the fanciful tangle of the four young lovers. But above all, this intermediate theme serves as a device whereby a queen of sorts can become infatuated with the winsomely asinine Bottom, the weaver.

I say “a queen of sorts,” having in mind that by these rules only Titania, a “Queen of the Fairies,” could cross on the bridge of poetry from the realm of the courteously to the realm of the simpleton, low-born “mechanicals.” I have hoped that at least I’ll get an account of the steps by which the three dimensions are made to interlock and thereby to further the unfolding of the plot. And at the back of my mind there was the feeling that, in our day, the woody theme may have added more poignancy to its graceful, nostalgic quality in the light of our “ecology-minded” concerns about the habitat out of which we get lumber.

The alternative, the general theme, was originally suggested to me by the fact that I had been invited to Yugoslavia to take part in a conference of writers on the subject, “Humanism—Agony or Revival?” On finding that the trip would be too troublesome, I sublimated by proposing that some members of the class take this subject as their point of departure. I had in mind the thought that, at various stages in our tradition, Humanism had been defined (and in effect redefined) by relation to various other “isms” that arose or changed in nature or importance from time to time.

Although no member of the class was specifically required to consider the matter thus, I had in mind the possibility that a kind of Humanism might take form today in specific antithesis to what I would call “Technologism” (by which would be meant, not just the use of technology, but the assumption, explicit or implicit, that the remedy for technologically caused problems should be sought, not in the attempt to moderate such modes of living but in policies and efforts making for still more and more technology). In this regard, at least, the general topic would impinge upon the nostalgia of the woody theme in Shakespeare’s comedy.

I think of all such speculations primarily in terms of a “comic” perspective, because it leads us to study the dialectic, rhetoric, and poetics of linguistic structures as they bear upon the antics of man in society. True, tragic death necessarily awaits us in the offering. But under many conditions, the promise of death can be a solace. And the source of tragedy resides not so much in this inevitability as in the many errors and temptations whereby the marvels of human genius become transformed into the fruits of folly. Here is the vanishing point at which tragedy and comedy merge.

So we might, if you insist, settle ultimately for a tragi-comic perspective. But like that genial ancient pornographer, St. Aristophanes, who left us three plays explicitly on the theme of peace, and the very roots of whose dramaturgy were under the sign of peace (as per the feast and hieroi gamos), I tend to feel that a wholly civilized world would come to cultural fruition in the delights of comedy, while tragedy too often lies disturbingly and persuasively on the slope of war. In this connection I would quote some lines in a poem of mine—lines that I lifted verbatim from a classical dictionary’s article on Rome:

“The performance of a tragedy was generally made the occasion for a great display of spoils of war.”
By HOWARD NEMEROV

Professor of English

Howard Nemerov is one of America’s leading contemporary poets, novelists, and critics. His first book of poetry was published in 1947. It has been followed by three novels and five other books of poems and plays. A graduate of Harvard University, he came to Washington University in 1969 as the first Fanny Hurst Professor of Creative Literature. The following poem is from New & Selected Poems, published by Chicago University Press in 1960.

WRITING

The cursive crawl, the squared-off characters, these by themselves delight, even without a meaning, in a foreign language, in Chinese, for instance, or when skaters curve all day across the lake, scoring their white records in ice. Being intelligible, these winding ways with their audacities and delicate hesitations, they become miraculous, so intimately, out there at the pen’s point or brush tip, do world and spirit wed. The small bones of the wrist balance against great skeletons of stars exactly; the blind bat surveys his way by echo alone. Still, the point of style is character. The universe induces a different tremor in every hand, from the check-forgers’ to that of the Emperor Hui Tsung, who called his own calligraphy the ‘Slender Gold.’ A nervous man writes nervously of a nervous world, and so on.

Miraculous. It is as though the world were a great writing. Having said so much, let us allow there is more to the world than writing; continental faults are not bare convoluted fissures in the brain. Not only must the skaters soon go home; also the hard inscription of their skates is scored across the open water, which long remembers nothing, neither wind nor wake.
WHEN I WAS YOUNG I TRIED TO SING

Whoever I am the mountains exalt themselves before my eyes and if I do nothing about the mountains but look at them they are all I am what fills these trouser legs what moves the pen across this page is mountains.

The colts tumble into the field on their implausible legs wheel and wait for the mares feinting at the timothy so my eyes have gone running ahead they stand peacefully drinking the grass we are all the colts my eyes these shoes waiting for the mares.

I catch a glimpse of the man who wears my shoes before whom the trees line up with their backs to the mountain and the mountain peacefully sets his hair aflame I tune in on his pleasure it is pleasure itself to hear his feint singing I am moved easily these days.

His pleasure keeps running ahead my eyes know where the colts are hiding behind his shoes the timothy trembles in the windy shadow no light but the mountain's burning hair we watch the trees assemble in the moon the grass lift up her million silver tongues and the mares the mares drinking it in drinking it in.
Dick Gibson, KWGG, Conrad, California. This next number is Dick’s “demo,” Demonstration Record number thirty-seven, and goes out to all the guys and gals in the industry who hire and fire. This is a take. Take! I am calling you—ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh.

I tell you about the time I worked the newsroom at KROP, Roper, Nebraska? (The apprenticeship was on me and I wasn’t Dick Gibson yet. I was Marshall Maine. I had picked up the name at the last station I’d worked—WMAR in Marshall, Maine.) KROP, The Voice of Wheat. Some place that was. The ad I answered in Broadcasting said it reached listeners in three states. And so it did. We saturated two counties in northeast Nebraska, and leaped across the Missouri River to the Dell Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Whoever happened to be tuned in along a small rough stretch of Route 33 in extreme western Iowa could also catch us.

But let me tell you about those two counties. Sylvia Credenza County and Louis Credenza, Senior, County. The whole area was eight enormous farms owned by these eight brothers. The Credenza brothers. Louis III, Jim, Felix, Poke, Charley, George, Bill and Lee. That part of the state had been gerrymandered long before, and every two years each county sent a brother to the statehouse in Lincoln. They took turns. I was there during the reign of Charley and Bill Credenza.

The station was a family hobby, sort of a Credenza hookup. Like a party line. They built it in 1935 when reception was still bad in the area and they had nothing else to listen to. Later, when Sioux City, about sixty miles off, put up KSUX, a 5000-watt, reception improved, but the boys had gotten so used to having their own station that they decided to continue it. The funny thing is none of the brothers enjoyed speaking on the radio themselves. They became self-conscious and would cough and sputter and stammer helplessly whenever during those biennial political campaigns they put on for each other—brother ran against brother, though only two brothers are nominated from each county and, for all I know, only Credenzas were registered to vote—one of them had to make a speech. So, though they listened constantly to their own station—they had radios mounted on all their tractors, in each barn—they never performed on it except during one of those queer campaigns. (I was around during one of them. Lee was running against Jim in Sylvia Credenza County, and Felix was up against George in Louis Credenza, Senior, County. It was something, hearing those speeches, each Credenza urging his two constituent Credenza brothers—one an incumbent—to get out and vote. It didn’t make any difference, they said, who they voted for. The important thing was that they exercise their ballot.) A staff ran the station for them from the beginning. When I was there there were two engineers, two transmitter men, and two announcers. We all spelt each other and took turns sleeping in the same bunk beds out at the transmitter shack.

Surprisingly, we did almost as many commercials as a normal station. The Credenzas, with their two votes in the Nebraska legislature, carried a lot of weight with important firms around the state and could always pressure some business out of most of them. They even prided themselves on doing a good job for them, though almost no one but Credenza could ever have been listening. One time, when I was really into something and neglected to do a commercial exactly when it was scheduled, I received an angry call from Louis III.

“Hey you—Marshall Maine. What do you think you’re doing down there? The Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Lincoln paid money to have that commercial done at three-fifteen. That don’t mean three-fourteen or three-sixteen or three-eighteen or three-twenty. Three-fifteen means three-fifteen. They picked that time because that’s when folks get thirsty and want something cool to swallow. They want their message said right then. You understand me? You think the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Lincoln wants its message jammed up against the Mutual of Omaha message at three twenty-three?”

When people are thinking of their deaths, I thought, when they’re thinking of loss of limb, their homes on fire, liability, personal injury. “No sir,” I said. “I’m sorry, I
was into something.

"Well you look to your knitting, sonny, or you'll be fast out on your ass or something else."

"Yes sir," I said, for the truth is I liked working there. The apprenticeship was on me, as I say, and I was getting valuable experience.

"Call me Lou. You last long enough around here I might be your representative. I expect it'll be me over old Poke in a landside. In America it don't do to say sir to the man that's your representative."

We followed FCC regulations to the letter, and functioned exactly as any radio station would with all the ordinary station's customary programming. It could have been any station I'd ever worked on. I was even allowed a couple of hours of air time each week to work up new programs. Though really, with the sense I had of the station and its listeners, it was the ordinary programs which seemed experimental to me, as any regular public activity would seem strange performed in private. I had this steady sense of command performance and, because of this, a fear of my audience which was unfamiliar to me.

Yet even granting our for the most part ordinary format of news, music and public service, there was something extraordinary about all our programs. The Credenzas wanted their taste catered to. "A station has to meet the needs of its audience," Felix Credenza often reminded me. So for Jim, the musical Credenza, we did "The John Philip Sousa Hour" from eleven to midnight. For Felix and his wife, childless Credenzas who like to pretend there were kids around the house, we did a children's program with fairy tales and Frank Luther recordings. The most popular program, however, the one that pleased all the Credenzas all at once, was a public service show called "Know Your County!" It was about— I quote from the introduction— "the living legend of Sylvia Credenza and Louis Credenza, Senior, Counties." What it really was was the history of the Credenza family done in fifteen-minute dramas, the Credenzas themselves putting together the scripts from their memory of family gossip. The show had been on since the station's founding, and by this time just about everything that had ever happened to the Credenzas had already been aired several times. When they came to the end of the cycle— each one, like verses in some house-that-Jack-built poem, slightly longer than the last because of the additional increment of history—they simply started all over again. It was the way certain congregations read the Bible.

Most of the programs I was involved with dealt with the family's founders—Sylvia and Louis Credenza, Senior, themselves—related how they were sweethearts in the old country but could not marry because Louis was scheduled to be called up for military service. There were shows about the plots and payoffs that got him smuggled to America, Louis' wanderings in the New World, the letters they exchanged once he was settled in Nebraska, Louis' dreams, Sylvia's misgivings about making the trip, the bad time she had in steerage, her missing her train in Chicago. This last was a milestone in the legend, a sort of Ems telegram approach to history, just that destiny-ridden, just that fated. For Louis, it seems, had missed his train in Omaha. He had intended to surprise Sylvia by meeting her in Union Station and riding back to Nebraska with her, and if the two people hadn't both missed their trains they would have missed each other, presumably forever. The mutual layover somehow permitted their reunion for all time. And what a program that was—the reunion. KROP montages. Excerpts from Louis' letters about his dreams. Solemn, forlorn blasts of exodus ships' whistles become Chicago's cheery choo-choo chugs. Then Louis' "Hello Sylvia." And Sylvia's "It's you, Lou."

I tell you I embraced myth then—all myth, everybody's, anybody's. To this day I'm a sucker for all primal episodes: Bruce Wayne losing his parents and vowing vengeance; Tonto getting together with the Lone Ranger; Clark Kent chipped out of Kryptonite. Whatever.
Street Revival is the inspiration of architecture students who believe design can be delivered directly to groups attempting urban development. Dan Biggs, a business and engineering student, is the group's organizational genius who found in Street Revival a way to apply business skills to contemporary "people" problems.

Street Revival's first project was a water toy, created for and used by University City children. Its success is obvious.
STREET REVIVAL

By DOROTHEA WOLFGRAM

STREET REVIVAL sounds as if it should be a featured group at a rock festival. One could easily imagine members taking their place among The Jefferson Airplanes, Chicago, The Grateful Dead, The Iron Butterfly, and The Grand Funk Railroad. In this day of incongruous names, it is difficult to comprehend one that is graphic. Street Revival is.

The group is one of the most unusual urban development corporations to appear in this age of copious urban development organizations. Composed, though so loosely the word is nearly inappropriate, of present and former Washington University students and faculty members, Street Revival is interested in doing things. It wants to see results, as quickly and as simply as possible, and get on to something else, leaving behind it a viable idea which is somebody else's business to keep going.

Absolutely nothing but the impatience of youth could have created Street Revival, and that impatience, plus generous dashes of creativity, is the fuel which keeps this incredible non-organization flying high. With ideas, incentive, and shoestring funds, it has undertaken and completed a number of small urban development projects, which range from designing townhouse renovations to studying how elderly citizens use seating at a bus stop.

Last spring, the six architecture students who began Street Revival proposed to University City the creation of a portable water-play system which could be carried from neighborhood to neighborhood as part of the community's summer recreation program. Using $300 worth of donated pipe and their imaginations, the students designed and built what they call a Mobile Hydro Pipe Dream. This water-spouting climber was set up two or three times a week in different locations by the University City Fire Department. So successful was the toy, the students have been asked to design three more. These will be constructed by University City and handled by the fire department.

With that successful venture well underway, the architecture students and a few liberal arts and engineering friends undertook to provide landscaping and painting designs for a number of apartment buildings in the Skinker-DeBaliviere area, northeast of the campus. The apartments were being renovated by the Westend Townhouse Corporation as models to give residents ideas for do-it-yourself renovation. Through this venture, the late Philip Lucier, president of Continental Telephone Co. and a leader in the area's neighborhood association, became acquainted with the students and their work. In addition to procuring a cash gift for the fledgling organization, his interest brought the students legal aid in working out incorporation. As a result, Street Revival was granted incorporation by the state as a non-profit organization.

Founders believed that social action through community design could be accomplished quickly and with ease by working outside of the political structure directly with groups needing help on a particular problem. The organization's lack of structure is purposefully designed to reduce the rhetoric involved in social action programs and to bring students into direct contact with community members.

UNIVERSITY CITY, which gives Street Revival office and work space and provides utilities, telephone, and insurance, has used the students repeatedly. They designed large, easily read signs near stops of the city's summer older-adult bus. They organized two summer block parties with student entertainment to provide social exchange between the students and the older adults who make up the apartment population of the Delmar Loop area. A spinoff of this activity was a similar Fall Festival sponsored by University City itself.

One abortive University City project was nonetheless fun for its planners and might prove useful later. They were studying how older adults used seating at a proposed bus stop. One day they arranged a number of chairs on the corner and photographed the chair use
from across the street. The next day, the chairs were arranged differently and the use photographed again. On the third day, as the study was progressing nicely, Bi-State Transit Company came in, set down a bench, and created a bus stop.

As the summer progressed, news of Street Revival's good works spread. A group from Kinloch, a black St. Louis suburb, asked for design of a compact movie-slide projection system for playground use. Students designed and built a box which holds a projector and a special screen. The box serves as a projector stand and the daylight screen hangs from playground swing supports. The Kinloch group provided the equipment and carried away a finished product which it will duplicate as needed.

Leaders of the Murphy-Blair area of north St. Louis requested student aid to redesign an old toy store as a center for retired people. Architecture students created a lounge and an eating area and are now building furniture and painting wall graphics. Meanwhile nearby Grace Hill Settlement House has begun serving 15-cent midday meals at the center while the work progresses.

A similar project, this one a playground for pre-school youngsters, is being planned for the Skinker-DeBaliviere Association. A model of the "tot lot" was presented and accepted at the Association's fall meeting and a list of materials needed was drawn up. The Association is searching for donated materials. When it has completed its part of the project, Street Revival will prepare the lot and begin construction.

Street Revival has allocated about $300 each to the retired people's center and the tot lot. Community sponsors cooperate with the corporation, seeking donated materials and labor and working on the actual construction. The corporation's limited funds are used to fill in the gaps. Street Revival itself is funded by donations of materials and cash from outside sources and from within the University. The University's Office of Student Affairs and Student Union provide support and Thurtene, a student honorary, donated some of the funds produced by the Thurtene Carnival. Theoretically, students serve as consultants. Once a project is underway, Street Revival withdraws and the project is taken over by a community organization.

Although Street Revival has a board of directors, chaired by Architecture Professor Larry Ponsford, the entire student community is involved in decision making. Projects are undertaken either by student initiation or at the request of an outside individual or organization. The group holds irregular meetings advertised throughout the University community and attended by anyone who is interested. Attend a meeting and have an idea and you are a member. At last count some twenty-five students and faculty members were actively involved.

Although originally conceived as an architectural design-oriented organization, its involvements have broadened as membership has grown. Among its current undertakings are the development of a University City creative arts program which will draw heavily upon University resources for teaching personnel, a space-use study of Yalem Center, a study of resources available for a decentralized school plant for New City School, a new private school in the city's Central West End, exploration of the use of plantmobiles for Missouri Botanical Garden, an historic buildings photographic survey of the Murphy-Blair area for Heritage St. Louis, and development of a graphic presentation to inform University City apartment dwellers of tenant-landlord responsibilities.

Corporation business manager Dan Biggs, a fourth-year student in a combined engineering-business program, talks to people with ideas for Street Revival. "There are 'talkers' and 'doers,'" he comments. "The 'doers' I try to hook up with someone in Street Revival." And then Street Revival does.
While work progresses on redesigning a store for a retired people's center, personnel from Grace Hill Settlement House have opened the center. At far left, the Rev. Clifford Kendell (center) eats with friends. Joe Wood is the architecture student in charge.

University City gives the group office and work space on Delmar Blvd. in a building which once housed an Italian restaurant. In the foreground, architecture student Hank Keating works on a model of a tot play lot being done for a nearby neighborhood association.
"The communitarian tradition is something very human and deep-rooted," Professor Bennett maintains, but he believes that the modern youth commune is a "kind of offshoot, a nutty adaptation that cannot possibly survive." A recognized authority on communal societies, he has conducted scholarly investigations among the Hutterites in Canada and the kibbutzim of Israel. This article is based on a paper he delivered this fall at an international symposium on "Cultural Styles and Social Identity: Interpretations of Protest and Change," sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution.
By JOHN W. BENNETT
Professor of Anthropology

COMMUNES
The oldest "new" movement in Western civilization

The central problems of modern society are the disintegration of old ties and loyalties and the corresponding loss of personal identity. The large organization and its fabricated, impersonal milieu provides little of value for most people, and by the thousands people move into groups, seeking ties in common interests, and rupturing the old class lines and social categories as they do. This return to the group is a central social fact of our time, and however futile or superficial it may appear, there is no doubt that it prefigures a great change in our social system.

The communitarian movement, now once more alive in our midst, mobilizing our young, furnishing an "alternative," is really the oldest "new" social movement and the most traditional "experiment" in Western civilization: an old template that has furnished inspiration and a social alternative for two thousand years, and nearly always for the same reasons. It is one response to the perennial grounds for social dissent: resentment of hierarchy and authority and privilege; distrust of bureaucracy; disgust over hedonism and consumerism; despair at war and hate—all of those undesirable human qualities so prominent in the Western world, and getting worse, if we listen to our critics.

This response can be represented by two gestures of our contemporary protest movements: the clenched fist and the forked sign of peace. The clenched fist is the militant stance, the attack on the evils—an attack which sooner or later ends in the tyranny it seeks to replace. The peace symbol is the sign of firm opposition to the institutions. At its most passive, it represents a withdrawal into little intentional communities that seek to perfect social life and to bear witness to the possibility of a better human being.

On the whole, the communitarian movement belongs to the sign of peace, not the clenched fist, although there have been, and still are, communitarians who have sometimes thought the movement is the revolution, and have moved toward militancy, only to find that the emphasis on peace and brotherhood and love does not equip them for a militant attack on society. Moreover, the attack betrays the ideals, and the militant communitarian moves down the path of compromise and disillusion.

Communitarianism consists of four simple ideas: share

Church services of Zion's Order near Ada, Mo. The order is a commune organized as a non-profit religious corporation.
thy possessions; minimize thy wants; share thy tasks and decisions with others; love thy brother, who is all men. Out of these very simple commands have arisen countless social experiments and attempts at purification of the social order, most of them peaceful, most of them seeking to bear witness to human and social perfectibility, and to eschew violence and militancy.

On the basis of these simple ideals have been built a number of familiar institutions: the collective rearing of children; collective decision-making; egalitarian relationships; communal property; equal sharing of the tasks of survival; maximization of personal interaction and communication. As communitarians have to adapt to the world around them, they need also to adapt and compromise these institutions, and this process results in basic paradoxes.

In each of the many ages of communitarianism, the basic targets of protest have been the same, but the specific issues have been different—related to the nuances and annoyances of the age. In the sixteenth century, the chief target was the organized Church and its hierarchy; in the contemporary period the Church is not in the running. The major targets today are the family, the rat race, and consumerism. The contemporary communes are especially concerned about the family, since they believe that it is in this social group that people are trained to achieve too hard, to pursue their lonely way without consideration for others, to crave recognition and a false love, to expect victimization by the Establishment and the Media.

Hence the emphasis in the contemporary communitarian movement on sexual experimentation and free love. These are the antithesis of the old ideal of the monogamous marriage and the small nuclear family, since they deny that children need legitimation and assert that breeding can be uncontrolled without harm to the solidarity of the group. To make sex a free emotion, untrammeled by fear and prestige, is of course a worthwhile ideal; there is little doubt that our civilization has made a monster of sex. But to challenge the natural dyadic character of love, which the sex act symbolizes, and to deny the bond between parents and children, regardless of how one traces descent, is to fly in the face of some constants in human society. The kibbutz tried sexual communism for a short period and it gave way to monogamy, though the collective rearing of children has continued.

Many of the contemporary communitarians also seek communion in drugs. The drug scene began to emerge in the early 1960’s in the first communal experiments in California and on the East coast. It has since spread far and wide and drugs remain a key element in the communes, largely because of the desperate attempt to break down the barriers between people our alienating culture has erected. To smash these barriers, the communitarians seek to find instant communication, the group soul, the shared ineffable experience. Drugs certainly help. But in this, like the sexual experiences, the commune cannot possibly find a permanent existence or even a model for the general society. The communitarians who move in this extreme direction are not trying to remodel the world; only to seek out new forms of experience, to test the limits of human possibilities, to challenge and shock the majority.

On the wooded mesas near Taos, N.M., some 1500 dropouts from modern society are living in communes, large and small. Here, members of one commune operate a communal repair garage.

What is the relationship of the contemporary movement to the historical movement? From the point of view of most of the contemporary communitarians, in their many little dropout sanctuaries, the older movement has nothing in common save the bare commitment to communal life and ideals. From their point of view, the traditionalists like the Hutterites, the many old communal farming groups scattered around North America, and perhaps even the kibbutzim, are “squares,” who have no potential for changing the world and no interest in doing so. The youth communes of today are, on the whole, actively seeking to use the commune to change society, although precisely how this can be done has not been specified, unless the communes are thought of as revolutionary cells.
There is much ambiguity here. Dialogues with communitarians have a way of ending in frustration as one goes in circles around the key contradiction: how a community of experimenters and drawers from the majority society can lead a social reform movement. Sooner or later, "revolution" or "reform" turns out to be nothing more than the doctrines of the old "squares" of the communitarian movement: that the best we can do is to bear witness, to say to the world, do better, be a better human being.

Currently, in many communes, this means a total rejection of efficiency, structure, and comforts—to the point where illness is endemic, children are badly treated, and the departure rate is staggering. Such responses are hard to understand, because they deny every value of the momma-poppa workaday bourgeois world. That is precisely the point, of course. These patterns do not constitute a reform movement, but are part of the value changes and search for alternatives of our time. And in the sense of the commune, they are a kind of offshoot, a nutty adaptation, which cannot possibly survive.

We can then understand these extreme forms contemporary experimental communalism is taking, even while we know that they cannot survive. Nor are they in the mainstream. There were similar things in the Middle Ages—flower children, drug-takers (the mushroom was popular among these medieval "hippy" movements). But the main line of the commune has been different—serious, hard-working, peaceful, concerned with establishing the fact that men can live in peace and brotherhood, with humility and austerity. The most enduring forms of the commune today—the Hutterites and the kibbutzim—are such serious forms, and their inspiration, and the inspiration furnished by others like them in the past, have been the saving of the movement.

To get the communitarian tradition in focus, I want first to review the historical line of development, beginning with the Galilean withdrawal sectarians of the last century or so before Christ, winding down through the Middle Ages, and then on into recent centuries. The Galilean beginnings we know about through the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Qumran community where the dissidents sought to escape the alienation and corruption of Roman Palestine. Jesus' own posture was complex: he certainly agreed with the sectarians' criticisms of the Establishment, but he seemingly rejected the withdrawal solution and taught instead a technique of passive-militant coping with the World in an effort to change it. The facts are elusive and no one will ever know for sure, but Jesus, if he did not actively seek to drop out, did at least preach some kind of renunciation of property.

The early Christian communities of the first and second centuries A.D. may or may not have been "communes"—here, too, the evidence is hazy, and it is possible that their communalism was more a matter of survival under conditions of privation than of specific ideals. But something persisted in this early Christian period, enough to keep the tradition alive and kicking down into the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the mountain paths and town ghettos all over Europe were overrun from time to time by wandering fanatics, militants, flower people—most of whom preached brotherhood and poverty and were a thorn in the side of the Church. Some of these groups persisted and "institutionalized" their way of life, becoming substantial communities and influencing the religious movements culminating in the sixteenth century, in the Lutheran Reformation and the Anabaptist movement.

Something else entered the record in the eighteenth century with the advent of rationalism and sociological secularism. At this point the communitarian tradition divided into the old religions, and the new utopian socialist style of Fourier, Saint Simon, and others. The wilderness of America in the nineteenth century offered space and isolation for the utopias of the frontier, probably the best-documented of all communal experiments.

In the twentieth century, the scene has been dominated by the Hutterites (the only true communal survivors of the sixteenth-century Anabaptist flowering), and the kibbutz, the successful version of the eighteenth-century socialist type. But while these have received all the notices, every decade of this century in America has known at least a dozen unpublicized communal communities eking out existence somewhere.

The contemporary American scene is very complicated. Margaret Mead insists that the contemporary generation gap is an unprecedented situation. Never in the history of human society has there existed such cultural divergence between parents and children and their views of the world and of styles of living. Whether the situation is unprecedented or not I cannot say, but there is little doubt that the history of Western civilization can be written as a history of the progressive enlargement of the institutional world outside of the family and kin group. It is quite possible that this trend has reached a point of crisis, now that youth can find other cultures which challenge the culture of the family at every point.

The tendency toward group cultural development outside the family has been a marked pattern in Western civilization from classical times and may be part of the explanation for the high frequency of communitarian responses in the West and their low frequency in the rest of the world.

If we identify the true, voluntary, dissenting commune with the West, we have to distinguish between means and ends; specific ideals and how these are to be carried out. At the level of ends or ideals we find close similarities in Oriental and Western dissenting doctrines: the rejection of the pleasures of life, the yearning for austerity and the need to cast off the distractions of possessions; the emphasis on peace, love, and brotherhood. At this level the similarities between Christianity and Eastern religions are well known.

But there is a substantial difference in the means
advocated to reach these ends: in the East, it was individual withdrawal, the loss of self, recognition of the imperfection of the world and a turning to Heaven, either by a retreat into hermitage or monastery, or by attempting to live perfection in daily life. In the West, the search for the perfect world took different forms: toward the discovery of true individual selfhood, rage at the imperfection of the world and an attempt to cure it; withdrawal not into passivity but into little intentional societies that sought to bring the millennium to the here and now—in short, a more activist set of means, and a dangerous set at that, because nothing is riskier than actually trying to make dreams of perfection come true.

There is a paradox in this typical Western kind of behavior. While the communitarian ideal protests the majority tendencies in Western life, it is also a rich expression of a very basic feature of Western thought and behavior—the striving for social perfection and mastery over the existential present. This "millennial" element—the idea of actually trying to create the perfect society on Earth—is foreign to the Oriental tradition, where resignation to the corrupt status quo is the dominant theme, with Nirvana in the afterlife.

Within Western civilization it is the dualism of the Judaeo-Christian stream of thought that forms the concrete basis of the communitarian ideal. Conceptions of a perfect heaven and an imperfect humanity gave rise to the struggle to make the City of Man conform, at least to the best of one's ability, to the City of God. Jesus' own teachings exemplify this tension. On the one hand he held that man was imperfect and corrupt, but on the other he taught that most men had to live in the imperfect world and therefore work to improve it.

This emphasis on socio-economic reform and idealism also leads the communitarian tradition into a basic paradox. While the communitarians, in order to realize their dream of the perfect brotherhood, had to establish separate settlements, they had to manage them in ways not completely different from those of the Outside.

Morally or socio-psychologically, communalism is a way of life which is supposed to have its greatest satisfaction in group participation rather than in the personal fortunes of the individual. In a communal society, people are expected to do their best for the commune, the group, and not for themselves—although it is also usually assumed that if they do this, they are also reaching their own personal fulfillment. This is a matter of belief, not of psychological necessity, and in recognition, communal institutions are usually constructed to encourage or require such behavior, and this is the sticky part.

Leadership imposes another problem. Many of these groups espouse egalitarianism, but find that they need some degree of authority. The most common solution is charisma. The group either begins with a leader with strong, beneficent qualities, or it soon finds one. People need a focus, a point they can all gaze on which means unity and wisdom, firmness and symbolization—the last being probably the most important. If the history of the communal movement is any guide, the human personality finds difficulty in obtaining its symbolic identity in a collectivity. It needs a single human personality to serve as a model and paragon.

The communal experimentalists withdrew from the Outside and attempted to build the ideal society, and in the process, found that they had to compromise with their ideals. The secular communities are no exception; their ideals were just as pure, and without exception, the needs for compromise with the World System was a disillusioning experience and a source of factionalism and disruption.

What were these needs for compromise with the World? To farm efficiently, to produce furniture or tools and to use and sell them, to sell farm produce on the market, to deal with governments to get land, to deal with tradesmen to get things one cannot make himself, to deal with banks and moneylenders to get capital. In all of these things, the communal societies must confront and imitate the very institutions they seek to change. The way of the communitarian community is along a knife-edge, constantly risking a long fall into the worldly abyss, avoiding the worst by strict moral management and endless rationalization, and trying to avoid the slip into authoritarianism and the corruption of the brotherly ideal. Brotherhood is the hardest task man can set himself to perform.

Such communities are always a minority, never a majority. No large social or political entity has found it possible to keep to the austere egalitarian path. The larger society of the West has, while grudgingly acknowledging the validity of some of the ideals, never really come to believe in the system enough to renounce economic growth and its anti-egalitarian force. The situation is exactly the same in the economic sphere. Obviously, not everyone can perform all the tasks, and since some tasks are clearly more important to survival than others, or more pleasant, there is always the risk of jealousy, hierarchy, and "status." There is always the problem of compensation. If the commune pays wages, however, it introduces an individualistic note. A wage is a man's own thing and he can do what he wants with it, but since the commune emphasizes share and share alike, it must strive to keep property communally owned, or at least to reduce the individual share to its lowest level. Hence you can't really pay wages. But it is also true that some form of compensation, human psychology being what it is, is hard to avoid. The socialists formulated the principle as: "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need"—a doctrine that recognizes individual differences but is fundamentally a bit ambiguous as to share-and-share alike.

Obviously work of all kinds, property management, food activities, and worshipping are relatively easily done in or by groups, with approximately equal responsibility and sharing, at least for a majority of the participants.
On the other hand, family life, sexual experiences and courtship, and studying are not amenable to full or easy communal participation, although communal objectives can influence them, and experiments can be conducted in participative involvement.

The raising of children is an example of an activity that stands somewhere in the middle: it can be done by individual families, by extended kin groups, or by a commune, depending upon belief and specific institutional planning. The child-raising issue is a crucial one, since the commune must train its upcoming generations—particularly if it is a new one—in the techniques and ideals of group living. While all communal societies find it necessary to limit the functions of the family and kin group, at the same time kinship has played an important role in nearly all communal societies, as the primary model of the basic communitarian relationship: the egalitarian brotherhood.

The commune of the true enduring type must be a matter of long participation, of continuous experiencing over at least three human generations before something stable comes out of it. First there is the heterogenous founding generation which produces the children who are the first to be raised in the commune. It is then their children, the third generation, who have the pure social inheritance of commune life, and it is this generation which has the New Men.

The New Men are those who have reached some kind of personal or interior settlement, restricted though this may be from the standpoint of the current hyper-individualist ideal. They are the people who have also learned the discipline of the primary group: the hard daily tasks of survival and the willingness to do them without questioning; the ability to suppress suspicion and hatred in the interest of the collectivity; the ability to accept defeat philosophically, as the will of God or the will of the Group.

If man is indeed an evolutionary product of predation, who can live in brotherhood only under unusual circumstances, then this is all the more reason to emphasize brotherhood. The communitarian tradition is the small voice in the wilderness of human barbarism; things would probably be a lot worse if it had not been there.

The communitarian tradition is something very human and deep-rooted—not simply the dreamy schemes of a handful of dropouts and children. It is, in fact, very this-worldly, since it points to the important need of Homo sapiens for the group as a source of experience and meaning. The commune is not a heaven on earth; it is the human on earth. Its social life is an especially intense, particularly typical version of the life of the micronetwork society; its government is the government of any small community; its politics are the ingrown strategies of the village or kin group; its socialized "dullness" is the dullness of any dense population unit. These things all have their social costs as well as their identity-forming and culture-deepening qualities, and man's cognitive abilities will always require the payment of these costs.

Men have repeatedly come to feel, however, that the costs of the communal life are less then the costs of masslessness and alienation, and this conviction is once more prevalent and meaningful. Clearly the world cannot be turned into one gigantic commune, but the idea of community, the adaptation of the communal tradition, has real possibilities, as thousands of people are discovering.
A dramatic sports come-back story of 1970 belonged to Washington University's young but feisty football squad, which shook off close, early-season defeats to find itself in contention for a share of first place in its league, the College Athletic Conference.

SHOWDOWN IN THE MUDBOWL

Underdogs most of the fall, Washington University's football team arrived in the sleepy village of Lexington, Virginia, Friday the 13th, to find themselves favored to beat Washington and Lee in the season's finale. But the elements put the teams on more or less even terms by game time the next day. In fact, the game turned out to be the year's most exciting for the Washington University Bears. Fans of amateur football—an increasingly rare breed these days—who saw the game were rewarded with a vastly more interesting contest than a nationally televised game played by another Lexington team the same day elsewhere in Virginia. But they also got a harsh dose of weather away from the tender trappings of televised football.

Fans of amateur football are a strange lot indeed. They prefer huddling together in sparsely populated stands, where no vendors sing and where some people even read books during half-time. That isn't to say they don't take their teams seriously—just not too seriously.

The Bears were expected to have little trouble with the Washington and Lee Generals and a victory would make the Bears co-champions of the College Athletic Conference. It would also mean the first winning season for the Bears since 1967.

To get back to Friday, November 13, the Bears checked in at the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Lexington. They were to practice that afternoon in preparation for the big game at 2 p.m. the next day. Despite the date, the weather was clear and autumn resplendent in the sunny hillsides. That was lucky, or so it seemed. The clearer the weather, the better the Bears' chance for victory. Their offense was keyed to a running game with light, speedy backs who had had great success galloping wide and far in their four recent victories to salvage what had started out to be a disappointing season. Early in the season, the Bears' offense had been dormant. The important factor on November 13 was that the Bears, mostly freshmen and sophomores, now had the pride and confidence that comes with developing a variety of talent.

The team's spirits were so high they brightened the dingy, crowded hotel lobby. The players waited patiently under a sombre portrait of Robert E. Lee for their room keys. After an hour or so of toting equipment bags up the hotel's single elevator, the Bears dressed and climbed back aboard their buses for the ride to the Generals' stadium, Wilson Field.

From outside, the stadium, with its bordering green hills, looked inviting enough. Once inside, however, a jolt of reality flew up in the Bears' faces: the field was soaking wet. Head coach Dick Martin and a few others inspected the field carefully. The consensus was that even an unreasonably warm sun the next morning would dry only part of the soggy turf. One had to reduce the Bears' odds as favorites by a good fraction. Understandably, the Bears' warm-up on the practice field adjoining the regular playing surface got off to a shaky start. But the coaches and team leaders settled them down and plays were run off with reasonable precision. It didn't do much for morale, though, to see those speedy backs stepping gingerly around the wet spots.

After practice, the Bears returned to the hotel, showered, got back on the buses, and went to the Washington and Lee cafeteria for dinner. Most of the team went to bed early, except for a few who had to get out their books in preparation for tests the next week. Many players had studied on the way to Lexington; in fact, throughout the season studies often pre-empted practice for some players. At Washington University, no allowances are made for athletes, academically; that's just part of the definition of de-emphasized football, as it is at Washington and Lee and other schools in the College Athletic Conference. Another part of "de-emphasis," to put it bluntly, is that the players don't get paid for playing—no scholarships, no spending allowances. They first have to make it academically, and really have to like to play to add the many practices to an already rough schedule.

When Saturday morning arrived, it was obvious that the Bears were going to have to want to play. It was completely overcast and threatening. If that wasn't enough to dampen spirits, one could simply read the advance story on the Bears-Generals game in the Lexington News-Ga-
On the day of their big game with Washington and Lee in Lexington, Va., the Bears were greeted by rain and mud. Two players carry equipment to the locker rooms.
It had been a miserable afternoon—rain, wind and bitter cold. When things looked the worst for Washington and Lee fans, they had a stroke of incredible luck. At far right, time had run out and the Bears congratulated each other in the middle of the Mud Bowl, only to find that the officials called a penalty against them, giving the home team one more chance for victory.

zette: “The Generals feature a pair of offensive stars who rank high among the nation’s college players: sophomore quarterback Steve Fluharty and senior end Steve Mahaffey. In the latest national statistics, Fluharty ranks ninth in the country with 112 completions for 1,278 yards. . . . Mahaffey is the nation’s number three receiver with 64 receptions. . . .” On a wet field, this aerial Irish mafia was quite capable of flying over the Bears for an upset.

On Friday, the word rain had been taboo in conversations, but now the players were discussing the subject openly. A defensive end put it succinctly while waiting at the hotel’s shoe shine stand. “Their passing attack will have the advantage over our basic running team. Although it’s slippery, the pass receiver knows just where he’s going, but the defender has to react quickly and will often fall down on a wet field.” Waiting for the 12:30 p.m. departure time for the trip to Wilson Field seemed interminable. Defensive players made good use of their time, going over the Generals’ offensive patterns with Coach Leo Kelly, who also had scouted the field earlier to map out the various mud hole concentrations. At long last, it was time to board the buses.

At the stadium, the players dressed in locker room facilities under the stands, where it was much dingier than the hotel and ten times as damp. They held brief workouts on the field and returned to the lockers shortly before the 2 p.m. starting time. No one said much. One player pensively tapped out a rhythm from Carmen with his cleats. Finally, Coach Martín entered the room, called the team together, and said, “This is what we’ve been dreaming of for a long time—a winning season and a piece of the championship. They’re not going to give it to us. Are we going to take it?” The players came alive with a resounding “Yes!” and went on to the field. No lengthy fire and brimstone talks for these students.

On the field, the light drizzle had produced a thoroughly slippery turf. Decidedly, it was the Generals’ type of field. They had won both games that they had played in the rain. On the other hand, the Bears were held scoreless in their one water-logged game, and lost, 3-0. All season the Bears’ defense had been outstanding, allowing only about ten points a game. The Generals seemed a cinch to score at least that much. The question was: Could the Bears’ offense beat the odds against their putting more than a solitary touchdown on the scoreboard? The loyal Washington and Lee fans seemingly had sensed that their school had a good chance for an upset. Despite the rain and gusty wind, several hundred turned out with an array of umbrellas, which made the crowd look much larger than it actually was. It took a completely devoted fan of amateur football to brave the elements in that bitterly rainswept stadium.

The Generals received and immediately moved the ball just inside the Bears’ 50-yard line; but end Rick Friel, one of the few juniors with the Bears, stopped them short of the first down. It was a critical play, signaling that the defense would perform as expected. In the Bears’ first series, one of the speedy backs, Marvin Crider, skimmed over the soggy ground all the way to the Generals’ 15-yard line. The attack was stalled, however, and kicker Russ Suda, a freshman, gave the ball his soccer style slap, 25 yards from the goal posts. The ball was just wide. That hurt; was all the luck to be on the Generals’ side? Ignoring the bad break, the Bears held the Generals two more times.

As the quarter ended, the Bears found themselves on the Generals’ 30-yard line, thanks largely to the running of sophomore Crider. Then the Bears’ premier end, Kerry Drulis, came through with his specialty—diving parallel to the ground on the 18-yard line to snare a pass from quarterback Jeff Daube. Moments later, Crider plunged for a first down on the five. Then, on fourth and two, Daube gave Crider the ball again. He swept around left end, but the slippery ball fell to the ground and bounced—but right back into his arms. He scooped it up smoothly and ran into the end zone as if he’d planned it that way all along. That was a break the Bears could not have afforded to miss. Suda kicked the extra point.

Then, the rain came down hard, but Fluharty’s passing improved with it. He passed adroitly to the Bears’ one-yard line, from where a Washington and Lee back plunged over to score. The extra point was good and the game was tied. Penalties stymied the Bears’ offense for the rest of the quarter, but their stout defense managed to contain Fluharty. By half-time the field was a muddy swamp, and the Bears trooped off to the lockers feeling heavy with mud and with the thought that a tie just wasn’t enough. Southwestern University had finished its season with a victory on the previous Saturday, and only
by defeating the mud-loving Generals could the Bears tie Southwestern for the championship.

Again, quiet prevailed in the locker room. Coaches and players went over variations of the Washington and Lee formations. Trainer Bruce Melin went about taping sore limbs deftly and silently. Mud was all over the place. Everyone had worked so hard to make a comeback, and now the miserable rain could wash everything down the drain. When it was time to return to the mud bath, Coach Martin said simply, "Look, it's our last half of football this season. Let's go to work."

And go to work they did. Despite a harder rain and bitingly cold wind, the offense threatened to score immediately. But luck seemed to be securely on the other side. The Bears fumbled the ball over to the Generals, who then promptly moved into the Bears' territory. With a third and two, six-foot-seven sophomore pre-medical student Shelby Jordan stopped the plunge short of a first down. Another critical defensive play; but the Generals kept the Bears bottled up by punting the ball out on their 15-yard line.

With Crider leading the attack again, the Bears recouped and moved across midfield. Drusis gathered in a pass on the 20, then Daube kept the ball on the next play and ran to the 12. But on the next play, the Generals recovered a Joe Madison fumble. Were the Bears going to have Friday the 13th, one day late? The defense refused to give up in the face of misfortune, however, yielded one first-down stiffened, and forced a punt. Daube quickly completed passes to Jim Palermo, then to Crider on the Generals' 30-yard line.

The Generals held, but this time on fourth down, Suda kicked a 41-yard field goal to put the Bears ahead. Fluharty resumed his aerial attack, but senior Craig Clark picked off a pass and plowed through the mud to the Generals' 24. On the first play after this bright defensive coup, Madison immediately atoned for his fumble by running through the middle of the line in ankle-deep water for a touchdown. Suda's kick was good and the Bears seemed home free, leading 17-7. At that point, the loyal Washington and Lee fans looked especially miserable and wet.

But again luck was to shift the other way. Fluharty kept threading passes through the hard-pressed Bears' defense and finally made a perfect lob for an 18-yard touchdown with about three minutes left in the game. The Washington and Lee fans forgot their misery for a moment and prayed for one last chance. The Bears were able to keep the ball more than half of the remaining time. But it was destined that the flying Irishman, Fluharty, would have his chance to pull the game out of the mud. The Bears ran out of downs and had to punt. Fluharty moved the ball to midfield, but the Bears' defense bottled up his receivers. Only seven seconds left, and Fluharty could not find a distant receiver open. Time ran out! The Bears on the sidelines joyfully sloshed out on the field to embrace the heroic, mud-lathered defense. But the officials called for the ball. The Bears had lined up offside, they said, on the last play. Fluharty would have another chance to throw the ball.

In disbelief and dismay, the Bear defense stoically lined up again. The stage was set for a water-logged defensive team to let down just enough to permit Fluharty the one opening he needed. But they didn't. His pass was incomplete. There was no joy in Mudville as the Generals and their fans exited with bowed, drenched heads. The players were so thoroughly covered with mud, the only way to identify a Bear was by his big grin. Carrying pounds of mud, no one moved very quickly to the locker room. After Coach Martin congratulated the team, another coach suggested that the players first go into the showers with their suits on to wash off the mud. The players agreed and joyfully carried the coach and everyone else into the showers with them.

Of course, the rain stopped immediately after the game and the Bears were able to walk the short distance from the stadium to the Washington and Lee cafeteria to wait in line at the steam tables for steak dinner. This means to a pampered over-thirty type that the steaks are so well done they might as well be slices of roast cardboard. But to a famished and victorious team, they were filet mignons—except to one sophomore who looked at his piece of steak incredulously. He preferred steaks extremely well done, but his was rare, a miraculous condition for a steam-table steak. "But I'm tough," he said, and ate the steak without another comment. One couldn't help but wonder how the Bears' victory supper contrasted with feasts being held that Saturday night by winning teams in the television league.
By RANDALL L. NICHOLAS, AB 69, MAT 70

THE CYCLIST
RECYCLED

"Thin tires can make wide tracks." 

IMAGINE A GLEAMING LINE of bicyclists rounding the curve of the access road bordering a clover super-express-highway. Pedaling with relative ease, they overtake the hill—zip, zip, zip, they are by, zip. Flecely, they are already riding the road that takes you home, traveling aimlessly on its edges. Stuck fast now in traffic, you catch a final back glimpse of their supple limbs before they disappear in the distance.

Such is the scene sketched by my friend Roundabout. "When I say cyclists are returning to the road because roads are being turned over to the cyclist, it's not just another circular argument. When statistics show that more spectators and participants were involved in the Tour de France last year than in the Grand Prix, it's not just a random coincidence."

Roundabout is a genuine independent for whom cycling and the road have provided an entire life style, an aesthetic of existence, a way out, which the aesthete-athlete himself predicts will soon become way in. Here is a view of life which could supply direction and impetus to all of us in the confusing, paralyzing conditions of present existence. Here is recreation in its fullest sense—re-creation—not tangential to living but applied directly to the circumference of the daily round. Here, finally, are words to be heard by as wide an audience as possible, as quickly as possible, so the "Revolution in Wheels" can be set in motion.

Actually the revolution is already in its first stage, springing from a grass roots or, more properly, pavement movement in many parts of our country. One sees cyclists of a mature age on streets, sidewalks, access roads, and biking paths everywhere, but at the moment, they are localized and disconnected. The revolution needs a spokesman, and I purport to be it; acting, of course, only as the mouthpiece for the modest-by-nature Roundabout, the true spokesman, the revolution's singular genius, its original, but until now unheralded aestheteician.

Roundabout's most striking personal feature is a long, thick, and drooping—what he likes to call "handlebar," mustache, not particularly well trimmed or groomed. Its disarray is accounted for, naturally, by its being wind-blown on frequent bicycle trips, when it serves as an inadvertent dust trap. His manner, upon first acquaintance, is reserved, perhaps even slightly defensive in certain company, but soon he becomes more outgoing, often boastful; in short, returns to his old egocentric self. He enjoys an audience, but only for limited periods. Soon, he will be anxious to retire into self-contemplation and reveries of the road.

Springing full-bodied from our country's great Midwest, Roundabout, by traveling its innumerable routes on the red Schwinn coaster brake he has lived since childhood, learned, in his early, formative years, the ways of the hills and valleys, the curves and straightaways—of the life of the road itself. Regrettably, adolescence and the socialization process eventually caught up with him, and Roundabout forsook his sacred mode of transportation for the fashionable and faster car. Tears come to his eyes when he recalls those deluded days of his youth, his red Schwinn standing forlorn, neglected, and immobile on its kickstand in the garage.

In college, luckily, he became somewhat of a freethinker, and his past pedaling instinct revived. He developed the finer points of navigation by weaving between students on the walks and meandering through the nearby city park on its picturesque complex of roadways. The summer after graduation, he became a "cycle centurian," biking a hundred miles a day. It was on this very tour that, at a high peak of inspiration, he took the freethinking he had developed in college and the freewheeling he had developed since childhood and put them together. What was produced was the Revolution in Wheels, which he prefixes with the words, "Thin tires can make wide tracks."

ROUNDABOUT DEFINES the road as "anywhere humanity goes to get where it's going." He says, "I've seen roads that are so wide it takes a good sprint just to get your cycle across; I've seen roads so narrow, they're barely more than a crease in the grass." On his tour to the "Great Northwest," promoted as the world's largest shopping center, he headed in that direction by whatever roads he found to take him there. (This, by the
way, is what he would call a "modified exploratory," in which the destination is known but the route is not.)

"Early on," he recalls, "I came out on the superexpress-highway—too big for a bicycle; a wasteland of concrete. I rode the median for awhile and then pedaled out around one of the cloverleaves. I was going fine until I came to a perfectly through-looking thoroughfare which turned into a dead end. But humanity had worked its way around it. I followed a little trickle of a path across a footbridge and then curved around behind a school on what was probably the kid’s bike path. Finally, I came out on a paved county road which led, after a few right turns, right up to Sears and Roebuck’s back door. That’s what ‘follow the road’ means: any place you want to go, from any direction, you can count on there being a road to take you there.”

Roundabout’s "road aesthetic," which includes techniques for riding, offers guidelines which any cyclist, novice or veteran, would appreciate.

"For the cyclist," Roundabout begins, "the road is not merely a means, but an end in itself; not just the distance between here and there, but an entity, a being, its own here and there. For automobilists, the fun is to get where they are going; for cyclists, to get where they are going. Although it’s helpful to have a goal, the cyclist takes pride in the ride.

"The road is not static, it is ever-changing, like music. There are passage endings, grand pauses, often even an abrupt halt or time change, beyond which the listener or rider is not sure what to expect. Around the upcoming bend, the road will change in some way now unknown; passing by may be a point of interest which warrants slowing down for a good look; suddenly, a pothole obstruction may appear which one must swerve or brake to avoid. Every bump, undulation, and curve resonates with its own distinctive totality, only to be absorbed into the total harmony of the long haul. For the road, one special musical feature rises above all others, in fact, mothers the others—it’s dynamics: the crescendoes and diminuendoes, or what we will call, simply, 'hills.'"

"The first misconception to do away with about hills is that they somehow stand apart from the road. Absurd, they are the road. You can’t be cycling without cycling a hill. 'Grade' is another possible term for what we mean, and it is helpful at times to refer to 'upgrade' and 'downgrade,' but these abstract what is to the cyclist the most concrete of experiences. The road is an ongoing series of hills which the cyclist continually mounts and descends. Where does one hill end and the next begin? It’s impossible to tell. When do you stop going up and start going down? No answer. When you reach the peak of a hill, you are already on the descent; as you round off the lowest point, you are already on the rise. The bottom is never deeper than when you are on top nor the top higher than when you are at bottom: each end is most powerful at the other.

Yet there is a turning point. To the inexperienced, a hill 'peaks' at the top, but as you ride the road, you discover that it peaks before that point which would be called the top. As you mount a steep hill, you pedal harder to keep up your speed, but soon you can’t pedal that hard and your speed starts to go; when the grade gets a little heavier, you lose your momentum, and only sheer grind keeps you standing up until, limbs quivering, you reach a point where suddenly, magically, it isn’t so hard anymore—you've peaked, you’ve taken the hill, you’re on the way down. But, oddly enough, you’re not yet at the top. You haven’t quite reached that point; you see a slight bulge still ahead of you, then quickly, it’s past. At the peak moment the hill has told you it’s through—not that it can’t get any higher but that it’s preparing now to go down.

"Hills are round or, rather, rounded. They peak not at a pinnacle but where their topping curve begins to realize what it’s curving toward. A hill defeats itself, early, some earlier than others. Some hills are nearly rounded off before they begin. Others are completely, although they are rare: These are known as plateaux. Usually, when a road seems flat, it is either rising a little or falling a little. The declining roads are a dream: you realize after a while that the pedaling is easy, your legs are loose and flexible, you are enjoying the scenery. The road has that magical quality I call 'carry'—you can feel
it actually carrying you along. This can happen even on a 'hilly' road on which, because the road is basically a declining one, it practically carries you over the inclines.

“A cyclist has to work at it to enjoy himself on the road; once you realize what a good road will put out for you as soon as you are willing to put in a little yourself, you will start exerting. No road is Easy Street but, if you apply yourself, any good road can be made easier.

"Every road has its speed—the speed by which it is best travelled; some are best fast, others slow. You can be plodding along a road you think must be an incline, and then, at some point, you start pedaling a little harder and find it is starting to carry you. Or you may be pedaling furiously down a road only to discover that, with a little less work, you could enjoy yourself and be carried almost as fast.

"The secret to a steep incline is in the approach. If it has a good long, undulating, smoothly curving approach, then it’s cinched. If, however, you come up on one that leaves you—‘rears up’—without warning, it could be all over. Giving up on an incline—which means getting off and walking it—is like giving up on life. Once you’ve done that, you’ve said, ‘World, you’re too steep for me,’ and you don’t recover your sense of dignity for a long time."

One may wonder at Roundabout’s sense of “at-oneness” with the road when he rides only a gearless coaster brake. “Gears are just more frosting on the cake,” he proclaims. “Find gears in your rears. The guy who first said, ‘Get your butt in gear’ was no doubt a cyclist. For downgrade or near-level riding, shift down to the end of your saddle into low gear; for upgrades, shift back up into high gear. For very steep inclines, shift into very high gear by standing up off the saddle while pedaling. It’s the subtle moves you make, though, that make the trip.”

What are the dangers of the road? Roundabout’s “top three” are gravel, chickens, and dogs.

On gravel: “Gravel, to the uninitiated, is the most insidious of all road hazards. Traversed by the common cycle tire, gravel will make its own road and go where it wants, taking you with it. Nothing is more unsettling than to find yourself out of control and then with a hand or a knee in the cinders. If your tires have picked up a good supply of tar on a hot day, it takes no more than a second’s exposure to gravel to grind you to a spattering halt, after which hours are consumed in prying the stuff out from between the treads. The best gravel policy is to steer clear, but once in the midst, not to turn or brake suddenly, but to ease to a slow, even stop.”

On chickens: “Chickens are cars—the cars or drivers who, from irrational fears, can’t tolerate the sight of cyclists on the road. He, or more often she, will honk once, twice, even three times—to ‘warn’ you, and sometimes will get practically even with you before the honk—when it startles rather than warns. Worse is when a car is so chicken that it will slow down and stay directly behind you, collecting more and more cars behind. Don’t let chickens drive you into the gravel! Most cycling accidents are caused not by a freak on a bicycle who swerves in front of a car but by a chicken who can’t trust the cyclist to remain stable for a second while he passes him at normal speed.”

On dogs: “Dogs are more likely to disturb than harm, but the cyclist can never trust even the most harmless looking dog not to lunge and sink his teeth into an ankle. The worst kind is not the one who, frenzied by the encroacher on wheels, streaks barking across lawn or field for a parallel chase and assault. The cyclist has plenty of time to pedal up some speed to gain the needed momentum to pull him through. The best policy always is to try to keep the pedal going on the opposite side while lifting the foot on the assault side out of reach. Sometimes the dog is too big, and then it is time to raise both feet up on the handlebars and hope you have built up enough speed. There are some dogs who give no warning: those with a plan who stand silently off the roadside waiting. All you can do is pedal like mad.

“Once I encountered two dogs who worked together. The smaller came in on me from the right as a diversionary tactic and as soon as I had steered away from him, out from the left burst a huge dog—with fangs—going straight for the ankle. I made a quick cut back to the right—luckily behind the first dog—and managed to get
away unscathed. Actually, dog evading can be fun, and I enjoy trying to out-maneuver them."

Becoming introspective, Roundabout will expound on the cyclist’s “inner problems”—sweat and thirst. "The one abets the other,” he says. “As you lose liquid, the desire wells up within you for more. On a hot day, I manage to keep the sweat sealed up inside me for a mile or two, but then it bursts through like nobody’s business.

“After this first effluence, there comes a relieving sense of coolness—the water having carried away much of the heat—followed by a dry-up period lasting for the next five to ten miles. Then, the cycle starts all over again and the streams begin anew.

“Thirst first starts on your lips. Even before you are aware of wanting a drink, you find your lips tending to stick together. After this epoxy stage, your lips become completely dry and crusty but now your mouth is under siege: the entire world becomes oralcentric, the passing landscape turns into desert, the mind turns exclusively to thoughts of popsicles and soft drinks. It is best to ride on, however, until you reach a significant goal or your tour dwindles down to mere soda-hopping.

“To understand cycle thirst, you need to know that water alone can’t do the job: sugar water is what you need for an energy boost. At the first refreshment point, I like the bubbling shock of carbonation as well. A cola is the best beverage on the road, but something light and ultracarbonated is needed first to bomb out the wool-mouth—a lemon-lime will do the trick. Then you can savor the great reviving cola as it courses down your throat. Once all your body cells are soaked with cola, you can count on a big lift, about four to five miles out, which will take you all the way home. There’s no better combination than a Coke and carry—cola revival and a declining road. If you’re on a longer tour, it may be wise to get a second lift. Here, I like something outright fruity without much carbonation—an orange or low-fizz grape will do.”

About winter cycling, he has this to say: “Sure it’s cold, but you can win over it if you cover up and get in condition. Put warm woolies on those hands, an extra layer of socks on those feet, and one of those scary ski masks over your head. If you don’t wear glasses, get a pair of sunglasses to prevent the chill wind from searing your eyeballs. That leaves only your nostrils and mouth still exposed for breathing, which is your only major problem other than snow. Breathing in sub-freezing temperatures at high cycle speeds augments the wind factor, pains membranes, constricts the lungs, and sabotages alveoli. On the first cold day, ride just a little way; on the second, a little more, until breathing frigid air becomes natural. Frankly, I’ve been a fall, spring, and summer cyclist up to now, but I think my advice is sound. If it doesn’t work for me this winter, I’ll let you know.”

“But the biggest problem for all seasons,” Roundabout reasserts in a rousing finale, “is cars. Soon, people will realize that cars and their exhaust fumes and pavement glut are polluting our existence. People will get fed up with sitting, hour after hour, doing nothing, while driving to work or back home. Our supercomplex, amalgamated, polyglot, urban civilization will change back into a loosely knit, simple, localized rural one, where people will need only to ride to work, not drive. All the new legislation being introduced to build recreational bike paths is nonsense; we need no more pavement. The revolution is not a revolt, but a world-wide revolve.”

Roundabout could go on forever, and will go on forever, once the revolution really gets moving. It remains for me only to make one small confession: I am Roundabout. There is no one else who, to this point, has listened to or been inspired by my observations and predictions. But I have no worries now: I am confident in your response. Let me assure you, fellow cyclist, that I foresee the day when the handlebar will replace the driver’s wheel, when the name Schwinn will echo more in the minds of men than Ford, when cyclism will return all civilization to the Golden Age.
Pictures of children in this article are by Al Clayton, a member of the Advisory Committee for Hungry Americans, Southern Regional Council, Atlanta, Ga.
Preliminary findings of the Public Health Service's National Nutrition Survey indicate what several private groups have said for years: Malnutrition in this country is a major problem and is widespread among children. It is difficult for many people to believe that children in an affluent nation are going hungry. Washington University alumnus Dr. Raymond M. Wheeler of Charlotte, N.C., became a believer by examining these children himself throughout the South. Dwayne Walls of the Charlotte Observer wrote, "In a sense, he has looked at the South as part of his medical practice, and that is one reason he has achieved national stature as a diagnostician of its social ills."

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"We saw children who are hungry and children who are sick—children for whom hunger is a daily fact of life, and sickness, in many forms, an inevitability. We do not want to quibble over words, but 'malnutrition' is not quite what we found; the boys and girls we saw were hungry—weak, in pain, sick; their lives are being shortened; they are, in fact, visibly and predictably losing their health, their energy, their spirits. They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them—which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

So testified Dr. Raymond M. Wheeler, a Washington University Medical School graduate, and five other physicians. They were not reporting conditions in one of the nations that Americans commonly refer to as underdeveloped. Their testimony, given in 1967 to members of the United States Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty was about American children. Dr. Wheeler, a private physician from Charlotte, North Carolina, had just completed a tour of six Mississippi counties with a Field Foundation medical team to document the nutritional and health status of impoverished children. Although a soft-spoken and unassuming man, Dr. Wheeler suggested at the conclusion of the clinical testimony that by not recognizing the plight of the children Mississippi political leaders were in effect forcing poor families to leave the state. Dr. Wheeler was accused of libel and slander by the politicians.

At that point, the hearing adjourned and Senator Joseph Clark, the Subcommittee chairman, told Dr. Wheeler that he would be given a few minutes to rebut when the hearing resumed. That afternoon, the audience in the Senate Office Building Auditorium became silent as Dr. Wheeler replied to the politicians' charges.

"Throughout these years my heart has wept for the South as I have watched the southern Negro and the southern white walk their separate ways, distrusting each other, separated by false and ridiculous barriers, doomed to a way of life tragically less than they deserve, when by working together, they could achieve a society finer and more successful than any which exists today in this country.

"Throughout all that dreadful pageant of ignorance and suspicion and mutual distrust, the most distressing figure of all has been the southern political leader who has exploited our human weaknesses for his own personal and selfish gains, refusing to grant us the dignity and capability of responding to courageous and noble leadership when all of us had nothing to lose but the misery and the desolation which surrounds all our lives.

"The time has come when this must cease, for we are now concerned with little children whose one chance for a healthy, productive existence is at stake."

He then invited the politicians to visit the Mississippi Delta with him. "I will show them the children of whom we have spoken. I will show them their bright eyes and innocent faces, their shriveled arms and swollen bellies, their sickness and pain, and the misery of their parents. Their story must be believed not only for their sakes, but for the sake of all America."

After the statement, Senator Clark broke the silence and asked in an emotion-filled voice, whether there were any questions. There were no questions.
Such eloquence, however, and subsequent and more extensive documentation of hunger, plus continued efforts by a few Congressmen have yielded only token help to the Americans for whom the doctors spoke. In Dr. Wheeler's opinion the problem is that not enough of the country's leaders can bring themselves to believe that people in affluent America live in such incredible poverty. Dr. Wheeler feels, though, that there are some signs of hope.

In May, 1969, President Nixon asked Congress for one billion dollars to reform the nation's food stamp programs, although the request was thought much too low by Dr. Wheeler and others. Perhaps more significantly, Dr. Wheeler pointed out, President Nixon said in making this request: "That hunger and malnutrition should persist in a land such as ours is embarrassing and intolerable. More is at stake here than the health and well-being of sixteen million American citizens who will be aided by these programs. Something like the very honor of American democracy is involved."

Journalist Nathan Kotz, in his recent book on the politics of hunger in America, Let Them Eat Promises, noted: "A significant turning point in the politics of hunger was reached when an American president publicly acknowledged that millions of poor Americans suffer from inadequate nutrition, and vowed to do something about it."

Dr. Wheeler estimates the number of Americans living at or below the poverty line—a $3600 annual income for a family of four—is twenty-five million. The U.S. government has based this figure on the premise that a family of four must spend three times an assumed minimum yearly food cost of $1200 to meet its basic needs.

"Yet, according to the U.S. Senate's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, five million Americans live in families whose total income is only $1200. Another nine million people live in families whose annual incomes are less than twice the cost of the yearly economy diet—or less than $2400 a year for a family of four," Dr. Wheeler said.

"Unless these fourteen million people are receiving food assistance they are certain to suffer from hunger and malnutrition; but the evidence is that only about 15 per cent of them get any significant food assistance from government programs."

The remaining eleven million Americans who subsist near the poverty line income are not as certain to be suffering from malnutrition, but probably do suffer from periods of nutritional deficiency, Dr. Wheeler added.

What ultimately happens to poorly nourished children? The Citizens' Board of Inquiry on which Dr. Wheeler served reported that these children are sick frequently and sick for longer periods of time than properly fed children. In the three hundred United States counties where hunger is most critical, the infant mortality rate is more than twice the national average. Moreover, Dr. Wheeler points out, the malnourished child who survives is far less apt to live a productive life.

"Evidence is mounting that malnutrition damages the brain as well as the body," he said. "The brain reaches 90 per cent of its full growth before age four, and if the child's diet is deficient during this period, his brain will not develop properly. Even if the child's brain isn't physically damaged, there may be severe psychological damage. A child psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard University, has done studies showing that if a child doesn't get fed when he is hungry, if his pain is not alleviated when he is sick, he develops a basic fear and distrust of adults which is very hard to change in later life."

How should the nation act to help these children? In Dr. Wheeler's mind, their condition represents a national emergency and should be declared so by the President. Second, the basic food program should be a free food stamp program for which "eligibility would be keyed to income, dependents, and medical expenses, and would require no more than a simple declaration of these factors." Dr. Wheeler said. (In the South, for example, a mother with three children in 1967 paid $34 of a $70 a month income for $64 worth of food stamps, leaving $36 for rent, utilities, clothing, medicine, and all oth-
Dr. Raymond M. Wheeler of Charlotte, N.C., who is president of the prestigious human rights organization, the Southern Regional Council. He holds an M.D. from Washington University.
er expenses,* Dr. Wheeler further recommends that every child enrolled in public, private, or parochial school or kindergarten be provided an adequate lunch.

These are high hopes in a country where hunger hasn’t become a national issue. Only a small minority of Americans have been moved to action. Why?

“It is easier to ignore the fact that people on welfare are not able-bodied men who are too lazy to work, but rather unmarried or deserted mothers with dependent children—plus the blind, elderly, and physically disabled. We ignore or don’t know that 90 per cent of our poor who are able to work and who can get jobs are working daily and supporting themselves as best they can,” Dr. Wheeler said.

“Although most of our people are working hard, there is not enough money. One-third of our families in North Carolina have less than a minimum standard of living. They remain poor because of circumstances of race, lack of education or skills, low wages, high prices, and large families. They work hard, but they stay poor, and many of their children are hungry.”

Dr. Wheeler saw the cruel effects of poverty early in life in rural North Carolina, where he was raised in the small village of Farmville. There have been many examples imprinted in Dr. Wheeler’s mind over the years. One tragedy had a lasting impact.

“We lived across the street from a school house where a black man, Jim Thigpen, was janitor. When I was a small boy he was very kind to me and we would go on long bike rides together. He was a very wise man and had a sense of dignity and personal worth that few people have. I learned a great deal about life and about black people from him. I went away on a visit and returned to Farmville to find that my friend had died of pneumonia. He had died at his home with no medical care at all. I could never forget that.”

After graduating from Washington University in 1944, Dr. Wheeler served as a surgeon for a tank battalion in Patton’s Third Army. He received a silver star for rescuing two wounded soldiers. After the war, he began his medical practice in Charlotte, where today he and eight other physicians operate the Charlotte Medical Clinic. He is one of the region’s most respected internists. Last year he was cited by the University of North Carolina for contributions to graduate education while chairman of medicine at Charlotte Memorial Hospital. From the time Dr. Wheeler moved to Charlotte in 1948, he has been a leader in multi-racial human relations groups. He served as president of the North Carolina Council on Human Relations and last year was elected president of the Southern Regional Council, an eleven-state organization active in a variety of projects including voter registration, urban planning, education, and research.

A former staff director of the Council who joined the Field Foundation asked Dr. Wheeler in 1967 to help examine children in Foundation-financed Head Start Programs in the Mississippi Delta.

“I certainly didn’t dream that we would find the conditions we did in those Mississippi counties. There were literally thousands of children living in abject poverty. This was because their parents were considered ‘no longer useful’ in a mechanized farm industry and nothing was being done to help them. When we reported to the Foundation, we said that food had to be the immediate concern. The report was shown to Senators Clark and Robert Kennedy, who had been to the Delta themselves and knew we were telling the truth. They invited us to make a formal presentation to the Subcommittee on Employment, Management, and Poverty.

The report was the first made to Congress by an independent group of physicians and received extensive coverage by the press. It inspired a CBS documentary in which Dr. Wheeler participated. The film evoked a great sympathetic response the evening it was televised, and calls flooded the CBS switchboard. Extra operators were hired to handle the inquiries. Nearly all the questions were, “What can I do?” “Unfortunately, the extent

"They have not given up the hope that we, who can help, will someday raise our voices and say that there are some things in our country which are intolerable, that these things can be changed."
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of hunger is so great there is little an individual can do. He can urge action by his Congressmen, but this pressure hasn't been enough. Congress just hasn't been responsive and we haven't had sufficient leadership to marshal widespread sentiment,” Dr. Wheeler said.

“Despite the lack of leadership, some progress has been made. The price of food stamps has been reduced and food assistance programs have been established in most of the severely depressed counties—whether local officials wanted them or not. And the President has introduced his historical proposal for a minimum guaranteed income. Tragically, however, the minimum income plan and the McGovern-Javits Bill, which is beautifully designed to ensure that the five million poorest of the poor get adequate food, both died in the Ninety-first Congress. The battle for these provisions will have to be fought anew in the next Congress.”

“Action at the local level is extremely unlikely. In the most depressed areas, the need is tremendous, and local governments are very hard-pressed to raise taxes for anything,” Dr. Wheeler continued. Dr. Wheeler’s own organization, the Southern Regional Council, does distribute financial contributions to private agencies who are aiding the poor in both rural and urban areas. He emphasizes that while these agencies are giving valuable help, they are severely limited in funds and personnel and can reach only a very small fraction of the hungry and sick families.

“But I am optimistic that we are going to get the national leadership we need to solve our problems. At the regional levels throughout the country, people are beginning to have confidence that their organizations will touch and inspire such leadership. These groups include organizations of the poor themselves, blacks and whites, American Indians, and Mexican-Americans. All offer a tremendous reservoir of power.”

As for Dr. Wheeler, he refuses to relax in his efforts on behalf of the hungry, despite the limited progress since the 1967 hearing before Senator Clark’s subcommittee. In addition to various projects such as those of the Southern Regional Council, he testified last July before the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor after visits to several migrant camps in Florida and Texas. The plight of the migrant worker is different from that of the poor in the Mississippi Delta or the urban slum. This worker has a key role in the economic system he supports. He is indispensable for the raising, harvesting, and marketing of crops. Yet, what Dr. Wheeler reported about hunger and disease among migrant families was as tragic as his earlier reports.

“We stopped and examined children at random, and almost every child had some preventable physical defect. We saw tiny youngsters drinking rice water out of bottles because their mothers had no milk to give them. Chronic skin infections, both fungal and bacterial, were practically a ‘normal’ finding. Rickets is supposed to be a rather rare disease these days, but we saw one child after another with deformed ribs and legs and thickened wrists, which are the classical landmarks of the disease. One youngster, standing apathetically near a group of playing children, had all the stigmata of advanced protein deficiency—sparse, thin, reddish hair, thin drawn face, protuberant abdomen, and thin, wasted extremities.”

“Their dietary histories were all the same—beans, rice, tortillas, and little else. The younger children, especially, were undernourished, thin, anemic, and apathetic. The muscles of their arms were the size of lead pencils—a sign of gross protein malnutrition.

WE STEPPED into one single-room dwelling unit where lived parents and six children. Amazingly, it was spotless in spite of the fact that the nearest source of water was a block away. On the bed lay a three-month-old infant who weighed less than the average newborn. It was emaciated, restless, wailing, and occasionally pulling at a bottle which we soon discovered contained sour milk. There was no refrigerator in which to keep formula. The child had been ill for weeks, according to its mother, but at its last visit to the clinic, a day or two earlier, no medication had been prescribed. A very quick examination disclosed pus pouring from its right ear. We made arrangements for the child to have penicillin and individually packaged feedings of formula which the mother could not afford.

“You and only you can change all this. How is it possible to justify the endless words and the devious political maneuvers which have delayed and withheld meaningful aid to children who don’t have enough to eat, children whose parents have no jobs and no money for food or medical care.

“We came away from Florida and Texas with tremendous admiration for the leaders of the people we met. These men, often at great risk, were working to give their people hope and leadership which would dispel their apathy and despair. In many respects these people were stronger than most of us. They endure what seemed to me to be the mendingable, with a patience, humor, and understanding that is remarkable in view of the misery which surrounds them and the powerlessness they experience. They have not given up the hope that we, who can help, will someday raise our voices and say that there are some things in our country which are intolerable, that these things can be changed, and must be changed. Our time is running out.”
This fall, Washington University joined the city of St. Louis in mourning the death of Raymond R. Tucker, one of the most distinguished mayors in St. Louis history. But to the University, his death represented not just the loss of an outstanding civic leader but also of an esteemed alumnus, a distinguished teacher, and a long and loyal friend.

Ray Tucker received a mechanical engineering degree from the University in 1920 and joined that department the same year as an instructor. He had risen to the rank of associate professor when he decided to leave the University to serve the city. For seven years, he served with distinction in a variety of administrative posts, winning national acclaim in his role as smoke commissioner. It was Ray Tucker who led the fight against the city’s smoke pollution that was one of the worst in the nation when he took office. Under his leadership, St. Louis became the first city in the country to solve its smoke problem.

In 1941, he returned to the University to head the department of mechanical engineering, but he maintained an active interest in civic affairs. In 1953, he was elected to the first of his three terms as mayor. Under his mayoralty, St. Louis experienced a renaissance: vast stretches of the city were rebuilt, new industry was attracted, great strides were made in public housing, civil rights, and urban redevelopment. And Ray Tucker won a national reputation as a dedicated public official of great energy, foresight, and scrupulous integrity.

After twelve years as mayor, he returned to Washington University as Professor of Urban Affairs and Lecturer in Political Science, bringing with him his vast experience in all areas of public administration and his natural talents as a warm, understanding, and perceptive teacher. Raymond Tucker strived for excellence and integrity in everything he did—and he achieved it.