The rare book collection of the Washington University Medical School library has grown significantly with the past two years, principally through two gifts of extensive private collections. The 700-volume C.I.D./Max A. Goldstein, M.D., Collection in Speech and Hearing was formally presented last fall by Central Institute for the Deaf. The Bernard Becker, M.D., Collection in Ophthalmology and Diseases of the Eye (given by Dr. Becker, head of the School's Department of Ophthalmology) consists of about 300 volumes. The illustration is from *Dioptriae et Meteorae* by Descartes, printed in 1677.
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POETIC CELEBRATION

On a drizzly spring morning, a capacity audience assembled in Graham Chapel to celebrate the man whose Collected Poems had just won both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award. The University’s Wednesday Assembly Series is often host to such eminent speakers; this time, however, the speaker was especially well-known to many members of his audience. They had come to hear Howard Nemerov, their teacher and friend.

In introducing his colleague, Provost Merle Kling enumerated Professor Nemerov’s many professional honors (a Guggenheim, a Theodore Roethke Memorial Award, a fellowship from the Academy of American Poets), then offered a more personal profile:

“So much for public facts; consider less public qualities.

THANK YOU very much. I seem to have got myself overrated at last. A happy condition you ambition for most of your life, then you realize you were very comfortable feeling soundly underrated. I’ll soon return to that. With my melancholy nature, I’m already reciting to myself some lines of Robert Frost, where he says—in fact, you can hear his voice in it—

No memory of having starred
Atones for later disregard
Or keeps the end from being hard.

I’m even careful when I walk under ladders.

In homage to the nature of the place, I’ll make one remark about God. The remark is not original with me. It’s one of my son’s (Alexander), when he was five. (He got improbably called Zander; I hadn’t anticipated that at all.) It has one hard word in it, by the way: theodicy, a coinage by Leibnitz in the seventeenth century—i.e., a made-up word from the Greek, meaning God’s justice. “Zander on God”:

It may not cover all theodicy
Or make him popular among the seraphim,
But “If God were true,” my Zander said to me,
“he wouldn’t make people not believe in Him.”

I was trying to think what might be appropriate to the season and the University. I wanted to do something about the spring, this marvelous weather when the whole great engine is firing up its boilers and lighting up all over the board, tree after tree, and it’s all happening again and there’s nothing you can do about it. You can like it or lump it, but it does itself, which is a remarkable thing.
I’m going to quote two stanzas first from a favorite poet, George Herbert, a seventeenth-century preacher. (In the seventeenth century, poets tended to be parsons, just as they tend to be teachers now.) It’s a poem called “The Flower.” When I was in a very dry, sterile time for a long time (one of those times when I can’t write for beans, when I have no talent, no ability), I was so struck by this poem—that he’d been going through the same thing. And the two stanzas are so beautiful:

Who would have thought my shriveled heart
Could have recover’d greenesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

Just think how a silly cliche like “dead to the world” suddenly can come alive when it is seen as absolutely literal again. And there’s the other stanza:

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

Looking for poems about the spring, I realized what an autumnal poet I am—not necessarily a bad thing; the death of the year is also the harvest. But here is another one about spring. This is a long poem called “Runes”—you can hear “ruins” in it, but “runes” is a secret writing. I’m not going to read all of it, but two parts are appropriate to the season. This is up in the mountains, or at least the high hills, by a trout stream just as the ice is breaking up

White water, white water, feather of a form
Between the stones, is the race run to stay
Or pass away? Your utterance is riddled,
Rainbowed and clear and cold, tasting of stone,
Its brilliance blinds me. But still I have seen,
White water, at the breaking of the ice,
When the high places render up the new
Children of water and their tumbling light
Laughter runs down the hills, and the small fist
Of the seed unclenches in the day’s daze,
How happiness is helpless before your fall,
White water, and history is no more than
The shadows thrown by clouds on mountainsides.

A distant chill, when all is brought to pass
By rain and birth and rising of the dead.

The poem goes through the cycle of the seasons from autumn to spring. And the last part, which brings us round to April:

To watch water, to watch running water
Is to know a secret, seeing the twisted rope
Of runnels on the hillside, the small freshets
Leaping and limping down the tilted field
In April’s light, the green, grave and opaque
Swirl in the millpond where the current slides
To be combed and carded silver at the fall;
It is a secret. Or it is not to know
The secret, but to have it in your keeping,
A locked box, Bluebeard’s room, the deathless thing
Which it is death to open. Knowing the secret,
Keeping the secret—herringbones of light
Ebbing on lonely beaches, the huge artillery
Of tides—it is not knowing, it is not keeping,
But being the secret hidden from yourself.

So much for spring. I’ve done my duty to spring now. Let’s see. I’ll just interject one of these things called “Gnomes,” which everyone tells me I do too many of anyhow. This is called “A Modern Poet.” I was walking in Cambridge with the novelist Bernard Malamud once. He said, “You know, there isn’t a Hawthorne Street; there isn’t a Melville Street.” (We were walking on Hawthorn Street, but the spelling indicated it was named after the flowering shrub, not the writer.) I could see what he was driving at, and I said, “Would you really like to look down from the bar of heaven and hear the announcer say, ‘Traffic is very heavy on the Malamud Superhighway tonight’? Well, with that much background, the poem makes its own point. It’s called “A Modern Poet”:

Crossing at rush hour the Walt Whitman Bridge,
He stopped at the Walt Whitman Shopping Center
And bought a paperback copy of Leaves of Grass.
Fame is the spur, he figured; given a Ford Foundation Fellowship, he'd buy a Ford.

I thought a thematic series of verses might be appropriate at a university. They're poems first about writing and then moving over into the idea of thought itself, and that strange, through-going reflexive and reflective relation that language makes possible in that little black box in our heads that neurophysiologists know more and more about, but nobody knows anything about all the same. It's sucking up blood and oxygen at a rate far disproportionate to any organ in your body or any other living thing, and it goes on doing its thing. Poetry doesn't usually get associated with thought; everybody knows that we poets don't think. But we say things, and all that we think are thoughts originate as little different-shaped puffs of breath. So I thought first a little bit about writing, first about the miracle of all these squiggles that transmit information from one person to another—usually misinformation and usually misunderstood, but that it should happen at all is pretty fantastic. As I was telling students the other day, poetry exists because we cannot, thank God, see directly into each other's minds, which would make life impossible. This is about writing, all this business with the bones of the wrist and ink streaming out on the white paper: "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's 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.

That reminds me of a different way of putting the same thought. It's called "Make Big Money at Home! Write Poems in Spare Time!" I'm sure I've seen it as an ad in a magazine—a little squib, you know. I never pursued the matter. "Make Big Money at Home! Write Poems in Spare Time!":

Oliver wanted to write about reality. He sat before a wooden table, he poised his wooden pencil above his pad of wooden paper, and attempted to think about agony and history, and the meaning of history, and all stuff like that there.

Suddenly this wooden thought got in his head: A Tree. That's all, no more than that, just one tree, not even a note as to whether it was deciduous or evergreen, or even where it stood. Still, because it came unbidden, it was inspiration, and had to be dealt with.

Oliver hoped that this particular tree would turn out to be fashionable, the axle of the universe, maybe, or some other mythologically respectable tree-contraption. With dryads, or having to do with the knowledge of Good and Evil, and the Fall.

"A Tree," he wrote down with his wooden pencil upon his pad of wooden paper supported by the wooden table and while he sat there waiting for what would come next to come next the whole wooden house began to become silent, particularly silent, sinisterly so.

Maybe all these are poems on the same thought, the utterly fascinating theme of how the outside gets into the inside and the inside goes out and affects the outside. And so, in this sense, making a television set is
just as poetical as writing poems; it's just as miraculous. Imagine, we start with this absurd confidence that if you say to the natural, unprophesying world, "A, B, C, one, two, three," and so on, suddenly all around you codes of law, epic poems, women's cosmetics, aircraft, TV sets—paper clips, even—arise, just because you have A, B, C, and so forth—the original random series. This is a poem about one such instance. It's in part a poem about writing the poem that it came out to be, because, as so often happens in my work, it takes off from a perfectly plain literal situation and it gives you the literal situation first, and then tries to do some little fancy things with it. So it's called "Brainstorm," and it's about sitting inside trying to write while there's a storm going on, arising and taking its course.

The house was shaken by a rising wind
That rattled window and door. He sat alone
In an upstairs room and heard these things: a blind
Ran up with a bang, a door slammed, a groan
Came from some hidden joist, and a leaky tap
At any silence of the wind walked like
A blind man through the house. Timber and sap
Revolt, he thought, from washer, baulk and spike.
Bent to his book, continued unafraid
Until the crows came down from their loud flight
To walk along the rooftop overhead.
Their horny feet, so near but out of sight,
Scratched on the slate; when they were blown away
He heard their wings beat till they came again,
While the wind rose, and the house seemed to sway,
And window panes began to blind with rain.
The house was talking, not to him, he thought,
But to the crows; the crows were talking back
In their black voices. The secret might be out:
Houses are only trees stretched on the rack.

And once the crows knew, all nature would know.
Fur, leaf and feather would invade the form,
Nail rust with rain and shingle warp with snow,
Vine tear the wall, till any straw-borne storm
Could rip both roof and rooffree off and show
Naked to nature what they had kept warm.

He came to feel the crows walk on his head
As if he were the house, their crooked feet
Scratched, through the hair, his scalp. He might
Be dead, it seemed, and all the noises underneath
Be but the cooling of the sinews, veins,
Juices, and sodden sacks suddenly let go;
While in his ruins of wiring, his burst mains,
The rainy wind had been set free to blow
Until the green uprising and mob rule

That ran the world had taken over him,
Split him like seed, and set him in the school
Where any crutch can learn to be a limb.

Inside his head he heard the stormy crows.

All righty. Here's an easy poem about thought. I think it's easy, anyhow. It's based on jigsaw puzzles, of which I said to a neurophysiologist, "Have you thought of the metaphor of the jigsaw puzzle for the way in which ..." And she said, "Yes. Many years ago." So much for one of my great discoveries. But you're always in this business discovering what people knew all the time anyhow. You're just at best maybe removing some of the junk from on top of it. Once I had decided it was to be about a jigsaw puzzle, I could make the puzzle itself as literal or as significant as I chose. It's nice to have that liberty once in a while. So I decided it was going to be about the Pyramids and the Great Sphinx of Giza. "The Puzzle," which I've dedicated to that great genial generalist, Lewis Mumford:

Two children bow their heads
Over the ruins of what is yet to be:
Sun, sky, and sand, the Pyramids, the Sphinx.

Under their fingers, under their eyes,
Before their minds, enclaves of order
Begin to appear amid the heaped debris

As they go steadily sorting and rejecting,
Turning about and matching, finding the fit
By image, color, shape, or all at once,

Rebuilding the continuum from its bits,
Until the Sphinx's head falls into place
Completing the vision of a ruined world

Divided in the crackling glaze of forms,
The seams and fissures of a kind of brain
Thinking what properties must go together

To make, accordant with mosaic law,
The real world match the mindful one, to which
The children bow their heads.

Well, that's one metaphor for thought. While I'm at it, we'll try to find two or three more. "Knowledge":

Not living for each other's sake,
Mind and world will rarely rime;
The raindrops aiming at the lake
Are right on target every time.

And this is called "Analogue," the whole secret of poetry. It was suggested by an experience we all have had. You go down a corridor in an office building or a university and
everywhere, on all sides, there is a little clicking sound as if cockroaches had gotten into the kitchen cabinet. You know it's typewriters—or tripewriters, as I prefer to call them—because if you are a poet you have what (I think it was) Nabokov called Poet's Disease (or I called it that, in a review of one of his stories when it came up), and you think that everything in the universe is saying something mean and bad about you. It occurs to you that the typewriter noises, when you can't see the letters, are a perfect, uncrackable code; they might say anything and it would just be a series of clicks. And maybe nature is like that in this following respect.

You read the clicking keys as gibberish. Although they strike out sentences to sense.
So in the fluttering leaves, the shoaling fish,
The continuum nondenumerable and dense,
Dame Kind keeps rattling off her evidence.

This one is much harder. It's called "Idea." It's a very abstract poem.

_Idea blazes in darkness, a lonely star._
The witching hour is not twelve, but one.
_Pure thought, in principle, some say, is near_ Madness, but the independent mind burns on,

_Breathing and burning, abstract as the air._
Supposing all this were a game of chess.
_One learned to do without the pieces first._
And then the board; and finally, I guess, _Without the game. The lightship gone adrift_,
_Endangering others with its own distress._

_O holy light! All other stars are gone,_
The shapeless constellations sag and fall_ Till navigation fails, though ships go on
This merry, mad adventure as before
_Their single-minded masters meant to drown._

We just have time for one more, which I hope will sum this up. This is called "The Painter Dreaming in the Scholar's House," and has to do with the painter or the poet supported by the universities. It's always been a wonderful thing for me; I don't have that strong feeling that it's going to corrupt such talent as you have. If you are going to be a poet for any length of time you need all the education you can give yourself, and what better way than by teaching other people what you don't know? This takes off from the German painter Paul Klee, whose works I'm sure you're all familiar with reproductions of, at least. It's not about any particular painting. An exemplary hero and even (if we have them) saint in the life of the intelligence, he was a painter, a teacher, a theorist, a sort of mad mathematician. (He also played the fiddle, I understand, quite beautifully—music is very important to all this business of not only doing but thinking about art.) So, "The Painter Dreaming in the Scholar's House."


_The painter's eye follows relation out._
_His work is not to paint the visible,_
_He says, it is to render visible._

_Being a man, and not a god, he stands_ Already in a world of sense, from which _He borrows, to begin with, mental things_;_Chiefly, the abstract elements of language:_ _The point, the line, the plane, the colors and_ _The geometric shapes. Of these he spins Relation out, he weaves its fabric up_ So that it speaks darkly, as music does Singing the secret history of the mind._

_And when in this the visible world appears, As it does do, mountain, flower, cloud, and tree, All haunted here and there with the human face, It happens as by accident, although The accident is of design. It is because Language first rises from the speechless world That the painterly intelligence Can say correctly that he makes his world, Not imitates the one before his eyes. Hence the delightsome gardens, the dark shores, The terrifying forests where nightfall Enfolds a lost and tired traveler

_And hence the careless crowd deludes itself By likening his hieroglyphic signs And secret alphabets to the drawing of a child. That likeness is significant the other side Of what they see, for his simplicities_
Are not the first ones, but the furthest ones,  
Final refinements of this thought made visible.  
He is the painter of the human mind  
Finding and faithfully reflecting the mindfulness  
That is in things, and not the things themselves.  

For such a man, art is an act of faith:  
Prayer the study of it, as Blake says,  
And praise the practice; nor does he divide  
Making from teaching, or from theory.  
The three are one, and in his hours of art  
There shines a happiness through darkest themes,  
As though spirit and sense were not at odds.

II

The painter as an allegory of the mind  
At genesis. He takes a burlap bag,  
Tears it open and tacks it on a stretcher. ... rose still, the radiant in red.  
He paints his language, and his language is  
The theory of what the painter thinks.

III

The painter’s eye attends to death and birth  
Together, seeing a single energy  
Momently manifest in every form,  
As in the tree the growing of the tree  
Exploiting from the seed not more nor less  
Than from the void condensing down and in,  
Summoning sun and rain. He views the tree,  
The great tree standing in the garden, say,  
As thrusting downward its vast spread and weight,  
Growing its green height from dark watered earth,  
And as suspended weightless in the sky,  
Haled forth and held up by the hair of its head.  
He follows through the flowing of the forms  
From the divisions of the trunk out to  
The veinings of the leaf, and the leaf’s fall.  
His pencil meditates the many in the one  
After the method in the confluence of rivers,  
The running of ravines on mountainsides,  
And in the deltas of the nerves; he sees  
How things must be continuous with themselves  
As with whole worlds that they themselves are not,  
In order that they may be so transformed.  
He stands where the eternity of thought  
Opens upon perspective time and space;  
He watches mind become incarnate; then  
He paints the tree.

IV

These thoughts have chiefly been about the painter Klee,  
About how he in our hard time might stand to us  
Especially whose lives concern themselves with learning  
As patron of the practical intelligence of art,  
And thence as model, modest and humorous in sufferings,  
For all research that follows spirit where it goes.

That there should be much goodness in the world,  
Much kindness and intelligence, candor and charm,  
And that it all goes down in the dust after a while,  
This is a subject for the steadfast meditations  
Of the heart and mind, as for the tears  
That clarify the eye toward charity.  
So may it be to all of us, that at some times  
In this bad time when faith in study seems to fail,  
And when impatience in the street and still despair at home  
Divide the mind to rule it, there shall some comfort come  
From the remembrance of so deep and clear a life as his  
Whom I have thought of, for the wholeness of his mind,  
As the painter dreaming in the scholar’s house,  
His dream an emblem to us of the life of thought,  
The same dream that then flared before intelligence  
When light first went forth looking for the eye.
During the summer of 1977 I led a superb group of American tourists, mainly from St. Louis, to the Soviet Union. I had spent sixty days in the USSR during 1960 and had lived there for almost eleven months during 1962 and 1963. On this journey, our accommodations were handled by Intourist (the government travel agency) which acquitted itself much better than in 1960.

There have been many changes since 1963, such as the enormous increase in the number and size of the political signs. They hang from underpasses between the airports and the towns. In the cities themselves, there are freestanding letters a few feet high spelling out political commercials.

George Feifer, writing as "Observer" in Message From Moscow, has noted that Russian newspapers are always using some forthcoming anniversary as a means to squeeze more work out of people. That is the goal of some signs, too. One of the most frequent, even in July, exhorted the reader to give a worthy greeting to the Sixtieth Anniversary of the October Revolution on November 7. (The discrepancy in dates is accounted for by the fact that the Revolutionary government abandoned the old Julian calendar for the more widely used Gregorian calendar in 1917.) Another declared, "We support and approve the draft Constitution of the USSR!" (No signs rejected or disapproved of it.) A third was simpler, proclaiming (as in the old days), "Glory to the CPSU!"
Putting them up, maintaining—a bit of political narcissism Leningrad, Tbilisi, or Moscow staged by the CPSU. A fourth ever, On other items, the Soviet announced, "Let us turn Tbilisi and the new price was meeting about $1.40.) Bus and electricclamation point were political. Putting them up, maintaining them and changing them must be a major industry.

Taxis were comparatively easy to get, apparently because the fares had been doubled shortly before our visit, and the new price was meeting with consumer resistance. However, on other items, the Soviet government had held the line magnificently in the war against inflation. A telephone call cost 2 kopeks and a subway ride in Leningrad, Tbilisi, or Moscow cost 5 kopeks—the same prices as in 1963. (There are 100 kopeks to a ruble, and a ruble was about $1.40.) Bus and electric bus fares have also held steady since 1963.

New housing in the USSR covers vast tracts. This is true on the outskirts of Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, where whole new boroughs (or raions) have been constructed since 1963. The sheer size of all this is very impressive. When one returns to the United States, our residential buildings seem toy-like in comparison.

The Russians themselves are in a state of euphoria over the new housing. For many, having their own apartment is the dream of a lifetime come true. Yet, there is something oppressive about it. There are in all perhaps a dozen designs of super-apartment houses, and they are repeated endlessly.

One wonders what the Russians themselves will think of this architecture once the euphoria of having their own apartments has worn off.

The government-guided tour was interesting for what the guides did not tell us, as well as for what they did. At St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad, for example, we were told that the Soviet state took the building over in the 1920's when the Russian Orthodox religious order which owned it was unable to maintain the cathedral properly for lack of funds. Nothing was said about why the religious organization was not able to raise the money needed for so beautiful a church. Nor was our group shown the propaganda displays in the cathedral which include quotes from Lenin's copious denunciations of religion at all times and in all places.

The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century center of Leningrad is still one of the most enthralling places in the world in which to walk. Placards on the buildings make history come alive. A hundred yards from our hotel was the building in which Alexander Borodin, the composer, served as a professor of chemistry. Across the Neva River and down a bit was the house in which Mikhail Kutuzov lived when Tsar Alexander I summoned him to lead the Russian armies of 1812. Some blocks away was the apartment in which Alexander Pushkin died, and not too far from there was Raskolnikov's neighbor- hood in Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment. The house in which Chaikovsky died is also suitably marked. It was also interesting to see (something Intourist did not show us) that St. Pantaleimon's Church, near the Neva, has been turned into a textile-printing plant.

On a boat ride on the Fontanka, we saw that whole blocks of Leningrad houses had been gutted, presumably so that the interiors could be modernized while the traditional façades were retained. The city was sprucing up for the big holiday in the fall.

Volgograd was quite different. Stalingrad (as it was then called) was the turning point on the Russian front in World War II. Seven-eighths of the housing for half a million people was destroyed in the battle. One would never know from the monumentally ugly, massive nineteenth-century-style architecture there today that almost all the buildings have been constructed since 1942.

The war memorial on Mamai's Hill is the main tourist attraction in Volgograd. One walks up a long flight of steps from Lenin Prospekt near the river, passing on the way groups of sculpted supermen many times life size. One then passes between two rows of bas reliefs as a tape recorder in the background plays sounds from 1942 and 1943—the popular ballad of the time, "Temenai noch" ("Dark is the Night"), and the voice of the wartime announcer Levitan proclaiming the defeat of the Nazis. A statue of an armed Soviet soldier stands 12 meters high, (1 meter—39.37 inches), but this is easily dwarfed by the statue of the Motherland, with her sword raised, standing atop the hill. That statue is 51 meters tall and stands on a pedestal 19 meters high. Near the larger statue is the Hall of Military Glory, a round building in the middle of which a massive hand (as in German World War I Memorials) is grasping a torch with an eternal flame. Sentries guard it as the spectators slowly walk the inside circumference of the building to the endless repetitions of Schumann's "Träumerei" playing on a tape in the background. If Russians so dislike the Germans, why do they imitate them—even to the military goose step? (Could it be that fascism and Soviet-style socialism have far more in common than either of them cares to admit?)

Outside the round building is a statue of a mother mourning over the body of her slain soldier, which she holds in her lap. The resemblance of this statue to Michelangelo's Pietà bears mute witness to the unwillingness of Soviet authorities to approve some new conception of grief. That secularized Pietà typifies the quasi-religious nature of the entire monument. One of our group compared the path we had trodden to the Stations of the Cross, and the statue of the Motherland to an avenging angel.

AN INTOURIST ARCHIPELAGO

ing the city against the White Russian Army in 1919. We were surprised to see stern-faced rifle-bearing boys and girls, about fifteen, goose-stepping up to the World War II memorial to take their places around it in an honor guard. There were many bouquets and wreaths on this memorial. As we inquired about them, a bride and groom came up with their wedding party to place the bridal flowers on the memorial. Our guide told us that this was a local tradition. Later on, in Kiev, we were to see exactly the same "local tradition": the goose stepping teenagers of both sexes, the brides and grooms with their wedding flowers, and the rifles. We were told in both places that newlyweds do this immediately after their marriage ceremony at the local Wedding Palace. It is not difficult to figure out who, in this modern Sparta (that keeps masquerading as Athens) started this "tradition" and what motivates it.

From Volgograd we flew to Sochi, on the Northern shore of the Black Sea—the so-called Russian Riviera. Sochi is an almost two-dimensional city. It is spread out for some twenty miles on the shoreline and is nowhere more than a few blocks deep. The mountains come right down to the sea. Riviera Park in Sochi is twenty-five acres of beautiful, subtropical greenery, with a great variety of flora, all magnificently maintained. The weather in Sochi was perfect—dry, with high temperatures in the upper seventies or low eighties under a cloudless sky.

The Intourist bus in Sochi left for local tours from Theater Square. The local legitimate theater on that square was literally the twin of the new theater in Volgograd—the same Greek-style columns in front, the same windows, and the same statuary on the roof, looking leftover from Charlie Chaplin's Great Dictator. When these buildings were constructed just after the war, the government tried to economize on everything because money was so short and the devastation so widespread. One economy was on architects' fees; the same plans were used more than once. Although this is no longer so consistently done, "economizing" may also explain why there are so few types of new apartment houses.

Sochi is one of the loveliest spots I have ever seen. However, it had almost no level place to walk, and it was badly overcrowded. Strangely, the Black Sea swimming area was almost empty, perhaps because, when we were there, the temperature never rose above 80 degrees. Or it also may be because the water of the Black Sea has a bitter aftertaste.

Our next stop was Tbilisi, the capital of Soviet Georgia. The River Kura flows on one side of the city, and mountains overlook the other side, with the town spilled along the valley between.

While walking on Rustaveli Prospekt, we ran into three young Americans who were staying at our hotel. Two of the women were from Indiana University and the other was from Michigan State. They had just spent several weeks studying in Leningrad. I had one question for them: "Have the Soviet police warned your Russian friends to stay away from you?" One of them answered "Yes."

Like other Soviet cities, Tbilisi has a Lenin Memorial in the main part of town. This one is 18.5 meters (about 60') high and stands on an even taller pedestal. The gigantism of the statues, like that of the Stalin-period skyscrapers in Moscow or of the contemporary two-hundred-yard-long apartment houses, may well have a subtle political purpose: to show the ordinary Soviet citizen how miniscule and unimportant he is compared with the might of the state. In Kiev, we saw city workers tearing up a section on the main street, the Kreshchatik, for about 100 meters in each direction. When I asked our local guide what was going up there, she answered that they were building a new memorial to Lenin. One wonders if this is materialism or idolatry. Thank God the USSR no longer has a "cult of personality!

Our plane was late in leaving Tbilisi. We had been waiting on the runway for more than half an hour when one of the group peered out the window and blurted out, "Oh, look!" There was one of the pilots, in his blue uniform, carrying two mesh bags full of tomatoes to the plane. Anyone who knows Russia knows that Georgia is its produce basket. In midwinter Georgians take their fruit and vegetables to the north and sell them on the named "Collective Farmers' Market" for enormous prices, but we had not expected a flight to be delayed until the pilot could get his tomatoes.

In Kiev, we stayed at the new Hotel Libid on Victory Square, in a new section of town. Our local guide was named Nila. We asked her if we could see the
new excavations *The New York Times* had reported, which indicate that Kiev was an established city for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years before its traditional founding in the ninth century. Nila said that nothing about this had appeared in the Soviet press, and that she, therefore, could not help us. She added that we in the West sometimes get information about her country which is not readily available in the USSR itself.

The two great cultural sites in Kiev are both religious and date from within fourteen years of each other in the middle of the eleventh century. They are the reason Kiev was known as the Orthodox "Jerusalem of Russia" in tsarist times. One is the Kiev Crypt Monastery; the other is the Sofiisky Sobor, generally mistranslated as St. Sophia's. Actually, it is the Cathedral of the Holy Wisdom, named for an attribute of Jesus himself rather than for a female saint. The cathedral itself takes its name from the old Hagia Sofia in Constantinople/Byzantium/Tsargrad/Istanbul, the city whose emissaries converted the Russians to Christianity. Both places have been taken over by the Soviet state and, as is generally the case with old religious sites on Soviet soil, are maintained as cultural museums to commemorate the great national art of the past rather than as places of worship. That is also true of St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad, of the Kremlin cathedrals in Moscow, and of the old church building in Suzdal'. The mosaics and frescoes are continually being restored, so that there was much more to see inside the cathedral in 1977 than there had been in 1963.

Within the Kiev Crypt Monastery is a network of natural caves in which medieval monks lie buried in areas that seem to be cut out of the cave wall. One goes through narrow passageways to see them. In some cases, the bodies are very well preserved. (Signs tell us that this has nothing to do with religion, but rather with the temperature and the chemical properties of the soil.) As is generally true of the cultural sights in the USSR, this one was jammed with Soviet tourists.

Perhaps the oldest man-made structure in Kiev, although it is now in ruins, is the Great Gate or Golden Gate, said to have been inspired by the Golden Gate of Byzantium. This is the gate depicted by the painter Garman and given further fame as a section in Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." The area was so mobbed by Soviet tourists that we could not get close. It is a tribute to the Russians that they are such "culture vultures," so endlessly fascinated by museums and other tangible evidence of their country's past.

Kiev is perhaps the most beautiful city which we saw, with the exception of Leningrad. There is green everywhere. The most striking and imaginative part of the city is parks that stretch along the hill overlooking the Dnieper River. As is to be expected in the USSR, they have political names: May Day Park and Pioneer Park ("Pioneers" being the politicalized equivalent of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts). These parks
were loaded with people, though it was early evening. There was no sense whatever of physical fear. Uniformed police were in evidence, but not obtrusive. There was even an enormous Ferris wheel. We found these delightful parks on our free time, and for me as an American of the 1970's, it was an enormous pleasure to wander around in a big-city park after nightfall without having extra adrenalin coursing through me.

From Kiev, we flew to Moscow, where we spent the next three days. There are many more pedestrian and vehicular tunnels now than in 1963. Indeed, the area around the American Embassy on Sadovaya-Chaikovskaya Street had so changed that I did not recognize it, even though the landmarks—the Embassy building itself and the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs a few hundred yards down the street—are the same.

There are also three or four times as many automobiles now as in 1963. Many of them are Zhigulis, the licensed Soviet-made version of a small Italian Fiat, produced in a new Soviet town named, with the usual political considerations in mind, for the dead Italian Communist leader, Togliatti. Fourteen years ago, there were about as many trucks on the streets as automobiles; now, the mix is quite different, and highly in favor of the automobile, though they still use energy far more sensibly than we do.

Moscow remains Moscow, the brusquest and unfriendliest place in the entire USSR. Part of this is because Moscow is such a huge city, with a population of over seven million people, according to the 1970 census. At the sole doorway to our hotel, there was always a hotel employee on duty to keep unauthorized personnel away. There were prostitutes outside. A Leningrad resident told me that he could go to a foreigner's hotel room in Leningrad with no trouble, but in Moscow he had to show his passport.

There are tourist attractions in Moscow which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. One is the "campus" of the Kremlin itself, with its magnificent array of chapels and cathedrals dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Here many of Russia's monarchs lie buried, including Ivan the Terrible. We also saw the Armory in the Kremlin, which has a fantastic collection of artifacts of Russian, European, and Asiatic origin. Here one can see the traditional cap of Monomakh, in which Russian tsars were crowned and about which Pushkin wrote, in Boris Godunov. "Heavy is the cap of Monomakh." The phrase shows the influence of "our father" (to use Pushkin's fond epithet for Wil-
William Shakespeare), who had written, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Here one can see a great collection of English silver work from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Fabergé work made for Tsar Nicholas II, and the Sèvres service given as a pledge of friendship by Napoleon I to Alexander I a few years before Napoleon invaded Russia without bothering to declare war. We also went to see the Tretyakovsky Gallery of Russian art. This contains many famous pictures, and paintings are still commissioned for it nowadays. This is where the most famous paintings of Russian writers are on permanent display, such as Perv's Dostoevsky, Kramskoi's Tolstoy and Repin's Tolstoy. Here too one can see the remaining few originals by Andrei Rublëv, the great icon-painter of the fourteenth century. A whole room is filled with paintings by Chekhov's friend, the great landscape-artist Isak Levitan, who died in 1900 at the age of 39.

I also had a frustrating encounter with the new housing in Moscow, when I went out to a newer part of town to find a certain address. I got out at Tekstilshchiki subway station in the southeast part of the city, found a taxi, and asked the driver to take me to the address I gave him. Because maps of Moscow are classified information (other than general outline maps—which used to be classified as well), the cab driver did not know where to go. The street signs in that neighborhood either did not exist or were obscured by trees. The buildings looked as if they had all been laid by a gigantic house-laying machine, which produced structures as a hen does eggs, and with as little variety. To me, it was something out of George Orwell, especially since there were no signs to tell us whether we were on Krasnaya or Krasnokombinatkaia Street or Krasnodonskaia Street. But to the Russians I visited, their little apartment was paradise. They had moved there from a communal apartment, in which they had had to share a kitchen and refrigerator with several other families. How wonderful it was for them now to have their own bathroom, their own toilet, and not to have to fight with the Ivanovs next door about who would use the back right burner on the gas stove tomorrow at 7 p.m. when both families were expecting dinner guests.

The Soviet government has a genuine commitment to provide the people with housing, and is doing so. Esthetics may come later. To a person who has been living in a communal apartment, his or her own apartment is a vast improvement, and the ugliness of the new building is a very minor matter.

Our Intourist luxury tour lasted only twenty days in all. We stayed no longer than three and a half days in any city, so we did not have time to make friends among the local people, although I had time to see people I had known before and people with friends or relatives in America who wished to be remembered. Controls on intellectuals remain tight, but they always are in Russia. Things are certainly not as bad as they were in Stalin's day, and the cold-war atmosphere of Khrushchev's time has relaxed somewhat, but Russia still remains Russia—a place where foreigners are tolerated mainly because of the hard currency they bring in.

I used to wonder how foreigners could see Russia through Intourist and come back saying that they had a good time. The answer is that, as long as you follow a few basic rules, Intourist will show you a good time. Don't try to seduce their people psychologically. Don't play the black market. Don't let the police catch you picking up women. Don't try to change plans Intourist has made for you. Don't try to choose your own hotel; Big Brother will do that for you. Don't try to choose your own menu; the traveling guide will choose your menu for you and if, as happened with us, she likes ice cream, then you will get ice cream.

Moscow still has no place where an ordinary citizen can go with a friend to lunch, sit down without a lengthy wait, and eat well-prepared food. On Gorky Street there is a stand-up place which serves coffee and sweet rolls, but that is not quite the same thing.

Would I go to Russia again with a group of Americans catered to by Intourist? Yes. But one should realize that, under such circumstances, he is in Russia physically, but not emotionally. He is protected against Russian living conditions: the filthy toilets, the snarling people on overcrowded busses, the endless lines for everything from food to school supplies and rugs, and all the rest of Soviet reality.

This, I think, is probably the best way for an uninvited foreigner to see the Soviet Union, particularly on a first visit, but one ought not to forget that Intourist is not the real USSR, but rather the archipelago of Potemkin villages.
THE YEAR’S END
The word "finals" still sends a chill down the spine of Washington University students. At the School of Fine Arts, the work and the worry, the long hours of preparation, the anticipation of pending judgment are as much a part of finals as anywhere on the Hilltop campus. And yet ...

In Fine Arts, exhibitions and critiques are also an essential part of the year's end, so that this is also a time filled with the pride of showing one's best work, the joy of seeing it as a part of a finished exhibition, and the exhilaration of sharing—showing and admiring, evaluating and comparing, complimenting and criticizing.

Here, in a Herb Weitman photo essay, is that time.

Professor William Quinn and his students enjoy a moment of mirth during final critiques in freshman painting. At left is Elizabeth Crawford, a freshman from Northfield, Michigan.
In metalsmithing, Professor Heikki Seppa and Marjorie Backup, a sophomore from Philadelphia, hang a silver mobile as part of the metalsmithing exhibition.

Among final projects for Amy Harris, above, a graphic arts senior from Great Neck, New York, is the presentation of a WU student entry which won second place in a national General Motors marketing competition. Amy and three business students made up the WU team which took the honors. Above right, Professor William Fett discusses a project with his drawing class.
Professor Quinn's critiques end at his Webster Groves studio with a party for his students.

Professor Richard Brunell reviews final projects with his graphic arts students.
This year's spring fashion show, a traditional campus/community affair, moved from its former home in Edison Theatre to the restored gallery at Bixby Hall. There the two performances brought rave reviews of the fashions and the high style of the event itself. Fashions from lounge-wear to street-wear to beach-wear, modeled by professionals, were exclusively student designed.

Graduate-student sculpture was exhibited this spring in a number of off-campus locations, including a loft gallery in a University-owned building on Laclede's Landing, near the St. Louis riverfront. The loft's spaciousness was perfectly suited for these propeller sculptures.
Bixby's elegant new gallery was proudly used for year-end events. At left, it accommodates an exhibition of first-year-graduate-student sculpture. The gallery provides a handsome space within the School of Fine Arts to show faculty and student work. It was restored during the year to its original form and use when the building was a part of the St. Louis World's Fair.
The lower gallery of Steinberg Hall is readied for the spring student art show. Professor Howard Jones and students begin by allocating space; then students hang the show.
Graduate student Julia Smith of Newark, Delaware, poses proudly with her sculpture as it is displayed in the Laclede's Landing loft.

Weary students, empty classrooms, and, finally, graduation.
Minted by our time is a new kind of physician: one whose business, the administration of a central unit within a major medical center, is megamedicine. Such a physician is David Kipnis, and such a unit is the Department of Internal Medicine at Washington University School of Medicine.
Megamedicine

By Dorothea Wolfram

In 1934, in Baltimore, a small boy used to rise early on Sunday morning, put on his best clothes, eat a hearty breakfast, and await the time when his father would drive him downtown to the office of the family pediatrician. There he would report for his volunteer apprenticeship carrying the black bag for Dr. Harry Goldberg on his Sunday round of housecalls.

At the age of seven, David Kipnis had come to his vocation. "I saw that the doctors I knew—two in number, Dr. Goldberg and our family physician, Dr. Frederick Leitz—enjoyed their work and were well respected by the people they served. I thought it was pretty nice to have both of those things at once, so I decided to become a doctor," he says today.

But David Kipnis's world bears little relation to those Sunday rounds in Depression-ridden Baltimore. He has no doctor's bag, no patient office, no housecalls, no starry-eyed companion to tote the tools of his trade. Instead there is much administration, paperwork, teaching, reading, and fundraising, and some research and patient care. It is as if that small boy playing richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer... got to be most of the choices rather than one.

Dr. David Kipnis is head of the Department of Internal Medicine of the Washington University School of Medicine and physician in chief of Barnes Hospital. That post probably is fully understood by only two dozen persons in the United States who hold corresponding positions at the nation's other large medical centers. In essence, David Kipnis directs a medical conglomerate which delivers comprehensive modern diagnostic service and patient care, advances knowledge in medicine through research, and produces a variety of educated physicians.

That 70 percent of Dr. Kipnis's post is administrative is attested to by statistics. The work and training of 550 physicians comes partially or totally under his direction. The Department of Internal Medicine comprises four medical services, thirteen subspecialty divisions, and several autonomous research centers. Its annual budget is $16 to $18 million; its outside funding for research tops $14 million. The patient-care load includes 300 medical beds at Barnes Hospital, 250 at Jewish Hospital, and sixty each at Veterans and City Hospitals.

The remaining responsibilities demand Dr. Kipnis's attention as a scientist, physician, and scholar. It is difficult to wrest time for these activities from a consumptive schedule. It is difficult even to contain the office work itself within a time; it could engulf the day. David Kipnis does not allow that. He arrives at his office at about 8 a.m. and is generally en route home by 6:30 p.m. At home he attempts to keep up with his scientific reading, but does not devote full time to that task.

Now that their children are in college, he and his wife sometimes combine business and recreation. But during the children's growing-up years, he never allowed a medical journal to slip into the reading material going with them to Jamaica or some other quiet stretch of ocean beach. He says now he never has enough time for two things: "the person I most enjoy spending my time with" and inevitable household chores.

"Dave is that rare individual who is extremely able intellectually but who is also a genius at organization. He is able to set priorities and to delegate responsibility widely," says a colleague of long standing.

"Often fifteen minutes spent with him is more productive than two hours with someone else," agrees Dr. Irene Karl, an associate of Kipnis's in diabetes research for fifteen years who now runs his laboratory. "He has the kind of mind that never gets lost in detail. He almost seems to sense what is vital to the problem. He is the most brilliant man I have ever known; but it is more than that—he gets to the point. He knows what is to be done and how it is to be done."

David Kipnis is a man who believes that a fifteen-minute meeting is as likely to be productive as an hour-and-fifteen-minute meeting. Almost always, his office day is episodic. It is chopped into tiny time segments to deal with seemingly unrelated problems. In reality, each is a piece of a jigsaw puzzle—here a piece of blue sky, here a piece of foundation, there two pieces of the central image which fit together. The whole is a growing department.

"I think it is fair to point out that, quite justifiably, this medical school has an outstanding reputation as an academic medical center," says Kipnis. "Dating back to the 1920's, the department of medicine has been directed by unusually talented individuals. William Dock, David Barr, Barry Wood, and my immediate predecessor, Carl Moore, were all national leaders in medicine. I inherited a department of unique talents, as well as reputation.

"In the latter part of 1972, I received tempting offers to head departments of medicine at Harvard, Hopkins, Stanford, and San Diego, but I elected to stay here for a variety of personal and professional reasons. No small part was that I perceived a total dedication on the part of Washington University School of Medicine to its tradition of academic excellence and biomedical research. The faculty exhibited a deep commitment to that course of excellence despite the ill-conceived, strident health-care demands which were being directed at educational and research centers at the time and despite the rush of many medical centers to distort their primary responsibilities to meet those demands.

"Here, also, were the potential resources to take advantage of the advances in fundamental biological sciences for future biomedical research. I thought that my background in both
fundamental science and clinical medicine could assist." To this end, Dr. Kipnis has worked for five years.

The awesome size of this venture is nowhere reflected more humanly than in the fact that the department's picnic has given way to fifteen or so smaller events because its logistics began to require computer management. Instead, in spring, one corner of the department office is heaped with a volleyball net and other paraphernalia of picnic sports used variously almost every weekend. While he regrets the loss of fellowship of bygone days, Kipnis admits that fifteen volleyball games are more advantageous to his prennial weight-loss program than one.

For a department picnic today, invitations would be issued to eighty-five house staff officers at Barnes and fifty-five at Jewish; 120 postdoctoral fellows, ninety full-time faculty members, more than 200 private physicians who are members of the clinical (part-time) faculty at Barnes and Jewish, and more than 200 nonacademic personnel, and all their families. Obviously, the event would rival a C. B. DeMille spectacular, and the social/sports obligation would wear even the most amply padded frame to a nub.

Actually, David Kipnis is youthfully trim without volleyball. A few months ago, ever mindful of the clinical statistics produced by his department, he adopted a new life-style. He rises at 6 a.m. to walk and run for an hour before breakfast.

For long stretches of the year, meetings fill Kipnis's calendar top to bottom—meetings with administrators within his department, with medical school and University administrators and committees, with medical students, interns, residents, postdoctoral fellows, and with visitors, many representing the agencies and organizations that provide outside research funding.

From these days, Dr. Kipnis jealously snatches periods of an hour or two to spend in his own laboratory on the floor above the departmental office in Wohl Hospital. At the end of his second year as department chairman he wrote, "In all candor, I am becoming increasingly concerned about the lack of time for persona pursuit of research and scholarship. I think that it is absolutely essential for a department chairman to remain an active academician. Failure to do so will not augur well for the academic standard he will establish."

Although it is doubtful that anyone ever questioned his scholarship, Dr. Kipnis did gradually begin to steal back investigative time. During his first years as chairman, a major portion of his time was committed to recruiting minds and funds—filling some division directorships and expanding research programs. In five years, the John Milliken Department of Medicine has grown in scope and stature. Despite the fact that the federal government has increased its funding of biomedical research only enough to keep pace with inflation, from 1973 to 1978, the department's
research support has risen from $4.5 to $14 million.

"A number of new units have been established," Kipnis explains. "We have new divisions of rheumatology and oncology. In other divisions, research programs which were limited in scope have become major national centers with growing international reputations. This is particularly true in research and treatment of cardiovascular diseases, infectious diseases, and in clinical immunology. Other divisions which were already of first rank—endocrinology and metabolism, hematology, renal diseases and dermatology—have expanded. One new unit, the Division of Laboratory Medicine, established as a joint venture with the Department of Pathology just before my chairmanship, has become a prototype in its field.

"We have recruited outstanding senior scientists and young investigators who have extensive experience in basic sciences, as well as their own clinical subspecialties. They enhance the unusual talents of our faculty in regard to basic science.

"Of utmost importance is our close relationship with the faculty teaching the basic sciences in the medical school—a relationship which is unique and envied around the country. I take as an article of faith that a medical department cannot thrive, nor even survive academically, without succoring from the basic science departments. The nutrient value which they provide is essential. That relationship is one of the excitements of this medical center and gives me great personal gratification."

David Kipnis believes that bright young faculty members for the department are bred, not bought. For many, the department's residency and postdoctoral program provide the entry level. Despite a national decline in the number of young physicians pursuing an academic career, the 120 postdoctoral positions available in the department are so oversubscribed that appointments are sometimes made three years in advance. All candidates are hand-picked and hand-groomed.

"I spend a fair amount of time, with and without the division chiefs, in attempting to identify academic talent throughout the country. In addition, we frequently develop unique training programs. For example, Dr. Kenneth Ludmerer, a graduate of Johns Hopkins who took a year out of his program there to write a book on the history of genetics in the U.S., spent three years on our house staff. For two years he has been subsidized by our department in a venture to continue his training as a medical historian and as a clinical teacher. He spent six months of each year in the history department at Harvard and six months in medicine here. He returns to us this year as chief resident in medicine.

"Dr. Aubrey Morrison, our first black chief resident, took specialty training with us in general internal medicine, then a subspecialty fellowship in kidney diseases. He was then sent to work for two years with Dr. Phillip Needleman, chairman of our Department of Pharmacology. He and Dr. Needleman have made unique observations on the role of prostaglandins—a new class of hormones affecting kidney function. Dr. Morrison is now returning to our staff as an assistant professor.

"As a consequence of our careful recruiting and in-depth training, our staff is heavily sought after. One satisfaction I get (as well as a source of anxiety) is that our faculty are constantly offered handsome directorships of subspecialty units and research institutes and chairs of medicine and pharmacology."

When David Kipnis speaks of an institutional commitment to the excellence of academic medicine, he is speaking of guarding the time of his faculty and husbandoing money and space to allow each member to be successful. "This means that the faculty must work extremely hard to fulfill its responsibilities, in teaching and clinical care, and still carry on its research. I know of no other department which commits 70 to 80 percent of the time of its junior faculty members and a substantial portion of the time of its senior members to research and to the training of postdoctoral fellows."

This kind of commitment, Dr. Kipnis says, is made possible in part by the outstanding work of the more than 200 private physicians who form the clinical faculty of his department. "A critical element of our staff and, indeed, of this whole medical center is the availability of a highly competent and dedicated group of private practitioners who bring us patients and participate actively in our clinical teaching programs. If a full-time faculty has to perform these tasks, it can't be expected to do anything else. Once you assume the primary responsibility for the care of a patient, you have an ethical and professional responsibility to put that patient before anything else. Our full-time faculty must carefully circumscribe their clinical activities to serve primarily as subspecialty consultants and to provide the special "back up" diagnostic and therapeutic services.

"Today's major medical center hospitals are complex institutions, providing medical services unheard of a decade ago. Within the past ten to fifteen years, Barnes Hospital has developed, with its own resources, what I believe will be the outstanding private hospital complex in the United States. That is a great asset and a great challenge to a medical department."

There are in this world those persons who outwardly appear to be children of the sunshine. David Kipnis is one of them. And yet, if circumstance has smiled upon him, he has seldom failed to accept that with grace and good humor and to use it so wisely that his world almost appears to fall into place effortlessly.

He was born and reared in Baltimore, and his youth
MEGAMEDICINE

was permeated by the influence of Baltimore City College (a special-tract public high school) and Johns Hopkins University. Graduating from BCC just after his sixteenth birthday in 1943, he found it possible—by taking six to eight courses a quarter—to complete an undergraduate degree at Hopkins before he was required to register for the draft. In addition, since Hopkins was depleting of young men, the opportunity for a superb education in the sciences was unmatched. He recalls that the enrollment in his biochemistry class was two, and that he and his fellow student met with the professor in his office.

At eighteen, Kipnis applied for medical school at Hopkins, but while the admissions committee and his draft board were deciding which should come first, admission or deferment, he was drafted and spent fifteen months in the service. The following year, in order to receive an early discharge, he applied to Hopkins’s graduate school as a student in biology and was accepted.

In 1947, he entered medical school at the University of Maryland, while continuing to work summers at Hopkins, where he completed the M.A. degree in cellular physiology in 1949. “Those were intellectually exhilarating times,” he recalls. “The exposure convinced me that I would spend my life in research, but I didn’t think I could commit my life completely to the laboratory. Medicine, not biology, still seemed the field which could offer the combination of intellectual stimulation and emotional satisfaction.”

Graduating from Maryland summa cum laude in 1951, Kipnis served as intern at Hopkins and a resident at Duke University and the University of Maryland. He came to Washington University in 1955 on an American College of Physicians Research Fellowship to study under Nobel laureate Dr. Carl Cori and to pursue his own research in diabetes and endocrinology. In 1967, he was the first person to receive in the same year both the American Diabetes Association’s Lilly Award and the Endocrine Society’s Ernest Oppenheimer Award.

His research has focused on application of the concepts of biochemistry and cellular biology to metabolic diseases, particularly diabetes mellitus. It has spanned fundamental considerations involved in the synthesis and secretion of insulin and glucagon (hormones made in the pancreas) and studies of the mechanisms by which nutrients enter cells and how hormones and diet regulate the metabolism of individual cells, organs, and the whole individual.

“Studies in the intact organism have focused on understanding the interactions and the regulation by hormone and diet of the use of various fuels,” he explains. “The Islets of Langerhans are small specific endocrine organs which are dispersed throughout the pancreas. They constitute about one percent of the mass of that organ and secrete insulin, glucagon, somatostatin, and other hormones which are intimately involved in the regulation of carbohydrate, protein, and fat metabolism. We have been interested in how insulin is synthesized in these islets, packaged as granules, and released into the bloodstream as needed.

“Recent advances allow the pancreatic islets to be isolated. Using a technique developed by Dr. Paul Lacy, head of our Department of Pathology, we now culture islets in a perifusion system for periods of three to four weeks, modulate their metabolism at will, and assess the consequent effects on their secretory activities.

“Using this technique, we are studying the action on hormone release of specific secretory-stimulating nutrients such as glucose and amino acids. We also are examining the effects of other hormones, such as glucagon, cortisone, growth hormone, and epinephrine on hormone release. As an outgrowth of these studies, I have spent several years working with a junior colleague, Dr. Julio Santiago, assistant professor of medicine and pediatrics, in the design and development of an ‘artificial pancreas’ which allows us to regulate with remarkable accuracy the blood sugar level of diabetic patients. This experimental apparatus not only is useful in the short-term control of diabetes during periods of acute stress (infection, delivery, surgery), but is providing information which should be of assistance in the design of better techniques for regulating diabetes.

“Other investigators in my laboratory have developed exquisitely sensitive methods and model systems for examining the factors regulating the metabolism of skeletal muscles, with particular attention to how muscle protein is synthesized and degraded. It is our hope that these types of studies will provide rational approaches to therapeutic methods not only in diabetes but also in other metabolic diseases.”

Despite (or perhaps as an antidote to) the frustrations of medical administration, Dr. Kipnis’s homing instinct brings him back to the laboratory on a regular basis. “I honestly believe,” he explains, “that if one does not continue, not just to read, but to add to the new information, one loses the ability to be critical and becomes mundane.”

Twice yearly, he accepts a three-to-five-day visiting professorship at another medical school, but he does so with the stipulation that his afternoons be free. “I enjoy the visits because I really get to be a professor again, without administrative interruptions. But I also use the free afternoons to read in the medical library. At the University of Pittsburgh I ran across two papers that gave me an idea regarding the regulation of lipoprotein uptake by tissues. I have been working on this idea with two colleagues since then—with some promising results.”

KIPNIS ALSO belongs to a large, although selective, number of professional organizations and committees which take him away from his
office several days a month. Among these is the chairmanship of The National Diabetes Advisory Board created in 1975 by Congress to review all federally funded diabetes research (amounting to some $140 million annually).

Teaching consumes a final identifiable chunk of David Kipnis’s time as he periodically assigns himself “on service.” During this time, he spends a minimum of ten hours a week reviewing patients with residents, interns, and medical students. In the conference room three doors away from his office, the appropriate group of students assembles; Marc Hammerman, chief resident in medicine, presides.

“Let’s talk about T. J.,” he says.

“Ah yes, T. J.,” says a slightly nervous young man.

“T. J. is a twenty-one-year-old white female who was admitted. . . .” He reviews the case, giving symptoms, vital signs, test results, selecting what he believes to be pertinent information, concluding with a description of current patient status.

With a large dose of scholarship, Marc reviews the literature pertinent to the case, having done his homework before morning report. Since residents are “on call,” the proceedings are often overlaid by shrill beeps and residents are up and down, in and out, answering the calls on the house telephone outside.

A freckle-faced, dark-haired young woman discusses a middle-aged patient who has been diagnosed as having cancer, explaining that a liver biopsy perhaps should be done, but that she has some reservations, and has ordered a noninvasive diagnostic procedure as a prior screening mechanism.

“She looks as if she has portal obstruction, doesn’t she?” says Dr. Kipnis, “but I’d hate to expose her to a hazardous invasive procedure if the diagnosis can be established in another way.” There then ensues a classic argument between elder and new physician: When is the general well being of the patient more important than the need to make a definitive diagnosis immediately? “I’m very reluctant to do an invasive procedure the results of which will not merit the risk,” he advises. “Wait.” He suggests that for all the wonders of modern medicine, time is still among the most valuable allies of the physician. Again and again he asks the students, “How long has he been sick? How old was she when the symptoms began? How long has he been followed?”

Sometimes after the reports, he and a small entourage of students sally forth to hospital floors below to see a patient. “Often the students and I are just looking at something none of us knows anything about,” he smiles. His quick humor surfaces frequently in a manner not self-deprecating, but chiding, putting the situation back into perspective when it has become a little pompous.

That entourage is perhaps Dr. Kipnis’s equivalent of the small boy who carried the bag for the pediatrician in Baltimore on Sunday morning. Although his world is far from his image of it then, his basic analysis of the joys of medicine remains sound. He enjoys what he does and is much respected for it.

Washington University Magazine
DOODLES

The New Yorker has Saul Steinberg, Yale has Garry Trudeau, and Washington University has Charles Leven. A closet cartoonist masquerading as an internationally known urban scholar and professor of economics, Leven has for years successfully fought off the tedium of academic meetings by doodling. His sometimes-whimsical, sometimes-satirical Magic-Marker doodles present their own views of academic life.

Herewith, suffering some from black and white reproduction, a selection from the Leven Portfolio. Leven also paints by number.

The occasion of a Leven presentation at a conference on the future economic development of Anchorage at the University of Alaska, elicited this lighthearted, loving presentation of the forty-ninth state, which nevertheless includes some of Leven’s wry wit. In the center is an Anchorage “native shopping mall” (a longhouse).

The Leven doodles, begun to cut down on smoking (a successful campaign), have grown to expressions of personal protest, social commentary, experiments in “picture making,” political statements, and illustrations of urban economic theory. Most are tied to the occasion of the doodling, although some are simply free-form expression. The one above was conceived to protest the length of a dissertation presentation.

A self-portrait.
WU’s urban studies program and its faculty as seen by Leven, chairman of the department of economics and a member of the program faculty. “People can try to identify them if they want; I won’t,” says the artist demurely.

Drawn during a Ph.D. final examination in sociology, the Monopoly take-off is general Leven social comment about the state of the economy and the human condition. “I used to draw a lot of suns coming through windows, but that symbol has been replaced by the dirigible,” comments the artist.

The earliest genre of Leven drawings during the early 1970’s was influenced by the Haight-Ashbury culture posters of The Family Dog studio. To protect the guilty, the name in the scrambled-brains is deleted. The banner reads, “*****, the P. Ruberosa of Regional Economics.” (To refresh memory, P. Ruberosa was an aging jetsetter.)
Immediately above, a comment on a tedious education dissertation in the style of a *New Yorker* cartoon. Top left, an "unsuccessful" effort at picture making and a personal remembrance of Col. Lee and the Army Corps of Engineers (COE). Top right, a comment on the "at right angle" views of economists Milton Friedman, Sydney Weintraub, and WU's Hyman Minsky in a parody of economic theory and nomenclature. Below that, a social statement, and, at right, a joke.
Above, a tribute to Washington’s birthday and the Bicentennial. At top right, a loving portrait of New York City (on the occasion of a meeting of the Regional Planning Association) with exchange greetings between Harold and the Square, as requested musically. In an exercise of artistic license, Columbus Circle and Times Square have been geographically transposed. At right, the artist’s favorite experiment in picture making. Below, an illustration of economist Charles Tiebout’s 1956 hypothesis of “voting with your feet,” e.g., if you don’t like the public services in Burbank, you move to Hollywood.
Diplomat in Residence

When Clayton Mudd arrived at Washington University last fall from Budapest, where he had been acting chief of the American Embassy for eighteen months, neither he nor we knew exactly what he would do during his year as diplomat-in-residence. That couldn’t have been more fortunate, because it allowed everything to fall into place naturally. According to his students, Clayton Mudd seems to have a gift for arrangement with the State Department.

During the spring semester, a varied group of Washington University students took a course in diplomacy from a diplomat in the United States Foreign Service. It was to be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, but the venture was so successful that administrators of the College of Arts and Sciences braved State Department red tape in an attempt to stage a repeat performance.

They have succeeded. Next year, Clayton Mudd, a career diplomat who served in residence here last year under a standardized State Department program, will return to campus. His title will be different, since acceptance of the University’s invitation for Mudd’s return is an unprecedented change of the department’s college-residence program, but he definitely will teach, he says. “I actually hope that I’ll do more teaching next year, but since the whole concept of a second year on a campus is new, we will work out the details this summer.”

Last semester, Mudd taught a course entitled “Contemporary American Diplomacy” as the major activity of his residency under the program of cross-fertilization of ideas—diplomat to college and college to diplomat.

Not just anyone could take the spring semester class under the General Studies Department. The students were hand-selected by Mudd, a former St. Louisan whose alma mater is St. Louis University. His choices for the class were male and female, black and white, in a variety of majors, and they ranged from freshmen to seniors.

“I chose for the class half the number of applicants. I may have made mistakes on the ones I turned down, but not on the ones I chose,” he emphasized. “At first I thought I would have a difficult time relating to the students, since I am used to the diplomatic sphere. I was afraid I would talk down to them or talk over their heads, but that was not the case. I was amazed at the high quality of the students here.”

Mudd’s first semester at the University was a gradual re-introduction to mid-America. He gave lectures and seminars at other universities, including Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, the University of Missouri at St. Louis and the University of Nebraska. He taught special sessions of regular courses here and spoke widely in St. Louis. Second semester, he dove into the new routine of his “Contemporary American Diplomacy” class, his first real teaching experience. The class met two and one half hours weekly.

“I tried to teach how foreign policy is made, the machinery behind it, and how it does, or does not, work. In addition, I explained the source of foreign policy, from the president on down, the problems inherent in policymaking, policy contributions within the State Department, and the historic goals of policy,” he related.

To stimulate the thinking processes of students, Mudd used a film on the history of policymaking in this country, from the isolationist period during the Revolution to World War II. The major portion of the course was devoted to oral presentation, used as a problem-solving device. Each student selected a country and discussed its relationship with the United States. The student argued his or her case on what the United States’ action should be, presenting the topic as a secretary of state would present it to Congress. “The give and take between students was quite good,” Mudd said. “The diversification of interests among my students was reflected.”

For their oral policy papers, Mudd gave the students outlines which corresponded to the way real policy papers are drafted. He suggested reading lists of statements on different issues from the State Department, but then he was confronted by a problem. “Should papers conform to what I think, or what they think?” he asked himself. “It is what they think that counts,” he decided. “If the paper was well-organized, expressive, articulate and defended the student’s view, that was the index of the grade.”

Mudd took the time to critique each report carefully “to make the students realize it is not a simple process to make foreign policy. There are lots of tugs and pulls because of the nature of the democratic system. It is difficult to get clear-cut, effective policy,” he explained. “It was once said, ‘A camel is an animal put together by a committee.’ Our policy is a reflection of that idea, because it is a product of varying interests, all part and parcel of the system.”

By Mari Edlin

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In addition, the students contributed final term papers on a foreign policy topic of their choice in twelve areas of the world. They were, however, forbidden to write on the Middle East. “The situation there was changing so rapidly, a paper could have been out of date by the time it was written,” Mudd explained. The topics included “Military Reliability of Warsaw Pact Countries,” “Big Stick and the CIA: Interventionism in Latin America” and “Harry Truman, Israel, Foreign Policy.” The grades were based on the written papers, the oral presentation and the degree of participation in the discussion following the oral presentations.

Mudd had several aims in teaching the course. “I wanted the students to understand the nature of problems in making policy, to get rid of the simplistic approach that many Americans take because it is what we like to do, and think we ought to be doing,” he explained. “In addition, it was a lesson in mind-stretching. The students had to think in conceptual terms, projecting themselves into the future, deciding where the United States ought to be in three to five years. It was also a practical experience in articulating your position on contentious issues, not only to think what you feel but to defend those feelings. I also wanted the students to have some fun.”

And that is exactly what the students did during the semester in Mudd’s class. Mark Whitener, who just finished his junior year at Washington University as political science major, had developed an interest in foreign affairs after a trip to Russia in May 1977. “This class seemed like a good way to broaden my interest in foreign affairs,” he said. Whitener had selected Russia for the topic of his oral presentation and said he felt that Mudd had successfully combined his firsthand, working knowledge of each country with an astute analysis of the relationships of countries in a brief critique of each presentation.

“This was the best course I have taken at the University,” Whitener said. “Mudd is the paradigm of the image of the diplomat—so urbane.” Whitener plans to go on to law school, and because of Mudd’s influence may eventually take the foreign service examination.

Nina Gilden had the opportunity to meet Mudd before taking his course. She had applied for an internship in the State Department for this fall, and he helped her make the right contacts. Their friendship led to her participation in the class. Gilden, who will graduate this summer with a double major in French and history, will work for the Coalition for a New Military and Foreign Policy, a private organization interested in disarmament and other concerns. Mudd was her impetus and support in getting involved in the organization.

“This class itself was excellent, with the students motivated and eager to learn and to do research, but it was also demanding. Mudd himself is a very charismatic man. He interspersed his own experiences with rules-of-thumb policy and made sure he personalized the course for each student. He forced us to think in a conceptual manner,” she said. “It also forced us to look at things in practical ways in contrast to the theoretical approach we are used to in academia,” she continued. “It is the best course I’ve taken at college.”

Gilden had personal praise for Mudd too. “He is a charming gentleman of the old school. He spoke to each student with enormous respect and made you feel special. He is a delight of a human being.”

Joel Ginsparg, who just finished his junior year majoring in economics, is another enthusiastic participant in the course. “To be taught by a diplomat was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. The topic of diplomacy intrigued me and spurred me to apply for the class. Only a diplomat could have taught what diplomacy is really like and how decisions are made on foreign policy. Mudd went out of his way to have his students talk to him,” Ginsparg said.

Sharon Bernstein just finished her sophomore year at Washington University. For her, Mudd’s class offered the perfect topic to complement majors of political science and history and her interest in diplomacy. Mudd’s influence has been so strong that Bernstein intends to take the foreign service exam after graduation. She said that the course taught her how to look at all sides and aspects of an issue. Speaking of her oral presentation on South Africa, she said, “He was there, so his critique of my analysis of the situation there was thrilling to me. He is one of those people who doesn’t have to talk about how important he is,” she concluded.

Vikram Chandhok was fortunate to experience the class with Mudd while only a freshman in political science. “We had a preconceived respect for Mudd and he lived up to it. He is not just a dispenser of wisdom, but an accessible and real person.”

Mudd was as happy with his students as they were with their teacher. “I’ve been to dozens of universities on the East and West coasts, as well as in the Midwest, and I know that these kids do not have to take their hats off to anyone,” he said. “They are impressive, intellectual, devoted, and courteous, with a lot of enthusiasm. I’d be proud to have them as my children.”

One of Mudd’s major missions in St. Louis and other parts of the Midwest was to encourage greater interest in the foreign service. His success is attested to by the fact that some twenty university students took the tough foreign service exam this spring and five passed the written portion. Mudd, however, is an uncompromising self-critic and he feels that he failed, in part, in this mission. “I wanted to interest more women and black students, but was unable to do so. A woman over thirty-one years old with a college degree and some experience can enter the foreign service laterally, at a middle rank,” he said. He noted that one of the five who passed the exam thus far was a woman and adds parenthetically that...
exposed leaders in both departments... This provides some insight into the caliber of education at Washington University. I was quite pleased because we need more contributions to the foreign service and in decision-making from parts of the country other than the Eastern establishment,” he commented. “Not that I have anything against it, but we need a balance,” he said.

“Each group thinks differently. The Easterners are outward-looking as far as Europe is concerned, but are insular in views of the United States. People from the East still think we Midwesterners are fighting the Sioux. But that is my Midwestern bias showing,” he laughed.

**Mudd’s visit to St. Louis was not an accident.** He was taking his turn last year at a program begun in 1964 by the State Department. “It is a cross-fertilization process whereby the diplomat has a chance to acquaint himself with what people are thinking and feeling on campus, what professors think and say, what students are about. In that way, it serves as a springboard to probe into the community as a whole, to profit by learning what the American citizen is thinking. Since most foreign service people spend so much time abroad, the main exposure we have is to the American abroad. In turn, the students have a chance to be exposed to someone with firsthand, practical experience in the foreign service whose views do not necessarily correspond with those in academia.”

Once the school year was over, Mudd had a chance to analyze this visit to St. Louis, his hometown. He left in the 1940’s, first for New York, and then went to Baltimore in Army intelligence. He eventually landed in Italy. Aside from brief visits to relatives here and an occasional lecture, this was his first real stay in St. Louis. “I expected to find a feeling of isolationism here, but instead found increased apathy that is probably a natural result of Watergate and Vietnam. There is an inverterate suspicion of anyone from Washington who comes to talk, and I can understand that,” he said.

“I tried to make it clear that I was not here to give handouts from Washington but to present views which do not necessarily correspond with the State Department’s views. My views are based on more than thirty years’ experience in foreign affairs. I gave answers because I found my audience desperately hungry for the straight dope. No periflage, no indication. Just straight talk.”

Clayton Mudd is a seasoned veteran of the Foreign Service. His career has taken him around the world. “I have had no complaints about my assignments so far,” he said. His interim assignment, back in Washington in Latin American Affairs, is his first return to the capital in fifteen years. “I’ll find out if anything has changed. The Foreign Service always offers new circumstances. It becomes a way of life. The longer you stay in one assignment the more you know, but the challenge subsides. It is always a matter of fitting the needs of the service,” he explained. “It maintains a daisy-chain operation—a vacancy has to be filled on down the line.”

Mudd’s career in the Foreign Service. His interest in the Balkans originally led him to a position with the State Department in Washington where he did research on Eastern Europe. By 1965 he had three children and his first assignment abroad, in Rome. Italy was not foreign turf to the diplomat, who had worked in Naples and later in Trieste during his Army years.

After Rome, the next four years were spent in Washington, with a special exchange program between the Departments of State and Defense. The program exposed leaders in both departments to the workings of the other organization. Mudd actually worked as a member of the Navy, assigned to the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations in the Pentagon.

He also participated in a Senior Seminar in Foreign Policy in which seven foreign service officers familiarized themselves with the activities of all federal agencies, from the Treasury to the Commerce Department. He learned about all parts of the United States, from Alaska to Puerto Rico, and their diverse problems.

His career has also taken him to Iran, where he participated in a large military advisory program, and to Yugoslavia. While there, he handled the presidential visit to that country. For five years prior to his arrival in St. Louis, Mudd served as first deputy chief and then for eighteen months as acting head of the American embassy in Hungary.

Now that Mudd is back in the United States again, he finds it ironic that two of his four children are going abroad. A daughter whose husband is a colonel is moving to Mannheim, Germany, and another daughter who works for the Foreign Department of Chemical Bank is also headed overseas. In Washington, however, the Mudds will see much of their son, who is president of a tire company. A third daughter works for Time, Inc.

"I HAVE TO ADMIT that one loses sight of what is happening in the United States when away. It is necessary for the State Department to have more contact with the people on a frequent basis as possible. That is why the Diplomat-in-Residence Program is so important. It was an eye-opener to me to be confronted with what people here are thinking. They are concentrating on things more directly affecting their lives—utility rates, costs, inflation. That is why the patine over newcasts is of local interest. One of the things I found was that my students who read The New York Times were the best informed on foreign affairs. For these reasons the diplomat-in-residence program is so important, it allows Americans to hear firsthand what is happening in foreign affairs."
A Gallery Of Trustee Profiles

Charles Lipton

The name Lipton is to tea what Campbell is to soup—synonymous. Having a surname that is a household word can be convenient (it’s easy to remember); it can also be a source of good-natured ribbing (“You’re always in hot water”). At least that’s what Jack Bruce Lipton, class of ’78, scholar with a double major in economics (honors program). His understandings of public relations are just now reaching the prime of life. Many of those who studied at the school are just now reaching the prime of life. They can make significant contributions. Recognition will come through their achievements, those of the faculty and the student body itself. It doesn’t have to come through athletic prowess. The job is tough, but it’s doable.

As for St. Louis—that’s a favorite topic. It’s a much better place than it is pictured to be—too many people denigrate it. The community is jaundiced. Its residents don’t appreciate that St. Louis has a lot of social activities which are easier to participate in than in many other places. It has great advantages—a semi-urban environment, with Powell Hall only twenty minutes away from a good many of its suburbs.”

Charles Lipton believes that the University, like the corporations his firm represents, “needs to learn how to communicate with various public segments of society. The essence of public relations is good communications and understanding.” He has been practicing these precepts for Ruder & Finn for a quarter of a century.

Lipton opted for this career on his graduation day at Harvard in June 1948. A biology major, he decided with diploma in hand that he did not want to become a physician—specifically, a hematologist. Charles Lipton has no regrets. Nor has he any intention of lessening his interest in Washington University now that Jack has graduated.

Jack, pursuing an interest in the Washington scene, has become a policy analyst consultant with the Committee for Economic Development in the nation’s capital. He is working on a project involving regulation and the role of government intervention in the economy.

“My ultimate aim is to have a career in government relations, probably with a socially conscious corporation. That’s my goal because I really believe that business should have a voice in the ever-increasing role of government. I also intend to be an enthusiastic and active alumnus.” He wrote a highly praised thesis on “The U.S. Consumer Product-Safety Commission: Promise and Performance.”

The Liptons, at their Norwalk, Connecticut, homestead, will be preparing for the summer wedding of Jack’s sister, Susan, the only other offspring of the family. She’s a teacher of the educationally handicapped in the Los Angeles school system. Her wedding to Marc Seror will take place in Rye, New York, in August. Travel plans as with all family peregrinations will be arranged by Mrs. Lipton, who happens, fortuitously, to be a professional travel agent.
Hubert Moog

ON THE FIFTIETH anniversary of Moog Automotive the employees of the company gave its president, Hubert Moog, a 1919 Buick touring car that they had sought, found, and lovingly restored. The gift was a warm tribute to his softspoken, low-key business executive for whom unpretentiousness is characteristic. His secretary does not have a resume of his life and accomplishments on file; in anticipation of an interview, he has noted on a scrap of paper some names of boards and organizations to which he gives his time. The camera makes him stiff (as an amateur color photographer he is more comfortable being on the other side of the lens). Only upon prodding does he pull from the back of a bookcase a certificate from the Pine Needle Country Club in Pinehurst, N.C., noting his fourth hole-in-one. And he talks with great pride about Moog Automotive's location in Wellston (a predominantly black suburb of St. Louis), remarking that the company tries to be a good citizen.

"I'm very interested in Washington University," he says of his recent appointment to its board of trustees. "I have not been deeply involved with it, but I have known Bill Danforth for several years and he has occasionally asked me to participate in some University events. The company has also sponsored some partial scholarships, originally meant for the children of our employees."

Hubert Moog's family moved to St. Louis in 1919 when his father and his uncle founded an automotive parts firm. He attended St. Louis public schools, then pursued an engineering education at Missouri School of Mines at Rolla and the University of Wisconsin in Madison. When he graduated in 1935, he joined the family's firm, the St. Louis Spring Company. He first worked as chief of purchasing, which needed doing and in 1937 went on the road, taking some of the southern states as his territory. Moog was drafted and was subsequently sent to ordnance officer training school at Aberdeen Proving Grounds near Baltimore. He remained there in charge of the testing of Chrysler tanks and gun motor carriages.

Following discharge in 1945, he and his bride (of a year) returned to St. Louis. "That was the first title I got a company job with," he remarks wryly. Though his title was chief of purchasing, he also wore a half-dozen other hats. He assumed the presidency in 1953 and became chairman of the board in 1973.

"Just before the war, we had begun to make a variety of products for auto steering and suspension, so the name was changed to Moog Industries and finally to our present name. Last November the company was sold to IFI International of New York."

Moog Automotive continues to make a variety of automobile replacement parts, chiefly those dealing with steering. Its products reach a worldwide market. The company has packaging, distribution, and manufacturing facilities in Canada and a distribution center in Reno.

"We hold many patents, and I believe that we have served the industry well, sometimes engineering replacement parts which are markedly superior to original equipment. We are very quality-oriented and have a far greater percentage of staff in engineering research and development than comparable sized companies."

Within the past decade, Moog Automotive has added a large office building to its Wellston site, affirming its commitment to stay in the heart of the urban area. "We see no reason to move. The site is suitable for us, we support the schools and the community, and we employ a large percentage of blacks, who have been excellent employees in both supervisory and regular jobs," said the chairman of the board. "Although you see lots of fencing around here, if you go up to the corner you'll see our buff-colored warehouses right on the street. In fifteen years, they have never been defaced. We feel we are in a good community with good neighbors."

Hubert Moog himself is a good citizen of St. Louis. He serves or has served on the board of a city lending institution, the St. Louis County Business and Industrial Commission, John Burroughs School, the Jewish Hospital of St. Louis, the Jewish Community Centers Association and a local center for autistic children. He is also active in his industry, as a founding member of a group of automotive parts manufacturing leaders who discuss industry-wide problems.

In 1969, when the company's anniversary was approaching, its employees set out to find a special gift for their president. They located a 1919 Buick in a barn north of Chicago, purchased it, brought it to the plant, and dismantled it. Employees then took parts home and spent weeks working to remove layers of paint from its wooden wheels, reworking parts, replating chrome, renewing it entirely. "It is my proudest possession," Moog says, "I drive it every weekend." He seems to value more only his family and his business. The Moogs' elder son, James, works for the company, as does their son-in-law, William Nussbaum. A younger son, Thomas, is employed in the computer industry. Donna and Bill Nussbaum have two children.

Outside Moog's office is a small fenced garden, Japanese in its aspect. Of it Moog says, "The landscape architect made an elaborate garden plan which we rejected and did this. When we have conferences, we frequently serve lunch in the garden. It is so pleasant because it is so simple."

Obviously Hubert Moog does not believe in complicating anything that can be kept simple. It is a life and a business style.
Margaret Bush Wilson

Margaret Bush Wilson is a St. Louisan whose life has been framed in time and in heritage by the civil rights movement of black Americans. She grew up in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and is now chairman of its national board of directors. Ms. Wilson came to this office so the chairman occurred. She first and is now chairman of its national board of directors. Ms. Wilson came to this office so naturally that she is a bit startled by the question of how her chairmanship occurred. She first thought of being a candidate for the position because The New York Times said she was one.

"Bishop Stephen G. Spotswood of the AME Church, who had been NAACP chairman for almost 13 years, died very unexpectedly in December 1974, a month before the annual meeting which was to have reelected him," she relates. "I had been a member of the national board for ten years and had worked closely with him, but I did not think of myself as a candidate for the chairmanship until a friend from New York called to congratulate me. She said that the resident of 4330 Page (I still remember the address), which had remained a Caucasian area surrounded by a black neighborhood, asked my father to sell his house. My father said he couldn't because the area was covered by a restrictive covenant. The man said to my father, "Just see what you can do." So my father went down to City Hall to look up the covenant. He couldn't because the area was weakened."

Margaret Bush graduated with honors from Sumner High School in 1935, earned the bachelor of arts degree cum laude from Talladega College in Alabama in 1940, and the law degree from Lincoln University School of Law in 1943. She returned to St. Louis to practice and early on took up the causes her parents had begun. She and her brother live in the family homestead on Page Boulevard. Robert E. Wilson III, her son by a former marriage, recently graduated from Harvard Law School and lives in the East.

In about 1937, she recalls, "the resident of 4330 Page was one of my first clients." Her mother, Berenice Casey Bush, was an early NAACP leader.

"My father was a real estate broker in St. Louis who was active in opening new areas of occupancy for black people. He was one of my first clients." Her legal specialty is real estate law, as area to which she also came naturally.

"In about 1937, the resident of 4330 Page (I still remember the address), which had remained a Caucasian area surrounded by a black neighborhood, asked my father to sell his house. My father said he couldn't because the area was covered by a restrictive covenant. The man said to my father, "Just see what you can do." So my father went down to City Hall to look up the covenant. He did not find one. It seemed that although an agent had been paid to file a covenant, he had never done so. That opened up a whole new area and about a year later, we moved into the neighborhood ourselves."

A decade later James Bush, Sr., was the force behind Shelley v. Kraemer, a case which led to the Supreme Court’s landmark decision of 1948, overturning restrictive covenants as unenforceable under law. Margaret Bush Wilson incorporated the association which her father formed to spearhead the Shelley case and she served as its general counsel.

In thirty-five years of law practice and civil rights leadership, Ms. Wilson has served on dozens of agencies, commissions, and boards and has received numerous civic and professional awards. Today, she says, she enjoys doing those things which please her. "I've reached the point that I have no demands which I have not chosen. I can move about freely; I'm my own master. That means that I can get a lot done. And I stay busy."

An obligation which she has recently chosen is as a trustee of Washington University, because, she says, "I believe the University is of great significance to the whole metropolitan area. I am convinced also that private higher education is an important dimension of American society and I want it strengthened, not weakened."
At Washington University, as at other major research universities, there is an excitement generated in the spring by the announcement of distinguished prizes and fellowships won by faculty members. It is difficult to remember (or to assess, if one could remember) whether the current spring outshines past springs, but the gentle satisfaction of excellence rewarded is eternally fresh. Suffice to say that this spring has brought its share of awards and honors.

Howard Nemerov’s Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award, coming as they did within seven days of one another, electrified the weeks. The announcement that historian Peter Riesenberg would be among twenty-five scholars selected from hundreds to initiate the program of the new National Humanities Center near Raleigh, N.C., brought equal excitement. He will spend the year there with the first group of scholars who will study individually and participate in seminars dealing with man and nature, the history of ideas, human rights, and the ideals of education. Dr. Riesenberg’s project is to trace concepts of citizenship.

Lee Robins, professor of sociology in psychiatry, won the Paul Hock Award from the American Psychopathological Association. David Pittman, professor of sociology, won the Silver Key Award of the National Council on Alcoholism. Viktor Hamburger, Edward Mallinckrodt Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Biology, was the coreipient of the Wakeman Award for neurobiological research. Robert Morgan, professor of engineering, received this year’s Chester F. Carlson Award of the American Society for Engineering Education for creative leadership.

The list is not exhaustive. It is a sampling of the national recognition accorded recent achievements of Washington University faculty. Their success reflects kindly upon us all.

During the past months, the mail to the Washington University Magazine has brought some things from readers worth sharing.

Mrs. Donald Johnson of Riverview in St. Louis County wrote expressing her thanks for an article (Fall ’77) on Dr. George Sato, a clinical teacher at the School of Medicine. She added her own glowing tribute to the pediatrician:

“I was a very fearful mother in my early years, and that anxiety was manifest in a lot of unnecessary phone calls. Don, my first baby, as Dr. Sato told me in later years, was his first colic baby. He was always so very kind in his attitude and in his understanding of what I was experiencing. Not only did he treat my son, but he was also my psychiatrist, and I gradually outgrew my panic. . . .

“He rarely—if ever—made a bad diagnosis over the phone. If, on occasion he was stumped, did he manufacture something to look good? Did he make up something so the parent didn’t worry? No, he said that he did not know. And his not knowing became a diagnosis easy to live with. . . .

“I have called this man at 8 a.m. Christmas morning, and 11 p.m. in the Eve. It is immaterial to him, it’s all in a day. . . .”

Actually, that tribute comes as no surprise to us; we know that Dr. Sato’s fans are legion. What did come as a surprise was a letter from Flora May Pierce of Vandalia, Mo. The last thing we expected the article on quarks in the winter issue to elicit was verse. Yet this spring Mrs. Pierce sent us a poem inspired directly by “Quadrilogue on Quarks.” Mrs. Pierce, 77, is a student of quarks and other matters physical and chemical.

“Synthesis”
The quark that fails must leave a hole in space.
Its fellow quarks must shudder at the sight.
However strong the bonds with other quarks,
The quark is lonely still and clings the more;
No mate can make the quark less separate.
Does each quark end in quick collapsing flash,
Or is quark life a never-ending chain?

Serene in cosmic quarkdom quarks keep on,
For generations yet untold by man.
They ask no help; they need no praise nor pay;
They heed no scientist’s analysis.
The lonely quark is charmed and dances, up
And down and naked, to a synthesis:
From quark to universe; quark’s mind to God’s.

How lonely is the quark; how far his goal;
So lone am I; we share a distant aim.

We too are charmed, although we are warned by editors far older and wiser than we to continue to insist that we do not run unsolicited poetry. Consider that insisted.
Power to the People

Why are the stamps adorned with kings and presidents?
That we may lick their hinder parts and thump their heads.

—Howard Nemerov