# Washington University Magazine

## The Commission on the Future of Washington University

1. Its chairman outlines the Commission's purposes and procedures

## Dickens and the City: His and Ours

4. A Dickens scholar draws current analogies

## Minority MBA

11. A lesson in simplicity and success

## Food for Thought

16. One man's effort toward faculty/student exchange

## Learning To Talk

20. On the importance of talking to oneself

## Resounding Silence

26. The body talks, the camera listens

## Metamorphosis

28. The double life of alumnus Dwight Ludden

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When William Greenleaf Eliot, organizer of the first Unitarian congregation in St. Louis, and Wayman Crow, a self-made St. Louis businessman, talked together in the mid 1800s about the need for a new school in the city, they could little have imagined they were establishing a tradition that would continue until today.

The school they organized was to become Washington University and the tradition of involving the leadership of the local community, and of the nation, was to help make it a major institution in American higher education.

Because the University exists within its community, a community which today extends nationally and internationally, it is vitally important that we communicate our objectives and our expectations to this community, and in turn, listen to what it has to say about us.

This communication is the goal of the new Commission on the Future of Washington University. In creating the Commission, the trustees have recognized that in any plans for our future we must consider the ways in which we are perceived by those upon whose understanding and support we depend. Toward this end, the Commission will involve civic, governmental, and industrial leaders, both local and national, as well as trustees and alumni of the University. We are especially delighted to have as Executive Director, Stanley M. Richman, an attorney and recently retired vice president and secretary of General American Life Insurance Company.

The role of the Commission is not, however, to do the planning for Washington University. In the words of Chancellor Danforth, "The role of the Commission is to listen to our plans, our hopes, and our needs and to comment on what they hear. They should let us know how what we say appears to them and whether they think the necessary resources are available or might be forthcoming."

Chancellor Danforth also sees another role for the Commission:
In creating the Commission, the trustees have recognized that in any plans for our future we must consider the ways in which we are perceived by those upon whose understanding and support we depend.

"More importantly, I see the Commission as an opportunity to tell sympathetic groups what we are about and, hopefully, to enlist their enthusiasm and support in helping us achieve worthy academic goals.

This is how the Commission will work: It is composed of twelve task forces, each focusing on a single area of the University. These areas include architecture, fine arts and the gallery of art; arts and science; business; continuing education; dental medicine; engineering; library; law; medicine; performing arts, music, and the Edison Theatre; social work; and student life. Each task force is being led by a Washington University trustee and each will have fifteen to twenty-five members who have expertise or special interest in that particular area.

The task forces will start work on a staggered basis, each beginning as soon as the area to be studied is ready. The first task force will have held its initial meeting in June and each will spend a year to a year and a half meeting with deans, faculty members, and students to familiarize themselves with the existing programs and future plans of each area. We expect the work of the entire Commission to take two to three years.

The Commission members will receive, not only an overview of the area and its programs, but also will have the opportunity for discussion and in-depth analysis of where the schools and departments stand at present, where they should be going and why, what financial resources are required for the future, and who the "users" of the school's graduates and research are and will be.

The importance of understanding the needs of these end users cannot be overemphasized. For this reason it is imperative that each task force have users on it so that it may understand their point of view, their needs, and their ideas about the future of the area.

The Commission members will also have the chance to talk with students, to find out why they chose Washington University and how they view its learning environment and the quality of its teaching and career preparation. Two other areas to be explored with students are means of coping with the financial aspects of attending Washington University and students' professional ambitions.

As it completes its work, each task force, along with the dean of the area involved, will submit a report that will include its impressions and conclusions about the future of that school or area. These reports will be included in the final report of the Commission.

According to Chancellor Danforth, "If the outcome of the Commission is to be successful, each unit will have to give thought to its directions and goals and the relation of financial resources to aspirations. No outside group can do our work for us. . . . Washington University exists in a larger society which we must understand and which must understand us."

Washington University is an institution of excellence. Its faculty, its student body, its research, have achieved a level of quality, service, and national recognition that places Washington University in the front rank of American universities.

But a university must both lead and respond to the society it serves. They are partners in an evolving world. Although the basic function of a university is to transmit and advance knowledge, the application of that knowledge may change as the needs of people change.

We recognize this change, this evolution, and it seems especially fitting that following the University's 125th anniversary year, we should join with leading citizens to create a public body to assist in charting the University's future direction and purpose.

The institution-wide commitment is to listen as well as to lead. This endeavor, carried on by a distinguished group of men and women representing the communities which the University serves, cannot fail to yield results of real value. Another point of view offering fresh insight, examining strengths and weaknesses, will help us better to understand the challenges and opportunities that face Washington University today, and tomorrow.

We hope the Commission will help sharpen the capability of the University for leadership in the continuing task of higher education: to foster the life of the mind, to provide an environment conducive to teaching and learning, and to apply knowledge to human needs and problems. We hope to conserve the best of humankind's heritage and build on it by exploring the outer reaches of knowledge and understanding. In the end, the University remains one of society's most effective instruments for shaping a good future for us all.
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Dickens and the City:
This essay is an expanded version of a talk delivered at an English Department Colloquium on April 11, 1979. It is based in part on Professor Schwarzbach’s recently published book, Dickens and the City.

MODERN LIFE is city life. One of the most important and far-reaching of changes in the development of human societies over the past two hundred years has been the exponential growth of large cities. In 1970, 37.1 percent of the world population lived in towns and cities. Nor is a high degree of urbanization found only in North America and Europe: the highest rates of increasing urban concentration between 1940 and 1960 occurred in Venezuela, Uruguay, Mexico, Colombia, Chile, Korea, and New Zealand.

Though impressive, these statistics do not indicate the full impact of the growth of cities. In his classic essay of 1938, “Urbanism as a Way of Life,” sociologist Louis Wirth noted that in any society the urbanization of culture and institutions invariably exceeds the proportion of its people living in cities. This results from the traditional cultural dominance of town over country, a dominance augmented today by modern communications, advanced technology, and urban-biased contemporary political ideologies. In this sense, the world we inhabit already is an urban one.

But an urban world is an extremely new development. As recently as 1800, only about 2.5 percent of the world’s people lived in cities. In 1851 England became the first modern urbanized society, with 51 percent of its people living in towns and cities. By the end of the nineteenth century, only a handful of other nations were urbanized to a significant degree: among them, Belgium, Holland, Germany, the United States, and Australia.

Because England experienced rapid urbanization half a century before any other modern nation, and because a vast amount of reliable statistical evidence is available, England has been the focus of recent activity in urban studies. Indeed, we probably know more about Victorian London than any other city in the world, past or present. But through writing Dickens and the City I have learned that the study of the Dickens’s city is not merely an “academic” exercise. The implications of global urbanization are monumental. Human nature has been and is being transformed in the cities of the world. Urbanization has led to the development of a new way of life, an urban culture and an urban sensibility, one quintessentially “modern.” To study and, thereby, to understand this transformation in the first modern urban society is to come closer to understanding urban society in America and in the world today. It is one of the great intellectual projects of our age.

The dramatic movement of England’s people to towns and cities began in the last third of the eighteenth century. The process of urbanization coincided with and was related to an unprecedented expansion of national population, from 9,061,000 in 1801 to 17,983,000 in 1851, and 26,046,000 in 1881. In 1801, only one English town, London, had a population which exceeded 100,000; by 1851, there were eight; and by 1881, twenty-one. London’s numbers grew by about 20 percent in every decade in the century, from 1,117,000 in 1801 to 2,685,000 in 1851, and 4,770,000 in 1881. Yet, despite this, London was growing slowly in comparison with provincial cities like Manchester, Bolton, and Birmingham. These experienced decennial growth rates of more than 40 percent at various times early in the century.

Where did these great numbers of city dwellers come from? Most of them were not born in the city. Early nineteenth-century English cities were exceptionally unhealthful places; for example, in some districts of Manchester in the 1830s and 1840s infant mortality exceeded 50 percent. England’s cities were unable to produce their own population growth until after the 1860s, and before that time grew through a massive influx of immigrants. Most of them had moved to the city from the countryside, probably relatively early in life, as children or young unmarried adults. But to come from the country to the city was not simply to change one’s domicile: it was to move from a familiar and known world to an unfamiliar and unknown one. Not only was this new urban environment strange—it also was terrifying, horrific, and dangerous. For, during the first half of the nineteenth century, there occurred a rapid and substantial deterioration of living conditions in cities.

THOUGH IT is often forgotten, in the eighteenth century significant progress had been made toward improving the quality of life in London and other towns: streets had been paved, sidewalks laid and street lights erected; several large, modern hospitals had been built, and numerous dispensaries (equivalent to modern clinics) had been established to serve the poor; new bridges had been built across the Thames, and several major thoroughfares had been cut, improving traffic flow considerably; there was even a small metropolitan police force after the 1750s. This progress, though limited, had been possible because the city’s size remained relatively stable. Under the pressure of constant population growth beginning in the 1790s, the social services and institutions of the
city began to collapse. Transportation, education, sanitation, food distribution, religious facilities, government, housing—all deteriorated under the weight of numbers. Outside London, in provincial towns where growth was even more rapid, the situation was far worse.

In the slums of early nineteenth-century London, or any other large town, whole families or several families inhabited single rooms, sometimes foul and dark cellars; had access to an indifferent water supply, perhaps at a public standpipe drawing fetid river water and running a scant hour or two a day, one or two days a week; and were forced to share, with up to several hundred people, a public privy which drained (if it drained at all) through the streets or into the inhabited cellars of adjoining houses. City dwellers were exposed to profound health risks, not only through malnutrition, industrial accidents, and occupational hazards (painters, for example, often contracted lead poisoning), but also, especially after 1830, through recurrent epidemic and endemic infectious diseases—typhus, typhoid, influenza, tuberculosis, and the great scourge, cholera.

EVEN WORSE, for the recent immigrant the experience of the city life caused profound social and psychological dislocation. Whatever country life had been—and rural England then was hardly an ideal pastoral society—it had accepted values, norms, codes of behavior, and familiar rewards and restraints; at the least, it was a way of life successfully adapted to its conditions and contingencies. The modern city, by contrast, had no way of life as social historian Eric Hobsbawm has written unequivocally, "The city destroyed society." Not only were the new, young city dwellers unequipped by previous experience to survive urban life, they were unable even to understand it. The city was becoming a bewildering and alien environment, seemingly devoid of meaning, and literally devoid of cultural traditions or social institutions to assist the recent arrival in adjustment. The traditions and institutions of the past were made obsolete by the rapid pace of change. The positive traditions and institutions the city would later contain—stable working-class families, friendly public houses, penny theatres, music halls, social and benevolent clubs, workmen's institutes, chapels—would be created by residents themselves in a long and painful communal struggle.

How did early Victorian England—or to be more precise, its governing classes—respond to this massive demographic upheaval and social dislocation?

As we might expect, the response was varied and complex. Yet, generalizations are possible: in general, that response was to ignore the city's problems as long as possible; then to react with shock, fear, despair, or all of these at once; and finally to do nothing to ameliorate the situation.

For example, from the 1820s London's jerrybuilt sewage disposal system was well known to be woefully inadequate. Furthermore, much raw sewage drained directly into the River Thames, and contaminated this major source of drinking water. Finally in 1848, after a number of outbreaks of cholera and the deaths of tens of thousands of all classes, a government body was established to deal with the problem. Petty bureaucratic squabbling and personality clashes with the chief administrator, Edwin Chadwick, prevented virtually any work from being done; only in the late 1860s did London get a safe and clean underground sewage system (one which functions to this day).

It is worth noting that, technically speaking, there was at this time no such thing as London. The City of London was a municipality governing about one square mile of the central metropolis. In the rest of the great conurbation, local government was divided among dozens of individual authorities in each parish (small administrative areas, like our city wards). One authority would supervise relief of the poor; another streets, another streetlights, and yet another sidewalks; one the constabulary, another public markets; and so on. The corruption and inefficiency of these bodies were proverbial, and the lack of a single metropolitan governmental authority crippled efforts toward reform. In 1888 the incorporation of the London County Council finally gave legal existence to the city.

Why was it that middle- and upper-class Englishmen apparently remained unaware and unconcerned of urban problems before the 1850s? A number of answers have been advanced, none wholly satisfactory. It has been argued that Victorians responded to the city as they did to sexuality, with terror and repression. It has been suggested also that the attitude of affluent Englishmen toward the urban poor was one of willful callousness. Neither hypothesis, I think, explains what was happening in early nineteenth-century England.

No doubt, part of the problem was related to political fears that the poor masses would seize power if their lot were bettered at all. The French Revolution, coming just as the effects of massive urban growth were beginning to be felt, caused a profound conservative shift among the English middle classes, who no longer tended to feel any common political interests with the masses. This had not been true throughout the previous century, when the London mob was called out often by the city authorities, the Parliamentary opposition, or even the government as an extreme, but legitimate, political maneuver. The devastating Gordon Riots of 1780, when the mob went out of control and ruled the city for several days, had shaken some citizens, but they were even more disturbed by the example of Paris in 1789 and afterward. Now, English city mobs could see for themselves their potential power. This dangerous and incendiary reservoir of city poor might rise up, overthrow the government, the ancient Constitution, and the sacred rights of property. In this climate of political hysteria—which persisted on and off until the late 1840s—it must have been possible to ignore many social problems that affected mainly the poor.

This political explanation is only a partial one, however. There is strong evidence that many well-intentioned and honest middle-class citizens actually did not know how the urban poor lived. Writing in the 1820s about his earlier discovery of the "other" London, Thomas DeQuincey coined the apt phrase "terrae incognitae"—unknown lands—to describe it. To many, the other city was fully as strange as darkest Africa, and
not a few writers compared its inhabitants to aborigines or even (oddly enough) to Eskimos. Metaphors of exploration became commonplaces of urban description, and the public was presented with "discovery" after "discovery" of something which, paradoxically, had been around them all the while. (Of course, such "discoveries" of the poor have continued to our own day.)

These discoveries were possible largely because social classes had become isolated from each other to a remarkable degree. This had not always been so. Before 1750, it was usual for a middle-class family to live and work at the same premises. It was also usual for servants and workpeople to live with the family, generally eating at the same table, and often even sleeping in the same room. Neighborhoods rarely were segregated by class.

During the second half of the eighteenth century this social integration began breaking down. In the suburbs of London, new, entirely middle-class housing developments were erected, and by the 1780s foreign visitors began to remark upon the fact that important businessmen no longer lived in the central city. By the early 1850s, about three hundred thousand people commuted daily (most on foot) to the central city. There were other signs of increasing social segregation. Houses now were built with back stairs and separate quarters for the servants, so they could be kept out of sight. Even many ancient aristocratic houses now had corridors built on so that servants and retainers could move about unseen by their employers, and vice versa.

The spatial arrangement of the city also began to reflect class divisions. The East End increasingly was industrial, commercial, and inhabited mainly by the poor; the West End was residential, fashionable, and inhabited mainly by the middle and upper classes. New interest in city planning tended to reinforce the divisions. For instance, when Regent Street was cut in the 1810s, it was routed through some of the city's worst slum districts. When the street was completed, a middle-class resident could stroll or drive along the elegant Joseph Nash terraces and arcades and see only opulence and magnificence, not the miserable dwellings of the impoverished multitudes who lived immediately behind.

In Bleak House, Dickens provides an account of the discovery of the "other" London by such a middle-class citizen. It describes the reaction of Mr. Snagsby (the good-natured owner of a small legal stationery shop) to Tom-all-Alone's, a foul and dilapidated slum that is a breeding ground of disease and fever.

Mr. Snagsby passes along the middle of a villainous street, undrained, unventilated, deep in black mud and corrupt water—though the roads are dry elsewhere—and reeking with such smells and sights that he, who has lived in London all his life, can scarce believe his senses. Branching from this street and its heaps of ruins, are other courts so infamous that Mr. Snagsby sickens in body and mind, and feels as if he were going every moment deeper down, into the infernal gulf.

There are dozens of similar accounts in contemporary diaries, letters, and biographies, of men and women made physically ill by such sights. One instance is of special interest: Dickens's brother-in-law, Henry Austin, an engineer who encountered such scenes while surveying rail lines in the mid-1840s, was so moved by them that he devoted the remainder of his life to the cause of improving public health and sanitation.

These discoveries were all the more shocking because a tremendous gap now separated the living standards of the middle classes and the poor. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, there was not much difference between the living conditions of the poor and their immediate social betters. By the middle of the nineteenth century, this was no longer the case. The middle classes had begun to reap the benefits of industrialization and the vast increase in national wealth. Their houses were larger and more comfortable, their diet vastly superior; they were cleaner, better dressed, and better educated; they enjoyed better health, had better medical care, survived childhood more often, and lived, on average, twenty years longer. They were living, in fact, in a modern, industrial world not much different from ours.
The urban poor, however, who made up the great majority of city residents, might as well have been living in the Dark Ages.

In the 1830s and 1840s, another response to urban problems began to appear. There arose from the middle classes a new breed of man and woman—journalists, novelists, philanthropists, and government officials—committed to social activism. They understood the magnitude of the problems, made society aware of them, and mobilized that awareness into action. Some of these people are well known: Henry Mayhew, a journalist, who wrote the pioneering sociological study *London Labour and the London Poor*; Edwin Chadwick, a champion of better sanitation; and the young Frederick Engels, who in the 1840s wrote a brilliant analysis of Manchester’s social structure. Others are virtually unknown, such as the determined investigators who researched and wrote the astonishingly blunt, graphically detailed Parliamentary reports (known as Blue Books from their blue paper covers) on problem after problem. Through the efforts of such people, tentative solutions were proposed and then implemented.

Another such man was Charles Dickens, whose novels constitute a unique and uniquely powerful literary enterprise of urban discovery. Dickens had the ideal preparation for his vocation: he spent his formative years in Chatham, a pleasant town in the beautiful Kent countryside, but was brought to live in London at about the age of twelve. The move coincided with a collapse in the family finances, and the young boy was put to work at a manual trade, tying labels on pots of shoe blacking. This experience of hard work, squalor, and poverty remained the central event in Dickens’s emotional life, though it lasted only five months. Then, Dickens was able to return to school for two years; at fourteen, he became a clerk in a law office, where he taught himself shorthand and became a freelance legal reporter; next, he became a newspaper reporter, and by the age of twenty-one was reputed to be the finest Parliamentary reporter in England. Shortly after that, he began writing short stories and essays, launching the literary career which would make him, before he had turned twenty-five, the most celebrated living writer in English. Dickens’s early and intense personal experience of the “other” city and the habit of close observation he perfected later as a journalist provided the tools he would draw upon as a novelist.

He was, above all else, a novelist of the city. A contemporary, Walter Bagehot, commented, “It may be said that Mr. Dickens’s genius is especially suited to the delineation of city life. . . . He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.”

Dickens’s observations of urban social life are unparalleled in their range, detail, and accuracy. Dickens, however, can speak better for himself than I can for him. As a representative passage, consider this from *Dombey and Son*. It compares the arrival of the railway in a London suburb to a natural catastrophe.

The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre. Traces of its course were visible on every side. Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground; enormous heaps of earth and clay thrown up; buildings that were undermined and shaking, propped by great beams of wood. Here, a chaos of carts, overturned and jumbled together, lay topsy-turvy at the bottom of a steep unnatural hill; there, confused treasures of iron soaked and rusted in something that had accidentally become a pond. Everywhere were bridges that led nowhere; thoroughfares that were wholly impassable; Babel towers of chimneys, wanting half their height; temporary wooden houses and enclosures, in the most unlikely situations; carcasses of ragged tenements, and fragments of unfinished walls and arches, and piles of scaffolding, and wildernesses of bricks, and giant forms of cranes, and tripods straddling above nothing. There were a hundred thousand shapes and substances of incompleteness, wildly mingled out of their places, upside down, burrowing in the earth, aspiring in the air, mouldering in the water, and unintelligible as any dream. Hot springs and fiery eruptions, the usual attendants upon earthquakes, lent their contributions of confusion to the scene. Boiling water hissed and heaved within dilapidated walls; whence, also, the glare and roar of flames came issuing forth; and mounds of ashes blocked up rights of way, and wholly changed the law and custom of the neighbourhood.

The portrayal of this tumultous activity is remarkable not only for its accuracy but also for its vividness; its verbal energy and flexibility create movement of its own. Even more remarkable are those passages which not only describe the urban
scene but also analyze it. A little later in Dombey and Son, Dickens brings us back to the neighborhood described above.

There was no such place as Stagg's Gardens. It had vanished from the earth. Where the old rotten summer-houses once had stood, palaces now reared their heads, and granite columns of gigantic girth opened a vista to the railway world beyond. The miserable waste ground where the refuse-matter had been heaped of yore, was swallowed up and gone; and in its frowsy stead were tiers of warehouses, crammed with rich goods and costly merchandise. The old by-streets now swarmed with passengers and vehicles of every kind: the new streets that had stopped disheartened in the mud and waggon-ruts, formed towns within themselves, originating wholesome comforts and conveniences belonging to themselves, and never tried nor thought of until they sprang into existence. Bridges that led to nothing, led to villas, gardens, churches, healthy public walks. The carcasses of houses, and beginnings of new thoroughfares, had started off upon the line at steam's own speed and shot away into the country in a monster train.

As to the neighbourhood which had hesitated to acknowledge the railroad in its straggling days, that had grown wise and penitent, as any Christian might in such a case, and now boasted of its powerful and prosperous relation. There were railway patterns in its drapers' shops, and railway journals in the windows of its newsmen. There were railway hotels, office-houses, lodging-houses, boarding-houses; railway plans, maps, views, wrappers, bottles, sandwich-boxes, and time-tables; railway hackney-coach and cabstands; railway omnibuses, railway streets and buildings; railway hangers-on and parasites, and flattters out of all calculation. There was even railway time observed in clocks, as if the sun itself had given in.

LONG BEFORE the ultimate character and significance of rapid change could be seen, Dickens was aware that the railways were changing the nature of life itself. They were the leading manifestation of advanced industrial technology, products of what economists since have called the takeoff into self-sustained growth. Until then, the industrial revolution had taken place in trades which filled existing needs, producing consumer staple goods more cheaply and efficiently; the leading industry had been cotton. Now, industrial technology was creating goods and industries de novo, which themselves created new needs. The leading industry after the 1840s, following the advent of the railways, was steel and iron. The resultant expansion of economic productivity unparalleled in history and literally unimaginable, even as it was happening. Yet Dickens intuitively sensed this. He seems to have understood the potential of the railways and what they stood for:

To and from the heart of this great change, all day and night, throbbing currents rushed and returned incessantly like its life's blood. Crowds of people and mountains of goods, departing and arriving scores upon scores of times in every four-and-twenty hours, produced a fermentation in the place that was always in action. The very houses seemed disposed to pack up and take trips. . . . Night and day the conquering engines rumbled at their distant work, or, advancing smoothly to their journey's end, and gliding like tame dragons into the allotted corners grooved out to the inch for their reception, stood bubbling and trembling there, making the walls quake, as if they were diluting with the secret knowledge of great powers yet unsuspected in them, and strong purposes not yet achieved. [Italics added.]

Dickens's urban observation is also never without a motivating spirit I call "radical humanity." Dickens never forgot that the human consequences of social problems and social change were of prime importance. And he never forgot to stress that no human creature, no matter how miserable or meagre, was worthy of—no, demanded—our respect, sympathy, and charity. His radical humanity was of a piece with that of Wordsworth in Lyrical Ballads or Blake in Songs of Innocence and Experience. Over and over again he points out some wretched creature and reminds us that this too, this pitiful, degraded object, is human.

MOVING example occurs in Bleak House. The subject is Jo, the ignorant young crossing sweeper. There were thousands of such persons who stood at street crossings and swept paths through the muddy, excrement-filled streets, hoping pedestrians would bestow a copper or two in return. Jo is the kind of person we see in the streets and unthinkingly turn away from—but Dickens will not let us avert our eyes.

Jo sweeps his crossing all day long, unconscious of the link [to other people], if any link there be. He sums up his mental condition, when asked a question, by replying that he "don't know nothink." He knows that it's hard to keep the mud off the crossing in dirty weather, and harder still to live by doing it. Nobody taught him, even that much; he found it out.

... It must be a strange state to be like Jo! To shuffle through the streets, unfamiliar with the shapes, and in utter darkness as to the meaning of those mysterious symbols, so abundant over the shops, and at the corners of streets, and on the doors, and in the windows! To see people read, and to see people write, and to see the postmen deliver letters, and not to have the least idea of all that language—to be, to every scrap of it, stone blind and dumb! It must be very puzzling ... to think (for perhaps Jo does think at odd times) what does it all mean, and if it means anything to anybody, how comes it that it means nothing to me? To be hustled, and jostled, and moved on; and really to feel that it would appear to be perfectly true that I have no business, here, or there, or anywhere; and yet to be perplexed by the consideration that I am here somehow, too, and everybody overlooked me until I became the creature that I am! It must be a strange state, not merely to be told that I am scarcely human . . . but to feel it of my own knowledge all my life! To see the horses, dogs, and cattle, go by me, and to know that in ignorance I belong to them, and not to the superior beings in my shape, whose delicacy I offend!

... Dirty, ugly, disagreeable to all the senses, in body a common creature of the common streets only in soul a heathen. Homely filth begrimes him, homely parasites devour him, homely sores are on him, homely rags are on him: native ignorance, the growth of English soil and climate, sinks his immortal nature lower than the beasts that
comfortable and the poor. Then too inner cities were plagued by existed unseen and unremedied in the midst of what was at the time the world’s wealthiest and most powerful nation. Then too a
pressing problems of American cities in the 1960s and 1970s have historical analogs in Victorian London. Then too poverty steming urban decay. Then too city educational systems failed to reach many children or to help those they did; crime, especially violent crime, was epidemic and uncontrollable; pollution was a major health problem; and even traffic was maddeningly congested.

What can we learn from the study of Dickens’s city?

We must begin by admitting that there are no simple lessons to be derived from the Victorian urban experience. The lessons that are most obvious are not cheering, for they suggest that urbanization is a process not easily controlled, and that the human cost is exceptionally high. The misery we confront in Mexico City, Cairo, or Calcutta—dare I add the South Bronx?—has ample historical precedent in the large cities of nineteenth-century Europe and North America. Very likely, that misery will remain a part of the urban environment in the Third World for many decades.

It is surprising and unsettling to discover how many of the pressing problems of American cities in the 1960s and 1970s have historical analogs in Victorian London. Then too poverty existed unseen and unremedied in the midst of what was at the time the world’s wealthiest and most powerful nation. Then too a great and apparently unbridgeable social gulf separated the comfortable and the poor. Then too inner cities were plagued by middle-class flight to the suburbs and the eroding tax bases in areas most in need of public funds. Then too governmental authority in metropolitan areas was fragmented and incapable of stemming urban decay. Then too city educational systems failed to reach many children or to help those they did; crime, especially violent crime, was epidemic and uncontrollable; pollution was a major health problem; and even traffic was maddeningly congested.

What the Victorian urban experience demonstrates is that, though difficult, solutions are possible. I am wary of any claim that the study of literature and history leads to clear and definite conclusions about contemporary political and social problems: but I will risk some general claims. The history of the Victorian city and the efforts of men and women to humanize and improve that city show forcefully the collective, potential power of humankind in conditions of extreme adversity. We can learn from Dickens’s works, as elsewhere, that when any member of the community suffers, we have a responsibility to act immediately to bring an end to that suffering.

The ultimate justification for the study of Dickens’s city is what it teaches us about our city. We must heed the lessons or blame ourselves for the social and human destruction that beyond doubt will follow.
Minority MBA

Twelve years ago Washington University Professor Sterling H. Schoen originated a cooperative venture among a small number of Graduate Schools of Business and a larger number of sponsoring industries and foundations to train minority MBAs. Under Schoen's guidance, the idea formed and flourished. This year, as he steps down from Consortium, leadership, we look at the state of his union.

"SUNSET" LAW is one which mandates that a program self-destruct, expire at a predetermined time when its usefulness may be past. If it is a novel approach in lawmaking, it is even more novel as applied to a socio-academic program. One school at Washington University, however, has been toying for years with the idea of applying that concept to one of its programs. The Graduate School of Business recognized early that it may have a sunset program in its Consortium for Graduate Study in Business, an innovative plan to hasten minority student entry into the business world via the MBA degree.

The Consortium dawned twelve years ago and, though its day is now at high noon, its creators believe that as its shadow falls more markedly across American business, that success will mandate the program's demise. Even today the Consortium's effect is discernible. Writing in M.B.A. in January 1977, Wallace L. Jones and Sterling H. Schoen of Washington University noted: "Former Consortium fellows — who now number 452 — form a significant fraction of the black MBAs in the job market today; last year's total was somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000."

Consortium fellows, it should be known, are products of only six of the country's more than 336 MBA-granting universities, so the impact of the program as cited by Schoen and Jones is considerably understated.

"In 1965, universities were in a time of ferment and confusion," says Schoen, WU professor of business and Consortium founder. "People were asking what we should do about equal educational opportunities. I thought, 'Why not do something we know how to do — train MBAs?'"

The sensibleness of that idea says much about its originator and about the program he created to carry it forward. The genius of the Consortium is perhaps that it has always recognized exactly what it had to do and then has done that much and no more; it has never been beguiled away from its original intention, nor allowed itself to be buried under a self-perpetuating bureaucracy. Although the idea was sensible, the execution was not simple. To make it happen, Schoen needed to find prospective black MBA students, business schools to educate them, and private companies to finance their education. Although all three groups existed, they had, in 1966, no way to reach one another. Schoen intended to arrange introductions.

Its founder claims that, even at that time, the idea was not particularly dramatic. "It had no real glamour to it," he concedes with a self-deprecating smile. First he approached John Ervin, then dean of WU's School of Continuing Education and a knowledgeable insider in the black educational community. With Ervin's help, he developed a working paper. Ross Trump, the dean of the School of Business, and faculty member William Emory, director of research, were also enlisted.

Their original plan was to interest five Midwestern colleges in joining Washington University in the recruitment and education of black MBA candidates. The concept was so startlingly straightforward it made other administrators wonder why they hadn't thought of it themselves. Early invitations, issued to the University of Wisconsin (Madison) and Indiana University (Bloomington), were enthusiastically received, but there the easy sledding stopped. It took three more years to reach a complement of five schools and another five years to reach the full strength of six. It was during this period that the program found two staunch allies in Roy Tuttle and Isidore Fine, Wisconsin faculty members who have given the program yeoman service as members of its board.

AT THE OUTSET, while Schoen was recruiting schools, George Pake, WU provost at that time, was recruiting money. He presented the proposal to the Sloan Foundation. After examining the project's goals and budget, the foundation offered a $20,000 grant for an August 1966 feasibility conference. Schoen still marvels at the illustrious company who assembled for that St. Louis conference. Looking back, he attributes its success chiefly to luck and the good counsel of Ervin. "I remember John's saying, 'Call Benjamin Mays; call Hugh Gloster.' They agreed to come, and then one person would recommend another. We just happened to call the right people.'"

Schoen found that he had tapped into a network of the most influential educators and black community leaders in the country. In the end, about sixty persons attended, including Mays, then president of Morehouse College; Gloster, dean of the faculty at Hampton Institute, now president of Morehouse; Margaret Bush Wilson, state director of the NAACP, now its president, and a WU board member; George Penell, dean of Indiana's business school and now university president; and Robin Fleming, later president of the University of Michigan and now president of the Public Broadcasting Corporation. The group concluded that the Consortium's avowed work was both feasible and necessary. John Coleman, the Ford Foundation's representative at the conference,
Guy F. Baughns, MBA 70, with Professor Murray Weidenbaum, director of WU's Center for the Study of American Business. Baughns is a senior financial analyst with Ginn and Company, a subsidiary of Xerox Corporation.

Gwendolyn A. Moore, an alumna of the Consortium for Graduate Study in Business, and Marc P. Hartstein, a colleague at First National Bank in St. Louis. Moore is an assistant vice president and product planning manager.
Sterling Schoen, seated, and Wallace Jones

was so impressed that he recommended a $400,000 grant for the Consortium.

With that grant, however, came a stipulation that the program match the Ford funds with contributions from private corporations. Schoen, who has a habit of interpreting obstacles as assets, was undismayed. "That's what really got us going. The grant was critical, of course; without money, nothing works. But because they required that we match their funds, we had to go out immediately and start raising money." With private corporation (it could not be foundation) backing also came the assurance that the American business community found the program relevant and useful, and that it would be likely to put less tangible support behind its funds. With a brochure, that dream, and the zeitgeist at their backs, Schoen and his friends began knocking on doors.

Initially, the going was slow. Corporate donors, like partygoers, didn't like to be the first to arrive. Company representatives listened politely, acknowledged the need for such a project, and then asked who else had donated. When told that others were considering donations, they cheerfully agreed to consider one also. Stalemate.

"Then, out of the clear blue," Schoen recalls, "we got a call from a fellow at Equitable Life with a $3,000 one-time grant. That broke the ice." Other contributions began to roll in quickly, but by winter there was still not enough to finance a class. Seeing ample evidence of progress, however, the Ford Foundation released part of its grant early in 1967. Recruiters scurried out to find candidates, and that summer the first Consortium fellows convened in St. Louis for an orientation program.

Wallace Jones, associate director of the Consortium, remembers that time vividly. He had left his job at Howard University that year lured by Schoen's offer to teach a summer studies course for Consortium fellows. "With the program just starting, it was really exciting. There was a lot of opportunity to be creative, because it hadn't been done before. This was the first concentrated effort to get more black men enrolled in MBA programs."

Schoen concurs that in 1967, "minority" meant black; it also meant male. In addition, fellows were to be U.S. citizens and under 31 — all restrictions imposed by the feasibility conference to give the program the best odds for success. Schoen reports with satisfaction that admissions criteria have changed as directors dared to be more imaginative. By 1970, "minority" was expanded to include Hispanics and American Indians. In 1971, the first women were admitted. The age barrier, long besieged, fell officially in 1975, when the program received a grant from the Eli Lilly Foundation to award fellowships to minority members embarking on a second career.
But in the early days, Jones observes, it seemed most efficient to keep the project narrowly defined and to recruit almost exclusively from black colleges, where most black college students were to be found. Since no black college had an accredited business degree course at that time, and corporate recruiters were just beginning to call on them, it practically was virgin territory.

Achievement-conscious black parents often urged their children to go into traditional professions — the ministry, law, medicine, teaching, or military service. The few business courses which existed in black colleges usually attempted, quite realistically, to prepare students to be private entrepreneurs or to serve their community as administrators in black institutions. Many of the students had never met a black MBA, much less aspired to be one. They were understandably wary of preparing for a corporate career in the absence of evidence that a corporation would hire them.

The Consortium recruiters alleviated some of those fears. Because of their growing success with business, they could assure candidates that black MBAs finally were needed and wanted. The corporations which provided financial support were interested in compliance with the 1967 Equal Employment Opportunity Act, but they did not want tokenism. Businesslike, they were looking for qualified talent in their black management employees; and, businesslike, they realized that they would have to invest to get it. Their gifts to the Consortium were no-strings-attached contributions, however. Fellows would not be obligated to the corporations in any way, and corporations would not guarantee jobs. Indeed, corporations would not even get a first-draft choice of graduates. Their reward would be the goodwill and the practical advantage of increasing the number of black MBAs in the employee pool.

The program which the cooperating schools had worked out was very individualistic. Recruiting was a group effort, but each university made its own admissions decisions. Then the Consortium board allocated its jointly-raised funds to provide financial support. The financial package was attractive: two years’ full tuition with $200 a month for living expenses the first year and $100 a month the second year (to be supplemented by summer work between the two years).

The twenty-one students who came to the first joint orientation session in St. Louis that summer of 1967 were a hard-won group. Even after struggling to get them, the Consortium frequently had to fight to hold them. The war in Vietnam was then at its zenith and, as Schoen says with characteristic understatement, ‘‘These students had no great influence with their draft boards. I remember deans’ spending hours on the phone, negotiating on behalf of these students, trying to keep them.’’

Those who made it to the orientation found it a profitable experience. They picnicked with the school representatives, asked questions about the curriculum, met corporate spokesmen, and participated in a seven-week summer studies program. The studies program, intended as a confidence-builder and refresher course, featured an Evelyn Wood speed-reading course, a pre-calculus mathematics course, a graduate course (for credit) and one all-day case study. As an acclimitization procedure, it was useful, but as instruction, it proved to be unnecessary. To the credit of all involved with the Consortium program, no one ever played empire-builder by creating and maintaining an elaborate support structure for its fellows. They needed only to be found and financed. All held degrees from accredited undergraduate schools. Most were the children of ambitious, hard-working people who prized educational achievement. In addition to a respectable academic record, each student had supplied references and was personally interviewed. They were already programmed for success. Fellows were expected to pull their own weight; almost invariably, they did.

The summer studies program, financed for two years by the Consortium and then underwritten for three more by a Luce Foundation grant, was discontinued when that grant expired. ‘‘It was successful,’’ Schoen says contentedly. ‘‘Maybe too successful.’’ Although the summer orientation program has now contracted to three days, experience has dictated increased support for another summer program — the Summer Business Internship. In recognition of the economic pressures students face (and with healthy respect for the adage that it’s not only what you know, but also whom) the Consortium aids its students in finding both summer and career employment by distributing a resume book to sponsoring companies (those which contribute $1000 or more).

“We feared that minority students wouldn’t have the connections to get meaningful summer work,’’ Schoen explains. With this aid, all students have found professional summer employment.

With the exception of this program, the Consortium maintains little formal contact with its students during their studies. That suits its fellows fine. ‘‘There is no distinction between us and other students,’’ says Pat Watson, a current MBA candidate at WU. Advisors are available at each school, but find that students are self-sufficient, blending easily into their classes and their chosen universities. Yet student ties with the Consortium remain strong. Dayle Davison, a second-year student here, says there is a great camaraderie among fellows. Almost all are members of the Graduate Business Minority Council and they often see each other socially.

That fellow-feeling apparently survives graduation and dispersal. Consortium alumni are extremely loyal and eager to
help. "If we have a candidate in Iowa City," says Jones, "we ask an alum in Iowa City to interview him or her. That's one of the rewards no one told me about." Several graduates have even established an Alumni Fellowship Fund.

Carlos Naudon, a Hispanic graduate who is now assistant director of marketing for the Savings Bank of New York, says it directly: "We look out for one another." Like many other alums, he has often represented the Consortium, interviewed students for it, and recommended it.

Sterling Schoen knows how to let go. "No MBA ever feels that he or she is advancing quickly enough, Jones laughs and says, "No MBA ever feels that he or she is advancing quickly enough. But most of our alums feel they're holding their own."

None are yet presidents, but a few are vice presidents and many more are in important middle-management jobs. In material terms, they must be counted successful. The 725 graduates work in scores of American industries. They have job offers even in lean times, and the mean starting salary of the 1979 graduates is $20,335.

Jones, who is writing a Ph.D. dissertation on the comparative organizational status attainment of black and white MBAs, sees financial and educational barriers tumbling, but anticipates more subtle psychological and social obstacles ahead for blacks and other "new" minority groups in corporations. Racism and sexism can still handicap the careers of talented minorities and women, he says.

"You frequently hear black managers talking about a particular type of social interaction that occurs from nine to five, then stops. Some of them feel this roadblocks their opportunity in the company, because they don't get an equal opportunity to display social graces or to get in on the informal network that operates outside every corporation."

The business school curriculum sometimes is useful even in dealing with such intangibles says Gwendolyn Moore, a Consortium alum who is now an assistant vice president with First National Bank in St. Louis. She found that the MBA program gave her "a host of skills which can be applied to any task. Even courses that I'd almost forgotten, with names like 'Organizational Behavior,' have proved helpful. People skills are important; you learn quickly that you can't do everything by yourself."

Sterling Schoen was the first to extend that sentiment to the Consortium as a whole. This year he steps down from the directorship confident that the Consortium will function as long as it is useful and that it will change as necessary along the way. At a meeting in May 1979, representatives of the six universities reasserted their early vision of the program as "a highly effective, but temporary, adjunct organization," adding: "The Consortium should continue as long as the minority communities, the universities, and American corporations agree the need remains great."

No one would be sorry to see that need disappear, least of all the father of the program. Like all good parents, Sterling Schoen knows how to let go.
Food For Thought

Professor John Garganigo, whose father was a famous European chef, offered a noncredit theatre/dinner seminar through the University's General Studies program last year. He will repeat the informal course next year.
ON A DRIZZLY, windy Saturday in late March, a small group of students, pushing-pulling a light-framed shopping cart, swept like tumbling leaves through the morning shoppers at Soulard Farmers’ Market. Ahead by a stride was a small man whose dark hair was salted with grey. As he stopped to make a purchase, the group would form around him, then it would trail off again as he hurried away. Lured by the sights and smells of the open market, students detached themselves occasionally to make private purchases.

One by one small brown bags began to fill the cart: two dozen fresh eggs from a farmer, $2; six green peppers, $1; three bunches of celery, and, finally, a most sought cucumber, a bunch of kale, onions, then grapes, apples, pears, grapefruit, tangerines, broccoli, garlic, zucchini, green beans, Chinese cabbage, sesame oil, lychee fruit, rice, dried lily flowers, bean sprouts, canned water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, and soy sauce. The buyer pondered, then rejected, a purchase of expensive dried black mushrooms. He had a small private supply at home he would dip into sparingly if they were willing to make private purchases.

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Jordan Zuckerman, a sophomore from New York City, bounced the cart from the curb with the line, “I hope we don’t have eggs in here.”

Professor John Garganigo replied, “Right on the bottom.”

“Ouch,” said the sinner, and gingerly he maneuvered it up the next curb.

Penny Anderson, a senior from Chicago who had spent the previous year at the University of Strassbourg, France, stopped mid-market. “Oh,” she sighed, “I’m so homesick for Europe.”

The half-dozen students piled back into the car they had come in from their rendezvous point at Wohl Center on campus and headed back to Professor Garganigo’s house in Ladue. There he set a crew to work washing and chopping vegetables and skillfully segmenting the fresh fruit—a technique they had learned at his hand earlier. A second contingent set off in his small station wagon for the nearby Oriental foodstore to purchase bean curd, skins for egg rolls, soy sauce, rice, dried lily flowers, bean sprouts, canned water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, and soy sauce. The buyer pondered, then rejected, a purchase of expensive dried black mushrooms. He had a small private supply at home he would dip into sparingly. One more stop at the local supermarket for flank steak completed the shopping tour. The duck, begun a few days before, was hanging and soaking—as prescribed, in soy sauce, sherry, and honey—in the Garganigo basement.

“It’s an ego trip,” says John Garganigo, associate professor of Romance languages. “Well, really more. I do it because when I came to Washington University fourteen years ago, there were some wonderful, informal exchange situations between professors and students and they really worked.

“That’s what this University needs, what it thrives on, what makes it worthwhile, and there aren’t enough.” The “it” which Professor Garganigo does is the organization and leadership of a loosely constituted, noncredit General Studies class. The format is simple—deceptively so. A group of sixteen students, who signed up the previous spring on a first-come, first-accepted basis, had gathered on four weekends during the school year to plan, shop for, prepare, and partake of a gourmet meal after a Sunday afternoon play at the Loretto-Hilton Theatre in Webster Groves. The number of meetings was determined by the theatre’s season, to which the group subscribed, each student paying for his or her own theatre ticket. Marlene Barrett, assistant dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and director of the General Studies program, volunteered her large house in University City for the meal.

WHILE last-minute preparations went on in the kitchen, most of the group listened to and talked with a member of the theatre company. In March the play was Frankenstein and the theatre guest was Bob Darnell, an actor who directed the production. He and the students talked of the play, theatre in general, and the season of plays they had seen.

Although offered through General Studies, the class is funded by the University’s Forsyth House Program, which sees the effort as supportive of its overall programming. Though this source, Professor Garganigo is allowed $3 a person per meal. By penny pinching and other means, he says he manages (though, in truth, he does not always).

In the late hours of that Sunday evening in March—after a weekend dominated by the project—he was not sure, he said, if he would do it next year. Maybe some other faculty member would, he ruminated. His wife, Stephanie, listened and smiled when he said later that next year, maybe he would ask the students participating for a little extra amount to cover food expenses.

The students and their guests—who were allowed sparingly if they were willing to participate in the work—had no reservations about the experience. Next year, since they won’t be allowed to register for the group again, they will try to carry on as a theatre-going group on their own. “But it won’t be the same,” wailed Kathy Mueller, a freshman from Sioux City, Iowa. “Maybe he’ll just come sometimes.”

“I don’t know,” Garganigo says. “I want the students to get to know each other. I want them to get away from campus—they really seem to enjoy my children. I want them to see something of St. Louis. Do you know most of them had never been to Soulard before we began going?”
In March, for the fourth and final class meeting, Professor Garganigo's group chose to repeat an Oriental meal. He planned the menu: Peking hot and sour soup, egg rolls, beef with oyster sauce, chicken and snow peas, Chinese vegetables, peppers and bean curd, steamed rice, Peking duck with Chinese pancakes and Hoisin sauce, and fresh fruit with lychees.
FOLLOWING each play, representatives of the Loretto Hilton staff were invited to join the dinner group to discuss the production. Below is Bob Darnell, who directed *Frankenstein*. Through the year, cuisine introduced students to Spanish, French, and Oriental gourmet meals. For each, the students joined Professor Garganigo on Saturday to shop and cook.
Learning To Talk

Philosophy Professor William Gass delivered the following address at Washington University's 118th annual commencement. An acclaimed novelist and essayist, Gass flew to New York the next day to accept a gold medal of merit and a $1000 prize from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters for his work as a novelist. Professor Gass has been a member of the Washington University faculty since 1971.

 Dinner (let us imagine) has reached its second wine. We are exchanging pleasantries: gossip, tittle-tattle, perilously keen remarks. Like a fine sauce, they pique the mind. They pass the time. A thought is peeled and placed upon a plate. A nearby lady lends us a small smile, and there are glances brilliant as the silver. Patiently we listen while another talks, because everyone, our etiquette instructs, must have a chance to speak. We wait. We draw upon the cloth with an unused knife. Our goblet turns as slowly as the world.

And on this beautiful ceremonial morning I want to talk to you about talking, that commonest of all our intended activities, for talking is our public link with one another; it is a need; it is an art; it is the chief instrument of all instruction; it is the most personal aspect of our private life. To those who have sponsored our appearance in the world, the first memorable moment to follow our inaugural bawl is the birth of our first word. It is that noise, a sound which is no longer a simple signal like the squalling of a hungry gull, but a declaration of the incipient presence of mind, which delivers us into the human realm. Before, there was only an organ of energy, intake, and excretion, but now a person has begun. And in no idle, ordinary, or jesting sense, words are what that being will become. It is language which most shows a man. Ben Jonson said: “Speak that I may see thee.” And Emerson certainly supports him: “Man is only half himself,” he said, “the other half is his expression.” Truths like these have been the long companions of our life, and so we often overlook them, as we miss the familiar mole upon our chin, even while powdering the blemish, or running over it with a razor.

Silence is the soul’s invisibility. We can, of course, conceal ourselves behind lies and sophistries, but when we speak, we are present, however careful our disguise. The monster we choose to be on Halloween says something about the monster we are. I have often gone to masquerades as myself, and in that guise no one knew I was there.

 Plato thought of the soul as an ardent debating society where our various interests pled their causes; and there were honest speeches and dishonest ones; there was reason, lucid and open and lovely like the nakedness of the gods, where truth found its youngest friend and nobility its ancient eloquence; and there was also pin-eyed fanaticism, deceit and meanness, a coarseness like sand in cold grease; there was bribery and seduction, flattery, brow-beating and bombast. Little has changed, in that regard, either in our souls or in society since; for the great Greeks were right: life must be lived according to the right word—the logos they loved—and so the search for it, the mastery of it, the fullest and finest and truest expression of it, the defense of it, became the heart of the educational enterprise.

To an almost measureless degree, to know is to possess words, and all of us know how much words concern us here, at the university, in this context of texts. Adam created the animals and birds by naming them, and we name incessantly, conserving achievements and customs, and countries which no longer exist, in the museum of human memory. But it is not only the books we pile about us like a building, or the papers we painfully compose, the exams we write, the calculations we come to through mystic diagrams, mathematical symbols, and other maps of the mind; it is not alone the languages we learn to mispronounce, the lists, the arguments and rhymes, we get by heart; it is not even our tendency to turn what is unwritten into writing with a mere look, so that rocks will suddenly say their age and origin and activity, or what is numb flesh and exposed bone in a body will cry out that cotton candy killed it, or cancer, or moonshine, the letter C like a cut across an artery, the flow of meaning like blood; no, it is not the undeniable importance of these things which leads me to lay such weight on the word. It is rather our interior self I’m concerned with, and therefore with the language which springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of its parent like a child: the words we use to convey our love to another, or cope with anxiety, for instance; the words which will convince, persuade, which will show us clearly, or make the many One; the sort of words I listen to when I wait.
Learning to Talk

out a speech at a dinner party; words which can comfort and assuage, damage and delight, amuse and dismay; but above all, the words which one burns like beacons against the darkness, and which together comprise the society of the silently speaking self; because all these words are but humble echoes of the words the poet uses when she speaks of passion, or the historian when he drives his nails through time, or when the psychoanalyst divines our desires as through tea leaves left at the bottom of our dreams.

EVEN IF THE WORLD becomes so visual that words must grow faces to save themselves, and put on smiles made of fragrant paste, and even if we all hunker down in front of films like savages before a divinity, explaining experience in terms of experiences which need to be explained, still, we shall not trade portraits of our love affairs; there is no Polaroid which will develop in moments the state of our soul, or cassette to record our conscience, so we shall never talk in doodles over dinner, or call up our spirit to its struggle with a little private sitcom or a dreary soap. Even if the world falls silent and we shrink in fear within ourselves; even if words are banished to the Balkans or otherwise driven altogether out of hearing, as though every syllable were subversive (as indeed each is); all the same, when we have withdrawn from any companionship with things and people, when we have collapsed in terror behind our talcummed skins, and peer warily out of the ports of our eyes, when we have reached the limit of our dwindle, the last dry seed of the self, then we shall see how greatly correct is the work of Samuel Beckett, because we shall find there nothing but a voice, nothing but talk.

How desperately, then, we need to learn it—to learn how to talk—because we are babies about it. Oh, we have excellent languages for the secrets of nature. Wave packets, black holes, and skeins of genes: we can write precisely and consequentially of these, as well as other extraordinary phenomena; but can we talk, even of trifles—for instance, of the way a look sometimes crosses a face like the leap of a frog, so little does it live there, or how the habit of anger raises the heart, or wet leaves paper a street? Our anatomy texts can skin us without pain, the cellular urges of trees are no surprise, the skies are driven by winds we cannot see; yet science has passed daily horizons again.

It is terribly important to know how a breast is made: how to touch it to make a tingle, or discover a hidden cyst (we find these things written of in books); but isn’t it just as important to be able to put the beauty of a body in words, words we give like a gift to its bearer; to communicate the self to another, and in that way form a community of feeling, of thought about feeling, of belief about thought: an exchange of warmth like breathing, of simple tastes and the touch of the eye, and other sensations shortly to be sought, since there is no place for the utopia of the flesh outside the utopia of talk.

It can’t be helped. We are made of layers of language like a Viennese torte. We are a Freudian dessert. My dinner companion, the lady who lent me her smile, has raised her goblet in a quiet toast. It is as though its rim had touched me, and I try to find words for the feeling, and for the wine which glows like molten rubies in her glass; because if I can do that, I can take away more than a memory which will fade faster than a winter footprint; I can take away an intense and interpreted description, a record as tough to erase as a relief, since without words what can be well and richly remembered? Yesterdays are gone like drying mist. Without our histories, without the conservation which concepts nearly alone make possible, we could not preserve our lives as were the bodies of the pharaohs, the present would soon be as clear of the past as a bright day, and we would be innocent arboreals again.

Of course we could redream the occasion, or pretend to film our feeling, but we’ll need words to label and index our images anyway, and can the photograph contain the rush of color to my face, the warmth which reminds me I also am a glass and have become wine?

I REMEMBER BECAUSE I talk. I talk from morning to night, and then I talk on in my sleep. Our talk is so precious to us, we think we punish others when we stop. So I stay at peace because I talk. Tête à têtes are talk. Shop is talk. Parties are parades of anecdotes, gossip, opinion, railery, and reportage. There is sometimes a band and we have to shout. Out of an incredibly complex gabble, how wonderfully clever of me to hear so immediately my own name, yet at my quiet breakfast table, I may be unwilling, and thus unable, to hear a thing my wife says. When wives complain that romance has fled from their marriage, they mean their husbands have grown quiet and unresponsive as moss. Taciturnity—long lovely word—it is a famous tactic. As soon as two people decide they have nothing more to talk about, everything should be talked out. Silence shields no passion. Only the mechanical flame is silent.

Like a good husband, then, I tell the little woman what went on through the day—in the car, on the courts, at the office. Well, perhaps I do not tell her all that went on, perhaps I give her a slightly sanitized account. I tell my friends how I fared in New York, and of the impatient taxi which honked me through the streets. I tell my students the substance of what they should have heard. I tell my children how it used to be (it was better), and how I was a hero (of a modest sort, of course) in the Great War, moving from fact to fiction within the space of a single word. I tell my neighbors pleasant lies about the beauty of their lawns and dogs and children, and in my head I tell the whole world where to
get off.

Those who have reputations as great conversationalists are careful never to let anyone else open a mouth. Like Napoleons, they first conquer, then rule, the entire space of speech around them. Jesus preached. Samuel Johnson bullied. Carlyle fulminated. Bucky Fuller drones. Wittgenstein thought painfully aloud. But Socrates talked...hazardously, gayly, amorously, eloquently, religiously...he talked with wit, with passion, with honesty; he asked; he answered; he considered; he debated; he made of his mind a boulevard before there was even a France.

I remember—I contain a past—partly because my friends and family allow me to repeat and polish my tales, tall as they sometimes are, like the stalk Jack climbed to encounter the giant. Shouldn’t I be able to learn from history how to chronicle them sometimes are, like the stalk Jack climbed to encounter the giant? “Every man should be so much an artist,” again Emerson said, “that he could report in conversation what had befallen him.” Words befell Emerson often. He made speeches on occasions like this one, and until his mind changed, he always meant what he said. Frequently his mind changed before he reached any conclusion. In his head his heart turned to look about and saw the other side.

TALK, OF COURSE, is not always communication. It is often just a buzz, the hum the husband makes when he’s still lit, but the station’s gone off. We can be bores as catastrophic as quakes, causing even the earth to yawn. Talk can be cruel and injurious to a degree which can now dream of Cannes and complain of Canada with the same breath we use to spit an olive in a napkin, since one can easily do several thoughtless things at once—in fact, one ought to. And indeed it is true that prefab conversation frees the mind, yet rarely does the mind have a mind left after these interconnected clichés have conquered it; better to rent rooms to hooligans who will only draw on the walls and break the furniture; for our Gerberized phrases touch nothing; they keep the head hollow by crowding out thought; they fill all the chairs with buttocks like balloons; they are neither fed nor feed; they drift like dust; they will not use; they refuse to breathe.

W E FORGET SOMETIMES that we do live with ourselves—worse luck—as well as within ourselves. The head we inhabit is a haunted house. Nevertheless, we often ignore our own voice when it speaks to us: “Remember me,” the spirit says, “I am your holy ghost!” But we are bored by our own baloney. Why otherwise would we fall in love if not to hear that same sweet hokum from another? Still, we should remember that we comprise true Siamese twins, fastened by language and feeling, wed better than any bed; because when we talk to ourselves we divide into the self which is all ear and the self which is all mouth. Yet which one of us is which? Does the same self do most of the talking while a second self soaks it up, or is there a real conversation?

Frequently we put on plays like a producer: one voice belongs to sister, shrill and intrepidly stupid; a nephew has another (he wants a cookie); the boss is next—we’ve cast him as a barnyard bully; and then there is a servant or a spouse, crabby and recalcitrant. Each speaks as though spoken through; each runs the little comedy we’ve constructed, it’s likely to have a long run. Does it really matter how richly and honestly and well tongue is like a stale bun in the mouth. And we have talked of Tommy’s teeth and our cold car’s treachery, of our slobby dog’s affection and Alice’s asthma and Hazel’s latest honeybunny, who, thank God, is only black and not gay like the last one. We have emptied our empty jars over one another like slapstick comedienne through so many baggy panted performances. We can now dream of Cannes and complain of Canada with the same breath we use to spit an olive in a napkin, since one can easily do several thoughtless things at once—in fact, one ought to. And indeed it is true that prefab conversation frees the mind, yet rarely does the mind have a mind left after these interconnected clichés have conquered it; better to rent rooms to hooligans who will only draw on the walls and break the furniture; for our Gerberized phrases touch nothing; they keep the head hollow by crowding out thought; they fill all the chairs with buttocks like balloons; they are neither fed nor feed; they drift like dust; they will not use; they refuse to breathe.

Washington University Magazine
all supposed to have that); but because he talks to himself more beautifully than anyone else ever has. Consider his passion, his eloquence, his style, his range: ‘‘O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!’’ he exclaims; ‘‘Now could I drink hot blood,’’ he brags; ‘‘to be or not to be,’’ he wonders; ‘‘O,’’ he hopes, ‘‘that this too too solid flesh would melt,’’ and he complains that all occasions do inform against him. For our part, what do we do? Do we lick our own hand and play the spaniel? Do we whine and wheedle or natter like a nannie? Can we formulate our anger in a righteous phrase, or will we be reduced to swearing like a soldier? All of us are dramatists, but how will we receive our training? Where can we improve upon the puerile theatricals of our parents, if not here among the plays and perils of Pirandello and the dialogues of Plato (among the many glories of the letter ‘‘P’’—‘‘peachtree’’ and ‘‘pulchritude,’’ ‘‘philosophy’’ and ‘‘friendship’’), the operas of Puccini and the follies of the faculty?

I f we think awareness is like water purling gayly in its stream, we have been listening to the wrong James, for our consciousness is largely composed of slogans and signs, of language of one kind or other: we wake to an alarm; we read the weather by the brightness of a streak on the ceiling, the mood of our lover by the night’s cramp still clenched in her morning body; our trembling tells us we’re hung over; we wipe ourselves with a symbol of softness, push an ad around over our face; the scale rolls up a number which means ‘‘fat,’’ and the innersoles of our shoes say ‘‘Hush!’’ Thus, even if we haven’t uttered a word, we’ve so far spent the morning reading. Signs don’t stream. They may straggle, but they mostly march. Language allies itself with order. Even its fragments suggest syntax, wholeness, regularity, though many of us are ashamed to address ourselves in complete sentences. Rhetorically structured paragraphs seem pretentious to us, as if, to gaze at our image in a mirror, we had first to put on a tux; and this means that everything of real importance, every decision which requires care, thoughtful analysis, emotional distance and mature judgment, must be talked out with someone else—a consequence we can’t always face, with its attendant arguments, embarrassments, counterclaims, and lies. To think for yourself—not narrowly, but rather as a mind—you must be able to talk to yourself: well, honestly, and at length. You must come in from the rain of requests and responses. You must take and employ your time as if it were your life. And that side of you which speaks must be prepared to say anything so long as it is so—seen so, felt so, thought so; and that side of you which listens must be ready to hear horrors, for much of what is so is horrible—horrible to see, horrible to feel, horrible to consider. But at length, and honestly—that is not enough. To speak well to oneself . . . to speak well we must go down as far as the bucket can be lowered. Every thought must be thought through from its ultimate cost back to its cheap beginnings; every perception, however profound and distant, must be as clear and easy as the moon; every desire must be recognized as a relative and named as fearlessly as Satan named his angels; finally, every feeling must be felt to its bottom where the bucket rests in the silt and water. 
rises like a tower around it. To talk to ourselves well requires, then, endless rehearsals—rehearsals in which we revise, and the revision of the inner life strikes many people as hypocritical; but to think how to express some passion properly is the only way to be possessed by it, for unformed feelings lack impact, just as unfelt ideas lose weight. So walk around un rewritten, if you like. Live on broken phrases and syllable gristle, telegraphese and film reviews. No one will suspect . . . until you speak.

There are kinds and forms of this inner speech. Many years ago, when my eldest son was about 14, I was gardening alongside the house one mid-May midday, hidden between two bushes I was pruning, when Richard came out of the house in a hurry to return to school following lunch, and like a character in a French farce, skulking there, I overheard him talking to himself: ‘‘Well, racing fans, it looks like the question which everybody had been asking will be answered shortly, because here comes Richard Gass out of the pits now. He doesn’t seem to be limping from that bad crash he had at the raceway yesterday, and he is certainly going straight for his car . . . what courage! . . . yes, he is getting in his car . . . yes, he is going to be off in a moment . . . yes’’—and then he went, pedalling out of my hearing, busily broadcasting his life. ‘‘Gentlepersons, start your engines!’’ and some of us quietly go ‘‘Vroom!’’ and drive our armchairs roaring down the length of the living room.

My son’s consciousness, in that moment, was not only thoroughly verbal, although its subject was the Indy 500, then not too many days away; it had a form: that given to language and its referents by the radio sportscaster. Richard’s body was, in effect, on the air; his mind was in the booth—‘‘upstairs’’; while his feelings were doubtless mixed in with his audience, both at home and in the stands. He was being seen, and heard, and speaking. No one will suspect . . . until you speak.

Later this led me to wonder whether we all didn’t have fashions and forms in which we talked to ourselves; whether some of these might be habits of the most indelible sort, the spelling out of our secret personality; and, finally, whether they might not vitally influence the way we spoke to others, especially in our less formal moments—in bed, at breakfast, at the thirteenth tee. I recognized at once that this was certainly true of me; that although I employed many modes, there was one verbal form which had me completely in its grip the way Baron Münchausen was held in his own tall tales, or the Piers Plowman poet in his lovely alliteration. If Richard’s was that of the radio broadcast, mine was that of the lecture. I realized that when I woke in the morning, I rose from bed only to ask the world if it had any questions. I was, almost from birth, and so I suppose ‘‘by nature,’’ what Gertrude Stein called Ezra Pound—a village explainer—which, she said, was all right if you were a village, but if not, not; and soon I was launched into an internal discourse on the art of internal discourse, a lecture I have given many times, but rarely aloud.

I have since asked a number of people, some from very different backgrounds, what forms their internal talk took, and found, first of all, that they agreed to the important presence of these forms, and that one did tend to dominate the others: it was often broadcasting—never the lecture—though I once encountered a sermon and several prayers; it frequently took place in the courtroom where one was conducting a fearless prosecution or a triumphant defense; it was regularly the repetition of some pattern of parental exchange, a rut full of relatives and conditioned response; the drama appeared to be popular, as well as works of pornography, though, in this regard, there were more movies shown than words said—which is a pity, the mode needs improvement; monologues such as Browning might have penned: the vaunt, the threat, the keen, the kvetch; there was even the bedtime story, the diary, the chronicle, and, of course, the novel, gothic in character, or at least full of intrigue and suspense: little did William Gass realize when he rose that gentle May morning to thump his chest and touch his toes that he would soon be embarked on an adventure whose endless ramifications would utterly change his life; otherwise he might not have set out for the supermarket without a list; otherwise he might not have done that push-up; he might better have stayed in bed, with the bedclothes pulled thickly over his stupidly chattering head.

Yet I should like to suggest that the center of the self, itself, is this secret, obsessive, often silly, nearly continuous voice—the voice which is the surest sign we are alive; and that one fundamental function of language is the communication with this self which it makes feasible; and that, if the university has done its work, you are a bit nearer than you were before to being one of the few fortunate who have made rich and beautiful the great conversation which constitutes our life.

Everywhere here in this Quad, everywhere along the long lines of listening chairs—like a choir before bursting into song—there is the silent murmur of us all, our glad, our scrappy, rude, grand, small talk to ourselves, the unheard hum of our humanity; without which—think of it!—we might not be awake; without which—imagine it!—we might not be alive; since while we speak we live up there above our bodies in the mind, and there is hope as long as we continue to talk; so long as we continue to speak, to search for eloquence even over happiness or sympathy in sorrow, even if all that is left to us is the omitted outcry, Christ’s query, the silent shout: my God, my God, why have you left me alone?
Resounding Silence
A brief Herb Weitman photo essay on a Performing Arts Area Mime Seminar by Visiting Artist Mary Lexa
Alumnus Dwight Ludden, BSArchE 30, pursued two successful careers before retiring in 1974. He trained for both at Washington University, coming back to school on the GI Bill following World War II.

Ludden reflected in the 120-inch telescope mirror at Lick Observatory. Photo was taken at Lick in 1959.
metamorphosis

When Dwight Lu"dden graduated from Washington University with a degree in architectural engineering, the year was 1930. It was, in the United States, hardly a good year for anyone; young Ludden was no exception. Although armed with a hard-won diploma, he had no engineering prospects, so he turned back to his own beginnings.

He had earned his high school credits while working and going to classes at the Commonwealth School in Granite City, Illinois, which was set up by a local steel mill. He had also financed his Washington University education by working in a small steel mill. He knew from experience that there were jobs for young men in the trades.

What was needed, then, in that year following the stock market crash, were people concerned with educating young men for these jobs. So Dwight Ludden tucked away his engineering diploma and joined Granite City High School as a teacher of vocational education. It was a career he successfully pursued for nearly twenty years, although that span was interrupted midway by World War II.

Toward the end of that interruption, Ludden inadvertently embarked on a second career. He was assigned to an army research and development group studying the future of the armed services. The work plunged him into a world of jet engines and guided missiles and it introduced him to the science of celestial navigation. In doing so, it dredged up random facts and computations that had been a part of his engineering education. Though after discharge he returned to work in vocational education in Granite City, the silt refused to resettle quietly into his forgotten past.

Under the G.I. Bill, Ludden came back to Washington University as a part-time student to study astronomy under Jessica Young Stephens. She had joined the University faculty nearly twenty-five years before, and by then, was the Washington University astronomy department.

This great teacher wove a magical cocoon. It was spun out of nights of observations from and adjustments to Washington University's little pre-twentieth century telescope. It wound itself around an already full-blown innovator, for the ex-GI who was her pupil had become one of the Midwest's most successful proponents of vocational education.

But the man who emerged from the chrysalis in 1955, at age 50, took a new direction. Thirteen years later, N. U. Mayall, director of Kitt Peak National Observatory near Tucson, would write of Ludden: "He is uniquely the best telescope field engineer within the astronomical community, not only in this country but abroad.

"His work, initially at the Lick Observatory, then at Kitt Peak National Observatory, and now [in 1968] in Chile, represents, in my mind, an achievement by one man for whom I can find none other for comparison. Along with our chief engineer, W. W. Baustian, he is one of the few engineers elected to membership in the International Astronomical Union. His advice and consultation are continually being sought by domestic and foreign astronomers and engineers."

Recently Mayall added, "Red Ludden surely has to be counted among those whose dedication produced two of the most modern and productive observatories in the world."

Mayall speaks of Lick Observatory, owned and operated by the University of California, and Kitt Peak National Observatory, operated by the Association of Universities for Research in Astronomy, Inc., under contract with the National Science Foundation.

Ludden later was senior engineer supervising the installation of telescopes at a new observatory on Cerro Tololo in Chile. Of that venture Victor M. Blanco wrote in 1968 with a director's pride, "Here at the Cerro Tololo Inter-American Observatory, we are engaged in establishing, with the help of the National Science Foundation and the Ford Foundation, what may well be the most important astronomical research institution in the world. Mr. Ludden is a key person in this endeavor. He has so far put into operation all of our five telescopes and I trust that he will be available to us for a similar task in relation to the 158-inch telescope we are now planning."

Lu"dden's work in telescope engineering actually was begun during a summer vacation from his teaching assignment. In the early 1950's, Professor Stephens, who had graduated from Washington University in 1913 and taken the Ph.D. at the University of California, recommended to an old friend and colleague C. D. Shane, director of U.C.'s Lick Observatory in Santa Cruz, that he invite her part-time pupil to spend the summer as a volunteer at Lick. Shane did, that summer and the next.

"Ludden created so favorable an impression that I asked him to come as an engineer to work with our chief engineer, William Baustian, in putting the final touches on the 120-inch reflecting telescope then nearing completion [and recently named in Shane's honor by the regents of the University of California]. Red had a very keen practical sense in matters of engineering. As I remember, he had been working on the 120-inch only a few days when he made an important improvement. His services were invaluable and much of the subsequent success of the telescope may be credited to him."

Baustian left Lick Observatory in 1956 to take
charge of engineering at Kitt Peak, where a 150-inch telescope was abuilding, and Ludden assumed the task of completing installation of the 120-inch. Baustian gives a designer's insight into his companion's work. "Red was particularly valuable in the supervision of the fabrication and installation of telescopes and their attendant equipment and instrumentation. In addition to completing the 120-inch, he went on to finish the design and manufacture of the auxiliary instruments such as spectrographs, photometers, cameras, etc." Following that, Baustian asked Ludden to join his staff at Kitt Peak, and from there Ludden went to Chile. Donald Osterbrock, current director of Lick Observatory, met Ludden first on Cerro Tololo in the early 1970's. "I was then on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and Red was chief engineer on the mountain, about fifty miles from observatory offices at La Serena. I was working with a new and relatively untried instrument, an image-tube spectograph, and there were some problems with it which Red quickly analyzed and was able to correct. He personally did the necessary machining of a piece of bakelite that formed an important part of the image-tube system." **Ludden's friends** speak of him the picture of a man who in middle age turned from one successful career to build another begins to come into focus. "He has the ability to instill loyalty among those who work for him," Mayall observes. "In fact, he almost always worked along with them as a very active leader, so that the workmen on Cerro Tololo, who were almost all Chilean nationals, practically idolized him and would do anything to try to please him."

Marlow Marrs, now president of L & F Industries in Huntington Park, California, knew Ludden at Lick and has remained a close friend for a quarter of a century. He says, "Red likes people and people like Red. It is as simple as that."

And Elmer Jackson, a former teaching colleague at Granite City schools, notes that it was that very trait of Ludden's "that could entice you into work with him and for him."

But Harry Bott, general manager of National Steel who met Ludden first in 1953 when Bott was supervisor of training for Granite City Steel and Ludden was at Granite City schools, perhaps captures this trait in a word. "Red's synergetic. He was an inspiration in the classrooms, but it didn't stop there. He'd get people in the trades for fifty miles around to come to teach in his program and then he'd send them all back out as a network of people who would hire any young man Red would recommend. The relationships that he developed spread through the ranks of our people, so that all of the union people would back the program and our shop stewards knew and trusted Red and the people he trained. We got to the point that we would turn old machinery over to him (not them), knowing that we'd reap a benefit from his use."

When Bott organized his first training program—an apprenticeship program planned jointly with the union—the Granite City night school which Ludden had organized and directed was Bott's first third-party participant. "As a result Red had the foresight to lay out all of the training for all of our various crafts—machinists, electricians, millwrights, electronic technicians, everything. What it did for us was to give us the craftsmen to run our business. What it did for the school was to give it an industry for which its graduates were specifically trained.

"The guy's terrific. Nothing you can say about him would embellish the truth."

From Ludden's first job in 1930 as a teacher of vocational education, he became director of the program for Granite City Community School District. "In addition to his success in enlisting the cooperation of business and industry in his high school program, he was able to sell them on establishing night school classes for the reinforcement of skills needed at the plants," says B. J. Davis, now school superintendent. "This night program was once, under Ludden, one of the largest in the state of Illinois." Ludden was never a man to let an opportunity pass nor a donor or participant slip away. "If he found machinery needed in the shop program and had successfully secured it, he'd get a truck himself and go haul it in," says Davis.

**The strains of maverick** in Dwight Ludden must have surfaced early, though he claims he is an all-round late-bloomer. He says he never made much better than C's in his engineering education and has, at times, been a bit embarrassed by his lack of analytical skills, particularly in mathematics. Colleagues claim that that is nonsense, that Ludden's analytical skills are so native and practical, he simply doesn't know he has them. It may have been recognition of that talent that led one Washington University engineering professor to be so tolerant of a poor student, Ludden recalls. "I'd come to class after working all night and I'd be so tired, I'd just tilt my chair back against the wall and fall asleep. He'd let me take that half-hour catnap and when he was coming to something important have the guy next to me wake me up."

With the outbreak of World War II, Ludden's students began to enter the service and he decided that he must too. He applied for an army commission offered for teachers although he was, at that time, supervising training. He interviewed and was turned.
down because the interviewers were instructed to offer commissions only to teachers. Disheartened, he confided his dilemma to a former professor of his at the University, who advised him to go back and tell the interviewers what they needed to hear. He did, and was commissioned a first, rather than a second, lieutenant. "I lied to them and they knew it—I'd already told them the truth that morning—but we were playing the game. That was important." He chuckles now over that incident and remarks that, in a way, that commission led him "fairly indirectly into the telescope business."

Besides his growing fascination with astronomy and the vague desire it stirred to turn back to the engineering education he had loved, two other factors influenced his decision to change careers. In the service, he had contracted meningitis and by the mid-fifties, the strain of teaching "was beginning to be too much for my frazzled nerves." But the strain on Ludden was equally from his fight to save vocational education when the tide of American education had turned away from such programs. "Though Dwight's programs were easily the most successful in the Midwest—maybe in the country—and though he was a fighter, he just couldn't keep it up. At last it became clear that even Granite City schools were going to concentrate on college prep," Bott says. "He wasn't behind the times, he was too much ahead of them. It's now twenty years later and we're just beginning to recognize it."

BUT DWIGHT LUDDEN accepts life's ironies with the good graces of a born practical joker, which he is. That temperament and bent for the lighter side of a situation enlivened every isolated mountain top community of which he was a member. Colleagues recall a day when, knowing of his sweet tooth, every wife on the mountain baked him a pie. He responded by throwing a community pie-eating party that night.

Director Shane recounts a running joke between Red and Mrs. Shane. When Ludden was a dinner guest, Mary Shane would sneak plastic bugs into his salad and, in retaliation, Ludden would hide imitation mice in her cheese dips and cupboards. "Now, many years later, Mary still finds mice hidden in packages sent by mail."

Marrs tells a later-life tale of Ludden's genial good nature and trust in fate's star. One Thursday evening before Easter, Marrs received a call at his California home from Ludden, who had just arrived from Chile, asking if Marrs would act as best man on the following Sunday for Ludden's marriage to his Chilean financee, Georgina. The catch to the compliment came when Marrs discovered "Red had no marriage license, no minister, no church, and worst of all, no medical certificate (which normally takes at least two days to obtain). By bending the laws and a frantic effort on the part of Clyde Chivens, another friend who was to give the bride away, and myself, Red and Georgina were married in a small Congregational chapel in South Pasadena on a beautiful sunny Easter Sunday afternoon and the affair was attended by many of Red's good friends from Cal Tech and Hale Observatories in Pasadena."

In 1974 Ludden retired from Cerro Tololo and he and Georgina remained in Chile. "I believe in retirement," Ludden said recently. "I'm not working; though I do help a bit to maintain some small telescopes for the Catholic University and the University of Chile in Santiago. They require some tender loving care."

STERBROCK puts that comment in perspective. "A little over a year ago, Red spent about a month here at Lick while on a visit from Chile. He worked on a plateholder for a spectrograph now the property of the Catholic University of Chile, but originally built at Lick and used in their early Southern-Hemisphere observation program."

That project was perhaps one of those Red Ludden refers to when he says, "The people you work with are in a group all by themselves. They have a laboratory where things happen that they can't touch. They can't rerun an experiment, only simulate it, so the astronomer tells you what he needs to gather his information and you figure out a way to get it. They are great people, as all people. As Newton said, if we see further, 'it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.'"
On May 18 on the sun-dappled Washington University Quadrange, Professor William Gass delivered the eloquent commencement address that appears earlier in this magazine. Chancellor William H. Danforth spoke words of welcome. And, for the first time in almost a decade, a senior student addressed the assembled audience.

The inclusion of a student speaker at commencement this year was, we have read, not an uncommon event. That is heartening. It indicates that the traditional means of communication are again the means of choice on America's college campuses. In the turbulent period of the 1960s and 1970s, the ability to communicate foundered, even as the need to communicate increased. Perhaps the voices were too loud to be heard. That is not true on campuses today.

Thomas Countryman's address to commencement guests, faculty, and classmates was warm and personal and remarkably traditional. He spoke thoughtfully and well of education, community, humor, pain, and joy. Of commitment he said: "Not all attention has been focused on the central definitions of the University. Many students have looked outside, to the role individuals, and the University, can and must play in society, in St. Louis and beyond.

"Despite the University's importing to us strong professional and individual skills, it has failed if the only commitment we recognize is a self-centered one. It has failed if the focus on career goals and career skills has preempted a concern with human needs. Problems of ignorance, of economic want, of social needs, are complex, and no one is expecting a commitment from us to solve them all. But we cannot even begin to address them from a viewpoint that includes only ourselves, from a viewpoint that includes no commitment to people and ideals outside ourselves."

Many of Tom Countryman's listeners knew with what sincerity he spoke, for they knew that he had been a leader among those students who entreated the University to divest itself of stock in companies doing business in South Africa. Tom Countryman obviously does not feel that leading a student protest and speaking on behalf of seniors at commencement are in any way dichotomous. He sees these activities as springing from one intellectual and moral base. And, it is obvious, that other students, the faculty, the administration, and the community of listeners recognize this viewpoint, judge it legitimate, and even, perhaps, share it.

A few days earlier in May, Chancellor William Danforth spoke to the University's William Greenleaf Eliot Society members about the climate of the University's campus. He enumerated the successes of "a super year—the best in my memory." But it is his final remarks that should be especially noted here:

"This spring, I have been mulling about change and continuity, perhaps because near graduation I see friends among the students going off, headed to careers, to professional schools, to other graduate education, but certainly to totally new experiences. "Life will never again be the same for them. But Washington University will never be the same again either.

"The individuals who are graduating this May have grown up in the age of television, assassinations, Vietnam, nuclear power plants, marijuana, cruise missiles, Watergate, and inflation. They have heard debates on minority rights, ERA, busing, abortion, political and corporate behavior, strategic arms limitations, energy, environment, and, importantly, changing standards of personal morality and behavior. None of us grew up in exactly this same era.

"Their personalities and their experiences will never be reproduced again. Next year at Washington University will be different.

"The graduating seniors also go into a world vastly changed from the one I went into in 1947. They and their generation will create some things of which we have not yet dreamed.

"Many things have changed, but on the human side there is continuity. There is, in them, the incredible energy that allows one to study and party all night and to take an examination and play baseball the next day. There is the ability to learn and to adapt to new situations, physical and intellectual, at a dizzying pace. There is the same excitement of moving on to a new career. There is the same sense of leaving behind a part of oneself with the University and friends."

I have been thinking also of another kind of change and continuity. During the past decade, alumni were terribly critical of students, their dress, their behavior, their politics, and perhaps above all, their methods of demonstrating. Students in those days were quick to resent criticism. What did the alumni know of what went on in their heads and hearts? How could they judge? Why did alumni not open their eyes and see the new dawn?

"Now I hear alumni from that era critical of the students of today. What are the students doing? Do they care more about dress than great causes? Are they committed? Where is their idealism?

"The campus climate has changed drastically since the late 1960s; but there is continuity. Students are as they have always been—searching for understanding, trying to come closer to truth, seeking a lifestyle that is basically honest and in keeping with the way they see the world, striving for meaning in the chaos that sometimes threatens to engulf them. Students continue to find love, hope, friends, and perhaps even a bit of self-acceptance.

"But each age, like each individual, has to work out its own syntheses and express its own values in its own way. Maybe the recognition of what is change and what is continuity, of what belongs to the moment and what belongs to our common thread of humanity is the beginning of wisdom."
Adele Chomeau Starbird this spring received the William Greenleaf Eliot Society Award for distinguished service to Washington University. The heartwarming applause that greeted Dean Starbird at the Eliot Society's dinner would have shaken the country had it risen from the hands of all of the Washington University alumni whose lives she has touched. Adele Starbird was dean of women for nearly three decades and she brought to that position wisdom and wit, personal warmth and determination and an abiding concern for those students whom she counselled in times of joy and sorrow. In the twenty years since her retirement, others have undertaken her duties, but none has replaced her.

Eliot Society President George Kassabau presents Dean Starbird with the award, a sterling silver replica of the sculpture, "The Search" designed by Heikki Seppa for the society.