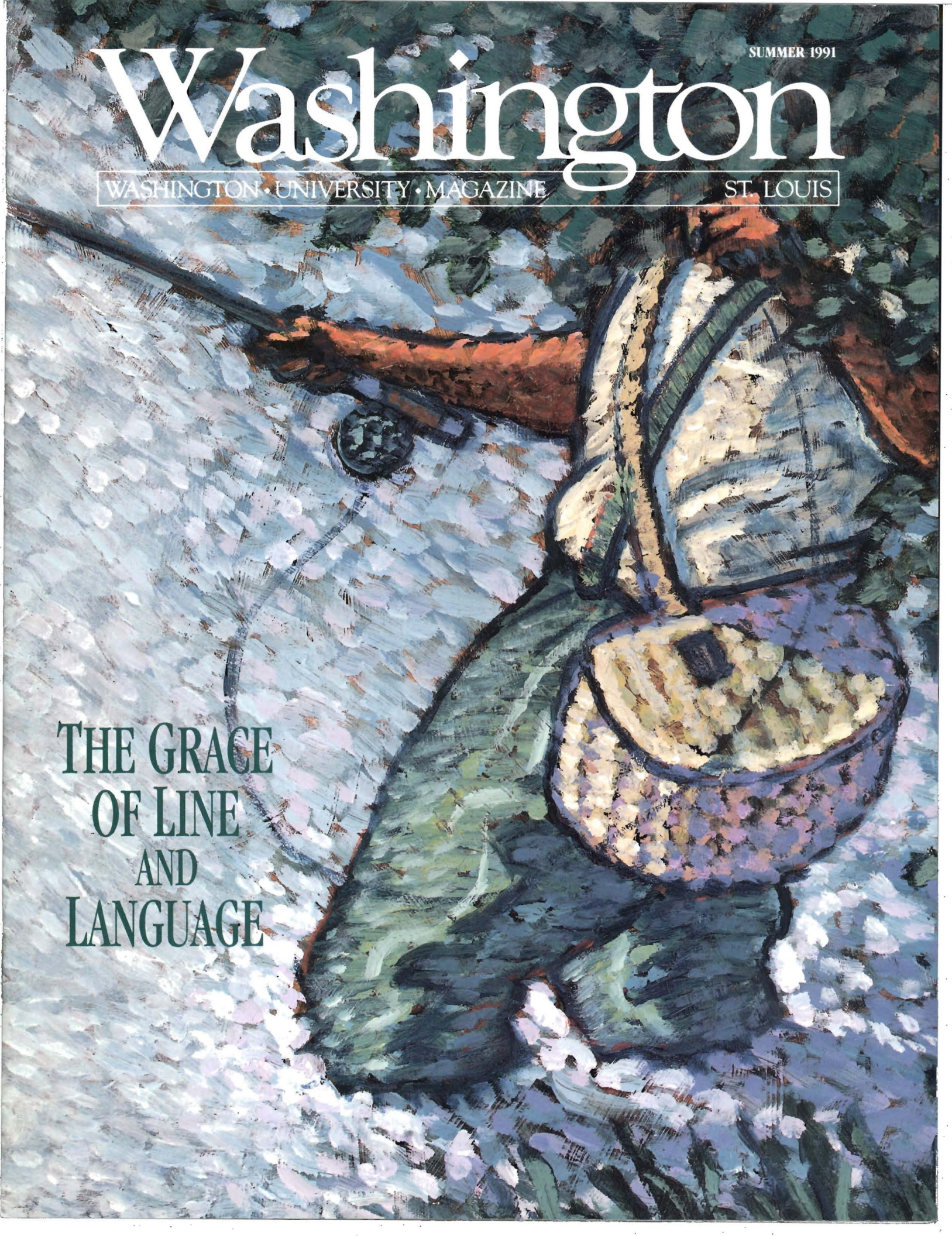


SUMMER 1991

Washington

WASHINGTON • UNIVERSITY • MAGAZINE

ST. LOUIS



THE GRACE
OF LINE
AND
LANGUAGE



Terra Nova: Some 340 miles from the South Pole, on the New Zealand side of Antarctica, scientists combed the blue ice in search of meteorites, extraterrestrial rocks as old as the solar system itself. The team also studied glacial movement.

Ghislaine Crozaz, professor of earth and planetary sciences, and Robert Walker, McDonnell Professor of Physics and Crozaz's husband, joined an expedition led

by William Cassidy, from the University of Pittsburgh, for a two-month journey that began in November 1990.

Professor Crozaz looked to the Queen Alexandra Mountains to record this scene. The orange tents and black sleds dotting the Walcott Nève (region of the Beardmore Glacier), where the scientists camped, reflect the resplendent solitude of a five-million-square-mile continent composed of 97 percent ice.

Washington

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ST. LOUIS

Vol. 61, No. 2 • Summer 1991

Cover: Fly-fishing becomes a metaphor for negotiating the roaring stream of memory in Wayne Fields' What the River Knows. Excerpt begins on page 18. Illustration by Linden Wilson.



Gothic iconography: A winged lion's head, glaring with ferocity, protrudes from the main facade of Graham Chapel. See story on page 9. Photo by David Kilper.

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Short takes highlight Washington's world of research, achievement, discovery, and excellence in teaching.

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Janet Kiefhaber's classic happy ending marks a new beginning for Dr. Robert Perrillo, who cured her of hepatitis B.

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Riding the "Devil's Cart" Across Asia

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My Washington

For Henrietta, A.B.'75, and Rudy Freedman, B.S.Ch.E.'40, M.S.'52, loyalty is a family affair.

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Ars Politica or La Dolce Vita?

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“We’ve got a Backer at Washington University.”



Loretta A. Backer Scholars: seated, left to right: Mary Riley, LA94, Mark Minnick, LA92, Michelle Adams, LA92; standing, left to right, Marc Johnson, LA94, Margaret Brinkman, LA92, William Gerhardt, BU94.



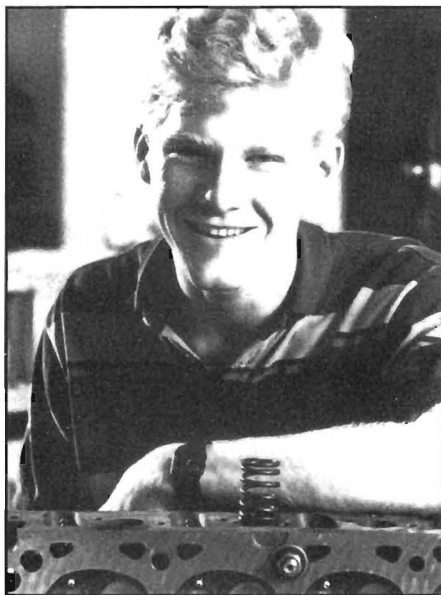
Loretta A. Backer
from the 1926 *Hatchet*

In the mid-1960s, using her own savings from a career in government service and a modest inheritance, the late Loretta A. Backer, LA26, established the first of several charitable trusts, which would later provide assets to establish the Loretta A. Backer Missouri Scholarship Fund at Washington University.

Miss Backer received income from the trusts, from which she also gained substantial income tax benefits. Her trust gifts, and an additional bequest, eventually endowed a scholarship fund to help gifted young people reach their educational goals, just as she was able to do as a young woman of modest means. Miss Backer's scholarship fund now provides financial assistance for several students annually.

For more information about planned gifts, which can provide you with lifetime income and significant tax benefits, while also helping you achieve your charitable goals for Washington University, please call 889-5848 (935-5848 after August 3, 1991) or (800) 835-3503, or write: Office of Planned Giving, Washington University, Campus Box 1193C, One Brookings Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63130-4899.

FRONT RUNNERS



Los Angeles

Don't say no: Andrew Schiermeier's persistence and impressive credentials earned him a year of study in Cambridge.

Newton, Faraday. . .and Schiermeier

Trinity College of Cambridge University in England has had its share of illustrious science students—Sir Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday, to name two.

Add Andrew Schiermeier, a May 1991 graduate in Washington's School of Engineering and Applied Science. Trinity broke its long-standing tradition of not accepting foreign students for one-year terms by admitting Schiermeier for his junior year. Persistence and a 4.0 grade-point average in engineering courses at Washington opened the door for Schiermeier, a National Merit Scholarship winner from Cary, North Carolina.

During his year in England, Schiermeier lived in a room above the historic Blue Boar Pub, allegedly a haunt of poet John Milton. He attended classes in a large hall where professors took

turns at the lectern. His fellow students, he recalls, seemed more earnest about academics than their U.S. counterparts, but they weren't above launching paper airplanes in class when boredom prevailed. He remembers one aerodynamics professor quipping, "I hope they get better as the lectures go on."

Schiermeier's grade depended almost entirely on a 21-hour marathon of final exams given over three days. "It didn't matter whether you had the flu that week," says Schiermeier, who passed his electrical and mechanical engineering courses with honors. Recently awarded a three-year National Science Foundation fellowship, he will pursue a doctorate in mechanical engineering at Stanford University. He'd like to study at Trinity again along the way.

Poet Plucks the Pulitzer

Poet Mona Van Duyn, who has had a long-standing relationship with Washington, received this year's Pulitzer Prize in poetry for her book *Near Changes*.

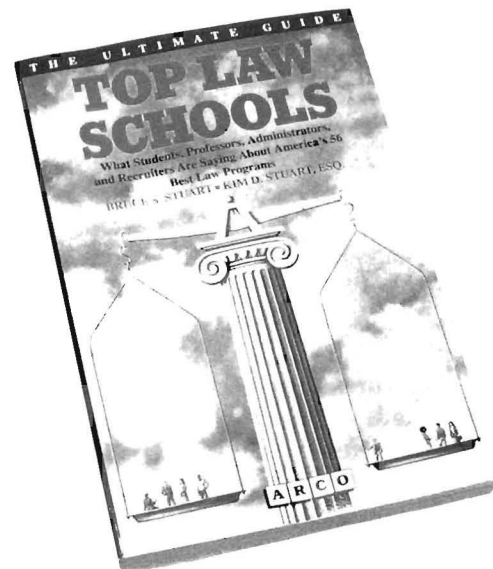
The recipient of an honorary degree from the University last year, Van Duyn was a lecturer in English at University College from 1950 to 1967. She taught in the graduate Writers' Program in 1983 and 1985 and was Visiting Hurst Professor of English in 1987.

With her husband, Jarvis Thurston, professor emeritus of English and former department chair, Van Duyn founded and edited the magazine *Perspective: A Quarterly of Literature*, which was published on campus from 1947 to 1970.

WU Law School Shines with Star Faculty

Washington's law school received high marks for teaching and faculty in a recently published book that profiles "America's 56 best programs." The Prentice Hall Press publication, titled *Top Law Schools: The Ultimate Guide*, was written by Bruce S. Stuart and attorney Kim D. Stuart. The assessment included law schools at Yale, Northwestern, the University of Chicago, Harvard, Georgetown, Duke, and the University of Pennsylvania, among others.

The schools were graded in areas such as quality of teaching, faculty accessibility, student life, selectivity, and reputation among recruiters. Washington was the only school to receive both an A for quality of teaching and an A+ for faculty accessibility, the highest rating in each category. Faculty members David M. Becker, Kathleen F. Brickey, and Frank W. Miller were described as "star faculty."



The Culprit in Colicky Babies? Cow Antibodies

Bringing home a newborn baby can be a blissful experience turned stressful if the infant develops colic.

Constricting abdominal muscles and inconsolable crying are two symptoms of the condition that affects some 1 million infants a year.

Researchers have suspected that nursing mothers might absorb a protein from their diets and transfer it to their babies through breast milk. A Washington University study, however, is the first to identify this protein as an antibody that causes colic.

"Until now, physicians have been unable to explain why colic seems to occur with equal frequency in breast-fed infants and in formula-fed infants," says Anthony Kulczycki, Jr., associate professor of medicine and a principal investigator in the study.

Kulczycki and co-investigator Patrick S. Clyne, pediatric resident at St. Louis Children's Hospital, part of the University's medical center, found high concentrations of cow immunoglobulin G (IgG) antibodies in milk-based infant formulas. They discovered, to their surprise, that mother's milk also can contain levels of IgG as high as those found in formula.

"Although most antibody substances are destroyed by digestive enzymes, we suspect that the cow IgG antibodies may be more protected from digestion, better absorbed by specialized receptors, or selectively concentrated in human milk," offers Kulczycki.



Washington People in the News

Richard A. Roloff, formerly president of Plaza Development and Capitol Land companies, became executive vice chancellor on May 1. A trustee of the University since 1985, Roloff is a leader in St. Louis business and development.

The responsibilities Roloff has assumed in the newly created position include oversight of real estate, facilities, and campus business and service areas. A 1951 graduate of the University's engineering school, Roloff headed companies responsible for building the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Clayton, Missouri, and Plaza Frontenac. He also worked with the Gateway Mall planning effort.

As a volunteer, Roloff has been active in the revitalization of St. Louis' Central West End through his support of and leadership in the Washington University Medical Center Redevelopment Corp. In 1976, he received the School of Engineering Alumni Achievement Award for his many contributions to the School. He was a sponsor of the Don A. Fisher Memorial Scholarship, a member of the National Council, and captain of the major gifts committee.

Peter H. Raven, Engelmann Professor of Botany and director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, is the recipient of three prestigious national and international awards. He received a Distinguished Service Award for major contributions to biology from the National Association of Biology Teachers at the group's 1990 convention in Houston, Texas.

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands confirmed him as an officer in the Order of the Royal Ark, a society established in 1971 to honor individuals for outstanding work in nature preservation. The Council of Scientific Society Presidents presented Raven with the 1990 Award for the Support of Science at a council meeting in Washington, D.C.

Egon Schwarz, Rosa May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities and professor of German, received the Ehrenzeichen für Kunst und Wissenschaft (Badge of Honor for Art and Science) from the Austrian government in early March. He was recognized for his contributions to Austrian culture and literature.

A native of Vienna, Schwarz emigrated to South America in 1939, shortly after Austria was annexed by Nazi Germany. He came to the United States in 1949 and joined the University faculty in 1961.

The National Academy of Sciences awarded **Robert M. Walker**, director of the McDonnell Center for the Space Sciences, the J. Lawrence Smith Medal and a \$20,000 prize. Walker was lauded for his "pioneering research and numerous innovative techniques using solid state physics in the study of meteorites and interplanetary dust particles."

The McDonnell Professor of Physics, Walker has worked on the frontiers of space research for more than three decades. He oversees one of the world's largest research groups dedicated to the search for and study of extraterrestrial materials.

Vast Array is the Mainstay at Edison

Heralding the 1991-92 OVATIONS! season with "the best music, dance, and theatre from every corner of the artistic universe," Edison Theatre signed up the Lhamo Folk Opera of Tibet, the Black Light Theatre of Prague, and the Batsheva Dance Company of Tel Aviv to entertain audiences with multicultural main-stage fare.

The "Stage Left" series begins its second year of presenting a handful of inventive works in a studio setting. "ovations! for young people" performances return to engage children in theatre, song, and dance specially designed for the younger set.

The performing arts department draws from University talent to feature a diverse menu of events. Classical works such as Euripides' *Medea* and Molière's *Tartuffe* appear on the playbill with the Washington University Dance Theatre. The schedule also includes the world premiere of *Gray's Anatomy*, written by Jim Leonard, Jr., and commissioned for the University's medical school

centennial celebration. Henry Schvey, professor of drama and chair of the performing arts department, is directing the play.

OVATIONS! 1991-92

Penn and Teller's *Refrigerator Tour*
Fri. and Sat., Sept. 20-21

POSTPONED

Lhamo Folk Opera of Tibet
Fri. and Sat., Oct. 25-26

Max Roach and The Uptown String Quartet
Fri. and Sat., Nov. 1-2

Batsheva Dance Company
Fri.-Sun., Nov. 8-10

Aequalis (chamber music)
Sun., Nov. 17

Pilobolus Dance Theatre
Fri.-Sun., Jan. 24-26

Black Light Theatre of Prague
Alice in Wonderland
Fri. and Sat., Feb. 7-8

Spalding Gray
Fri. and Sat., Feb. 21-22

Athol Fugard's
My Children! My Africa!
Fri. and Sat., March 6-7

Michael Moschen in Motion
Fri. and Sat., April 24-25



Craig Schwartz

From My Children! My Africa!

Performing Arts Department

Gray's Anatomy
By Jim Leonard, Jr.
Fri.-Sun., Oct. 11-13; Oct. 18-20

Euripides' *Medea*
Thurs.-Sun.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3

Washington University Dance Theatre
Fri. and Sat., Nov. 15-16

Family Affairs: An Evening of One-Act Plays
Thurs.-Sun., Dec. 5-8

Plenty
By David Hare
Fri.-Sun., Feb. 21-23; Feb. 28-March 1

Dancers Dancing
Fri. and Sat., March 20-21

Molière's *Tartuffe*
Fri.-Sun., April 3-5; April 10-12

The Art of Dining
By Tina Howe
Thurs.-Sun., April 23-26

For program and ticket information, call the Edison box office at (314) 935-6543 or write to Edison Theatre, Campus Box 1119, One Brookings Drive, St. Louis, MO 63130-4899.



Clemens Kalischer

Pilobolus Dance Theatre

Researchers Link Nerve Damage to Normal Aging

A buildup of lesions that occurs with age may account for constipation, irregular heartbeat, impotence, and other common ailments of the elderly, according to researchers at the School of Medicine.

Robert E. Schmidt, associate professor, and Kevin A. Roth, assistant professor, both in the Department of Pathology, are the first researchers to provide a detailed description of these lesions found in the nerve cells of the autonomic nervous system.

This neural network regulates

involuntary body activities, such as digestion and sexual function. Synapses are points at which nerve impulses travel from one neuron to another. The researchers say synapses in the autonomic nervous system become increasingly defective and swollen as a person ages, hampering the system's ability to function. Their findings appeared in the June 1990 issue of *The American Journal of Pathology*.

The cause of the lesions is not yet known, but according to Schmidt and Roth, their discovery could lead to new medications that may counteract problems associated with autonomic dysfunction.

NASA Launches Missouri Space Grant Consortium

Washington University and four other Missouri universities formed the Missouri Space Grant Consortium in March, under the direction of Raymond E. Arvidson, chair of the Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences. Funded by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), the consortium will support teaching and research in the space sciences and aerospace engineering at member institutions. It also will attract to the field potential scientists and engineers, especially women and minorities.

Consortium participants include scientists and engineers from Washington; from the Columbia, Rolla, and St. Louis campuses of the University of Missouri; and from Southwest Missouri State University. Richard Heuermann, administrative officer in the University's Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences, will manage consortium activities.

The consortium will receive \$150,000 a year from NASA; member institutions will supply \$100,000 a year in funds, facilities, and services.

"While our primary focus is to increase involvement of students in aerospace activities, we expect also to greatly increase the exchange of ideas and data among these institutions and between space scientists and aerospace engineers," says Arvidson.

The Missouri Space Grant Consortium is part of the National Space Grant College and Fellowship Program established by NASA to help strengthen the United States' capabilities in aerospace science and technology.



Revelations: Award-winning novelist Toni Morrison once told a Chicago Tribune reporter that "epiphany and triumph" prevail in every book she writes.

A gifted storyteller whose eloquent, anguished tales depict the life of small-town black America, Morrison revealed moments of truth and triumph in *Beloved* (winner of the 1988 Pulitzer Prize for fiction) and a work-in-progress to a spellbound audience attending a mid-March reading at the University's Graham Chapel. Her other writings include *Dreaming Emmett* (a play first produced in Albany, New York, in 1986), *Tar Baby* (1981), *Song of Solomon* (1977; winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award), *Sula* (1973), and *The Bluest Eye* (1969).

Pictured with Morrison is William Gass, David May Distinguished Professor in the Humanities..



Joe Angilias

Frequent flier: Lambert St. Louis International Airport became a familiar haunt to Zafar Khan, who commuted from Springfield, Massachusetts, to St. Louis to complete the Executive M.B.A. program.

name themselves or anyone at their institutions. The survey did not include the specialties of pediatrics, obstetrics/gynecology, and breast cancer.

Selected physicians at the medical center are: cardiology, Burton Sobel; cardiac surgery, James Cox and Nicholas Kouchoukos; colorectal surgery, Ira Kodner; endocrinology, Louis Avioli and Philip Cryer; gastroenterology, David Alpers; surgical gastroenterology, Samuel Wells; neurology, Leonard Berg; ophthalmology, Michael Kass; otolaryngology, John Fredrickson; pulmonary medicine, Robert Senior; thoracic surgery, Joel Cooper; and urology, William Catalona.

The Flight to an Executive Degree

Although Washington University was once a small commuter college at the end of a cable car line, the founding fathers never would have guessed that one day a student would commute to the campus from Massachusetts. That student is Zafar Khan, who made the 2,000-mile-plus weekly round trip between Springfield and St. Louis during his second year of the Executive M.B.A. program at the John M. Olin School of Business.

Khan began the two-year executive education program while working for Monsanto Company in St. Louis but midway through, was offered a promotion that required a transfer to Springfield. He is a quality assurance manager at the company's Indian Orchard Plant. "The job offer was too good to refuse, but I really wanted to finish the program," said the recent

graduate, who admitted that canceled flights, long layovers, mad dashes to the airport, and time away from his family created some problems.

Although Khan's schedule is now less frenetic, travel is by no means out of the picture. He'll be looking to use up more than 175,000 miles of frequent flier travel credits accumulated in the past year.

Seal of Approval

Fourteen of the 400 best physicians in the country treat patients and teach at Washington University School of Medicine, according to a poll published in the March issue of *Good Housekeeping* magazine.

The magazine polled some 400 department chairs and section chiefs at major medical centers nationwide, asking them not to

Ringin' in Change

Effective August 3, 1991, the University Hilltop community will implement a new telephone system that promises improved, economical service and capacity for expansion.

A new exchange prefix, 935, will replace Hilltop prefixes 889, 726, and 746. All extensions (the last four digits) will remain the same. The telephone services office is working with Southwestern Bell to determine the types of recorded announcements that will notify callers of the new numbers.





Joe Angeles

Conversation partners: Volunteer Alice Talonn shows student Xu-dong Dai memorabilia from her December 1989 trip to the crumbled Berlin Wall. "The world has come to me through my students," Talonn says.

Practical English for International Students

International students at Washington are learning how to splice genes, compose music, and build bridges. But as fledgling speakers of English in a foreign country, they also must learn how to use the telephone, shop for groceries, and obtain a driver's license.

A program called Speak English with Us! (SEWU) is helping international students learn the ropes of daily living in America. Cosponsored by Washington's International Office and Women's Society, SEWU has been matching international students with community volunteers for 21 years.

Not surprisingly, SEWU has fostered lasting relationships among its participants. Says veteran volunteer Alice Talonn, "My first student, Andreas Mueller of Berlin, has become my close

friend. Together, we have seen the room where Mozart was born, put flowers on Bach's grave, and climbed Mt. Vesuvius."

Screening for and Detecting Prostate Cancer

Prostate cancer, the most common cancer in men over 50, can be accurately detected by a simple blood test, say medical school researchers who are conducting a five-year study of 2,000 patients.

The 10-minute test measures levels in the blood of prostate-specific antigen (PSA), a protein produced only in the prostate gland. Higher-than-normal concentrations of PSA are an indication of prostatic disease. PSA has been used to monitor the progress of prostate cancer treatment, but this is the first large study indicating its effectiveness as a screening tool.

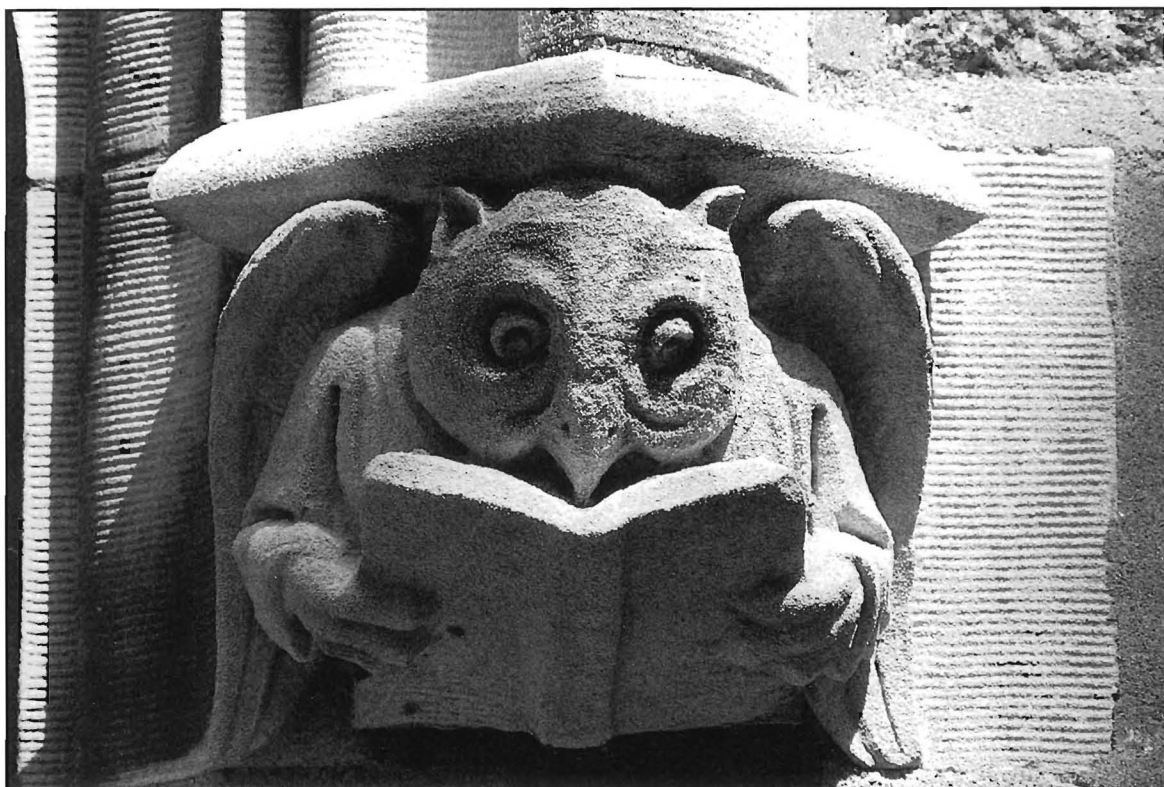
Results from the first two years of the study show that the PSA blood test is more accurate than either rectal examination or ultrasound and most effective when used in combination with those techniques, says principal investigator William J. Catalona, head of urologic surgery at both the School of Medicine and its affiliate Barnes Hospital. Without the blood test, 30 to 40 percent of prostate cancers in the study sample would have been missed. The study was reported in the April 25th, 1991, issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

Endowed Chair Established at School of Business

Civic leaders Vernon W. and Marion K. Piper recently established an endowment fund to support teaching and research in business economics at the John M. Olin School of Business. The Vernon W. and Marion K. Piper Professorship in Business Economics will be filled by Don Coursey, professor of business economics.

Vernon Piper, a 1935 graduate of the Olin School, was associated with the A.C.L. Haase Company for 28 years and at one time was the company president. In 1981, the Pipers established the business school's first full-tuition merit-based endowed scholarship for promising M.B.A. candidates. The couple also supported the building fund for the business school's Vernon and Marion Piper Executive Education Lounge. ■

Contributors: Kleila Carlson, Gerry Everding, Tony Fitzpatrick, Robert Lowes, Carolyn Sanford, Joni Westerhouse.



David Kiefer

Semblances in Stone

Campus Bosses, Gargoyles, and Other Creatures of Mystery

College architecture in America, say its critics, is not meant to portray simple, continuous abstraction but rather a concise, personal expression—a tangible representation of the architect's aspiration. Such structural symbols perch on cornices, couch above portals, and glare from the darkened recesses of the University's Gothic archways.

Imitating distorted, fantastic human and animal forms, these sculptures, or grotesques, evolved from Gothic gargoyles—ornamental waterspouts that channel rain water off of and away from buildings. The early forms originally portrayed Roman Catholic hieratic images in an effort to educate the illiterate on the virtues of religion;

*Above: Owl on
Brookings Hall*

BY PAUL NAGLE



David Kipper

Graham Chapel



David Kipper

Brookings Hall



Graham Chapel



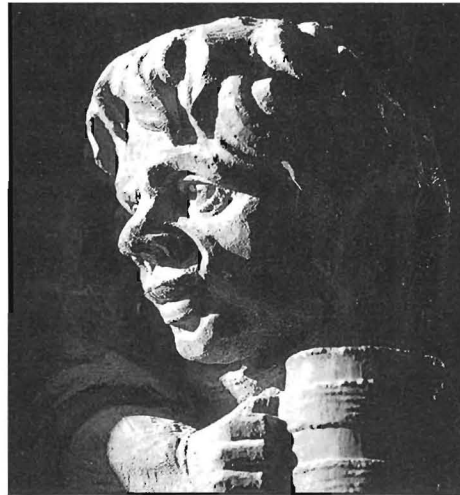
David Kipper

Archway between January and Ridgley Halls



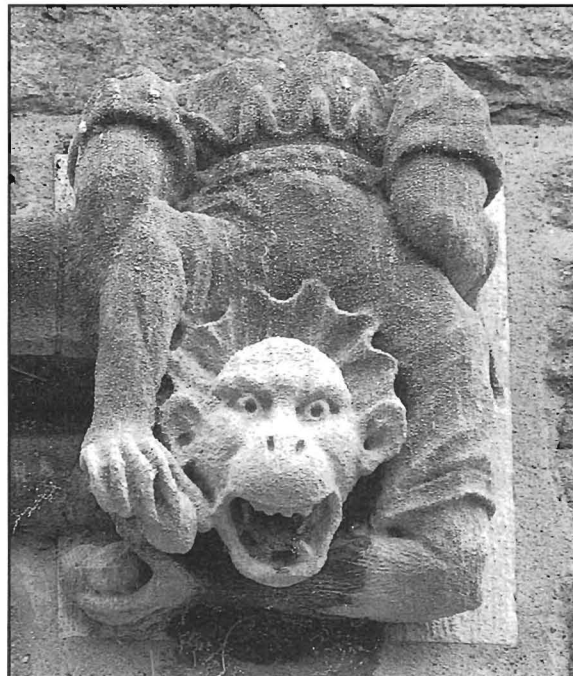


Herb Weisman



Herb Weisman

Archway between Brookings and Cupples I Halls



David Kliper

McMillan Hall

however, this theme soon gave way to motifs fashioned after the pagan beliefs prevalent in much of Europe. The rebirth of the Gothic style in the Renaissance brought to light the decorative qualities of gargoyles. Their utilitarian purpose was abandoned, giving rise to grotesques—gargoyles with purely ornamental purpose.

Grotesques and bosses, decorative keystones, came to ornament Washington University in 1889 through the Philadelphia architectural firm of Cope and Stewardson. Emulating the universities of the East, which were fashioned after the Gothic-styled English universities of Cambridge and Oxford, the firm sought to “express the continuity of Western civilization” while providing a fully functional Hilltop Campus. Running the gamut of collegiate Gothic—from early-Tudor to post-Jacobean—the





Herb Weisman

Brookings Hall

firm's synthesis of the various styles has become known as Academic Gothic.

By ornamenting sparingly, James P. Jamieson, the firm's head draftsman, provided the campus with a modern appearance while giving the buildings iconographic distinctions.

The Academic Gothic includes traditional Medieval grotesques, such as beaked heads, horrific creatures, mermaids and mermen, and creatures devouring human heads, as well as a "visible record" of college life, with sculptures of students quaffing beer, owls studying Latin texts, and astute professors lecturing. The Hammond Collection, housed

in Olin Library, contains 156 original sketches of Hilltop Campus grotesques that were crafted in both stone and wood.

In 1902, Cope explained his use of the Gothic style to the University trustees. "Broadly speaking, the architecture of today may be divided into two styles: the Gothic and the Classic . . . To the beholder the Classic says this is the sum—here is perfection—do not aspire further. The Gothic says to him: reach higher—spread outward and upward—there are no limitations." ■

Paul Nagle, is a business major from Nashua, New Hampshire.



Herb Weisman

Brookings Hall



One of the oldest, most successful graphic design programs in the nation transforms fine arts students into professional designers.

by Elaine Dempsey

Bobby Cochran, B.F.A. '73, is remembering her first assignment in Create Studio, the graphic design class for senior graphic communications students that operates as a professional studio. The story she tells reveals how inexperienced students learn firsthand the sometimes harsh lessons of a highly competitive profession.

It is 1972, and Cochran has designed a poster announcing a lecture by University poet Howard Nemerov. She excitedly unveils the finished product, fresh from the press, for Create Studio's other student designers and for Professor of Art Bob Smith, Create's director. So sure is she of the poster's exceptional design that she can already hear her classmates' congratulatory remarks. Yet to her surprise, there are no "oohs" or "aahs" for her effort, just silence, followed by a resounding "What have you done?" from Smith.

Cochran examines the poster and discovers that she has misspelled Nemerov's prominent name—a costly mistake for which she will forfeit a portion of her tightly budgeted personal funds to correct, and for which Smith labels her, for the sake of the rest of the class, "a good example of someone who failed to read her own copy."

What might have sent some students scrambling to change their majors turned into an unforgettable



Herb Weisman

CREATE Studio

lesson for Cochran. Nineteen years later, she is a successful Chicago-based illustrator and designer with her own business. Yet she still shares this story whenever she has the opportunity. "That mistake was the best thing that ever happened to me," she states. "It made me realize how serious my job was and that Create Studio was the real thing. Now when I talk to students who are young and have no fears about what they're doing, I tell them my story. In this business you can never get too comfortable."

Cochran's testimony to the value of working in a profession while still learning the theories and principles behind it is echoed by the hundreds of Fine Arts alumni who once hung their T-squares in the narrow cubicles of Create Studio. The program, which has been around longer than any other student design shop in the country, got its start 20 years ago when Smith helped an ambitious group of graphic

design majors establish a professional design studio within the School.

"There were no other programs like it anywhere," says Smith, "no model to follow, so we had to make it up as we went along. I already knew how to run a design business—that was easy. But the difference was making it work with all inexperienced people."

Despite problems during its first year of business, Create Studio thrived and became an integral part of the graphic design curriculum.

"Back then, we made every mistake possible," says Smith, recalling the details of each one. "It was a disaster, but there was so much enthusiasm. The students felt good about what they did, and they formed this great camaraderie. They worked late at night and all weekend just to get a job done, so I thought it was worth it to keep the studio going."

Client consultation:

Previous page, from left, Rachel Conly, B.F.A. '91; Professor Bob Smith; Susan Fisher, program coordinator for the City of Clayton Parks and Recreation Department; and Jennifer Gilison, B.F.A. '91.

In the Art Director's Chair

When asked if Create Studio prepared him for the type of work he would later encounter as an art director in a real business, Harold Woodridge, B.F.A. '81, emphatically replied, "Create Studio is a real business. It has budgets, clients, and it has to actually pay for itself every year."

If anyone could judge what constitutes "real" business, it's Harold Woodridge. Since leaving Washington, he has worked for the cream of the crop of Chicago advertising agencies, getting his feet wet at Leo Burnett, then chalking up an impressive five years as an art director with J. Walter Thompson, and serving more than one year in his current position as executive art director for BBDO (Batten, Barton, Durstine, Osborn) Chicago.

An international agency, BBDO has offices in Atlanta, Los Angeles, New York, Hamburg, Paris, Netherlands, Singapore, and Tokyo. The Chicago office boasts billings of \$185 million



Harold Woodridge

Helo Weisman

and a 35-person creative department that handles accounts such as Wrigley, Northwestern Hospital, Kemper Financial Services, and Centel.

Woodridge currently focuses most of his creative efforts on the Centel account, providing print and television advertising for the telecommunications company. "I've even done some radio," says Woodridge, assessing his varied talents. "But my favorite is print advertising because there's more control over it. It's much closer to the work I did in school."

At Washington, he was part of the group known as Create 9. (For the first 12 years or so of the program Bob Smith numbered his Create Studio classes.) It is a group, Woodridge says, that still keeps in touch and whose members depend on each other for support and advice.

"There are four or five of us in Chicago from Create 9 who are still close," he says. "We have breakfast together a couple of times a month. And if I'm having a problem with something, I don't have any qualms about calling them up and asking a question."

"In Create Studio you learn as much from each other as you do from the professors," Woodridge reflects. "You don't really compete with each other. Out of the 10 to 20 students in that studio, you know you can always go to any one of them for help."

The tradition continues. Woodridge gives current Create Studio students a behind-the-scenes look at the advertising world and critiques the portfolios of students who visit Chicago.

And keep it going he did. Each year for the past two decades, Smith has served as the seasoned art director for Create Studio's group of apprentice designers. He also fulfills other roles necessary to running a professional design firm—account supervisor, budget negotiator, print buyer, marketing expert, traffic manager, and most important, all-round stabilizing force. To watch Smith in action is to witness a delicate balancing act—he is at once gentle adviser and honest critic.

It's no wonder his students call him, affectionately, "Uncle Bob."

"Bob Smith is so dedicated," Cochran says, as if her stint in Create Studio just ended yesterday. "He's very candid when he needs to be, but he's also very supportive. If you are stuck, he'll always help out."

"In Create Studio, Bob Smith is the teacher, he's the client, he's the art director, he's the friend."

Tackling everything from annual reports and brochures to logos and street banners to magazines and newsletters, Create Studio has become an invaluable source of design expertise to St. Louis area businesses. With very little marketing of its services, it maintains a long list of loyal clients, having worked over the years with the American Red Cross, the Missouri Botanical Garden, Monsanto, the Professional Golf Association, the St. Louis Symphony, and the St. Louis Zoo, to name a few.

"We have understanding clients who come back every year—that's the key," Smith says, citing one of the many reasons Create has enjoyed 20 years of business while many college and university programs fold after only a few years. "We have a good reputation, and word gets around. And we have an advantage over state-funded schools. We can charge for our services."

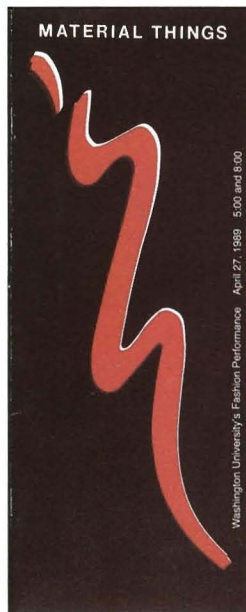
"But I'd have to say that our students are the biggest reason Create has been so



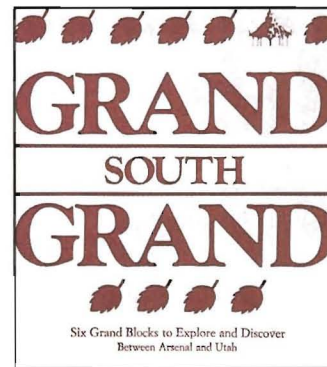
Design by Create Studio



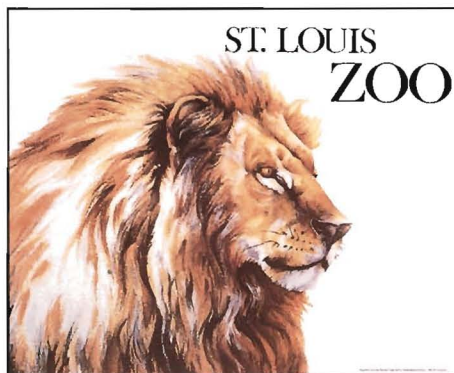
Design by Cynthia Vaughan, B.F.A. '85



Design by Amy Kicker, B.F.A. '89



Design by Create Studio



Design by Linda Thomas, B.F.A. '83

successful," he states. "They make the transition from student to professional designer very quickly. They take this studio seriously, they act responsibly, and they get their jobs done."

Gene Hoefel, professor of art who teaches advertising and sometimes lends a hand in the studio, believes that the types of projects Create Studio accepts give students more than just conventional design experience.

"We have taken on some amazing projects over the years," he says. "We once worked on a marketing plan for the Darst-Webbe housing project through HUD. Our students designed a model apartment—bought the furniture and all—to help bring in more families. We designed the graphics for the breezeways where the children play. The tenants did the painting. The whole thing was a terrific experience for everyone."

As the director of Create Studio, Smith serves as the initial client contact, compiling projects over the summer for his students to begin in the fall. Graphic design majors, who are required to take Create Studio during their senior year, earn credit hours for the work they complete. (Illustration, advertising, and photography students sometimes participate in the class, also.) Although the program's main objective is to improve students' design skills—both mechanical and conceptual—by giving them real work experience, it also teaches the fundamentals of good communication.

"We put a lot of emphasis here on the verbal part of their jobs," says Smith. "The students walk into this classroom and immediately see an appointment book and a telephone, and they have to learn how to use them."

Riding the Roller Coaster

Armed with the name of one contact and sheer determination, Linda Thomas, B.F.A. '83, left St. Louis fresh out of school to hit the streets of New York, where she managed in five short years to build an illustration business and a client list that includes the likes of Simon & Schuster, Penguin, Avis, RCA, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Reader's Digest*.

"I started out doing advertising illustration," Thomas recalls. "I wanted to get into publishing, and I just sprang into magazines and then into books. Somehow I landed in the area of young adults."

Thomas refers to the multitude of book cover designs for both hardbacks and paperbacks that she has created for Penguin's and Simon & Schuster's young adult lines. Illustrating the exploits of such popular detective-series characters as Nancy Drew, the Bobbsey Twins, and those created by Agatha Christie, Thomas has played an important role in redefining their images for today's young readers.

"I've been doing Nancy Drew covers for a couple years now," says Thomas. "Simon & Schuster has been repackaging them for the past century. It's a great experience to be involved in updating the looks of characters that people have been reading about for ages."

In addition to working on several advertising campaigns and "just about everything else here and there," Thomas currently is illustrating young adult novels for Penguin, books she describes as "exciting and very interesting to illustrate."



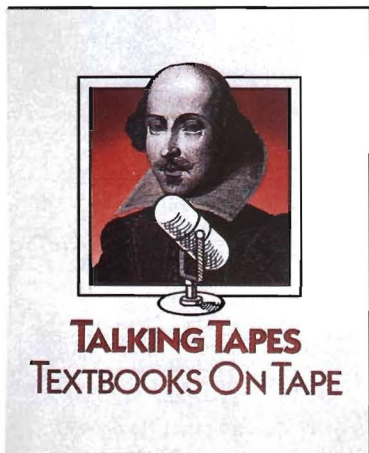
Linda Thomas

"Create Studio was good preparation for understanding client needs, meeting those needs, and being able to come up with something on a deadline by using your own head and being responsible," she says.

While a Create student, Thomas found herself working on one of the more sought-after projects—a poster for the St. Louis Zoo, on which she was able to use her skills in both illustration and design. "Doing that poster was a lot of fun," she recalls, "and it was a prestigious project to have in my portfolio."

In the future, Thomas hopes to concentrate less on publishing projects and more on assembling her own gallery shows because she prefers to maintain variety in her work.

"Doing illustration is a roller coaster life," she says, loving every minute of it, "because you don't know what's going to happen day to day. That's what makes it exciting, challenging, but absolutely nuts. After a while, you adjust. You ride the roller coaster, cross your fingers, and pray that if you go downhill, something good will be on the other side."



Design by Joel Tachau, B.F.A. '90

"We want our students to be able to articulate their ideas and opinions and to listen and take notes. They have to learn to propose an idea verbally. If they can't do that

here, they won't make it out there."

For its services, the studio charges an hourly rate that is far below industry standards and is so low, assesses Smith, that "there's rarely a complaint." However, it is not unusual for the studio to accommodate clients with little or no budgets.

"My motive," Smith says, "is to help the students get some experience, not to make money. If a client can't afford what we charge, I say, 'Look, we want to help you. Tell me what you can pay.' The money is always negotiable, and they always pay something. As long as there's money involved, the clients take us seriously." Charging for services also gives students the added experience of managing a budget and sending an invoice.

Income generated by their fees flows right back into the design program to buy supplies, equipment, subscriptions to industry publications, and technical books. The fees also help defray the costs of bringing well-known graphic artists and illustrators to speak at the School.

Although Smith, who has taught design at Washington since 1965, devotes an inordinate amount of time to teaching, he is modest about his generous nature, claiming that he always reserves enough time for Skip, his wife of 40 years, and for the things he loves to do.

On his Lewis Center office walls hang a variety of glorious Mona Lisas, each with her own style, her own charm, and her own story. To most, the Mona Lisa is a famous painting; to Smith, she is an overused art icon reduced to absurd proportions. She is a pen, a poster, a night light, a T-shirt, a tie tack, a dish towel, a magnet, even a garbage

pail. She is the object of Smith's obsession with "inexpensive and low-maintenance" collections, which also has gained him the world's only shirt cardboard collection.

"You know, they're those things that hold the shape of new shirts," says Smith in a straight-faced explanation of his off-the-wall hobby. "They're interesting and can be quite diverse, and besides, who else would collect such a thing?"

His claim to fame, however, comes more from his fine art talents, which include printmaking, drawing, designing and printing books, and photography—all accomplished in an airy garage studio at his University City home.

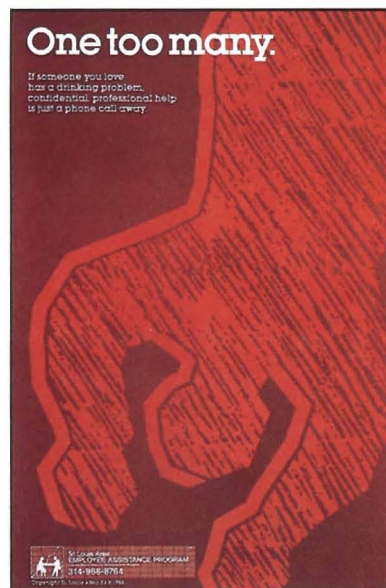
Well known as a sculptor and designer, Smith created abstract fountains located in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Columbia, Missouri, that water both private residences and public spaces. In Forest Park, two well-used Smith fountains punctuate the landscapes of The Muny and the St. Louis Zoo. In addition, Smith has his own loyal following of corporate clients, for whom he designs logos, signs, displays, and brochures.

"I am absolutely hooked on this," Smith says with the enthusiasm of a young student. "I love design. I can spend all day looking at alphabets in different typefaces.

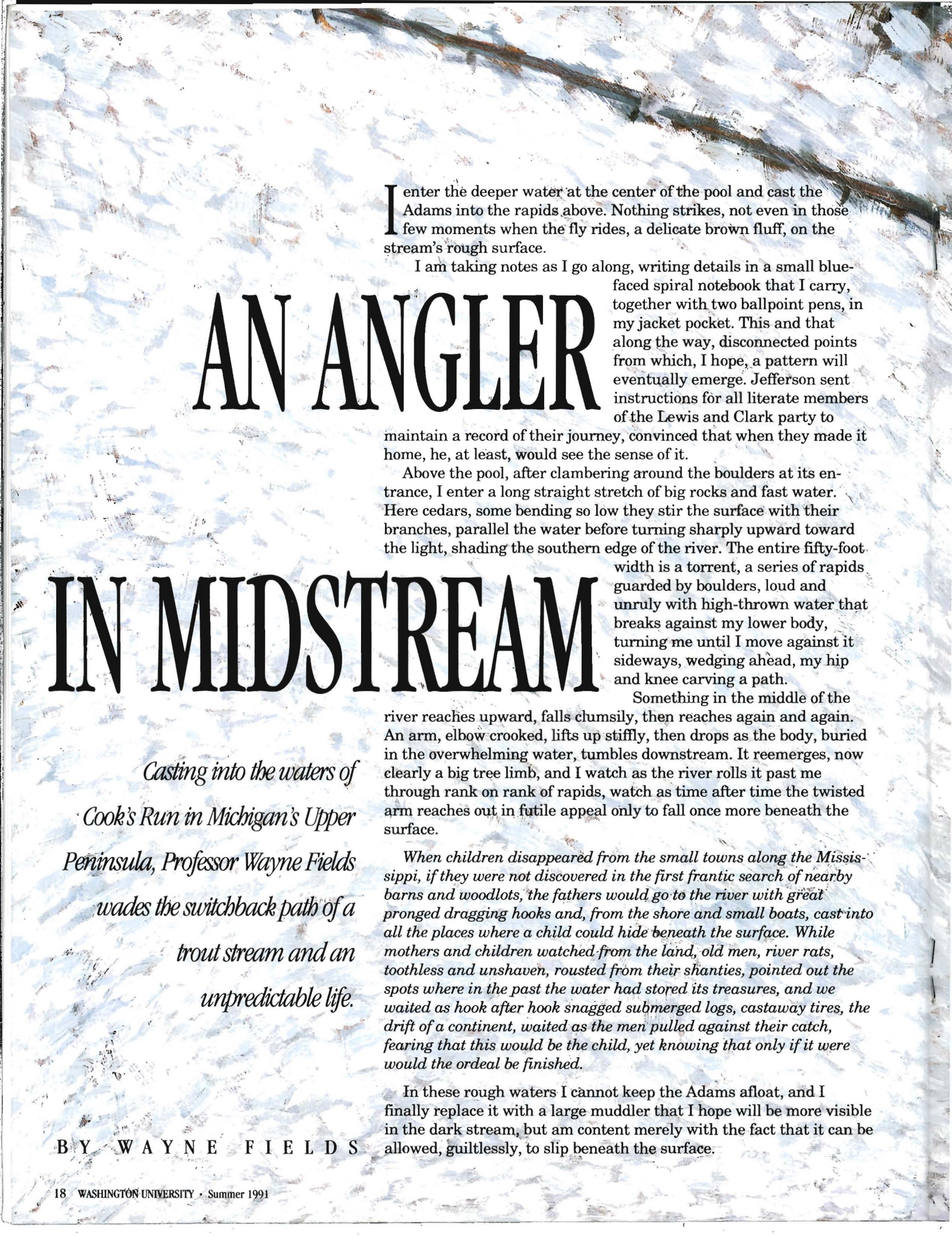
"I feel that my role as a teacher is to get my students hooked so they'll love design and want to do it, too. Not to make money—because I could be a plumber and make more money—but to stand beside the printing press and let them smell that ink and see that stuff rolling off the presses for themselves. To get them hooked for good."

This strategy has inspired hundreds of Washington graphic design students who now happily make their living in publishing, advertising, marketing, calligraphy, and illustration. ■

Elaine Dempsey is a St. Louis writer.



Design by Kim Ly, B.F.A. '86



I enter the deeper water at the center of the pool and cast the Adams into the rapids above. Nothing strikes, not even in those few moments when the fly rides, a delicate brown fluff, on the stream's rough surface.

I am taking notes as I go along, writing details in a small blue-faced spiral notebook that I carry, together with two ballpoint pens, in my jacket pocket. This and that along the way, disconnected points from which, I hope, a pattern will eventually emerge. Jefferson sent instructions for all literate members of the Lewis and Clark party to

AN ANGLER

maintain a record of their journey, convinced that when they made it home, he, at least, would see the sense of it.

Above the pool, after clambering around the boulders at its entrance, I enter a long straight stretch of big rocks and fast water. Here cedars, some bending so low they stir the surface with their branches, parallel the water before turning sharply upward toward the light, shading the southern edge of the river. The entire fifty-foot

IN MIDSTREAM

width is a torrent, a series of rapids guarded by boulders, loud and unruly with high-thrown water that breaks against my lower body, turning me until I move against it sideways, wedging ahead, my hip and knee carving a path.

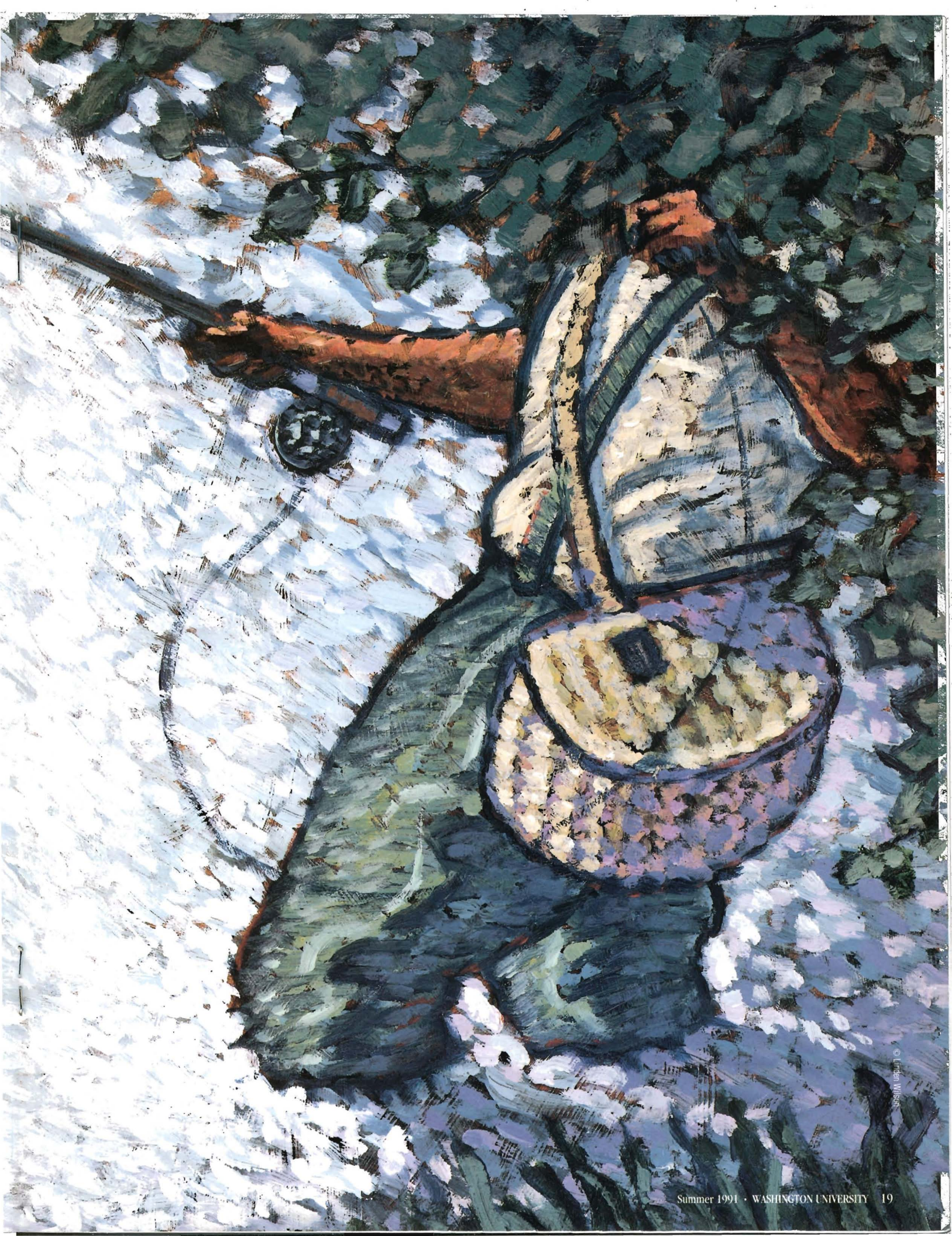
Something in the middle of the river reaches upward, falls clumsily, then reaches again and again. An arm, elbow crooked, lifts up stiffly, then drops as the body, buried in the overwhelming water, tumbles downstream. It reemerges, now clearly a big tree limb, and I watch as the river rolls it past me through rank on rank of rapids, watch as time after time the twisted arm reaches out in futile appeal only to fall once more beneath the surface.

Casting into the waters of Cook's Run in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Professor Wayne Fields wades the switchback path of a trout stream and an unpredictable life.

When children disappeared from the small towns along the Mississippi, if they were not discovered in the first frantic search of nearby barns and woodlots, the fathers would go to the river with great pronged dragging hooks and, from the shore and small boats, cast into all the places where a child could hide beneath the surface. While mothers and children watched from the land, old men, river rats, toothless and unshaven, rousted from their shanties, pointed out the spots where in the past the water had stored its treasures, and we waited as hook after hook snagged submerged logs, castaway tires, the drift of a continent, waited as the men pulled against their catch, fearing that this would be the child, yet knowing that only if it were would the ordeal be finished.

In these rough waters I cannot keep the Adams afloat, and I finally replace it with a large muddler that I hope will be more visible in the dark stream, but am content merely with the fact that it can be allowed, guiltlessly, to slip beneath the surface.

BY WAYNE FIELDS



© Linda Weiss

But everywhere, scattered over headlines in which Eisenhower was President and Henry Aaron hit home runs in Milwaukee, and lifting in elegant fragments out of the desiccated fly remains, were the orange-and-black wings of ten summers' worth of butterflies.

The delicacy of the Adams is a consequence of the feathers that have gone into its making. Except for the gray floss body, it consists entirely of hackle—gray hackle for the tail, vertically tied gray hackle tippets for wings, and interwoven gray and brown hackle around the floss. By contrast the muddler comes from coarser stock: turkey tippet for the tail, mottled turkey feathers for the wings, a silver tinsel body, and everything topped off with bucktail behind the hook's eye, trimmed rough and round. A muddler is not supposed to look like some slight insect fallen to the current, but a minnow, a little bullhead swimming under its own power, its fat body moving in and out like gills and fins behind the thick and bristly head.

The sky is now completely overcast, a fact that usually improves my fishing, but fishing has become secondary to staying upright, especially when I push between the biggest boulders where the funneled current is most powerful. This is an endurance test, not a display of fishing virtuosity, not the artful sport shown in magazines and on Saturday television shows. I push ahead, guided only by the theory that if you keep a fly in the stream long enough, something will eventually come along, and by the conviction that even a blind hog finds an acorn once in a while. Too, there is an exhilaration that comes merely from plowing through, no matter how gracelessly, where the scoring is only for degree of difficulty, not for beauty of execution.

Still, this is more endurance and less artistry than I would like. Struggling to keep my legs from getting crossed as I edge around boulders, I let the muddler drift where it will, and, in the midst of white water, my note-taking has become a kind of crazy acrobatic as I try to keep the paper dry and yet not lose the fly rod pinched between my elbow and my side. But there is an absurd satisfaction even in this feat, and the writing provides much-needed breaks in my floundering struggle upriver.

From *What the River Knows: An Angler in Midstream* by Wayne Fields. Copyright (c) 1990 by Wayne Fields. Published in hardcover by Simon & Schuster and coming in Fireside trade paperback in fall 1991. Printed by permission.

This seems the nature of all writing: an awkward fumbling after grace, an interruption of everyday life in which we try to redeem something from that mostly graceless endeavor. Like fly-fishing, writing is an elaborate conspiracy to make lyrical an activity that is inherently a business of barbs and worms.

At the end of the straight passage I have been wading, boulders reach out from each bank in ten-foot barriers, forcing the river into a wide sluiceway. The Michigan Department of Natural Resources (DNR) has also constructed, in addition to these wing dams, a grid of logs—yet another breakwater—in the middle of the stream. All of this comes in a slight bend, and as I work my way around the grid I can see a bridge, half collapsed, about a hundred yards ahead and, to the left, a clearing for a camp. Here, casting backward into the jumble of rocks forming the spillway, I get my first fish. It takes the fly without breaking the surface, and, with the torrent's weight against it, does not fight, just drags water like an anchor, bending the rod as I try to play it properly. Only there is no play, merely the hauling in of seemingly dead weight. Finally, surfacing beside me, it is a six-and-a-half-inch brook trout, orange and red spots gleaming. The fish, too exhausted to resist, does not struggle as I unhook it but, upon release, revives and streaks toward the protection of the wing dam.

A shack stands just below the bridge, its windows boarded over, the grass tall around it. I wonder if this belongs to whoever put up the hand-lettered warnings by the railbed, but decide it must go instead with the PRIVATE sign.

The first summer after we bought the lake property, I came up to clear out the old cabin. It had been closed for eleven years, last used apparently during deer season in 1957 or 1958, the season before the previous owner's suicide.

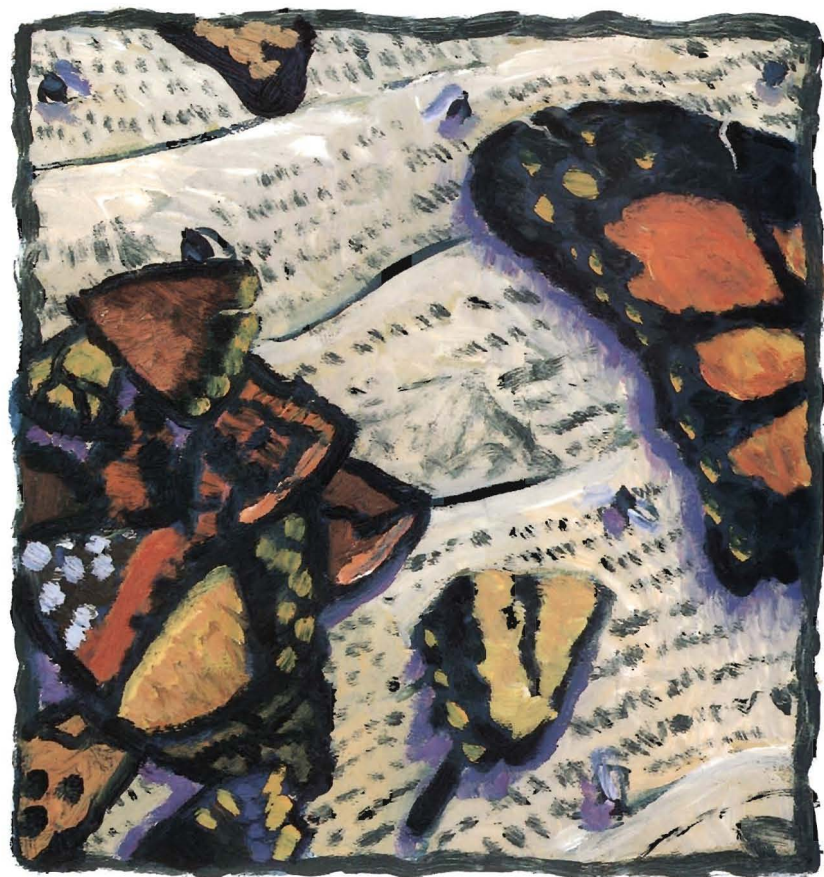
Karen and I had seen the place the January before, the lot covered by two feet of snow—thus my confusion of a swamp as the perfect, level site for a future house—and the

cabin concealed by curtains. I went up in July and joined Kurt, who had already moved into a place down the shore from ours.

The front of the lot was overgrown with brush from lake to cabin. Behind was the swamp, crossable only by means of a zigzag path across logs slippery with rot and standing water. The cabin, a green-shingled structure containing one 12-by-20 room, had two windows side by side on the lakefront, a small fixed pane of glass at either end, and a blank wall toward the swamp. It contained an ancient gas refrigerator and stove, a round table, four chairs (their dark varnish cracked and dull), a rocker, and jury-rigged double-sized bunk beds with mildew-blotched mattresses.

Decade-old newspapers and magazines were stacked neatly on the table, and antique cocoa tins together with milk bottles from a dairy in Green Bay lined the window ledge. There were dishes as well, yellowish-beige crockery plates and thick cups and saucers, dull and dingy in the green light filtering through the alder branches that rubbed against the front windows. Everything was unfinished, the walls just studs and exterior siding, the ceiling only the underside of the roof, supported by log joists. Still, the place was relatively clean. There were no mouse droppings on the rough flooring, no accumulated grime in the corners. There were only the neatly stacked leavings of the last occupant, long lost to despair, and, around the windows, hundreds of dead flies dried to brittle black flecks. But everywhere, scattered over headlines in which Eisenhower was President and Henry Aaron hit home runs in Milwaukee, and lifting in elegant fragments out of the desiccated fly remains, were the orange-and-black wings of ten summers' worth of butterflies.

Below the camp another rock funnel directs the river, and from behind the chain of rocks on the left I tempt my first keeper of the day—an eight-inch brookie. Not much, but I take it, gladly if not proudly, a sign of better things to come. And as I cast the fly close to the collapsed end of the



© Linden Wilson

bridge—the end away from the cabin—one of those better things swims up in a long brown line from under the broken beams to slap fiercely at the muddler, but is, at last, more irritated than hungry.

Climbing out of the water and over the bridge means a return to full gravity, and my earlier tendency to pitch sideways is replaced by an inclination, out of the current, to lurch forward.

On the other side, as the fly slides past a log, a brown trout sucks the muddler down in a sudden swirl. The fish is small, no more than nine inches, but, unlike the brookie, it fights, even tries to jump, though the turbulence sweeps its effort aside.

The alder grows in four- and five-foot thickets, lower limbs submerged and constantly writhing in the water at the river's edge, some great anguish continually reenacted. The river goes on like this for so long that I am surprised when I round yet another bend and see the Y where Cook's Run enters the Paint. To the right the Paint is wide and surprisingly calm, as though all the turbulence has been the slighter stream's bad influence. And on the left Cook's Run seems to flaunt that wild spirit.

Narrow, it breaks in a frenzy of falls, tier upon tier of boulders, lined by banks that, between white birch and popple, are covered with long grass glistening from the wet.

Tree limbs sweep the water, reaching in some places halfway across the Run's twenty-five-foot width, extending out from both sides like lines of frantic launderers

maple or birch, Aaron would point it out and extol, to his sisters' dismay, its many beauties.

Seventy-five feet into the Run, there is a stream-wide fall of nearly two feet, the first step on what looks like an irregular stairway of white water. Trees are down, reaching far into the rapids and adding their bit to the turmoil, and in the middle of the stream a huge boulder splits the current, shouldering it to either side. There is, on the right bank, a path that bypasses the blown-down trees, the rocks, and the rapids, and along it, growing peacefully beside the twisted roots of a fallen birch, a clump of black-eyed Susans. The temptation to take the high road is considerable, but I remain in the water,



beating their wash against the rocks. The current is overpowering as it sweeps around the boulders, and I cling to branches, rising and falling with them as I feel my way along. On the higher ground above me, dead elms stand, skeletal watchmen against a gray sky.

On long drives, whenever they got bored, the kids would ask for a story or for questions. Since a story was the more demanding request, I usually went with questions: "Name six cities beginning with D" or "Identify three pairs of American Presidents with a shared name." As the oldest, Sarah usually answered first, leading to complaints from the other two, and so I would ask "favorite" questions. Once when I asked for favorite trees, Sarah said, "white pine," Elizabeth answered, "red maple," and Aaron, five years old and not to be outdone, declared, "Dutch elm." When the girls teased him, telling him he had picked a disease that killed trees, he insisted, "That's right, I like dead trees." For the rest of the summer, whenever we passed some large ruined

holding on to limbs as I slide around the birch and force my way ahead.

The stream is waist-deep and rough—though not so bad as it had first appeared—the footing treacherous and the undercut bank a mass of grasping roots. I avoid looking down; the water's movement is too disorienting, dizzying in this confined space, the visual violence more threatening than the pounding my lower body is absorbing.

Above this series of breaks, the Run turns before being disrupted by another set of rapids and, to the left, leaves a pool that is miraculously serene. I accept the breather, fishing the pool carefully, and its surface, which rotates in slow, continuous circles, is twice broken by rising trout. Neither takes the fly, and so I move forward, ease back into the fray, and see, or imagine I see, a big fish rolling toward me like a chunk of wood. I watch for it and in a moment think I've glimpsed it again, but this time it does not look quite so fishlike. Fishermen are prone, in the midst of wild water, to such hallucinations.

The stream makes a sudden right turn and divides around a narrow island. Both banks are lower here, and the water, though still difficult, has calmed considerably. Between rapids there are pools, especially at the head of the island. I am nearly back to the trestle and the gravel pit. I fish sloppily, in part because I am tired—I've been in the river for nearly four hours now—and in part because I assume so accessible a spot is overfished. As if to confirm my suspicion the bank has become parklike; on the left, there is even a campfire site, and flowers—purple, yellow, orange—are everywhere.

Again I see what looks to be a fish tumbling toward me, showing dully as it rolls beneath the surface. This time I jump ahead of it, tugging at my net, and in my rush I break the elastic shoulder cord, nearly losing the whole thing downstream. I bat at the tumbling body, as though playing some absurd game of water tennis. I miss, bouncing whatever it is off the net's handle, delaying but not capturing. I try again and this time can see that it is a fish and that its fins are moving erratically as the current carries it away.

Netted at last, it is a fourteen-inch sucker, but I have no idea what it and the fish I saw earlier are doing in the main current or why they are behaving so strangely. When I lift the sucker from the water, its hue is dull and sickly, in contrast to the brightly colored brookies. Grayish-white scales, a half inch wide, cover its body, and its mouth twists downward in a thick-lipped pout. It is an ugly fish and stinks even now.

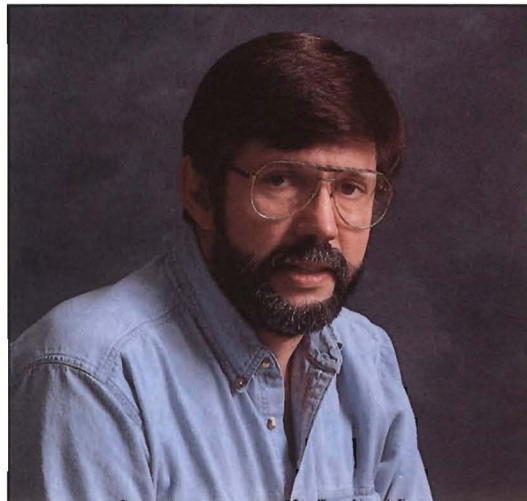
Halfway through the trestle, leg-weary and frustrated at a creel that contains only two small trout and a displaced sucker—kept as evidence of these strange happenings—I stop, suddenly depressed, not, I realize, by the day's trivial catch or my stiffening legs, but by something I cannot quite get a hold on, something that drifts almost into view, like the shadows in the big pool, and then evaporates when I try to face it.

Above me the thick timbers of the trestle brace their dark burden against the sky. On the bank flowers grow with a foolish abandon as though this were April and not August.

After my father came home from World War II, he tried for a while to sell life insurance in rural Missouri. He wore a double-breasted wool suit and drove an old Ford, a prewar model with everything rounded so that it looked like a series of metallic green hills. And some days, when I was about four, he would come home in mid-afternoon to gather up my baby brother Jack, my mother, and me and drive to a place where he had spotted a patch of wildflowers. My earliest memory of him is not in uniform but in that dark suit, jacket unbuttoned, wide tie loosened, crouched in a meadow of pansies or sweet williams or bluebells, repeating their names as he picked them and handed them to me for delivery to my mother. We could not live on what he made selling insurance to farmers, and so, after a year or two, he put the suit away and went to work on a paving crew. I do not remember our picking flowers after that.

My doubts seem ludicrous. There are better waters ahead, big trout, and easy wading. I leave the trestle and, crouching, enter the tunnel paved with water that runs beneath the road. ■

Like fly-fishing, writing is an elaborate conspiracy to make lyrical an activity that is inherently a business of barbs and worms.



Helo Weiman

Wayne Fields is chair of the English department at Washington University. He is completing a collection of childhood sketches, *The Past Leads a Life of Its Own*, to be published by Poseidon Press/Simon & Schuster Inc., in February 1992.



The Incredible Lightness of Well-Being

Janet Kiefhaber's classic happy ending marks a new beginning for Dr. Robert Perrillo, who cured her of hepatitis B.

by Bobbi Linkemer

Janet Kiefhaber was well aware of the dangers inherent in her job as a health-care worker in a major metropolitan city hospital. She knew that something as small as a nick in her finger or a hangnail could put her at risk of infection, but it wasn't until she was diagnosed as having hepatitis B—a serious, chronic, and often progressive liver disorder for which there was no known cure—that reality struck. Kiefhaber's nightmare began in 1985 when she was working as a recovery-room nurse at the University of Kansas Medical Center.

"I was really sick but had no idea what was wrong with me," she remembers. "I couldn't eat; I was extremely fatigued. I lived 35 miles from where I worked,

and it was difficult for me to drive back and forth and work eight hours. I thought, 'This can't be the flu; it's going on too long.'

She was ill for several months before the disease was diagnosed from a sample of her donated blood. With little fanfare, Kiefhaber was escorted to her car and informed that workers' compensation would not be paid because it was impossible to identify the exact source of her infection. If that policy of the University of Kansas was a shock, it was only the first of many. The prejudice and paranoia she encountered overwhelmed her.

Recalls Kiefhaber, "My dentist, who had treated my entire family for 20 years, decided he didn't want to work on me and asked me to leave his office. A doctor in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where we later moved, kept me waiting three hours, did nothing, charged me \$100, and told me I would 'never, never work in his hospital as long as I lived.' My own mother was afraid of me. When I told her what was wrong with me, she said, 'Oh, you kissed me!' I felt like a leper."

Her condition worsened as she continued to travel back and forth from Pine Bluff to Kansas City for blood tests. She developed cirrhosis, and she was frightened. The worst scenario she imagined would have become a reality had her doctor not attended a lecture that changed the course of Kiefhaber's future. The speaker was Robert Peter Perrillo, associate professor of medicine at Washington University and director of gastroenterology at the Veterans Affairs Medical Center in St. Louis. Perrillo was to lead a team of investigators from 12 medical centers nationwide in a study of the effects of a drug called interferon on hepatitis B. Kiefhaber's doctor submitted her case for inclusion in the study. She was accepted.

Kiefhaber was one of 169 patients who took part in the groundbreaking, 16-week study. Despite the fact that she came in with the most significant degree of liver injury and suffered greatly from the interferon treatment, she emerged an undisputed success story. "I have no

doubts about Janet," says Perrillo. "She is cured."

Chief investigator of the multicenter study, Perrillo developed a singular interest in the hepatitis B virus in 1975. He was completing his second year of fellowship training in gastroenterology at Barnes Hospital, an affiliate of the University's medical school. A year later, he had already written a number of research papers on the disease. Between 1976 and 1981, he concentrated on the epidemiology and prevention of hepatitis, particularly hepatitis B. He began research on antiviral drugs in 1981, eventually publishing a pilot study in 1988 on the effects of combining prednisone with an antiviral drug such as interferon, a substance the body produces to fight off a virus. His latest endeavor emerged from the pilot study.

"In the multicenter study," notes Perrillo, "we were asking two questions: Is prednisone plus interferon better than interferon alone? And could we control the infection with low doses of interferon?" The answers were complex and, in fact, produced a few surprises.

Hepatitis B can affect virtually any member of society. Anytime there is an opportunity for exchange of body fluids, explains Perrillo, there's potential to contract the disease. Medical providers like Kiefhaber, who have contact with body fluids of infected patients, are particularly susceptible.

While common symptoms include fatigue, joint ache, and changes in appetite, it's difficult to diagnose hepatitis B merely by evaluating such symptoms. Many patients carry the infection for a long time before it becomes active. Until now, there has been no effective therapy for hepatitis B—no way to stop the virus from reproducing and inflaming the liver cells.

"When the virus is replicating," explains Perrillo, "we find evidence of its genetic material in the blood. This genetic

Spring fling:
Janet Kiefhaber with her grandsons, from left, Scotty, 12; Caleb, 7; and Jason, 10. "A kind of peace has come over me," she says of her recovery.

Bobbi Linkemer is a St. Louis-based writer and communications consultant.

Many patients carry the infection for a long time before it becomes active, and until now, there has been no effective therapy for hepatitis B—no way to stop the virus from reproducing and inflaming the liver cells.

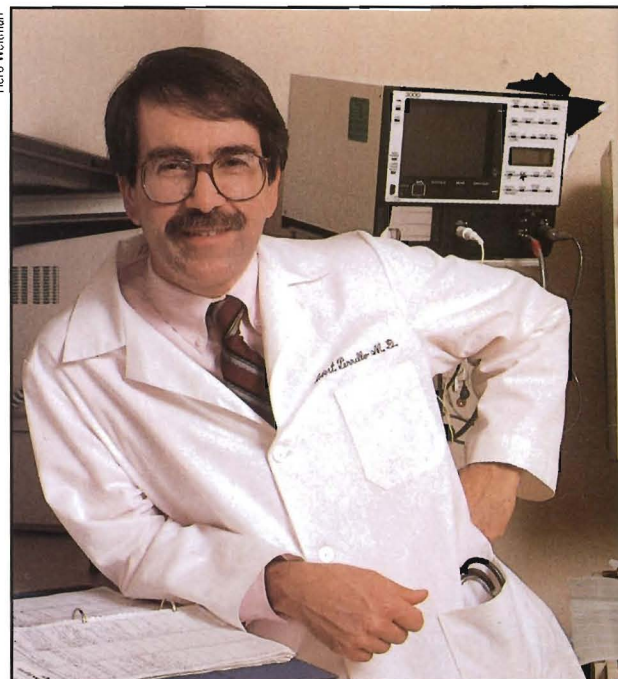
material, encased in a protective envelope, constitutes a complete viral particle that is infectious. This viral particle is also our main monitoring tool for measuring the virus' response to interferon."

The study, conducted from late 1986 to late 1988, involved three different treatment approaches using interferon for hepatitis B. Schering-Plough, makers of interferon alpha 2B, underwrote the study, which recommended six weeks of prednisone or oral placebo, two weeks of rest, four months of interferon injections, and six months of post-treatment observation. Of those who responded positively to the therapy, 67 percent did so during the treatment; the remaining 32 percent, within three months of its completion.

"What we had hoped to achieve," says Perrillo, "was a loss of the virus' reproduction capability and an improvement in the liver disease and in the liver function blood test. But we went beyond that in 11 individuals, in that we not only blocked their viral reproduction, but the patients lost all evidence of the virus in their blood. This is extremely important," he stresses, "because there may be as many as a trillion viral particles in a fifth of a teaspoon of blood, and it's unlikely that this response would occur by chance; only 1 percent of hepatitis B carriers spontaneously improve to this degree each year."

The bottom line was a 10 percent cure rate for a disease with no known cure. In another 30 percent of the treated cases, the disease was brought under control—the hepatitis B virus stopped reproducing itself in those patients. What's more, most people stayed healthy during the post-treatment observation and showed signs of remaining healthy.

Herb Weitman



Robert P. Perrillo

A surprise in the study, says Perrillo, was a distinct trend for people with lower abnormalities in their liver function tests to do better if they had the prednisone first. These patients are difficult to treat with interferon alone because their immune systems function at a lower ebb against the virus. They will carry the infection for a long time, make large amounts of virus but have less inflammation of the liver cells, and yet eventually progress to the same point.

Their immune system must be "shaken up," which is what the prednisone does. For that population, the response rate with prednisone was 44 percent; without prednisone, only 18 percent. "Only when you get to a certain level of liver test abnormality," explains Perrillo, "does interferon become a suitable drug by itself." This observation was one of the most important to emerge from the study.

Another significant finding indicated that "if we treat people early enough," says Perrillo, "we can eliminate all evidence of the infection. If we treat them later, we may secure a remission, but the virus will still be present at low levels."

While investigators have not yet been fully able to identify why interferon works or fails to work in certain patients, they have observed that those with high liver enzymes and low levels of hepatitis B virus reproduction seem to do better with

interferon than those with low liver enzymes and high levels of virus reproduction. The first group of patients has more inflammation of the liver and, thus, more immune response against the virus. "What is driving the disease, which explains a disruption of liver cells," says Perrillo, "is not the virus per se, but the body attacking the virus."

Now, Perrillo and his team of investigators are looking for the virus in the liver tissue of people who have cleared it from their blood. In some people, like Janet Kiefhaber, there is no evidence of the virus in the blood or in liver tissues. Others may show signs of harboring trace amounts of virus in liver tissue which, according to Perrillo, could remain latent for the rest of their lives. In both herpes, a sister virus, and hepatitis B, outbreaks of the disease come when the virus reproduces and cease when it stops multiplying.

Interferon, alone or in combination with prednisone, stops reproduction—but not without a cost. It is, Perrillo admits, a difficult drug to tolerate. Side effects include flu-like symptoms—muscle aches, low-grade fever, and changes in appetite, bowel habits, and mood—all reversible when the therapy is discontinued.

Janet Kiefhaber was unusually sick, as well as unusually motivated and stoic. Despite losing her hair and a great deal of weight, feeling too ill to get off the couch, and sometimes fearing she could not continue the program, she never missed a dose of her self-administered interferon.

Kiefhaber credits her husband, Perrillo, and Carol J. Bodicky, Perrillo's research nurse, for the support that kept her going. "I continued because they kept telling me, 'Hang in there . . . hang in there . . . You'll get better as soon as you get off the interferon.'"

Today, she drives 60 miles to and from work, walks three miles a day, and frequently works overtime. Most important, her attitude toward life has changed dramatically.

While this sounds like a classic happy ending to a painful story, it is, in fact, more of a beginning. Perrillo has started to

track the long-term results of interferon therapy. He reports that the percentage of remissions and relapses, so far, is very low—less than 5 percent. "The difficulty," he notes, "is that when the study ends, these 12 centers go about their business, and there's no concerted effort to keep track of the participants." Some centers do follow-up research; others don't. Perrillo has tracked the progress of his patients since 1981 and is now seeing people five to seven years after they've been cured.

Does interferon work as well for other forms of hepatitis? The answer is only partly known. In February, the Food and Drug Administration approved interferon alpha 2B for use in a related condition, chronic hepatitis C. "With hepatitis C, we're working on the proper dose to give us a lasting response because relapse is very high with C," Perrillo explains. "We're not using the drug for hepatitis A. When you have an infection that always gets better by itself, why use a therapy with potential adverse effects?"

Perrillo's next study will involve chronically ill patients with severe cases of hepatitis B—those with "decompensated liver disease" who show pigment in the skin and eyes, as well as fluid overload. The study requires only a few patients but a number of participating centers. Options for such patients are limited; this is end-stage disease. Transplantation is not a promising alternative because reinfection of the new liver occurs 100 percent of the time.

Although interferon has been used for a variety of malignancies and some immune diseases, Perrillo does not favor broad application of the drug until more is known about it. "I hope it will be used only by liver-oriented physicians who are familiar with chronic viral hepatitis and with the drug's capabilities," he adds.

A frequent lecturer who welcomes the opportunity to "convey a perspective," Perrillo says, "My philosophy is that if I can educate someone on interferon's use, and what I say affects that person's way of treating patients, I've contributed a very valuable service." ■

Riding the “Devil’s

A century ago,
two Washington graduates
rode safety bicycles
15,044 miles around the globe
and onto the pages of history.

by *Mary Ellen Benson*



IT WAS THE ULTIMATE GRADUATION TRIP. It lasted three years. It took Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben not only to New York, London, Paris, and Athens, but also to Tabreez, Samarkand, Kuldja, and Peking. They met shepherds and peasants; camel drivers and district officials; the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch Romanoff, who lived in exile in Tashkend, where “visitors to his household are particularly impressed with the beauty of his wife and the size of his liquor glasses”; and China’s prime minister, Li-Hung-Chang. The travelers suffered from typhoid, hunger, and thirst; stam-

peded caravans of camels; and startled and fascinated Orientals who had never before seen Western man, never mind a bicycle.

On the day after their 1890 graduation from Washington University, where both received A.B. degrees, Allen and Sachtleben set out on the journey that would make them the first travelers ever to circle the world on safety bicycles. Invented in 1876 by H.J. Lawson and first manufactured in 1884 at the Coventry Machinists Company in England, a “safety” bicycle had two wheels of approximately the same size, was rear-wheel driven, and had its steering mechanism connected to the front fork by levers. It quickly replaced the “ordinary” bicycle, which had a 40- to 60-inch front wheel and

Dressed for duress: Thomas G. Allen (left) and William L. Sachtleben equipped to withstand the heat and hardship of the Gobi Desert. Their bicycle odyssey was described by the London Chronicle as “the most astonishing journey of modern times.”

Cart” Across Asia



small trailing wheel.

The pair wrote that they chose the bicycle because it was “the most convenient means” of accomplishing the purpose of their trip: “to see and study the world and its peoples” and “to get a practical finish to a theoretical education.”

From New York, the graduates set sail on June 23, 1890, for Liverpool. With their new bicycles, they toured the British Isles, stopping in London to make provisions for traveling across Europe and Asia. That first year, they crossed the Channel, riding through Normandy to Paris, crossing the Lesser Alps at Marseilles, and gliding along the Riviera into Italy. Leaving Brindisi, Italy, on December 31, 1890, for Corfu,

Greece, they rode along the Corinthian coast to Athens, where they spent the winter.

In the spring of 1891, they sailed for Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and began the 7,000-mile Asian leg of their journey. They recorded their adventures in journals and on film, using their observations to write *Across Asia on a Bicycle* (The Century Co., 1894) on their return to the United States.

Whether in Turkey, Persia, Russia, or China, whenever Allen and Sachtleben approached a village, they—and their mode of transportation—attracted crowds. While their appearance earned them such titles as “foreign devils” and “wild men,” their good-humored willingness to put on riding exhibitions served as a kind of passport, helping to dissolve the prevailing suspicion of foreigners and generally assuring them a welcome.

“Our entry into Kirshehr [in Turkey],” they wrote, “was typical of our reception everywhere. When we were seen approaching, several horsemen came out to get a first look at our strange horses. They challenged us to a race, and set a spanking pace down into the streets of the town. Before we reached the *khan*, or inn, we were obliged to dismount. ‘Bin! bin!’ (‘Ride! ride!’) went up a shout. ‘Nimkin deyil’ (‘It is impossible’), we explained, in such a jam. . . . By the time we reached the *khan* the crowd had become almost a mob, pushing and tumbling over one another, and yelling to every one in sight that ‘the devil’s carts have come.’ ”

Mary Ellen Benson, *senior director of publications at Washington University, is executive editor of Washington University Magazine. The idea for this 100th anniversary look at the Allen-Sachtleben bicycle journey was submitted by Demetrios Kolokotronis.*

The pair wrote that they chose the bicycle as “the most convenient means . . . to see and study the world and its peoples” and “to get a practical finish to a theoretical education.”

“Wild Men” in the Celestial Empire

Their trek across the Gobi Desert—their being in China at all—made the bicyclists’ journey remarkable for its time. Certainly the point at which they entered China, the Ili valley, was risky. Occupied by the Russians in 1871, the valley and its passes were ceded to Russia by the unratified Treaty of Livadia in 1879, then returned to China in 1881 by the Treaty of St. Petersburg. The unstable politics of the area led to frequent border disputes and attacks on travelers who ventured through the passes.

Allen and Sachtleben were not certain they would be allowed to enter China until they reached the Chinese border. In the spring of 1892, under the watchful eye of a Russian guard at the fort of Khorgos—the boundary line between Russia and China since the treaty of 1881—they forded the Khorgos River.

“A few minutes later we dashed through the arched driveway of the Chinese custom-house,” they wrote, “and were several yards away before the lounging officials realized what it was that flitted across their vision. ‘Stop! Come back!’ they shouted in broken Russian. Amid a confusion of chattering voices, rustling gowns, clattering shoes, swinging pigtails, and clouds of opium and tobacco smoke, we were brought into the presence of the head official.” He read aloud the documents the pair obtained from the Chinese minister in London. “His wonderment was increased when he further read

that such a journey was being made on the ‘foot-moved carriages,’ which were being curiously fingered by the attendants.”

In the nearby city of Kuldja (originally built by the Chinese as Nin-yuan), they again applied for, and received, permission to cross China. Other visitors were denied access to the country within days of their receiving the go-ahead.

In Kuldja they awaited supplies, studied the Chinese language, and stripped down their gear. “Our work of preparation was principally a process of elimination,” they wrote. “Handle-bars and seat-posts were shortened to save weight, and even the leather baggage-carriers . . . were replaced by a couple of sleeping-bags made for us out of woolen shawls, and Chinese oiled-canvas.”

Such elimination was mandated by the sheer weight of Chinese money and the lack of banks or exchanges where they could obtain it en route. They carried with them a *tinza*, or small Chinese scale, to weigh their silver and convert it to the equivalent in *chen*, whose value changed from district to district.

“We were obliged to purchase at Kuldja all the silver we would need for the entire journey of over three thousand miles,” they wrote. . . . “Our money now constituted the principal part of our luggage, which, with camera and film, weighed just twenty-five pounds apiece. Most of the silver was chopped up into small bits, and placed in the



hollow tubing of the machines to conceal it from Chinese inquisitiveness, if not something worse.”

They wheeled out of Kuldja on July 13, 1892, and ascended out of the Ili valley, reaching the top of the pass at sunset. Soon they were crossing the Han-Hai, or Dried-up Sea, where they found themselves half-dragging, half-pushing their machines through heavy sand, slapping at mosquitoes, and crossing numerous mountain freshets.

Soon the streams and the sand wore out their Russian shoes and stockings, which they replaced with short, white Chinese socks and string sandals better suited to the terrain. “It was owing to this scantiness of wardrobe,” they wrote, “that we were obliged when taking a bath by the roadside streams to make a quick wash of our linen, and put it on wet to dry, or allow it to flutter from the handle-bars as we rode along. It was astonishing even to ourselves how little a man required when once beyond the pale of western conventionalities.”

A short distance out of Hami, they began to cross the Gobi Desert: “Everywhere was the same . . . undulating plains of shifting reddish sands, interspersed with quartz pebbles, agates, and carnelians, and relieved here and there by patches of wiry shrubs . . . or lines of hillocks succeeding each other like waves on the surface of the shoreless deep.”

Most troubling was the constant wind that uprooted plants and forced the bicyclists to walk, “the monotony of many weary hours of plodding . . . relieved only by the bones of some abandoned beast of burden, or the occasional train of Chinese . . . two-wheeled vans, loaded with merchandise, and drawn by five or six horses.”

They suffered from thirst and from



Escort service: *The Turkish government provided Allen and Sachtleben with zaptiehs, mounted escorts who assisted the adventurers in crossing streams and navigating rough terrain. Although conniving in their attempts to extort money from the cyclists, the zaptiehs served their charges well.*

the ubiquitous fleas and lice; the high mean altitude of the Gobi, about 4,000 feet, made the crossing more difficult. The combination of insufficient food, hard physical exertion, extremes of temperature, and brackish water “made one of us so ill that he could retain no food. A high fever set in on the evening of August 15, [1892] and as we pulled into the station of Bay-doon-sah, he was forced to go to bed at once. The other, with the aid of our small medicine supply, endeavored to ward off the ominous symptoms. In his anxiety, however, to do all that was possible he made a serious blunder. Instead of antipyrin he administered the poison, sulphate of zinc, which we carried to relieve our eyes when inflamed by the alkali dust. . . . It was an anxious moment for us both when we picked up the paper from the floor and read the inscription. . . . Happily it was an overdose, and the vomiting which immediately followed relieved both the patient and the anxious doctor.” They were about a day’s journey from Ngan-si-chou, where they would finally obtain adequate supplies of food and water.

They wrote, “Famishing with thirst, tired beyond expression, and burning with fever



The Way We Were

In 1890, when William Sachtleben and Thomas Allen left Washington University and the United States behind, Benjamin Harrison was in the White House and Queen Victoria sat on the throne of England. The University was housed in a series of buildings in downtown St. Louis. With a student body of about 100 in the collegiate divisions, the University was made up of the College, School of Engineering, Henry Shaw School of Botany, St. Louis Law School, St. Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts, and three preparatory schools: Manual Training School, Smith, and Mary Institute.

The University entered a transitional period following the death of William Greenleaf Eliot, chancellor and president of the Board of Directors, on January 23, 1887. Colonel Leighton was named president of the Board and Dean Marshall S. Snow, acting chancellor. Winfield Scott Chaplin became the University's fourth chancellor on October 15, 1891.

In April 1891, as the bicyclists were entering Asia, 41-year-old businessman Robert Somers Brookings became a member of the University's Board of Directors. Brookings led the University into the 20th century. He masterminded the University's move to the Hilltop Campus, and a decade later, the medical school's move to its location east of Forest Park.



The sportin' life: The University's rugby team, class of 1897.

“Amid a confusion of chattering voices, rustling gowns, clattering shoes, swinging pigtails, and clouds of opium and tobacco smoke, we were brought into the presence of the head official.”

as well as the withering heat, we reached at last the bank of the Su-la-ho. Eagerly we plunged into its sluggish waters, and waded through under the walls of Ngan-si-chou.”

The most difficult part of their journey was over.

A Visit with the Head of State

The culmination of their Chinese travels—perhaps of the entire bicycle journey—was their meeting in Tientsin with the prime minister of China, Li-Hung-Chang. The United States consul there, Colonel Bowman, arranged the audience with the viceroy, who ruled in the place of the young emperor, Kuang Hsü.

Three palanquins and a dozen porters carried the party from the consulate to the viceroy's residence. While they waited in the foreign reception room, they talked with the Chinese leader's second son.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Li-Hung-Chang. After surveying the travelers at length, he began a battery of questions. He asked, via an interpreter, which country they had liked best. They told him they considered America the greatest of all.

“If then you thought that America was the best why did you come to see other countries?”

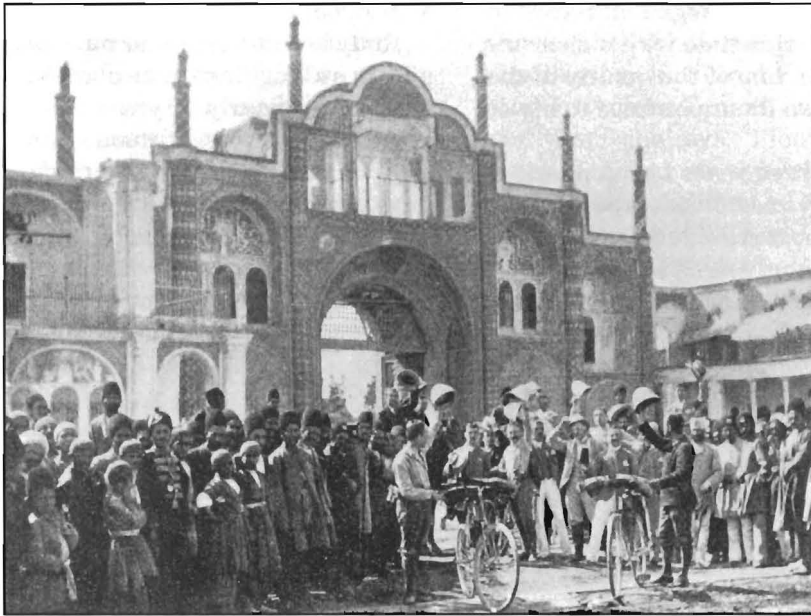
“Because until we had seen other countries, we replied, we did not know that America was the best. . . .”

“What was your real object in undertaking such a peculiar journey?” he asked rather impatiently.”

The trip, they explained, was a way to complete their education, and they chose the bicycle for its convenience.

“The viceroy, however, could not understand how a man should wish to use his own strength when he could travel on the physical force of some one else; nor why it was that we should adopt a course through Central Asia and northwestern China when the southern route through India would have been far easier and less dangerous. He evidently gave it up as a conundrum, and started out on another line. . . .”

“Did n't you find the roads very bad in China?”



“We said that inasmuch as China had not yet adopted the bicycle, her roads, of course, were not adapted to that mode of locomotion.

“The viceroy then asked us to describe the bicycle, and inquired if such a vehicle did not create considerable consternation among the people.

“We told him that the bicycle from a Chinese point of view was capable of various descriptions. On the passports given us by the Chinese minister in London the bicycle was called ‘a seat-sitting, foot-moving machine.’ The natives in the interior had applied to it various epithets, among which were *yang ma* (foreign horse), *fei-chay* (flying-machine), *szüdzun chay* (self-moving cart), and others. The most graphic description, perhaps, was given by a Chinaman whom we overheard relating to his neighbors the first appearance of the bicycle in his quiet little village. ‘It is a little mule,’ said he, ‘that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go.’

“‘Did n’t the people try to steal your money?’ he next inquired.

“‘No,’ we replied. ‘From our impoverished appearance, they evidently thought we had nothing. Our wardrobe being necessarily limited by our mode of travel, we were sometimes reduced to the appearance of

Fond farewell: *On October 5, 1891, the bicyclists pedaled out of the fortified square in Teheran to embark on the “Pilgrim Road” to Meshed, a 600-mile stretch of barren hills, swampland, and desert.*

tancy, the travelers admitted that sometimes buying office did occur. “The viceroy ventured to predict that we might become so well-known as a result of our journey that we could get into office without paying for it. ‘You are both young,’ he added, ‘and can hope for anything.’”

From Tientsin they sailed to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Japan, from Japan to San Francisco, arriving on Christmas night, 1892. The end of their Asian travels, however, was hardly the end of their graduation trip. Purchasing new bicycles, they cycled from San Francisco to New York, by way of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, with a stop in St. Louis. They arrived at their final destination on June 3, 1893, or, as they put it, “Just three years . . . lacking twenty days, we rolled into New York on our wheels, having ‘put a girdle around the earth.’” ■

traveling mendicants, and were often the objects of pity or contempt. Either this, or our peculiar mode of travel, seemed to dispel all thought of highway robbery; we never lost even so much as a button on our journey of over three thousand miles across the Chinese empire.”

Li-Hung-Chang was conversant not only with the politics of his own region but clearly understood American politics as well. He asked his guests whether they were Democrats or Republicans.

“Will you run for any political office in America? Do you ever expect to get into Congress? Do you have to buy offices in America?”

“It [bicycle] is a little mule,’ said he, ‘that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go.’”

Henrietta and Rudy Freedman: Loyalty's a Family Affair

With their golden wedding anniversary two years away, it's no surprise that Rudolph and Henrietta Freedman finish each other's sentences. They have forged a partnership that guides virtually every facet of their lives together: family, religion, livelihood, service to community, and commitment to education.

Most of what they have jointly accomplished is rooted in the values imparted to them by their families while the two were growing up in St. Louis. "We were both Depression-era children," Henrietta says, "and education was given at great cost. But education always came first. That's what we taught our children and what we try to accomplish through the scholarships we sponsor."

It wasn't always easy, and the rewards weren't always immediate. However, their upbringing taught them that working toward a long-term goal was more important than pursuing short-term aims. Rudy came to the University to earn his B.S. in chemical engineering because the school was local and convenient. After graduation, he worked for Alco Valve Company. He married Henrietta Winesuff in 1943 while she was studying at Harris Teachers College (now Harris-Stowe State College). She interrupted her studies because, at that time, married women were discouraged from becoming teachers. In the late '40s, with the support of his company and his wife and the encouragement of Dean Don Fisher of the School of Engineering, Rudy returned to Washington

to seek his M.S. degree at Sever Institute, this time with a clearer understanding of the quality of the degree and its importance to his work.

"The three years I spent working on my master's degree was by far the most stimulating time of my life," Rudy says. During that time, he co-authored a book, *Basic Training Manual on Statistical Quality Control*, and forged relationships that drew him back

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"The learning that it [University] affords the community, that little extra that private universities give, is an important part of the diversity of the American educational system."

Henrietta Freedman

♦

to the school, after his graduation in 1952, to lecture to evening classes for a decade.

Henrietta always knew she would finish her education. She took classes while rearing the couple's three children but wasn't able to return full-time until the '70s. She earned her A.B. in psychology, with a focus in gerontology, in 1975.

Henrietta and Rudy have supported one another not only in their academic pursuits, but also in career decisions. In 1960, Rudy joined the Semmelmeier-Corby Company, which, after mergers and buy-outs, became SEMCOR in 1969. Today, he is chairman of the company, Henrietta is vice president, and their son, Richard,

M.B.A. '83, is president.

Rudy became active in alumni affairs at Washington as a graduate student nearly 40 years ago. Henrietta's role as a future alumni leader also stems from her student days. At the time, the couple were both heavily involved (as they still are) in many St. Louis and Jewish community organizations. A representative of the alumni office approached Rudy and said, "Henrietta's doing so much work in the community—why can't we get her involved in the University?" Involved she became.

Henrietta served on the Arts and Sciences Task Force for the Commission on the Future of Washington University, was chair and vice chair of the Alumni Board of Governors, and is now a member of the Scholarship Committee for Arts and Sciences. As Alumni Board chair, she was an alumni representative to the University Board of Trustees; she was subsequently elected to a seat on the Board. She is also a member of the National Council for Arts and Sciences.

Rudy is past president of the Engineering Alumni Advisory Council and holds memberships in the Alumni Board of Governors, the Advancement Committee for the Engineering School's Five-Year Plan, the Engineers' Scholarship Committee, and the National Council for the School of Engineering.

Henrietta and Rudy focus mostly on their own schools, but each shares the other's interests. Rudy notes the importance of liberal arts preparation, which became clear to him while talking to a group of students in the Engineering Three-Two Program. (Students spend three years at a liberal arts college, transfer to Washington for two years, and

earn arts degrees from their former schools and engineering degrees from Washington.)

"We cross the lines," Henrietta says. "I know engineering and Rudy knows arts and sciences." Rudy adds, "We're fortunate to have double exposure. I think Washington University has added a dimension to my life and our life as a couple that enriches and brings a sense of worth to the

Henrietta has moved into a new phase of her relationship with Washington. "I chaired the Student Affairs Committee this past year," she says. "I found that the students come very prepared to make use of what the University has to offer them." The Freedmans' work on the national councils has given them additional insights. "The deans and department chairs have to

ment exercises, both Rudy and Henrietta took part in the academic procession. Rudy marched with the Class of 1940; Henrietta marched with the trustees. "It's a real privilege to be associated with Washington," Henrietta says. "The learning that it affords the community, that little extra that private universities give, is an important part of the diversity of the American educational system."

Rudy and Henrietta Freedman have passed on the love and respect for higher education that they received from their parents to their three children, all of whom went on to receive higher degrees. Besides Richard, Robert, now doing advanced study at Sweden's Karolinska Institute, earned his M.D. from Harvard, and Judith, a practicing psychiatrist in London, received her M.D. from Stanford. Another generation stands in the wings: the Freedmans have five grandchildren.

Both Rudy and Henrietta have given time, energy, and resources to many other organizations. They have shared involvement in the Jewish Federation, United Way, and Temple Shaare Emeth. Rudy, a registered professional engineer, is active in many professional organizations and is a past president of the Meramec School PTA and the Clayton High School PTA. Henrietta has served and led many organizations, including the St. Louis Council of World Affairs, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Jewish Community Centers Association, the Jewish Center for the Aged, and the St. Louis Center for Holocaust Studies.

Washington University is a fortunate beneficiary of the strong values and deep commitment this busy couple bring to all they do. ■



Henrietta and Rudy Freedman

Henrietta and Rudy Freedman

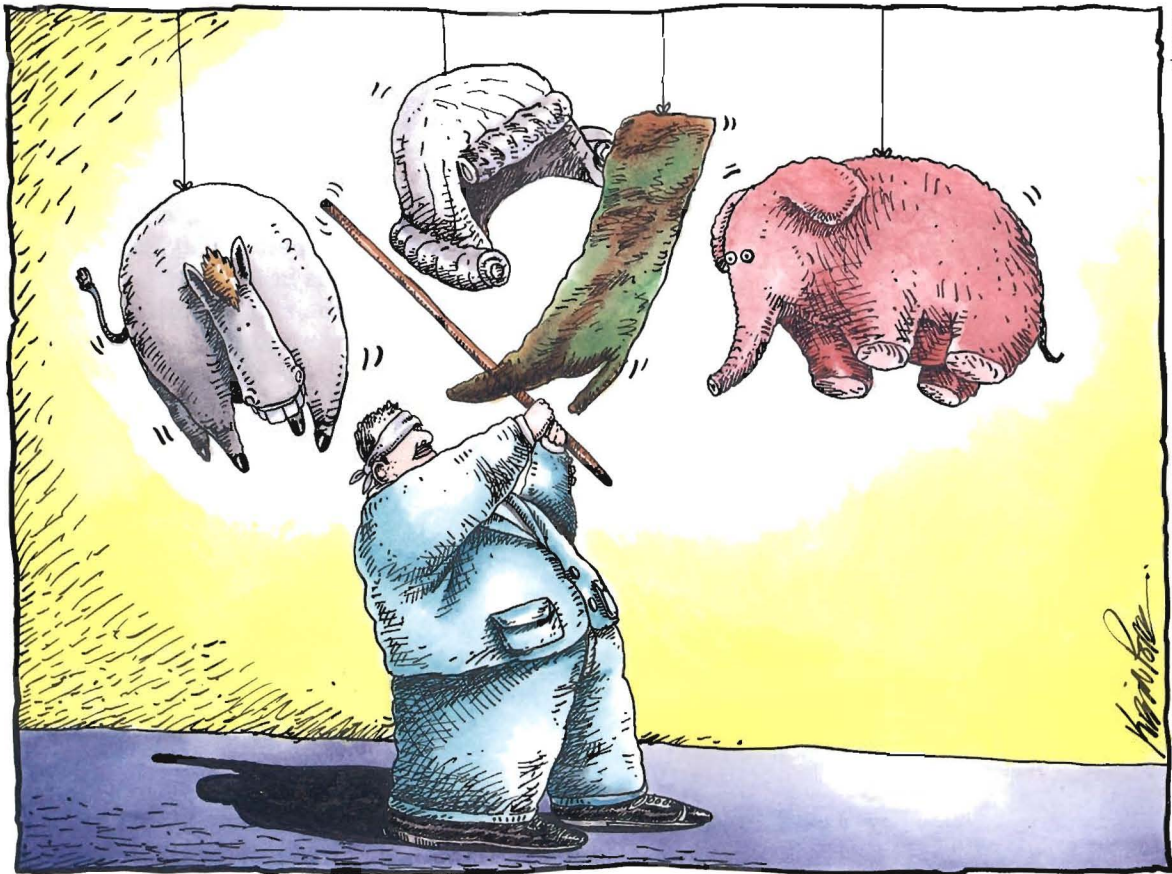
community work that we do. When you arrive at a relationship like ours, it goes beyond giving — we are also receiving." Henrietta continues, "Rudy's right. We've gained. Washington is an important part of our lives, especially because of the people we meet through this tie that we have. . ." Rudy concludes, ". . . the teaching staff, the administrators, the alumni staff, the students."

Their experiences have allowed the Freedmans to view the University from the perspectives of both a student and an alumni leader. As a University trustee,

organize their thinking in making their presentations," Rudy says. "The members often ask innocent but probing questions."

Their link to Washington takes many other forms: fundraising leadership, particularly for the ALLIANCE FOR WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY campaign in the '80s; participation in the Alumni Travel Program ("We went on the first alumni trip to China," Rudy recalls); even hanging the works of University artists in their home and company offices. They are Life Members of the Eliot Society. At the University's 1990 Commence-

V I E W P O I N T



Kevin Pope

Ars Politica or La Dolce Vita?

by Robert H. Salisbury

The United States is sinking into a political morass. There is a stalemate in Washington: trench warfare between Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. Each side commands institutional high ground; the Democrats hold Congress, and the Republicans control the executive branch. Apparently, neither side can be dislodged by electoral means, and so the war drags on. Americans have begun to think that maybe their sacred Constitution and the institutional structure it created, with powers separated and conflict built in, is not the best possible system after all.

The political system most often admired by American intellectuals is that of Great Britain. In a parliamentary system dominated by two disciplined parties, British politicians encounter no significant political barriers to the swift enactment of coherent, clearly focused policies, including budgets that fine-tune both taxes and spending.

In contrast, the polity most often despaired of among the Western democracies is Italy. There, nothing much works, at least at the national level. It, too, has a parliamentary system, but governing coalitions are exceedingly fragile and short-lived, surviving an average of only 13 months each since 1985. Whatever taxes are adopted, Italians often don't pay them. Crime is rampant. Industrial pollution threatens to kill the Adriatic. Pensions abound and the deficit as a proportion of GNP is nearly quadruple that of the United States.

We could go the British way,

adopt a parliamentary system, make public policy with swift efficiency—and become like Great Britain? With Thatcherism? Increasing class tension? Disintegrating cities? Fifteen percent interest rates? A steadily declining share of the world's wealth? A dreary society that matches the weather?

Or we could Italianize. Accept the eternal inadequacy of the public sector and the bumbling character of government. The political system may not work, but

THE HIGHLY EXPRESSIVE STYLE IN PERSONAL LIFE IS PROBABLY A SERIOUS HANDICAP IN POLITICS.

the quality of Italian daily life is superb. The first requirement is to cultivate the sensory appetites. Italians, and Southern Europeans generally, have carefully nurtured their ability to appreciate sights and smells, the touch of attractive objects, and, of course, the rich variety of tastes the culinary world can offer. We still have a lot of boiled vegetables to overcome.

Secondly, we must improve our expressive capabilities: less cool and more fervor. The dominant cultural tradition of Americans is English, and like the English, we try to suppress our feelings. Our upper lips are stiff, and our lower lips do not sufficiently tremble. Americans, like the British, swell with pride as a band marches past, with flags unfurled, playing the nation's tunes, but we too seldom

weep at operatic pathos. The vigorous, even extravagant, gesture will be necessary punctuation when we learn to carry on ordinary conversation with our hands.

The highly expressive style in personal life is probably a serious handicap in politics. It invites a rhetoric that magnifies the tragic importance of one's situation. It makes bargaining and compromise more difficult. But it also intensifies the meaning of each day: the quality of the light, the aroma of the bread, the excitement of a smile. What is politics compared to these?

Americans have always been pragmatists politically, not worrying much about the philosophical consistency of their policies as long as they worked. They also have been activists, believing in the necessity of taking positive steps to solve public problems, and praising those who did so. Lincoln wanted a general who would fight. Franklin Roosevelt said in 1933 that the American people demanded action to halt the Depression, and if one policy didn't work, he would try another. Harry Truman's activist foreign policies of containment still earn him applause today. So, by and large, does Ronald Reagan's insistence on cutting taxes.

It is firmly within our tradition to look for vigorous political leadership as a necessary part of any solution to our discontents. England under Mrs. Thatcher offered a clear example of that strategy. Italy presents a contrary option. Cultivate style, expressive and leisurely, and the stalemates of politics may soon be relegated to the back pages of our lives. ■

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Rite of an Indian spring: Traditionally, the American Indian Pow Wow is held in spring to celebrate the beginning of new life. On March 23, singers and dancers rose to the time-honored traditions of their American Indian heritage at the University-sponsored Pow Wow. Eight-year-old Julian Kussman of Barnhart, Missouri, donned the traditional Cherokee garb worn by his ancestors. His roach headdress, made of porcupine guard quills and dyed deer tail, is typically worn only by distinguished warriors or tribal elders.

The Center for American Indian Studies at the George Warren Brown School of Social Work and the Washington University Gallery of Art sponsored the day-long event. The American Indian Center of Mid-America served as coordinator.