

1983

## Washington University Magazine, Winter 1983

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WASHINGTON  
UNIVERSITY  
IN ST. LOUIS

# Washington University

Winter 1983

Magazine



## BAROQUE FESTIVAL

## Inaugural Conference



*At a reception during the conference are from left, Nigel Daw, Ph.D., one of the chief investigators of the center, Hubel, Chancellor William H. Danforth, and Goldring.*

In September, the first McDonnell Conference on Higher Brain Function, sponsored by The McDonnell Center for the Studies of Higher Brain Function, Washington University School of Medicine, drew research scientists from across the nation to study the biology of memory. David H. Hubel, M.D., of Harvard University, who with Thorsten N. Weisel, M.D., also of Harvard, received the 1981 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, was keynote speaker on that occasion.

The McDonnell Center was established at Washington University in June 1980, through a gift of \$5.5 million from the McDonnell Foundation. Its director is Sidney Goldring, M.D., professor and head of neurological surgery at the School of Medicine. He also is on the staffs of Barnes, Children's and Jewish Hospitals. Hubel's prize-winning research dealt with the visual system's ability to process sensory information.



*Priscilla McDonnell, wife of the late James S. McDonnell whose intense curiosity about the relationship of the brain and the human mind led to the establishment of this center.*

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Vol. 53, No. 1

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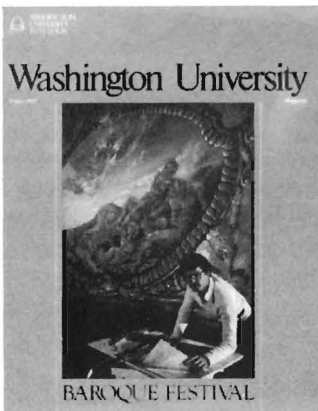
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Photo credits: Mackey and Associates, bottom of pages 22-27; Peter Zimmerman, bottom of page 29; all others Herb Weitman.

Washington University (ISSN 0162-7570) is published quarterly by Washington University at Lindell and Skinker, St. Louis, Mo. 63130. Second-class postage paid at St. Louis, MO. Postmaster: Send address changes to Washington University Magazine, St. Louis, Mo. 63130. For copies of articles or for permission to reprint, please contact the editor.

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On the cover: Scott Blake, a junior in Fine Arts, before the Baroque Festival's show curtain, one of the sets of his design for Handel's opera *Orlando*. See Baroque Festival, page 16.

Back cover: a show curtain detail of Minerva, goddess of wisdom, battling the giants.



## Connective Filament

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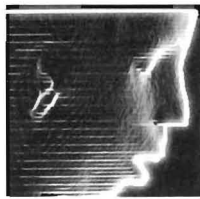
*Professor William Matheson*



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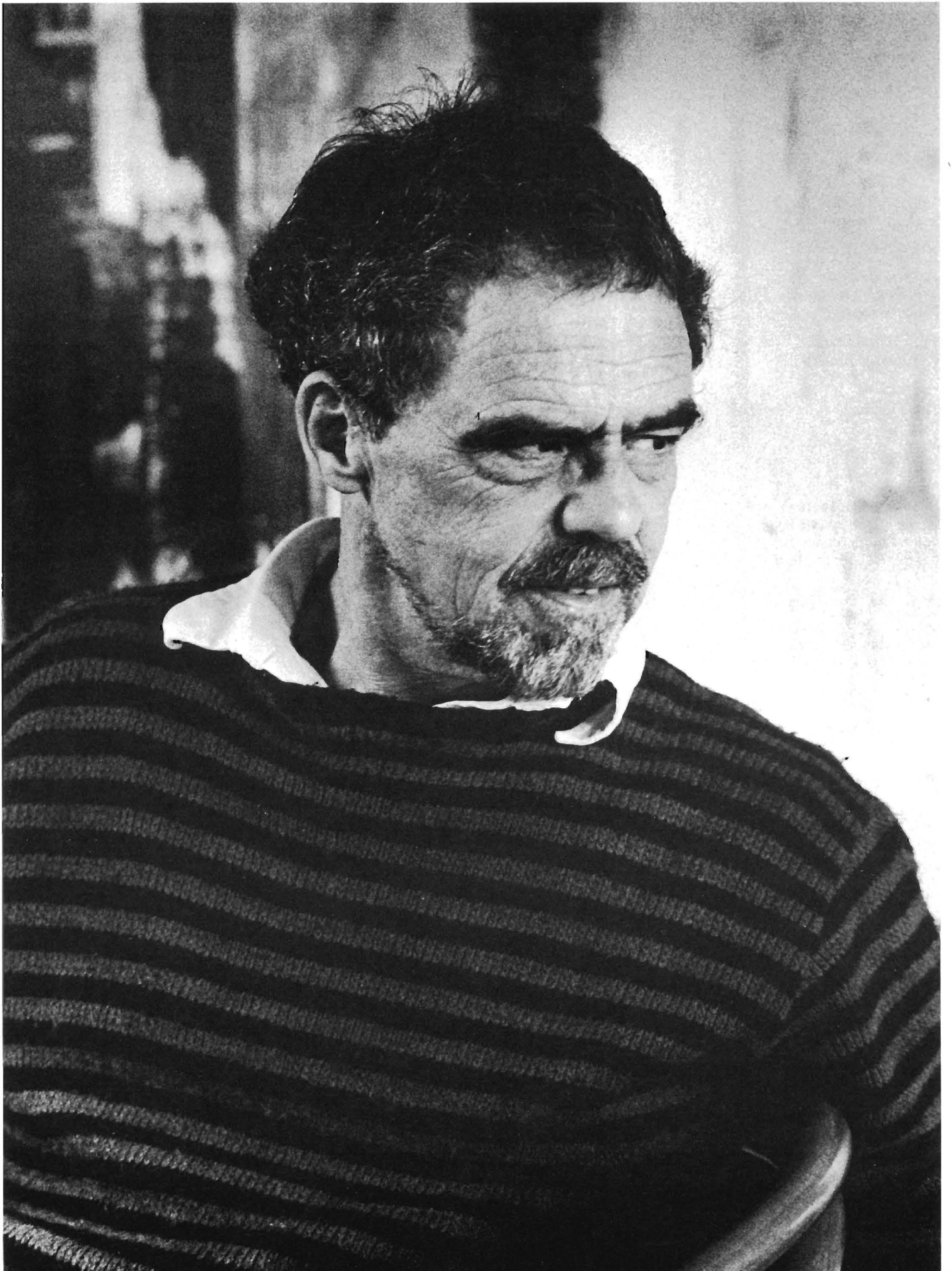
*Loves a clown*



## A Cinderella Story

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*Beauty and elegance emerge*



*For eleven years, Bill Matheson, erudite, idiosyncratic, and totally unstuffy, brought a genius for creative relationships to his role as chairman of the program in comparative literature. Now, though he has relinquished that administrative responsibility, he remains the connective filament for many of the ties that bind together study of the humanities at Washington University.*

# Connective Filament

*By Dorothea Wolfgram*

**I**f a man is to be known by his works, we must listen to William Matheson translate Paul Valéry's "Orpheus":

My mind composes, under myrtles, Orpheus  
The Wondrous! ... Fire from pure arenas falls,  
Turns bald mountains into awesome spoils  
Steaming with a god's resounding act.

The god, if he sings, shatters the mighty site;  
Stones in their movement the sun sees in horror;  
Dazzling to lament unknown respond the high  
Symphonic golden sanctuary-walls.

He sings, poised on the rich sky-shore—Orpheus!  
The boulder walks and staggers; every stone bewitched  
Feels some new weight that mad to azure soars;

Evening bathes a half-nude Temple's flight,  
Itself coheres and finds in gold its place  
Within the vast soul of the lyre's Ode!

If a man is to be known by the spaces he creates, we must look to his house, that meticulously composed "jewel of a house, that must not become a jewel," said a friend.

If a man is to be known by his bumper sticker, we must read, "A la nue accablante tu," the first line of a sonnet by Mallarmé that translates, "Silenced by the crushing cloud," but for the initiated is full of wordplay requiring one to crawl backward from the obvious to the obscure and proving to be worth the journey.

If a man is to be known by the company he keeps, we must listen to the chorus of persons who treasure Bill Matheson as friend and teacher.

And, at the end, will we have Bill Matheson? No. We will have, in his words, "only certain sides of a personality—the curves rather than the sharp lines," missing "the black side, the baroque, morose," finding "the house of glass visible to all because there is no what you would call personal life to be seen."

But let us try, because Bill Matheson is a part of the best of Washington University where for more than a decade, by instinct and design, he has built and nourished an expansive community anchored in the humanities. From a base as chairman of comparative literature, he has woven a network

of intellectual kinships that bind literature to history, archaeology to music, Asian studies to art, the languages to the performing arts, history to poetry, music to French, painting to psychology, literature to medicine, undergraduate to graduate, student to faculty, colleague to colleague. At first all channels of communication ran through Matheson; today new life springs up on the lateral connections of the web. And although Matheson's hand may not be that of the creator in all cases, his mind, his time, and his enormous talent for nurture are always on call.

"Although Bill was not one of the instigators of the Baroque Festival," says J. Thomas Rimer, chairman of the department of Chinese and Japanese and one of that number, "in a fundamental way, I don't think it would have happened without him. He made all the original connections. And he has taken over the responsibility for organizing the symposium, which has turned out to be the most difficult, complicated task of the venture."

Matheson, however, insists that Washington University's reputation among humanists as a place for creative exchange long preceded his coming twelve years ago. "It is truly a most exceptional place that fosters and encourages an openness so that one does not sequester one's work to guard against theft, but rather says, 'I've written this, but I can't seem to get this paragraph right. Would you look at it?' or 'I have this idea for a paper or a class, what do you think?'" That esprit and the widely defined mission of comparative literature here have allowed us to move in remarkable directions.

**F**ourteen ways at once, say those who believe that Matheson's exquisite orchestration has created here possibilities for comparative study exceeded by none. His teaching, like his life, weaves together diverse intellectual threads to create a richness of texture, color, and pattern within the cloth of the humanities. And into this milieu he draws students, as well as faculty, administrators, and staff.

"There is a wonderful Italian verb *combinare*,

## Connective Filament

meaning 'to put things together, to negotiate, to politic.' Bill is an absolute master at *combinazione* both personally and academically," says Peter Riesenbergh, professor of history. "The wonder is that given his enormous sensitivity, which is manifest in his friendships and his teaching, he can be as good an administrator as he is."

**M**atheson perhaps could not have founded the program in comparative literature; that required a fighter willing to wrest an area away from traditional disciplines, from department chairmen unable to trust that by yielding some territory, academic civilization could be enriched. But as its second chairman, he brought that potential to fruition and established a peaceable kingdom. He has not been a giver of laws, nor consciously a mender of fences, but a petitioner come before department chairmen and faculty with so intelligent a proposal for cooperative effort, so intriguing a possibility for creativity, they have seldom said no.

Under his chairmanship two new joint doctoral programs, which are unique in this country, were instituted. Enrollment in all courses in comparative literature increased and the number of undergraduate majors more than doubled. During his eleven years as chairman, for most of which he was the sole full-time teacher in the field, twenty-eight masters' degrees and nineteen doctoral degrees were awarded.

"But statistics do not speak of the steady stream of students, present and past, who stop to see him in his office, visit him in his home, write to him, and telephone him from all parts of the country," said a friend. "Part of the answer lies in the breadth of his knowledge and his continuing delight in exploring yet another field."

"In many ways," says Liselotte Dieckmann, professor emeritus and founding chairman of the program, "Bill was an ideal chairman. When he first came, we were impressed by his learnedness, his seriousness about poetry, and his vast knowledge of other fields. Only later did we come to appreciate his style. He makes people do what he wants not by manipulation, but by magic. Confrontation is impossible for him; he will not do it. His whole success is built on the relationships he has established and maintains with constant attention.

"He is, by far, the best constructive critic I have ever known. He never dictates, but always makes excellent suggestions. In some ways, he could not

*The house in St. Louis County that Matheson had built some ten years ago serves as an extension of his University life. In it he lives, works, studies, and entertains. Frequently, when a class has gone well, its final session is over wine and cheese at his home.*

be an ideal chairman because he cares too much. Our graduate students, who had the greatest respect for him, sometimes would complain that he did not give them enough direction. Yet, you see, that is again his respect for the other personality. But all students love him, because he gives so much of himself."

Pamela Hadas, once a graduate student of Matheson's and now a faculty member of the University's Writers' Program, says simply, "Bill has a genius for friendship."

"He gets through giving," explains Riesenbergh. "As a teacher he is open, demanding without being oppressive, sympathetic, but at the same time tough minded, and always very conscious of where people are coming from. He has read so much and from his reading has such a vast knowledge of humankind—such a world of experience, if you will—that he gets the most out of students."

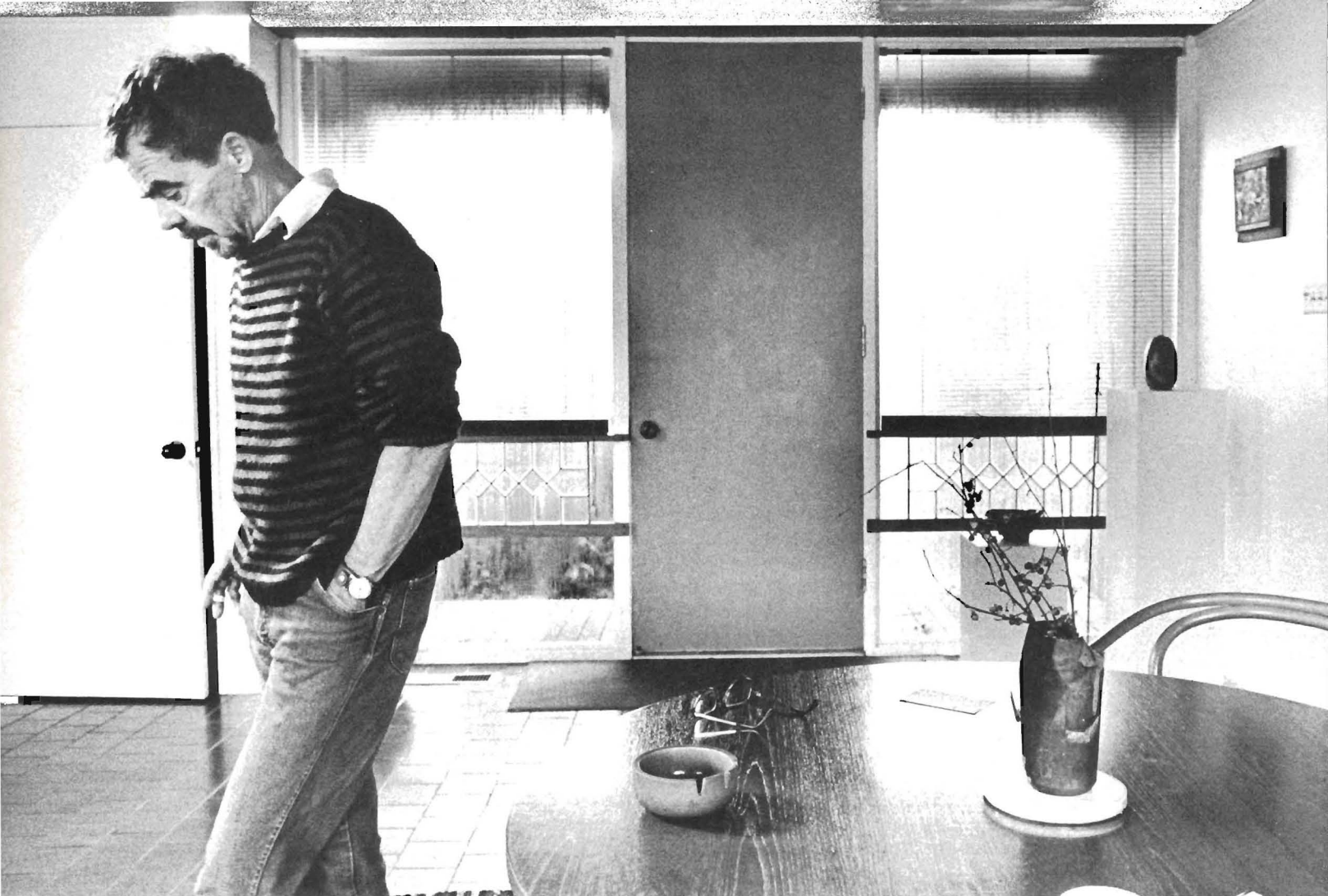
"Sometimes," says Rimer, "you wish for him to stop giving—not to take students so seriously, not to listen to someone's troubles again for the fifteenth time, but to take time for himself, time to sit down and write a poem. But then, you realize that life is so rich for him precisely because of the enormous care he takes.

"You see, with Bill, there is no membrane of his own ego between him and you to prevent you from talking of any subject, so talking to him gives a great sense of freedom. There is no smothering in his friendship, no sense of demand."

There are those who are comfortable with Matheson's style and those who are not; those who find it too elaborate, too self-conscious and those who, being involved with other, different spheres of University life, are not aware of the grace he brings to his world. But for many faculty members and students, Bill Matheson's presence is critical.

"When Bill asks you to teach for him or with him," explains Dieckmann, "you are to be so sensitively used, that I couldn't imagine anyone saying no. He offers you an opportunity to grow intellectually through the enterprise."

"His mind is synthetic and so playful that he is always willing to accept new combinations," explains Rimer. "For instance, he asked me to teach a novel for his undergraduate class this fall. Despite the fact that I was busier than I thought I could tolerate, I said I would if he would let me teach something other than a Japanese novel. And



that was fine with him, so I chose a nineteenth-century German novel. In mid-November, I taught the class. I analyzed the structure and so on, but his few comments from the audience, elaborating on what I was saying, were so insightful, the class became a dialogue that caught the students up in this experience of discovering together, and as the teacher, I learned too."

"I take it as one of the luxuries of comparative literature," says Matheson, "that one never need teach the same class twice. As a result, I can constantly create new courses to keep myself intrigued." In the process, he plays with combinations, with new perspectives. What happens to a text of Baudelaire, he asks, if to his viewpoint as a student of French literature is added the viewpoint of a painter or a musician. "Often," he explains, "when you add one and one, you get a sum greater than two. Things happen that you could not have predicted."

The sum in this case was an undergraduate topic in comparative literature titled *The Age of Baudelaire*, taught by Hylarie McMahon of fine arts, Susan Youens of music, Emma Kafalenos of comparative literature, and Matheson. The unanimous delight of the participants and the students and the license to create more team-taught classes has led Matheson to the excesses of which he accuses the artists of the nineteenth century:

the temptation to work ever larger. For a *Banquet of Isms*, he recruited Harold Blumenfeld of music, Sidra Stich of art history, George Dolis of German, Kafalenos, and himself; for *Contemporary Movements*, he persuaded McMahon and Youens of fine arts and music to join Barton Byg, Kafalenos, and himself, all of comparative literature.

In these undergraduate courses, sessions are not modular; in most cases all three, four, or five teachers attend and contribute to each session. "It is very expensive to do this, you see," he confides, "but don't tell anybody. No one here has ever said we could not." So Matheson does.

His smaller graduate seminars fall fortunate victim to the same excesses. In these classes of ten to twelve graduate students and upper-division undergraduates, he has counterpointed Milica Banjanin of Russian, Dieckmann of comparative literature, Patrick Dust formerly of Romance languages, Tamie Kamiyama of Chinese and Japanese with his own literary viewpoint to explore *International Symbolism*, or combined his own scholarship with that of Mark Weil of art history to explore the intricacies of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

Even when Matheson teaches solo, as he did for a seminar titled *Poetic Density* that explored "hard" poems, students are captured by the breadth of his personal learning. Michael Riordan, a



premed engineer who completed two undergraduate degrees in 1979 and is now a medical student at Johns Hopkins University, says of his experience in *Poetic Density*, "We could count on him to ask, in class or in Holmes Lounge, the prodding, sometimes unsettling questions prerequisite for genuine understanding. And we could rely upon him to respond to our inquiries with engaging conversation, replete with congenial erudition. But most important was the thrilling sense of having learned something valuable each day." Adding then, "Epiphanies of poetry were revealed with such vivid eloquence, that Paul Valéry, T. S. Eliot, and Emily Dickinson are my companions to this day." As a matter of fact, Riorden said recently, "When I got into a discussion of a certain epoch of French literature with a Hopkins student of comparative literature recently, I wrote Bill a long letter asking him to elaborate on something I wasn't sure of and got back a sparkling page full of insights."

Matheson himself is a poet of significant publication. "His work from a semester at Cape Hatteras is wonderful," notes Dieckmann, "and more easily accessible than much of his poetry, which is very difficult. But then it is not so difficult as the poetry he enjoys most, Mallarmé and Valéry, in particular." His own poetry has appeared annually since 1977 in a little magazine titled *Anthology*, published in Kobe, Japan.

Matheson also is engaged with collaborator Kyoko Iriye Selden—now of Binghamton, New York, but late of St. Louis while her husband, Mark, was a University faculty member—in translation and annotation of the Eighth Japanese Imperial Anthology, the *Shinkokinshu*. He explains, "This is a collection of works assembled in the thirteenth century as one of twenty-some imperial anthologies. It has been translated only once and then badly. I could not have undertaken it without Kyoko Selden because although I have been studying Japanese for years, I have found it almost impossible to learn."

"That is not entirely true," says senior Michael Howland. "I was spending a year abroad at Waseda University in Tokyo last year when Professor Matheson was in Japan, and although I was his guide, he got along very well on his own." Partly because of Matheson's influence, Howland, a student of Matheson's since Howland's freshman year, is majoring in comparative literature and Japanese. He says, "He is an extraordinary teacher, but he is much more to me also. He is a friend."

**A**lthough at one time or another Matheson has studied fifteen languages, he claims, "Only English and my original French are firmly within my grasp. All the others are in various states of disrepair. But the nice thing about a language is that once you have the skeleton, you know how it is likely to move and what it wants to be, and you can revive it."

Matheson denies having any hobbies, but Liselotte Dieckmann says, "That's not true; languages are his hobby." Others contend that perpetual and insatiable curiosity if not a hobby is an overriding Matheson preoccupation. "He is always reading and often, when traveling, he not only carries books for himself, but for his traveling companions, as well," says a friend lovingly.

"I have spent my whole life in universities," Matheson muses. "I can't imagine any other place to be; I can't imagine having any abilities to do anything except what I am doing. I have no abilities that are not being exploited."

If Bill Matheson catches students early in the fascination of comparative study, comparative literature caught him late. He grew up in Hibbing, Minnesota, the child of a dissolved marriage who was adopted by his grandparents. Since Hibbing sat upon the world's largest and richest deposit of iron ore, its citizens put their wealth into education. The village built a school to which its children could go from kindergarten through the first two years of college, equipping and staffing it with the latest and most progressive educational materials and methods.

At twelve, Bill Matheson rejoined his mother in Michigan, following her second marriage. After high school in Flint, he enrolled at the University of Michigan. "It was good and cheap and being a passive decision maker, it was easier to stay there and take three degrees than to look for somewhere else." There, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, he was immersed in a world of culture. Ann Arbor was in those years a university town rich in music and in theater of such quality, "that I have been rather disappointed with theater ever since." He stepped into that world as a student of French poetry. He left Ann Arbor for a short period at McGill University and returned in the late 1950s to complete the Ph.D. degree, having been an instructor of French at Yale in the interim. In 1959, Matheson went to Tufts and the following year to Brandeis.

"In 1970, John Grigsby, who was chairman of French here, asked me to apply for an opening he had, and I did. But after a time, he informed me that I looked like a comparatist to him and he had sent my credentials down the hall to Liselotte, who was looking for a chairman. So Matheson came as a comparatist and never returned.

"I began as a visiting professor, but when the time came to decide whether to return to Brandeis or stay here, I rather made the decision by letting it make itself. I had been in such a state that I'd gotten myself a psychiatrist and then two psychiatrists—one for each choice—but never really decided. I just stayed."

And although last January, Matheson gave up the chairmanship of the program, "having decided that ten years was quite long enough and it was time," he has never regretted the decision to make Washington University his life.

"It is true that Bill's life is his work and his friends," says Trudi Spigel, director of special programs who works with Matheson on the Assembly Series committee, "but you have to have the whole vision, if that is possible: Bill baking on the beach, persisting through all forty-six cantos of *Orlando Furioso* and fuming at both it and himself; Bill hovering anxiously while a Japanese tourist contends with a Mexico City flea-market vendor until he must intervene, in Japanese; Bill delivering a case of Perrier on a friend's birthday, or a book, or a record, or a plant—but never a plant you have often seen, or a record you already own, or a book you've read: Bill threading his way through a jungle toward an off-the-map pyramid, in a haze of puns and witticisms and literary allusions, all radiating out from phobias—his and yours. What you have is a poetry of the moment—in exotic landscapes or your backyard—and, often enough, poems that give you back those moments."

In service to friendship, Matheson keeps an elaborate social calendar. His green bookbag is a hallmark and the most important item in it is not his books, but his calendar. He entertains and is entertained every day—lunch, dinner, and evenings. To get onto the schedule, a luncheon appointment must be made six weeks in advance.

For those beyond his physical reach, Matheson maintains contact by telephone and letter, calling to catch up with a former student in California, a friend in Detroit, a former colleague in Vermont. Perhaps that heavy laden of friendships has forced

Matheson to strip away some of the clutter of the modern world.

In a house of glass—"so open to the seasons," says Rimer, recalling an overcast, snowy day last Christmas vacation when they sat in the living room listening to music, "that it was almost like being in a boat on an open sea"—Matheson lives without television, without radio, but with books, music, and art, with ideas and people who love the converse of ideas.

"I think Bill is self-conscious enough to know what he is doing, how he uses his personality to administer a whole armory of things and beings," says Riesenberg, "to weave an intricate tapestry of relationships. But once you have begun a style, set into motion certain life events, then how you put your life together becomes almost instinctive, becomes a function of that style.

"Bill is something of a literary figure in himself: the pure intellectual with an idiosyncratic life, an idiosyncratic house, and idiosyncratic career. He invests a great deal more in colleagues, in students than do most of us.

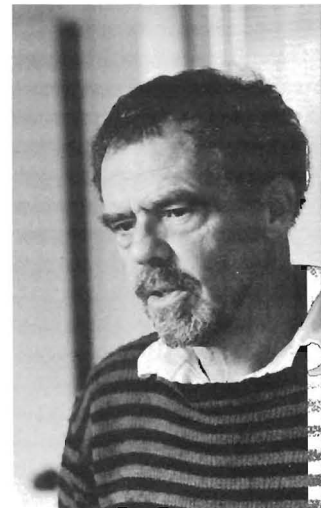
"In a very important way, he shows people what a life can be in art, in music, in the exercise of personal taste in the smallest details of dress and decoration.

"For Bill, the real world is literature, is words. The people with whom he surrounds himself are touched by a world that is purer than theirs, simpler. Both the calendar and the house are symbols of a life constructed through conscious choice."

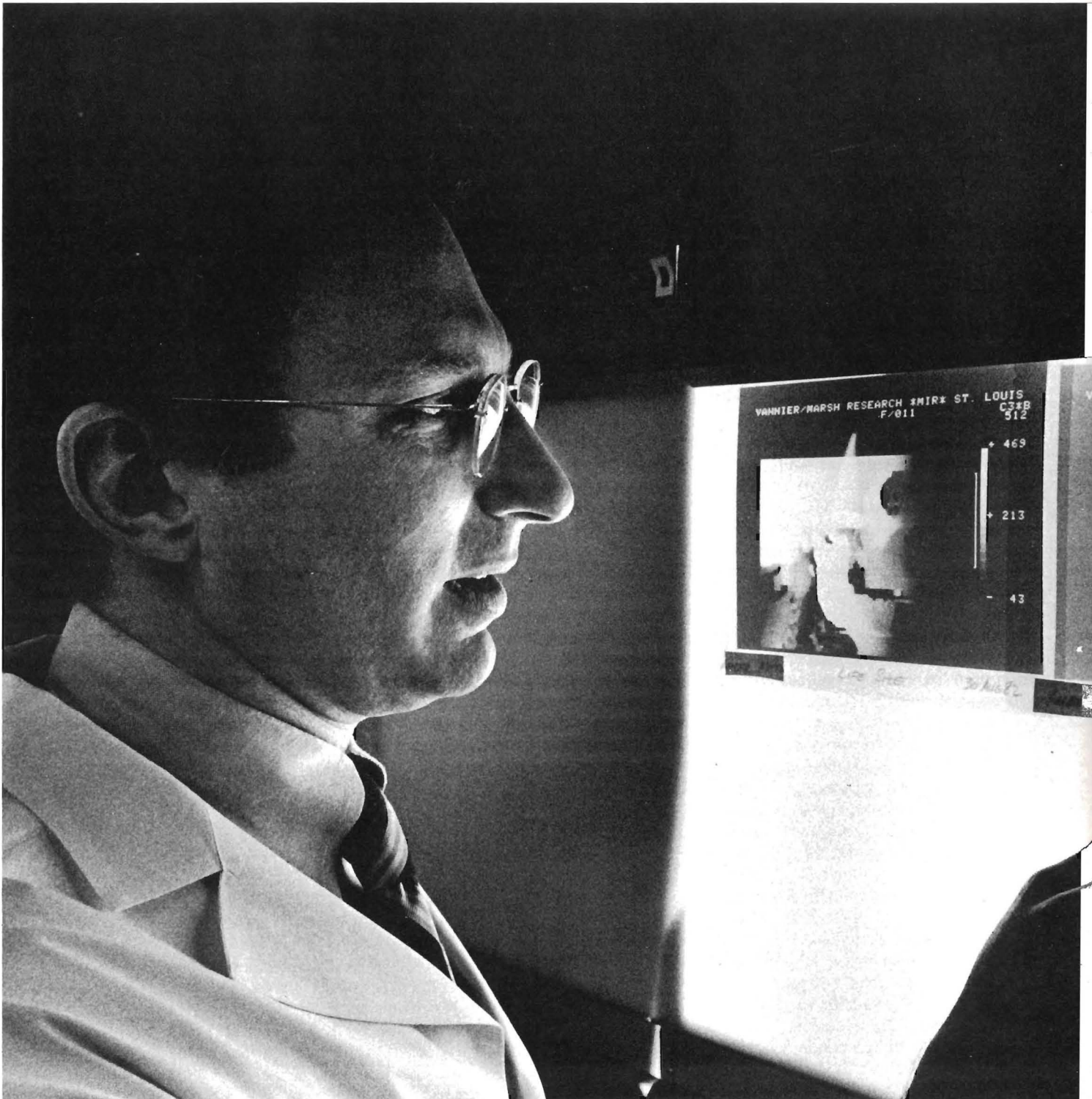
"I have absolutely no sense of any transcendental reality," says Matheson. "Perhaps if I had, life would be easier, more meaningful, but I haven't, and I don't know where you get these values if you don't have them. Perhaps having no intimation of immortality means one must pay more attention to what one's life is here and now.

"When I was at the University of Michigan, my friends and I had exposure to a kind of moral view we felt was collapsing—I don't know that values were collapsing any faster than they are now, but never mind—and we thought that if anything was to endure, it was art. So we felt that the only way to contribute something of lasting value, the only way to say 'I was here,' would be to devote oneself to art. I don't know, that may have been wrong, but we felt that way."

Bill Matheson has made life his art.

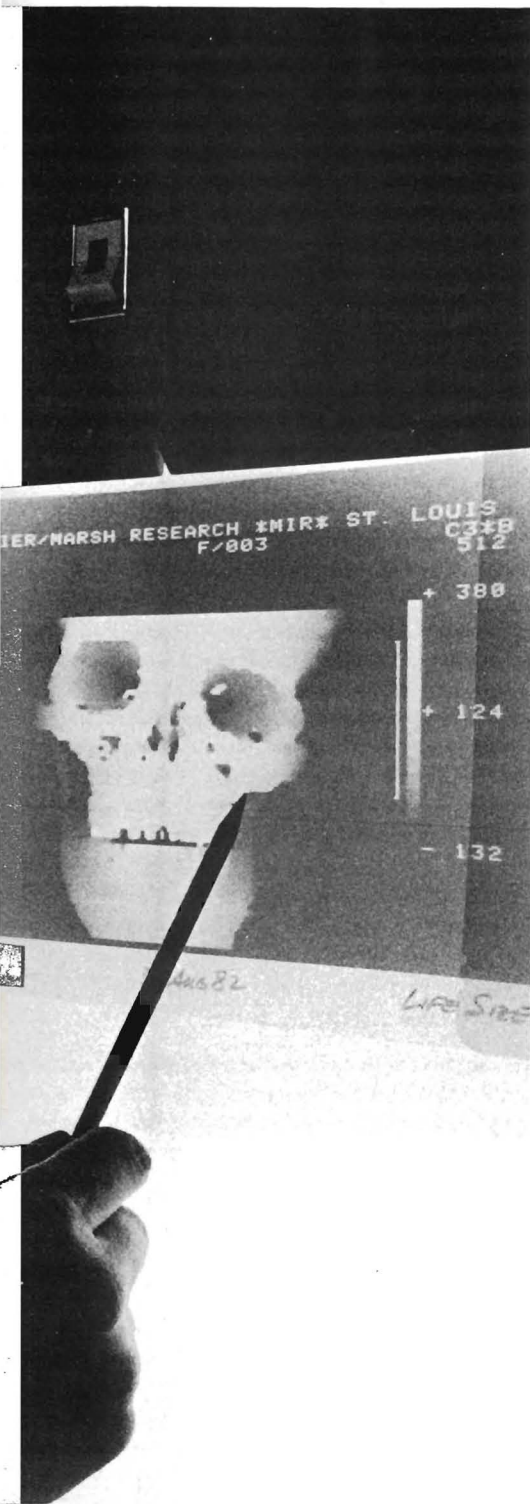


# F A C E C R A



# F T

By Don Clayton



**T**echnology developed by aircraft engineers to design military aircraft is being used at the Washington University School of Medicine to plan corrective surgery for persons with craniofacial deformities. By creating shaded, three-dimensional skeletal replicas from two-dimensional computed axial tomography (CAT) scans, engineers and physicians have produced precedent-setting video views of the skeletal underlay of facial deformities.

A surgeon can now visualize a patient's postoperative appearance by altering a three-dimensional replica of the patient's skull which, through computer wizardry, can be conjured up on a video screen. Alterations in the video replica are actually a simulation of what the surgeon plans to do in the operating room.

The technique was developed by Mallinckrodt Institute of Radiology with the aid of McDonnell Douglas Corporation. It has already been used at the Washington University Medical Center to plan corrective craniofacial surgery for more than a hundred patients with deformities caused by cancer, trauma, or birth defects.

"Using the three-dimensional images and new interactive graphics we can essentially get information on living persons previously only obtainable through autopsy," says Jeffrey Marsh, M.D., associate professor of surgery and assistant professor of pediatrics. Marsh and Michael Vannier, M.D., assistant professor of radiology, are spearheading the project. Marsh, a plastic surgeon, said the technology is used to determine what specifically is wrong with a patient, to plan and simulate the proper surgical procedure, and to monitor the actual improvements an operation produces.

"This will remove some of the uncertainty of craniofacial surgery," said Marsh, who is the medical director of Children's Hospital's Cleft Palate and Craniofacial Deformities Institute.

"The more information we have before entering the operating room, the better the results for the patient."

According to Vannier, who was a NASA engineer before becoming a radiologist with Mallinckrodt, unforeseen anatomical details often become evident for the first time during surgery. He notes it is difficult to predict or conceptualize an accurate skeletal anomaly from the information provided by CAT scans alone. The scan represents a two-dimensional slice of the skull. Like all the king's horses and all the king's men, physicians were having trouble putting the pieces together again.

"But the three-dimensional surface reconstruction methods we have developed do just that with fifty or more slices," Vannier says, "and, in addition, they let the surgeons see the entire skull from outside, inside, top, bottom, front, or back."

**T**he images constructed are so realistic and accurate in scale that prostheses—spare parts—can even be made from them. Marsh recalls a woman in her late forties whose face was damaged by a brain tumor that had invaded the right-front portion of her skull. After the affected bone tissue was removed she had a hole in her skull. "From our three-dimensional image, we designed a plastic prosthesis. Installed during surgery at Barnes Hospital, it exactly fit into the hole left when the tumor was removed." In the past, the prosthesis would have been designed from rough measurements taken on the face or from fragmentary data gleaned from single CAT scan slices.

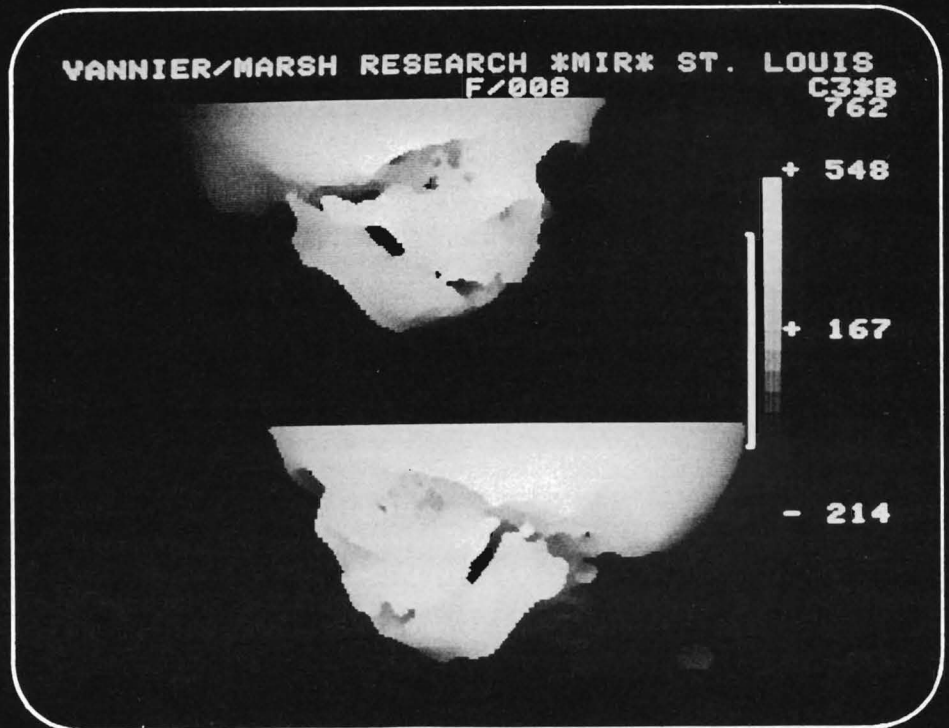
Vannier, a staff radiologist at Mallinckrodt, relates that when he and Marsh first approached McDonnell engineers early in 1981, "We didn't

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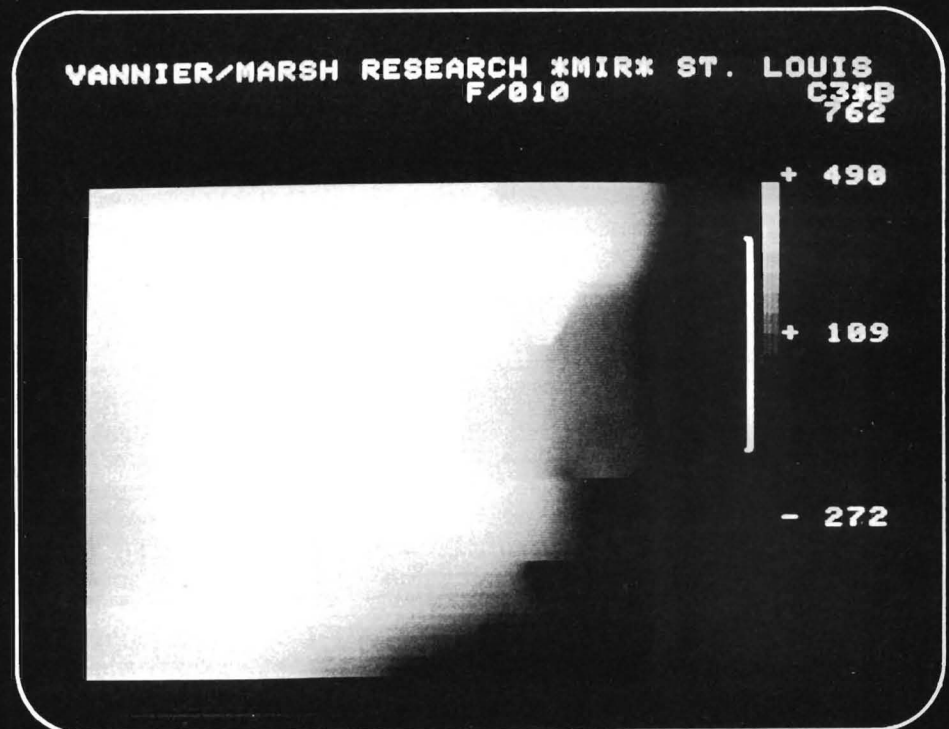
*Jeffrey Marsh, M.D., reviews three-dimensional surface views of the skull. The images, reconstructed by a new computer program from two-dimensional scanning slices, allow a plastic surgeon to plan with precision.*

## Facecraft

*The new computer program, adapted by Mallinckrodt radiologists, gives physicians information in a realistic form never before available. Replicas of the skeletal structure of the skull are produced with a simulation of the third dimension. In addition, the image can be turned to view bone structure from any angle or as a split image for comparison.*

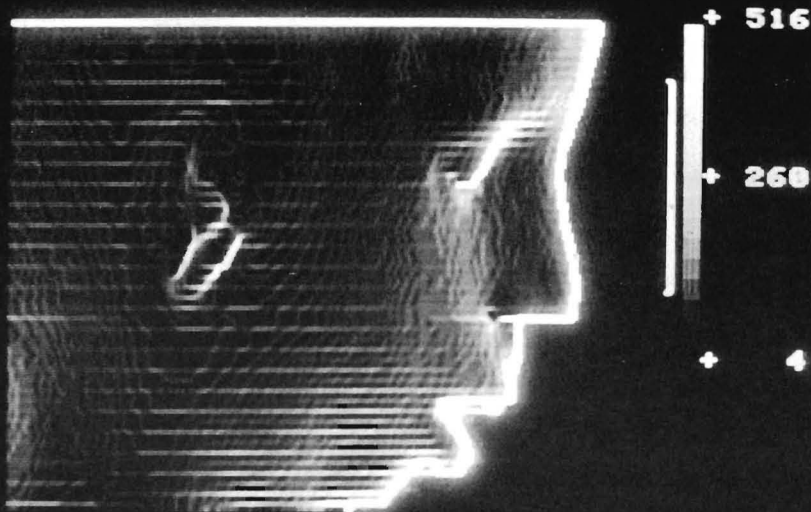


*The video display, now refined by radiologists so that it lays an image of soft tissue (skin and muscle) over bone, allows physicians to judge how bone restructure will affect that tissue. Eventually, the medical team hopes to enhance further soft-tissue image to forecast how restructuring will influence facial movement.*



VANNIER/MARSH RESEARCH \*MIR\* ST. LOUIS  
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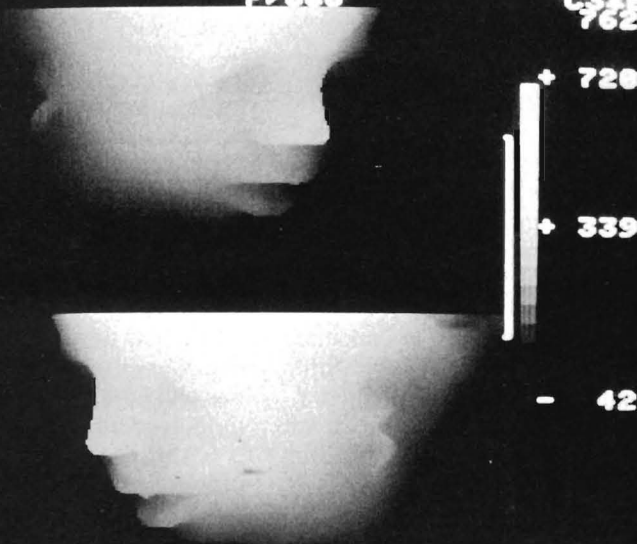
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Circular lines on this image, like those on a topographic map, indicate depth to show facial contour. Each horizontal line represents one cross-sectional CT scan slice. The more than fifty slices now are put together again by computer to yield information on live patients akin to that previously seen only by autopsy.

VANNIER/MARSH RESEARCH \*MIR\* ST. LOUIS  
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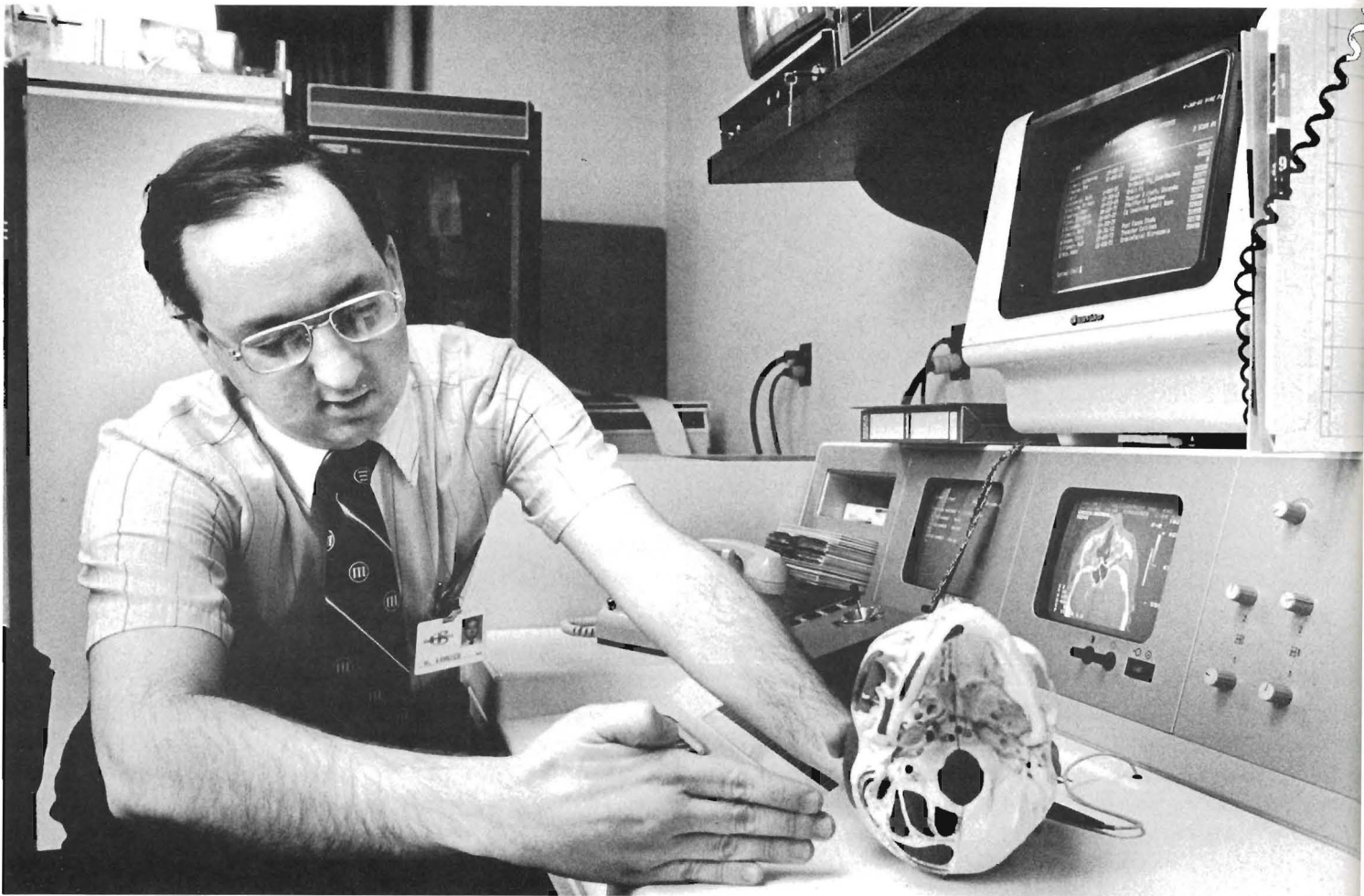
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This application of new facial imagery gave physicians sure knowledge of the existing skeletal structure of a child suffering from Treacher-Collins syndrome so that they knew exactly what changes they would make in surgery. The child's face is shown in split image of soft-tissue overlaying bone structure.

## Facecraft

*Michael Vannier, M.D., uses the old to illustrate the wonder of the new. Seated at CT scan console, the radiologist explains how medical students and surgeons relied on a skull to determine anatomic detail. Now scanning and computer reconstruction give specific, detailed information on living patients.*



know how much they would be able to help us with a medical problem, but we were astounded." They went first to McDonnell Douglas's health services division, seeking advice on how to develop a graphics program. After a bit of shuffling, Marsh and Vannier were referred to Jim Warren, unit chief in the engineering design division of McAir — the corporate subgroup that designs and builds tactical aircraft.

"Many interactive graphics programs are developed within this group," said Warren, who heads a team that ties together design engineers and computer programmers. In addition,

Warren is responsible for internal and external graphics demonstrations. "I was asked to arrange a demonstration that would illustrate the ways in which we use our graphics programs."

**I**n preparing his presentation Warren, by fortunate coincidence, discovered that elsewhere within McDonnell, engineers had adapted some aircraft design programs to create a "generic male face" to use in making gas masks safer and more efficient. Warren leaned heavily on the facial adaptations for his demonstration for Marsh and Vannier.

According to Marsh, Warren's encouraging presentation marked the

beginning of a cooperative effort that has since been dubbed CASPR (pronounced Casper) for Computer Aided Surgery *PR*oject. Intrigued by the possibilities of such medical applications, Warren has continued to donate his time to the project, and McDonnell's health services division has picked up the tab for the computer time needed.

CASPR's success has been a topic of inquisitive discussion at several recent medical gatherings, including the meeting of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons in Hawaii and the annual meeting of the Radiological Society of North America

in Chicago. Physicians at both have been enthusiastic, since all try to put the pieces together from CAT scans.

**T**he Vannier, Marsh, and Warren triumvirate is now seeking to expand the capabilities of the imaging program. Vannier has adapted the program to provide a "travel through" view of the skull. By quickly replaying the CAT-scan slides reconstructed into a three-dimensional image, he creates a motion picture that gives the impression the viewer is traveling through the skull, observing the interior contour differences while passing from front to back or top to bottom. "Even in surgery you can't see the interior of the skull as we now can on the video screen," Marsh comments.

The researchers hope that two additional program enhancements will be ready for a trial run by June. In one, they plan to create a video image that includes skin as well as bone. In the other, they will be using the McDonnell tie-in between computerized design and computerized manufacture to create a solid life-size duplicate of a patient's skull.

Of the first effort, Marsh explains, "It's very important to overlap our skeletal image with an image of the skin. The bone can be moved to normalize skeletal structure, but distorted skin may still leave the patient looking deformed. The skin's many characteristics make it harder to image and its elasticity makes redesigning it more difficult."

Warren compared the problem to the problem of designing and imaging the sheet metals molded to cover the superstructure of a jet's frame. Like skin, the metal wrap determines the aircraft's exterior appearance.

Of the second new feature, Marsh says the life-size duplicates will be useful in a small number of cases where actually holding the patient's "skull" is more advantageous than having a permutable image of it on a video



screen. Warren notes that the technology necessary for this step is in everyday use at McDonnell Douglas.

"We use models a lot around here, as you can imagine. Our manufacturing devices are tied into the computer so that, at our command, the computer design becomes a template to machine a metal mold. That's the way we make everything from model planes to actual aircraft parts. It was CAD-CAM (computer-aided design—computer-aided manufacture) that provided the head and face for gas-mask testing."

In a way, the ability to replicate the face and skull brings craniofacial surgery full circle. According to Marsh, in the late '60s and early '70s some surgeons planned operations by making plaster masks of the face.

"The work was inexact because the actual skeletal structure is hidden by skin and other soft tissue," Marsh says. "You could plan the operation by sawing apart the mask and putting it back together again, but there was no guarantee that the bone would match the skin-based mask. Then CAT scanning came along and you could finally see the actual bone, but only in cross-sectional slices. Now, not only have we put the slices together to make the whole, but we have the potential for skeletal replicas that are more accurate than any facial mask could be."

**V**annier and Warren see other new challenges on the horizon, including trying to color enhance the three-dimensional images

*Marsh makes preliminary facial assessment. But scanning and computer techniques today take the guesswork out of further steps.*

and trying to show how surgical manipulation will affect a patient's capacity for movement or facial expression.

"There's more in the future than we can imagine," says Vannier. "For the time being it's enough to note that the functions we have already tried are effective tools for any hospital that currently has CAT scanning. It doesn't take any special equipment to do this."

The present accomplishments of Marsh, Vannier, and Warren already have made a difference to a seven-year-old Indiana boy referred to Marsh's surgical service at St. Louis Children's Hospital. Born with Treacher-Collins Syndrome, the child's face was disfigured by underdeveloped cheekbones and other deformities, making one side look much different from the other. The child and his parents came to St. Louis hoping that the Washington University-based CASPR program might help a surgeon make him look more normal.

Says Marsh, "Francis is a perfect example. I wouldn't have found out until surgery just how significantly different his right and left sides were. But using the computer image, I was ready for what I saw in surgery and had predetermined the best course of action. We were prepared and able to make the best possible use of surgery time, and he looks better because of that."





*Being a working member of the University community is more than a job for Gary Huett. After twenty-two years, it is an integral part of his life.*



*But in his after-hours role as Pockets the Clown, Huett lives what Walter Mitty only dreamed. He invented Pockets and the St. Charles County Clown Club four years ago and since has entertained several times for Washington University's younger set at its nursery school.*

# All the World...

By Tony Margherita

**G**ary Huett, a hulking figure of a man, looks as if he would be more at home with a chainsaw than his requisite box of tools. Yet with these tools Huett earns his livelihood. As a twenty-two-year veteran of Washington University's building maintenance, Huett is a campus personage who out-tenures many tenured professors.

In those years, he has tended virtually every nook and cranny on campus. He has supplied, repaired, straightened, cleaned, dusted, heated, and cooled the halls for thousands of lecturers and listeners, exam-givers and takers.

For Huett, the janitor's life is a black-and-white, behind-the-scenes job for his black-and-white, behind-the-scenes existence.

But there is another side to Gary Huett, a technicolor life that is only a dream to most people. After hours and on weekends, Huett lives that dream as Pockets the Clown.

Huett is the founder and leader of the St. Charles County (Missouri) Knights of Columbus Clown Club—a fledgling nineteen-member offshoot of the St. Louis Knights of Columbus Clowns. With his band of merry-men—and women—Huett regularly entertains at charity events, parades, hospitals, and, on occasion, Washington University.

He does it not for fame or fortune. Clowning brings him neither. He clowns for the kids and, somehow, for himself.

"Clowning was always in the back of my mind," Huett says, "but I was too busy raising a family to get involved. (He has a grown son and an adopted seven-year-old daughter.) I guess all of us want to make it in show business somehow. Clowning lets me do that in a small way.

"At the 1978 Knights of Columbus state convention, I found the St. Louis Clown Club and joined immediately. As soon as I got in, I knew it was for me."

Huett stayed with the St. Louis Club for only four months before forming the St. Charles group and becoming its first president. The rest, as they say, is history.

Although he rarely admits it, clowning is serious business to Huett and others like him. Group members perform at seventy-five to a hundred events each year. In a typical week, they may work at a parade on Saturday, an orphanage Tuesday,

and the Special Olympics for handicapped children the following weekend.

Although this takes much time from Huett's personal life, his family and friends not only have accepted his rather odd avocation, many accompany him to performances, at times playing the straight role in a show.

There is a connection between Huett's "real" life and clowning—the kids. He loves being around kids of all ages. If there is a fee for a performance—and most often there is not—most of those funds go to support nonprofit organizations for children.

"I remember a lot of kids at Washington University by face," he says. "Sometimes I'll see someone who went to school here years ago and has come back to get another degree or to work. I remember them, and often they'll remember me. That's why working here is important to me, because it's like living in a small, cozy community."

And while he enjoys his role as a team leader—a grass-roots director, you might say—for Clean-tech, the University's cleaning company, Huett has other aspirations.

"I would love to make a living as a professional clown," he says, "but it's a very tough market to crack. Let's face it, just about everyone wants to be paid for doing something they love, and I love to clown."

**U**ntil he can muster the resources to turn pro, Huett's clowning will continue to complement, not replace, his janitorial work.

In his years of service, Huett has seen Washington University change from a local to a national university and expand in mission and physical plant. There is more work for him to do now, and it must be done faster.

"Clowning is an outlet for on-the-job stress," Huett says. "I get a lot of anxieties out when I'm in costume because I can get away with almost anything. Doing a show takes the pressure off.

"If I walked across the campus right now waving and jumping around, the way I do in a performance, they'd probably put me away. But if I do it in costume, everyone waves back. Clowning is a license to misbehave."

Given the choice between reality and the world of Pockets, which would he choose? "Definitely clowning," he says, "because when I put that costume on, I go into another world—one with fewer rules."



# BAROQUE




*The Palace of Love. Blake completed painters' elevations of the eight curtain drops and dozen or so stage units in watercolor to give scene painters/artists a color palette from which to work.*

# FESTIVAL

By Charlotte Boman

From February 23 through 27, Washington University will stage a Baroque Festival of grand scale. Showpiece of the event will be the performance of Handel's opera *Orlando*. Surrounding this pièce de résistance are an inaugural lecture on "Orlando and the Epic Tradition," delivered by A. Bartlett Giamatti, president of Yale University; a symposium on "Culture and Theatricality in Baroque Europe," led by distinguished scholars; and an exhibition of more than seventy important sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings, prints, and illustrated books.



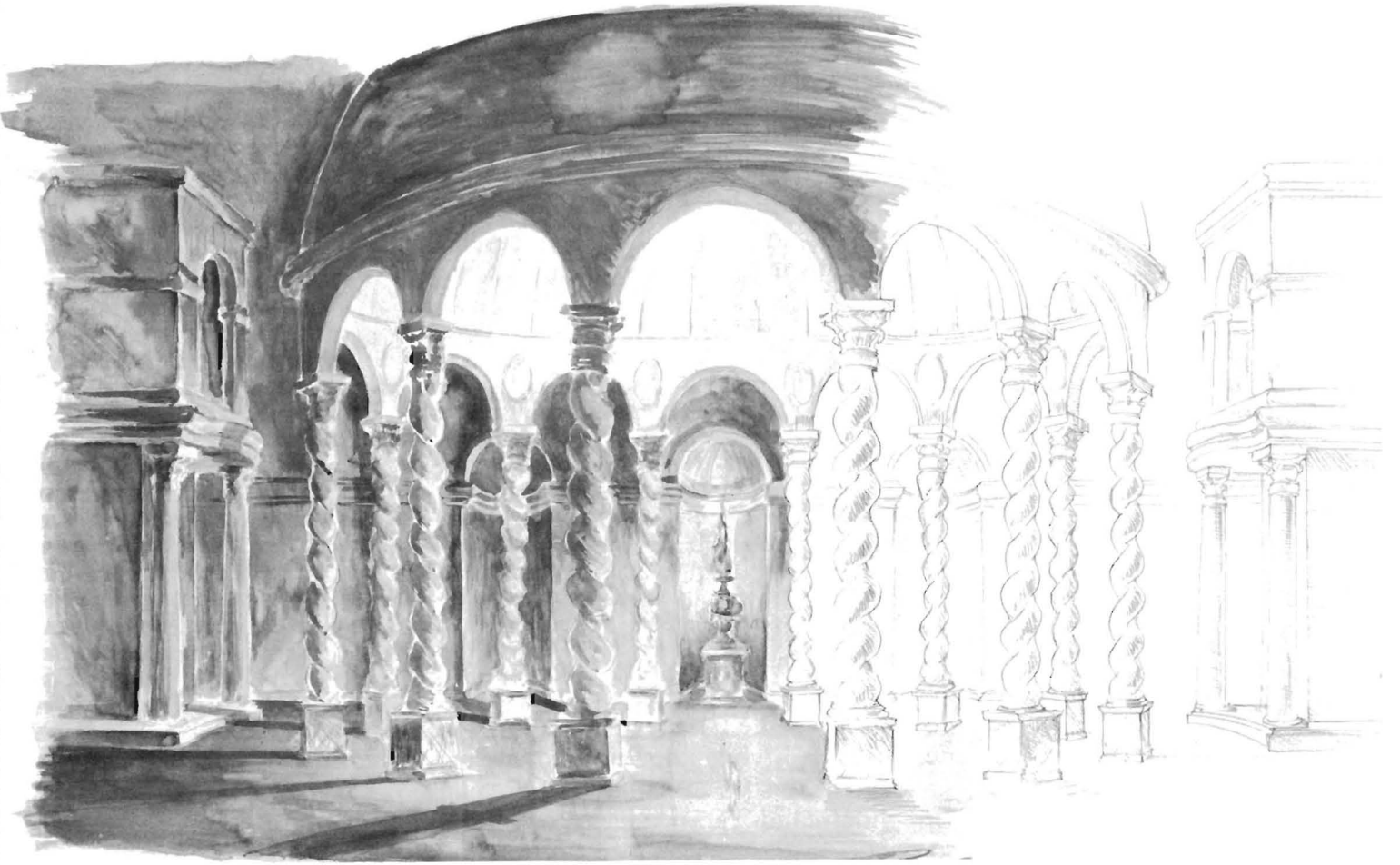
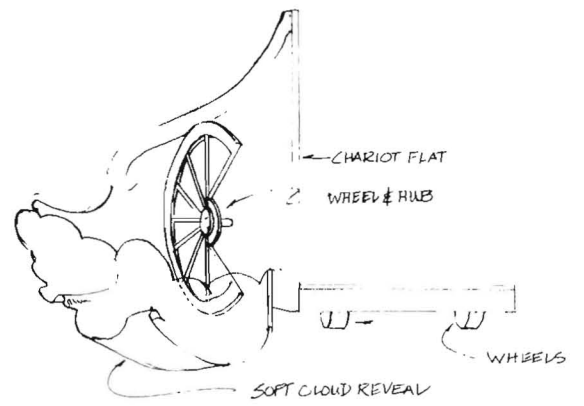
**B**ut it is the performance of *Orlando* that will bring to life the spectacle of eighteenth-century theatrical tradition. And what a spectacle! In its day, the baroque opera—with ornately painted sets, trapdoors from which spectres arose, devices that flew magicians and cherubs around the stage—must have created the same audience excitement as the special effects of Steven Spielberg's *Star Wars*.

*Orlando*, the twenty-eighth of George Friederich Handel's nearly forty surviving operas, and one of his five magic operas, was staged in such style at its London premiere on January 27, 1733. One month and 250 years later, on February 25-27, 1983, it will be so staged at Edison Theatre. It is the first professional United States production of the work in recent years—perhaps ever—to use historically accurate staging, instrumentation, and vocal and dramatic conventions.

Based on Italian poet Lodovico Ariosto's (1474-1533) epic poem *Orlando Furioso*, Handel's allegory pits destructive, illusionary Love against the Right Way—heroic virtue. Noble warrior Orlando, because of a self-indulgent and jealous love for the minx-like Angelica, is struck with a rampaging madness by the magician Zoroastro. With murderous intent, he pursues Angelica and her lover, Medoro, before and through eight thirty-by-forty-foot drops—a forest, a beautiful garden, the Temple of Mars—two portals, three sets of wings, a false proscenium arch, a stage curtain, and a footlight rail concealing simulated candlelight. Before Orlando regains his sanity and salvation, characters are hidden by fountains of chiffon and tinsel that spring from arid soil, saved from near death on clouds borne by spirits, swept away by chariots drawn by swans,

**Baroque Festival**

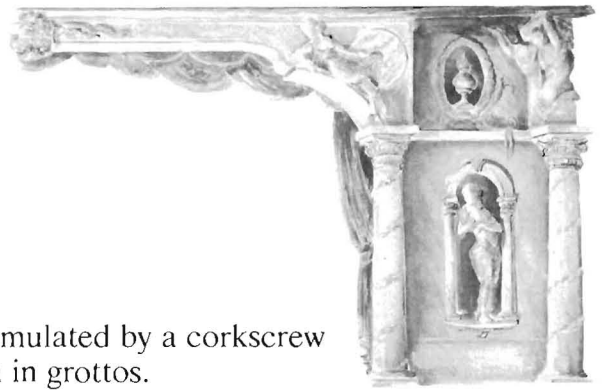
*A sectional sketch of the flying chariot unit (right) details a back platform to carry Zoroastro, the magician.*



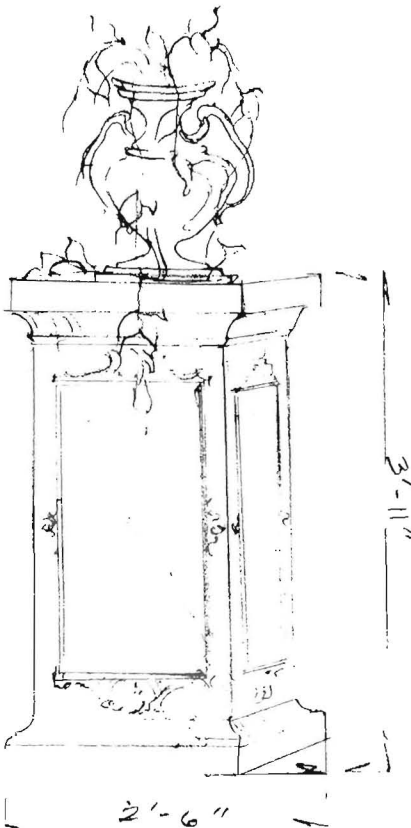
*At the opera's climax, Orlando, driven by jealousy, tries to kill his beloved Angelica by throwing her into a cavern. Zoroastro saves her however, and transforms the scene into the Temple of Mars (above), with Angelica seated on a throne.*



Detail of final rendering of the false proscenium arch, present during the entire performance. The Washington University seal adorns the apex.



cast into ocean waters simulated by a corkscrew wave device, and hidden in grottos.



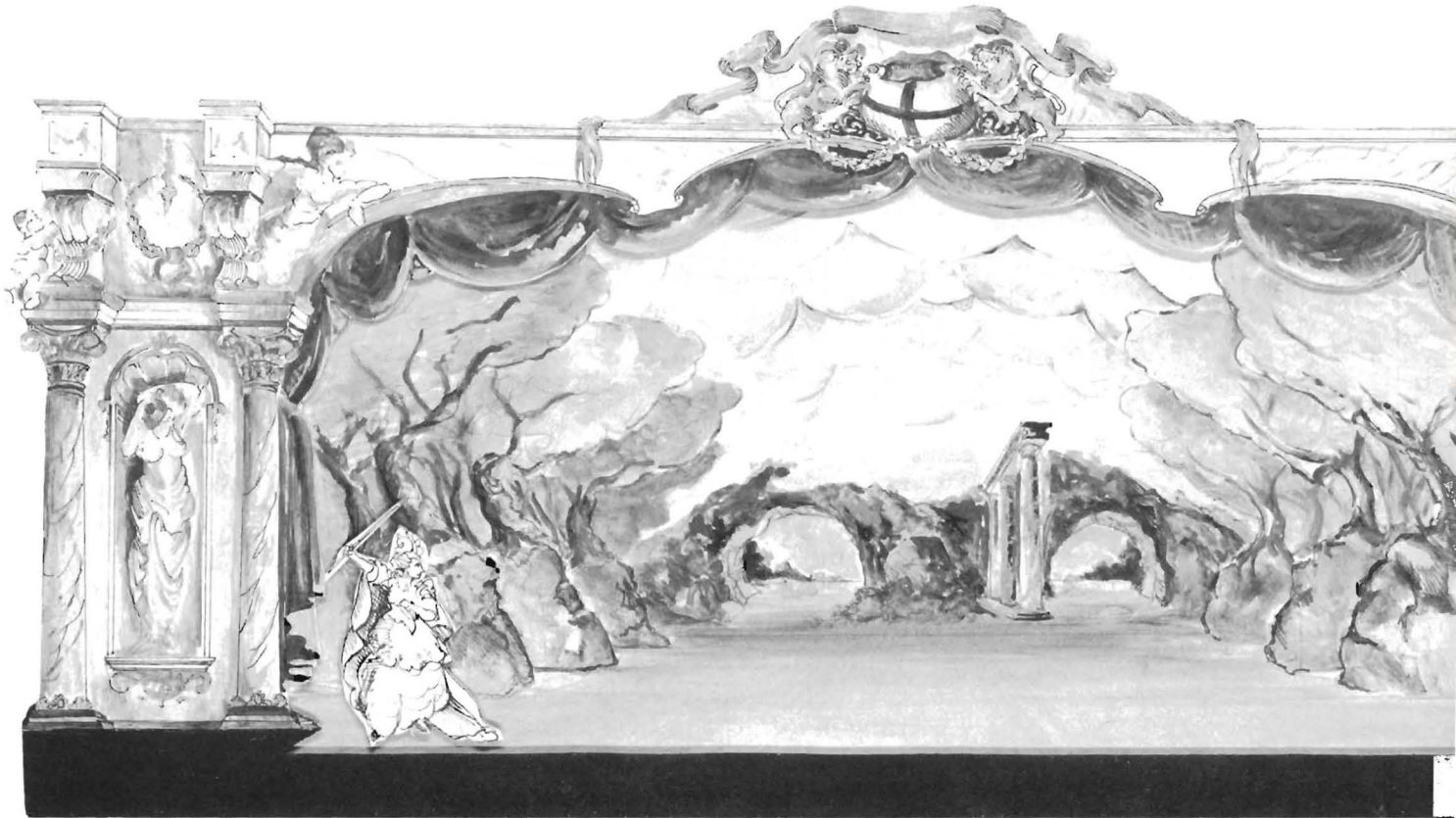
The flying chariot is at left; a podium above.

The designer of *Orlando*'s fantastic set is Scott Blake, a junior in the School of Fine Arts. Working last semester almost entirely on *Orlando* as an independent research project, Blake became so absorbed in his design task that he once dreamed that, turned into a prop of himself, he soared uncontrollably to the ceiling and corners of Edison's cavernous scene shop. Yet despite his youth, Blake is no beginner in stage design. While a student at Germantown (Tennessee) High School, he designed sets, acted, and sang in a thespian troupe that toured the southern United States and Spain with original shows.

His accomplishment, as shown on these pages, is one product of an interdisciplinary faculty and student effort to produce *Orlando* and the Baroque Festival. Conceived more than a year ago by J. Thomas Rimer, chairman of the department of Chinese and Japanese, with the support of Mark Weil, chairman of art and archaeology, and several other faculty members, the festival grew from a decision to produce an elaborate sequel to the enthusiastically received student chamber production of Monteverdi's *Il Ballo dell' Ingrate*. That 1980 candle-lit performance in Holmes Lounge was directed by award-winning artist-in-residence Nicholas McGegan, a young British early-music expert, director, and performer. Although the Monteverdi opera featured advanced music students, *Orlando* will be performed chiefly by professional musicians.

The festival opens February 23 with the inaugural lecture by Giamatti, a scholar of the Renaissance epic. The symposium February 25-26, titled "Culture and Theatricality in Baroque Europe," will feature discussion by a number of noted scholars and critics, including Andrew Porter, music critic of the *New Yorker* magazine. The exhibition, "Baroque Theatre and Stage Design," compiled from public and private collections around the country, will hang in the University's Gallery of Art from February 24 through April 10. In addition, to heighten the University community's appreciation of the festival, courses and seminars on baroque theater and literature have been offered throughout the academic year.

## Baroque Festival



Blake's year-old, original presentation model. The painting shows in scale separate interchangeable scenic elements on stage at one time—a backdrop of a forest, layers of cloud borders above, a triple set of wings (trees growing from rocks) to the sides, and the painted false proscenium with its marble columns and festooned curtain, in front of all. Below, the final version of the forest scene drop.



The elixir that cures Orlando's madness is delivered to Zoroastro in the beak of a flying eagle (right) surrounded by putti, or cherubs.



University sponsors are the departments of English, comparative literature, art and archaeology, Chinese and Japanese, and music, the Gallery of Art, the performing arts area, and the College of Arts and Sciences. Additional support has been given by the Seven-Up Company, the Steinberg Charitable Trust, the Samuel H. Kress Foundation, the Arts and Education Council of Greater St. Louis, and the Missouri Arts Council.

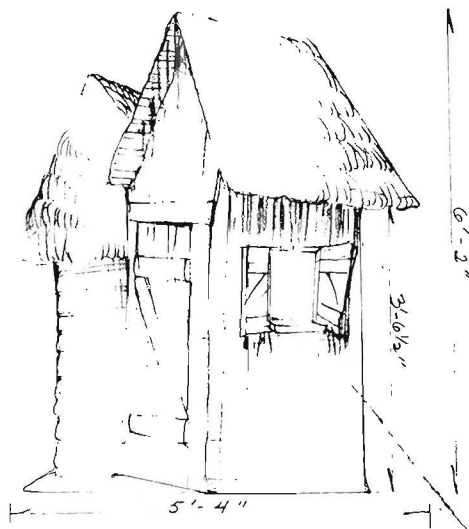
**B**lake faced numerous challenges designing the *Orlando* set and worked closely with McGegan, Weil, University historians, faculty in the School of Fine Arts, and scenic artists from the St. Louis Municipal Opera.

His greatest challenge was to approximate a common baroque stage feature—the illusion of depth in sets—which is revealed, but also obscured, in the period engravings that constitute the only surviving original historical sources. Period stages, which often were sixty feet deep, were also “raked” so that the floor rose from front to back. This raking and the use of forced perspective in set painting were tools for the baroque designer. Working with Edison Theatre’s flat, thirty-foot-deep stage, Blake relied upon the forced-perspective technique in which sight-lines converge far more obliquely than in true perspective.

In addition to the renderings shown here, Blake “cartooned” his designs in sketches broadly outlined and superimposed by a grid. Projected onto the huge canvasses, these images were applied in acrylic house paints with brushes attached to long handles, like brooms.

Baroque theaters were built to move huge stage pieces mechanically from below by “programming” a master gearbox. In the more “primitive” University production, a crew of nine will attend the fly rail from which drops are hung. In performance, this team will ultimately be responsible for recreating the essence of baroque theater whose artists, by allowing sets to change in full view, worked transformations that were intended to and succeeded in leaving audiences breathless. Thus, a mountain is carried off by spirits revealing the Palace of Love, and a wood is transformed into a garden with a wave of a wand.

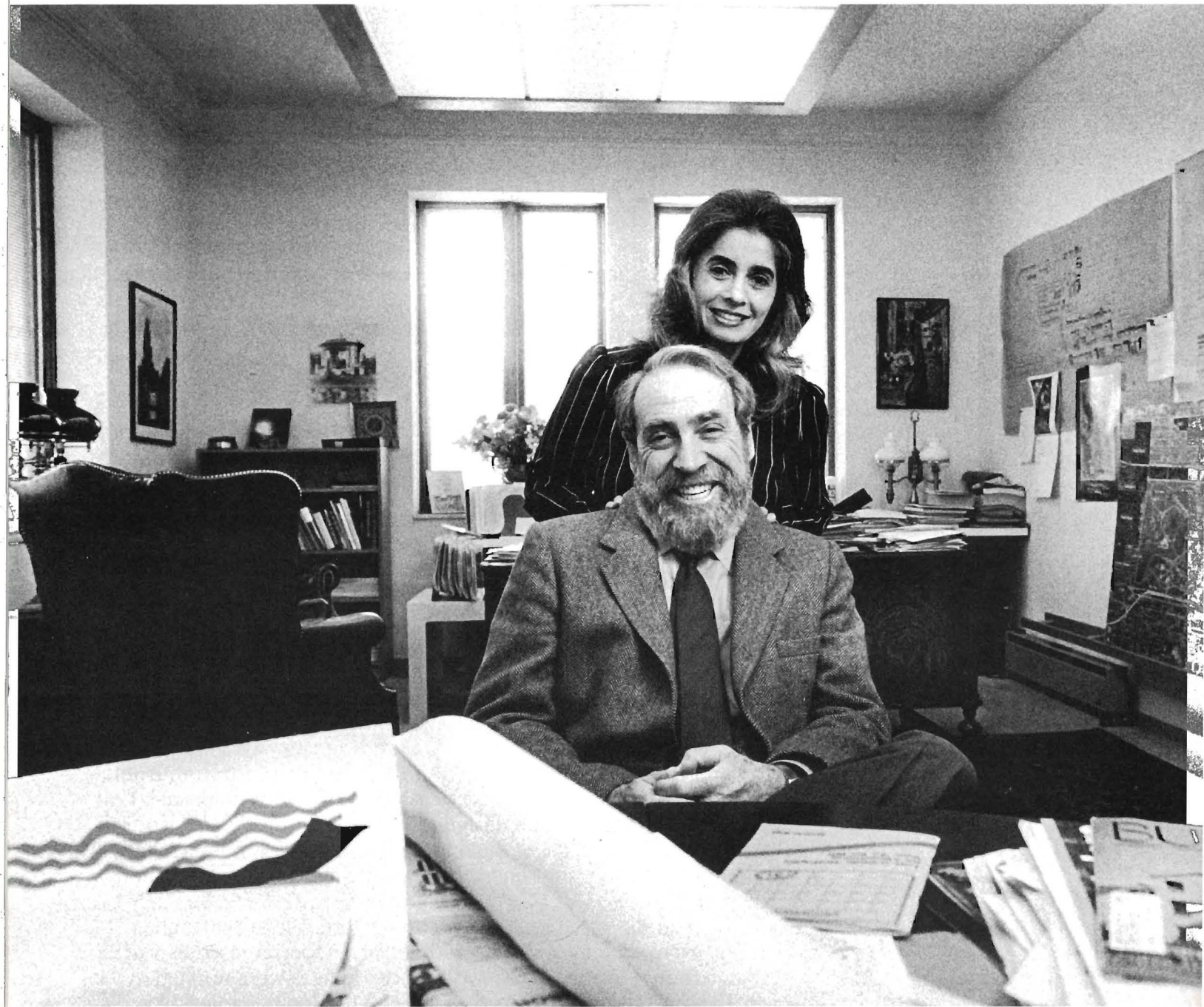
Magic, sans Spielberg.



In one of the opera's many naturalistic scenes, shepherds' huts are on stage for the first appearance of the shepherdess Dorinda. In contrast to the other characters, the delightfully down-to-earth Dorinda accepts her fate without heroics and with no expectation of cosmic intervention.







*Leon and Mary Strauss*



**Dorr Zeller Building, Pantheon headquarters**

# City Additions

*For the past decade, the major city additions to St. Louis living space have borne the stamp of one die-hard believer in urban habitation—Washington University engineering alumnus Leon Strauss.*

*By Dorothy A. Brockhoff*

**A**lumnus Leon Strauss is not as well-known as the nineteenth-century Austrian Waltz King, Johann Strauss, but his name has become a household word in the Greater St. Louis metropolitan area, where within the city itself his firm dominates the housing construction and rehabilitation market.

Comparatively unknown in the mover and shaker circles of St. Louis in 1972, when he bet his life's savings of \$200,000 on his conviction that rotting, miserably blighted parts of this town could be turned around, Strauss is now an establishment figure himself with a faithful following of architects, planners, city officials, bankers, and other assorted types who have come to regard him as the "Prince of the Rehab movement." "If he is," quipped Mary Burnett Strauss, his wife, alumna, and a superachiever herself, "does that make me a princess or a queen?"

Her question never fails to evoke a Jovian howl of glee from her powerfully built husband, but such titles themselves, ripe with "three-piled hyperboles," to quote Shakespeare, trigger a somewhat testy response from Strauss. Even the good-natured ribbing of friends, one of whom facetiously characterized Strauss as a combination of "Santa Claus and Jesus Christ," sends him up the wall. This bearded, buoyant man who, now slimmed down, looks like

the Weight Watchers Kris Kringle, wants it explicitly understood that he does *not* walk on water, although some of his fervent admirers like to believe he does.

Despite the legendary accomplishments chronicled in dozens of oversized, bulging file folders, Strauss is not a saint, nor does he think of himself as one. Dedicated, yes, and visionary, but definitely not saintly, "and please don't make me out to be," he admonished with a shudder, obviously impatient to move on to the concerns of this world that preoccupy him.

Time for recollections was shoe-horned into a tightly packed schedule because Strauss, as president of a company that grossed an estimated 530 million last year, is a man who parsimoniously husbands his time. Settling back in a comfortable leather chair in an office of old-world charm complete with a Kerman carpet and a handsome walnut breakfront, Strauss answered questions with forebearance and unruffled savvy. A good listener, as many friends attested, he is also a natural raconteur with a style that is a mix of Isaac Bashevis Singer and Baron Münchhausen.

Couple that with a flair for the flamboyant and a gutsy willingness to take risks, and you begin to understand why Strauss is a newsmaker. These characteristics combine with a pas-

sionate love affair with St. Louis to explain part of his success. But the \$110 million worth of construction his company has done over the past decade would never have gone beyond the blueprint stage had he not also been a perceptive pro with years of experience.

Strauss, a "street smart" entrepreneur who trusts his instincts, has dared to build and renovate in deplorable and neglected parts of the city where nobody else would turn a brick because they feared that to dig in there would bury them in a profitless abyss.

**S**trauss delights in defying convention and the odds. Who else would have plucked the word *pantheon* from Sir Banister Fletcher's *History of Architecture*, to use as the name of his firm? Strauss first relied on Fletcher while studying at Washington University, where he earned the bachelor of science in architectural engineering degree in 1949. Having acquired a classy name for his corporation, Strauss was off and running and he hasn't stopped. A minor heart problem experienced last fall has slowed his pace, but he conscientiously pops a pill whenever his beeper buzzes and wastes no time complaining about his health.

The Pantheon Corporation is all over St. Louis, says Kevin Horrigan, a Strauss-watcher for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "from Columbus Square just



Park Place, midtown housing for the elderly

north of downtown to De Baliviere Place in the West End, from Lafayette Towne on the near South Side to Badenhau on the far North Side." But two special projects have captured the public's fancy: the one-hundred acre, \$75 million De Baliviere Place development, "once the largest blighted plot in a major city," according to Strauss, and the restoration of what nearly everybody in town now calls the "Fabulous Fox," a mammoth Grand Avenue movie palace that had been dark for four years before Leon and Mary fell in love with it.

De Baliviere Place, once a neighborhood of charming ambience that some readers will recall bouncing through on the University Streetcar to and from campus, looked like a bombed-out wasteland when Strauss turned his attention to it not long after founding Pantheon. Bounded roughly by De Baliviere Avenue and Union, Delmar, and Forest Park Boulevards, the approximately 2,500 units there, most in three- and four-story apartment buildings, had been well-tended over the years, but crime and creeping deterioration had taken their toll.

**W**hile the city fathers debated whether to let it die or not, Strauss solved their dilemma by acquiring title to the vast expanse. He financed the undertaking in part by putting some \$500,000 personal equity on the line—much of it borrowed from sympathetic friends and relatives—supplemented by a large loan from Mercantile Trust Company, whose chairman and chief executive officer, Donald E. Lasater, believed in Strauss and the De Baliviere Place potential.

Of Lasater and the "Merc," Strauss said simply, "We have a relationship that is unusual and wonderful." Before making this commitment, Lasater, tour-

ing the neighborhood with Strauss, told him that if they couldn't make it there given its pluses—twelve-minute driving time from downtown, adjacency to Forest Park and the private places, and the potential of 15,000 employees of hospitals nearby—"then we have a problem in St. Louis that is insurmountable." But Strauss did not rely solely on this backing. "In addition," Horrigan recounted, "he mastered tricks of financing that can involve, at any one time, half a dozen different sources of money. Pantheon will take on a development itself, or act as general contractor for someone else, or sponsor it, or serve as consultant."

Strauss's attorney, Harvey A. Harris, of Stolar, Heitzmann, Eder, Seigel and Harris, notes that in this development Strauss received help from the National Corporation for Housing Partnership, "probably the largest general partner-investor in multifamily housing in this country." Harris explained that rehabbers like Strauss make money not only as contractors, but as developers. Once renovation of specific apartments was completed, the developer sold them to this organization which, in turn, backed other Pantheon projects. Some properties were converted to condominiums; others were rented to carefully screened tenants. Between 20 and 30 percent of the units in De Baliviere Place are reserved for low-rent housing, and one of the few high rises there, renamed the Winter Garden, is a subsidized building for the elderly.

Ever the innovator, Strauss also took advantage of a state law, Chapter 353, passed in 1954 that had been used in commercial renovation downtown, but had largely gone unnoticed for residential application. It encourages rehabilitation by freezing the property

taxes at preimprovement levels for the first ten years. For the next fifteen years, property owners pay taxes on only half the amount of improvements.

**T**o lure the middle class back to the neighborhood, Strauss installed new lighting, protected parking lots, and various amenities including swimming pools and bubbling fountains. He also flabbergasted more mundane developers and his major architect, Eugene J. Mackey III, president of Mackey and Associates, by building in Pantheon's Kingsbury Square development, just west of De Baliviere Avenue, what look like Webster Groves and Kirkwood, Missouri, transplants—turn-of-the-century frame structures that are actually modern duplexes.

One of the first subdivisions built in the city in years, these old-fashioned-looking dwellings owe their existence to Strauss's nostalgic affection for the Andy Hardy movies of the 1930s and 1940s. "They are small town, Main Street America," Strauss said with the proud air of a Mr. Blandings who has built on this eighteen-acre site not one dream house, but ten.

Their picture-postcard quaintness contrasts sharply with the Siamese-Byzantine architecture of the Fox Theatre that reopened its brass doors on September 7 amidst hoopla that rivaled a Hollywood premiere. Exactly twelve months after Strauss bought it, the place sparkled with Scheherazadian splendor. To consummate the purchase of this movie palace, Strauss formed Fox Associates in partnership with Robert J. Baudendistel, an investor, Dennis M. McDaniel, president and chairman of Southwest Truck Body Company, and Harris.

This quartet, with one reliable tenant, the Municipal Theatre Association of



Badenhau, housing for the elderly



St. Louis (the Muny), in its collective pocket, moved fast to revive the seedy theater. As director of restoration, Mary Strauss was given her head and the funds to get the job done. Strauss loves to tease his wife about her expenditures and to joke that she is “the only person ever given an unlimited budget who exceeded it.” She, in turn, retorts with spirit and the figures to prove that she completed all of the restoration within the prescribed budget of \$2 million; far below the \$6 to \$10 million spent to restore several other theaters around the country.

**M**ary Strauss, an experienced interior designer, decorated the Strauss’s Washington Terrace residence and Pantheon Corporation headquarters in the old Dorr and Zeller building, once a favorite De Baliviere Avenue ice cream emporium. A haunter of Selkirk

Galleries, a venerable St. Louis antique and auctioneering landmark where bargain hunters, dealers, and dowagers scramble to outbid each other, she is an avid collector whose efforts have prompted friends to dub the Strauss homestead, “Selkirk’s West.” Pantheon is also filled with her finds. What other firm would startle the visitor with an overpowering head of Zeus in the foyer and a slightly larger-than-life, supercilious Beethoven in the board room?

Restoring the Fox to its original magnificence, however, was far more complicated than anything Mary Strauss had tackled previously. The theater was a shambles, having been almost torn asunder before its houselights went dark for the last time in 1978. Some suspect it was dealt what seemed like the coup de grace when Kung Fu movie fans, intoxicated by the macho antics of Bruce Lee, riddled one door with bullets and splintered the stained glass. During the Strauss clean-up, a workman was lowered into the tall columns in the grand lobby to polish the jewels from the inside while a mop and bucket brigade shovelled up the rubble and scrubbed off surface grime.

Squarely centered in this action was dynamo Mary Strauss. After three months of meticulous research, she was not only able to copy the design, but to improve the original color of the 7,300 yards of rosy carpeting, supplied by Monsanto and Mohawk. Concurrently, she ordered 4,000 yards of plush velvet to cover the 4,503 seats in the house that on completion in 1929 was second only to the Roxy Theatre in New York as the queen of the movie palaces. Praised as a Persepolis by a *New Yorker* magazine scribe, the Fox houses a mighty Wurlitzer pipe organ, one of only two remaining of an original five.

Expertly repaired by St. Louisan Marlin Mackley, the great console has 2,700 pipes. Stan Kann, once the regular organist at the Fox, returned from California to play this instrument for first-nighters. Kann, who studied music at Washington University, was a smash and so was the organ on which, to demonstrate its versatility, he produced a kaleidoscopic mix of sounds including sleigh bells, Chinese gongs, tambourines, thunder and wind.

**O**pening night with *Barnum* as the first offering of the Muny was a sellout, and those who jammed the fifty-three-year-old Fox Theatre to see it, gave the Strausses a standing ovation. They were thrilled, but also somewhat nonplussed when they heard some of the audience acclaim them as Mary and Leon Fox. Still they reasoned, it was an honor to be compared with Fox, who, as a pioneer moviemaker and proud owner of 800 movie houses, built the Fox with architect C. Howard Crane. Recalling their feelings on that special evening, Strauss, a born showman, confided that it exceeded their expectations, but confirmed their impression “that the city was hungry for this type of pageantry.” More recently, he added, “What Mary and I like to do, if possible, is to take your breath away. She and I have this great thing in common—we both have a vision of what things ought to look like and what they ought to be like. You can call the Fox whatever you want—elegantly gaudy, grand, or garish—but whatever it is, it’s fun.”

Although those who compose Fox Associates vowed they would never become involved directly in show biz, they have become neophyte producers themselves. Nowadays, Strauss reads *Variety* in addition to *Engineering*



Lafayette Towne, family housing

*News*, and he and his partners have booked into the Fox glamorous performers of the Las Vegas circuit such as Liberace, Sammy Davis Jr., and Billy Eckstine.

Total ticket sales for their first superstar series exceeded \$1.5 million. This enthusiastic response has astounded pros in the field including David J. Hyslop, one of Strauss's best friends and executive director of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. "I told him," Hyslop said, "that he could send over two hats and I'd eat them because I didn't really believe that Fox Associates would fill the hall for that variety series so quickly. And," he said with a chuckle, "Leon will probably do that any day now."

**F**illing the Fox has been made easier by the cooperation of both the City Center Redevelopment Corporation, headed by R. Hal Dean, former chairman and chief executive officer of Ralston Purina Company, and Grand Center Association (GCA), the cultural arm of CCRC, directed by Stanley J. Goodman, a former president and chief executive officer of the May Department Stores Company. They aspire to make Grand Avenue the Great White Way of St. Louis. CCRC graded and paved the land adjacent to Grand Avenue for parking lots which it manages and installed new lighting. Meanwhile, GCA bedecked the lamp-posts there with colorful banners and hoisted new flags in Grand Center Park, across from the Fox.

Because the Fox is a spectacle itself and a nostalgia trip for thousands of St. Louisans, its restored grandeur has tended to overshadow Strauss's many other accomplishments. But the bouquets showered on him and his wife have not softened the brickbats that

have also been tossed his way. Strauss bears their scars, because, despite his D'Artagnan style, he is acutely sensitive to criticism.

The most stinging blow was struck by those who had to move when Pantheon's massive De Baliviere Place rehab moved into high gear. At the time that Strauss acquired title to this vast tract, most of its inhabitants had already fled. Some buildings had been razed, and the headache ball seemed but a swing away from the rest. Nonetheless, feelings ran high among those who were still there and, on behalf of some of the tenants, Legal Services of Eastern Missouri filed suit challenging Strauss's right to displace these residents. An incredibly complicated case, its crux was the issue of relocation and its resulting expenses. The litigation went through the Federal courts, with each judge ruling in Pantheon's favor, until it reached the Supreme Court which declined to hear the case. Bitterness surfaced during the contest, and Strauss is still indignant that those who brought the action did not apprise him of their grievances before filing suit.

Strauss ruefully admits that the experience caused him to question his philosophic values as a liberal Democrat. The idealism that had in the late 1940s involved him in a fight for integration at Washington University was sorely tested. "As a consequence," he chortled, "I now have a big chunk of pragmatism in me." But time has cooled his fiery anger, and Strauss has come to accept Terence's teaching "that there are vicissitudes in all things."

"There is," he said reflectively, "a certain irony in it all. For I came to understand that such an experience is the way democracy works, and in making that judgment I'm not being civics-

class preachy about it."

**P**erhaps what sustained him through the ordeal was his unshakable faith in the city. Strauss, a city person, believes that population density, the bugaboo of affluent suburbanites, makes urban life urbane. He does not flinch when he crosses Skinker Boulevard, the tacit divide between city and county, but he can't resist teasing those who contend that he never strays into suburbia. At a recent party at *Westroads* (barely beyond the city limits), upon encountering a St. Louis gossip columnist, Strauss patted him on the shoulder and said impishly, "So this is *Westport!*" (an ersatz Alpine Village plunked down in what was recently a cornfield, the center of nowhere.)

Nowadays, Strauss is actually an avid advocate of city-county togetherness, but is still the quintessential champion of urban life. For him the area just west of Skinker Boulevard in University City, where he was born, is all part of metropolitan St. Louis, despite the artificial boundaries that separate one from the other. He proclaims himself a "Looper," reared in the so-called Delmar Loop area, a strong-armed quarterback's throw from the lions that are the symbol of the municipality he called home.

His father, the late Milton Strauss, was a salesman in the Washington Avenue garment district of St. Louis; his mother, Anna Richter Strauss, a homemaker, is at eighty-eight still full of ginger. Strauss's one sister, Vida Strauss Goodman, serves as Pantheon's receptionist. Strauss's forebears are thought to have come from the original Hapsburg domain, but he knows nothing of them. "How that all worked for Jewish families was that Vienna was the place they



Kingsbury Square, homes in the DeBaliviere area



Columbus Square, new downtown city housing

dropped off, from wherever it was they were fleeing. We're as Austrian as Mickey Mouse is Venetian!"

**S**trauss began his working life hawking newspapers ("Remember those kids pulling the little wagons?—I was one of them"). He's been working ever since. While in school, he was a soda jerk at Tent Town, across from Forest Park Highlands amusement park, and a shoe salesman. "Women were wearing patent leather baby-doll pumps, and our top price was \$2.95. For fifty cents more, you could have a rhinestone buckle."

He came to Washington University "because I could walk there and my parents were able to afford the tuition—\$125 dollars a semester." Strauss was a reluctant student eager to graduate. After graduation, he decided he could do something that really mattered by working in Israel, which had just won its independence. He found a job there with the aid of alumnus I.E. Millstone (bachelor of science in architectural engineering, 1927), founder of Millstone Construction, Inc. Millstone had some influence in Israel since a short time before, at the invitation of David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir, he had supervised the building of refugee housing. Strauss became disillusioned, however, and in 1950 returned to St. Louis to work for the Millstone firm.

"He impressed me as a bright young man and a natural leader," Millstone recalled recently. Strauss moved through the ranks quickly acquiring valuable experience on construction projects ranging from low-rent and moderate housing to roads and bridges. When he left twenty-two years later to form his own firm at Millstone's urging, he was vice president and part owner of a Millstone corporation subsidiary,

Millstone Associates.

Under Millstone's tutelage, Strauss learned a great deal more than the construction business. "He and Harry Hammerman, executive vice president, also taught me important ethical business principles," he emphasized. Millstone takes fatherly pride in his protegee's accomplishments, and he and his wife make every effort to be present when Strauss receives an award.

Strauss appreciates the many honors that have been conferred on him, and yet they sometimes embarrass him. Conscious of his mixed emotions, Carl W. Lehne, a young Pantheon vice president, said perceptively, "It would be unnatural for a person not to be overwhelmed by what amounts to adulation by some parts of this community. We used to kid him about the newspaper articles that described him as the 'great Guru of the restoration movement.' And yet, I personally think there is some truth to such references."

When Strauss acknowledges this acclaim, he stresses the help he has received from many, including some seventy employees. Harvey Harris believes that Lehne and John G. Roach, another vice president and an alumnus (bachelor of arts degree, 1960; juris doctor, 1963), deserve special credit. Roach confessed, "One of the charms of being involved in this activity is that you are doing something tangible. You can point to De Baliviere Place, and say, 'That's different because I was here.'"

**T**here are others on whom Strauss depends. One of them is Mackey who admires Strauss because, "He clearly wants to do the very best that can be done within the constraints imposed by the problem. In making decisions, there are always many reasons why something *should not*

be done. Leon is always saying, 'Well, isn't this something that we *should* do?'"

With all the camaraderie at Pantheon, however, Strauss is still the boss. His passion for detail—he fusses when a tree is not trimmed or a stack of tires clutters the landscape—sometimes rankles his associates, but they agree that it reinforces their eagerness to keep Pantheon properties immaculate, "This esprit de corps is the basic reason why this company works," Lehne observed.

Strauss takes pride in Pantheon and his own family. He has a twenty-one-year-old son, Adam, by a former marriage and two younger boys, Matthew, ten, and Andrew, nine, born to him and Mary. And he has a special affection for his aunt, Evelyn Wurdack, the widow of Hugo Wurdack, a wealthy St. Louis utilities entrepreneur. Married late in life, she treated Strauss as a surrogate son while he was growing up, and the bond between them has strengthened over the years. "Because of her, I was invited early on to sit on the boards of many non profit organizations, and I know that these associations opened doors for me when I founded Pantheon. She backed me, moreover, with her faith and funds when I needed support to establish Pantheon. She has preferred to remain an anonymous philanthropist who has given generously to Washington University and many other institutions, but I want her to receive recognition in this article."

Nowadays, Leon Strauss is sought after because of his own achievement and serves on the boards of such cultural organizations as the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, and The Repertory Theatre of St. Louis. "We all want him," Hyslop summed up, "because Leon gives of the three T's—time, talent, and treasure."



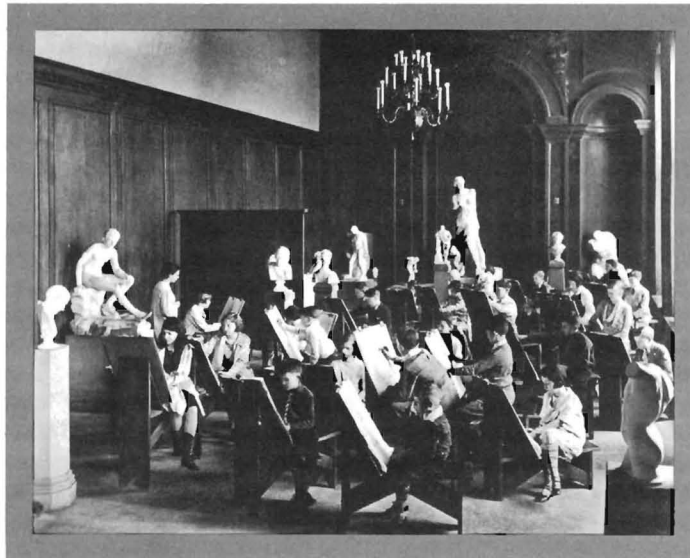
Park Avenue Condominiums, near Lafayette Square



# A Cinderella Story

With a 1978 renovation, spearheaded by Roger DesRosiers, dean of the School of Fine Arts, Bixby Gallery emerged from years of accumulated paint and grime as one of the beautiful old spaces of Washington University.

Since its rebirth, it has become the University's "small" gallery, where the intimate exhibitions rooted in the educational purposes of the School of Fine Arts have their showing. Its openings are no less grand than the openings at Steinberg Hall's all-University galleries, nor their contents less noteworthy, but its mission is singular. "We have no permanent collection," says Libby Gilk, assistant to the dean and director of Bixby Gallery, "so we can be somewhat more progressive



and contemporary in selecting what we think our students should see and in exhibiting our student and faculty work."

The gallery came to Bixby Hall when that structure was completed as the home for the school in 1926.

Although the remodeled British Pavilion of the 1904 World's Fair that had "temporarily" housed the school was then torn down, its main hall was transferred to the new building. A replica of the main hall of the Orangery, Royal Palace

at Kensington, London, the hall was variously used at first, yet sometime during the austere 1930s, need overtook civility, and this perfectly proportioned space was divided into cubicles with whitewashed walls for student painters.

And so it remained an eyesore opening off the elegant marble halls, until the canny eye of Roger DesRosiers perceived the potential beneath the paint and partitions and ordered it restored. Now Buford Pickens, dean emeritus of the School of Architecture and an architectural historian, says that this gallery and Mary Brooks Holmes Lounge (formerly the reading room of Ridgley Library) are the two best extant examples of Queen Anne-period architecture in the Midwest.

*Above, a children's drawing class, circa 1930.*

*Each spring, the gallery becomes the setting for the senior show of the school's fashion design students. Following renovation, a centennial gift to the school from Bussman Manufacturing division of the McGraw-Edison Company provided the magnificent chandeliers.*



*In February 1978, one of the first exhibitions after reopening was of the innovative sculpture of Richard Hunt, a visiting faculty member.*



*For many students of past decades, the painting cubicles, though unattractive, offered the ideal north light.*

*Last spring a Bixby exhibition paid tribute to the long and distinguished career of painter William Fett, a faculty member for thirty-five years. The retrospective spanned work from 1943 to 1980.*



*A retrospective exhibition of the work of H. Richard Duhme, professor emeritus, filled Bixby Gallery in October. The show included fifty-five of Duhme's sculptures including this fountain, the original of which was commissioned for Mycenae, Greece.*



*The quiet elegance of the gallery still provides space for student reflection and study.*

# Comment

This time, some reader comment:  
Dear Washington University  
Magazine:

"What constitutes the proper education of a writer?"

Roger Hahn in "Creative Evolution" reports the debate that led to the formation of the Washington University Writers' Program. I'd like to add my two cents' worth.

I am a 1969 Washington University graduate. I published one novel myself — *The Naked Computer* — and have had two published by Delacorte/Seymour Laurence — *Famous Potatoes* and *Frank City (Goodbye)*. *Famous Potatoes* has been translated into seven languages.

There was no Writers' Program at Washington University when I was a student. There were writing classes, but my major had to be English Literature. I took writing courses taught by Stanley Elkin, Donald Finkel, and one other man. The classes were useful, but a minor factor in my education as a writer. They brought me into contact with other student writers (from whom I learned a great deal) and gave me college credit for stories I would have written anyway.

The faculty member who helped me most never taught a writing course while I was there. David Hadas taught my freshman English class. I showed him my stories throughout my four years at WU. His criticism, advice, and most of all his encouragement were immensely valuable. He told me, "To learn to write, you must learn to read." Another time he told me, "You've got the technique. Now all you need to do is learn about people." No small task, that. But he was right. Ever since, my goals in my continuing pursuit of learning how to write have been: learn to read, and more important, learn about people.

Now for some crackpot theories of mine.

Crackpot Theory Number One: No

writing student will write anything good before he is thirty. Granted, there are child prodigies who produce a good novel at age twenty-five; but most writers, no matter how well-honed their technical skill, lack the wisdom and understanding of people that comes with age, experience, and living as opposed to writing. Becoming technically competent is the easiest part of learning to write. It's the only part that can be taught in a university. After a few basic writing classes, the best education for a writer is a broad liberal arts background followed by an active life: travelling, fighting for something you believe in, being gypped, loving and being loved, holding a job, raising children.

Crackpot Theory Number Two: The WU library is too selective in its purchase of fiction. I was constantly frustrated by its lack of contemporary popular writers. I suppose the problem is a tight budget and a subsequent desire to purchase only "quality" fiction. But, what is "quality"? Who chooses? Why only "quality"? What about Harold Robbins? (There is a cart-before-the-horse syndrome that seems endemic to all college libraries. At the University of Pennsylvania I searched the card catalog for a novel by Larry McMurtry. They had none, but they did have three critical studies *about* his novels.) I propose that the library buy *every* work of fiction published in the United States every year. Do I hear groaning from the budget office? Yes, it would take some dollars. But what a superlative resource!

Crackpot Theory Number Three: Teach editing. Good writers need good editors. And a good editor is hard to find. Does any university in the world teach editing? The editors I know are either businessmen or writers themselves. Both skills are useful to editors, but their craft has been learned by trial and error—mostly, I fear, by error. The art of editing could be enhanced—and could certainly gain some much-needed respect—by an attempt to teach it. A series of visiting editors—like your visiting poets—could contribute their experience to the program. A master's degree in editing would be more useful in the job market than an MFA in writing—and such a program would meet a genuine need. I mean, (to be crass about it) who *needs* more writers?

A final (noncrackpot) word about the proper education of a writer: learn a marketable skill in addition to writing. I'm a plumber, myself. It pays the rent.

Joe Cottonwood  
La Honda, California  
October 4, 1982

*Since 1969, Washington University library has conscientiously attempted to increase its purchases of contemporary literature, especially in its outstanding Modern Literature Collection, a part of the University's Special Collections. In addition, the University teaches a course in editing and a number of journalism courses under the auspices of University College. "Cottonwood" is the pen name of a graduate who does not wish his previous identity divulged. Can members of the class of 1969 guess who "Joe" is?—Editor*

And from the University's own ranks, this bit of further "self-criticism," reprinted with permission of Howard Nemerov, but suggested by Wilhelm Neufeind, professor of economics, as a response to one of the cartoons in the fall issue.

## A FULL PROFESSOR

Surely there was, at first, some love of letters,  
To get him started on the routine climb,  
That brought him to this eminence in time?  
But now he has become one of his  
betters.

He has survived, and even fattened on,  
The dissertation and the discipline.  
The eyes are spectacled, the hair is  
thin,

He is a dangerous committeeman.

An organism highly specialized,  
He diets on, for daily bill of fare,  
The blood of Keats, the mind of poor  
John Clare;

Within his range, he cannot be  
surprised.

Publish or perish! What a frightful  
chance!

It troubled him through all his early  
days.

But now he has the system beat both  
ways;

He publishes and perishes at once.

Howard Nemerov, *Collected Poems*.  
University of Chicago Press, 1977.

## Breaking Away



**A**n anyone connected with Washington University will agree that students - their activities and backgrounds—are a constant source of amazement. Consider this: Washington University has not been listed in the top-twenty poll of sportswriters in any intercollegiate athletic activity for as long as anyone can remember. In addition, one could safely say that women's intercollegiate athletics at this University is not likely to hit the bigtime in the foreseeable future. Yet among the University's students is a world-class athlete. And her choice in coming here surely attests as strongly as any national rating to the University's academic stature.

Audrey Thornton came to Washington University from the University of California at San Diego to study law. She is now a second-year law student. But she is also one of the

country's and the world's up and coming women's bicyclists. She was the NCAA Women's Cycling Champion in 1980 and 1981 and in 1980 was tested by the U.S. Olympic Committee and ranked among the dozen best women athletes in the world. While she studies law, she trains by riding 250 miles a week. She competed last summer in the Coors Bicycle Classic in Colorado, finishing in midfield. Her long-range goal, supported by the interest of the Olympic Committee, is to be one of the three-member U.S. women's team which will compete in Los Angeles in 1984, when women's bicycle racing enters the Olympics for the first time. She will have completed her law degree less than a month before those trials.



Washington University Magazine  
(ISSN 0162-7570)  
Washington University  
St. Louis, Missouri 63130

