Remembering **Mudd Hall** in Photos...
Excitement, awe, fear.  
A first-year embarked to his call.  
A campus with a storied history of years.  
The adventure began at Mudd, a hall?

Brookings, January, Busch and Graham;  
buildings all fine.  
Limestone and copper structures; not  
shacks or clunkers.  
They stood the test of time.  
Mudd, of concrete and steel of green,  
more like a bunker.

Psychedelic wall portrait greeted  
me each morn.  
Stalactites hanging above me in lines.  
Hours passed poring over books, some  
of horn.  
Ooze from above dripping on my tax  
outline.

Despite building, all crumbling and  
cracked.  
Professors within laid countless  
foundations and nurtured.  
Taught, lectured, molded, full of facts.  
Mudd; a students’ home to build their  
futures.

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A Novel View of Mudd

JULIE COMPTON, AB ’85, JD ’88, recently finished her third, not-yet-published novel, Keep No Secrets, which is a sequel to her first, Tell No Lies. Both Keep No Secrets and Tell No Lies are legal thrillers. The following is a short passage from Keep No Secrets in which the protagonist, Jack, shortly after receiving some devastating news, arrives at Washington University’s new law school to see his wife, Claire, a law professor there. Before Jack goes into Anheuser-Busch Hall, he reminisces about the old Mudd Hall where they attended law school together.

It might have taken him 45 minutes to get to the law school; it might have taken three hours. He has no idea. He doesn’t remember the drive. He doesn’t even remember making a conscious decision to go there. But he must have, because here he now sits, in his car in the parking lot just across from the school. It’s rare to find an open space so close, especially on such a wet day. It’s as if someone saved it for him, as if this moment was inevitable.

He looks at the new building through the cascade of rain. It’s beautiful, and majestic, in a way. Gothic, resplendent in Missouri Red Granite. The law school finally has a home befitting its noble purpose, and one that matches in style and, in some opinions, surpasses in beauty, the other buildings on campus. It’s nothing like the old Mudd Hall, the boxy building in which he and Claire first met, with its exposed concrete walls inside and out, the rust marks that dripped from the rebar, and the unnatural green hue that trimmed the exterior of the structure.

Inside, the carpet was thin, threadbare, and stained in many spots. Even the library and professors’ offices on the upper levels felt as if they were in the basement because of the concrete walls and the stained carpet. Both the old law school and the matching Eliot Hall next door looked to be someone’s 1970s contemporary architecture project gone horribly wrong.

And yet, he longs for that ugly building. In the same way his throat closed watching the first wrecking ball attack the old Busch Stadium, he felt an acute sense of loss when the university chancellor announced plans to tear down the old law school and build a new one on the opposite side of the campus. The new school is beautiful. Claire’s office is beautiful, too. But he can’t help but think that something more than walls and carpet was permanently lost the day they brought down the old school.

Julia Mariani, JD ’99

“I have many, many memories of Mudd Hall, but my favorite one (and it’s a leaking story) is this: My first encounter with Mudd Hall was not as a law student, but as a sign language interpreter. One morning I was interpreting in Professor Greenfield’s Contracts class, sitting in the front of the class, next to his desk, facing the students. From my vantage point, I could see a thin stream of water leaking from the ceiling into a student’s backpack. While interpreting, I tried valiantly to get the attention of the student so I could let him know of the violation to his backpack! I was already flailing around in the front of the class, signing, and could not—hard as I tried—get the student’s attention!”
FOR THOSE OF YOU not so fortunate as to have Mudd in the eye of your memory and who don’t want to rely on B&W photos, there are a few places on the planet that will transport you back to the neo-Brutalist architectural style of Mudd Hall, immortal for its modesty and majestic for its proletariat flair.

FIRST STOP: St. Petersburg. Concrete, communal apartments still ingloriously stand in preeminence to the Romanov’s glittering spires and Fabergé eggs. Like the chilly grey skies above, Leningrad’s urban acres of Mudd Hall-look-alikes define with their bleakness the glamour of the Winter Palace like Mudd Hall did the collegiate Gothic architecture of the Hilltop Campus.

SECOND STOP: Renmin University [a/k/a/ The People’s University], Beijing. This “home to Mao’s crazies” during the Cultural Revolution sports not just a single building that looks like Mudd; they all do. Indeed, while so much has changed in China, the role of concrete hasn’t. Throughout China, it flows like water below its national bird—the construction crane.

THIRD STOP: Wurster Hall, home of UC Berkeley’s College of Environmental Design, on which Cal’s famed Campanile casts its shadow in the mid afternoon. Wurster still stands. It’s just as ugly [some would say edgy] as Mudd was. It sticks out just as badly—the sore thumb of an otherwise gorgeous, gargoyle-festooned campus.

FOURTH STOP: Chicago’s Daley Center Plaza. For those of you who can’t remember the riveted, rusting-steel-abstract-winged sculpture in the concrete courtyard outside Mudd, Picasso’s “bird” sculpture may prove evocative.

Visual memories of Mudd may calcify like a cataract, but one sensation can’t be erased—Mudd’s DNA-staining smell of fresh concrete. Like few other odors in this world, it gets hardwired into your olfaction. Mudd’s moist and musty nail-in-the-nose musk never leaves your cranial smell box. As for Mudd also smelling like a decaying, urine-scented Manhattan subway in the ’70s at rush hour, I disagree. A BART station, built around the same time, would yield the contemporary equivalent.

If you’ve ever built a house with a basement, you know what Mudd was like. When the plywood framing into which wet concrete is poured is removed, you’ve got Mudd. The big difference from your house and Mudd was that not only the floors and walls were concrete, so were the ceilings. So if you’ve lived in an unfinished basement, sorry, you’ve only experienced a fraction of Mudd’s solitude.

Mudd Hall walls had feelings, too. Unlike a driveway or showroom floor, which is smooth, Mudd’s walls, inside and out, were dimpled where the wrought iron was clipped, and full of ridges where the framing boards met and concrete oozed out and permanently dried. No concrete sanders were put to work on Mudd Hall. It stood naked to the world, hairy warts and all.

Despite all the Mudd memories to be forgotten, as a former editor-in-chief of Student Life, I feel compelled to note that Mudd had paved the way for lasting concrete configurations on campus. Most notably, still standing is SUPAC—the Student Union and Performing Arts Center. When it was opened in September 1973, it was described as “Mudd Hall done right.” So it wasn’t a foregone conclusion that Mudd would be made a memory so soon after it was built. Had Mudd only been graced with some concrete curves, some inlaid brick, wide corridors, more windows, some softness instead of steel supplements, and functioning toilets, it could still be the apple of my eye. III
LIKE MANY WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY law students of the time, Bradley Winters, JD '81, was influenced by environmental factors within Mudd Hall. He worried about “little things” like the stalactites that would form around the myriad cracks in the concrete ceiling from water leaking through the roof.

He also feared that these leaks were coming from huge lakes of rainwater pooling in the ceiling. And he wondered about the law school building’s structural integrity, particularly during an earthquake while he was a second-year law student. “As I was running from the back of the library one Saturday morning during an earthquake, I kept thinking ‘Boy, I’d sure like to get out of here before this ceiling gives way.’”

Winters wrapped some of his concerns into a comedy newscast he performed to rave reviews at the student talent show for two years with fellow law students Ken Vuylsteke, JD ‘80, and Steve Hamilton, JD ’80. The three presented the “Martindale-Hubbell Report,” poking fun at their professors, deans, university policies, and, of course, Mudd Hall itself.

But “as comical as the building was,” Winters says, “my memories of the place are all fond ones.” At the end of the day, he observes, he had great classmates and great professors who changed his life and the way he approached life.

“I owe the law school everything,” says Winters, who enrolled at Washington University straight out of college. “My professors taught me how to think clearly and critically, how to reason with people and what it meant to be a counselor and an attorney.

“They also taught me how sickening it was to be unprepared, and how rewarding school and my profession would be if I invested the time to not only do the work, but to really think about what I was preparing to write and say,” he adds. “And, we really did manage to have a lot of fun.”

Winters, who parlayed his education into a 30-year legal career, is currently a partner at SNR Denton in St. Louis. “I do a little of everything: patent, trademark, commercial, and real estate litigation with some personal injury and product liability cases drizzled in,” he says. “The best part of my work is that I have a variety of clients with a variety of issues. It’s never boring.”

Frustrations do occur, but he loves legal work. “Some days a court will rule against you,” he says. “Some days an opposing lawyer will take what I think is an unreasonable position. So every day isn’t a bowl of cherries, but they all add up to one. In 30 years, I’ve never had a single second thought about my career choice. I’ve loved every minute of it.”
Improving Society One Client at a Time

PAULA LORANT, JD ’75, who attended law school following the social upheavals of the 1960s, reflected the spirit of the time by seeking to use the law to improve society. After completing her legal education in the recently built Mudd Hall, she spent a career in Milwaukee helping indigent people of all ages.

During her 36 years of lawyering, Lorant’s employers were always in financial trouble, so the support services most lawyers take for granted were not available. Inadequate office space, inconsistent secretarial help, and nonfunctioning office equipment were daily challenges. In addition, her clients were often uneducated or unfocused—and these clients found it difficult to provide the cooperation Lorant needed to help them.

Lorant’s career, one of dedication to helping others less fortunate, began by spending approximately four years as a public defender in the Children’s Court, representing indigent juveniles charged with delinquency. She then moved to another Legal Aid Society employer, working several years in the Legal Aid’s Civil Division representing poor clients in civil matters.

She next became co-director of the Marquette University Law School’s legal clinic for the elderly. There she supervised law students representing elderly clients in civil matters. She returned to Legal Aid for her last 20 years of employment, developing a specialty in public benefit law that won her the respect of lawyers in that field.

Lorant, who recently retired, achieved life-changing results for many, treating her nonpaying clients with no less respect than if they had paid her $500 an hour. She also found time to consistently mentor young lawyers and law students throughout the years. In 2007 the Wisconsin Bar Association recognized her as the state’s Pro Bono Lawyer of the Year. And while achieving recognition for her work is not Lorant’s style, her career remains an example of how the law can be used to serve the greater good by helping those most in need.

David A. Robinson, JD ’77

“In fall 1975, I was taking Trade Regulations with Professor Neil Bernstein. I was walking alongside Professor Bernstein as we headed to his class. A man who appeared to be in his early 50s and who did not appear to be a student or faculty member asked us, in a Southern accent, if we could direct him to the Moot Courtroom. We pointed him to the Moot Courtroom, where there were about five people. This man was a scheduled speaker there. As we continued to walk to class, Professor Bernstein said to me, ‘Can you believe it, that guy is running for President?’ I asked, ‘Who is he?’ I don’t recall Professor Bernstein’s exact words but they were to this effect: the man is a former governor of Georgia. One of us said to the other, ‘Sad. Only a handful of people came to hear him.’ The man was Jimmy Carter. One year later, he was elected President.”
David C. Mason, JD ’83, recalls his first view of Mudd Hall as a new law student. “My impression was that the building wasn’t finished,” says Mason, now a judge in the 22nd Judicial Circuit of Missouri. “I was surprised to find out that it was.

“I was really serious,” says Mason. “I started asking why it was this way, and I learned that there was a popular movement in the architectural world in the 1970s called the ‘fortress look.’ But it actually looked like a building that was designed so that as little money as possible would be spent on it.”

Despite the building, Mason says that Washington University “turned out to be probably the best place in the country for me to go to school. The faculty was not only informative but nurturing.”

Mason and his teammate, Cathy Gilbert Kelly, JD ’83, also absorbed enough trial and advocacy skills along the way to gain national recognition as students. The two garnered the 1983 championship title from the American College of Trial Lawyers National Trial Competition.

“For me that was a game changer. There was a great deal of local and statewide publicity,” Mason says. “When I first started practicing, I was trusted with civil cases that had to be tried right away. In my first court appearances, the judge would treat me as an experienced lawyer.”

Upon graduation, Mason became an assistant attorney general. In 1985, he was appointed general counsel of the Missouri Department of Corrections. Charged with reducing the upward spiral of inmate lawsuits, he developed a highly effective inmate grievance system. He then worked for several St. Louis firms before being appointed the youngest circuit judge in Missouri at age 35.

Mason says that as a judge he appreciates “presiding over jury trials where there are really good lawyers on both sides, because the justice system in those cases is working well.” But the most rewarding aspect has been the occasions when he meets “former criminal defendants on the street who tell me how their lives have turned around.”

Despite his busy caseload on the bench, Mason continues to serve as the longtime head coach of the law school’s Trial Team. He spends about 240 hours advising students each semester, working with assistant coaches and attorneys Mark Rudder, JD ’91, Kenneth R. Heineman, JD ’66, David Fahrenkamp, Jennifer Hofman, and Rebecca Nickelson. In his 30 years as assistant coach and then head coach, the team has won two national championships and advanced 16 times to the national quarterfinals and beyond.

Mason says he relishes that moment when he sees “the light bulb go on in my students’ minds, and I know that they can become trial lawyers.”

As law students, Judge David C. Mason, JD ’83, left, and Cathy Gilbert Kelly, JD ’83, second from right, won the championship in a major national trial team competition.

Judge David C. Mason, JD ’83, second from right, has coached the Trial Team to numerous wins through the years.
Innovative Use of Concrete

WHILE MUDD HALL has taken more than its share of barbs and insults nearly 15 years after its demise, there remains an unconfirmed story that the building once won an award for the “innovative use of concrete.”

But the real innovative use of concrete was the action of former Dean Dorsey D. “Dan” Ellis, Jr., professor emeritus, who saw in the building’s razing in 1998, a phoenix rising. Ellis collected pieces of concrete from the demolition and his then-executive assistant Sharon Strathman, now senior human resources and payroll administrator for the law school, helped Ellis turn the rubble into memorabilia.

They placed hundreds of mainly fist-sized pieces in a big box they kept in the Dean’s Suite. Ellis signed many of them with a magic marker. The ones with flatter surfaces, if lined with felt, made excellent paperweights.

“Dan gave them away to alumni, colleagues, students, other deans,” says Strathman, whose autographed Mudd Hall piece is in her home. “Alumni had received attractive, professionally made paperweights composed of Missouri red granite some months earlier for the opening of Anheuser-Busch Hall, and they were followed by the inglorious Mudd Hall pieces. The contrast was kind of fitting!”

Overall, the chunks of concrete were highly popular among members of the extended law school community who eagerly joined in the humor of preserving their little piece of Mudd.
IF RICK GROSSMAN were grading Mudd Hall as a building, it would probably get an F. “It was cold and parts of it were damp,” says Grossman, JD ’86. “The library had a lot of leakage. It wasn’t a great building to be a student in.”

But the building was terrific in one way, he says. “The best thing about it was that I met my wife there.”

Grossman met his wife, Susan, at a party at the end of his first year of law school. He talked to her again during his second year when Susan, a graduate of Washington University’s Brown School, helped judge the law school’s Client Counseling Competition. They went out to dinner a week later.

Cupid also penetrated Mudd Hall’s concrete walls in the 1970s. Mark S. Davis, JD ’74, remembers the dedication ceremony as particularly memorable for a personal reason.

“The dedication of Mudd Hall featured Earl Warren, who had recently retired as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,” he recalls. “I seized the opportunity to impress a Washington University undergrad coed, Janie Cassell, for our first date to attend the dedication. “We got married a week after I graduated in 1974 and headed to Hawaii where we have lived and raised our family,” he adds. “I am happy to report that our marriage lasted longer than that seemingly invincible concrete edifice.”

Davis also recalls clandestinely ordering from a vending machine company a “pong” machine for the Mudd Hall lobby. It was the precursor of stand-alone video games in which law students could drop their quarters for some electronic recreation.

“Almost 40 years later, I am happy to confess to being one of the first-years responsible for this artistic addition to the new law school,” he says. “My co-conspirator was Joel Winnik (JD ’74) whose imagination and sense of humor kept us both laughing and sane for our three years at the law school.”

Shelly Shapiro, JD ’78, and Glenn Amster, JD ’78, also met as they started law school in 1975. After graduating, they married the following September in the Whittemore House on the Danforth Campus. The large, ornate 1912 home is still used for conferences, weddings,
banquets, and other functions.

These couples, bound together through the law school building, built significant careers.

Amster and Shapiro practice in Seattle. Amster, a real estate and land use lawyer, is a shareholder with Kantor Taylor Nelson Boyd & Evatt PC. “I can look out the window of my office and see physical evidence of what I’ve helped to accomplish,” he says. “I’ve had the opportunity to work with leaders in the real estate industry whose efforts have reshaped the face of Seattle over the past 30 years.”

Meanwhile, Shapiro started a successful career at Davis Wright Tremaine LLP. She quickly began representing one of the firm’s clients, the Seattle Times. In 1983 she was the senior associate on the legal team that completed a Joint Operating Agreement (JOA) between the Times and the city’s other major newspaper, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The JOA is now defunct and the Post-Intelligencer ended its print edition in 2009.

Shapiro calls the JOA “probably the most fascinating experience you can have as a lawyer. It had tremendous coverage in Seattle and was front-page news and on the TV news daily. I don’t think I did much of anything else for three years.”

Shapiro became a partner in 1984 but left her firm in 1994. Today she’s a labor arbitrator.

Mark Davis is now a founding partner of Davis Levin and Livingston in Honolulu, Hawaii. A nationally recognized trial lawyer, he has focused his practice on representing plaintiffs in personal injury and commercial disputes. Throughout his career, he has received record verdicts and settlements in numerous cases.

A champion of civil rights causes, Davis has served as lead counsel in numerous first amendment, discrimination, and equal rights cases. “My practice frequently has included representation of the ‘little guy,’ the victim, the disenfranchised, and the prisoner,” he says.

Rick Grossman specializes in workers’ compensation and personal injury cases in private practice in St. Louis. “My clients are very hard working individuals whose injuries often put them in a difficult situation,” he says. “I help them navigate through the system, and doing that has allowed me to litigate at every level, from administrative hearings to the Supreme Court.”

Grossman also loves his work. “It’s always good when you can help someone,” he says. “But we don’t just help people. Our country functions on a system of laws, and I’m proud of that system and proud to be part of it.”

For better or worse, Mudd Hall will always be remembered by its past occupants, and especially by these happy couples. If the building could be said to have a legacy, it may very well be the lasting relationships forged within its walls.