

summer 2006

Full Throttle

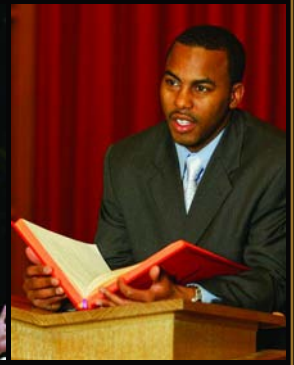
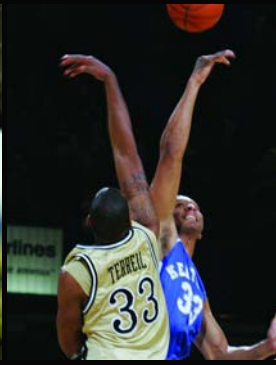
Fonda Huizenga has landed two women's world records for blue marlin fishing. And she's just getting her feet wet.

also:

ROTC in Wartime

A Peacemaker's Sacrifice

Frank & the Commodore



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John Bloom



WRITER, COMEDIAN AND ACTOR JOHN BLOOM, BA'74—BETTER KNOWN as his alter ego, Joe Bob Briggs—got his start reviewing movies in a newspaper column that was later picked up by the New York Times Syndicate. He has written for *National Lampoon*, *Rolling Stone*, *Playboy* and the *Village Voice*. His latest book is *Profoundly Erotic: Sexy Movies That Changed History*.

He has hosted two shows on cable television, has appeared on some 50 talk shows, and has appeared as a commentator on Comedy Central's *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*.

Michael McGerr

MICHAEL MCGERR, THE FIRST PAUL V. MC NUTT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY at Indiana University-Bloomington, specializes in the social, cultural and political history of the modern United States. He is currently writing a history of the Vanderbilts, once the richest family in the world, for Farrar, Straus & Giroux. His books include *The Decline of Popular Politics: The American North, 1865–1928* (Oxford University Press, 1986) and *A Fierce Discontent: The Rise and Fall of the Progressive Movement in America, 1870–1920* (The Free Press/Simon & Schuster, 2003).



Kara Beth Mann



KARA BETH MANN GRADUATED FROM VANDERBILT'S SCHOOL OF Engineering in May with a major in chemical engineering and a minor in environmental engineering. She was president of the Society of Women Engineers during the 2004–05 academic year. In 2004 she was the North American Strongman Society's women's champion. In May, ESPN2 aired a documentary series, *Timeless*, that covered her strongwoman experience. She now works in the Edison Engineering Development Program at General Electric in Cleveland.

Paul Kingsbury

NASHVILLE FREELANCE WRITER PAUL KINGSBURY, BA'80, IS CO-EDITOR of *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*, a multi-author pictorial history of country music to be published by Dorling Kindersley (DK) in September. In 2005 his profile about country singer Brad Paisley was anthologized in *The Music City Reader 2005: Great Writing on Country and Bluegrass Music*. His work has appeared in *Dwell*, *Delta Airlines Sky*, *American Songwriter* and *Entertainment Weekly*.



J. David Woodard



J. DAVID WOODARD, PHD'78, HOLDS THE THURMOND CHAIR OF Government in the Department of Political Science at Clemson University in South Carolina. He teaches courses in American politics and political theory and serves as a political consultant for aspiring GOP candidates.

During the 2003–04 academic year, he was a visiting professor at Vanderbilt where he completed research for a book, *The New Southern Politics*.

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Dore Ways

A forum for exchanging ideas

From the Editor

Brawn, Brains and Beauty

BY AND LARGE, WE AVOID ANYTHING THAT COULD BE CALLED A “theme” issue in VANDERBILT MAGAZINE, on the theory that we’ll draw in more readers with a smorgasbord of subjects than a steady diet of stories on a single topic. But as I look over the contents of this issue, I think I see a theme emerging: strong women.

You’ll notice the first of our strong women on the cover, in the sun-tanned person of Fonda Huizenga, who wrangles with needle-nosed fish four times her weight. And in the S.P.O.V. you’ll learn about Kara Mann, BE’06, the North American Strongman Society’s 2004 women’s national champion, whose idea of a good time is pulling a jet or hoisting a couple of Mini-Coopers.

It was a woman’s strength of conviction that played a crucial role in the founding of Vanderbilt University, as you’ll learn in Michael McGerr’s entertaining story about Cornelius Vanderbilt. Frank Crawford, the Commodore’s second wife, was so influential in moving her husband to think finally about philanthropy during his last years on earth that the university recently named one of its new residence halls for her.

This issue also offers a surfeit of females who are less virtuous than Frank Crawford Vanderbilt but are strong women nonetheless. As McGerr tells it, Cornelius Vanderbilt’s fraternization with two buxom con artists—one of them the first woman in U.S. history to run for president—also played important roles in influencing the Commodore to redeem his name.

Then there is Bettie Page, Peabody College’s 1944 graduate, who continues to generate intense interest decades after retiring as the nation’s first famous pinup model. She was the subject of a major motion picture released earlier this year, *The Notorious Bettie Page*. A Nashville girl raised in poverty and molested by her small-time criminal father, Bettie set her sights on the full Vanderbilt scholarship that went each year to Hume-Fogg High School’s valedictorian. Instead, she graduated second in her class and went to Peabody, working as a secretary to Professor Alfred Leland Crabb. But for most of her subsequent career, Bettie eschewed the traditional job opportunities available to women of the day and instead turned to modeling and films. Famous though she is, she’s not the type to win the Distinguished Alumna Award.

Finally, in Lisa DuBois’ article about the ROTC, you’ll read the story of Heather Grayson, who joined the Reserve Officer Training Corps to help pay her Vanderbilt tuition and wound up in Kuwait. When three men under her command were killed by explosives during a hot ordnance cleanup, Grayson faced court-martial. She was acquitted, and to help herself work through the trauma and guilt, she created a one-woman off-Broadway show.

Strong women—from Vanderbilt’s founder’s wife to today’s alumni.

GAYNELLE DOLL

From the Reader

Evolution and Creationism

BASED ON THE REMARKS PRINTED IN “Science Friction” [Spring 2006 issue, p. 60], it appears Vanderbilt’s panel discussion was very one-sided. I read with interest the piece noting the holes in intelligent-design theory, but looked in vain for something comparable pointing out the major flaws and contradictions in the theory of evolution. How can you have a “discussion” when one viewpoint is completely missing?

Many of America’s elite universities are so “sophisticated” that they see nothing wrong with ignoring opposing views on the major issues of our day. I have always hoped that Vanderbilt, somehow, might be different. I trust this one-sided panel was an aberration, rather than a trend.

I did find it amusing that Professor Le-Sturgeon thinks it preposterous that all humans could be descended from Noah, but apparently has no difficulty believing we are all descendents of the first two fish to crawl out of the ocean. What faith!

JAY A. YODER, MBA’83
Westfield, Mass.

I ENJOYED THE SPRING 2006 VANDERBILT MAGAZINE, particularly the article “When John T. Scopes Came to Peabody” [p. 40] by Frye Gaillard. I was a graduate student at Peabody in April 1970 and was among the standing-room-only crowd for the afternoon presentation by Mr. Scopes.

In addition to the information provided by Mr. Gaillard, I have a recollection of Mr. Scopes’ presentation that put the whole Monkey Trial in a different perspective. Mr. Scopes did talk extensively about teaching evolution in a high-school classroom in violation of Tennessee law. However, he stated that the major reason the issue came to trial in Dayton, Tenn., was that the city fathers were worried about the declining economy of Dayton. Knoxville and Chat-



JIM HSIEH

tanooga were growing, and Dayton was dying. Officials felt that a major trial would draw national media attention and help the local economy. It was under this pretense that Mr. Scopes agreed to teach evolution as a substitute teacher and be charged with violating state law.

Keep up the good work with the magazine.

JAMES GOETZINGER, MA'69, PHD'72
Santa Fe, N.M.

[FRYE GAILLARD REPLIES: *James Goetzingler makes an interesting point in his letter. All the literature on John T. Scopes and his famous trial—including Scopes' own autobiography—makes it clear that the city fathers of Dayton were, in fact, motivated by public relations in their decision to challenge the new state law on evolution. And it's also clear that Scopes, then a young teacher who was new to Dayton, was aware of those motivations and did not object to them. But then as later, Scopes was genuinely concerned with the issue of academic freedom,*

and in his talk at Peabody, he defended that principle with humility and passion, predicting that the issue was almost certain to come up again.]

YOUR ARTICLE "SCIENCE FRICTION" provided an astute analysis of the perpetual dispute between creationism and evolutionism. Contributors were insightful as well as informative. I quickly realized it would constitute "must" reading for my graduate philosophy class at Ottawa University, where each week we deliberate the polemics of similar existential issues. The problem with full consensus on such matters is simply that each argument is predicated, in varying degrees, on a *priori* assumptions.

In light of the above, I would like to take the issue of creationism (or intelligent design) versus evolutionism to the next level. In *The Phenomenon of Man* (c. 1930s), Teilhard de Chardin refutes the notion of an inherent conflict between creationism and evolutionism. Evolution, he contends, is evidenced throughout the universe and is well beyond dispute. The only remaining question is that of First Cause.

Consistent with the notion of intelligent design, de Chardin contends, human beings incurred the capacity to contemplate cause and effect, and thus the meaning of existence, when they were inspired or imbued with a soul. It was at this point that they began considering a purposive life and the possibility of a First Cause. This spiritual awakening, if you will, could have occurred at any point in the evolutionary process, just as the child develops the capacity to reason at a cer-

tain age but is incapable of doing so at birth. It is not a mere matter of creationism over evolutionism. As de Chardin so aptly put it, "Man alone constitutes the last-born, the freshest, the most complicated, the most subtle of all the successive layers of life."

This convergence of spirit and matter in a continually changing universe shows man to be not a static or end product but rather a promising link in an evolutionary process seeking reunification with a universal will. If this sounds too much like church-driven doctrine, the reader must be reminded that de Chardin's writings were banned by the Catholic Church. All his works were published posthumously.

What makes total agreement in this matter difficult, if not nearly impossible, is not the absurdity of the proposition but the fact that we do not yet know all the variables. Time and evolution will tell.

Thank you to VANDERBILT MAGAZINE for an inspiring article.

ROBERT F. SCHAMBIER, EDD'85
Peoria, Ariz.

Reading Dr. Moffett

Wow! THE SPRING '06 VANDERBILT MAGAZINE — what a treat. Two articles really hit home with me: The first is "Meeting Dr. Moffett" [S.P.O.V., p. 64]. What a warm and beautiful human being (the interview being none too soon, either). But what are the names of some of his poems, and where might they be found?

The second article is "Science Friction" (excellent description). I have been doing research for an article about the Scopes Mon-

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key Trial and was most interested to find that John T. Scopes had actually spoken in Nashville on the Peabody campus in 1970. And, to the end he had defended his cause—"The Fundamental Right of Men to Ask Questions."

VIRGINIA PERRY JOHNSON, BS'49
San Jose, Calif.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Read one of Dr. Moffett's poems, "Night Nurse," in the Summer 2005 issue of Vanderbilt Medicine by going to www.mc.vanderbilt.edu/vanderbiltmedicine/vumc_summer05/departments6_1.htm.]

Love the Magazine, Hate the Jumps

I LOVED YOUR SPRING 2006 ISSUE OF VANDERBILT MAGAZINE. I found the articles very interesting and informative, and I read it from cover to cover. However, I found one component very annoying. While reading each article, I had to stop in the middle and thumb to the back for the remainder. Is this necessary? I know there is a format/marketing reason why the larger commercial magazines do it, but is it necessary for your (private/educational) magazine to do it? Why not put each article in one place, and then move on to the next one?


Thank you for your good work.
BRAD DARNALL, BA'64
Brentwood, Tenn.

Vanderbilt Lineage

WITH THE GREATEST DEFERENCE TO, AND respect for, Emeritus Professor Walter Sullivan, and solely in the interest of historical accuracy, I offer one minor correction to his "Visitors from Far and Near" [Spring 2006 issue, VJournal, p. 7]. Harold Vanderbilt was not Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt's grandson. Rather, he was a great-grandson. Harold's father was William Kissam Vanderbilt, whose own father was William Henry Vanderbilt, Harold's grandfather. In turn, William Henry's father was the Commodore.

I had the pleasure and honor of meeting Mr. Harold Vanderbilt in 1965, in Chancellor's Heard's office in Kirkland Hall, an event I chronicled in a series of essays about Consuelo Vanderbilt, Harold's sister. I have two lasting memories of that meeting. One, Mr. Vanderbilt, then 81 to my 22, was a total gentleman. Two, he looked like a tall Claude

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Raines ("Round up the usual suspects!").

Harold, as many know, not only invented the game of contract bridge, but also is arguably the greatest yacht racer of all time. He successfully defended America's Cup three times—a record that still stands. He skippered the *Enterprise* in 1930, the *Rainbow* in 1934, and the *Ranger* in 1937. Considering that America's Cup racing has occurred only 31 times since it began in 1851, I'd say that owning 10 percent of the victories is not insignificant. The next America's Cup race occurs in 2007.

Harold avoided marriage until he was 49. The woman he married was a slim, attractive, athletic 32-year-old blonde by the name of Gertrude Conaway, the daughter of a Philadelphia society family ("Mrs. Vanderbilt" in Professor Sullivan's entertaining memoir).

They met in 1929, when she was 28, during training for the 1930 America's Cup defense. Gertrude loved to sail as much as Harold, and she was good at it. In fact, either for that reason or for another, Harold gave her a posi-

tion on the crew of the *Enterprise* in the 1930 race, and she became the first woman in history to race on board an America's Cup boat during an actual defense. They were married in 1933. She also was a member of her husband's winning crews in 1934 and 1937.

JOHN R. BRANCATO, JD'67
Navarre, Fla.

THOSE WHO ENJOYED WALTER SULLIVAN'S remembrance of the formidable Mrs. Vanderbilt may also like to read my late classmate Allen Gunn's (BA'56) tale of Chancellor Harvie Branscomb's dinner for a group of 1956 seniors at which Harold and Gertrude Vanderbilt were the guests of honor. Gunn's account appears in "VU '56 at 45," a collection published for our 45th Reunion in 2001. A PDF file may be found at www.wam.umd.edu/~calmon/vandy56.htm. "Dinner with the Chancellor" is on page 88.

DOUGLAS CONNAH, BA'56
Baltimore

Quinq Pride

I COMMEND ALL OF YOU FOR PUBLISHING an outstanding edition [Spring 2006]. I have been watching Amy-Jill Levine on CNN and appreciate her work immensely. Glad you included such a nice write-up on her [In Class, “Common Ground,” p. 26].

As a mytho-poet I find the discussions on “intelligent design” and “evolution” fascinating. I think Father Edward Malloy’s position is nearest to mine, but every one you included is provocative [“Science Friction,” p. 36].

My former wife, B. Kate Baldwin Haggerson, BSN’49, was a public health nurse for 25 years. I used to be a frequent visitor to Mary Kirkland Hall and still keep in touch with some of the Class of ’49. It is interesting and very understandable that the School of Nursing now awards only master’s degrees in nursing. I have served on several doctoral committees in the Arizona State University School of Nursing and have tried to keep up with trends in both nursing and nursing education. Your “Critical Condition” article [p. 46] is most informative. All the articles in the Spring 2006 edition are interesting and make me proud to be a Quinq of Vanderbilt University.

NELSON L. HAGGERSON, BA’49

*Professor, emeritus
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.*

Family Matters

YOUR SPRING 2006 ISSUE WAS FULL OF items relating to my family in one fashion or another. Robert Allen [“The Education of Robert Howard Allen,” p. 28] from Carroll County, Tenn.—as was my father’s family—was raised by kinsmen, and it was my uncle, Wendell Holladay (former dean of the College of Arts and Science and provost), who was instrumental in obtaining his admission to Vanderbilt. Donald Davie, a dear friend, used to tell me that Wendell had made possible one of the highlights of his career.

Another uncle, Jack [Clayton] Holladay, BA’50, MS’71, was the most loyal Vanderbilt sports fan I ever saw. [See “Dores Who Love Too Much,” p. 54.] From 1945 until 1995, he did not miss a home football game and rarely missed one on the road. Three nights



after a triple bypass in late 1994, his son wheeled him from the hospital to the stadium to keep his streak going. He loved the university and its sports teams so much that when he died, in January 1998, he was buried in a Vanderbilt jacket, in Vanderbilt colors, and wearing a Vanderbilt watch.

He had a unique ritual for the (few) times Vanderbilt defeated UT in football. Since the game

was usually played in cold weather, he invariably wore a wool knit toboggan to the game. Afterwards, if Vanderbilt won, he would surreptitiously make his way down to the 50-yard line, douse his toboggan with lighter fluid, burn it, and bury its ashes at mid-field. This worked very well until the advent of artificial turf; when Vandy won in Knoxville in 1975, he dutifully made his way to mid-field and, somehow escaping the eyes of the security guards, burned his hat and scattered the ashes. He would have been quite pleased last November.

BOB HOLLADAY, BA’77
Tallahassee, Fla.

Corrections

THERE WAS AN ARTICLE ABOUT THE VU-UT game in the Sports section of the Spring 2006 issue [p. 18]. It says Moses Osemwegie intercepted the last pass. Actually, it was Jared Fagan. Moses was rushing the UT passer, causing him to under throw.

All of us fans would like to see the record set straight. Great magazine!

BILL GOODSON, BA’57, MD’60
*Grandfather of Hamilton Holliday, #53,
Class of 2008
Huntsville, Ala.*

THANK YOU FOR RUNNING AN ARTICLE about the nation’s nursing shortage that details the current situation, different perspectives, and the many ways Vanderbilt University School of Nursing is trying to help solve the problem [Spring 2006 issue, “Critical Condition,” p. 46].

I am writing because of a miscommunication that resulted in the Vine Hill Clinic’s being described as hosting four to five students a year. In fact, we generally have two to three students rotating through our site on a weekly basis. Most students are assigned to the clinic for multiple weeks and/or months.

We are proud of all our programs and are always looking for new ways to educate our students while also serving unmet health-care needs in the community. With the VUSN-run Vine Hill clinic, we’ve struck a successful balance of both. The clinic serves up to 20,000 mostly low-income and uninsured patient visits each year. We can do that because of the students who work with our faculty. We typically have 40 Vanderbilt nursing students rotate through each year working with a preceptor. On top of that, the clinic frequently hosts nursing, master of public health and physician’s assistant students from other universities as well as medical students and management students.

Vine Hill has gained a reputation among the area’s nursing educators outside the Vanderbilt community as a well-run clinic that offers a great training ground for a wide variety of health-care students. Thanks for bringing this issue to the forefront and for clarifying Vine Hill’s strong involvement in education and community service.

BONNIE PILON
*Senior associate dean for practice
Vanderbilt University School of Nursing*

Letters are always welcome

in response to contents of the magazine. We reserve the right to edit for length, style and clarity. Send signed letters to the Editor, VANDERBILT MAGAZINE, VU Station B #357703, 2301 Vanderbilt Place, Nashville, TN 37235-7703, or e-mail vanderbiltmagazine@vanderbilt.edu.

Another Country on the Other Side of Town

They had nothing in common, these rarefied students and hardened prisoners, except family, empathy, and a yearning to heal the world. By RAY WADDLE, MA'81

LAST SPRING SEMESTER I turned from the magnolias and iPods of campus and convened the Vanderbilt Divinity School writing seminar at a different venue altogether—a different country, the Riverbend maximum security men's prison across town.

Each Monday afternoon a dozen of us—divinity students and a few Vanderbilt students auditing the class—met at the prison's front entrance, as if to make a border crossing into another nation, the largely forgotten province of America's incarcerated. (Almost 700 are housed at Riverbend Maximum Security Institution; 2 million are now imprisoned in the United States, more than any other country.)

We were allowed to bring in no money, no food, no wallet or cell phone, only our books and notebooks for class. Courteous, ungrinning guards frisked us and dispatched us through airport-style security gates and razor-wire corridors. After making our way outside across a long treeless courtyard, we finally arrived at a generic classroom, where a half-dozen violent offenders and other inmates awaited us with smiles, handshakes and bear hugs.

I didn't know what to expect. The aim of this "Writing About Religion" seminar is to write about spiritual matters—personal faith or public controversy—with clarity, accuracy, fairness and verve. Normally, I teach only divinity students these things. This time Vanderbilt Divinity administrators asked me to do it at the prison, where the School has been nurturing a formal presence, holding a

course each semester there in order to give ministers-in-training a vivid idea of modern criminal justice and empathy with the voiceless incarcerated.

I was eager to begin, but questions lingered: Would it be possible to conduct a writing class of such disparate demographics? Would the prisoners know how to write? Could our discussions of prison life and spirituality, here on the grounds of a state prison, be candid?

As it turned out, my anxious questions were beside the point. Other answers, other questions, prevailed.

Arranging our chairs in a circle, we sat each week in a mixed arrangement of prisoners and grad students, never one group divided from the other. The prisoners, I quickly realized, were attentive, serious, and conscientious about completing the weekly writing and reading assignments. I was regularly accosted by inmates giving me anguished explanations about why their work should have been better that week.

They were always the guys dressed in jail-house denim shirts and jeans, but this sartorial detail lost its stigmatizing power at the first session. For a couple of hours a week, we were all writing colleagues, wrestling with words to get elusive thoughts down right. My job was to urge everyone to look at writing as a way to become accountable for their own beliefs. I invited them to write in order to confront their own dreads and hopes and tell stories no one had heard before. I dared them to attempt to get their work published.

Each week brought revelations.

One prisoner, Al, who'd been locked up 25 years, said he does a lot of spiritual writing to



help inmates break the cycle of bitterness and self-defeat. Rahim, a prisoner for 15 years, had journeyed from Christianity through Islam to his current eclectic reverence for life. He wanted to improve his self-expression so he could become perhaps the nation's first hip-hop prison minister. Inmate Ed, editor of the *Maximum Times* prison newspaper, wanted to improve his editing skills and the conciseness of his writing.

Another, Fred, had been on death row for seven years, but his sentence was recently reduced to a life term. He stoically said he had lots to express: "I feel good about life because there is a God."

All these guys had received permission from the warden to attend these classes. They had demonstrated trustworthiness; most had jobs on the grounds of the prison itself.

My challenge every week was to find an issue that sparked conversation between wearied prisoners and privileged graduate students of religion. This got easier as everyone got to know each other: Pre-class greetings and post-

continued on page 83

1,000 Words

One image frozen in time

Too Cool for School

Freshmen Nick Lee (left) and Mike Banasiak take time out from studying for finals on a warm April day to enjoy a makeshift slip-n-slide in the Kissam Quad. Photo by Daniel Dubois.



The Campus

“I was able to give patients narcotics

Man Earns School of Nursing Founder's Medal for First Time

A BIT OF HISTORY WAS MADE at Commencement in May when Michael Gooch became the first man—and the first flight nurse—ever to earn the School of Nursing's Founder's Medal, recognizing the year's highest-achieving graduate.

Gooch, a Vanderbilt Life-

Flight nurse, is a trailblazer in many ways. He grew up on a farm in Goodspring, Tenn. As a freshman in high school, the former Boy Scout joined the Explorer Post through the local emergency medical services office, and was allowed to go on ambulance runs and

later spent time job-shadowing in the local hospital's emergency department.

From then on he knew he wanted to pursue a health-care career. He attended Columbia State Community College to earn his associate's degree and, at age 20, was working in the emergency department and critical-care unit at the local hospital. “I was able to give patients narcotics before I was even the legal drinking age,” Gooch says.

He earned his bachelor's degree from Middle Tennessee State University after attending paramedic school. That's when he got his first taste of what it's like to be a flight nurse.

“I figured out what I needed to get under my belt in order to become a flight nurse,” he says. His strategy included working as a paramedic in nearby Williamson County, and working in the Vanderbilt emergency department as an R.N. He worked his way into a position on Vanderbilt's LifeFlight team in 2002. After that he jumped at the chance to use Vanderbilt's tuition-reimbursement program to enroll in the School of Nursing's acute-care nurse practitioner program.

Gooch will continue his work with LifeFlight. He's also signed on with a Knoxville, Tenn.-based emergency department group and is working

at River Park Hospital in McMinnville. He hopes to continue with community education and outreach and perhaps guest-lecture at the Vanderbilt School of Nursing. He's also exploring options to pursue a doctoral degree.

Five Prominent African-American Scholars Join Faculty

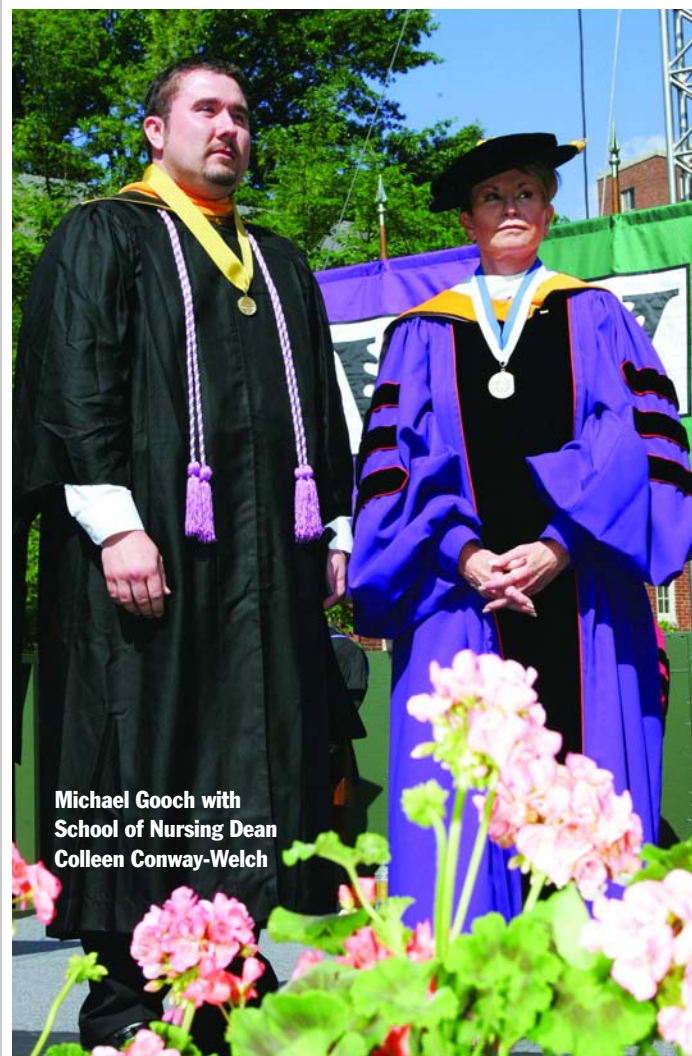
VANDERBILT has hired five prominent African-American scholars in a blockbuster recruiting

coup that advances its efforts to be a major player in the study of African-American literature and deepen scholarship of Southern and American literature. Houston Baker, Hortense Spillers, Charlotte Pierce-Baker, Alice Randall and Ifeoma Nwankwo will begin work at the university during the fall 2006 semester.

The new hires are being tapped by Vanderbilt to be leaders in continuing efforts to pursue interdisciplinary studies, train minority scholars, and reach out to historically black colleges. Programs in collaboration with historically black colleges are already in place at Vanderbilt in fields including physics and medicine, and

Summer 2006

before I was even the legal drinking age.” —MICHAEL GOOCH, School of Nursing Founder's Medalist



Michael Gooch with School of Nursing Dean Colleen Conway-Welch

NEIL BIRNIE

Vanderbilt's Robert Penn Warren Center for the Humanities is planning a yearlong seminar on black European studies in 2007–08.

Southern culture cannot be taught apart from African-American culture, says Jay Clayton, chair of the English department. “The South is the seedbed from which African-American music, literature, art and cuisine rose and spread. This is part of Vanderbilt's re-imagining how to teach American literature.”

Baker, who leaves Duke University to become a distinguished university professor at Vanderbilt, is one of the most wide-ranging intellectuals in America. He has written about Victorian and African-American literature, rap music, the legacy of Booker T. Washington and the Harlem Renaissance.

Spillers, who leaves Cornell University to become the Gertrude Conaway Vanderbilt Professor of English, “is one of the most brilliant intellectuals working in literary criticism and theory from the 1970s onward,” says Clayton. She has written about psychoanalysis and race, how linguistics has failed black women, and crucial essays on authors including Zora Neale Hurston, Margaret Walker, Toni Morrison, Ralph Ellison, Gwendolyn Brooks and William Faulkner.



Baker

Pink Bowties Are In, Uggs Are Out: The Year According to Versus

VANDERBILT MAGAZINE thanks student-produced *Versus* magazine for sharing these campus favorites from its 2006 “Best of Vandy” reader poll.

Best Professor:

James Lovensheimer, Assistant Professor of Musicology

For a professor who prefaces his class with a story about how he was a homeless substance abuser 20 years ago, he sure has come far. Teaching music history courses here at Vanderbilt, he brings musical excitement to all Vanderbilt students.

Best Greek House:

Beta Upsilon Chi

BYX is in its fourth year on campus and this year had more new members than any other frat. BYX is the lone Christian fraternity on campus and is known for its island party thrown on Alumni Lawn in the spring.

Worst Fashion Trend:

Uggs (second year in a row)

Short for “ugg-ly” and by far the worst fashion trend ever to make it to the big market. Vanderbilt students have declared this to be a winner only in the sense that they never again want to see those shapeless boots strut the campus.

Best Gordon Gee Bowtie:

Pink with Green Polka Dots

With more than 700 different bowties, when will we see him wear this one again?

Best Place to Study on Campus:

Buttrick Hall

After its long-awaited renovation, Buttrick Hall opened its doors last fall to reveal crisp, clean enclaves lit by sunlight. Buttrick offers comfortable leather chairs without the somber, soporific silence of the Baseball Glove lounge.

Best Vanderbilt Sports Moment:

VU Football Beats UT 28–24

Students unanimously picked the November triumph in Knoxville. Jay Cutler led the offense for a touchdown connection to Earl Bennett with slightly more than a minute left in the game, and Jared Fagan ended the game with an interception as UT threatened to steal a win from the Commodores. The win was Vanderbilt's first over Rocky Top since 1982 and was especially sweet as the Commodores eliminated any chance the Volunteers had to go to a bowl game.



Pierce-Baker leaves Duke to become a professor of women's and gender studies and professor of English at Vanderbilt. She was nationally acclaimed for her 1999 book, *Surviving the Silence: Black Women's Stories of Rape*, and will teach

sociolinguistics for the English department.

Randall, a former visiting professor at Vanderbilt, returns for a three-year term as writer-in-residence. Her debut novel, *The Wind Done Gone*, a parody of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone*

with the Wind, sparked a First Amendment court battle, and her second, *Pushkin and the Queen of Spades*, was critically acclaimed in 2004.

Nwankwo, who leaves the University of Michigan, was one of the most heavily

{Inquiring Minds}

Helping Children Handle Emotions May Improve Stuttering

Children who stutter often face greater challenges managing their behavior and emotions than other children—a finding that offers new insight into how to help these children in a more holistic way. “Stuttering, as it continues, can impact a child’s academic, emotional, social and vocational potential and development,” says Vanderbilt psychologist Tedra Walden, a co-author of the research.

The research team also included Vanderbilt researchers Jan Karrass, who was first author of the research; co-author Edward G. Conture, director of graduate studies in the Department of Hearing and Speech Sciences; and Corrin Graham, Hayley Arnold, Kia Hartfield and Krista Schwenk. The research will soon appear in the *Journal of Communication Disorders* but is available online now at www.sciencedirect.com/science/journal/00219924.

Study to Weigh In on Grapefruit Diet

Vanderbilt researchers have launched a two-year study to determine how consumption of grapefruit and grapefruit juice affects appetite, dietary intake, weight loss and body composition.

“The myth of the grapefruit diet has been around for decades,” says Heidi Silver, research assistant professor at Vanderbilt’s Center for Human Nutrition and the study’s principal investigator. “But in all this time, there has never really been any solid science to support this assumption, other than one study completed by the Scripps Clinic in California in 2004.”

Funded by the Florida Department of Citrus, the Vanderbilt study will use a total of 4,158 white-marsh grapefruits and 893 bottles of grapefruit juice that are being shipped each month from Florida.

Engineers to Help Air Force Use Global Information Grid

Vanderbilt engineers are working on software to harness the power of the Global Information Grid to help pilots and other soldiers communicate with their commanders more effectively. The GIG includes all communications networks, from the Internet and landlines to cell phones and satellites. Douglas C. Schmidt, Vanderbilt professor of computer science, is principal investigator of a group of U.S. researchers that has received a \$1.2 million grant from the U.S. Air Force Research Laboratory to tackle the multidimensional challenge of developing software that enables U.S. military commanders to use the disparate resources of the GIG in an effective fashion.

“The software we are creating not only will broaden communications capabilities by utilizing the GIG to augment air-force communications technology such as war-fighters’ radio, landline and satellite communications,” says Schmidt, “but also will ensure that all communications are delivered according to commander priorities and are protected from interception and disruption.” Vanderbilt is teaming with Carnegie Mellon University in the project.



recruited mid-career professors in the country before Vanderbilt lured her to be an associate professor of English. She is a specialist in Caribbean literature and culture with a book soon to be published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

University Names New Enrollment Strategist

DOUGLAS L. CHRISTIANSEN, Purdue University’s top admissions and enrollment-management executive, has been named Vanderbilt’s senior enrollment strategist in a newly established position designed to enhance the university’s admissions and financial-aid efforts.

Christiansen, assistant vice president for enrollment management and dean of admissions at Purdue, will become associate provost for enrollment and dean of admissions at Vanderbilt, where he will oversee the offices of undergraduate admissions and financial aid beginning in August.

“Doug Christiansen already has an exceptional track record as an enrollment executive in a very competitive environment, as well as a national reputation for academic excellence and integrity,” says Provost and Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nicholas S. Zeppos. “He is a brilliant, thoughtful, analytical and creative leader who will help us build on Vanderbilt’s tremendous success in recent years.”

Under Christiansen’s leadership, applications for admission to Purdue increased 48 percent, resulting in improved academic quality, ethnic diversity and

international presence. In addition to serving as chief enrollment officer at Purdue, Christiansen was administratively responsible for a wide range of programs, including admissions, financial aid, orientation, new-student programs, learning communities, early access programs, the registrar, and enrollment-management analysis and reporting. He also had coordinating responsibility in the areas of space management and academic scheduling, the bursar, graduate school admissions, and international students and scholars. He held an appointment as assistant professor in Purdue’s college of education.

Christiansen earned a doctor of philosophy degree in higher education administration, a master’s degree in public administration and a bachelor’s degree from the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. He consults with universities throughout the United States on enrollment management and revenue-generation funding models.



Debate Team Takes National Championship

VANDERBILT’S DEBATE TEAM had a record season this past year, competing in 15 tournaments and more than 300 debate rounds, and winning more than 60 awards.

The team ended the season by competing in the Cross Examination Debate Association’s (CEDA) 2006 National Championship Tournament

{Virtual Vanderbilt}

<http://bioimages.vanderbilt.edu>

Sycamores and Sassafras

Senior Lecturer of Biological Sciences Steve Baskauf has spent years documenting the trees and plants on Vanderbilt’s campus, which holds the distinction of being a designated national arboretum. Now Baskauf has come up with an interactive Vanderbilt University Arboretum tree tour. The site receives between 1,000 and 2,000 page views per day. Several national organizations have endorsed the site, including PBS’ Web site and the journal *BioTechniques*. As a companion to the Web site, Baskauf has created a CD-ROM that is available for \$1.50 at the Vanderbilt Bookstore. (Support from The Mapheus Smith Tree Fund, established to support Vanderbilt’s trees, helps keep the cost of the CD low.) Baskauf views the site as a resource for educators and plant lovers alike, including those who come across it as they try to identify a mystery plant from their own yard or garden.



March 31–April 5 in Dallas. Team members senior Katie Ryzoc and junior Phil Rappmund cleared to the final tournament bracket at the national championship—the equivalent of a college basketball team being invited to the NCAA tournament. Ryzoc was chosen for the CEDA’s National All-American Debate Squad.

During spring break, Vanderbilt juniors Courtney Gould and Russell Ross beat more than 80 debate teams from colleges and universities across the country to win the CEDA’s 2006 Novice National Debate Tournament at West Virginia University.

Gould’s and Ross’ win is the first national debate championship for Vanderbilt since the 1980s. “The squad really pulled together, and it has been an amazing effort on everyone’s part,” says M.L. Sandoz, debate team coach and the University’s

director of debate. Sandoz is a senior lecturer in the Department of Communications Studies.

In intercollegiate debate, one resolution is chosen for the year. This year students from across the country debated whether the United States should pressure China on economic, trade and diplomatic issues. During the year the students must approach the topic from several perspectives—both for and against the proposed resolution.

At the novice national tournament, Gould was also presented with the fifth-place Speaker Award. Ross ranked 17th in the same category.

Sandoz received the 2006 John A. Jacobsohn Memorial Award for career contributions to education through debate. She also received the CEDA’s 2006 Galentine Award, given to an outstanding female debate

coach and one of the two most prestigious national awards recognizing contributions to national education, community and competitive success.

Third Bed-Tower Plan Takes Shape

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY Medical Center is moving forward with longstanding plans to add a third bed tower to the main hospital. The 11-story tower would be built atop Vanderbilt University Hospital’s Emergency Department and would add 141 additional acute-

care beds as well as several new operating suites. The project’s \$234 million price tag includes renovations and upgrades to other areas of the hospital, as well as other buildings on the Medical Center campus.

VUH currently has 501 adult beds and is the largest hospital in Middle Tennessee. Including the Monroe Carell Jr. Children’s Hospital at Vanderbilt and the Psychiatric Hospital at Vanderbilt, VUMC is licensed for 805 beds.

With occupancy rates at VUH routinely around 90 percent, the addition is needed to keep pace with demand. High occupancy levels over the past five years have overtaxed the hospital’s capacity, resulting in patient diversions and extensive use of holding areas for patients who would otherwise be admitted.

Pending state approval, construction could begin this fall and is expected to be completed in phases, with completion targeted for 2012. The new tower would consist of eight patient-care and two mechanical floors above the existing one-story emergency department. The project also involves relocation and expansion of existing cardiac catheterization labs and cardiac “hybrid” >>>





“It was some guy named George Bush. Four years later I married his son.”

— First Lady Laura Bush, recalling the name of the commencement speaker at her own 1973 graduation ceremony (which she skipped) at the University of Texas. Mrs. Bush was speaker at Vanderbilt’s Senior Day on May 11.

operating rooms, relocation of a clinical research unit, and the addition of 14 new operating suites.

Students Spend Summer in Uganda

ABOUT 20 VANDERBILT University students spent the summer working with health organizations in Uganda as part of that country’s response to HIV/AIDS.

Uganda’s HIV/AIDS response is viewed as a model in sub-Saharan Africa, and work continues there to help the more than 500,000 people who the Centers for Disease Control estimates are infected with HIV. The students helped in these efforts in the country’s capital, Kampala.

The Kampala Project on Global Citizenship is an example of Vanderbilt’s efforts to expand its nationally recognized commitment to service learning. Vanderbilt has the

oldest and one of the largest Alternative Spring Break (ASB) programs in the nation. The university’s Office of Active Citizenship and Service, which coordinates ASB, also helps students, faculty and staff plan other service trips across the country and around the world.

The Kampala Project is a partnership among the Office of Active Citizenship and Service, the School of Medicine’s Institute for Global Health, and the Center for Medicine, Health and Society.

“Our aim is to foster lifelong civic involvement among our students,” says Mark Dalhouse, director of the Office of Active Citizenship and Service, who

served as program director for the Kampala Project and made the trip with the students.

Students in Kampala worked with nongovernmental organizations to help those infected with and orphaned by HIV/AIDS. They took a preparatory course this spring designed to help them under-



Vanderbilt students in Uganda meet members of The Nile Beat dance troupe at the home of Kyabazinga, the king of the Basoga people.

stand cultural differences and the global context of Ugandan issues and development.

Vanderbilt students have helped residents in Louisiana’s rural Washington Parish clean up in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina and worked in a medical and dental clinic started by a Vanderbilt medical student in Xela, Guatemala. A trip is also planned to Lwala, Kenya, where students will help another Vanderbilt medical student build a clinic in his home village where people frequently have to walk miles to receive medical care.

For more information visit the Kampala Project Web site at <http://web.mac.com/gregory.barz/iWeb/Site/Welcome.html>.

Sleep Core Adds to Research Arsenal

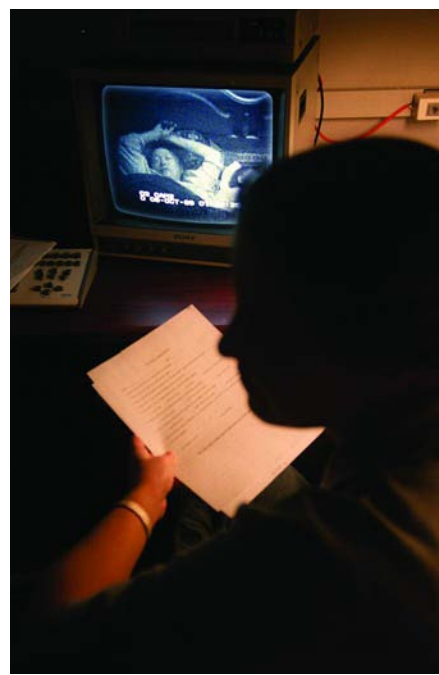
IT DIDN’T TAKE LONG FOR Vanderbilt’s Sleep Research Core to fully awaken. Not yet a year old, the core—housed in Vanderbilt’s General Clinical Research Center—is supporting numerous clinical research efforts.

“Clinical sleep research is becoming more recognized as an important investigative tool,” says Beth Malow, associate professor of neurology and director of the Sleep Research Core as well as director of the Vanderbilt Sleep Disorders Center. “It really spans many disciplines, including neurology, pulmonary medicine, psychiatry and pediatrics. This core was established to develop collaborations among researchers with very specific clinical interests, allowing them to add a sleep component to their research.”

The core currently has nine ongoing studies, which include examining the effects of treating sleep apnea in people with epilepsy; studying how sleep patterns in children with autism impact their daytime behavior; and assessing how circadian/sleep rhythms impact protein content in human blood.

Two sleep rooms in the core are equipped with digital monitoring technology. Studies also can be done off-site or in patients’ homes. In the case of one current study, the research takes place in Vanderbilt’s Medical Intensive Care Unit (MICU), where researchers are looking at how quality of sleep may affect outcomes in the MICU and how different types of sedation and medication impact sleep quality.

“No area of clinical research is more productive and compelling at the moment than



sleep and circadian rhythm studies,” says David Robertson, director of the General Clinical Research Center.

Magazine Wins Two National Awards

VANDERBILT MAGAZINE won both a gold medal and a silver medal in the “Best Articles of the Year” category of the 2006 national Circle of Excellence competition sponsored by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education.

Out of 265 entries in this category, 22 were recognized with awards. Vanderbilt and Johns Hopkins University were the only schools to win both a gold and a silver medal.

Vanderbilt’s winning articles were “Take the Side Road,” a profile of alumnus Roy Blount Jr. written by Dale Keiger (gold medal, Fall 2005 issue), and “One Chocolate at a Time,” a profile of alumna Katrina Markoff written by Rachel Morton (silver medal, Summer 2005 issue).

{Top Picks}

Peabody Dean Nominated to National Science Board

Camilla P. Benbow has been nominated by President George W. Bush and confirmed by the U.S. Senate to the National Science Board. Benbow is the Patricia and Rodes Hart Dean of Education and Human Development at Vanderbilt’s Peabody College. The National Science Board provides advice to the president and Congress on matters related to science and engineering in addition to its oversight role for the National Science Foundation, which funds approximately 20 percent of all federally supported basic research conducted by America’s colleges and universities.



Cottrell Scholar to Use Award for Research, Minority Recruitment

A Vanderbilt physics professor is one of 13 young scientists named a 2006 Cottrell Scholar, a \$100,000 fellowship designed to encourage early career science researchers who show promise. Keivan Stassun, assistant professor of physics and astronomy, was on the list of winners released in May by the Research Corp.

Stassun plans to use some of the funding to support his research on the process of star formation. The rest will go



toward expansion of the Fisk-Vanderbilt Master’s-to-Ph.D. Bridge Program, a partnership between Fisk and Vanderbilt universities that allows minority students in the sciences to earn a master’s degree in physics at Fisk and then a Ph.D. in a related science at Vanderbilt. Stassun directs the program, which this fall will include its first students from a second historically black university, North Carolina Agriculture and Technology State University in Greensboro.

Meltzer Chairs International Mental Illness Meeting

Dr. Herbert Meltzer chaired the national organizing committee for the biennial meeting of the world’s largest neuropsychopharmacology organization, held in July in Chicago. An estimated 4,000 psychiatrists, scientists and mental-health officials from 30 countries attended the 25th Congress of the Collegium Internationale Neuro-Psychopharmacologicum (CINP). Meltzer, a former CINP president, is the Bixler/May/Johnson Professor of Psychiatry, director of the Division of Psychopharmacology, and professor of pharmacology at Vanderbilt.



Sports

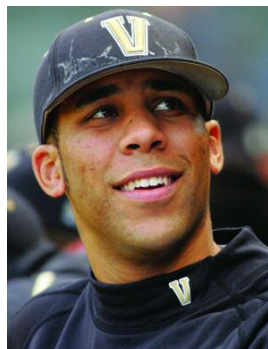
A look at Vanderbilt athletics

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WHAT, TO DATE, has been a stellar baseball career, David Price could be found in the backyard. Wait, front yard. Nope, backyard ... front yard. "My mom always tells the story about when I was 3 years old," Price recalls. "We lived in a one-story house, and I had a Wiffle ball I would hit over the house, run around to the other side and hit it back. All day long."

And so it began for David Price, Vanderbilt's 6-foot-6, flame-throwing left-handed pitcher. During the ensuing years he progressed through coach pitch (age 6) and kid pitch (age 9). "I either pitched or played first," he says. "We always pitched off an artificial mound—a green plastic thing with a mound on it. It was weird."

Price's father and coaches made sure the young southpaw took care of his pitching arm and didn't get too fancy too soon. "I basically just threw fastballs. I guess I started throwing curve balls around seventh grade. All kids mess around when they're 10 or 11 trying to flip a curve ball while they're playing catch, but never in a game."

Price's family has always been a source of strength and direction in his life. His parents and two older brothers and their families all live within a short distance of each other in Murfreesboro, Tenn. "I spend a lot of time with all of them," says Price. "We hang out a lot, do a lot of family get-together stuff." He



is particularly fond of the family-friendly rounds of golf they play. "Actually, golf is probably my favorite sport, then baseball. I've never had any lessons or anything. I just like to go out there and hit it. I hit it a lot with my dad and my brothers and my uncle. It's a big family thing. My mom plays, so it's fun."

At Blackman High School in Murfreesboro, Price had a 0.43 ERA with 151 strikeouts and was a two-time Rutherford County MVP pitcher, Co-District 7 AAA Pitcher of the Year, and three-time Rutherford County Male Athlete of the Year.

With college looming, he was uncertain where his next start would be. A conversation with one of his older brothers may have been pivotal in his decision to attend Vanderbilt.

"My brother said, 'What do you think about going to Vanderbilt?' I said, 'I'll never go to Vanderbilt. They're not any good. It's just not something

I see myself doing.'" To the contrary, Coach Tim Corbin led the Commodores to the NCAA super regionals that year. "They had a promising year coming up," Price continues. "I got to thinking, If I stay around here, my family could continue to watch me play and all my friends—everybody who's been a part of my baseball life growing up. I guess I didn't want to go far away. I wasn't going to go to MTSU, and I hate UT. It didn't take me long to realize I wanted to come here. My first visit on campus, they offered me a schol-

arship. My parents were really happy."

In his first year as a Commodore, Price was named a Freshman All-American by both *Baseball America* and *Collegiate Baseball* magazines. He logged 92 strikeouts in 69.1 innings, holding opponents to a .207 average against him.

"He had a very good freshman year followed by a great summer with Team USA," said Coach Tim Corbin in the off-season. "Although just a sophomore, David is a very good leader and an excellent competitor."

In the summer of 2005, Price was invited to join Team USA for a taste of baseball with an international flavor. "It was a lot different," he says. "We did a lot of traveling. I had never been out of the country."

Price continued to garner regional and national honors during his 2006 sophomore stint. He was named the Southeastern Conference Pitcher of the Week and the National Pitcher of the Week on a number of occasions.

"Any time you get recognized for accomplishments in the league, that's good," he says. "Especially in the SEC. Nationally, that's nice. I guess I expect it of myself. When I don't get it, I'm kind of disappointed in myself. I expect that every week."

Life after Vanderbilt will still include a leather-covered sphere for Price, who majors in sociology. "Major League Baseball, obviously, has been my dream since I was young, so that's a top priority on my list. I'll definitely be getting a chance to play Major League Baseball. After that, I'll just retire and play golf all day."

Close to Home

Local recruit, All-American pitcher David Price sets his sights on the big leagues.

By NELSON BRYAN, BA'73



David Price was named SEC Pitcher of the Week and National Pitcher of the Week several times during his sophomore year.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRANKE

2006 Commodore Baseball Season Is a Hit

The Commodores played another impressive season of baseball, logging a 38–27 record, advancing to the SEC Tournament Championship game, and playing the NCAA Regional Tournament in Atlanta. In the process, several players received awards for their efforts.

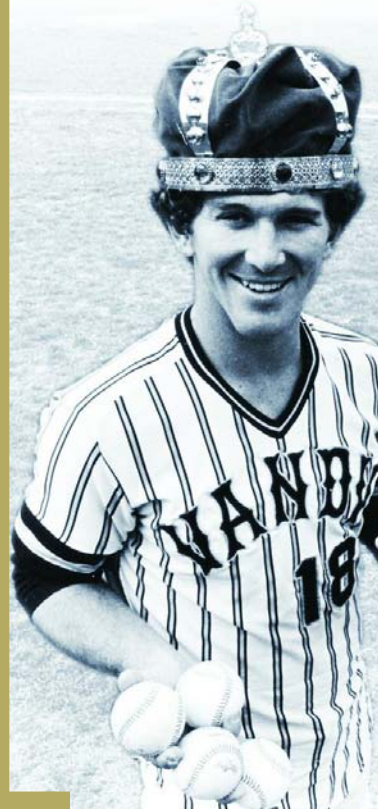
Freshman third-baseman Pedro Alvarez and sophomore pitcher David Price were All-American and All-South Region picks. Alvarez was named *Collegiate Baseball's* National Freshman of the Year, first-team All-American by *Baseball America*, and SEC Freshman of the Year and All-South Region by the American Baseball Coaches Association. Price was a third-team All-American choice by the National Collegiate Baseball Writers Association and a first-team All-South Region pick.



All-American Pedro Alvarez was named National Freshman of the Year for 2006 by *Collegiate Baseball*.

Several players were drafted by major-league teams at season's end. Senior pitcher Matt Buschmann and senior catcher Brian Hernandez were drafted by the San Diego Padres. Junior pitchers Casey Weathers and Greg Moviell were picked by the Detroit Tigers and Seattle Mariners, respectively.

{Where Are They Now?}



You remember **Scotti Madison**, BA'81. Baseball player. Stalwart performer on Vanderbilt's 1980 SEC Championship team. First-team All American. First-team All SEC. Third-round draft pick of the Minnesota Twins. And he still owns the Vanderbilt career home run record with 49. Today Scotti's still at the top of his game. He's been named the top agent—among 50,000 agents—with Aflac Insurance for four consecutive years. He lives in Acworth, Ga., with his wife, high-school senior daughter, and his 6-foot-3-inch, 15-year-old son. He's been coaching Little League baseball for eight years and watched the Commodores play Georgia Tech this year in the NCAA Regional Baseball Tournament. "I'm really pleased with Coach Corbin and the direction they're heading," he says of the present-day team. He also stays busy marketing Triggerlite, a self-recharging flashlight. And he started Georgians Need Summers, an organization designed to "stop the creep of year-round schools in Cobb County."

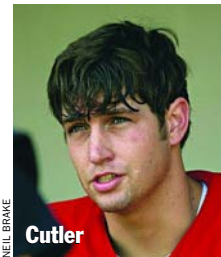


Cutler, Griffin Named Athletes of the Year

Future pro quarterback Jay Cutler and soccer standout Tyler Griffin were named Vanderbilt's Male and Female Athletes of the Year for 2005–06.

Cutler finished his Vanderbilt career as the SEC's Offensive Player of the Year and was drafted by the Denver Broncos as the 11th pick in the NFL draft. His final collegiate pass was a game-winning touchdown at Tennessee.

Goalkeeper Griffin was named the SEC Defensive Player of the Year after setting school records with 14 shutouts (also an SEC record) and 0.45 goals against average. Vanderbilt's athletes of the year are selected by a vote of the senior athletic staff administrators.



Cutler



Griffin

Meyer Honored by Metro Council for Lifesaving Effort

Athletic trainer Mike Meyer was recognized by Nashville's Metropolitan Council and the National Athletic Trainers' Association (NATA) for his efforts in saving the life of Vanderbilt men's basketball player Davis Nwankwo in early March.

Nwankwo, a redshirt freshman, collapsed at the beginning of basketball practice March 6 when he suffered cardiac arrest. A student athletic trainer retrieved an automated external defibrillator, and Meyer resuscitated Nwankwo by administering one shock and two rescue breaths.

Meyer also was named the NATA Division I Athletic Trainer of the Year at the association's annual symposium in June.

He has been an assistant trainer with the men's basketball and women's golf programs since joining Vanderbilt in 2003.



Meyer

{Sports Roundup}

Men's Golf: List Earns First-Team All-SEC Honors



List

Junior Luke List was one of eight men's golfers to earn All-SEC recognition by a vote of the league's coaches. He notched seven top-10 finishes, winning medalist honors three times during the season: at the Mason Rudolph Championship, the All-American Classic, and the New Year's Invitational.

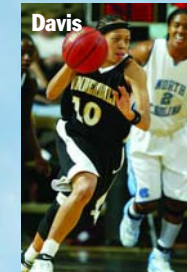
2006 Football Schedule

Sept. 2	at Michigan
Sept. 9	at Alabama
Sept. 16	Arkansas
Sept. 23	Tennessee State
Sept. 30	Temple
Oct. 7	at Ole Miss
Oct. 14	at Georgia
Oct. 21	South Carolina (Homecoming)
Oct. 28	at Duke
Nov. 4	Florida
Nov. 11	at Kentucky
Nov. 18	Tennessee

Women's Lacrosse: Four Commodores Make All-Region Team

Four members of the women's lacrosse team earned All-Region recognition from the Intercollegiate Women's Lacrosse Coaches Association in May. Senior Kate Hickman and sophomore Sasha Cielak were first-team honorees, and junior Molly Frew and sophomore Margie Curran were named to the second team. Hickman ranks third at Vanderbilt in goals scored and points. Cielak led the team with caused turnovers and ground balls this season. Frew was chosen as a team captain, and Curran led the team in assists with 23. The team ended the season with a 6–10 overall record.

Women's Basketball: Davis Named to SEC First Team

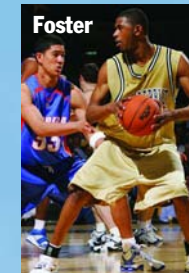


Davis

Junior point guard Dee Davis was named to the All-SEC first team, and sophomore center Liz Sherwood earned the inaugural Sixth Woman of the Year Award. Junior guard Caroline Williams was named to the All-SEC second team. Davis led the conference with 6.9 assists per game, placing third nationally.

Williams averaged 12.7 points per game and led the SEC in three-pointers made per game. Sherwood made 81 percent of her free throws, and led the nation in field-goal percentage with 66.4 percent. The Commodores finished the season with a 21–11 record.

Men's Basketball: Foster Named First-Team All-SEC



Foster

Sophomore wing player Shan Foster earned first-team All-SEC selection by the league's coaches last March. He is the first Commodore to earn the honor since Matt Freije did so in 2004. The men finished the season with a 16–13 record.

Bowling: Peloquin Named National Rookie of the Year

Freshman Michelle Peloquin was named a first-team All-American and winner of the national Rookie of the Year Award by the National Tenpin Coaches Association. She is Vanderbilt's first bowling All-American and the only freshman on the team. She rolled a 212 average over 64 games, second best in the NCAA. Classmate Tara Kane was selected to the honorable mention team.



Garret Westlake, MEd'04, played for and now coaches Vanderbilt's Ultimate Frisbee team. (Yes, it is a sport, and they do play other college teams.)

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRAKE

Vanderbilt Holdings

Collections and collectibles



Delbert Mann, Uncut

An Oscar-winning director shares vignettes from an era when quality mattered more than ratings. By RAY WADDLE, MA'81

BATCH BY BATCH, YEAR AFTER year, Hollywood director Delbert Mann delivered the off-camera artifacts of a charmed, crowded career—TV scripts, film cast lists, celebrity photos, memoirs—to Vanderbilt.

In Box 5 you'll find scripts for the 1957 movies *Desire Under the Elms* and *Lee at Gettysburg*. Boxes 92–94 feature five volumes of memoir. Box 70 contains background papers for a 1965 film he almost did: *The Oskar Schindler Story*.

The files provide a glimpse of Hollywood magic but also a hard look at the real work behind the glamour.

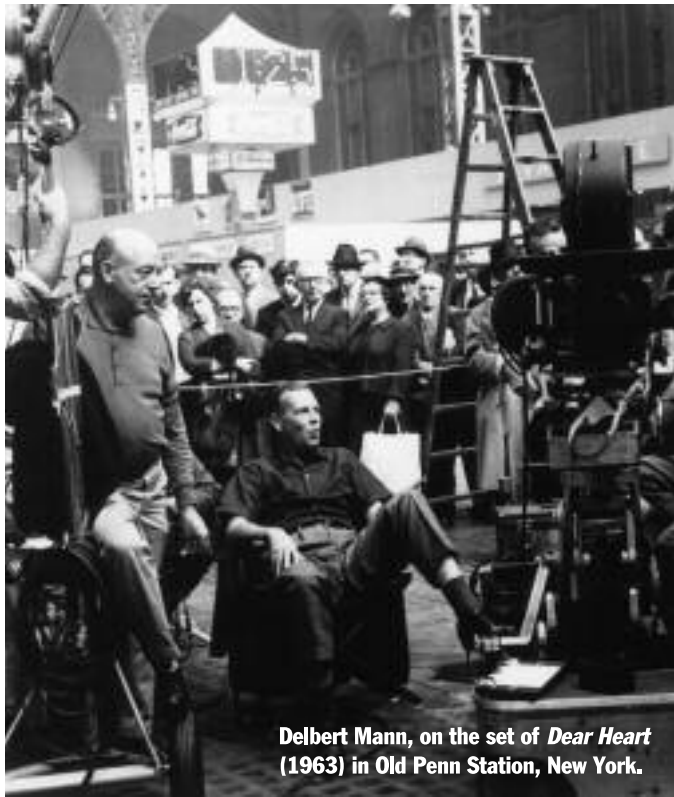
And they provide something else: a tour through post-war American culture, as witnessed by a tall, bashful Nashville kid who adored community theater, helped shape the golden age of live television in the 1940s, soared into motion pictures in the 1950s, and later pioneered made-for-TV dramas.

The Papers of Delbert Mann, 175 boxes' worth, today serves as a cornerstone of the Jean and Alexander Heard Library's Special Collections Department. The collection is nationally known as a meticulous, precocious exam-

ple of early TV and film documentation, attracting scholars, students and budding directors who come to sift through the primary materials of an extraordinary career that began in Nashville nearly 70 years ago.

"Mr. Mann is a very thorough director who had a sense of history about what he was doing," says Kathy Smith, associate university archivist.

Turning 86 this year, Mann still resides in Los Angeles. The boxes come less frequently now, but they all made their way to Van-



Delbert Mann, on the set of *Dear Heart* (1963) in Old Penn Station, New York.

derbilt because of Mann's abiding affection for the university and the city.

He is a 1941 graduate (B.A. in political science) who became a member of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust in 1962 at the height of his career. He remains on the board, with emer-

itus status. For years, during regular board meetings, the Special Collections staff looked forward to a visit from Mann, who would drop off his latest bundle of manuscripts for the mounting collection. "Vanderbilt gave me everything—a sense of myself, the courage to pursue dreams, a liberal, non-career-oriented education," Mann says.

Delbert Mann was born in Lawrence, Kan., in 1920 but moved with his family to Nashville for his high school years, where he attended Hume-Fogg High and got hooked on the school's drama club. He credits a teacher, Inez Alder, who directed the school plays and taught him to overcome his shyness as a public speaker.

At Vanderbilt he slogged through course work and met his future wife, Ann Gillespie, but he never shook the theater bug. The university had no dramatic arts curriculum then, so he found an off-campus outlet for his passion with local community theater. There he met mentors, notably Fred Coe, who would become a television director and one day give Mann his first directing break. (In the late 1980s, Mann established the Fred Coe Artist-in-Residence Series at Vanderbilt to honor his friend.)

After Vanderbilt graduation, though, World War II interrupted everything. Mann flew B-24 bombers over Germany, a daily risk of life. When he witnessed the mid-air

explosion of a nearby bomber in his own squadron, killing the 10-man crew, he made a sudden decision.

"Succeed or not, I simply had to at least try to do what I really wanted to do," he declares in an essay for the catalog called *The Papers of Delbert Mann*.

That meant giving professional theater a try. Mere months after the war's end, on Coe's recommendation, Mann arrived at Yale Drama School, immersing himself in the technicalities of stage and theater.

In 1949 Coe invited Mann to New York to become a director for him in the world of "an astonishing new miracle, live television." Mann had never seen a TV show, been in a studio, or owned a TV set. But he recognized its similarities to theater. Live TV meant no retakes, no room for error—a "trapeze work without a net," he says. And the audience added an exciting dimension, as they shifted from passive viewers to active participants in something unique and unrepeatable. Mann dove in, directing dozens of hour-long productions at NBC for *Playhouse 90* and other prestigious venues.

ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF THE DELBERT MANN COLLECTION, VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES.

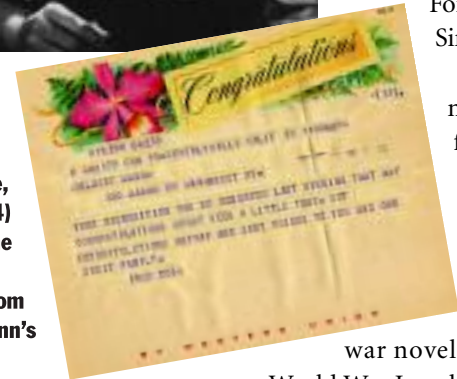


The Mann Papers chronicle these years. Boxes contain correspondence, scripts, cast lists and scene breakdowns for more than 100 TV productions, including *Darkness at Noon*, *Our Town*, *Vincent Van Gogh*, and *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*. There are video copies of his TV dramas and movies. Yet the heart of the holdings is his multi-volume memoir manuscript, some 1,400 pages, which take the reader through his TV days and film career. (A shorter, published version is his 1998 autobiography, *Looking Back ... at Live Television and Other Matters*.)

"Live television was unique," he explains



Opposite page, top: set design sketches from *Middle of the Night* (1959); this page, clockwise: *Marty* (1954) starring Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair; a congratulatory telegram from Fred Coe regarding Mann's best director Oscar for *Marty*; a set design for the Assembly Room in *Jane Eyre* (1971)



in the manuscript. "It existed for roughly a decade, from the late 1940s to the late 1950s, and was centered in New York City. It provided an unprecedented and never-to-be-repeated opportunity for young actors, writers and directors to learn and practice their craft in professional but pressured circumstances."

One of those early TV shows, in 1953, was the story of a lonely Bronx butcher named Marty. A year later Mann would get the chance to reshoot it as a feature-length film. *Marty*, the movie starring Ernest Borgnine, was revolutionary. In an era of big-budget escapism, film noir and war propaganda, here was a quiet movie about ordinary people, their romantic dreams and family dilemmas. It won Oscars for best picture, best actor (Borgnine) and screenwriting (Paddy Chayefsky)—and for the director, one Delbert Mann. It was his first movie.

"This was something new, a movie about real life," says Sarah Howell, a retired professor of social history at Middle Tennessee State University, who has researched Mann's career. "It suddenly made Mann a national figure. But he remained very versatile. He was friendly, supportive of his actors, but he also had high standards."

He worked with all the big names—Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Burt Lancaster, David Niven, Eva Marie Saint, Bogart and Bacall. His own favorite actors included Fredric March, Henry Fonda, Lee Remick and Jean Simmons.

The collection includes materials from a 1979 made-for-TV movie, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which Mann considers his most rewarding and challenging film. It was based on

Erich Remarque's anti-war novel about the slaughters of World War I—a book close to the heart of Mann's father, Delbert Sr., who had been a teacher at Nashville's Scarritt College. He had served as a medical orderly in France during the Great War and saw the suffering done by trench warfare and mustard gas. The son honored the father with a realistic movie rendition shot in Czechoslovakia, an Iron Curtain nation where the book was much beloved. Film officials there urged Mann to come. But this was in the middle of the Cold War; shipping explosives from England into Eastern Europe for the battle reenactments took delicate diplomacy with the skeptical Soviet-style security forces.

And there was the matter of the missing German army hats. Living in Brezhnevian deprivation, the Czech extras kept stealing them.

"They disappeared by the dozens despite all efforts of our wardrobe department to check them in along with other items of attire at the end of each day," Mann writes in the memoir. "The extras learned one English word, spoken with a dramatic shrug of the shoulder: 'Lost!' We had practically no caps left by the end of the shooting."

continued on page 83

Bright Ideas

“We found minor differences in overall intelligence, but in a timed situation, females have a big advantage.” —STEPHEN CAMARATA

Vaccine may guard against cervical cancer

1. A VACCINE TO PROTECT women against cervical cancer was approved in June by the Food and Drug Administration after a 40-month trial of 4,000 young women at 13 U.S. sites, including Vanderbilt.

The vaccine works by preventing infection by four strains of the human papillomavirus (HPV), the most common sexually transmitted disease. About 20 million people are believed to be infected with HPV, according to the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.

The Vanderbilt portion of the study, led by principal investigator Dr. Peter Wright, enrolled 51 young women between the ages of 16 and 26, mostly Vanderbilt undergraduate students. Wright is professor of pediatrics, microbiology and immunology and pathology, and director of the division of pediatric infectious diseases.

The vaccine, Gardasil, manufactured by Merck & Co. Inc., protects against the two types of HPV responsible for about 70 percent of cases of cervical cancer cases. Although many women are infected with HPV, their normal immune defense mechanisms get rid of the virus,

and most women never go on to have an abnormal Pap smear or cervical cancer. The vaccine boosts this natural immunity, completely preventing the viral infection. The vaccine also blocks infection of two other strains of HPV responsible for 90 percent of genital warts cases.

The women who participated in this trial had not been exposed to HPV. Half were vaccinated with the HPV vaccine and half with a placebo. They were followed up in six-month intervals with clinic visits and Pap smears, and those with abnormal smears were evaluated further with colposcopic evaluations or biopsies.

“Over the past 15 years, there has been increasingly clear evidence that cancer of the cervix is caused by a

virus,” says Dr. Howard Jones III, director of gynecologic oncology and one of the study’s investigators.

“We’ve been able to identify over time that it’s the HPV virus that causes cervical cancer, but we’ve never been able to prevent it. This vaccine allows us, for the first time, to prevent the infection of HPV in women.”

The next step is to see if the vaccine works in the general population, and to make sure there are no side effects and that it’s effective in larger groups of people, Jones says. “But it is still important that women continue to get their regular Pap smear screening. Even if everyone is being vaccinated 15 years from now, we still might have 30 percent of the current number of women with cervical cancer because the current vaccine is directed against only the two most common types of HPV, which cause 70 percent of cervical cancer. In addition, the progression from HPV infection to

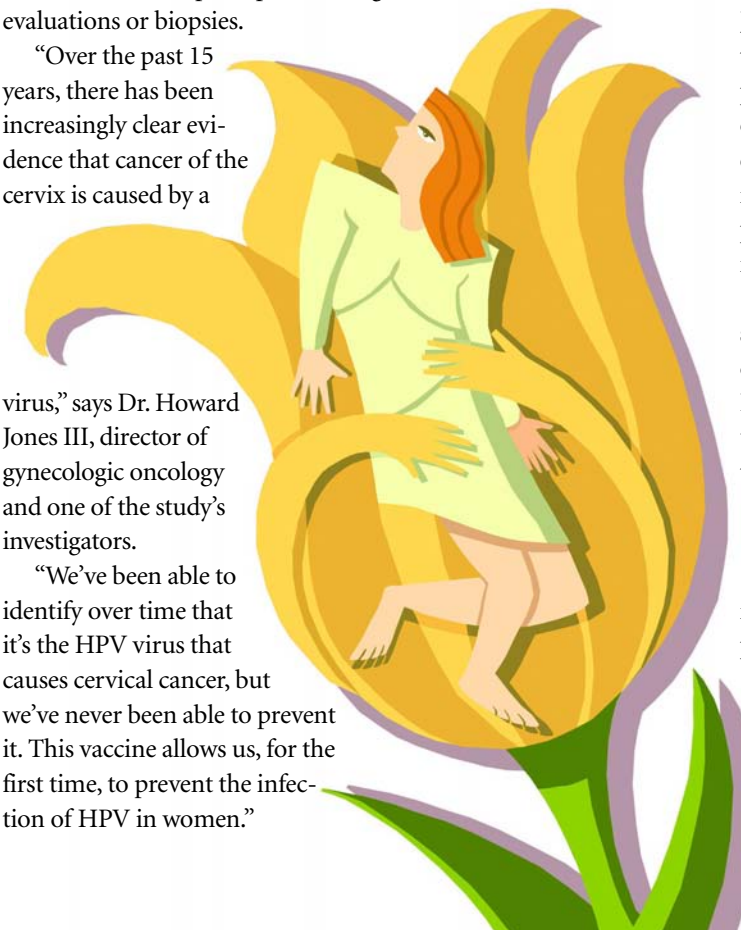
cervical cancer is slow, and women may already be infected but not develop an abnormal Pap smear for several years.”

There are 9,500 new cases of cervical cancer each year in the United States, and almost 50,000 cases a year of cervical dysplasia. Cervical cancer kills about 240,000 women in the world each year, and about 3,500 in the United States alone.

Although the vaccine will most likely be marketed as a cancer vaccine, rather than a sexually transmitted disease vaccine, its effectiveness against genital warts may be an important advantage to patients, Jones says. “The onset of infection with virus to cancer is probably five to 10 years. The onset of genital warts is six to eight weeks. That’s a much more prompt and visible process, and warts affect men, too.”

The vaccine is not inexpensive, costing \$360 for the three doses that are required. The FDA has approved the vaccine’s use in girls and young women 9 to 26 who test negative for the virus and are without cervical dysplasia.

“We spend an awful lot of money evaluating and treating patients with cervical dysplasia,” Jones says. “There’s a lot of excitement here, especially among those of us who have been involved in testing this vaccine.”



Girls Have Advantage in Timed Tests

2. RESEARCH attempting to shed light on the question of how male and female brains differ has found that timing is everything.

In a study involving more than 8,000 males and females ranging in age from 2 to 90 from across the United States, Vanderbilt researchers Stephen Camarata and Richard Woodcock have discovered that females have a significant advantage over males on timed tests and tasks. The differences were particularly significant among pre-teens and teens.

“We found very minor differences in overall intelligence, but if you look at the ability of someone to perform well in a timed situation, females have a big advantage,” Camarata says. “It is very important for teachers to understand this difference in males and females when it comes to assigning work and structuring tests. To truly understand a person’s overall ability, it is important also to look at performance in untimed situations. For males, this means presenting them with material that is challenging and interesting but is presented in smaller chunks without strict time limits.”

The findings come at a time when parents, educators and the media are paying more attention to the troubling achievement gap between males and females in U.S. schools.

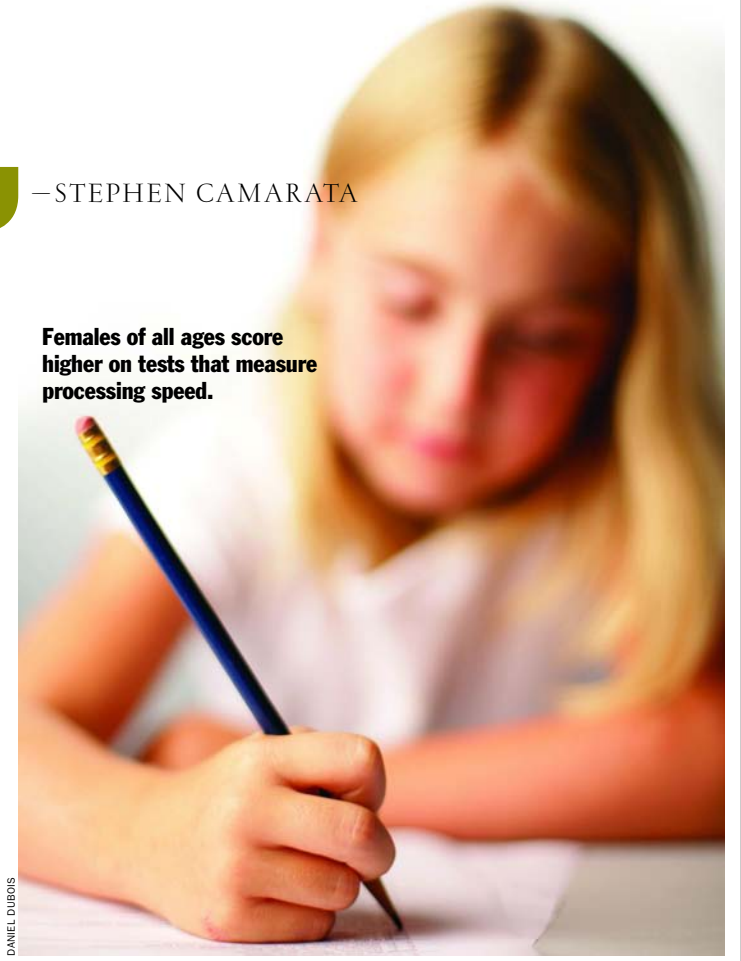
“Consider that many classroom activities, including testing, are directly or indirectly related to processing speed,” the researchers wrote. “The higher performance in females may contribute to a classroom culture that favors females, not because of teacher bias but because of inherent differences in processing speed [in males and females].” An additional question is whether this finding is linked to higher high-school dropout rates for males and increased special-education placement for males.

In a new article, Camarata and Woodcock focus on understanding differences in processing speed between males and females.



“Processing speed’ doesn’t refer to reaction time or the ability to play video games,” Camarata says. “It’s the ability to effectively, efficiently and accurately complete work that is of

Females of all ages score higher on tests that measure processing speed.



moderate difficulty. Though males and females showed similar processing speed in kindergarten and preschool, females became much more efficient than males in elementary, middle and high school.”

Males scored lower than females in all age groups in tests measuring processing speed, with the greatest discrepancy among adolescents. But the study also found that males consistently outperformed females in some verbal abilities, such as identifying objects, knowing antonyms and synonyms, and completing verbal analogies, debunking the popular idea that girls develop all communication skills earlier than boys.

The researchers found no significant overall intelligence

differences between males and females in any age group.

The research appeared in the May/June 2006 issue of the journal *Intelligence*. Camarata and Woodcock compiled their results through an evaluation of three sets of data collected from 1977 to 2001 as part of the Woodcock-Johnson Series of Cognitive and Achievement Tests.

Camarata and Woodcock plan to conduct further studies to measure brain activity using tools such as functional magnetic resonance imaging and event-related potential tests to better understand which brain areas are playing a role in processing speed and how these areas react differently in males and females.

“We know there are different paths to competence, and we

believe there are fundamental differences in how male and female brains end up getting organized,” Camarata says. “Our next studies will give us some insight into where these processing differences are occurring.”

Camarata is a deputy director of the Vanderbilt Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development, a professor of hearing and speech sciences, and an associate professor of special education. Woodcock is a member of the Vanderbilt Kennedy Center and a visiting professor of hearing and speech sciences. He also is a research professor at the University of Southern California.

The research was funded in part by an endowment from the Scottish Rite Foundation of Nashville and by a grant from the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development.

Cholesterol: Thumbs Up for Digit Development

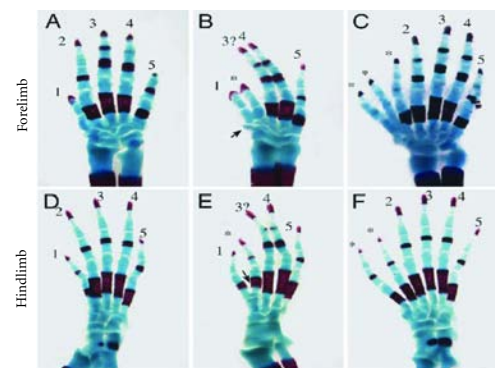
3 ALTHOUGH cholesterol has a bad rap as the sticky, fatty substance responsible for clogging arteries, Vanderbilt researchers have found that the attachment of cholesterol to an important developmental protein controls development of fingers and toes in mice. Without cholesterol, mice developed extra digits, as well as digits in the wrong places.

Their study, published online in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences (PNAS)* in April, helps to clear up some of the conflicting data about cholesterol’s controversial role in limb development, says the

senior author on the study, Chin Chiang, associate professor of cell and developmental biology.

The developmental protein at work here, named “Sonic hedgehog” after the video game character, was discovered in the early 1990s and shown to have important roles in patterning the developing embryo, including proper digit patterning. Chiang led early studies showing that mice without Sonic hedgehog developed only a single digit—a thumb on the front paw (or a “big toe” on the back paw).

The Sonic hedgehog protein is produced by a specialized group of cells located at the posterior part of the developing limb bud, which eventually develops into the pinkie finger



A and D show normal mouse embryo digits. B and E are malformed. C and F have extra, ectopic digits. (Courtesy of Chin Chiang and the PNAS.)

or toe. At the site of its synthesis, Sonic hedgehog concentrations are high. It then diffuses out across the developing limb bud, and the declining concentrations (or gradient) of the protein dictate the identity of the other digits.

“Questions have remained about what regulates the Sonic hedgehog gradient,” says Chiang. “And we’ve been working on that for a number of years.”

One clue about this regulation came when other researchers discovered Sonic hedgehog’s rather unusual requirement—the protein had

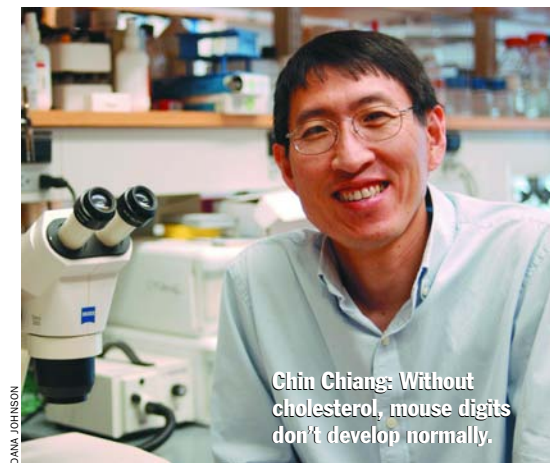
to have a cholesterol molecule attached to work properly. “In fact, Sonic hedgehog is the only protein known to be modified by cholesterol,” Chiang says.

Because cholesterol is typically found in cell membranes and thought to “tether” proteins to cells, scientists speculated that cholesterol might inhibit the movement of Sonic hedgehog through the developing tissue. This unique modification might explain why concentrations of the protein were high at the site of its production and then tapered off with increasing dis-

tance from the synthesis site.

But previous studies in mice suggested that cholesterol promoted the movement of Sonic hedgehog, a counterintuitive proposal given cholesterol’s supposed tethering ability. To try and clear up cholesterol’s role in digit patterning and the Sonic hedgehog gradient, Chiang and colleagues created mice with an altered form of the Sonic hedgehog protein to which cholesterol cannot attach.

They found that mice lacking cholesterol-modified Sonic hedgehog developed with malformed and ectopic, or out of



Chin Chiang: Without cholesterol, mouse digits don’t develop normally.

place, digits. The second, or “index,” digits were stunted and misshapen, appearing more similar to a thumb than a normal second digit. The researchers also examined mice in which only half of their Sonic hedgehog proteins could attach to cholesterol. Those mice developed normal digits two through five (index through pinkie), but had duplication of these digits anteriorly.

The findings suggested that Sonic hedgehog without cholesterol traveled further than normal, triggering the abnormal digit duplications. Chiang and colleagues confirmed this microscopically, showing that the protein spread out more evenly across the limb bud in mice lacking cholesterol-modified Sonic hedgehog compared to normal animals.

“We found that, without cholesterol, Sonic hedgehog moves more readily, far from its site of synthesis, all the way to the anterior part of the limb bud where it is normally never detected,” Chiang explains.

When Sonic hedgehog travels to tissue where it normally would be absent (as it does when cholesterol is missing), extra digits may form—a condition known as polydactyly. Although the causes of polydactyly in humans are not fully

understood, mutations in some part of the Sonic hedgehog signaling pathway are high on the list of suspects. In addition to limb deformities, errors in Sonic hedgehog signaling are involved in a number of other human conditions including cancer and a condition known as holoprosencephaly, a congenital malformation of the forebrain.

Chiang is now examining the role of cholesterol-modified Sonic hedgehog in the developing brain and spinal cord. “We are finding some surprises,” Chiang says, “suggesting that the function of cholesterol is different in these different tissues.” The continued study of the wide-ranging actions of Sonic hedgehog promises to expose the incredible secrets of the developing embryo and could provide clues for preventing devastating birth defects.

Yina Li, Huimin Zhang and Ying Litingtung were co-authors on the paper. The research was supported by grants from the National Institutes of Health and the March of Dimes Foundation.

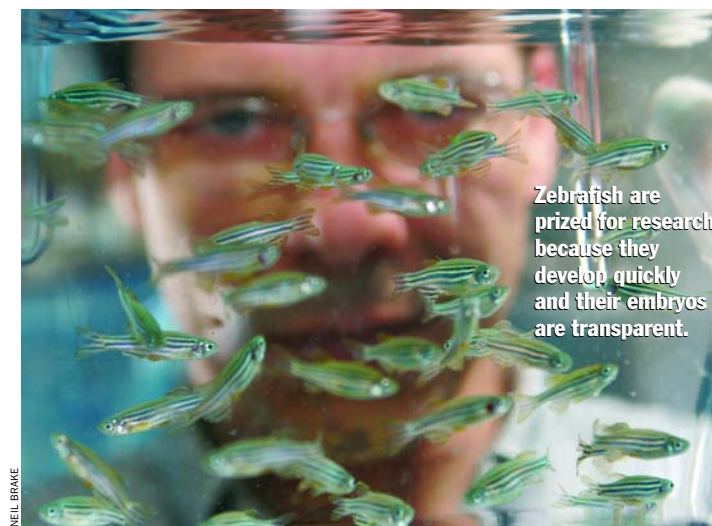
Symmetry May Be in the Genes

4 FROM THE OUTSIDE, human beings look symmetric—our left and right sides mirror each other. But inside, it’s another story. The heart is on the left, as are the stomach, pancreas and spleen. The liver and gall bladder are on the right. Even the left and right hemispheres of the brain have subtle but important physical differences.

This left-right asymmetry results from an intricate developmental process that sci-

entists are just beginning to decipher at the molecular level. Vanderbilt investigators have discovered a new player in this developmental routine: one of the genes involved in regulating left-right organ placement in zebrafish. Researchers predict that the gene will play a similar role in all vertebrates, including humans.

About one in 10,000 individuals in the U.S. suffers from laterality defects, meaning their organs are not in the normal



Zebrafish are prized for research because they develop quickly and their embryos are transparent.

positions. And the heart, which depends upon coordinated left-right signaling for its complex looping and connection to the vasculature during development, may be particularly prone to defects in left-right asymmetry. Some researchers have speculated that certain congenital heart defects may result from mutations in left-right patterning genes.

Vanderbilt investigators didn’t set out to find a left-right asymmetry signaling pathway, say leaders Susan R. Wentz, professor and chair of cell and developmental biology, and Bruce H. Appel, associate professor of biological sciences.

Wentz and Appel may never have worked together had it not

been for their common roots in rural Iowa. “We grew up 12 miles from each other, but we went to different schools and never met,” recalls Wentz, who joined the Vanderbilt faculty in 2002.

When Wentz’s group attended its first Vanderbilt Program in Developmental Biology scientific retreat, Appel, aware of the Iowa connection, made it a priority to speak with Wentz’s postdoctoral fellows and students, and a collaboration was born.

One of the areas of interest in

the Wentz laboratory is a family of signaling molecules called inositol polyphosphates. This series of small molecules is generated by actions of enzymes called inositol kinases and phosphatases. Disturbances in inosi-



Wentz

Appel

PHOTOS BY DANA JOHNSON

tol signaling can result in diseases including cancer of the brain, prostate and skin, and neurological disorders.

Wentz and collaborators, working in yeast, a simple sin-

gle-celled organism, discovered several inositol kinases in 1999 and 2000. They were interested in the roles they might play in disease and development, and intended to move to mammalian cell culture and mouse-model systems to find out.

Appel and Wentz do not expect their findings to lead to therapies for correcting laterality defects in human beings. But since the inositol polyphosphate signaling cascade plays multiple roles in human disease and could offer targets for therapeutic intervention, it’s important to understand all its many roles, they say.

Wentz says it is especially gratifying that a discovery her laboratory made in a very simple model organism—budding yeast—is now offering insights to development in a multicellular vertebrate organism. The inositol kinases that she and her collaborators found in yeast had been sought for many years in mammalian systems, she says.

“It really reinforces the power of using simple-model organisms to get a handle on some of these molecules before moving to more complicated multicellular systems.”

Wentz and Appel credit the Zebrafish Initiative funded by Vanderbilt’s Academic Venture Capital Fund with making their collaborative studies possible. The investigators are also grateful to Christopher V.E. Wright, professor of cell and developmental biology and director of the Program in Developmental Biology, and David W. Piston, professor of molecular physiology and biophysics and director of the W.M. Keck Free-Electron Laser Center, for their insight and technical assistance over the course of the project.

InClass

A spotlight on faculty and their work

To Infinity and Beyond

As teacher, researcher and science fiction writer, Robert Scherrer takes imaginative leaps into the cosmos. By JONATHAN MARX

SCIENCE IS A DISCIPLINE OF VERIFIABLE facts and hard mathematical calculations, but it's also a realm where imagination is key to making new advances. All scientists have to indulge their creative side, to push past the limitations of established knowledge. For most, though, science fiction writing would be a frivolous pursuit, an exercise that takes away from valuable research time. For Vanderbilt physics professor Robert Scherrer, it's a natural extension of the work he does in the classroom and the laboratory, a chance to play around with scientific concepts in novel ways. During the last five years, this regarded astrophysicist has quietly nurtured a sideline as a science fiction writer, publishing regularly in the long-running monthly *Analog Science Fiction and Fact* and contributing to the semiannual journal *Paradox*.

"There are some similarities between doing theoretical physics and science fiction," Scherrer observes. "I refer to both of them as disciplined daydreaming, where you're trying to get beyond what we already know, but you can't just dream up anything. It has to be within certain confines." And even science fiction, he explains, has its own measure of rules and guidelines. "It's well known in physics that you have to obey the laws of physics, but science fiction writing has its own set of laws. You can't have warlocks and wizards and uni-

corns prancing through the scenery."

This kind of disciplined daydreaming has served Scherrer well during his nearly two-decades-long career as an academic. The chair of Vanderbilt's Department of Physics and Astronomy since 2003, he spent the previous 14 years at Ohio State University, where he earned that school's Alumni Award for Dis-



tinguished Teaching in 1999. Broadly speaking, Scherrer's field of study is cosmology, or the study of the universe as a whole. Within that area, though, he's engaged a number of topics. He's explored the production of elements during the first few minutes of the Big Bang; he's studied the way galaxies cluster in the universe; and, most recently, he's devoted his energies to understanding dark energy, which he describes as "the hypothesized stuff

that's making the universe accelerate."

Scherrer's eagerness to tackle new ideas pretty well defines the man, says his colleague Scott Dodelson, a professor at the University of Chicago and a researcher at Fermilab, the Chicago-based laboratory specializing in particle physics. "If you look at the body of Bob's work going back 20 years, it's not just one specialty," Dodelson says. "Cosmology is a broad topic, and Bob has been contributing in many different areas. That's a striking thing about his work—how diverse he's been."

Scherrer's scholarly pursuits go into realms as infinitesimal as subatomic particles and as impossibly enormous as the universe itself. And yet, he points out, such research is fundamental to our basic understanding of human experience. "We don't think that ordinary matter, the kind of stuff that you and I are made of, actually is the dominant kind of matter in the universe. And so that is a very significant question: What is the universe made of? That's one of the fundamental questions of physics from ancient times, and it's something we're still trying to answer."

In the midst of such challenging queries, Scherrer's fiction writing gives him an outlet to come up with some playful answers. His approach is to toy with a scientific concept and see how it might work out if pushed to an extreme. "That's the style of writing I like—the 'what if' story, the idea-oriented story," he says. "That's just one of many ways to do science fiction, but it's the closest to doing science, I think."

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Scherrer: Teaching is one more way of keeping unanswered questions an active part of the scientific discourse until they yield a solution.



Warriors

in a Post-9/11 World

By LISA A. DUBOIS

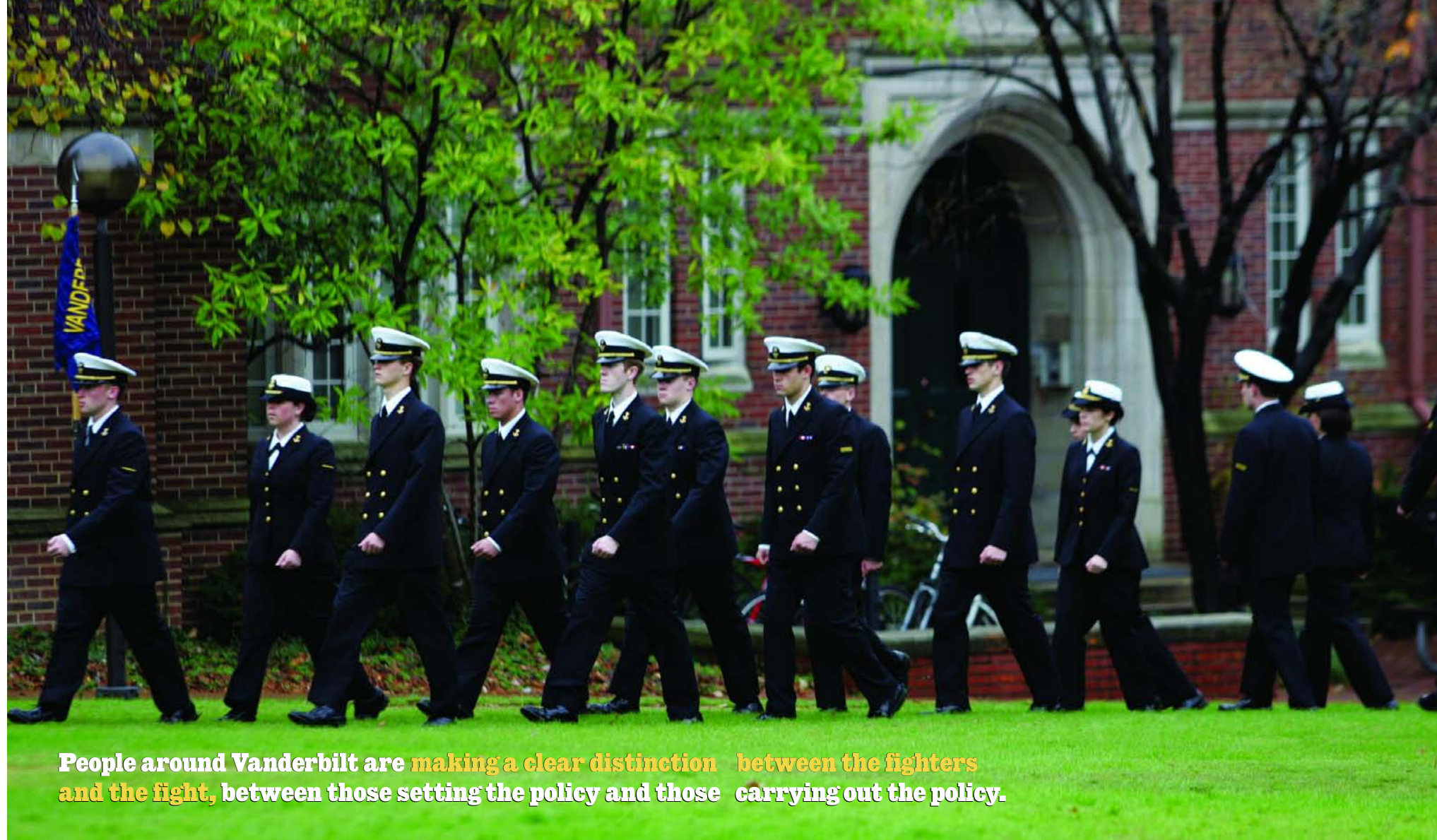
By next year, these 21-year-olds may be leading comrades into battle.

On a warm spring afternoon a group of Vanderbilt students gathers on a campus lawn at Edgehill Avenue. They are a jovial set—young, fit, relaxed. But unlike their classmates, who are celebrating the balmy weather by wearing shorts, t-shirts and flip-flops, these students are covered head-to-toe in green camouflage, complete with helmet, rucksack and flak jacket. The juxtaposition seems surreal. Within the safe, ivied cocoon of the university, a small cohort of collegians is preparing for combat.

These men and women are members of the Vanderbilt Army Reserve Officers Training Corps, or ROTC. On this day they are conducting packing exercises for an upcoming junket to Fort Knox, Ky., where they'll practice scrambling aboard and disembarking from Blackhawk helicopters. They'll engage in mock warfare, assess casualties, and be evaluated on their leadership skills as officers in training. In some ways it all seems like a game. They laugh and joke and chat about weekend parties and chemistry exams. Yet, the Iraq War is an imminent reality, infiltrating their every move, their every decision. Fully aware of the dangers and controversies surrounding the conflict in the Middle East, these students have chosen to serve.

The scene is déjà vu with a twist. A generation ago the United States was embroiled in the Vietnam War. Although Vanderbilt University was never a hotbed of antiwar activism, protests and rallies were held at various points from 1967 through 1972. Guest lecturers counseled students on avoiding the draft and becoming conscientious objectors. Protesters interrupted the annual Navy ROTC Spring Review parade and later carried a coffin up the steps of Kirkland Hall to mourn the war dead. The debate grew so acrimonious that university administrators openly considered disbanding Army and Navy ROTC programs at Vanderbilt. As tensions escalated, Navy ROTC commanders advised midshipmen not to wear their uniforms on campus. "ROTC was the most visible symbol of the war," explains Peter Brush, a former Marine and now a librarian at Vanderbilt who has written about the campus during the Vietnam era.

Three decades later the Spring Review of April 2006 couldn't be more congenial. Nearly 80 midshipmen in crisp dress-white uniforms march in formation in a series of field exercises to demonstrate "the discipline and intensity of the battalion." Family members and former Navy ROTC members sit under a tent and watch the ceremony. Friends, boyfriends and girlfriends snap photos and grin proudly. Midshipman 1st Class Thomas McCurdy formally relinquishes his command



People around Vanderbilt are making a clear distinction between the fighters and the fight, between those setting the policy and those carrying out the policy.

to Midshipman 2nd Class Michael Hammond. Nobody protests. Nobody interrupts.

For many years Vietnam weighed bitterly on the American conscience. Returning soldiers were rarely welcomed with parades, yellow ribbons or family gatherings. In 1973 Congress voted to end the mandatory draft. By 1975 American troops had left Vietnam, and the United States settled into a period of relative peace, fragmented by brief conflicts in Kuwait, Somalia and Bosnia.

Today the Iraq War has renewed a wave of antiwar activism. Because students are no longer being forced to fight, it might seem that those who voluntarily join the military would be the target of protests. The opposite appears to be true.

"Our cadets are fully aware of what they may be asked to do," says Lt. Col. Bill Hedges, who headed up the Army ROTC program for three years, through May 2006, when he retired

from the military. "In some ways they may be even more dedicated than cadets in the past who were not going through the program under threat of war. Sometimes when there's not a threat of imminent conflict, students use the ROTC as an easy way to go through college on the government's dime. With Iraq in the equation, people who are in our program are aware of what could happen after they graduate and, in some respects, knowing that, perhaps they are even more honorable."

Students interviewed for this story say their classmates discuss the war with them, but don't chastise them for enlisting in ROTC. Their parents support their decision but worry.

"None of my friends says anything against it," says Tyler Howell, a senior at Belmont University, cross-enrolled in Army ROTC at Vanderbilt. "They are either neutral, supportive or silently against it. No one talks about it in a way I consider harassment."

What has caused the sea change in atti-

tude since Vietnam? David Darwin, a 2006 senior from Mississippi, activist, and former president of the Vanderbilt College Democrats, explains why these soldiers have earned the respect of their peers. "There's really a broad spectrum of the kind of people who are involved in the ROTC programs at Vanderbilt, and they have differing views on all sorts of things, including politics," he says. "There are some members of ROTC who, on a personal level, don't completely agree with the policies of the administration and some who agree completely—and even they know it's a complex issue."

One of Darwin's roommates was in Air Force ROTC. Another friend was a devoted soldier in the ROTC and equally committed to the platform of the Democratic Party. Darwin says, "I have never seen as part of political activism on campus a lack of support for choices ROTC members have made in their careers. We respect their mission and

their belief in their mission—no matter what that belief stems from. We know that regardless of what global situation we're in, the military is important to the everyday lives of every one of us."

In other words, people around Vanderbilt, at least, are making a clear distinction between the fighters and the fight, between those setting the policy and those carrying out the policy. This response seems to relate back to three seemingly disconnected incidents: the events of Sept. 11, the end of the mandatory draft, and the increased diversity of the undergraduate student body.

When Vanderbilt's Class of 2006 had just started its senior year of high school, hijacked planes tore into the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon. Shortly after they entered

college a year later, the United States began bombing strikes over Baghdad. Today's young people have been hurtling into early adulthood in lockstep with these events.

Which is not to say that they equate Sept. 11 with the Iraq War. They are clear about the divergence. So what is driving some into a life in the military?

"Everyone, civilian and military, felt patriotic after 9/11," says Thomas McCurdy, a mechanical engineering major from Dyer, Tenn., and 2006 battalion commander for the Navy ROTC. "I don't consider myself more patriotic than other students because I joined ROTC. Everybody chooses to serve their country in different ways. This is how I choose to serve."

McCurdy hopes one day to be a pilot and fly fighter jets, and a Navy scholarship seemed the best way to reach that goal. "After we invaded Iraq my freshman year, I knew there was a good chance I would be called into duty after I completed my ROTC training. Flying fighter jets is inherently risky. If you're going to accept that risk, then you might as well accept the larger risk of flying them in combat situations," he says.

McCurdy's Navy ROTC commanding officer, Capt. Andy Johnson (who also retired at the end of the 2006 spring semester after 26 years in the military), puts it this way: "Our midshipmen are always training for war. That's our job."

ROTC, Johnson says, often appeals to students who have grown up in scouting. It draws kids attracted to high adventure, such as devotees of extreme sports. Tyler Howell, for example, graduated from high school in 1999 and spent the next four years trying to break into the Nashville music industry before changing his mind and getting an Army ROTC scholarship. He already had his license to fly small aircraft, and decided he could get a free college education and come out of the experience with the skills to fly small planes and helicopters.

"After I'm finished with the



Thomas McCurdy, 2006 Navy ROTC battalion commander, hopes to fly fighter jets.

military, I'm hoping to get a job flying for a ski patrol out West. I love to snowboard, and I want to take people out heli-skiing and heli-boarding," he says.

ROTC candidates must be willing to dance with danger. Guns, including heavy artillery, are integral accessories for anyone who signs up for the army.

During spring semester Army ROTC instruction culminates in a mock warfare practicum, the last training lab of the academic year. Cadets convene in a field bordered by a wild grove of trees and brush, load up paintball guns, put on masks and caps, and then split into two groups—freshmen and sophomores versus juniors and seniors.

From opposite ends of the field, students enter the thicket. The woods are verdant from spring rain, and the temperature rises well above 80 humid degrees. The soldiers, dressed in camouflage, belly-crawl with rifles poised. As the light refracts off the green leaves, the

warriors seem to disappear into the undergrowth.

Twenty minutes pass, and the teams still have not engaged. Suddenly, the area is alive with the cacophony of yelling voices and a barrage of gunfire. POP! POP! POP!

At the end of the exercise, students return to the trucks, hot, tired, dirty, thirsty—and splattered with white paint. They regale each other with stories of hits and misses. Some laugh delightedly. For others, this was clearly not a highlight of their college careers.

Lee Tilghman, a senior mathematics major from Birmingham, Ala., was deemed the No. 1 field artillery cadet in the nation for 2006. "I'll spend the next nine months in the army artillery shooting Howitzers," he says. "Ideally, I'll train for a year at a post in the United



Lee Tilghman is the nation's No. 1 field artillery cadet for 2006.

States, but sometimes the units do their training in Iraq. There's a real possibility you could meet your unit in Iraq and introduce yourself as their new platoon leader in a combat zone. I have two friends who graduated in May 2005 who are already in Iraq."

Hayley Curry is a freshman from Greensburg, Pa., also in Army ROTC. Her career plan is to become a military lawyer in the JAG (Judge Advocate General) Corp. "A while back I decided that rather than fighting in the field, I want to fight our nation's legal battles in the courtroom," she says.

Petite, with sandy blonde hair, big blue eyes and a killer smile, Curry is vice president of the Vanderbilt Swing Dance Club, which allows her to express her "feminine side." She's also perfectly comfortable cradling an M-16. "I love firearms," she says perkily. "I'm a life member of the NRA. I have a .35 Magnum at home that's my baby."

During a mock warfare practicum, cadets convene in a field, load up paintball guns, and belly-crawl with rifles poised. The rules of the game: No fratricide. You must only kill opponents.



By mid-2006, as Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld had come under fire by the American public, a series of retired generals and other top brass called for his ouster, as did a number of prominent business leaders who pressured him to step down. This type of discord has little impact on the ROTC students, says Capt. Johnson.

Each year Johnson asks former Vanderbilt Navy and Marine ROTC graduates to share their military experiences with current students because he believes they have the strongest influence on his midshipmen. For young officers, the primary locus of loyalty is to one's unit, he says.

Johnson is particularly proud of the alumni's various antinarcotic and peace-keeping missions. "Even with this conflict going on, we sent marines to the Philippines to dig kids out of that school after the mudslide," he says. "What other force on earth can respond that quickly and provide that kind of assistance?"

Marine Corps 2nd Lt. Rob McGrath graduated from Vanderbilt Navy ROTC in 1997 with a degree in engineering science. He has spent the last nine years traveling all over the world, participating in "psychological operations" in various countries in Africa and Asia. While deployed to Tanzania as part of a combined joint task force in support of Operation Enduring Freedom, he took time out to climb Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest peak at more than 19,000 feet. When he returned to his base after deployment to Africa, he discovered that his unit was being sent to Iraq. Not wanting to be left behind and separated from his unit, he requested permission to join them.

Based in Fallujah, his primary role was in information operations, getting communications out to the Iraqi people via television, radio and print. Putting it simply, he says, "The Iraq experience wasn't fun at all."

Once he returned from Iraq, he received orders to go to Okinawa, Japan, where he'll command a company for at least a year. McGrath says being on the move all the time has made it difficult to establish social relationships—a concern of every service mem-



In It for the Long Haul

Vanderbilt's ROTC program began in 1916 as part of a broad federal program for standardizing officer training and for drawing the lion's share of combat-ready reserve officers from America's institutes of higher learning. Navy and Air Force ROTC programs were established later. Although some enter ROTC as sophomores or juniors, Vanderbilt students are typically accepted into the program as freshmen and receive a full four-year scholarship, plus a stipend for books and living expenses.

In return, after graduation they receive commissions to undergo specialized technical and tactical training for nine months to a year, and then are assigned to lead a military unit. Most are obligated to serve three or four years as active military officers, plus a comparable number of years on reserve duty. ROTC students are committed to anywhere from eight to 10 years of future service in some combination of active duty, active reserve or National Guard, or inactive reserve. Obligations for aviators and pilots can be even longer.

Some students participating in Vanderbilt ROTC are undergraduates at neighboring universities like Fisk, Belmont, Tennessee State, Lipscomb or Travecca Nazarene. Vanderbilt's Air Force ROTC members train at Tennessee State University.

ROTC cadets make up only about 1 percent of the Vanderbilt student body, including about 16 or 17 students in each freshman class. Typically, 35 percent of cadets drop out between their freshman and sophomore years because ROTC obligations are layered on top of the normal demands of being a college student at a competitive school. The Navy ROTC program, however, currently has an 80 percent retention rate, the highest it's been in years.

As part of their required course load, students must take at least one ROTC course each semester. Freshmen take classes like "Ethics, Leadership and Management," while sophomores and juniors sign up for technical courses like "Navigation," "Ship Engineering" or "Weapons Systems." Part of the Navy ROTC program includes a mandatory summer cruise aboard an active-duty military ship. Army ROTC cadets may spend their summers at Air Assault, Mountain Warfare or Airborne School.

ROTC coursework has evolved over time. Once encouraged to take Russian, students now are rewarded for proficiency in Middle Eastern languages and knowledge about the history of Africa and Southwest Asia. The lexicon has also changed. Today's instructors teach about IEDs—improvised explosive devices—and small unit tactics. Since naval missions no longer center around tracking Soviet submarines in blue oceanic waters, lessons are adapted for a "brown-water navy" that engages in coastal and inland operations.

ROTC is about discipline and commitment. Several times a week cadets are up by 5:45 a.m. for an hour of physical training before class. Vanderbilt ROTC students come from all walks of life, volunteer in the community, and are involved in student government, intramural sports and Greek life. They participate in both conservative and liberal campus activities.

—LISA A. DUBOIS

Lessons from Guantanamo, Baghdad and Kuwait

ber. "I wouldn't mind coming home for a while," he says wistfully.

Kailey Snyder, a sophomore from Birmingham, Ala., majoring in chemical engineering, says the start of the Iraq War didn't affect her decision to join the Navy ROTC, but it did give her a reality check. She is most concerned about assuming a position of leadership in the navy immediately after she graduates. "They throw you into a commission, and you have a job to do but don't know how to do it," she says. "You have to rely on those below you, many of them older than you, to teach you how to do your job. It means everybody has to work together."

Senior cadet Howell is constantly asked his opinion about why the United States became involved in this war. He chooses not to have an opinion, he says.

"I'm a real believer in the republic of the United States and the concept that we elect people to represent our interests," he says. "So I trust the decisions made by Congress, by the leadership of the cabinet, and by the military advisers. I have to trust that the decisions they make are better than the ones I can make by just watching CNN and Fox News. That's what gives me peace in my mind and in my heart about what's going on."

"The Vanderbilt students are tremendous," says Lt. Col. Hedges. "I believe the future of Vanderbilt and of the American Army is secure because of people like them. What we ask of them is hard. It's head and shoulders above what I was asked to do in training 24 years ago."

On May 12, 2006, 30 young men and one woman, graduating seniors, arrive at Langford Auditorium to receive their insignia to become officers in the U.S. military. Before the commissioning ceremony, Capt. Johnson asks them to stand together on stage for an impromptu photograph. He wants them all mixed together—army, navy, marine, air force.

"As soldiers, they'll be standing and fighting shoulder to shoulder," he explains, while cameras click and bulbs flash.

Once the ceremony begins, students stride

down the aisles to their seats, as the 129th Army Band from Fort Knox, Ky., plays lively military music. Associate Provost Lucius Outlaw tells them, "Controversy and dissent are a healthy part of a democratic republic. Know as you go forth that you carry the respect and love of the Vanderbilt community for your commitment."

Guest speaker Maj. Gen. Gus L. Hargett Jr., adjutant general of the Tennessee National Guard, tells a couple of heartwarming stories about two men from the National Guard, both veterans of the Iraq War, both now amputees. The soldiers in the audience, healthy, determined and idealistic, listen quietly. Less than an hour earlier, they graduated from college. And already the topic has turned to amputees. Concluding the ceremony, Associate University Chaplain Rev. Gary White leaves them with this prayer: "May your generation be the generation that leads us to a world without war."

In March 2003, when the United States initiated bombing raids over Iraq, a group of Vanderbilt students gathered in the lobby of Branscomb Hall to watch CNN's night-vision feed. As events unfolded they expressed differing opinions about whether such military action was justified. More pervasive, however, says David Darwin, "was this sense of concern, not for the politics of it, but for each other and for our friends."

"I like to think that this sense of solidarity will carry on for years and years. Some of our respect for the soldiers is that we appreciate the sacrifice they choose to make. Knowing what they're giving up for us brings us closer to the soldiers and to each other. Because the mandatory draft has ended, even those of us who disagree with the administration's policies understand that there but for the grace of God and the American soldier go I."

"Our generation will be the one to carry the burdens from 9/11 and the Iraq War," he continues. "There's a big shift going on in the world right now, and in order to bring it all back to a world where we can feel safe, we have to stick together. This has to be an age of community, or we'll all fail together." ▼

During the 1987–88 school year, Heather Vincent, Martha Boyd and Heather Malogrides Grayson were Vanderbilt roommates. They'd become friends while training together in Army ROTC, and shared the odd hours and rigors unique to military cadets. In the late 1980s the threat of war seemed remote and improbable, and they had joined ROTC as a practical way to get scholarships and see the world. Once they received their commissions, they followed separate journeys, evolving from goofy college coeds into young women who were witnesses to and participants in the horrors, the honor, and the far-reaching complexities of war.

Heather Vincent started out as a Vanderbilt ROTC cadet, meek and unsure of herself, cross-enrolled at Lipscomb University. By her sophomore year, she had transferred to Vanderbilt, double-majoring in biology and classics.

"Through ROTC I realized I had leadership skills," says Vincent, now an assistant professor of classics at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Fla.

After her training year, Vincent completed her payback tour of duty in Turkey and Germany. At that time the army was reducing forces, so she got out ahead of time and returned to the United States for graduate school. Still, she remained in IRR, or inactive ready reserve, and transferred into the Rhode Island Army National Guard. On Sept. 11, 2001, she was ironing her uniform as she watched the World Trade Center burn on television.

In 2002 she was deployed to Cuba and then to Guantanamo Bay in the role of deputy inspector general for Joint Task Force 160, later re-designated JTF-GTMO, providing human relations assistance to 1,800 service members stationed there. She did not work with detainees.

"We were there at the leading edge of the investigation into those responsible for 9/11, before things became ethically questionable," she says. "Little did I know how nonexistent the route to Al-Qaeda would be."

Martha Boyd, now an associate with the Nashville law firm Boulton, Cummings, Connors & Berry, says she didn't take herself or her military obligations seriously at first. "I was probably one of the worst cadets Vanderbilt ROTC had ever seen," she admits. "The first time I rappelled, I ended up dangling upside down and banging my head against the wall."

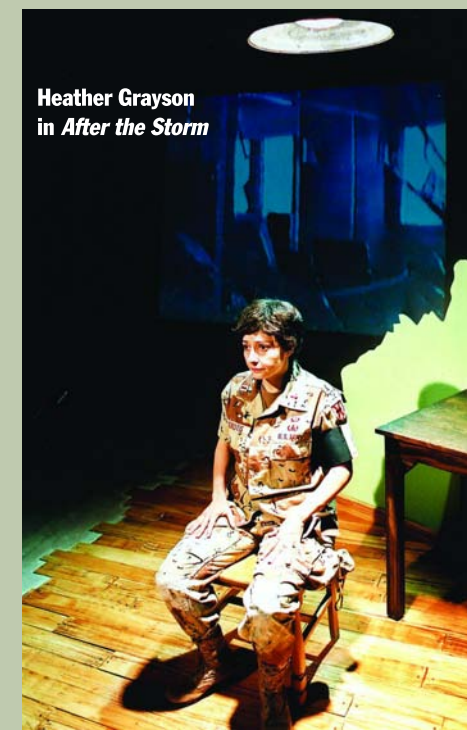
The summer after her junior year, she attended Airborne School at Fort Benning, Ga. There she underwent a transformation. The soldiers she met and their firm dedication to duty impressed her.

"That forced me to realize that I was going to be in charge of troops some day," Boyd recalls. "I saw that these are good people, and they deserve to have an officer who looks out for them and who knows what she is doing."

She got serious, worked out to get in shape, and received a commission as a military intelligence officer. Later she was stationed in Germany for three years, leading a platoon of 25 Russian linguists. When she left the army after six years of active duty, she remained in the army reserves.

In 2004 she was called up and spent that year commuting between Baghdad's "Green Zone" and the Ministry of Labor in northeastern Baghdad, working with local civil authorities and local civilians on reconstructing the Iraqi government. "You're never going to have peace unless the government institutions are functioning—yet, how are you going to have a functioning government if you don't have peace?" she asks. "It was a frustrating experience."

Having learned how to be an officer in Germany during peacetime, where she was comfortable, where mistakes were expected, and where the consequences of those mistakes were minor, she holds tremendous admiration for today's ROTC students. "They are having to learn to lead in an environment where any mistake could be fatal," she says.



New York actress Heather Grayson thought ROTC would be an easy way to pay for Vanderbilt's pricey tuition. An English major and theater minor, she once rehearsed the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* in her combat uniform because she had to go to field practice afterwards.

After graduation she was assigned to Huntsville, Ala., for Explosive Ordnance School, where she learned how to defuse live bombs, bringing out the "adrenaline junkie" in her personality. Initially stationed in Germany, she was tapped to go to Saudi Arabia in 1990 when the United States began marshalling troops in preparation for the first Gulf War. The air strikes were so successful that the ground troops were not dispatched for more than a month.

Although the operation was successful, the U.S. had left a mess in Kuwait and Iraq in terms of sub-munitions, such as grenades and landmines. Many sub-munitions won't go off as planned, which means somebody has to come along afterwards and either defuse, store or detonate them. Grayson was among the officers charged with clean-up.

She was in charge of 30 troops spread out across the Kuwaiti desert during June and July of that year. The temperature often reached 120

degrees, and the sands were soaked with residue left by oil fires. One afternoon, after delicately disposing of "hot" ordnance, Grayson ordered her troops to wrap up their work and finish storing the weapons in a safe munitions dump. She had walked away when suddenly she was rocked by a loud explosion. Three of her men were killed in the blast. Nobody who survived saw what had happened.

Military officials charged Grayson and her fellow officers with negligent homicide. Feeling they were being made scapegoats, the officers fought the charges and were acquitted. Heather Grayson, at the time, was all of 24 years old.

After she completed her four-year obligation, she left the military and went to graduate school in theater. As part of her coursework, she created a one-woman show about her experiences titled *After the Storm*.

"I'd been out of the army for three years, and I thought this would give me a structure for regurgitating all this crap I'd been feeling," she says.

The show opened off-off-Broadway on Sept. 7, 2001, and closed four days later, because the theater was located in the Ground Zero zone cordoned off after Sept. 11. When it reopened two weeks later, it was a hit with audiences—men and women, hawks and doves.

During this autobiographical play, 1st Lt. Karen Kokotis transforms from a "girly-girl" to a cocky commander to a young woman battling to salvage her reputation as a competent military officer.

"... [E]very day people look at me and they're thinking, 'You killed them. You killed those boys.' And that is never going to go away. As long as I'm in the Army ...," Kokotis muses to the audience. "... And the soldiers who *don't* think I'm guilty think I'm too safety conscious. I irritate them because ... who wants an officer around who won't let them have any fun?"

In the end, she has no regrets. "ROTC and Vanderbilt and the Gulf War made me who I am today," Grayson says. "I like who I am—scars, warts and all." She acknowledges that the cadets of her era were so much more naive than those of today. "When we ran around in ROTC with M-16s, we never actually imagined we'd be running around in the Middle East with M-16s."

—LISA A. DUBOIS

The second time she entered a big-game sport-fishing tournament, Fonda Huizenga, BE'84, caught a quarter-ton blue marlin. In the process, she learned just how dangerous this sport can be.

It was March 1996. Fonda and her husband, Wayne, were fishing in the Bahamas Billfishing Tournament, off Walker's Key in the northern Caribbean. Fonda was in the chair at the back of the boat. After a good fight, she was reeling in what looked to be a very big marlin. As she got the fish close to the boat, Capt. Scotty Levins grabbed onto the line's tough wire leader, the last 15-foot stretch of line leading to the hook and the fish. Pulling the fish in by the wire leader is known as "wiring," and it's a dicey job that requires not only padded gloves and strength but also quickness and finesse.

Suddenly, the huge fish tugged. Levins dropped the line instantaneously, but as the line started whipping out, a loop snagged the finger of Levins' heavy mesh glove and, with the strength of a crane, jerked him over the side.



Call of the Wild Blue

Marlin

*Meet Fonda Huizenga—
devoted mom, born-again Christian
and world-class predator.*

By PAUL KINGSBURY, BA'80

DANIEL DUBOIS

"I'm watching this in utter shock," Fonda recalls as if it were yesterday. "It was my very first big fish, and all of a sudden my captain is gone!"

As the fish raced away from the boat, it dragged Levins, gasping for breath, by his right arm along the ocean surface and 50 yards out to sea. Instinctively, Fonda released the drag on her reel, allowing it to unspool freely. In doing so, she probably saved his life. The slack on the line allowed Levins to pull himself toward the fish and loosen the tangle from his glove before he was dragged farther out. And then he swam back to the boat.

Incredibly, once he got back, Levins helped haul the fish into the boat once it was played out. At that point, Fonda, though a newcomer to sport fishing, could tell something was very wrong with her captain: "He was in full-bore shock," says Fonda. Dazed, Levins pulled his heavy glove off his right hand, and blood poured out.

"He had an arterial bleed," says Fonda, who had majored in biomedical engineering as a Vanderbilt student. "I looked down at Scotty's finger, and the line had literally cut through the glove and down into the meat of the finger—all the way down to the bone." She immediately administered first aid, pressing down on his wrist, and then holding his arm up in the air. Fonda got on the radio phone to put out an SOS for medical aid. Miraculously, a fellow tournament fisherman responded and

five minutes later pulled his boat alongside; a doctor by trade, he sutured up Levins on the spot.

And the fish? It was a 551-pound blue marlin, which proved to be the largest fish caught in the tournament. "It was the first blue marlin I ever landed," says Fonda. And with that, you might say she was hooked.

"The first time a rod went off and that line went scorching out, and I managed to get the rod over to the chair and flopped into it and started reeling on a fish, I realized: Wow, this is just incredible! For those of us who are adrenaline junkies, that's right up there."

Today Fonda Huizenga owns two women's world records for blue marlin fishing. And until it was recently eclipsed, she also owned a third women's world record—for Atlantic spearfish. Out of nowhere, Fonda has become a top competitor in big-game sport fishing, and she is determined to collect more world records before she's done.



"Blue marlins can come out of the water and cartwheel. I've seen them come up under the boat, and—whoosh—go straight up in the air. I've seen 'em attempt to come into the boat, business end first."

World-record fishing for blue marlin isn't a rarefied sport just because it's dangerous and because it requires enormous focus, patience and stamina. It's also select because it costs thousands to participate.

"Men joke with my husband, 'Wow, you're so lucky you have a wife who fishes and hunts—and she doesn't like to shop! And I remind them that in terms of expenditures, my fishing habit would blow away most women's shopping budgets. When you start adding up transportation, fees for crews, fees for chartering a boat, I can blow the socks off most women going to Nordstrom or Macy's in a hurry.'"

Fonda can afford to fish for world records. In 1991 the former Fonda Hix married Wayne Huizenga Jr. (pronounced HIGH-zing-a, the name is of Dutch origin). Junior, as Fonda calls him, is the son of Wayne Huizenga Sr., the billionaire business magnate who developed such successful franchise businesses as Blockbuster Entertainment, Waste Management and Auto Nation, and who is the owner of the Miami Dolphins pro football team and Dolphins Stadium. Wayne Jr. works closely with his father and serves as president of Huizenga Holdings, the diversified company that manages the family's financial investments, residential and commercial real estate, and businesses such as the Miami Dolphins and, as of 2004, Rybovich Boatworks, the leading sport-fishing boat builder since the 1940s. Fonda and Wayne have four children together—Savannah, Wayne III (Tres), Ainslie and Gerritt—and Fonda has chosen to be a stay-at-home wife and mother. When she's not chasing down blue marlin in Costa Rica.

On a warm and sunny Thursday in early December, I pay a visit to Fonda at her home in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. The Huizengas live at the point of a small island that juts into the Intracoastal Waterway. Their residence is a large, rambling house built in a Mediterranean style.

As I enter the foyer, I notice the room is flanked by twin bronze sculptures of leaping marlins. While waiting in the sitting room, beside me I see what I gradually realize is the tail of a huge fish. The span of sickle-shaped tail is as broad as my outstretched arms. (I later learn this is the tail of Fonda's 551-pound blue marlin.) Across the room are eight long spears—the bills from eight of the fish Fonda has caught since 1996, five in tournaments plus three world records.

For all her success in a man's sport, Fonda is no Amazon. A slender blonde of average height, she's dressed casually in shorts and sneakers. Her look is as down to earth as she proves to be.

Though Fonda is a native Floridian, she claims she had no interest in sport fishing until her husband



Fonda was on the fast track to Procter & Gamble's executive suite before life with Wayne Huizenga Jr. changed everything.

DANIEL DUBOIS

introduced her to it. After her success in the Bahamas Billfishing Championships (she came in third in overall points her first year, second the next year), Wayne decided to introduce her to light-tackle sport fishing, because the lighter rods and reels are more maneuverable and the lighter tackle requires more finesse than brute strength.

In July 1997, off the coast of Madeira, Fonda caught her first world-record fish completely by accident: While going for tuna, she landed a 45-pound spearfish on an 80-pound test line. It turned out to be a record Atlantic spearfish catch for a woman, but it was a record Fonda wanted no part of. "Of course, I'm covering my head all the way into port," she says with a rueful laugh. "The last thing I wanted was a record on test that was heavier than the fish! That's very, very shameful."

Her next world-record catch, though, was entirely intentional. In May 1999, off Cape Verde, near Senegal in West Africa, she caught a 350-pound blue marlin on a 12-pound test line after more than an hour and a half of fighting. Proving it was more than beginner's luck, three days later she caught a 289-pound blue marlin on 8-pound test, just 7 pounds shy of the previous women's record. Less than a year later, somewhere off Costa Rica, she set the women's Pacific record for blue marlin on 8-pound test line with a 180-pound fish—this one after a two-and-a-half-hour fight that Fonda describes as "an epic battle."

This fight seems to have included everything: One of the boat's engines went dead shortly after she hooked the fish, then her line got caught under heavy-gauge 600-pound-test stationary longlines anchored to buoys by absent fishermen, and then she had to untangle line that had gotten snagged on her pole. During all of this,

her delicate 8-pound line frayed, and Fonda worried whether it would hold the fish.

"I'm just shaking at this point," says Fonda. "I take up the slack, and—my gosh, I couldn't believe it—the fish was still there. I started reeling line in, and I look and the section of my 8-pound line that went abrading down that 600-pound line came up. And you could literally see the fray marks in the line.

"So as I reel up, I see that frayed section come on and go onto the reel, take a few more wraps and—*whew*—I'm OK. Even if it breaks down there, I'm OK. I've got line covering it now. I'm all right. So the fish takes a run. And that line just goes, and I just watch it go out. And then I get it back on. It probably came off and on three or four more times before we finally got the fish. In a battle like this, with a fish on light line, you gain and lose, gain and lose. We finally got that fish at like 8 o'clock at night."

According to *The Blue Water Bait Book* by Capt. Samuel Earp and Capt. William Wildeman, "There are probably more anglers who would rather catch a blue marlin than any other species in the ocean. This is because his size, speed, bad temper and rarity make him about the toughest challenge in big-game sport fishing." Fonda couldn't agree more.

"Blue marlin for me is the epitome of a game fish. A blue marlin is like being hooked up to a thoroughbred race horse," she says. "Violently fast runs. *Whoosh!* Lightning-quick changes in direction and speed, just requiring a whole lot of fast reaction.

"They can literally come out of the water and cartwheel. I've seen them cartwheel. I've seen them go backwards. I've seen them come up under the boat, and—*whoosh*—go straight up in the air, right in front of us. I've seen 'em attempt to come into the boat, business end first. There have been a couple of times when we've hit the deck."

Light tackle doesn't give an angler any opportunity to overpower the fish. Marlins bigger than 100 pounds could easily snap the line if they only knew how weak it was. With light tackle, the whole idea is to wear the fish down with finesse. "You're no longer able to use your muscle," says Fonda. "It's all skill, touch. . . . Remember the physics of 8-pound line: If the fish exerts 8 pounds of force on it, or if I exert 8 pounds of force on it—either way—the line's gone."

Not surprisingly, then, light-tackle fishing for blue marlin turns out to be a sport with exacting requirements. Strict weight and line rules are set by the International Game Fish Association. These include, among

other things, using fishing line that has been weighed and certified. The angler's scale for weighing the fish must be calibrated and certified by the IGFA as well. Then, after the fish is caught, the line and tackle are weighed by the IGFA again.

"After a record like this," says Fonda, "every person on the boat signs a legal affidavit that everything was done by the rules, and we all know the rules. We have a list of them. And then all the terminal tackle—the hook, the leader, the swivel tip and, I believe, 10 to 15 feet of the line—have to be coiled up and sent in. Measurements have to be made. This entire process has to be videotaped, pictures have to be taken. The documenting process takes a couple of hours."

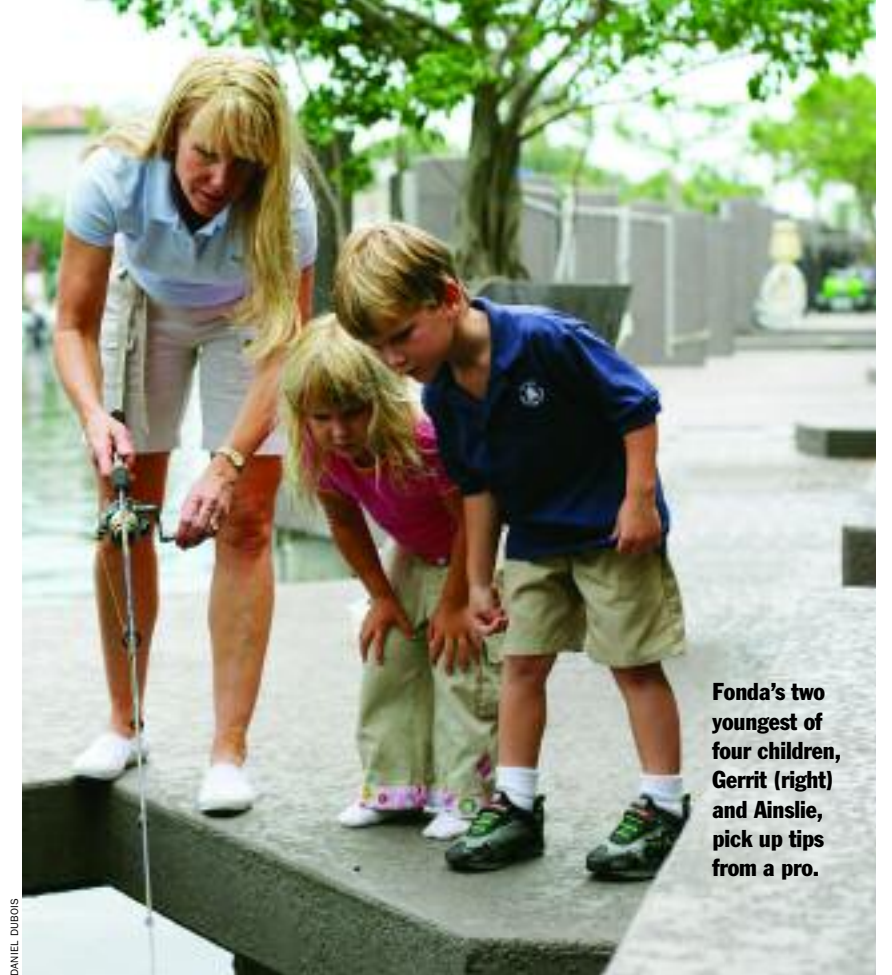
This sort of exactitude would drive some people crazy. But Fonda likes details and precision. And she wants to have everything *precisely* ready on every trip. That's why, says house manager Joey D'Amico (an experienced fishing-boat captain himself), when she's not fishing, he stores Fonda's fishing line and reels in the family safe. "That way, I know it's safe," he laughs. But he's not kidding.

In addition to the meticulously prepared fishing tackle, one needs a highly maneuverable boat capable of going in reverse at quick bursts of up to 13 knots. Then one needs an experienced crew, including a wireman to pull in the wire leader; at least two gaffers to sink in the hooked gaff poles necessary to pull in fish weighing more than 100 pounds; and a captain who can anticipate the movements of the fish and keep the boat as close to the fish as possible. This last requirement is crucial because of the delicacy of the light-tackle line.

"I'm just a glorified winch," Fonda readily admits. "The captain's doing the real thinking. It's 25 percent me at most; the rest is the captain, the boat and the crew."

It seems Fonda has always relished a good challenge and a little risk. Born and reared in the South Florida town of West Palm Beach, she regularly played tackle football with the local boys—until age 13, when her father stepped in and organized a girls' football league for Fonda and her friends.

At Vanderbilt she chose to major in biomedical engineering because her father suggested to her that it was probably the most difficult engineering major. "Biomed was just as challenging and just as rigorous as he had said it would be," says Fonda. "And that truly was not my forte area, but I'm such a darned optimist and so focused that I was willing to bear down on it to compensate for where my gifts did not lie." She also was determined to get a bachelor of engineering degree (at the time, Vanderbilt's biomed program culminated in a bachelor of science degree) and completed a second



Fonda's two youngest of four children, Gerrit (right) and Ainslie, pick up tips from a pro.

Fonda Fishing

{An Angler's Glossary}

angler—fisherman

billfish—ocean fish with a bill or sword on its snout: marlin, sailfish, swordfish, spearfish

break off—to lose a fish to a broken line

drag—tension on the line going into the reel; adjustable at the reel

gaffer—a crew member who uses a handled hook to haul a fish on deck after a wireman has pulled it alongside the boat

International Game Fish Association (IGFA)—the not-for-profit organization that sets rules and officially certifies world records for both freshwater and ocean sport fishing

knots—measure of ocean-going speed; 1 knot is equivalent to 1.15 mph (e.g., 13 knots equals 15 mph)

leader—the last length of line (10 to 15 feet) to the hook; usually twisted wire for big-game fishing; also called "the wire"

longlines—stationary, baited fishing lines in the ocean that have been anchored to a buoy, allowing the fisherman to leave the line unattended; the bane of deep-sea anglers

record fishing—deliberately fishing for certain species on predetermined tackle weights in hopes of landing a fish of record-setting size for that class of tackle

tackle—fishing gear, including rod, reel, line, leader and hook

test line—fishing line that has been tested for its breaking point in pounds of force (e.g., 8-pound test line has been tested to withstand 8 pounds of force)

wire—see "leader"

wireman—the crew member responsible for pulling in the wire leader hand over hand when the fish has been reeled in close to the boat

Fonda earned the 180-pound trophy (right) after a two-and-a-half-hour epic battle with an indefatigable blue marlin, a stalled engine and a frayed line.



DANIEL DUBOIS

—PAUL KINGSBURY

gently trying to tell her all along—that he and his father were extremely successful and prosperous businessmen—Fonda had an emotional moment. “The realization hit me that life with this man would look very, very different than life as a career P&G person. It would entail more responsibility; it would entail things that I had not been trained for financially, socially or emotionally.”

Fast forward to 2006. There is no getting away from the fact that Fonda and Wayne Jr. are incredibly affluent. Their luxurious home is maintained by a staff of seven. During the hottest months, the family packs up and moves to their summer home in the mountains of North Carolina for six weeks and to a rental house in the Bahamas for three weeks.

And yet, Fonda seems as down to earth and self-aware as a mom in your local PTA. She prepares the family meals herself six nights a week. She is fully and deeply involved in rearing her kids. Most important of all to her is her Christian faith. “We don’t frequent the social scene, we don’t frequent the nightclubs, we don’t drink,” she says. “We are Christ-centered, and we try, by the grace of His spirit, to center all our activities on Him and for Him.” The Huizengas attend the non-denominational Calvary Chapel of Fort Lauderdale. Through the multimillion-dollar Huizenga Family Foundation, they support a number of charities that are tied into Christian outreach, such as HIV clinics in Haiti, various branches of the United Way, the Salvation Army, the Broward [County, Fla.] Partnership for the Homeless, the Boys & Girls Club of Broward County, as well as Calvary Chapel itself and its community outreach efforts. “We’re just stewards of all this money,” says Fonda. “It’s God’s.”

When you come right down to it, her biggest quirk—of which she is very aware—is her fanaticism when it comes to fishing for blue marlin.

In Ernest Hemingway’s novella *The Old Man and the Sea*, the elderly Cuban fisherman who is the story’s protagonist catches an enormous blue marlin in an epic battle that goes on for four days. During the struggle the old man repeatedly calls the fish his brother, praising the fish’s nobility and character. I ask Fonda if she feels a similar kinship with the marlin she hunts.

“They’re prey,” she says with a guilty laugh. “But if I don’t play the game right, I’m prey. Or at least a victim. I understand the food chain very well. I enjoy being out there, especially in Costa Rica. You see humpbacked whales, and you see orca. You see sometimes five species of dolphins. Sea turtles that are huge. Schools of fish the size of city blocks. You see things down there that

you should see in the ocean everywhere but don’t. But me and the fish? It’s just a predator-prey relationship.”

Wayne Jr. is an indulgent husband who seems to find his wife’s lust for blue marlin amusing. He was the one who got her started. “I just thought sport fishing would be a neat thing we could do together,” he says, adding with a laugh: “And then she pushed me out of the way!”

It turns out Wayne and Fonda have different approaches when it comes to deep-sea fishing. “When I fish, I’ve got the radio on playing music,” says Wayne. “I’ll take a break, make lunch, take a nap. When she’s fishing, she’s got her eyes fixed on the water. She’s very focused on the results. Her intensity is incredible. Most people would not enjoy it, frankly, the kind of fishing she’s doing. But she just loves it. She’s on a mission when she’s out there, and she is either going to accomplish it, or leave at least knowing that she did everything she could to accomplish it.”

So intent is Fonda on her world-record goals that Wayne doesn’t go with her. “Me, I am strictly by nature all or nothing,” says Fonda. “When I go fishing, it’s the only thing I will leave my children for, and I will leave them for seven to 10 days a year. My husband calls it a character fault. He says, ‘You should be able, Fonda,

Fonda seems as down to earth as your local PTA mom. She prepares family meals six nights a week. She is deeply involved in rearing her kids. Her biggest quirk is her fanaticism when it comes to blue marlin.

to go out and fish for something else, or be able to tag these nice fishies and let them go.’ But, unfortunately, I’m not capable of that middle ground. I’m either 100 percent mommy and 100 percent here, or I’m 100 percent out there on the edge. Moderation is not a word in my vocabulary.”

“She’s got phenomenal focus,” says Bobby Brown, Fonda’s boat captain for her world-record fishing trips since 1996. “That’s why she’s done what she’s done in such a short amount of time. There are people who

have done this their whole lives and have never caught a record fish.”

In addition to her dedication and focus, Brown thinks her analytical nature and engineering background give her an edge. “She understands the theory of the drag, she understands the theory behind the leverage of the rod, she understands the theory that the more line that’s out there, the more strain is gonna be on the line.”

In her quest for world records in blue marlin fishing, Fonda has chosen to fish in the Pacific off Costa Rica in rented charter boats. Annually now since 2000, she has been making trips each February to the small Costa Rican fishing village of Puerto Carrillo.

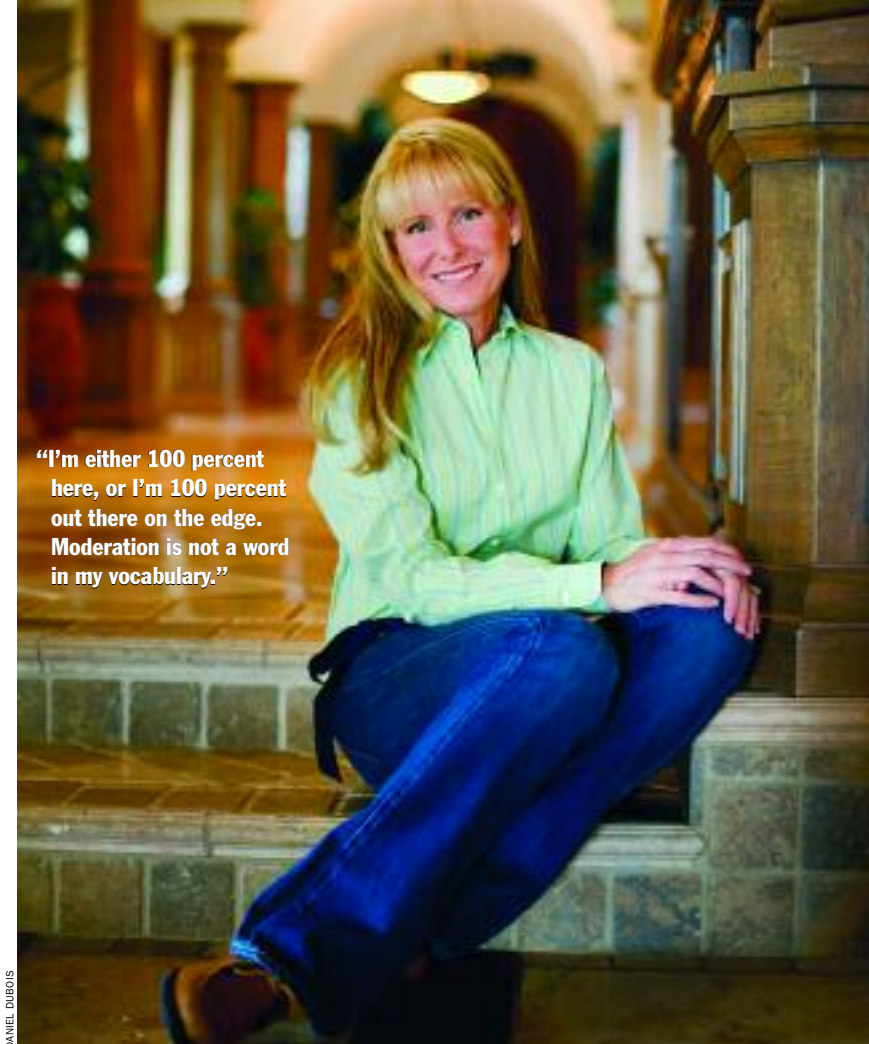
Fonda has three key reasons for going there: The village is quietly beautiful, the ocean there is much calmer than the choppy Atlantic, and the rules governing Pacific sport fishing are less restrictive than in the Atlantic. Because of U.S. federal marine conservation laws, explains Capt. Bobby, “In the Atlantic Ocean now, you cannot kill or boat a blue marlin that’s under 99 inches long. So all the really light tackle records that are left in the 6- and 8-pound class would still have to be a 300-plus-pound fish.” And a fish that size, Capt. Bobby says, is very tough to catch on light test line. Because the fish are more plentiful in the Pacific, those restrictions don’t exist.

Fonda now has her sights set on the 6-pound test record for blue marlin. To get it, she’s willing to endure all sorts of hardships that most weekend anglers wouldn’t put up with. “She’ll sit there on the back of the boat, and she doesn’t move,” says Capt. Bobby. “She’ll barely even get up to go to the bathroom. And she’ll sit there for 10 hours a day, in 100-degree sun, whether it’s rough or not.”

Generally, she and her hired-out crew are on the charter boat from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. every day for 10 days. “The boats I’m fishing on don’t have air conditioning, they don’t have TVs, they don’t have microwaves,” says Fonda. “These are stripped-down, hard-core fishing boats.”

“When I’m out in the water, we have no music playing, we wolf down our food in about 30 seconds, and we’re hard-core about watching lures. Most of the time you’re in a sitting position, watching four lures. So this is my time to get back with God. I sit and I pray, and I go through the events of a whole year. I think about my friends, my family, my life. This is the time when God and I basically have a 12-hour conversation.”

To prepare for this daily marathon of fishing, Fonda runs for an hour every morning at dawn before she fishes, along the dirt roads and hills of sleepy Puerto Carrillo. “You can’t put a personality type like me in the back of a boat for 12 hours,” she wisecracks, “and



“I’m either 100 percent here, or I’m 100 percent out there on the edge. Moderation is not a word in my vocabulary.”

expect me not to take things apart.

“Most of the villagers there look at me and go, ‘It’s *gringa loca* again. It’s that blonde chick; she comes here once a year, and she goes running by.’

“My Spanish is workable. I speak fishing Spanish, restaurant Spanish, and enough Spanish to get me through casual conversation. My conversations down there get kind of interesting. Let’s see: I’ve been proposed marriage to, given gifts, invited over. One time when I was probably two and a half miles out on my run, I was given a 5-pound watermelon.” She laughs at the memory. “It became the lead weight that I had to carry all the way back.”

These days, Fonda only goes out once a year in her quest for world records. “Yeah, I have the wherewithal to go out fishing any time and at any place I want to go. And I have a husband who—God bless him—would probably tell me to go. And I know that if I leave my family once a month, and go fishing for a week somewhere, I’d probably have a whole lot more records. But my kids—I only have this little bit of time to grow these little people into what the Lord wants them to be. And so I’m willing to say, the blue marlin aren’t going anywhere. They’re gonna be out there.”

With an attitude like that, the next record catch is surely only a matter of time. ▼

The Commodore's Strange Gift

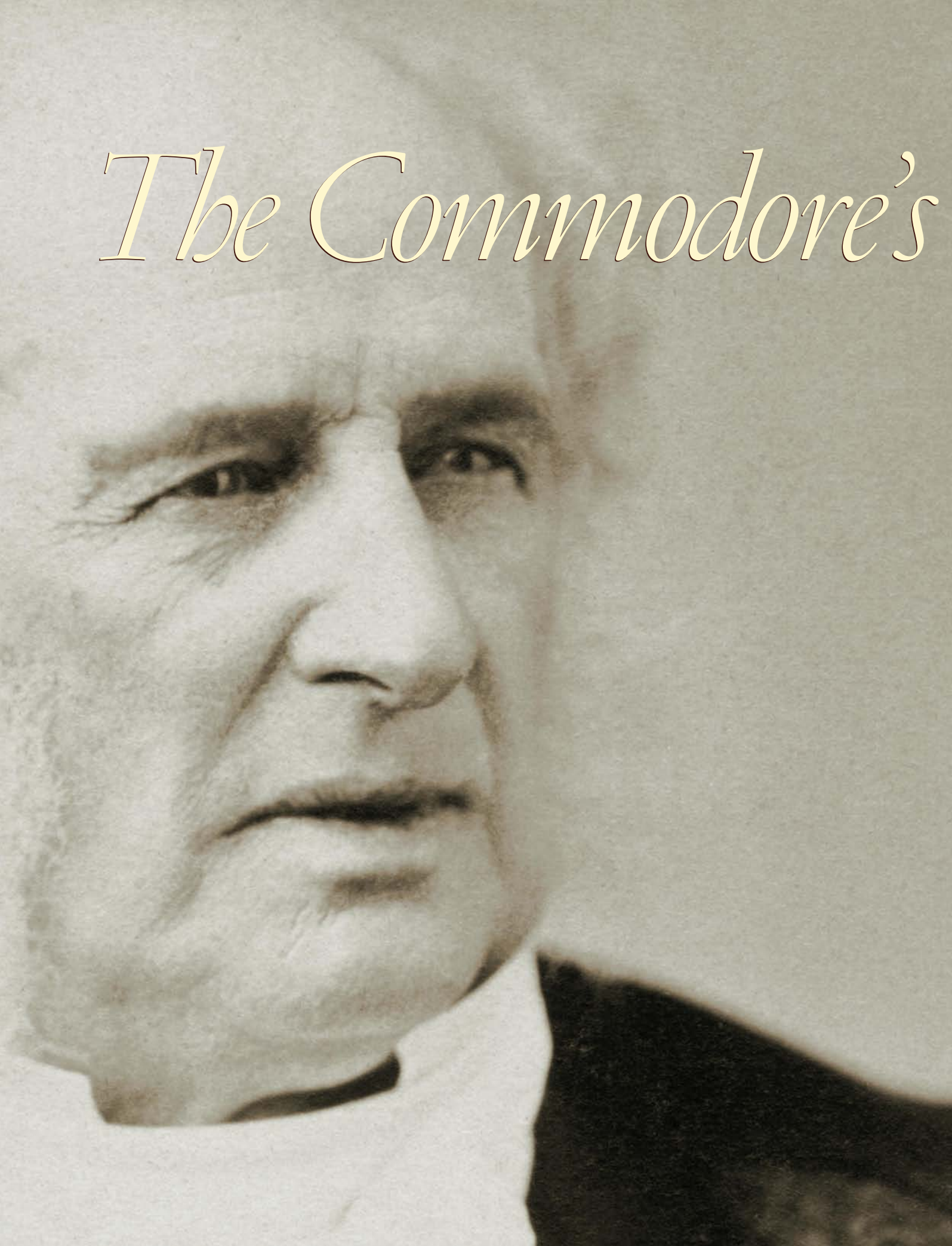
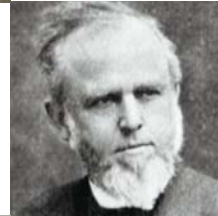
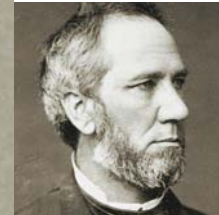
HOW TWO MEN OF GOD,
TWO SHADY SISTERS,
AND A WOMAN NAMED FRANK
INFLUENCED THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN
TO FOUND VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

By MICHAEL MCGERR

The founding of Vanderbilt University is an extraordinary story, an unexpectedly salacious tale worthy of a primetime soap opera. Sex plays a leading role; so does sanctity—enough for a contemporary presidential campaign. And there are spirits: Ghosts flit in and out of the founding of a Methodist university in Nashville in 1873.

Then there is the founder himself: Cornelius Vanderbilt, the grasping, hard-driving Commodore, richest man on earth, and one of the least likely benefactors of higher education. The Commodore's founding donation to his namesake university was truly a strange, fortunate gift—a reminder of the complexity of the human mind and heart and, ultimately, the best investment this great speculator ever made.

This page, clockwise from top: Holland McTyeire, Charles Force Deems, Victoria Woodhull, Frank Crawford Vanderbilt, Tennessee Claflin



Cornelius Vanderbilt was born in the right place at the right time—on a Staten Island farm in 1794, across the bay from what would become the leading city of the United States on the leading edge of the industrial revolution. Starting as a teenager with a simple one-masted periauger, Vanderbilt built a fleet of sailing vessels and then an armada of steamboats and steamships. By the 1850s his ships cruised as far west as California and as far east as England; the title “Commodore,” once a sarcastic putdown, had become an awed tribute to this capitalist worth more than \$10 million.

Typically, that wasn’t enough for Cornelius Vanderbilt. Getting out of the ship business, he transferred his energies to railroads, the newest edge of the industrial revolution. By the late 1860s, well into his 70s, the Commodore had become a “railroad king,” ruler of an iron empire stretching from Manhattan across New York State towards Chicago. His pride and joy, the New York Central Railroad, helped make him fabulously rich. At some point in the 1870s, his fortune reached \$90 million to \$100 million, the largest in America and most likely the world.

A Hard Man in Love with His Own Name

Then and now, the Commodore was a difficult man to like. Pursuing profit remorselessly, he reveled in risk and loved economic combat. His willingness to drive competitors to the wall was frightening. He was no more lovable at home. A stern father and a misogynist, he had little time for his eight daughters and little patience with two of his three sons. When his wife, Sophia, balked at moving to Manhattan, he put her in an asylum until she changed her mind.

But, as I’ve found in researching a history of the Vanderbilt family, the Commodore was also a compelling figure, frequently misunderstood. In an age of unregulated economic competition, he had an essential integrity. Rather old-fashioned, he offered no sanctimonious platitudes about the virtues of capitalism. Strong, courageous and incisive, Vanderbilt



The Commodore’s willingness to drive competitors to the wall was frightening. He had little time for his eight daughters and little patience with two of his three sons. When his wife balked at moving to Manhattan, he put her in an asylum until she changed her mind.

drove himself hard, even in old age. Self-controlled, he lived fairly plainly; his only extravagance was his speedy trotting horses.

His obsession, especially in old age, was keeping the name Vanderbilt alive. The Commodore had a peculiar fascination with his own blood; his wife, Sophia, was his first cousin not once but twice over, the blood relative of both the Commodore’s father and mother.

Obsessed with his name, Cornelius Vanderbilt had not done the obvious thing to memorialize it: He hadn’t made large, ostentatious charitable gifts. Like most wealthy men of the day, the Commodore believed charity sapped the morals of its supposed beneficiaries. His gift to the public was the ships he launched, the trains he sped, the cargo he carried, the jobs he created.

That was an increasingly controversial position. In “An Open Letter to Com. Vanderbilt” in 1869, Mark Twain sarcastically abused the millionaire. “Go, now, please go, and do one worthy act,” the writer begged. “Go, boldly, grandly, nobly, and give four dollars to some great public charity. It will break your heart, no doubt; but no matter, you have but a little while to live, and it is better to die suddenly and nobly than live a century longer the same Vanderbilt you are now.”

The stubborn railroad king never would have said it out loud, but he had already begun to come to the same conclusion. At an age when men hardly ever changed, the Commodore had begun one last effort to remake himself. Without knowing it, he had already set out on the route to Vanderbilt University.

In the summer of 1868, the Commodore and Sophia had gone their separate ways as so often before. He had headed north for his annual stay at fashionable Saratoga, with its round of horse races and card games; she, feeling unwell, had traveled to the quiet waters of Lebanon Springs at the eastern edge of the state. There were waters in Saratoga, too, but by then the Vanderbilts had been married for nearly 55 years.

The waters didn’t help, so the 73-year-old Sophia journeyed back to New York where she suffered a stroke. Racing back on his special train at the unheard-of speed of nearly a mile a minute, the Commodore stayed with his wife until a second, unexpected attack killed her on Aug. 17.

However strained their relationship, marriage had helped structure Cornelius Vanderbilt’s life for more than half a century. With

An 1870 cartoon depicts the Commodore standing astride two railroads competing with industrialist James Fisk (1835–1872) for control of the Erie Railroad.

Sophia gone, with his old friends dying off, the new widower was lonely. He had little interest in spending much time with his children. But Vanderbilt was still “wonderfully well preserved,” a reporter noted in the summer of 1869. “He steps as light as a shadow, and looks more fresh than some man of fifty.” Without a wife, the Commodore had more freedom than ever to pursue his fancies and his appetites. The result was a period of instability and experimentation.

Sophia’s death intensified the Commodore’s interest in the spirit world, the place where his mother, Phebe, and his one beloved son, George, a victim of the Civil War, already dwelled. More than ever the widower consulted “spiritual physicians,” who used the magnetic power of their hands to ease his body

and messages from the dead to ease his mind.

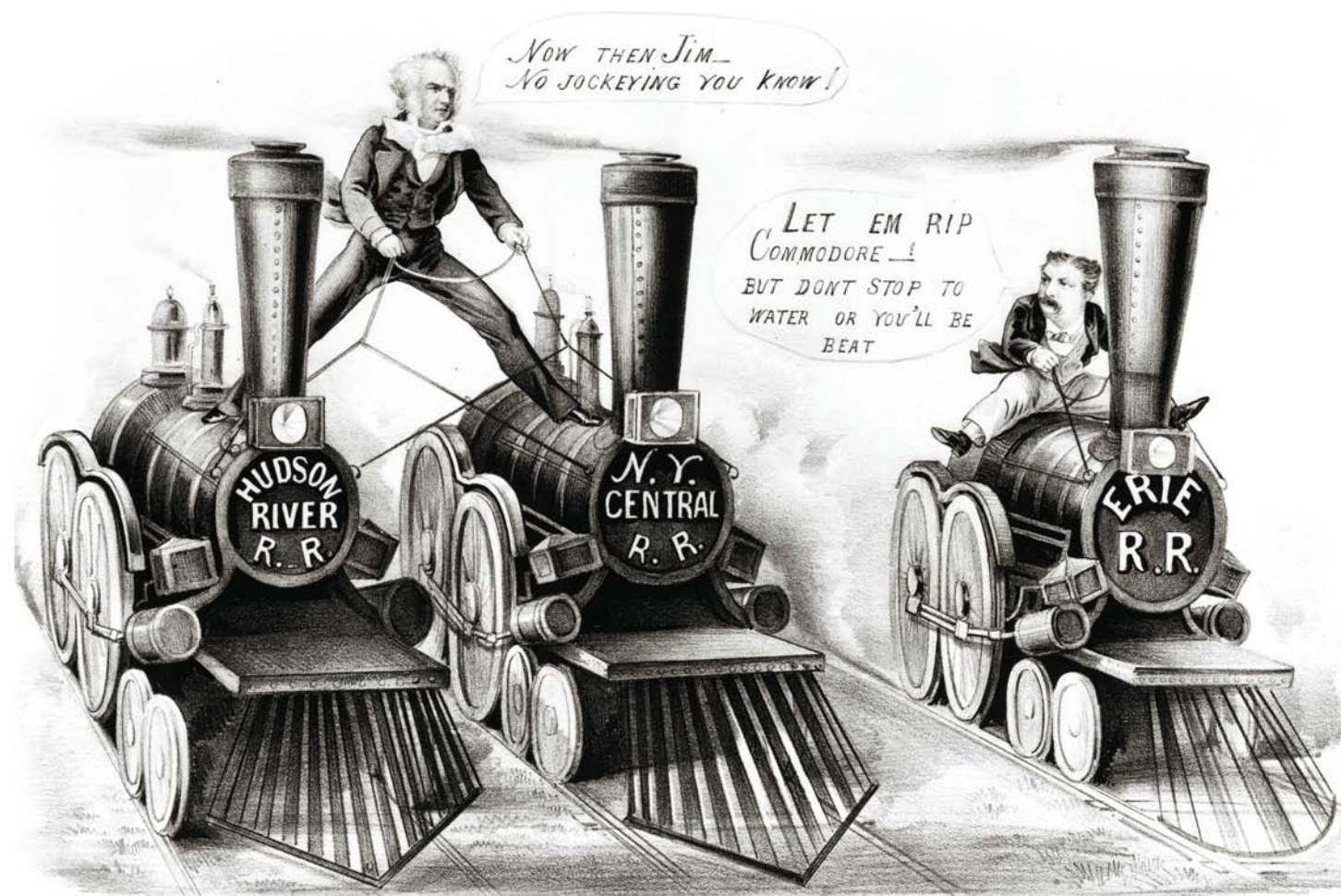
Vanderbilt’s longing for contact with the departed was hardly unusual in post-Civil War America. Like the Commodore, millions of his countrymen mourned the death of family members on the nation’s battlefields. Told by their ministers that the dead were near at hand, many people wanted to believe those spirits could communicate with the living through mysterious rappings and Ouija boards.

Vanderbilt was a bit skeptical about the spirits. He enjoyed the spiritual physicians’ ministrations without having to trust their communications from the dead. The Commodore sometimes asked his mother and his wife for advice about the children.

Fortune Tellers and Fortune Hunters

Spiritualism had a further appeal for Vanderbilt, who remained, as a reporter delicately observed, “much of a ladies man”: The movement was largely dominated by women. Séances usually took place in the woman’s sphere, the home, because 19th-century Americans typically died there, rather than in hospitals. In Victorian eyes, women—seemingly so passive, so spiritual, so angelic themselves—were ideal vessels for communications from the dead. Some women found service as spiritual physicians and mediums attractive because it was a rare chance to cast off their seeming passivity and seek careers, influence and power.

Not long after Sophia’s death, the Com-



THE GREAT RACE FOR THE WESTERN STAKES 1870

modore met two of the most attractive spiritualists of them all—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and her unmarried sister, Tennessee Claflin. Vickie and Tennie were the extraordinary daughters of Roxanna “Roxy” Claflin, a religious fanatic and mesmerist, and her brutal husband, Reuben “Buck” Claflin, a notorious horse thief, blackmailer and swindler. Shady and shiftless, the Claflins had roamed about Ohio before the war. Vickie and Tennie, beaten and starved by their cruel father, found solace and a kind of power in the spirit world. The intense, erratic Vickie easily fell into deep trances; the ebullient Tennie, eight years younger, specialized in fortune-telling, premonitions and visions.

In 1853, at the age of 15, Vickie escaped by eloping with her physician, Canning Woodhull, who turned out to be a philandering, heartless drunk. Bearing two children, Vickie supported her family by becoming an actress, a prostitute, and a “clairvoyant medium and magnetic healer.” She also became a passionate advocate of women’s rights and sexual freedom.

Tennie, meanwhile, had remained her father’s little meal ticket. From town to town the Claflins hawked “Miss Tennessee’s Magnetic Life Elixir,” a supposed cure for cancer and other ailments. In Illinois in 1863, Tennie was charged with manslaughter when this hideous, burning salve killed a woman suffering from breast cancer. (The Claflins

skipped town to avoid the trial, so she was never convicted.)

When Vickie had a vision to head for New York City in 1868, Tennie went along. By October, less than two months after Sophia Vanderbilt’s death, the sisters had opened their “Magnetic Healing Institute and Conservatory of Metaphysical, Mental and Spiritual Science.”

They were feminists; they were frauds; they were unique. And one day, not long after their arrival in New York City, Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin turned up at Cornelius Vanderbilt’s house in Washington Place. The Commodore admired the “classic-countenanced” Victoria, but he was even more attracted to the voluptuous, 22-year-old Tennie, who, as a reporter once remarked, “displayed in the most aggravating way a wondrous shirt front.”

Soon the Commodore began giving them stock tips and apparently accepted \$10,000 of their money to manage on their behalf. Vickie became his “magnetic doctress.” According to the sisters, Tennie became Vanderbilt’s “housekeeper” and ministered to a variety of his needs. There were unsubstantiated rumors of a sexual relationship between the Commodore and the “ample” young redhead he called his “little sparrow.”

In the meantime, the Commodore was socializing with another pair of women. Forty-nine-year-old Martha Everitt Craw-

ford was the widow of a well-respected merchant and federal marshal from Mobile, Ala. Martha’s 30-year-old daughter, Frank Armstrong Crawford, had been divorced before the Civil War, her marriage the victim of interference from her own family. Like many Southerners, these husbandless Crawfords had seen their resources dwindle with the fortunes of the defeated Confederacy. Frank had taught music to help support the family. Mother and daughter were attractive women, but nothing like the exotic Vickie and Tennie.

Nevertheless, the Crawfords had something those free-love advocates lacked—a good bit of the Commodore’s genetic code. Like Vanderbilt and his wife, Sophia, Martha and Frank were direct descendants of the sea captain Samuel Hand and his wife, Phebe. Accordingly, the Crawfords had a special fascination for Cornelius Vanderbilt, the man who had married his first cousin and now yearned to commune with her spirit. Martha and Frank were both his and Sophia’s blood relatives—first cousins once and twice removed, respectively, of the Vanderbilts. The Crawfords had visited their New York cousins the year before Sophia’s death. Now the Commodore got to know mother and daughter even better, and soon the rumor began to circulate that the railroad king would marry the widow Crawford.

On the morning of Aug. 21, 1869, the Commodore turned up in the parlor of the

Tecumseh Hotel in London, Ontario, midway between Niagara Falls and Detroit. There a Methodist clergyman married him—not to Tennie Claflin, not to Martha Crawford, but to Frank Crawford.

The Commodore and the Virtuous Woman

The wedding of America’s richest man to a woman 45 years his junior provoked wonder and amazement. The press chuckled over the railroad king’s latest “speculation,” his “last and most notable consolidation,” and clapped its forehead in amused disbelief at the relative ages of the bride and groom.

It was Frank who made the marriage acceptable. The new Mrs. Vanderbilt was an unusual woman, an elegant enigma. She had a man’s name—her father’s tribute to his revered business partner, Frank Armstrong. But the Commodore’s tall wife was gracefully feminine, her black hair and blue eyes lending her a quiet, winning dignity. She sang, she dressed well, and above all, she loved God. Frank was, a religious paper noted, “an accomplished Christian lady, a worthy member of the Methodist Church, and an active worker in Church and Sabbath School work.” No one doubted Frank Vanderbilt’s faith. Normally, divorce permanently clouded a woman’s reputation in Gilded Age America; but Frank, clothed in her dignity and her piety, seemed eminently respectable. Somehow no one, at least in public, questioned her motives in marrying the Commodore.

Frank’s piety legitimated the union but raised an interesting question about Cornelius Vanderbilt. As a religious writer gently put it, the Commodore “had been a very worldly and even profane man.” Thanks to his mother, he believed in the existence of God and the authenticity of the Bible. With his stern demeanor, his sharp blue eyes and his white cravat, the railroad king was often mistaken for a minister or a bishop. Still, Cornelius Vanderbilt had never shown any interest in organized religion, much less joined



The second Mrs. Vanderbilt implored this most eminent of American “swearists” to clean up his language. She got him to cut down on card games and séances. Most of all, she went to work on his soul.

a church. The Commodore certainly knew what he was getting in Frank. He surely could have found a less devout helpmate such as the “ample” Tennie Claflin. But the Commodore, in a sign of some inner change, had chosen Frank.

The second Mrs. Vanderbilt quickly set to reforming her new husband. Frank firmly implored this most eminent of American “swearists” to clean up his language. She persuaded him to buy new clothes and new carpets. She got him to cut down on card games and séances. Most of all, she went to work on his soul.

Frank had some unexpected help in her reform crusade. Despite his marriage, the Commodore did not sever all his ties to Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin. There was no more magnetic doctoring, but the sisters opened up shop as “bankers and bro-

kers” early in 1870. Supposedly the world’s first women stockbrokers, “Woodhull, Claflin & Co.” caused an immediate sensation. Thousands flocked to get a look at “The Bewitching Brokers.”

Woodhull, Claflin & Co. made much of its apparent connection to Cornelius Vanderbilt. A prominently displayed portrait of the Commodore reassured customers. Rumors spread quickly that Vanderbilt was “the aider and abettor, if not the full partner, of the firm.” The press eagerly presented the sisters as “Vanderbilt’s protégés.”

Vickie and Tennie’s venture became an embarrassment for the Commodore. The idea of female stockbrokers was controversial. “In short,” a reporter declared, “the spectacle of these Broad street brokers is a disgusting and unnatural one.” Vickie and Tennie’s career as magnetic physicians and clairvoyants came out in the papers. Tennie told the press that she had expected to marry the Commodore. The sisters’ notoriety increased when they began publishing *Woodhull and Claflin’s Weekly*, a forum for their outspoken views on women’s rights and free love. Vickie won still more notoriety by launching a well-publicized campaign for president of a nation that denied women the vote.

If Frank felt anger or embarrassment over the Commodore’s involvement with Vickie and Tennie, she shared her feelings only in private. As the saga of the “bewitching brokers” unfolded, Frank quietly intensified her campaign to reform the Commodore and save his soul. An astute judge of her aging husband, the second Mrs. Vanderbilt skillfully pushed him towards something he had always disdained—a sizeable act of charity.

Soon after arriving in New York, Frank and her mother had begun attending an unusual fledgling church devoted to newcomers to the city. The pastor, Dr. Charles Deems, was a Southern Methodist, but his “Church of the Strangers” was nondenominational. The congregation of this “free, independent church of Jesus Christ” met in rented rooms, up three difficult flights of stairs at New York University, not far from the Commodore’s house.



They were feminists; they were frauds; they were unique. The Commodore admired Victoria, but he was more attracted to voluptuous Tennie, who, as a reporter remarked, “displayed in the most aggravating way a wondrous shirt front.”



The Church of the Strangers grew quickly, thanks to Dr. Deems, a short, powerfully built North Carolinian with a gift for simple, direct preaching. Before long, Frank began telling the Commodore how hard it was to climb those stairs at New York University.

As fiercely independent as the Commodore, Deems himself made no effort to solicit a donation from his parishioner's fabulously wealthy husband. This reticence was surely careful strategy; Frank and Deems knew Vanderbilt did not respond well to requests for charity. But in truth, the minister didn't much care for the Commodore. "I regarded him," Deems recalled, "as an unscrupulous gatherer of money, a man who aimed at accumulating an immense fortune and had no very pious concern as to the means." The cleric was also, he admitted, "a little afraid" of the imperious railway king.

Finally visiting the Commodore, Deems began to change his mind about this "unscrupulous gatherer of money." For his part, Vanderbilt decided he approved of Deems' religious "orthodoxy," as well as the minister's refusal to ask for money. One day, rather abruptly, the Commodore told Deems to come see him the next evening. Unintentionally playing hard to get, the minister explained he had other commitments for the next several evenings. Vanderbilt wasn't used to being told to wait, which made him that much more interested in Deems. When they did meet, Vanderbilt quizzed the minister about his plans for a building and then offered to give it to him.

A First Great Act of Charity

This new business of philanthropy wasn't so easy. To Vanderbilt's amazement, Deems suspected some devious financial stratagem or a trick to make him a kept man, a "chaplain." The minister angrily turned down the first large act of charity the Commodore had ever attempted. Vanderbilt made clear he had no use for a chaplain and wanted Deems to maintain his independence. In a comic scene, the minister finally

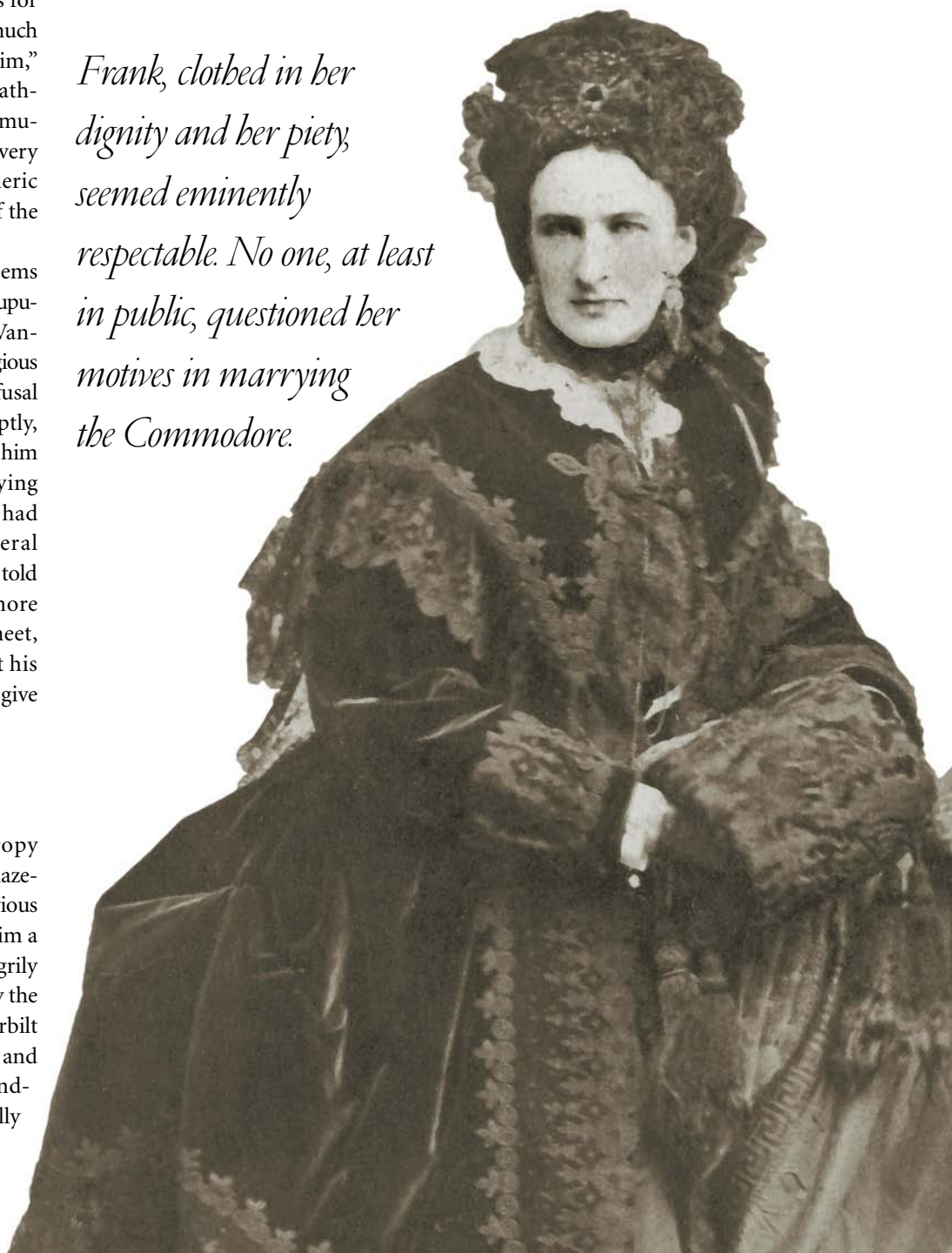
relented and accepted the gift. The Church of the Strangers bought its new building in July 1870, two months after the appearance of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*.

News of the Commodore's gift stunned the public. "Commodore Vanderbilt has just done a good deed, unsolicited," marveled *Harper's Bazaar*.

Not one to rest on her laurels, Frank continued her quiet work on Cornelius Vanderbilt's soul. Now she had an ally in Charles

Deems, a frequent guest at the Vanderbilt house. One evening the subject of education came up. "I'd give a million dollars today, Doctor," Vanderbilt vowed, "if I had your education!" Deems wondered whether the Commodore, a multimillionaire with only a grade-school education, really meant what he said. "I've been among educated people enough to see its importance," Vanderbilt admitted. "I've been to England, and seen them lords, and other fellows, and knew that

Frank, clothed in her dignity and her piety, seemed eminently respectable. No one, at least in public, questioned her motives in marrying the Commodore.



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McTyeire, like Deems, was just the Commodore's sort of man. A driving, focused leader, the rather introverted bishop played his cards close to the vest, just like Vanderbilt.

I had twice as much brains as they had maybe, and yet I had to keep still, and couldn't say anything through fear of exposing myself."

The conversation continued a while before Deems, always canny with the Commodore, figured a way to provoke his benefactor. "Let me tell you," the minister said accusingly, "that you are one of the greatest hindrances to education that I know of." Surprised, Vanderbilt asked what he meant. "Why, don't you see, if you do nothing to promote education, to prove to the world that you believe in it, there isn't a boy in all the land who ever heard of you, but may say, 'What's the use of an education? There's Commodore Vanderbilt; he never had any, and never wanted any, and yet he became the richest man in America.'" Vanderbilt, taken aback, wondered what to do. Deems moved in on his goal: "Suppose you take that money and found a university." Artfully, the cleric added the finishing touch: The new institution could be called the "Vanderbilt University."

The Commodore was interested, but Deems' notion languished. Following a suggestion from Vanderbilt, the minister explored the feasibility of a Moravian school, dedicated to the faith of the Commodore's forebears. But the Moravians lacked the kind of strong leader Vanderbilt believed necessary to run "so great a work." Deems turned, then, to the idea he and Frank had no doubt had all along—the longtime dream of a Southern Methodist university in Nashville. One of the leaders of the movement for this "central university" was a Southern Methodist bishop, the Rev. Dr. Holland N. McTyeire, who was a friend of Charles Deems and both a kinsman by marriage and former pastor of Frank Vanderbilt. But the Commodore didn't take the hint and invite McTyeire to come see him.

Revenge of the Bewitching Brokers

Then Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin once again provided their special kind of help. No longer associated with the Commodore, the "Queens of

Finance" and their family turned on their former benefactor in 1871. That spring Tennie and Vickie's mother, Roxy, set out to blackmail the Commodore, along with some other well known New Yorkers. Then Tennie took the stand to testify in a typically bizarre Claflin family brawl, Roxie's lawsuit against one of Vickie's former husbands. "I ... have humbugged a great many rich people, Vanderbilt included," Tennie proudly announced. "Commodore Vanderbilt knows my power."

Next it was Vickie's turn to tweak the Commodore in public. In a highly publicized address in February 1872, Woodhull compared the railway king to a thief. Railing against "these railroad magnates," she declared, "It is a crime for a single person to steal a dollar, but a corporation may steal millions of dollars, and be canonized as saints."

As late as 1875, the Commodore found

himself publicly dragged back into the saga of Vickie and Tennie. Subpoenaed to testify in an investor's suit against the sisters for fraud, Vanderbilt declared that he had not given them "any authority ... to use my name in their business."

Against the backdrop of continual reminders of the Commodore's folly in taking up with Woodhull and Claflin, Frank and Deems finally succeeded in bringing the multimillionaire together with Bishop McTyeire. In March 1873, the Vanderbilts hosted the Bishop at 10 Washington Place as he convalesced from surgery. Once more Frank had proved an astute judge of her husband: McTyeire, like Deems, was just the Commodore's sort of man. A driving, focused leader, the rather introverted bishop played his cards close to the vest, just like Vanderbilt. The Commodore sized up McTyeire quickly. "The greatest railroad lawyer I ever knew was destroyed," Vanderbilt told the bishop, "when you entered the ministry."

Frank, meanwhile, played her part. Driving past the Astor Library with the Commodore one day during McTyeire's visit, she spoke feelingly of "how much had been done for the young men of the North, while the few institutions of learning left in the South were struggling under the burden of debt, and the vast majority of the young men in that section were denied even such privileges as these poorly equipped institutions provided." When his wife told him she "longed" to help these young Southerners, the Commodore asked how. She replied simply, "A university."

The Commodore, who had done a great deal for two women of the North, now knew what he needed to do for this woman of the South. Before McTyeire left New York, Vanderbilt gave him a written offer of a \$500,000 endowment to support the Methodist "Central University" in or near Nashville. Before the month was out, the board of trust of the projected Central University accepted the Commodore's offer and renamed their institution "Vanderbilt University." (A later, second donation brought the Commodore's total gift to nearly \$1 million.)

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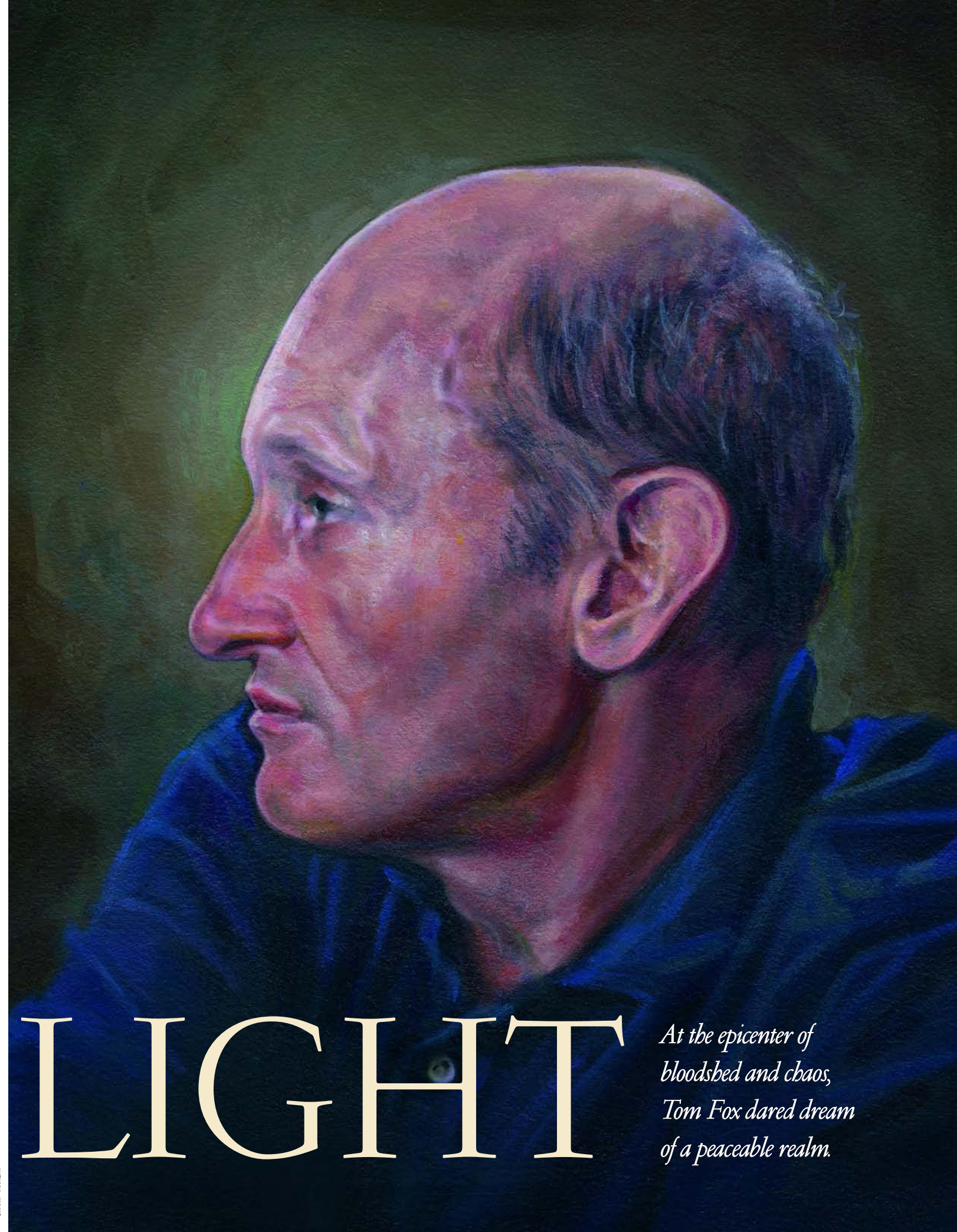
Tom Fox was kidnapped in Baghdad on Nov. 26, 2005. His body was found near a west Baghdad railroad line on March 9, 2006.

There were gunshot wounds in his head and chest, and police said the body showed signs of torture. A group calling itself the Swords of Righteousness Brigade claimed responsibility for the kidnapping. Three other peacemakers who had been kidnapped with him were later safely released.

Tom Fox was an unlikely hero. After graduating from Peabody College in 1973 with a bachelor's degree in music education, he spent two decades playing clarinet for the United States Marine Band. As a Quaker he became a committed peace activist, and in September 2004 he went to Iraq with a group from Christian Peacemaker Teams, a Chicago-based violence-reduction program.

There was little hint during his years at Peabody that Fox would become an activist. "Tom was a very quiet person back then," says Frank Kirchner, an adjunct associate professor of saxophone at Vanderbilt's Blair School of Music who met Fox while both were studying music at Peabody. "He was a man of few words, but when he spoke it was usually something very intuitive and insightful." Fox, who was 54 at the time of his death, lived in Springfield, Va., and is survived by two children.

Reprinted here are edited excerpts from his blog, "Waiting in the Light." To read the complete blog, go to www.waitingintheight.blogspot.com/.



WAITING IN THE

LIGHT

At the epicenter of bloodshed and chaos, Tom Fox dared dream of a peaceable realm.

Oct. 1, 2004

First Impressions of Baghdad

You should take these first impressions of Baghdad with several grains of salt. I have only been in the city for seven days and have never been to the Near East before. I have only been part of a Christian Peacemaker Team [CPT] for 50 days. And I have no previous background in peacemaking, having spent the last 10 years working for a natural foods company and the remainder of my adult life as a musician.

“Do not lie, and do not do what you hate” (Gospel of Thomas, v. 6). This saying of Jesus, as is the case with so many of his teachings, seems so obvious. Yet the longer I consider it, the greater its subtle truth becomes.

After stripping away all the rationales for the invasion of Iraq, what is left is the reality that the current U.S. administration felt compelled to invade from a basis of hate. I can envision them saying, “Saddam is evil. We hate evil. Therefore, we need to rid the world of this evil man and his cronies.” Saddam and his associates built palaces and enclaves where they lived in luxury while across the Tigris River over a million residents of Baghdad lived in poverty and squalor. He maintained control of the country by devoting huge amounts of material resources to his military and security forces, a decision that allowed the city’s infrastructure to deteriorate. And most hateful of all was his use of imprisonment and torture to keep Baghdad living in a state of fear.

Most of the American and Iraqi interim government officials have sequestered themselves in palaces and enclaves, which has served to disconnect them from the population. These officials are devoting a significant amount of material resources to maintain both military and contracted security organizations while the already marginal infrastructure continues to deteriorate. And in the continuing cycle of hatred creating more hatred, there are elements that use terrorist tactics to try to destabilize the American forces and the interim government. Their actions and the response by the American



KURT FELDBERGH/MALEBY/BALTIMORE SUN

Artillery and oil fires create a haze throughout Baghdad in this 2003 photo.

forces keep the population in a state of fear and uncertainty.

Do not do what you hate.

Oct. 22, 2004

Fight or Flight?

“If an attacker inspires anger or fear in my heart, it means that I have not purged myself of violence. To realize nonviolence means to feel within you its strength—soul force—to know God. A person who has known God will be incapable of harboring anger or fear within him [or her], no matter how overpowering the cause for that anger or fear may be.”

— Gandhi to Badshah Kahn’s Khudai Khidmatgar officers; from *A Man to Match His Mountains* by Eknath Easwaran

When I allow myself to become angry, I disconnect from God and connect with the evil force that empowers fighting. When I allow

myself to become fearful, I disconnect from God and connect with the evil force that encourages flight. I take Gandhi and Jesus at their word: If I am not one with God, then I am one with Satan. I don’t think Gandhi would use that word, but Jesus certainly did, on numerous occasions. The French theologian Rene Girard has a very powerful vision of Satan that speaks to me: “Satan sustains himself as a parasite on what God creates by imitating God in a manner that is jealous, grotesque, perverse, and as contrary as possible to the loving and obedient imitation of Jesus.”

If I am not to fight or flee in the face of armed aggression, be it the overt aggression of the army or the subversive aggression of the terrorist, then what am I to do? “Stand firm against evil” seems to be the guidance of Jesus and Gandhi in order to stay connected with God. But here in Iraq I struggle with that second form of aggression. I have visual references and written models of

CPTers standing firm against the overt aggression of an army, be it regular or paramilitary. But how do you stand firm against a car bomber or a kidnapper? Clearly, the soldier being disconnected from God needs to have me fight. Just as clearly, the terrorist being disconnected from God needs to have me flee. Both are willing to kill me using different means to achieve the same end—that end being to increase the parasitic power of Satan within God’s good creation.

It seems easier somehow to confront anger within my heart than it is to confront fear. But if Jesus and Gandhi are right, then I am not to give in to either. I am to stand firm against the kidnapper as I am to stand firm against the soldier. Does that mean I walk into a raging battle to confront the soldiers? Does that mean I walk the streets of Baghdad with a sign saying “American for the Taking”? No to both counts. But if Jesus and Gandhi are right, then I am asked to risk my

If Jesus and Gandhi are right, then I am asked to risk my life and, if I lose it, to be as forgiving as they were when murdered by the forces of Satan. I struggle to stand firm, but I’m willing to keep working at it.

life and, if I lose it, to be as forgiving as they were when murdered by the forces of Satan. I struggle to stand firm, but I’m willing to keep working at it.

Nov. 30, 2004

Imagine

Last week Maxine Nash and I visited a friend of the team at his home. Nuir (not his real name) invited us for dinner and to spend the night. Trying to put it in the context of what is normal in North America really strained my imagination.

Nuir picked us up after dark to minimize the possibility of being seen going into his house. Maxine and I wore Iraqi head coverings to minimize the likelihood someone might see him bringing Westerners to his home, since that would make Nuir a potential target for insurgent retaliation. *Imagine:* You live in North America and invite friends who are visiting from Japan to your home. You tell them not to arrive until after dark and to wear the caps and jerseys of the local high-school football team to help them blend in.

On the way to and from their home, we saw lines of cars, some stretching for miles, waiting to get gas. There is a major fuel crisis in the country. *Imagine:* You get up in the middle of the night or spend the night in line waiting for the gas station to open. Or you pay 20 times what you have been paying, knowing it will affect the food and other necessities you can purchase that week.

We spent most of the night with kerosene lamps for light because their neighborhood is getting only about two hours of electricity per day. He has a battery-powered converter that gives the family enough power to run a

couple of lights and the television for an additional three to four hours. *Imagine:* You have to structure your home life around two hours of electric power a day.

Their son stays with a grandmother who lives very close to his school to avoid walking through areas that have numerous instances of kidnapping and robbery. The rest of Nuir’s family lives in a second-story apartment, and their daughter can’t play outside in their neighborhood. *Imagine:* Your children are confined inside your home at all times. Their only outside activity is when you visit a relative who has a walled enclosure.

Nuir has a small shop selling stationery items, and business is suffering. Many customers live outside the Baghdad area. Bandits force cars off the road to rob passengers. Religious extremists look for foreigners or people from religious sects other than their own to assault or kill. *Imagine:* Your customers can’t reach your business for fear of being robbed or killed.

You might imagine this family’s circumstances are worse than others’. Actually, they are better than most.

Jan. 24, 2005

The Rock of Foundation

I was able to spend 10 days with the CPT project in Hebron, Palestine. My flight to the U.S. [for a return visit] left from Amman, and I needed to travel through Jerusalem. I left Hebron early on Jan. 6 so I would have time to walk the sacred spaces of Judaism, Islam and Christianity. I had read about the deep, rich and turbulent history of that rock and the city it anchors. It is called the “Even Shetiyah” (Rock of Foundation) in the Jewish faith. It is the site where Abraham, the father of both Jews and Muslims,



Behind the Western Wall, Judaism's holiest site, stands the Dome of the Rock, an important site for Muslims.

resisted, the kidnappers opened fire, riddling his body with bullets. Our visitor helped take the body to the morgue.

Later, another young man who is both a college student and a journalist visited us. He told us that a car bomb detonated within several hundred feet of his house. Two people driving near the booby-trapped car were killed. The driver died instantly, but the passenger died as the young man and friends tried to get him to a hospital.

Yesterday we met with an Iraqi human rights worker who documents issues of detainee abuse. He gave us information about a 13-year-old boy who is being detained along with information on inhumane living conditions at the Multi-National Force detention camps.

The ability to feel the pain of another human being is central to any kind of peace-making work. But this compassion is fraught with peril. A person can experience a feeling of being overwhelmed. Or a feeling of rage and desire for revenge. Or a desire to move away from the pain. Or a sense of numbness that can deaden the ability to feel anything at all.

How do I stay with the pain and suffering and not be overwhelmed? How do I resist the welling up of rage towards the perpetrators of violence? How do I keep from disconnecting from or becoming numb to the pain?

After eight months with CPT, I am no clearer than when I began. I have to struggle harder each day against my desire to move away or become numb. Simply staying with the pain of others doesn't seem to create any healing or transformation. Yet there seems to be no other first step into the realm of compassion than to not step away.

"Becoming intimate with the queasy feeling of being in the middle of nowhere makes our hearts more tender. When we are brave enough to stay in the nowhere place, then compassion arises spontaneously."

— from *The Places That Scare You*
by Pema Chodron

Being in the middle of nowhere really does create a very queasy feeling, and yet so

many spiritual teachers say it is the only authentic place to be. Not staking out any ground for myself creates the possibility of standing with anyone. The middle of nowhere is the one place where compassion can be discovered. The constant challenge is recognizing that my true country of origin is the middle of nowhere.

May 17, 2005

It Was a Fairly Quiet Day in Baghdad

In Baghdad today, four clerics (three Sunni and one Shi'a) were assassinated. The bodies of two other Sunni clerics who had been abducted last week were found. A suicide car bomber detonated his vehicle in the Abu Cher market, killing nine Iraqi national guard troops and injuring 28 civilians. Two engineering students were killed when a bomb (or rocket) struck their classroom at a local school. The dean of a high school in the Shaab neighborhood was assassinated. One judge, two officials from the Ministry of Defense, and one official investigating corruption in the previous Interim Government were assassinated. In all, 31 dead, 42 injured and 17 abducted. Compared to some days in Baghdad, the number of dead and injured was fewer. Children walked to their schools and people went to work. Shops opened for business, and the seemingly endless parade of military, police and private security vehicles went about their business.

Imagine if these events took place in one day in Washington, D.C. A state of emergency would be declared, and martial law would be imposed. Civilians would stay home, and some might leave the area. There would be nothing else on the media except coverage of the bloodshed. Life as normal would cease, as the populace would look to its government for leadership in bringing the chaos under control. The populace would demand that this complete breakdown of the social fabric be mended immediately.

When the U.S.-led invasion tore away the façade of the state of Iraq, a torrent of religious, ethnic, tribal and cultural tensions that had festered for generations was unleashed. I have not heard one person say Saddam was

a revered leader. But I have heard many say that while they lived under the threat of violence with Saddam, they preferred that life to the bloodshed, chaos and anarchy that surround them now.

No one seems to offer a solution that does not entail more guns, more restrictions on basic human rights, more soldiers, more barbed wire and concrete barricades, more "security" and less freedom. Sooner or later the insurgency will run out of suicide bombers and weapons. Sooner or later the ringleaders will be captured or killed. But what will remain will be one of the most restrictive, oppressive police states in the world.

June 6, 2005

Tunnel Vision

"Iraqis always seem to have lots of guns in their houses." A U.S. Army colonel was making reference to how prevalent gun ownership is in Iraq. We were meeting in his office in the Green Zone. Draped across his high-back chair was an ornate leather holster with his service revolver.

How do I stay with the pain and suffering and not be overwhelmed? How do I resist the welling up of rage towards the perpetrators of violence? How do I keep from disconnecting or becoming numb to the pain?

"Our young technician can barely keep up with the demand," the colonel said, describing the work of a sergeant who is an expert in constructing artificial limbs. No one in Iraq, the colonel said proudly, has the equipment or expertise that this young man has. Yet there did not seem to be an acknowledgment of why there is such a demand for artificial limbs in Iraq at this time.

The colonel said his unit would be going home at the end of the month after a year

in Iraq. As is the case with many U.S. military and civilians working in the Green Zone, the colonel has never set foot on a street in Baghdad. He has never been inside the home of an Iraqi family nor seen any of the country's historical or cultural sites.

June 21, 2005

For the Sake of Our Children

Our apartment is across the street from a park. Many evenings around the time we are gathering for supper, a mother and her three children walk by our living-room window. The western sun illuminates her face and the faces of her young children. I don't know her, but in a way I feel I do. She looks tired. So many, many people here in Iraq are so very tired. She looks a bit fearful. Will today be the day insurgents set off a car bomb near the park? Will today be the day young men of the Iraqi National Guard, riding like cowboys in the back of their pickup trucks, get trigger happy and start shooting with her and her children in the line of fire? Yet day after day I see her taking her children to the park. Underneath the fatigue

and the fear, I can sense the hope and the courage in her heart. It reflects on her children as does the setting sun reflected on the nearby Tigris River.

She gives me courage to face the overwhelming difficulties of life in this broken land. She is living in the present moment fully aware of the dangers and uncertainties, and yet she has not given up hope, she has not given in to despair, she has not let herself be driven into hiding by men with guns and bombs. She

was led by God to renounce human sacrifice. It is the site of the Two Temples of Jerusalem of which now only the Wailing Wall remains as the most sacred site in Judaism. It is the place where Satan took Jesus to tempt him. It is the site of the Dome of the Rock, and it was from that rock that the prophet Mohammed made his Night Journey into the seventh heaven.

As I walked the plaza, it was as if I were walking into the epicenter of three faiths. Before me was the Dome of the Rock where I felt the children of Ishmael looking for solace as they mourned the loss of their homeland. To my right I felt the energy of the Wailing Wall as the children of Isaac mourned the passing of their Temple. To my left I felt the pain of the Via Dolorosa as the other children of Isaac mourned the suffering of Jesus on his final journey in this world.

All the children of Abraham see this site as being at the center of their faith. All the children of Abraham see the rock as being an important symbol of their faith. All the children of Abraham don't see the rock as belonging to anyone else. What should be seen as the epicenter of God's love and compassion for all humans has been the site of conflict, bloodshed and hatred.

The city is a microcosm of the conflict between the three monotheistic faiths. Can it be the model for the nonviolent resolution of that conflict? Whose city is it? It's God's city, and not the sole possession of any of God's children. It belongs to all and needs to be open to all.

While Jerusalem is God's city, it must be under the stewardship of God's children. If Jerusalem and the rock that is the foundation of the world belong to the world, then it should be administered by the world. It needs to be a world city under the care of the United Nations. Only a world body can begin the work to heal centuries of anger and hatred. With much hard work and after many generations, there can come a time when faithful Jews, Muslims and Christians can work together to care for the city.

Listening must replace shouting. A commitment to peace must replace the failed heritage of violence. As Abraham, the father of all three faiths, came to see that God did not require human sacrifice as a means of worship, Abraham's children must come to see that the rock and the city are whole and cannot be broken up and divided.

April 27, 2005

The Middle of Nowhere

Today Christian Peacemaker Teams in Iraq was visited by a young Iraqi man whose family raised more than \$20,000 from contributors worldwide to pay for medicine for the hospitals and clinics at Fallujah. He has asked that CPT accompany the delivery of the supplies into the city. During his visit he gave us the grim news that four people he knew have died in the last several days. The day before his visit, the father of a friend became a target for kidnappers. When his friend's father

teaches me how to live fully conscious of the horrors of today and still be able to envision a future of promise, peace and plenty.

July 12, 2005

Sanded in Baghdad

Three days in the Baghdad airport waiting to see if the sand and dust would let up enough to allow flights was more stressful than I imagined. A number of internationals were in the same predicament. Some were private security contractors who work for large international firms like DynCorp and KBR and are paid substantial sums (many \$1,000 a day) to protect international facilities and personnel. Others worked for NGOs and organizations that were business related, such as a firm that did management training for Iraqi entrepreneurs.

I was dismayed by what seemed to be racist and colonialist statements by almost every contractor or entrepreneur I talked with. Having grown up in the Southern U.S. with a racist father, it was a bizarre experience hearing almost the same comments being made against Iraqis that I heard as a child being made against blacks. The same venom was coming out of their mouths as they denigrated the people, culture and societal norms of Iraq.

Equally disturbing was the colonialist attitude of most of the business internationals (most contractors I talked to were South African or English, and most businessmen were American). Remarks like, "They don't have a clue how it's done in the West." There seemed no attempt at understanding, much less respecting, the culture of the people they ostensibly are here to work with in partnership.

I have to assume the racist attitudes of the security contractors stem from the necessity for a human being to dehumanize and marginalize other human beings in order to kill them. The colonialist attitudes are harder to grasp. Do we see Iraq the same way as Kipling saw India, that of being "the white man's burden" to bring Western civilization to the uncivilized Arabs and Kurds?

Those three days at the airport are woven deeply into my spirit. I'm wondering if I have

swallowed poison that will harden or embitter me. Or perhaps I have been blessed with a homeopathic remedy of absorbing just enough poison to begin to cure me of my own subconscious racist and colonialist tendencies and then be able to help others cure themselves. Time will tell.

Aug. 30, 2005

This Sad Wearing Away of the Heart

"I must have something in life which will fill this vacuum and prevent this sad wearing away of the heart."

— Elizabeth Blackwell

I was planning to send the update from last week for the Christian Peacemaker Team in Iraq, but it was simply too much bad news: a suicide bomber in our neighborhood; a friend of the team with typhoid from the drinking water in the city; the uncle of a colleague who died from the intense heat due to lack of electricity. It went on and on.

And then today the incredible tragedy on the bridge leading into Kadamia in Baghdad. A solemn religious procession turned

I have heard many say that while they lived under the threat of violence with Saddam, they preferred that life to the bloodshed, chaos and anarchy that surround them now.

into chaos and death. An event that would not have happened had not the events of the last two and a half years driven almost everybody in Iraq to the precipice of uncontrollable fear.

Is there something in life that will fill this vacuum and prevent this sad wearing away of the heart? I have no idea, but I do know that my heart feels different when I consider the unknowable realms of disease and natural disaster compared to the man-made disasters that bring about death and destruction.

Four months ago the U.N. commissioned

a study to look at Iraqi casualties since the beginning of the U.S.-led invasion. Weapons using bullets have killed the vast majority of human beings in Iraq and everywhere else wars are being waged. The study stated that 40,000 Iraqis have probably died from violence since March 2003. And 70 percent of those casualties were innocent non-combatants, mainly women and children.

The only "something in my life" I can hold onto is to do what little I can to bring about the creation of the Peaceable Realm of God. It is my sense that such a realm will always have natural disasters. It is the "man-made" disasters we are called upon to bring to an end.

Oct. 21, 2005

Faces of Desperation

We are gathered around a campfire sharing chai tea and fellowship. "We" consists of 19 Palestinian men, women and children (ages 1 to 13) who have either been born in or have lived most of their lives in Iraq. "We" also consists of three CPTers, one member of the Muslim Peacemaker Teams, and CPT's translator (who is also Palestinian). We are camped at

the Al Walid border crossing between Syria and Iraq awaiting news of whether the Iraqi Palestinians, who are currently barred from entering Syria, will be granted refugee status by the United Nations, which will be recognized by the Syrian government.

The new Iraq government's security forces have made Iraqi Palestinians primary targets for harassment, arbitrary arrest, torture-induced confessions to crimes they didn't commit and, in some cases, death. All in the name of demonstrating how well the govern-

Tom Fox was a novice to peacemaking when he entered Iraq with a CPT Team in 2004.

ment's campaign of ridding Iraq of foreign terrorists is going.

But why Iraqi Palestinians? They are easy to find. Most live in two large compounds in Baghdad. They are defenseless. Iraqi Palestinians are barred from owning firearms. They have no political clout. They can't vote, own property or own a car. They are small in numbers: The total population in Iraq is around 23,000. Saddam used them to promote his political prestige with Sunni Arabs in the Middle East by giving them subsidized housing, a fact that was resented by many Iraqis. They were forced out of those apartments during the first months of the U.S.-led invasion.

So here we are gathered around a campfire in the desert. We spent the first night sleeping on the sidewalk at the Syrian side of the border crossing. Trucks roared by all night making sleep almost impossible. Yet several said it was the best night's sleep they had gotten in months. No sirens, no gunfire, no house raids in the middle of the night, no one being hauled away by Iraqi security forces perhaps never to be seen again. Now into our eighth day, we are living in tents provided by the U.N. My teammate, Shelia Provencher, and our translator have started a one-hour "school" each day for the children.

I asked one man what he would do if the U.N. and Syria were unable to reach a solution and they were told to return to Iraq. Would he, and his family, return? "Never," he said. "We will either stay here or die before we return to the certain death of Iraq." I cannot imagine the level of desperation a person must reach in order to make such a statement. And yet, I don't need to imagine it at all. I see it on the faces of the community we are part of every day.

Tom Fox's final blog posting:

Nov. 8, 2005

There Are No Words

"The ongoing difficulties faced by Fallujans are so great that words fail to properly express it." Words from a cleric in Fallujah as he tried



PHOTO COURTESY OF CPT

to explain the litany of ills that continue to afflict his city one year after the U.S.-led assault took place.

"All the men in the mosque were from my neighborhood. They were not terrorists." Words from a young man who said he left a room of men either injured or homeless 30 minutes before the raid on his mosque, the same mosque shown in the now-famous videotape of an American soldier shooting unarmed men lying on the mosque floor.

"There haven't been any funds for home reconstruction available since the change in Iraqi government last January." The words of a civic leader from Fallujah as he showed CPTers the still-devastated areas of his city.

There are no words. A city that has been demonized by Americans and many Iraqis, using the words "the city of terrorists." A city that its residents call "the city of mosques." A city that even its residents have to enter at checkpoints, often taking up to an hour to traverse. A city that is being choked to death economically by those same checkpoints.

CPTers and a member of the Muslim Peacemaker Teams came to Fallujah to meet with friends and contacts to ask them if the city was planning on doing something in remembrance of the tragic events of last November when U.S. forces attacked their city of 300,000 to root out, by U.S. estimates, 1,500 terrorists.

What we heard in response were words

of remembrance, resistance and resilience. The cleric said that a number of civic leaders had come to him with a proposal for an action in remembrance of the anniversary. Their proposal was to raise funds for relief efforts for victims of the earthquake in Pakistan. He said that a teaching of Islam is to always look to aid others in need before asking for aid yourself.

The cleric said he recently traveled to another Middle Eastern country, and during his visit he met with a cleric from Libya. The Libyan cleric said that in his city, and in other places in Libya, parents are naming newborn girls "Fallujah" in honor of the city. The cleric said more than 800 girls had been named Fallujah in his city alone.

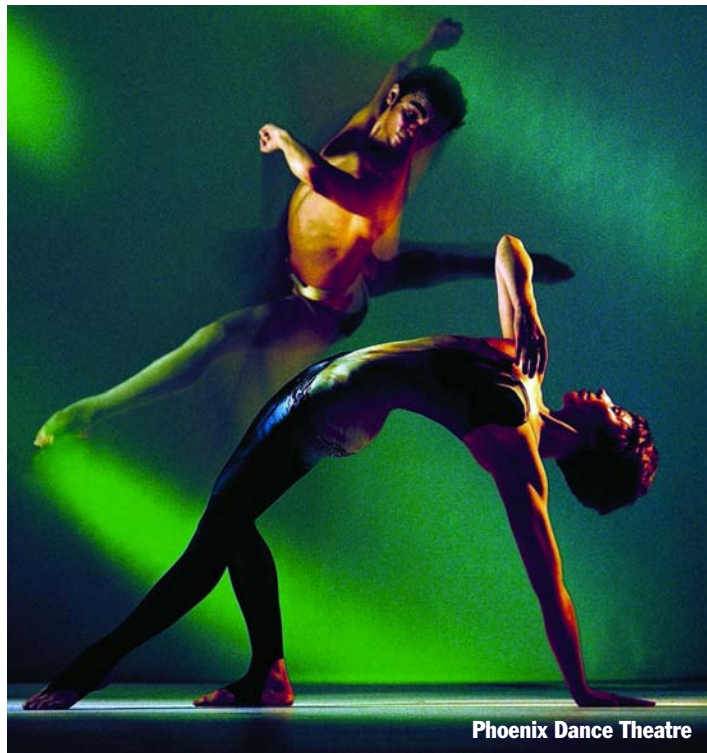
Words are inadequate, but words are all we have. Words like "collective punishment" and "ghettoize" come to mind for the current state of life in Fallujah.

What words or deeds could undo the massive trauma faced by the people of Fallujah every day? Everywhere we went during the afternoon, young boys listened to our words and the words of those with whom we were meeting. I kept wondering what was going on in their minds as they relived the events of a year ago and the ensuing trauma. What effect will these events have on their lives as they grow up?

There are no words. ▾

The Arts Culture

“Academia must address these issues to be relevant. We owe it to the kids we’re teaching.” —PROFESSOR CECELIA TICHI



Phoenix Dance Theatre

Darshan Singh Bhuller has formed a company of 10 seasoned dancers who mirror the wider multicultural society and present thought-provoking pieces encompassing pop culture, classicism and abstract concepts.

The **Vanderbilt Dance Program** held its second annual **Summer Dance Festival** June 8–17, providing classes in ballet, jazz, modern, hip-hop, dance improvisation, West African dance, capoeira (Brazilian martial arts), Bartenieff fundamentals (dance conditioning) and yoga. In addition to daily classes, performance-based repertory classes were offered. This year’s faculty featured visiting artists **Kim Neal Nofsinger** and **Taryn Packheiser** (modern dance and hip-hop), **Kelli Reeves** (jazz) and **Randall Duval** (capoeira).



Vanderbilt Opera Theatre

THEATRE & DANCE:

In late March, **Vanderbilt Juggling and Physical Arts** presented *Juggleville* at Ingram Hall. This one-of-a-kind production featured juggling, break dancing, physical comedy and more. A portion of the proceeds was donated to the Monroe Carell Jr. Children’s Hospital at Vanderbilt.

Vanderbilt University Theatre’s last production of the season was *dramablog: an exploration of the political and personal*, a student-created piece exploring

current events from personal perspectives, presented at Neely Auditorium in mid-April. Combining political theatre with media trends, *dramablog* allowed students a new mode of expression without pretending to be fair and balanced—immediate news became immediate theatre.

Phoenix Dance Theatre, one of England’s leading contemporary dance companies, finished the **Vanderbilt Great Performances Series** with a master class and performance in mid-April. By fusing genres and forms, Artistic Director

MUSIC:

This spring’s production by **Vanderbilt Opera Theatre**, *Mozart to Modern*, juxtaposed scenes from Mozart’s operas *Così fan Tutte* and *Marriage of Figaro* in the first act with works by Mark Adamo, Kurt Weill and Carlisle Floyd in the second.

The **Annual Appalachian Celebration** was performed by the Blair folk music faculty, including **Butch Baldassari**, mandolin; **David Schnauffer**, dulcimer; and **Bobby Taylor**, oboe, who were joined in this fourth annual concert by **Alison Brown**, jazz banjo player, and the **Peasall Sisters** of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* fame.



Juggleville

VISUAL ARTS:

Throughout the spring semester, 12 talented Vanderbilt students and 13 local professional artists, ranging in age from 18 to 60 and from diverse backgrounds, worked with Chancellor’s Artists-in-Residence **Judy Chicago** and **Donald Woodman** on *EVOKE/INVOKE/PROVOKE: A Multimedia Project of Discovery*. The project, which premiered April 21 and ran through May 13 at the Cohen Building on the Peabody College campus, enabled students and artists to find and expand their creative voices, resulting in a content-rich exhibition that grew out of each individual’s personal experiences, reflecting their deepest beliefs.

The **Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery’s** final show, *Roy Villevoeye: Propeller*, was on view March through May and featured photography, original films and an artist’s book by **Villevoeye**, a Dutch artist who has worked in the Asmat, a virtually impassable swampy region along the southern coast of Irian Jaya (New Guinea) in Indonesia, since the mid-1990s.

The Fine Arts Gallery closed for renovation following the exhibit. The renovation will include installation of



NEIL BRANKE

Donald Woodman, Judy Chicago

museum-quality lighting and ceiling tiles in the gallery, upgrades to office and storage areas, and the installation of a new sign above the front entrance of the Fine Arts Building. The gallery will reopen Aug. 17.

California-based painter **Albert Contreras**, who in the last five years has re-established himself as an artist of international renown, recently bequeathed to Vanderbilt 24 works of art that are now hang-

ing in a single >>>
At **Sarratt Gallery**, sculptor **Aaron Hussey** installed a mixed-media work that remained on view through the end of May. Hussey draws on figurative and architectural forms to explore the human condition focusing on issues of security and insecurity. Hussey works in a wide variety of media, including cast and fabricated metal, clay, wood, plaster, concrete and, most recently, digital video.



EVOKE/INVOKE/PROVOKE

ACCOLADES



F. Hamilton Hazlehurst, emeritus professor of fine arts and former chairman of the department, joins William Faulkner, David Bowie, Jackson Pollack and other luminaries in L'Ordre des Artes et des Lettres, an order of France recognizing significant contributions to the arts and literature.

Hazlehurst was honored July 13 at the U.S. Embassy in Paris with the title "officier" for his book *Gardens of Illusion: The Genius of Andre Le Nostre*, published in 1980 by Vanderbilt University Press and reprinted four times. The book, recently translated into French, profiles great gardens in France.

Robert L. Mode, associate professor of history of art, has been named recipient of the Alumni Education Award. The award, which consists of an engraved julep cup and \$2,500, is given annually by the Vanderbilt Alumni Association to a faculty member who has distinguished himself through long service to alumni. Mode has visited 12 alumni chapters around the country and led art tours both here and abroad.

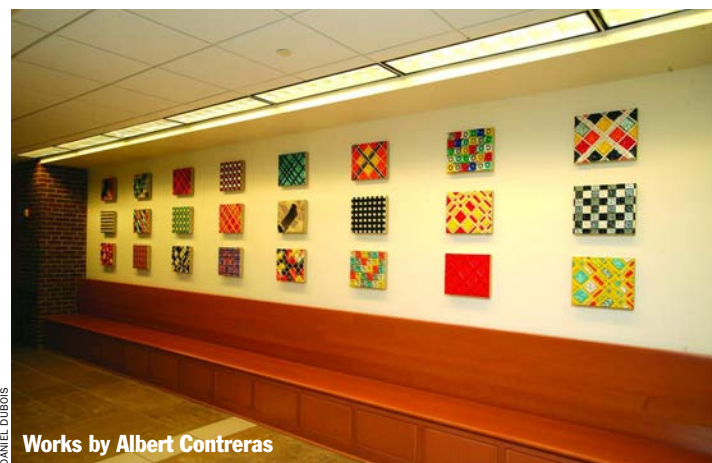


"Maggie Sullivan," a portrait painting by **Rick Weaver**, BS'80, has been selected for the Outwin Boochever Portrait Competition 2006 Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., where it will be on view through Feb. 18, 2007. The portrait was one of 51 paintings chosen, from more than 4,000 entries, to form the lead exhibition for the grand reopening of the National Portrait Gallery, which has been closed for several years while undergoing extensive renovation. Weaver is a painter and sculptor who lives with his wife and son in Charlottesville, Va.

untitled installation at Featheringill Hall.

After receiving his degree from the University of Madrid in 1957, Contreras moved to Sweden and quickly became an artistic sensation. From 1961 to

1969 he displayed his work in group and solo exhibitions. His work from that time period is in almost every major Swedish museum, according to a January 2002 *Art in America* article. However, in 1972 he stopped



DANIEL DUBOIS

Works by Albert Contreras

painting altogether, a dark period that would last 25 years.

After resuming painting in 1997, Contreras is once again an artistic dynamo. He's exhibited his work six times since 2001, twice each at the Daniel Weinberg Gallery in Los Angeles and the Bill Maynes Gallery in New York.

"I thought the panels demonstrated a great sense of color," Joseph Mella, director of the Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery, says of the works Contreras donated to Vanderbilt. "The work captivated me. ... It got my attention not only from an artistic standpoint, but also because of Contreras's own history."

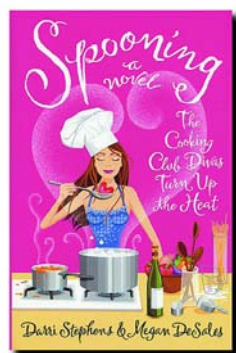
Each 12-by-14-inch panel combines lush, bold colors against a landscape of geometric shapes—an undeniably modern effort. There is a palpable texture to each canvas; the paint is layered so thickly that Contreras at times applied it with a spatula.

"I'm always looking for ways to get art on campus beyond the gallery," says Mella, "so I passed the offer on to Judson Newbern, Vanderbilt's associate vice chancellor for campus planning and construction, who deals with space allocation, and he found a home for it."

—Jeff Havens

BOOKS & WRITERS:

In *Spooning*, by **Megan DeSales**, BS'97, and **Darri Stephens** (Broadway Books, Random House), Charlotte—



a.k.a. Charlie—Brown, a recent college grad and newly minted New Yorker, is eager to begin her grownup life. All kinds of "firsts" await her in the big city—her first real job, first loves, first heartaches and, most important, her first time living on her own. When Charlie's mom subtly suggests that her daughter might want to learn some grownup

skills—like cooking—to go with her fifth-floor walk-up, Charlie forms a cooking club with her friends. They convene once a month to share food and swap recipes, and to gossip about the drama of their new lives. *Spooning* is a tale of food, friendship, and what it takes to find the perfect recipe for romance.

What Democracy Looks Like: A New Critical Realism for a Post-Seattle World (Rutgers University Press), edited by

Cecelia Tichi, the William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English at Vanderbilt, and **Amy Schrager Lang**, professor of English and humanities at Syracuse, looks at the 1999 protests

in Seattle against world trade policies as a dividing line in our culture and advocates that humanities educators need to adjust their approaches or risk irrelevancy.

"For the first time on U.S. soil, there was a major convergence of different groups from all over the world, everyone from Korean farmers to Central American fishermen to U.S. steelworkers," says Tichi. Some had little money yet traveled thousands of miles to confront the citizenry at this World Trade Organization meeting.

"They said to the world, 'These policies are destructive to us in our countries and to the whole planet.' It was

unprecedented, and it changed everything."

But how should any of this change how a college professor approaches a poem, novel or short story? Tichi explains using William Faulkner's story *Old Man* written in 1939, in which a prisoner released during the 1927 Mississippi River flood rescues others from the flood, gets a job and proves himself rehabilitated, only to be returned to prison as an escapee because government officials don't want it disclosed

that they pardoned a live prisoner.

"Faulkner fills that novella with indictments against what he calls 'the criminal injustice system,'" Tichi says. "But modern critics are interested in the

language about the flood and say this guy is perfectly well off in prison because he gets to play baseball on Sunday and have a hot dog now and again."

Tichi thinks the story speaks to today's criminal justice system.

"We have more than 2 million people in prison, most for nonviolent drug offenses. There is a conflict between our citizen selves, in which we want criminal offenders to be rehabilitated and return productively to society, and our investor selves who want our Wakenhut or Corrections Corporation of America stock to do well.

"We cannot have both," Tichi says. "We at least have to

think through this contradiction in our society. Faulkner's novella helps us do it."

In *What Democracy Looks Like*, 27 essayists probe how teaching about writers like Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane and Langston Hughes can be revitalized by viewing them in light of the social justice issues raised by the 1999 protests in Seattle.

"From where I sit in an English department, I see students who are getting worried about the issues brought up in Seattle, realizing that things like global warming and the World Trade Organization might mean their futures are not as assured as previous generations. Academia must address these issues to be relevant. We owe it to the kids we're teaching."

—Jim Patterson

UPCOMING



VISUAL ART

Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery reopens Aug. 17 with *Views from the Collection I*, the first in a three-part series of exhibitions of art from the

Vanderbilt University Fine Arts Collection. This show will feature a cross-section of work from Europe, Asia and the United States.

THEATRE

VUT presents *The Shape of Things* by Neil LaBute, in which an art student makes it her mission to transform a nerdy, insecure, overweight undergraduate into her confident, stylish lover. LaBute won critical acclaim for this painfully pointed attack on current American values. The show runs Sept. 28–Oct. 1, Oct. 5–8 and 11–12 at Neely Auditorium.

MUSIC

The Blair Signature Series presents music by Blair faculty composers, featuring works by Michael Alec Rose, Michael Kurek, Michael Slayton and Stan Link on Sept. 30 in Ingram Hall.



Strong Woman in a Man's World

Real women do lift weights. By KARA MANN, BE'06

AS A STRONGWOMAN I'VE achieved some pretty unreal things I never thought I could do. I've pulled an A-4 jet that weighed more than 14,000 pounds. I've flipped a 700-pound tire on NBC's *Today* show. I've lifted a stone weighing 245 pounds, and I've pulled several SUVs and trucks. I've had my own documentary on ESPN2, part of a series called *Timeless*. As the 2004 national champion professional strongwoman in the sport of strongman, I've met the most amazing and dedicated people—but most of all, I am constantly challenged in different ways.

"Strongman" is the name of a sport that requires feats of strength, speed and stamina. Competitions involve multiple events that test an athlete's endurance. Every competition is different, but they usually include five or six timed maximum-distance and maximum-weight events. Strongman is *not* simple weightlifting or pumping iron at a gym in a static position.

Competitors and promoters of competitions are always challenging strongman athletes to lift strange, heavy objects faster and for longer distances. Events can range from lifting a series of atlas stones or pulling a jet to dead-lifting a trailer with a cheerleader in tow. I once had to run a timed medley grip-

ping full beer kegs. I love competing in strongman and have been motivated to train continually during the past four and a half years.

During my senior year of high school, my then-boyfriend introduced me to the sport. I am always up for a challenge and so, with some hesitation, I agreed to try it. Like most young women I was reluctant to "get big" or become a stereotypical power lifter with masculine-looking muscles. Although I was a three-sport varsity athlete during all four years of high school, I had no real



AP PHOTO/MIKE HUMPHREY

weightlifting experience. I had run cross country, played basketball, and participated in multi-track events in spring track.

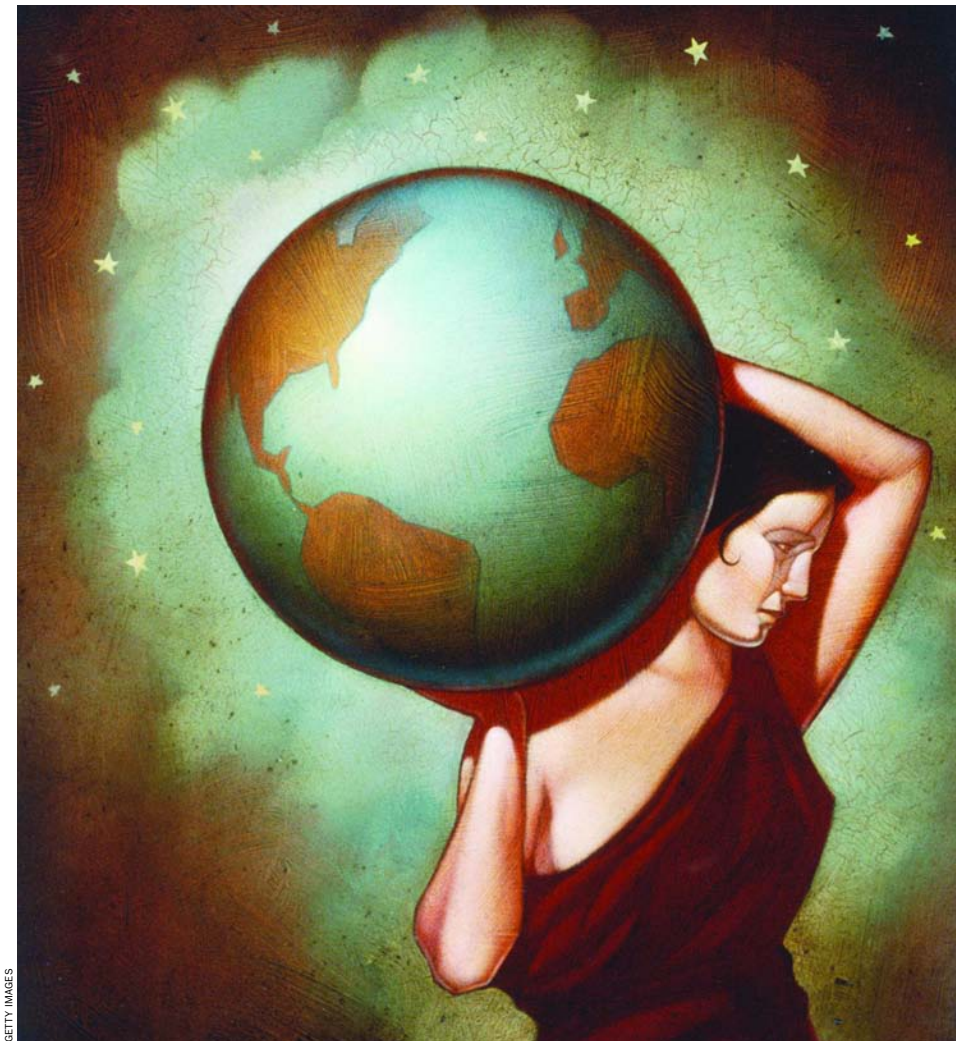
If you were to ask my parents if they ever would have imagined their daughter competing in strongman, I think they would say no, but they have always been encouraging about any endeavor I tackled. Once they were assured I was in good hands with my training partners, they started enjoying the sport almost as much as I do. My mom and dad have made it to nearly all my competitions—a huge sacrifice because both of them work, and traveling across the country to competitions gets costly. But they also know who can help them shovel the driveway or help move the car when it's stuck in the snow.

I soon figured out that weight training

benefited my health. My muscles have taken a healthy, fit shape. I never would take steroids or illegal supplements, which plague many competitive sports. Doing so would be incongruent to my core value of being a woman. I have done very well in this sport without taking potentially damaging male steroids. I feel strong—I *am* strong—and I look feminine, which is important to me.

Initially, the lifting aspect of strongman was extremely tough for me. I started off with light weights and mastered the movements under much scrutiny from training partners. When I increased the weights, I no longer could rely on my athletic capabilities. I had to focus on technique. I discovered that a background in physics helped me understand and implement an effective technique for successfully lifting and moving crazy objects with maximum speed.

Many men and women strongman competitors have emphasized to me the importance of understanding techniques to help me improve—and more important, they helped keep me safe and reduced my risk of being injured. I was not allowed to touch the implements (tires, stones, etc.) until I had safety and technique under my belt. Art McDermott, a coach and mentor for me since I started, has helped me constantly rework and attempt to perfect my technique. He owns a personal training center in Wilmington, Mass., that is known in the strongman community as the "strongman heaven." All of the implements used—large tractor tires, logs, yokes, etc.—are in his huge facil-



GETTY IMAGES

ity, so during bitter New England winters, we can train anytime. I also cross-train with running, cycling and climbing to stay active and give muscle groups some rest. I've had bruises from stones and scratches from the tire, but those come with the sport and some say they are like battle wounds.

Some women have asked me if I was ever concerned that a potential boyfriend might be uncomfortable with the idea of my being stronger, or if boyfriends had problems with my competing. I can honestly say it hasn't been an issue entering a new relationship. Strongman doesn't define who I am. But if a man can't cope with my interests, then he's not a man who would interest me! Some guys I've dated are strongman competitors. Sharing a healthy passion for something can be tremendous.

Women need to know that when lifting safe, you don't get huge all of a sudden just because you added an extra 45-pound plate. If you lift "smart and safe," the benefits of

lifting outweigh any concerns about injury. Thanks to my genetic thumbprint, I know I have to watch my weight like millions of other women. Strongman training not only has been a spectacular exercise program, but it's an awesome stress reliever that helps build more bone mass, often a problem for women.

The idea of competing in strongman was perfect for the new phase of life I was embarking on when I arrived at Vanderbilt in 2002. I entered the School of Engineering as a chemical engineering major and prepared myself for another challenge. Chemistry and math never came easily to me; I have worked hard for every grade I received. I relied on the discipline and determination I apply to my strongman training and thrived in chemical engineering. In May, I graduated cum laude with a bachelor's degree in engineering. Being a woman in a male-dominated sport can be hard sometimes, but my lessons learned there can be applied

I have done very well in this sport without male steroids or illegal supplements. My muscles have taken a healthy, fit shape. I am strong and I look feminine.

to being a woman in a male-dominated science career: Ask lots of questions in class, sit up front in Thermodynamics, and definitely chalk up in the gym.

I've just been invited to the 27th annual Salute to Women in Sports Awards dinner, an all-expense-paid event at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City that celebrates all women in sports and thanks teams and individuals who have helped advance women in sports. Celebrities from film and television and even members of the 2006 Winter Olympics team will be there. And I'm excited to be starting with the Edison Engineering Development Program at General Electric in Cleveland at the end of the summer.

As I take on this new challenge in my career, I've already networked into the closely knit strongman family and found people to train with in Cleveland. It'll be great to have my best stress relief during this new phase of my life. I live a healthy lifestyle that includes good eating habits, and my strongman workouts are part of this. I try to look at the big picture and choose activities that support my goal of feeling and looking good. I hope others learn from reading about my experience.

Cheesecake and Apple Pie

The short career and troubled life of Bettie Page.
By JOHN BLOOM, BA'75 (A.K.A. JOE BOB BRIGGS)

LET'S GO GET SOME PEABODY girls," we would say, on dateless nights in Barnard Hall, and what we meant by that was, "Let's go raiding across 21st Avenue, where they aren't so stuck up and won't treat us like freshmen." The concept of the Peabody Girl, as it took shape in our imagination, was a sweet fresh-faced thing, all sandals and sweaters, apple cheeks and giggles ... who would have wild animal sex with us. This was in stark contrast to the Vanderbilt Coed, who wouldn't have any kind of sex with us or, for that matter, talk to us.

Like most freshman illusions, this one was based on grossly exaggerated conclusions from highly unreliable evidence. As far as I know, no one ever encountered the archetypal Peabody Girl, and if he did, he kept all knowledge of her to himself.

But Bettie Page, BA'44, was the mythic Peabody Girl. Unfortunately, she'd already come and gone 30 years before my time at Vanderbilt. Bettie had passed through Peabody in the early 1940s. She was known for being sweet, shy, beautiful and studious, and then within six years of graduation, she had become the hottest nude model in the history of sleazy photography. The men in the "amateur camera clubs" who paid \$10 each to photograph her in high heels and nothing else wouldn't have known what a Peabody Girl was, but she was the per-

sonification of what we'd been looking for—all cheery smiles and playfulness, offering a perfect body packaged in killer stiletto heels and a naughty bustier, with an attitude that said "whenever you're ready, boys."

The original "wink wink" girl actually had her heart set on attending the mostly male Vanderbilt, which at the time offered few full scholarships for which women could compete. One of those was always awarded to the valedictorian at Nashville's Hume-Fogg High School, and Bettie had labored assiduously to make straight A's so she could land the top

spot. A cruel art teacher changed the course of history when she penalized Bettie for skipping a two-hour lab in order to attend a rehearsal for the senior play, and Bettie's only B resulted in a grade point average of 97.19—just .25 short of her goal. She was salutatorian instead, which entitled her to the \$100 Daughters of the American Revolution schol-

arship ... to Peabody. Her commencement address was titled "Looking Forward," and although no text of the original speech has survived, I must assume that her gaze into the future did *not* include bondage fetish films and a subpoena from Sen. Estes Kefauver's congressional committee investigating obscenity. (A Tennessee senator persecuting a Peabody Girl! Scandalous! Actually, I have an explanation for this: The man went to UT.)

But Vanderbilt's loss was soft-core pornography's gain. Bettie was a blue-eyed brunette, 5-foot-5, 36-23-35, and she'd been teaching herself how to dress like a movie star ever since she was a pre-teen.

She thrived under the radar at the mostly female Peabody, commuting to campus, working on the yearbook, acting in school plays, and assisting Professor Alfred Leland Crabb, who taught in the education department. Her hopes of teaching were dashed at her first student-teaching assignment. When she arrived in the classroom, the high school boys assailed her with wolf whistles and catcalls and became so uncontrollable that she realized she had a handicap she'd never be able to overcome. She was just too damned sexy.

Today Bettie Page is equaled only by Marilyn Monroe in her status as a sex symbol, and she's arguably even more popular among women than men. Since the year 2000, the official Bettie Page Web site (www.bettiepage.com) has received 626 million hits.

Bettie also has attracted a ton of academic attention. Madeleine Hamilton of the University of Melbourne has gone so far as to say that she's at "the crux of the porn debate" among feminists. That debate breaks down on familiar lines—Bettie is either a tool of male exploitation or a symbol of female empowerment—but what's interesting is that Bettie Deconstruction splits about 50/50 along those lines, with a slight edge toward empowerment, even among critics of porn. The same women who see Marilyn as a child-woman fashioned into a playtoy for men regard Bettie as the mis-

tress of her own universe—odd, since the uneducated Marilyn made millions and roamed among the literati, while studious bibliophile Bettie worked on the cheap for the raincoat crowd, never received a royalty, and labored in obscurity. Obviously, the academics are looking at the iconography of her persona more than the details of her life.

Bettie loved to take her clothes off—years later she reminisced about it as liberating and joyful—and that exuberance quickly attracted the attention of Richard Harrison, the publishing impresario who turned out cheesecake magazines with names like *Wink*, *Flirt*, *Beauty Parade*, *Gaze*, *Eyeful* and *Titter*. Bettie's "coming out" was on Harrison's arm at

cap, is second only to the Marilyn inaugural issue among collectors.

But the *Playboy* spread turned out to be the classiest job Bettie ever landed. Eventually, Irving Klaw and his sister Paula found a lucrative market in made-to-order fetish photos, most of them involving whips, ropes and black leather, that could fetch a premium when properly packaged. Bettie would end up making 50 stag loops and posing for thousands of pictures, most of them taken by Paula Klaw or Bunny Yeager. Today they are among the most downloaded images on the World-Wide Web.

But like Truman Capote's protagonist in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, this Holly Golightly had both a dark secret past and a fear of public exposure. The sweet Peabody Girl had a childhood full of Tobacco Road drama, as her philandering redneck father moved the family from small town to small town through Tennessee, Texas and Oklahoma. He stole a car in Tulsa and drove the family to Nashville, where he was eventually sent to prison. After he got out, he bought a hardscrabble farm near Nashville, and that's where the family was living when Bettie's mother left him, angered by his impregnation of a neighbor's daughter. For a while she was able to provide for all five children, but eventually she sent Bettie and one of her sisters to an orphanage. After a year Mom figured out a way to get them back home—but she'd allowed her ex to move into a vacant room. He used the opportunity to rape Bettie, at the age of 13, and then continue to molest her. To get away from him, Bettie became an incessant teenage volunteer, working at the community center and spending long hours at the library. School was her way out of hell. Classmates at Hume-Fogg voted her "Most Likely to Succeed." Bettie's perfect grooming, bright smile, and flirtatious ways with men were in part an attempt to cover up psychological scars.

Bettie rushed into marriage while a junior at Peabody, wedding a sailor who turned out to be jealous and possessive. After the marriage crumbled, Bettie set off on her cross-country idyll that ended in New York.

Given the sheer volume of her work, her career was remarkably short—just seven years, from 1950 to 1957, and only three or four doing her most famous work for Irving and Paula

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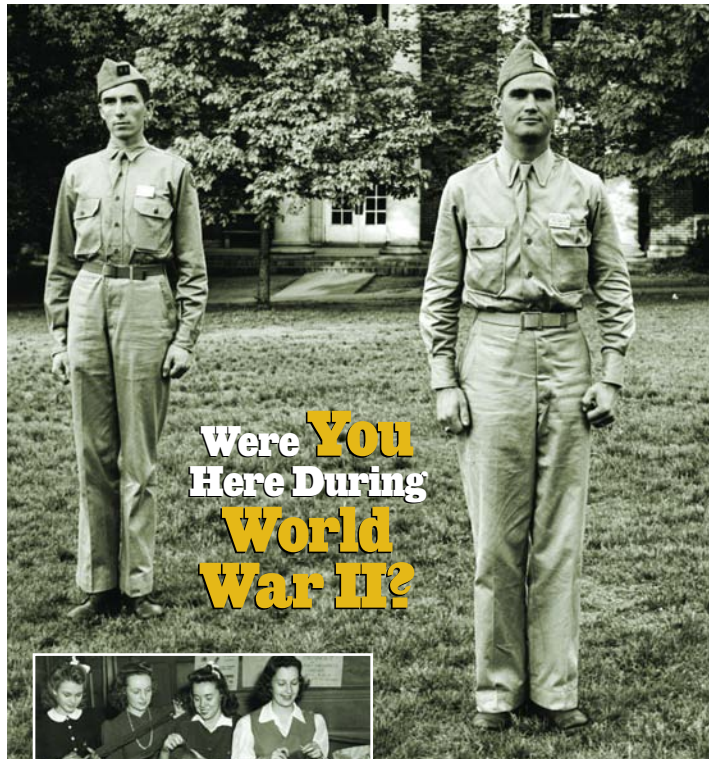
Bettie Page is equaled only by Marilyn Monroe in her status as a sex symbol. Since the year 2000, the official Bettie Page Web site has received 626 million hits.

New York's Beaux Arts Ball in 1951, where she appeared in fishnet stockings, impossibly high heels, twin telephone dials over her breasts—and little else.

In the same city where Marilyn was making liaisons with Elia Kazan, Joe Dimaggio and Arthur Miller, Bettie's father confessor became Irving Klaw, publisher of *Movie Star News*, who specialized in nude photos distributed by subscription to "camera club" members, thereby eluding the obscenity laws of the day. The only place Bettie and Marilyn appeared on an equal level was in the pages of *Playboy* magazine, where both were Playmates of the Month. Bettie's issue, in which she's clad only in a Santa

The Classes

“**Wendell ‘Sonny’ Rawls Jr., BA’63, a Pulitzer Prize-winning** *journalist, has been named managing director of the Center for Public Integrity.*”



Archivists in the Special Collections Department of Vanderbilt's Jean and Alexander Heard Library are

conducting interviews for "Vandy Goes to War," an oral history project about Vanderbilt campus life during World War II. They are interested in interviewing:

- Men and women who were enrolled as undergraduates at Peabody and Vanderbilt;
- Men who were stationed in the area and did training at Vanderbilt while serving in the military;
- Men who came back to Vanderbilt or Peabody following the war using the GI Bill; and
- Wives who lived on campus during this energized period of post-war growth.

If you are interested in participating, please call 615/322-2807 or e-mail kathleen.i.smith@vanderbilt.edu. Archivists are particularly interested in interviewing alumni who return to campus Oct. 20–21 for Reunion/Homecoming.

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Please contact Doug Kneibert at 660/826-5633
or at kneibert@sbcglobal.net

“Lynn D. Anderholm, BS’74, MA’78, writes, ‘After a 13-year battle with Parkinson’s disease and dystonia, deep brain stimulation surgery has given me back my life.’”



Alice Peterson,
MBA’81

DANIEL DUBOIS

Blowing the Whistle

Alice M. Peterson and her company’s counselors have heard it all: accounting fraud, abuse or intimidation of employees, safety violations, sexual harassment, theft of company property, discrimination, environmental noncompliance, and lying to employees, customers, vendors or the public. And that’s an abbreviated list.

Peterson is president of Syrus Global, an ethics and compliance solutions firm whose flagship service is Listen Up, a whistle-blower hotline system. “I was just amazed how great companies could have gone off track so badly and so quickly,” she says, explaining why she launched her company in 2002.

Syrus Global offers “an anonymous and confidential way for people to speak up about wrongdoing, about sensitive issues, about critical suggestions they would never put on the table in open dialogue.”

Corporate America has suffered a body blow to its reputation with scandals early in this decade, but “this didn’t happen overnight,” Peterson says. “They started out with little things and, like a snowball, picked up more and more as they kept rolling along.”

Submitters may contact Listen Up via phone, fax, mail or Web (www.listenupgroup.com). They reach counselors with master’s degrees who are trained to promote open dialogue. “We go over the top in terms of protecting confidentiality,” Peterson says.

• Tummy Tuck (Abdominoplasty) • Facelift • Browlift • Eyelid Lift • Nasal Reshaping (Rhinoplasty) •

• High Lift • Galf Enlargement • Liposuction • Body Contouring

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“ **Allison Maas, BA’93, and Brad Guyton, BS’93,** *were married two years minus one day after they reconnected at their Vanderbilt 10th Reunion.* ”



REED HUTCHINSON

Fashion Forward

Here’s proof that fun-loving fraternity brothers not only grow up, but can become wildly successful. **Jay Furrow, BA’95,** tapped three of his Pi Kappa Alpha brothers—**Shane Whalen, BA’93; Marc Crossman, BA’94;** and **Dustin Huffine, BS’96**—to round out the management team of Inno Group. The former housemates are running one of the hippest fashion companies around. Lindsay Lohan, Jessica Simpson and Nicole Ritchie are just a few of the thin, young, rich and famous who have been spotted wearing the company’s flagship product, Joe’s Jeans.

Like any company, Inno continues to evolve, and Furrow now spends most of his time working with another venture, an online teen portal called Varsity World.

“In most businesses it takes a long time to build up trust, but the four of us already had it,” says Whalen, Inno Group’s vice president of corporate development. “We speak the same language.” Last year the company’s revenue passed the \$100 million mark, proving once and for all that people will pay hundreds of dollars for the perfect pair of jeans. But Whalen isn’t surprised by their success. “Our business works because we really trust each other. We know that each of us will get the job done.”



“Victoria Ritsa Arsenis, BS’98, married Constantine Dimitriades in Greece. They live in New Orleans where she is a pediatrician and he is a pediatric critical care physician.”

{Alumni Association News}

You’ll Love What We’ve Done with the Place

www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni

The Alumni Association is ramping up its Web presence to better connect alumni, parents and friends with each other and with Vanderbilt. Check out the newly redesigned home page, the “Chapters and Events” page, and individual



chapter pages. And keep checking the site for even more updated content.

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VANDERBILT

VJournal *continued from page 9*

class farewells were free-for-all of socializing and friendships in the making.

Sometimes the prisoners wanted to talk about the stresses of their world behind bars. Other times they were eager to leave their inmate identities behind for a while and just be students. Discussion centered on the weekly reading assigned—essays on sainthood or religious violence—or a sample of their own writing to share with the class. Once class time got started, someone would usually speak from the heart and silence the room.

One week I assigned them all to write a “This I Believe” essay of personal belief and submit it to National Public Radio. One divinity student wrote about confronting his fears and discovering trust in God. Another wrote about the strong example of her mother as a mentor. But the essay I chose to read to the class was by inmate Tom, a gruff (in truth, he was suffering chronic back pain) prison veteran who’d been incarcerated more than three decades.

Surprising everyone, he wrote a piece about the healing power of touch. This was surely not the easiest subject to write about in the macho, posturing culture of a men’s prison. But he was undeterred. He declared he learned the power of touch from his mother, who “had an enormous capacity to communicate love, empathy, trust, encouragement and support with only a touch of her soft hands and an embrace of her arms.”

He concluded: “I am an equal opportunity practitioner to both genders and to all ages, races, nationalities and religious faiths. Despite an occasional crude comment from a stranger that something must be wrong with me for exhibiting such an unmasculine practice, I am unashamed and unrepentant. I believe we are on this earth to hold and comfort one another, to love and respect each other as brothers and sisters of the same Creator.

“One way I manifest God’s light in me is to express it with the power of touch, a physical gesture that says, ‘I understand,’ ‘I care,’ ‘I love,’ and ‘You are not alone.’ If I can continue this spiritual practice in a crowded Southern prison for more than 30 years, it can succeed anywhere.”

I read the essay aloud and noticed tears in the eyes of some divinity students. Suddenly, this Riverbend inmate was a fellow human

being, a man with a family past, with a core of empathy, a yearning to heal his world. We all made Tom promise he would submit his essay to NPR. I hope the nation gets to hear his voice someday.

I get two questions from outsiders about this unusual class. First, did the prisoners pay for their textbooks? No. They don’t have the money. It’s up to the teacher to purchase the books or get a discount from the publisher. In my case, a generous friend came forward as a benefactor, writing a check to cover the cost of two dozen texts as well as some writing reference books for the bedraggled prison library.

The second question is always nervously posed: Was there a guard in the room in case of “trouble”? No, a guard was stationed down the hall, never in class. I never gave the matter thought. I was too busy running a class of serious writers.

But we visitors were all aware that these prisoners were convicted of awful crimes. Over the course of the semester, some prisoners disclosed details from time to time. Others did not. We learned that one was convicted of multiple sexual abuse, another had killed two people, and others were sentenced to long terms for rape, armed robbery or homicide.

The emotions of a prison visit are complicated, I admit. I don’t minimize the violence the inmates did to their victims and the victims’ families. I won’t sentimentalize their own current states of reform, impressive though they are. But any visitor is confronted with a soul-searching question: Are these prisoners real human beings or not? Will I equate them with their crimes—that is, with the worst thing they’ve ever done—or are they something more than that?

Society doesn’t want to deal with the question. The prevailing national philosophy of incarceration is one of revenge, not rehabilitation. Maximize the sentences, lock them up, and forget this “silent nation growing inside us,” as writer E.L. Doctorow describes our burgeoning, costly prison population.

But for several weeks this year, I saw a different side to the darkness, a room full of prisoners in conversation with free-worlders, all writers, all equals in their effort to come to terms with their experiences and re-imagine old questions of faith and truth.

These students often invoked the example

Vanderbilt Holdings *continued from page 23*

The Mann Papers paint a detailed picture of both the painstaking organizational skills and big-picture vision required of a modern director. He or she must manage an unpredictable team of actors and crew, vet the script, tell a compelling visual story, and stay on schedule and budget.

With the Delbert Mann collection, students encounter the work of one of Hollywood’s beloved directors, one of the nice guys in a tough business who, according to admirers, made his family (four children) a priority and stayed in touch with Nashville friends across the decades.

“I’m a lucky man,” he declares. “I have been able to spend my life doing what I love to do the most.”

And he’s sharing it with his alma mater.

of Jesus. In the New Testament, oddly, criminal-justice issues keep turning up in the gospel story. John the Baptist went to jail. So did Paul. Jesus began his ministry with words from Isaiah, proclaiming “release to the captives.” And he was ensnared as a criminal in his last days. Some argue that those final hours on the cross with two other condemned men constituted the faith’s first church service.

Jesus also said, Visit the prisoners. He didn’t theorize about policies of incarceration. He said visit them.

Meeting for class on Monday after Easter, we learned from the Riverbend guys that they were refused all visitors at Easter this year because of a sudden lock-down by the prison. This was traumatic to the prisoners who depend on that vital family circle outside the walls. One prisoner in the class said he was gratified that his “Vanderbilt family” was there that night after the unnerving snafu of the day before.

At that moment I knew for sure that these Vanderbilt-Riverbend classes are something more than seminars and adventures in learning. They’re experiments in mutual respect across the difficult politics of race, class and fear in a nation determined to build bigger prisons every day.

Ray Waddle, MA’81, is a Nashville-based writer and the author of Against the Grain: Unconventional Wisdom from Ecclesiastes.

For instance, in “Copernican Principle,” Scherrer creates a kind of meta-science fiction, where he applies scientific and mathematical ideas to the very act of storytelling. In the story a professor struggles to get his half-asleep students to grasp the 16th-century astronomer Copernicus’ notion that the earth doesn’t occupy a special place in the universe. One kid speaks up, ready to advance the idea that if humanity has been stripped of its unique status in the cosmos, our existence would be even more in line with the Copernican Principle if it turned out we were simply living in a computer simulation. Troubled by the thought, and unable to come up with a counterargument to the student’s claim, the professor then suggests we could just as easily be characters in a fictional story—at which point Scherrer answers the question, and the story, with a deft finish.

Stanley Schmidt, the editor of *Analog Science Fiction and Fact*, which during the course of its 76-year history has published stories by Isaac Asimov and Robert A. Heinlein, says it’s not uncommon for science professionals to submit stories to his journal. “I like to think of us as the magazine that puts equal emphasis on the words ‘science’ and ‘fiction.’ We want the science to be solid and important, but we also want entertaining, well-put-together stories about interesting characters and interesting situations.”

That, Schmidt explains, makes Scherrer a perfect fit for *Analog*. “He has a good mixture of scientific speculation and entertaining stories, and I just wish he would write more of them! His stories certainly aren’t just about scientific gimmicks. They’re very much people stories, too.”

Finding that perfect mix of science and fiction is a challenge, Scherrer observes. “A lot of people think it’s really easy to write science fiction if you’re a scientist because you can just write the stuff you’re doing and stick it in a magazine. I think it’s actually harder, though, because when you know the subject so well, it’s a lot harder to make leaps of the imagination. You’re constantly second-guessing yourself. But if everything you write is factual, then you might as well write it up as a physics article. If it’s all stuff we know to be

true already, then it’s boring, right? And if it’s crazy, it’s not plausible.

“So what you’re trying to do is constantly hit the spot between stuff that sounds crazy and stuff that’s already known to be true. It’s the same when you’re doing physics research: You still have to balance between things that are boring and things that are crazy. You want to be able to extrapolate from what we presently know, but not go so far out on the fringe that people think you’re a nut-case.”

Even more challenging, Scherrer says, is working his own specialized area of research into a piece of short fiction. Knowing the subject so intimately can prove limiting. It wasn’t until he’d published his sixth story, “Extra Innings,” that Scherrer had ever tried introducing cosmology into one of his plots. The result was arguably his strongest piece to date, mixing his good-natured sense of humor with some of his abiding interests—namely, baseball and the expanding universe—in the story of a friendship that spans from the summer of ’69 until the literal end of the cosmos.

If physics research and science fiction require a similar kind of balancing act, the demands that come with writing each couldn’t be more different, Scherrer says. For an academic who must choose his words very deliberately, science fiction can be a liberating outlet. “Physics research writing style has this very bloated, heavy use of passive voice and compound nouns and qualifying of everything,” he explains. “You don’t want to say anything for sure because you might be proven wrong. The fiction writing style is much more peppy and direct, and you try to use colorful, descriptive things to suck the reader in.”

Scherrer gave a talk at Fermilab on the subject this past March. To point up the differences in writing styles, he took the opening paragraph of “Extra Innings” and rewrote it as if it were a science paper, riddled with hyphens and past participles. “Most of the people at the talk had read a lot of science fiction and had written physics articles, so it was a natural thing to show them,” he says. “That got the biggest laugh of anything in the talk.”

The energy Scherrer brings to pursuits both scholarly and creative filters into his

teaching as well. For him, the classroom offers the same opportunities for inquiry and discovery as the laboratory. “When you teach, it forces you to examine ideas you might not normally look at,” he says. “Even when you teach very elementary subjects, like first-year physics, you can incorporate things going on in forefront physics. And when you’re doing research, it allows you to talk about important things people are looking at today. You can bring those into the classroom and use them as examples and as a means of explaining how some of these principles work.”

In a field where researchers are constantly reaching for new insights, Scherrer suggests that teaching is one more way of keeping unanswered questions an active part of the scientific discourse until they yield a solution. “On one occasion I was teaching the cosmology portion of a course for first-year students, and afterward I was thinking about something I’d said in the lecture and thought, ‘Well, wait a minute, that ought to be something we could resolve.’ I thought about it for a couple of weeks and came up with a solution to the problem and wrote a paper on it.”

Scott Dodelson, Scherrer’s colleague at Fermilab, recalls another time when Scherrer’s intellectual curiosity yielded some innovative results. “A few months ago we came on this idea of analyzing baseball statistics in a particular way. Together we wrote up a computer program, got a bunch of data and started analyzing it. Bob’s the first colleague I’ve had in a long time who has that excitement not just for cosmology—some might call it just a plaything. He really got into it, and it was fun to talk to him about it. I think that enthusiasm for all kinds of things distinguishes him.”

It’s fitting, then, that Scherrer should wind up at Vanderbilt, a campus where he finds himself surrounded by colleagues who share his passion for learning. “The faculty here are really well-rounded and have a lot of intellectual interests,” he says. “They tend not to be quite so focused on their own narrow fields of specialization—they’re interested in things beyond that.” And in the case of Robert Scherrer, a man who has devoted himself to studying the universe in all its infinitude, that excitement for learning truly has no bounds.

Copernican Principle *By Robert Scherrer*

Professor John Rapaport paced back and forth at the front of his Astronomy 111 class, waving a sheaf of papers in the air. “Class,” he said, “your performance on the midterm exam was abysmal. Let me correct a few of your misconceptions: Venus is *not* a star. The sun is a star. And Pluto is *not*, repeat *not* ‘Mickey’s dog.’”

John dropped the exams on the lectern and surveyed the faces of his yawning students. Mike McNamara snored in the last row, his enormous forearms folded on the desk, his crew-cut head resting on his arms. Mike had been the football team’s star linebacker until that unfortunate incident involving the Chevy dealer.

“Mike, wake up!”

Mike’s head shot up. “Yes, Professor Rapaport?”

“Mike, today we’re going to discuss the Copernican Principle.” John picked up a green marker and wrote “COPERNICAN PRINCIPLE” on the whiteboard. “What is the Copernican Principle?”

Mike stared, his eyes wide and his mouth gaping—a moose caught in the headlights. “Uh, I don’t remember.”

“Did anyone do the assigned reading?” asked John. “Paul, please tell me that you did the reading.”

Paul Kresge put down his newspaper, revealing a face covered with metal studs—pierced ears, pierced nose, pierced lips. Did the man set off airport metal detectors? But at least Paul thought for himself—he was the only one in class who ever challenged anything John said.

“No,” said Paul. “I thought this week’s reading was boring. I read Chapter 17 instead.”

“Not too smart, Paul,” said John. “Okay, class, I’ll just tell you what the Copernican Principle says. Copernicus showed that the earth is not the center of the universe. The Copernican Principle says that we don’t occupy *any* special place in the universe.” John sketched a green spiral on the whiteboard and marked an X near the edge. “For example, the sun is not located at the center of the Galaxy. It occupies an unremarkable location about two-thirds of the way out from the center.”

“Wait a minute,” said Paul. “Last week you told us that our galaxy is larger than average. Doesn’t the Copernican Principle mean we should live in an average-sized galaxy?”

John smiled. “Now you’re thinking, Paul. The Copernican Principle says that the earth should orbit an average *star*. We’re just as likely to orbit one star as any other—”

“—and the bigger galaxies have more stars,” interrupted Paul, “so we’re more likely to find ourselves living in a big galaxy.”

“Exactly!” said John. “Can anyone think of another application of the Copernican principle?”

An awkward silence filled the room, broken only by the faint ticking of the wall clock above the whiteboard. Paul raised his hand. “I’ve got one for you,” he said. “I just read about this guy in England who claims that any advanced civilization will make computer simulations that are just like real life. So if every civilization made a million of these simulations, then the Copernican Principle says that we’re more likely

to be living inside a computer than in the real world.”

“Well, Paul, you shouldn’t push these arguments too far.”

“And what’s wrong with my argument?” asked Paul.

“Well, it’s just that ...” John scratched his head. “Let me think about it—I’ll tell you tomorrow.”

Walt Gustafson slurped a strand of egg noodles in the Chinese dive on High Street where he always met John for lunch on Wednesdays. “That’s the problem with theoretical types like you,” said Walt, pointing a chopstick at John. “An engineer like me is never going to start believing this kind of nonsense.”

“But how can you prove it?” asked John.

Walt tried to pry open a plastic pouch of hot Chinese mustard with his fingers, gave up, and slit it with a knife. “Well for one thing,” said Walt, “if we lived in a computer simulation, these mustard pouches would be a lot easier to open.”

“Be serious,” said John. “I think the kid’s argument is basically right—the Copernican Principle says we’re more likely to be living in a computer simulation than not.”

Walt shrugged. “Theories should follow reality, not the other way around.” He cracked open his fortune cookie and pulled out the slip of paper from inside. “Hey, look at this,” he said. “It says, ‘The system will be shutting down in five minutes. Please save your work.’”

“What!” said John. He lunged across the table and tried to grab the fortune, but Walt pulled it away from his grasp.

“Sheesh,” said Walt. “I’m just kidding.” He popped the fortune cookie into his mouth. “You’re really wound up about this.”

“Well, what if they did shut us down?”

“Let me put your mind at ease,” said Walt. He slapped the table, rattling the dishes and knocking over a plastic cup. “There, does that sound like a computer simulation to you? Ouch, it hurt, too. That’s reality.”

“Or it could just be a very convincing simulation of reality,” said John.

“Oh, it’s going to be hard to convince you, isn’t it? I’ll tell you what—suppose I can come up with an argument from the Copernican Principle that’s so completely absurd that it shows that the whole idea is preposterous. Will you give up and stop worrying then?”

“Like what?” asked John.

Walt leaned back in his chair. “Try this one,” he said. “Any advanced civilization is going to produce an enormous number of works of fiction. So the Copernican Principle says that we’re actually more likely to be fictional characters than real people. Now you have to admit that *that’s* ridiculous.”

John was silent for a moment and then chuckled. “That’s a good one, Walt.”

Walt laughed. “And the funniest thing is that when the story ended, we would just disappear—poof! Now stop worrying and please pass the—”

Commodore *continued from page 53*

Vanderbilt's gift, one of the largest philanthropic donations to that point in American history, commanded great attention. At the inauguration of Vanderbilt University in Nashville in October 1875, Charles Deems read aloud the benefactor's telegram of good wishes: "Peace and good-will to all men." Then, "with great tenderness of feeling," it was reported, the reverend quoted Scripture: "Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance of the sight of God." With that blessing the audience broke out into cheers.

No doubt, more than one of the Commodore's old antagonists snorted over newspaper accounts of the inauguration in Nashville. "Peace and good-will to all men," indeed! It was too much like the miraculous transformation of another hard-hearted businessman who had also spent some time with "spirits": Ebenezer Scrooge in Charles Dickens' enormously popular *A Christmas*

Carol. But that was fiction. Could a real capitalist like Cornelius Vanderbilt truly change? Could he become, like Scrooge, "as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world"?

The Commodore would never be some real-life Scrooge, a dedicated philanthropist. His gift to Vanderbilt University resulted from a strange train of circumstances, an almost improbable run of luck.

But Vanderbilt University was not just an accident of marriage. Cornelius Vanderbilt, flinty, determined and calculating, did what he wanted to do. Marrying Frank, the Commodore knew she was different, knew she cared about religion and good deeds. The crafty veteran of so many stock manipulations surely realized what Frank was up to as she kept quiet about Woodhull and Claflin and lamented instead those flights of stairs and the needy men of the South.

No, the aging Commodore, eager to perpetuate his name, wanted it that way. So he and Frank danced a wonderful four-year marital gavotte that ended in the creation of Vanderbilt University.

It was a far better investment than he could have expected. Just about all the Commodore's other plans for immortality came to naught. His beloved New York Central Railroad no longer exists; his great family fortune is gone; hardly any male descendants, none of them famous, remain to carry on the family name. Instead, it is the former "Central University," with one of the great sports nicknames, the Commodores, that ensures the survival of the name Vanderbilt. ▼

This article is adapted from the inaugural Founder's Day Lecture presented March 16 by historian Michael McGerr at Vanderbilt University.

A.P.O.V. *continued from page 69*

ver launched his obscenity investigation. Bettie was subpoenaed to testify and sat nervously for 16 hours in a Senate witness room, but was never called. The experience shocked her, though, and she told Klaw she wasn't having fun anymore.

If the first chapter in her adult life had been Holly Golightly, the second was more Frances Farmer. She ended up in a second marriage, to a Miami businessman named Harry Lear, but by this time she'd started to show signs of clinical schizophrenia. She became fanatically and eccentrically religious (telling her family there were seven gods and she was their prophet), strict to the point of cruelty with her stepchildren, and violent to herself and others. Charged with various crimes over a 10-year period—armed assault and attempted murder among them—she was hospitalized three times, the last time for 10 years in an institution for the criminally insane. When she was released, she was able to control the disease with medication, and her symptoms followed the normal course, lessening in intensity after menopause.

One fascinating aspect of the thousands of articles written about Bettie is that hard-

ly anyone looks at her history of mental illness—even though it raises questions about just what state of mind she was in from 1950 to 1957, when she was supposedly the world's most carefree nude model. (During one of her later episodes, she cried out that she needed to be punished by God for all her sins. This alternated with episodes during which she would decide she needed to kill somebody because God told her to do it.) At one point in the '60s, she moved back to Nashville and re-enrolled at Peabody, planning to get a master's degree in English, but she left after quarreling with a professor about some theological point. From then on, all her short educational stints were at Bible colleges.

All of this would be rich material for a psychologically complex Bettie Page film. Unfortunately, Mary Harron's recently released *The Notorious Bettie Page* is not that film. Harron ends Bettie's story in 1957, when she leaves New York, and thereby fails to grapple with the heart of the matter. Expertly portrayed by Gretchen Mol, the Bettie of the movie is the same Bettie rediscovered 20 years ago and raised to the status of a cult goddess. Hers is a war against prudery, economic exploitation and faithless men. But isn't it

possible that a war was going on within her own heart? What we're left with in the movie is the Bettie Cult. And if we were to analyze the tenets of that cult, they would be similar to the ones Herman Melville attached to Polynesian beauties in his early novels, to wit:

Bettie's naked insouciance is sex without guilt. Bettie's friendly smirk means she doesn't judge herself. Bettie's luminous blue come-hither eyes mean she doesn't judge me, either.

Bettie's simple pristine outfits mean she's the most beautiful woman in the world but doesn't know it. Bettie's willingness to do things other models won't do means she likes everybody, even the outcasts.

Bettie's playfulness means she can do any crazy thing ever imagined in the realm of the sexual subconscious and it will never be dirty. In fact, if there's one quality that defines Bettie Page, it's that she's so *clean*.

Bettie, in so many ways and to so many guys, was and is the perfect woman. Her fans might not be able to describe exactly what it was that she had, but *we* know, don't we?

She was the elusive Peabody Girl, come to life.

Southern Journal *continued from page 88*

queen; he was 67, and she was 22.

In reading documents of Heard's interviews, sometimes one can almost see the skeptical headshaking that must have accompanied the response to a question Heard posed of a prominent banker, politician or community leader. For example, Jim Folsom had just been elected governor of Alabama in 1946 as the Southern politics interviews were being conducted. "We'll just have to wait and see," said one person, but his silence was deafening.

Once in the mid 1980s, when the press asked Louisiana Gov. Edwin Edwards, "Who is the greatest politician you've seen in your lifetime?" the governor responded in a deep Cajun drawl. "My lifetime, it would have to be every time I shave and look at him in the mirror I see him." Edwards is now serving time in federal prison.

Lester Garfield Maddox made his political reputation in opposition to racial integration. When elected governor of Georgia in 1967, he celebrated by peddling a bicycle backwards down Peachtree Street.

The Heard interviews took place in the South before the Civil Rights Movement, when African Americans faced a humiliating and tedious process to vote. A meeting with an Alabama mail carrier, active in the NAACP, revealed that black registrants were subject to a "slow-down" process at the county courthouse. The registrar would leave during inter-

views with black registrants, would not accept a check from blacks to pay the poll tax bill, and required applicants to come back with the exact change in cash before adding them to the voting rolls.

In Memphis, Tenn., Alexander Heard interviewed black voters who told him about "boodlers," or people who sold their vote to local bosses associated with the E.H. Crump machine in Shelby County. Ralph McGill, another Vanderbilt alumnus who would subsequently serve as editor of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, wrote of Memphis politics in his book, *The South and the Southerner*, "There was never any restriction against Negroes voting so long as they voted right."

Corruption, especially at election time, was widespread in the region. In one memorandum, written just for Professor Key's reading, Alexander Heard explained how money from Georgia Power executives was given to county judges to guarantee the votes for the corporate candidate in the upcoming election. The memo also told of thousands of dollars being spread around the Florida panhandle in defiance of state campaign finance laws.

All of this chicanery was familiar. It was a kind of bequest, a secret understanding of the "way things are done" in the South. Harper Lee alluded to it in her book *To Kill a Mockingbird*. "In Maycomb, grown men stood outside in the front yard for only two rea-

sons: death and politics." The legacy of vote-buying became a small but enduring piece of American political history in the 1948 election for the junior U.S. senator from Texas. When he was elected president, *Life* magazine reminded Americans that Lyndon Johnson won his senate seat with an "87-vote landslide." That margin came from Box 13 in Jim Wells County, when someone added a loop to the "7" in the election-night total of 765 votes for Johnson, making the sum 965 and giving him a statewide victory. The defense of the outcome by LBJ biographer Robert Caro is classic: "The Valley's vote for LBJ was nothing more than the normal run of Texas politics."

Protection of local interests was paramount in the South. In 1947 Alexander Heard told how an illiterate character he named "Tom," from Clayton, Ga., finally won election to the state senate.

The man ran for, and habitually lost, every election he entered, for sheriff, county clerk or mayor. People sometimes threw a token vote his way, but since he couldn't read it didn't matter. But everybody loved Tom, a big rangy fellow with a penchant for wide-brimmed Stetsons and hoedown music; he had been a bailiff at the courthouse for as long as anyone could remember.

In 1946, just before the Democratic primary, the county veterans got together and decided to back Tom for the state senate. "Why not?" they reasoned. "We've sent all the best people around to the legislature ... and all they've ever done is put their hand in the till and line their own pockets." Could Tom do any worse? So the people of the county, accustomed to getting nothing from their government, decided to make it official. Of course, Tom won, and to quote Heard, "Sure enough, he did no worse than his predecessors."

Willie Stark was right. No matter what, the abiding aspect of Southern politics was the "perfection of inaction." Alexander Heard would have loved to interview Willie Stark.

J. David Woodard, PhD'78, holds the Thurmond Chair of Government at Clemson University. During the 2003–2004 academic year, he was a visiting professor at Vanderbilt where he completed research for a book, The New Southern Politics, from which this article is taken.

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A Flaw in the Perfection of Inaction

Southern democracy, as Alexander Heard discovered, boasts a rich tradition of chicanery and local color. By J. DAVID WOODARD, PHD '78

WILLIE STARK, THE central character in Robert Penn Warren's matchless *All the King's Men*, described Southern politics best: "If you mean to imply, I said, 'that politics, including that of your erstwhile pals, is not exactly like Easter Week in the nunnery, you are right . . . politics is action and all action is but a flaw in the perfection of inaction.'"

The practice of democracy in the South has always been a little different from the way things were done in the rest of the country.

Sometimes the disparity came from the dirt-grinding, nerve-ending poverty that carpeted the region like the morning fog. "We had practically no money at all for thirty years," wrote Ben Robertson in his 1942 memoir, *Red Hills and Cotton*, "so we stayed home, and worked in the fields, and sat on the piazzas and talked, and we fished and trapped rabbits and went to all-day singings and to old Confederate reunions at the Courthouse."

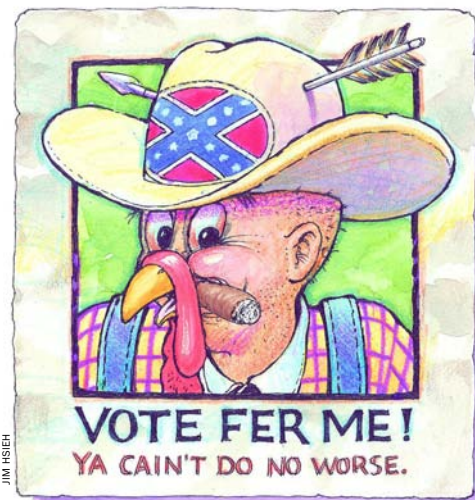
Sometimes the differences were in the personalities of the people elected to public office. Gene Talmadge, the fiery Georgia governor, pulled off his coat, snapped his gallsuses and said, "Sure I stole, but I stole for you." Kissin' Jim Folsom, of Alabama, invited *Life* magazine reporters to breakfast in 1947, where he quickly killed two beers and smacked his lips loudly to declare, "The only thing better for breakfast than beer is whiskey." South Carolina Gov. Strom Thurmond stood on his hands to impress his fiancée, and Gov. Jimmy Davis of Louisiana sang "You Are My

Sunshine" when he campaigned for office, and then made it the state song when he was elected.

Always, the dissimilarity with the rest of the country was racial. It came out in the worst ways, as in 1898 when South Carolina Sen. "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman declared on the floor of the U.S. Senate that the black race "must remain subordinate or be exterminated."

The texture of Southern politics was captured in a profound book, *Southern Politics in State and Nation* (1949), written by V.O. Key, a venerable political scientist who never taught at Vanderbilt but whose picture still hangs in Calhoun Hall. In academe, few books endure; this one has and for a good reason. To map the political culture of the South, Professor Key sent out two junior associates to interview 538 people in sessions averaging 70 minutes each.

One of those conducting interviews for the book was Alexander Heard, who would later become chancellor of Vanderbilt. Heard worked from memorized questions and then typed up his notes with carbon copies each night. Every interview was coded and classified, sometimes with copies of state constitutional provisions, registration figures, poll tax data, clippings from newspapers, and county-by-county primary and general election returns. In those days, before Google and computers, this material was extraordinarily difficult to obtain. "Key probably had a greater impact on American political science than any other individual of his time or since," wrote William C. Havard in 1979, in his capacity as chairman of the Vanderbilt Department of Political Science.



Today the interviews are housed in the Special Collections Department of the Jean and Alexander Heard Library, and when the boxes talk they tell a fascinating story. Reading the transcripts from the perspective of 50-plus years is like taking a trip back in time, before shopping centers, fast-food restaurant chains and television plastered a homogeneous character on the region.

No other part of the country could rival the South when it came to flamboyant antics and outlandish statements. Huey Long named a baldheaded opponent "Turkey Head," and Lyndon Johnson once said his political opponent was so stupid he "couldn't pour piss out of a boot with the instructions written on the heel." Given the history of the place, it was not surprising to hear that Louisiana Gov. Earl K. Long ran around with New Orleans stripper Blaze Starr, or that his wife had him declared insane for doing so. South Carolina Sen. Strom Thurmond married a beauty

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ROOM WITH A VIEW

During his senior year at Vanderbilt, Alan Loprete, BS'03, lived on the 12th floor of Carmichael Towers II. "This commanding view provided a great vantage point to capture images of campus as the seasons changed," says Loprete, who recently sent *VANDERBILT MAGAZINE* these photos he took as a student.

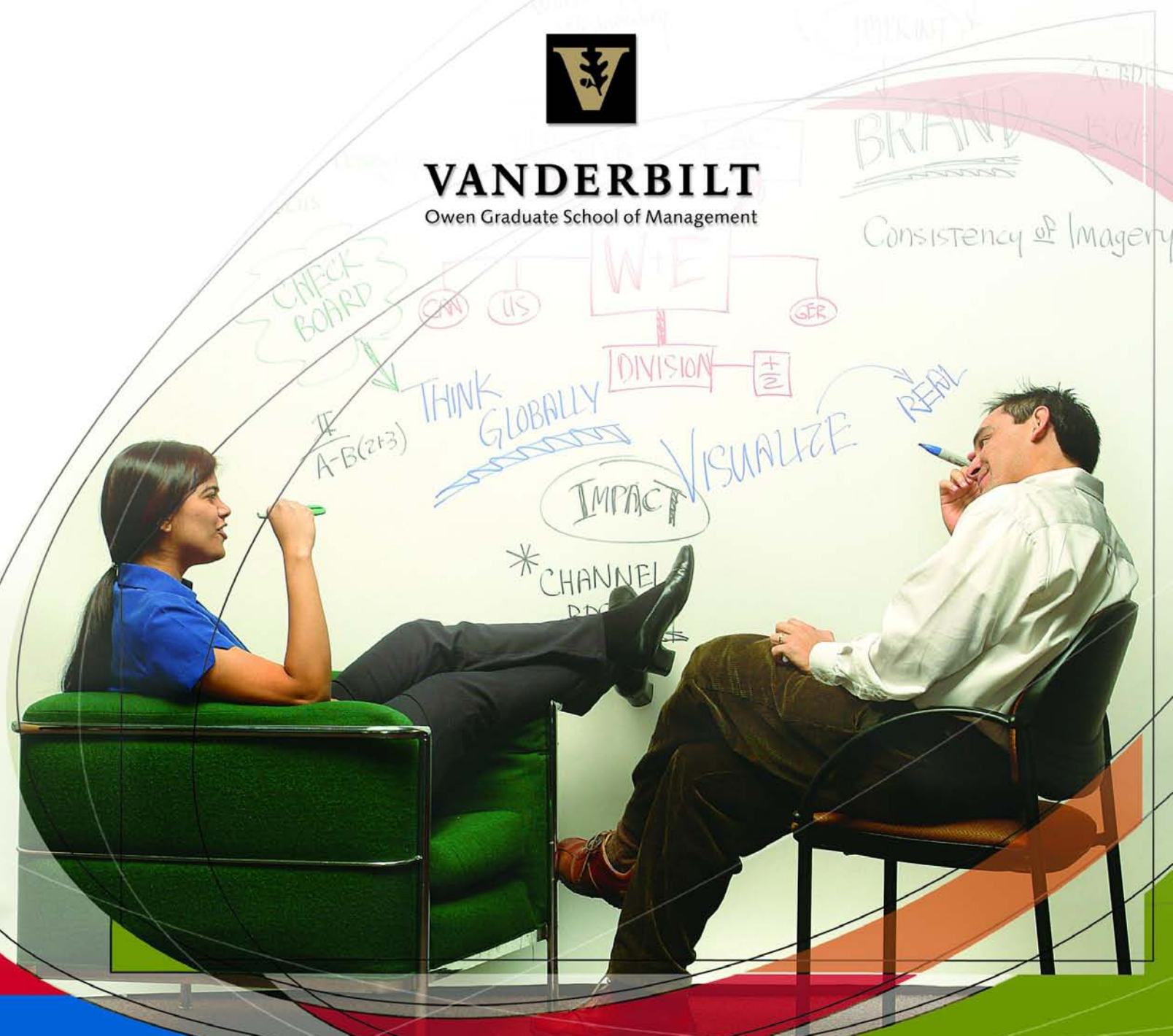
We liked them so much we've turned them into wallpaper that you may download by going to Vanderbilt's revamped alumni Web site: <http://www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni>.



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