VANDERBILT MAGAZINE

fall 2002

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Fall 2002, Volume 83, Number 4

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1,000 Words

The Vanderbilt Regatta

150 of the 1,591 entering first-year students participated in this year's Squirrel Camp, one of four DoreWays pre-orientation programs offered at Vanderbilt. The team-building programs included the Regatta where students constructed a craft and worked together to keep it afloat while racing other teams. Photo by Neil Brake.

DoreWays

A forum for exchanging ideas

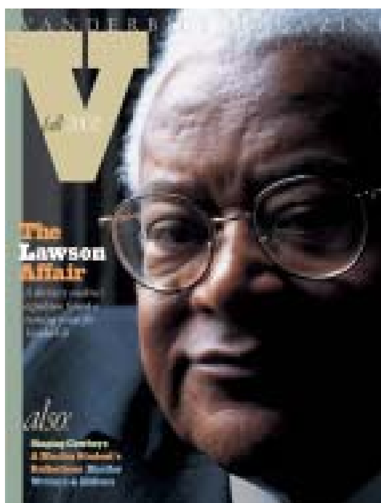
From the Editor

What we were and what we have become.

THE VANDERBILT COMMUNITY IS ACCUSTOMED TO STABILITY. With only seven chancellors in its 129-year history, change occurs, but it does so slowly, over time, graciously.

Of course that's not always the case. I was reminded of one such period recently while walking across campus with Rev. James Lawson, who is featured on this issue's cover. As we walked, he pointed out differences on the campus from when he was a student more than 40 years ago: A new building here. Dramatic public artwork there. Groups of students everywhere we turned. He liked what he saw, especially the number of students of color. Lawson, in his day at Vanderbilt, stood at the center of the desegregation controversy—in fact, he was forced from the University because of his work for desegregation.

I didn't ask Rev. Lawson if he was surprised that *Vanderbilt Magazine* was telling his story after all these years. But it's a story worth telling; it stands at the heart of what we were as an institution and what we have become. And it's a testament to change, even when the value of that change was lost in the controversy of the moment.



With this issue, change has come to *Vanderbilt Magazine*. We live in a world saturated with media, a world that demands your attention and that places demands on your time. In spite of this, we're still delivering this magazine to your mailbox; in fact, we've increased our circulation to more than 100,000 so that all alumni of Vanderbilt receive *Vanderbilt Magazine*. That's because we believe it is important for you to know the faculty and students of Vanderbilt University, to understand the research, scholarship, and patient care that have earned this institution an international reputation.

We want to offer you something different from the alumni magazine many of you have received over the years, something that justifies spending an evening with us. So we've rethought *Vanderbilt Magazine*. Editorially, we've added departments and commissioned more ambitious feature stories. Graphically, we've partnered with J Porter, one of the best magazine designers in the business, to create a contemporary, lively design. We want to give you more in each issue—better writers, photographers and illustrators and more engaging stories—maybe provoke and surprise you too.

We're proud of our redesign, the first step in what the new *Vanderbilt Magazine* can be. Now we need to hear from you. Tell us what you think—what you like and what you don't like. You can write us at the editorial offices or e-mail me directly at *ken.schexnayder@vanderbilt.edu*.

KEN SCHEXNAYDER

From the Reader

Yellow Leaves

YOU ARE TO BE COMMENDED for recognizing the brilliance and insightful truths found in Wayne Christenson's observations ["Yellow Leaves," fall, 2001] on the nature of our support and love for a team that seldom wins. Mr. Christenson is to be congratulated for writing a piece that made me really look forward to Reunion 2003.

Over the past 28 years, my career in film and TV has kept me away from Nashville and the possibility of attending Vanderbilt sporting events. Still every Sunday morning found me weeding my way through page after page on the ACC, to look for the Saturday results of the Vanderbilt football or basketball games. "Why have I done this?" I've often mused to myself. Now, I know why.

There is simply a sense of satisfaction to be realized from trying, or watching other kin try, to succeed against seemingly insurmountable odds. Occasionally, the joyful miracle does occur. It was this basic motivator that kept me running, while being left in the dust by UT's semipro tracksters. It's just part of life. We deal with it, love it for what it is, and move on.

Please convey my regards and thanks to Mr. Christenson, and tell him to please keep on writing.

JOHN WADE, BA'73
(VU TRACK, '69 & '70)
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Cannibalism

THE ARTICLE "CANNIBALISM REVISITED" in the spring 2002 issue of *Vanderbilt Magazine* is an eye-opening look at what is being taught and written by Vanderbilt professors today.

As a loyal alumna, I had trusted Vanderbilt to uphold high academic standards and quality scholarship that would stand firm against the prevailing atmosphere of polit-

ical correctness that has crept into other universities. Unfortunately, Professor Beth Conklin's statement that "cannibalism can have positive meanings and motives" is moral and cultural relativism at its worst. I am very disappointed to see that it has infiltrated the teaching there.

Through the ages, cannibalism has been universally and rightly condemned as a pagan and barbaric practice by western civilization. Vanderbilt has historically held to its founding as a Judeo-Christian, western civilization based university, and it is very sad to see it descend into a values-neutral curriculum, which is antithetical to the true liberal arts education that Vanderbilt has always been known for.

Thank you for the glimpse into the "new" Vanderbilt.

LUCY HUNTER WASHBURNE, BA'76
Dallas, Texas

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SPLENDID SPRING ISSUE. It is hard to put down, especially the conflicting views of capital punishment that I have never seen presented so clearly and forcefully.

I want to raise a question about the shorter piece, "Cannibalism Revisited." Professor Conklin describes how the Amazonian Wari' tribe continued "participating in funerals in which cannibalism was practiced." She could have looked much closer to home to the regular and frequent participation of Christians in the ritual cannibalism of eating their founder—for Protestants in their symbolic communion service, for Roman Catholics in their more literal eucharist. We are told, "Take, eat: this is my body" and "Drink: this is my blood poured out for you." I should like to know how our Divinity School explains such important cannibalistic practices. Do we really differ very much from the Wari'?

WILLIAM B. HUNTER, MA'39, PhD'46
Greensboro, North Carolina

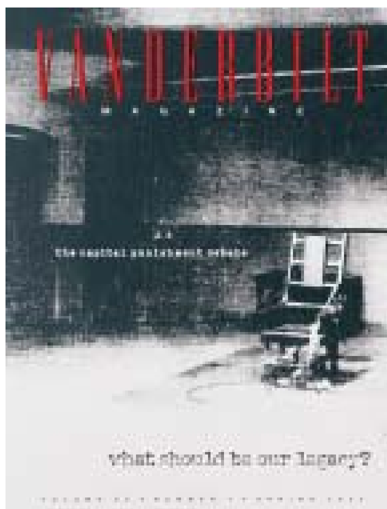
Capital Punishment

I THINK THAT YOU ARE ADDRESSING the wrong question in your article "A Question of Justice."

The question should be, "Are prisons an appropriate punishment for anything?" or "Prisons are cruel and unusual punishment!"

We take people and isolate them from all of the positive influences of society such as family, friends, churches, social events, etc. These people we place with the worst of society such as thieves, addicts, rapists, murderers, child abusers, etc., and we expect them to get a positive set of values. How can this be when they live in fear for their lives?

What message does this give to children who visit a parent in prison? How do we explain to a child how their parent being in prison is for the betterment of society and then expect that child to openly accept their parent back into society? What stigmatism is placed upon a child who has a parent that is a convict?



Nor does the release from prison on parole release them from the effect of the system. The parolee enters into a voluntary servitude. Few people will employ a convicted felon for a responsible position. Most are reduced to working at minimum wage (poverty level) and menial tasks. Many resort to crime to make a living wage (over 50 percent of people released on parole are back in the system within three years). In addition, a parole officer visits periodically and everybody knows the parole officer.

It is my belief that if we did away with prisons and jails, the death penalty would not be a question. The Jewish code in the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy did not have prison as a choice. There were cities of refuge for an accused to flee to for safety. This was also a city where the judicial and the clergy (they were one) lived. I doubt there was much delay in a trial or in implementing the sentence.

It has long been known that a questionnaire can get the answer that is wanted if it is worded in the correct manner. The question should be: When are we going to take the information we learned from Pavlov's dogs and apply them in a meaningful way to humans? Or: When are we going to stop treating humans like dangerous animals?

The only group that wants to see its clientele dead is the undertakers!

JAMES M. JOHNSON
Columbus, Georgia

USUALLY IT IS A JOY TO FIND the Vanderbilt magazine in my mailbox. Not today. Not with its cover, not with the articles inside that attempt to politically correct preceding graduates.

For over a dozen years I have taught criminal justice in high school. One requirement of all the students is an essay fully presenting the pros and cons of the death penalty. Then they are to express their personal opinions and the reasons they hold them. Girl or boy, black or white, they all support the death penalty. (The "Electric Chair Quilt" is not art.)

Yes, it should be our legacy, but not only that of Vanderbilt, but of the United States. So we do not "decline and fall" as did the Roman Empire from rot within.

The article on "Terrorism in America" is answered by the concluding paragraph of "Are Civil Liberties at Risk?" The government's response is appropriate to the threat.

In another article, a reference was made to the female student who in 1994 was offended by images in Don Evans's class. The article mentioned the pain inflicted on him and his family. I hope she was able to transfer her credits at Vanderbilt's expense to a university where decency prevailed.

Vanderbilt has grown in endowment, and in number of buildings and students. However, it appears to have lost the way down which Mims, Davidson, and Chaffin led their students.

All change is not for the better.

MARY W. DAVIS, BA'50
Columbus, Georgia

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 via e-mail to *ken.schexnayder@vanderbilt.edu.*

PSCI 287

Or, exploring the significance of presidential transitions with Vanderbilt students. By ROY NEEL, BA'72

I LEFT MY LAST JOB IN MID-2000 to put together Vice President Al Gore's transition operation in anticipation of his election. Both Democratic and Republican nominees must make this preparation in case they win, but in our case, we actually had to conduct a transition process during those five weeks between the election and the end of the Florida recount nightmare. It was a quixotic, exhilarating and, in the end, a totally draining and surreal emotional experience.

Still licking my wounds 10 months after the 2000 presidential election debacle, I stopped by Kirkland Hall to meet Vanderbilt's new chancellor, Gordon Gee. My old friend Jeff Carr, the University's recently retired general counsel, had set up the meeting with the chancellor and Michael Schoenfeld, Vanderbilt's vice chancellor for public affairs.

Chancellor Gee quickly got to the point, suggesting that I put the experience of two presidential transitions, working in the White House, and 16 years as a senior staffer for Congressman, then Senator Gore, to work by teaching a course at the University. He asked Schoenfeld to help make it happen. Vanderbilt Law School Dean Kent Syverud, who was also acting chair of the political science department, arranged for me to teach a new course on presidential transitions jointly with political science professor John Geer. PSCI 287 would "examine how presidential transitions work, how they have changed over the course of American history, and why they are important to the study of American politics."

To our knowledge, this topic had never been taught anywhere, at any level. Presidential transitions have been treated as little more than a footnote in the political realm.

After researching the most recent six transitions, from Kennedy to Clinton, in my role as Gore-Lieberman transition director, I was convinced that this critical period following presidential elections was sorely overlooked. Moreover, the process of presidential transitions, beginning with the moment a candidate believes he can win and ending when his administration is mostly in place, is one that can make or break a successful presidential term. Decisions made or avoided during presidential transitions have helped define an entire presidency—witness Reagan's supreme delegation of virtually all startup tasks, Bush I's determination to push out Reagan conservatives, Clinton's inability to build a solid White House team that quickly could have averted the travel office debacle and, more important, the disastrous health-care reform initiative.

The course began smoothly enough—I would give a lecture covering the evolution of an incoming administration and how it affected the president's success in governing, the background color, politics, economic conditions, wars, international turmoil, all the things that influence how a new president goes about organizing his government. Then John Geer would translate my stream of factoids and political anecdotes into the context of political science.

But after four weeks it became obvious that these bright, disciplined students deserved more than my windy monologues. We decided to get more voices into the classroom.

JIM HSIEH

While it was unrealistic to bring scholars and former and current public officials to Nashville to speak to the seminar, I knew many of those who had actually managed presidential transitions, covered the news, and helped presidents get elected and govern. John and I decided to invite some of them to speak to the class by telephone, a simple technique I had used countless times to bring cabinet members, governors, and other busy or distant officials into White House planning sessions.

As the class dove into the Eisenhower years, I reached David Halberstam in New York, where he was finishing his book on the heroism of the 9/11 firefighters. A former Tennessean reporter with longtime ties to Nashville friends, David agreed to talk about the political and social environment Eisenhower faced when he took office in 1952. He was mesmerizing and charming, no student fell asleep, their questions of Halberstam were thought

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The Campus Fall 2002

“**We have conquered one terrible scourge** *only to be faced with the prospect of introducing it again.*” —Dr. Kathryn Edwards *on the smallpox trials*

Undergraduates Study Abroad in Record Numbers

Despite concerns about traveling abroad in the aftermath of Sept. 11, the spring 2002 semester saw the largest number of Vanderbilt students ever taking part in international study programs. Approximately 180 students participated in one of 44 direct credit undergraduate programs last spring.

Student enrollment in study-abroad programs has doubled in the past decade. “We have sought to expand opportunities for students campus wide,” says Lorraine Sciadini, outgoing director of the University’s undergraduate study abroad program.

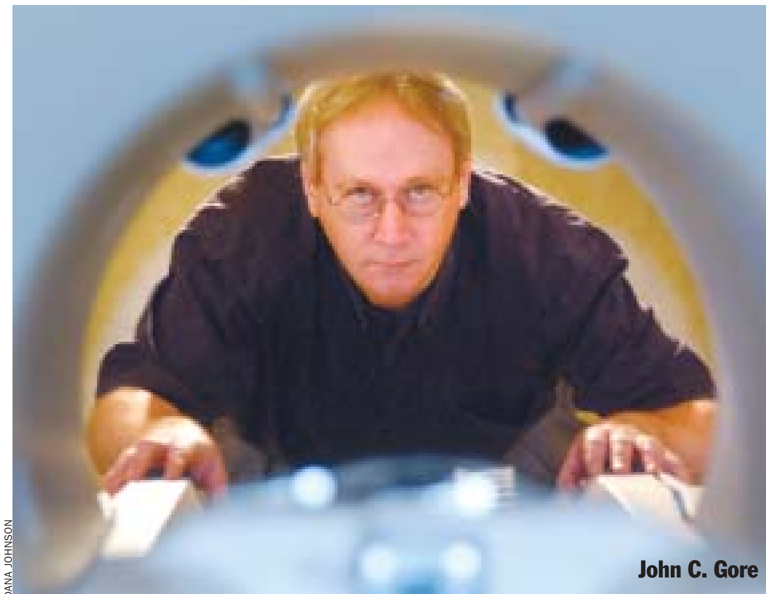
Traditionally, study abroad enhanced foreign language studies, but Sciadini says it has become more attractive for students for a broad range of disciplines. Pre-med, engineering, business administration and economics, education, and human and organizational development students are choosing to gain exposure to other cultures as part of their undergraduate experience.

Vanderbilt undergraduates can earn degree credits in one of 20 countries on four continents. Programs in English-speaking countries including Ireland, Scotland, Australia and New Zealand have been added. Existing programs in Spain and Italy have expanded to include additional partner institutions in Palma de Mallorca, Bilbao and Siena.

Study-abroad programs emphasize academics as much as the cultural experience. Students must maintain at least a 2.7 GPA and are encouraged to complete their sophomore year before enrolling in the programs.

COURTESY OF OFFICE OF OVERSEAS PROGRAMS

Enrollment in study-abroad programs has doubled in the last decade.



DANA JOHNSON

John C. Gore

Former Yale, Kansas Researchers Strengthen Imaging Science, Matrix Biology

When researchers leave an institution for greener pastures, they often must say goodbye to close colleagues with whom they may have enjoyed decades-long collaborations. But several top researchers new to Vanderbilt are getting the best of both worlds—unprecedented new opportunities, with the advantages of hitting the ground running.

John C. Gore, internationally recognized for his magnetic resonance imaging research, has joined the faculty as Chancellor’s University Professor of Radiology and Radiological Sciences and Biomedical Engineering and director of the new Vanderbilt University Institute of Imaging Science. He and a team of more than a dozen scientists moved to Vanderbilt from Yale University.

The Institute of Imaging Science will bring together engineers and scientists whose interests span the spectrum of imaging research—from the underlying physics of imaging techniques to the application of imaging tools to study the brain’s inner workings.

At Yale, Gore directed the Nuclear Magnetic Resonance Research Center, one of the leading centers in the world for magnetic resonance imaging research. In addition to using functional MRI to study the brain, Gore and colleagues examine factors that affect the magnetic resonance signal from tissues, seeking ways to improve the technology.

Their expertise in functional MRI will bolster ongoing research, particularly projects focused on human cognition and vision in the Department of Psychology. Gore plans to explore new applications for functional MRI in studying brain development, in collaboration with Kennedy Center investigators, and in studying neurological disorders, in collaboration with investigators in psychiatry.

Vanderbilt has also substantially strengthened its efforts in the area of matrix biology with the addition of Billy Hudson, a scientist internationally known for molecular biology research in kidney disorders.

Hudson is director of the new Center for Matrix Biology and the Elliot V. Newman Professor of Medicine in the division of nephrology, with a secondary appointment in biochemistry. When he left Kansas University Medical Center, he brought with him a cadre of researchers including four assistant professors, two postdoctoral fellows, a graduate student and several research associates.

Matrices, Hudson says, “are fundamental to a number of different diseases. They serve as a carpet for cells to sit on, glue that helps hold them together, which is critical for the development of all tissues. The Center for Matrix Biology will stimulate interdisciplinary research in extracellular matrix as it relates to organ development, cancer and the pathophysiology of tissue fibrosis. Hudson expects to collaborate with colleagues throughout the basic sciences, including biochemistry, molecular physiology, biophysics and cancer biology.

Also joining Vanderbilt from Kansas are reproductive »

Alpha & Omega

This window in Benton Chapel, known as the Word of God window, is the work of artist Robert Harmon. The movement from the letter ALPHA at the bottom to the OMEGA at the top symbolizes the all-inclusiveness in time and space of the omnipotent God. Divinity School alumni provided funding for the window in appreciation for the late Dean John K. Benton and the school itself.

NEIL BRAKE

{Inquiring Minds}

The Case for Kangaroo Care

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If breastfeeding is natural, why do so many mothers find it difficult? Bette Moore, a Ph.D. student in nursing who came to Vanderbilt after years as a lactation consultant, thinks part of the answer might lie in the crucial first hours after birth.

Moore's research shows that skin-to-skin contact (sometimes called "kangaroo care") can improve the chances of successful breastfeeding. "Oftentimes, nurses give the swaddled baby to the mother to hold for about a half-hour immediately after birth," Moore says. "They don't realize the significance of skin-to-skin contact. By placing the baby skin-to-skin, the baby has more olfactory, tactile and thermal cues."

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Don't Blame TV for Increase in Homicides

All that television watching may give you thunder thighs, but it isn't likely to make you go out and kill somebody. Vanderbilt sociology professor Gary Jensen has examined and contradicted a widely cited 1992 study by Brandon Centerwall at the University of Washington which concluded that television was the main cause for an increase in violence among whites in the U.S., Canada and South Africa during a 30-year period starting in 1945.

Jensen analyzed other factors that Centerwall did not consider — including divorce rates, alcohol use, unemployment, and immigration rates.

"The analysis shows that the breakdown of the family is a critical factor when tracking increases in homicide rates for whites," says Jensen, "while television becomes insignificant."

Takeovers of Troubled Schools Produce Mixed Results

The takeover of poorly performing schools by states and cities in an attempt to improve them has been on the rise in the past decade. Twenty-four states allow state takeover of local school districts, and actual takeovers have occurred in 18 states and the District of Columbia.

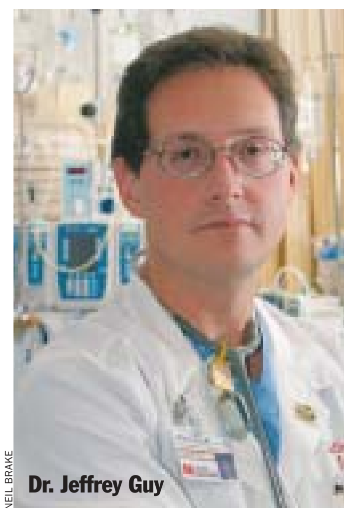
In an extensive study of 14 school districts in which comprehensive takeovers have occurred, Kenneth K. Wong, professor of public policy and education and associate director of the Peabody Center for Education Policy, and Francis X. Shen of Harvard University found "mixed results for state takeovers on both academic and management issues."

biologist S.K. Dey, who brings 13 people with him, and x-ray crystallographer M. Sundarmoorthy, who brings a team of four.

Hudson and Dey had both been at Kansas University for about 30 years. "It is quite a coup for Vanderbilt," says Arnold Strauss, James C. Overall Professor of Pediatrics, chair of the department, and professor of molecular physiology and biophysics, calling Hudson and Dey "both world-class investigators."

Burn Cases May Mask Child Abuse

EVERY DAY, VANDERBILT'S 20-bed Regional Burn Center sees lives marred by house fires, auto crashes, and other tragic accidents. Among the most horrific cases, however, are ones that didn't have to happen.


NEIL BRAKE

Dr. Jeffrey Guy

"Twenty percent of our pediatric admissions are cases of child abuse," says Dr. Jeffrey S. Guy, director of the Burn Center. Guy and the team of physicians, nurses, therapists, and support personnel including psychiatrists and a chaplain have seen the worst of humanity: youngsters immersed in scalding water by their parents as punishment for potty problems, children branded with curling irons, and others with cigarette burns.

Too often, Guy contends, courts and service agencies return abused children to abusive homes. Red tape delays treatment. Or teachers and doctors do not recognize the abuse for what it is. Guy cites an exam given to medical practitioners in which 80 percent did not recognize a child's burns as abuse.

Some signs of child abuse Guy points to:

- *When a parent has no explanation or an inconsistent explanation of how a burn or other injury occurred.*
- *When a parent delays seeking medical attention for a child.*
- *When a parent has no regular pediatrician for the child.*
- *When a child wears long sleeves all the time, even in hot weather.*

Vanderbilt Testing 30-Year-Old Smallpox Vaccine

AND YOU THOUGHT YOU HELD the world's record for going the longest without cleaning your freezer: Last fall, in a long-overlooked freezer, pharmaceutical firm Aventis Pasteur discovered a smallpox vaccine stockpile that had been frozen for 30 years—an estimated 75 million doses, produced for the Department of Defense.

Now the National Institutes of Health has awarded Vanderbilt a $12.6 million contract to determine whether the doses could still be used, perhaps even diluted enough to administer to the entire U.S. population in the event of a

Remnants of Stars Past

IC4406, NICKNAMED THE RETINA NEBULA, is one of the closest planetary nebulae to Earth. Planetary nebulae are the multicolored remnants of dead stars.

C. Robert O'Dell, professor of physics, and colleagues reported the discovery of this new feature, shown here in a Hubble Space Telescope image, in the June 2002 issue of *Astronomical Journal*. They also identified five other nearby planetary nebulae.

To learn more and journey into the nebula, visit Vanderbilt's online research journal, *Exploration,* at http://exploration.vanderbilt.edu.

bioterrorist attack. Trials at Vanderbilt and three other sites—the University of Iowa, Northern California Kaiser Permanente, and Baylor College of Medicine—will involve several hundred volunteers.

Smallpox, a highly contagious and often fatal disease which has killed hundreds of millions of people in earlier times, has not been seen worldwide since 1977, after an international immunization campaign wiped it out. The last U.S. case was seen in 1949, and routine smallpox vaccinations ceased in 1972. But terrorism experts believe the virus could have been smuggled out of laboratories in the U.S. or Russia.

While the risk of a smallpox attack by bioterrorists is considered small, experts consider the possibility particularly dangerous because one infected patient could spread the disease to many others.

Because the vaccine carries significant risks and in rare cases is fatal, experts do not anticipate resuming vaccinations for the public at large. Federal officials at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention are considering vaccinating as many as half a million emergency and health-care workers who would be among the first to see smallpox cases.

The Vanderbilt grant resulted from an application made before the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. The study will be the first project funded by the grant, which establishes funding for Vanderbilt to be a vaccine evaluation center for five years.

"For many years Vanderbilt has been at the forefront of developing new vaccines for meningitis, whooping cough, flu, and respiratory viruses," says Dr. Kathryn Edwards, professor of pediatrics and lead investigator for the smallpox vaccine trials. "Our major focus was looking at vaccines in vulnerable populations including children and elderly people. We were looking at new ways to deliver flu vaccines and pneumonia vaccines. It was only after 9/11 that the additional challenge was presented."

By using different strength vaccines in the clinical trials, researchers will be able to determine how much the vaccine can be diluted and still be effective. If the old vaccine is shown to be effective at its weakest dilution—one part vaccine to 10 parts water—a total of 750 million additional people could be vaccinated.

COURTESY OF JEFF MCKINZIE

Quechua Indians of rural Peru welcomed the arrival of Vanderbilt volunteer health-care providers.

Volunteers Bring Health Care to Rural Peru

ELEVEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH in the Andes Mountains, 19 volunteers from Vanderbilt spent a week providing free medical, dental and vision care to a community primarily inhabited by Quechua Indians in Pisac, an impoverished Peruvian community of 5,000. Vanderbilt volunteers teamed up in an international effort with the Universidad Nacional de San Antonio Abad del Cusco and Peruvian officials to provide care to 2,369 patients May 5-13.

For most of the region's people, "access to health care is very limited," says Dr. Jeff McKinzie, assistant professor of emergency medicine, who coordinated the trip. They suffer from worms and parasites, malnutrition, and musculoskeletal pain. With the help of a Peruvian dentist, volunteer health-care providers pulled a total of 325 teeth. Vanderbilt ophthalmologist Dr. Juli Dean provided eye evaluation and care and performed cataract removal and eye surgery.

Women's basketball players Venessa Ferragamo and Hillary Hager were among the volunteers. "It was an amazing experience," says Hager. She and Ferragamo, both juniors on a pre-medical track with Spanish minors, helped translate and worked in the visual clinic testing patients' eyesight.

Each member of the medical team paid more than $2,000 to participate in the trip. The Department of Emergency Medicine donated $5,000, and several pharmaceutical companies provided medication and supplies.

Each day, volunteers woke at 5:30 a.m. to prepare for the 45-minute journey up a winding mountain road to Pisac from Cusco, the nearby ancient Incan capital where the group spent each night. Twenty-eight crates of medical equipment and supplies traveled with the volunteers in order to create a full-service health clinic.

McKinzie has traveled to Peru for the past seven years with church groups and plans similar trips to Peru and Guyana next year.

Virtual Vanderbilt

www.vanderbilt.edu/kennedy/pathfinder

Search for Services allows those seeking information on disabilities to explore a database of more than 1,400 providers in Tennessee by county and type of assistance. It is the newest feature on the Tennessee Family Pathfinder Web site, which serves as an adviser and educator to those searching for information on disabilities, covering many aspects such as employment, housing and laws. The John F. Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development and the Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities created Pathfinder with grant support from the Administration on Developmental Disabilities.

Graduate Students Rub Elbows with Nobel Laureates

NEIL BRAKE

Graduate students Jonathan Sprinkle and Laura Anderson Swafford.

JONATHAN SPRINKLE AND Laura Swafford spent a week last summer doing something most graduate students only dream about—attending the 52nd Nobel Laureates meeting in Lindau, Germany.

Sprinkle, a Ph.D. candidate in electrical engineering and an IBM Fellow, and Swafford, a graduate student in physical chemistry, were the first two Vanderbilt graduate students ever invited to attend the annual gathering. There they rubbed shoulders with the likes of chemists Paul Boyer and Harold Kroto and physicist Rudolf Mössbauer.

Sprinkle was chosen by the Oak Ridge Associated Universities to attend the illustrious gathering. He anticipates receiving his Ph.D. in 2003 and hopes to teach engineering at the college level. Swafford was chosen by the Department of Energy. She has just finished her third year of graduate school and also hopes to enter academia after completing her doctorate.

Each year since 1951, Nobel Prize winners in chemistry, physics, physiology, and medicine have met in Lindau to have open and informal meetings with more than 400 students and young researchers from around the world. The two Vanderbilt students were among 39 U.S. students selected for the honor.

"Some of the laureates were very focused on their individual research, others on education or politics, and a few talked about what it is to become a laureate," says Swafford. "A number of them said it was a matter of being in the right place at the right time."

"Some were receptive to American students, but others were highly critical of the U.S.," says Sprinkle. "The best prizewinners were those who spoke about their intuition for the future direction of science, and our role in educating a force of people who will change the world."

NEIL BRAKE

"We need to reduce our dependence on foreign oil so that America cannot be held hostage to global chaos and tin-horn tyrants like Saddam Hussein."

—Al Gore in an April 22 Earth Day address at Vanderbilt

Sports

A look at fall athletics

In the Trenches

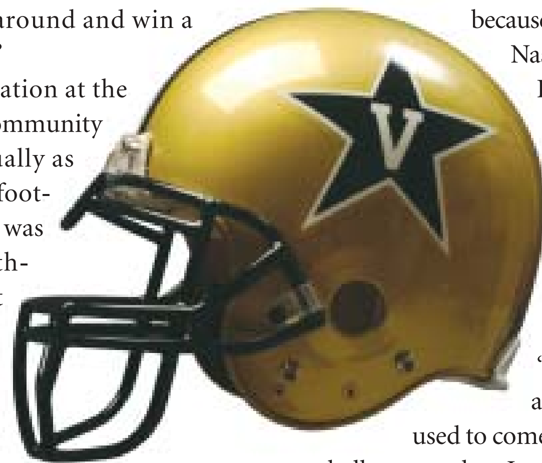
Both on and off the field, Brett Beard is determined to produce winners. By NELSON BRYAN

At six-feet-four-inches and 290 pounds, Brett Beard makes quite a first impression. There is inside him a healthy mixture of toughness and compassion. He played eight-and-a-half games last season with a broken foot—at nose tackle, recording 41 tackles with three for loss of yardage. He also reads to children in elementary schools and tutors inner-city youth.

The Commodores will count heavily on Beard's defensive line experience as they change from last season's 3-4 defense to a 4-3 defense. A tough, strong run-stopping specialist, his best game last season was against Alabama with nine tackles, a narrow 12-9 Alabama victory.

During the next game, a 28-22 home victory over the University of Richmond, Beard's foot was broken underneath a pile of players. Yet, he played on it for the remainder of the game. "I had x-rays after, and the doctors told me what was wrong. From there, I would just tape it up and practice. It's funny—it would bother me until I hurt it again in a game. When I finally hurt it again, I'd be good to go." He had surgery in the off-season and now is fully recovered for the 2002 season. A redshirt junior, he will graduate in May 2003 but will have one year of eligibility left in football. He is a human and organizational development major and will earn a master's in that field during his final year of eligibility.

With a new coaching staff now in place, Beard is excited about the 12-game schedule and Vandy's football future. "I think they've finally gotten a coaching staff that's fit for this program," he says. "They recruited well this year for the time they had, and there is a bright future ahead for Vanderbilt football. We lacked discipline, and these guys are bringing the discipline. I think in the end—if not this year, for sure next year—we're finally going to turn this thing around and win a bunch of games."



Beard's reputation at the University as a community volunteer is equally as respected as his football prowess. He was named by the athletics department as Vanderbilt's representative to the Southeastern Conference's Good Works Team. Only one athlete from each of the 12 member schools is given that honor.

"He's one of our shining stars," says Kevin Colon, director of life skills with the athletics department. "He has a heart of gold. He spends time in elementary schools on read-me day and visits Children's Hospital."

The Edgehill Community Center, an inner-city center that schedules after-school activities for at-risk children, occupies much of Beard's non-football time. "The kids come over for tutoring after school. I help take care of the kids and sometimes tutor others." Another focus of his attention is Backfield in Motion, a nonprofit organization that offers inner-city kids a chance to play football. "Instead of having to pay money, they have to come for tutoring several hours during the week. I've also taken time to read books to elementary schools."

A resident of Birmingham, Ala., Beard decided to become a Commodore because of his familiarity with Nashville and Vanderbilt. His parents both graduated from the same Nashville high school, and he has an older sister who lives here. "This is where we always came during the summer," he says. "Everything revolved around Nashville, and I used to come to Vanderbilt basketball games when I was younger."

Life after Vanderbilt holds a lot of promise for Beard. He would like to pursue a professional football career if possible. Beyond that, he wants to be a coach. "I never really thought of coming here until I got the opportunity. I get to come up here, spend time with family, and my parents don't have to travel far. I get to play football in the SEC and, most important, I get a good education to fall back on if football is not in the future."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL BRAKE

Brett Beard

Balcomb Named Women's Basketball Coach

MELANIE BALCOMB WAS NAMED VANDERBILT'S new head women's basketball coach last May. She coached the previous seven years at Xavier University in Cincinnati and was the winningest women's basketball coach in Xavier history. She recorded her best record in 2000-01 when the Musketeers went 31-3 and advanced to the NCAA Tournament's Elite Eight, defeating Tennessee in the Sweet 16. After the 2001 season, Balcomb was named "Coach of the Year" in the Atlantic 10 Conference.

Melanie Balcomb

NEIL BRAKE

"This is an ideal fit for me," Balcomb says. "I am excited to be coaching at a university that has high standards and high aspirations. Basketball is important to Vanderbilt, and its commitment is obvious. We will work very hard to continue this program's tradition of successfully competing at the highest level and doing so with integrity."

Balcomb compiled a record of 135-78 at Xavier while winning one Atlantic 10 Conference regular-season title and making three NCAA Tournament appearances. Her teams also won two Atlantic 10 Conference tournament championships and made one appearance in the WNIT.

In the last three years, Xavier had a 5-1 record versus the Southeastern Conference with victories over Vanderbilt, Kentucky (twice), Mississippi State and Tennessee. Vanderbilt also registered the lone victory, which came in Nashville last season.

She succeeds former women's coach Jim Foster, who accepted the head coaching position at Ohio State University, and Tom Collen, former head coach at Colorado State University, who resigned a day after being hired at Vanderbilt because of a perceived discrepancy in his résumé.

Tim Corbin Named Vanderbilt Baseball Coach

TIM CORBIN, AN ASSISTANT AND ASSOCIATE HEAD coach for the past nine years at Clemson University, was named Vanderbilt's new baseball coach following the retirement of Coach Roy Mewbourne.

Corbin helped craft the Tigers into a national power, winning more than 71 percent (434 wins, 172 losses) of all games. Clemson ranked as the fifth-winningest program since 1993 with five top-10 finishes and top-25 national rankings every year.

Heading into the 2002 season, all eight of Corbin's recruiting classes gained top-25 recognition. *Baseball America* tabbed his 1999 recruiting class as number one in the nation and listed Clemson as one of the top five college recruiting staffs in the country in 1997. *Baseball America* and the American Baseball Coaches Association named Corbin the "Assistant Coach of the Year" in 2000.

"I like the idea of selling Ivy League education with Southeastern Conference baseball," Corbin says. "I can see by the improvement in facilities that the University wants a quality baseball program."

Tim Corbin

NEIL BRAKE

Former Coach Roy Mewbourne retired at the end of the season after a 24-27 finish. During his 30-year career in collegiate baseball, he posted an overall record of 922-682-9 with a Vanderbilt record of 655-608-9.

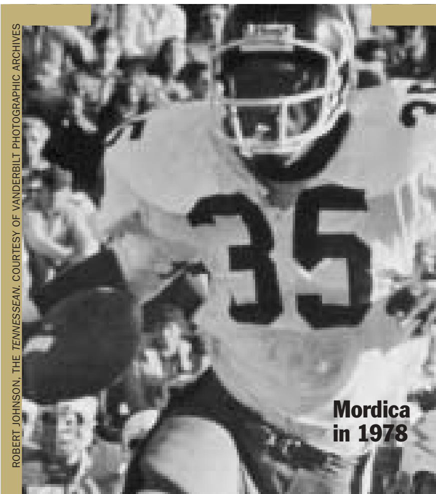
Kylene Kownurko Wins SEC Steeplechase Championship

KYLENE KOWNURKO, A DISTANCE RUNNER with the Vanderbilt track team, won the SEC Steeplechase championship in May and, in the process, broke her own SEC steeplechase record. May was a big month for the senior from Newton, Pa., as she also graduated with a B.E. degree in biomedical engineering.

Kylene Kownurko

NEIL BRAKE

With the win she became the most recent Vanderbilt Southeastern Conference champion, following on the heels of former SEC and NCAA champion Ryan Tolbert, who won a national title in the 400-meter hurdles.



Mordica in 1978

ROBERT JOHNSON, THE TENNESSEAN, COURTESY OF VANDERBILT PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES

{Where Are They Now?}

Frank Mordica, BS'81, one of Vanderbilt's all-time great running backs, continues to make great strides with the U. S. Navy. During his Vanderbilt football career, he set two school records that stand today. He ranks number one in single game rushing yardage with 321 against the Air Force Academy on Nov. 18, 1978, and still claims the career rushing yardage record with 2,362. Mordica is now a senior chief and currently assigned to the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *USS Theodore Roosevelt* in Norfolk, Va., attached to the medical department, in charge of keeping 5,000 sailors and marines "fit to fight."

{Sports Roundup}

Basketball: Women Win SEC Tourney

The women's basketball team won the Southeastern Conference Tournament in Nashville for the first time since 1995, beating Louisiana State University 63-48. In what would turn out to be Coach Jim Foster's final season, the team logged a 30-7 record and advanced to the Elite Eight round of the NCAA Tournament. In the process, junior Chantelle Anderson was named to the AP's All-America team and senior Zuzi Klimesova was a first-team All-SEC player and named MVP of the SEC Tournament.

Anderson

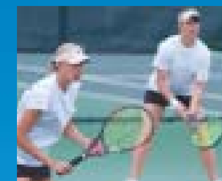
Golf: Teams Make NCAA Championships

Both Vanderbilt's men and women's golf teams were represented in this year's NCAA Championship Tournament. Vanderbilt junior Brandt Snedeker, of Nashville, tied for 23rd place with a score of even par at the NCAA Division I Men's Golf Championship.

The women's team made their first trip to the NCAA Championships and had their best-ever finish in the SEC Championships. The season also brought significant individual honors. Junior Nicki Cutler of Englewood, Colo., was named an honorable mention All-American at season's end. She also was a second-team All-SEC selection along with senior Meredith Ward of Crystal Lake, Ill. Sophomore Courtney Wood of Brentwood, Tenn., earned an SEC honorable mention.

Tennis: Three Named All-Americans

Three Vanderbilt Commodore tennis players were named All-Americans by the Intercollegiate Tennis Association. Junior Sarah Riske of McMurray, Pa., and sophomore Aleke Tsoubanos of Chesterfield, Mo., earned women's All-American honors, while sophomore Bobby Reynolds of Acworth, Ga., earned men's All-American honors.


Riske and Tsoubanos

Riske earned All-American status in both singles and doubles for the 2002 season and was one of only 12 women's players nationally to earn both accolades. She finished the season with a 23-9 singles record at the number one position and a number 14 national ranking. She teamed with Tsoubanos at number-one doubles, and the duo posted a 25-6 record and advanced to the quarterfinals of the NCAA Doubles, finishing the season with a number six national ranking. The All-American honors were the first of their careers for both Riske and Tsoubanos. They are the third and fourth Vanderbilt women's tennis players to earn All-American status.

Reynolds earned All-American honors for singles play and was only the second Vanderbilt men's tennis player to become an All-American. He posted a 30-13 record while playing at No. 1 singles last season. He finished the year ranked number 15 in the nation. All three players return next season.

Football: VU-UT Game at Nashville's NFL Coliseum

The 2002 Vanderbilt-Tennessee football game, scheduled for Saturday, Nov. 23, will be played in Nashville's professional football coliseum (formerly known as Adelphia Coliseum). It marks the second time for Vanderbilt to host the Volunteers in the downtown Nashville home of the Tennessee Titans. On Nov. 25, 2000, the teams staged a classic game, with the Volunteers withstanding a furious Commodore rally to prevail 28-26. The game, played before a capacity crowd of 68,360, featured the largest home audience ever to see a Vanderbilt game.

For more information, call the Vanderbilt Athletic Box Office at 615/322-GOLD or 1-877-44-VANDY.

Courtney Wood and Sarah Jacobs placed first and second, respectively, in the 2002 Tennessee Women's State Open Championship.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL BRAKE

Vanderbilt Holdings

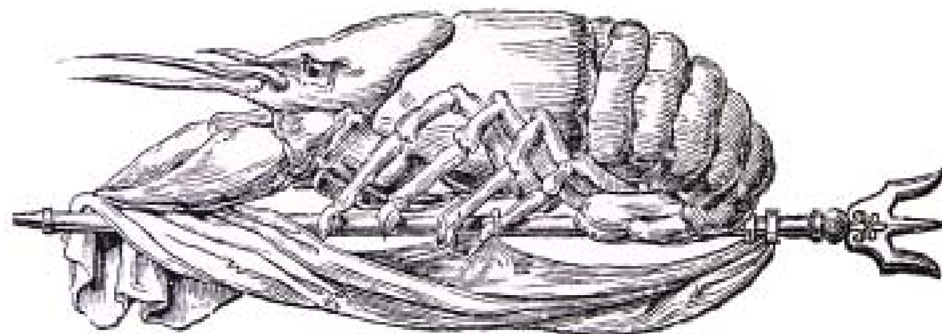
Collections and collectibles

Food for Thought

Vanderbilt's History of Nutrition Collection spans nearly five centuries of diet, food, and cooking and their integral role in the development of global culture By Kay West

"Tell me what you eat, and I shall tell you what you are." The aphorism is the fourth of 20 written by Jean-Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, which served as the preamble to the French magistrate and celebrated gastronome's renowned book, *Physiologie du gout*. First published in December 1825, *The Physiology of Taste or Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy* was the talk of Paris, and has remained one of the most influential, engaging, and oft-quoted tomes on what and how we eat.

Its most famous translation to English was done in 1949 by the acclaimed food writer M.F.K. Fisher; it was not the first, but is regarded as the most brilliant. In an introduction to a gorgeous limited-edition volume published in 1994 by Arion Press and adorned by nine color lithographs and some 200 drawings by California artist Wayne Thiebaud, her translation is praised as "a stunning feat of intellectual complicity achieved by writers separated by more than 100 years." Fisher's translator glosses comprise more than 20 percent of the text, and the semi-posthumous partnership is called "one of the most spirited flirtations in all of literature."



Fans of these legendary and timeless food philosophers can find their work among the nearly 5,000 volumes that compose the History of Nutrition Collection at the Eskind Biomedical Library, one of 10 divisions of the Jean and Alexander Heard Library at Vanderbilt. The collection was begun in 1975 and spearheaded by the late William Darby, for more than 20 years the chair of VU's biochemistry department who later went on to become president of the Nutrition Foundation in New York.

He was aided by his friend and colleague, the late Neige Todhunter. A native of New Zealand, Todhunter came to New York in the 1920s and earned a doctorate in biochemistry and nutrition from Columbia University. She moved south and was for many years dean of home economics at the University of Alabama; upon her retirement, at Darby's invitation, she came to Nashville to serve as visiting professor of nutrition at Vanderbilt.

Aside from her noted gifts as an educator, lecturer and public speaker, Todhunter also brought to Vanderbilt a stunning library of nearly 2,000 food and cookbooks she had spent a lifetime collecting. According to Mary Teloh, special collections librarian at EBL, both Todhunter and Darby subscribed to Brillat-Savarin's fourth aphorism, shortened in contemporary language to the maxim, "You are what you eat."

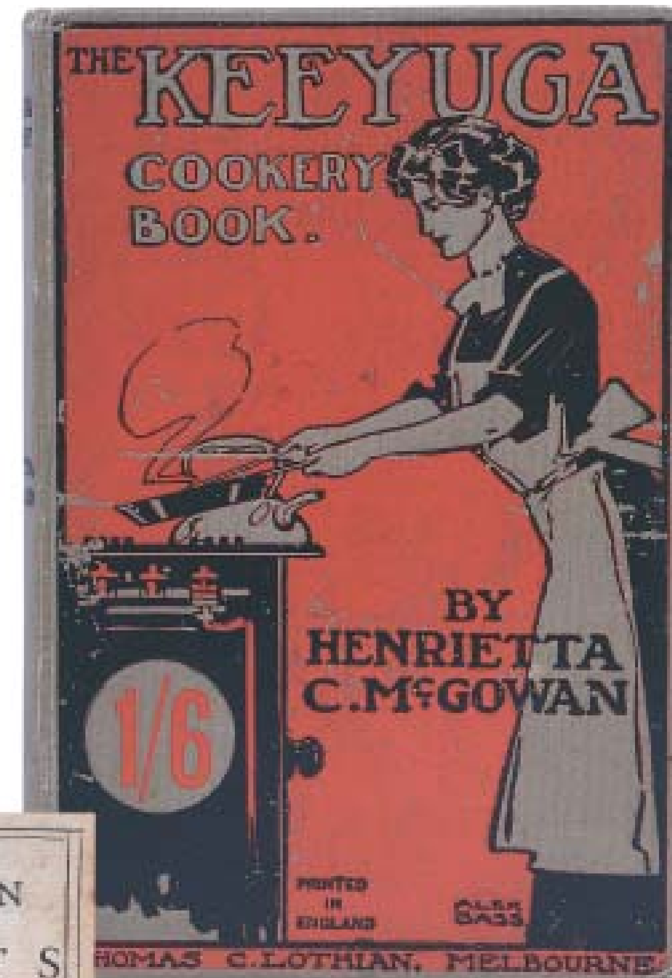
That principle guided the pair as they built what has become one of the world's most superb collections on the history of nutrition, and the largest collection of cookbooks in the South. Nutrition and cooking, the pair divined, belonged in a medical library. "Dr. Todhunter very much believed that cookbooks were part of medicine," says Teloh. "She believed that your health depended on what you eat."

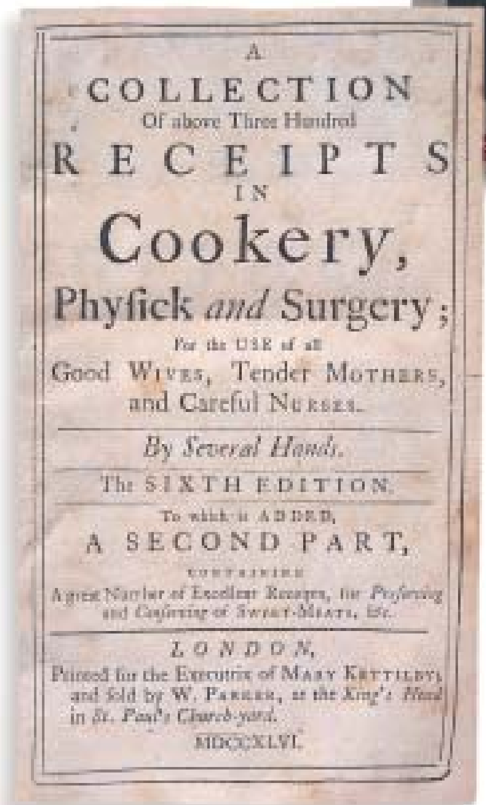
Todhunter was fascinated with the history of food and eating habits, and how that relates to social customs and history. Her family had emigrated to New Zealand from England, and she had a passion for early English cookbooks; she traveled frequently to London, Bath and New York in search of rare volumes. Darby's field was nutrition, and he found food adulteration particularly noteworthy. The pair did not want to duplicate, so each focused on their area of interest. In creating the History of Nutrition, they made substantial personal contributions and worked hard in their lifetimes to build the collection. (Todhunter died in 1991, Darby in June 2001.)

The collection is divided, with 19th-century works and those preceding housed on the third floor of the library among the History of Medicine Collection, and 20th-century books in another room in the basement. The entire collection is open to anyone to use, and interest comes from many fields, including medicine, nutrition, women's studies and even engineering, referencing the information available on the invention of forks, which did not occur until the 16th century.

The art of cookery, says Teloh, was developed in Italy and, fittingly, the first cookbook as we might recognize it today was by Bartolemeo Platina and printed in Italy in 1475. In the 17th and 18th centuries, many cookbooks were written by doctors and included medicinal recipes as well as those that would eventually come to the table, or in some notable cases, to the front lines of battle and the soup lines to feed the poor.

Alexis Soyer, a French chef who lived and worked in England, directed the development during the Crimean War of safe food storage and cooking techniques in response to the hundreds of British soldiers dying on battle fields and in wartime hospitals from contaminated foods. The resultant book, *Soyer's Culinary Campaign*, was published in 1857 shortly before Soyer's death in 1858. Soyer also set up the first soup kitchens to feed the poor during Ireland's potato famine of 1847, and was regarded as a great humanitarian.





A
COLLECTION
Of above Three Hundred
RECEIPTS
IN
Cookery,
Physick and Surgery;
For the USE of all
Good Wives, Tender Mothers,
and Careful Nurses.

By Several Hands.

The SIXTH EDITION.

To which is ADDED,
A SECOND PART,

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and sold by W. Parker, at the *King's Head*
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The collection ranges from historic works on nutrition to cookbooks by celebrities, both real and fictional.

The oldest book in the History of Nutrition Collection was printed in 1541, with recipes from Caelius Apicius, a third-century A.D. Roman writer. The Historical Collection also includes a two-volume, first edition of Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du gout*. One of Todhunter's most treasured books is *Forme of Cury*, or *Manner of Cooking*, a volume printed in 1780 and translated from Middle English to modern from a manuscript of 196 recipes collected at the request of King Richard II in 1390. (The original manuscript is in the British Museum.)

Darby collected and donated volumes of work by Frederick Accum, a professor of chemistry at the Royal Institute in London. Thanks in large part to his authorship in 1820 of *Treatise on Adulteration of Food and Culinary Poisons*, as well as other books on brewing, making wine and wholesome bread, Accum is regarded as the originator of the pure food movement.

Among the 20th-century books filling 37 shelves in the basement are contemporary printings of some of the books in the Historical Collection. Among them is *Apicius: The Roman Cookery Book*, a critical translation by Barbara Flower and Elisabeth Rosenbaum of the 1541 volume.

To the King's Taste is a book printed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1975 of the recipes from *Forme of Cury* adapted for modern cooking by Lorna Sass. In the introduction, we read that according to contemporary chroniclers, the king daily feasted with more than 10,000 guests "and employed three hundred cooks to prepare the royal repasts."

Todhunter's contemporary cookbook collection is of vast breadth, spanning the culinary globe, though lacking somewhat in French and Italian books. Every region of the United States is visited by at least one volume of recipes, though the professor was particularly fond of southern cookbooks. Of particular interest to Middle Tennesseans might be *The Sewanee Cook Book* published in 1926. The slender blue book contains recipes from "southern homes and plantations" and is sprinkled with advertisements from notable Nashville businesses of the day like the Hermitage and Andrew Jackson hotels, Carl E. Weisse Prescription Druggists, and Life & Casualty Insurance. *Spoonbread and Strawberry Wine* is a book written by African American sisters Norma Jean and Carole Darden of recipes and stories culled from their relatives all over the South. It was later made into a Broadway production.

Familiar names and modern classics like *James Beard's American Cookery*, *The Joy of Cooking*, *Pillsbury's Family Cook Book*, and Julia Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* are immediately recognized by their spines alone. Taking up at least three inches of shelf space is the hefty and invaluable reference

continued on page 84

Bright Ideas

"It's something like a mob *transforming into an army.***"** —LILIANNA SOLNICA-KREZEL

Microscopic view of two-day-old mutated zebrafish embryos.

Decentralization May Prove Key to Smart Structures

1. A NEW APPROACH may finally make "smart structures" practical.

The early promise of smart structures—equipping spacecraft, aircraft, automobiles and ships with networks of sensors and actuators that allow them to respond actively to changing environmental forces—was that they would revolutionize design, construction and performance. That promise never materialized. When such networks grew beyond a modest size of about 100 nodes, they became too complex for central computers to handle. In addition, the weight, power consumption and cost quickly became prohibitive. In other words, they could not be scaled up to large sizes.

Today, however, recent advances in MEMS (microelectromechanical systems) and distributed computing appear to be overcoming these limitations, reports Kenneth Frampton, assistant professor of mechanical engineering at Vanderbilt. Frampton, an expert in vibration and acoustics, and colleagues Akos Ledeczi, research assistant professor; Gabor Karsai, associate professor; and Gautam Biswas, associate professor—all from the Vanderbilt Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science—have designed embedded systems using a smart vibration-reduction system for a 15-foot-long rocket payload faring.

The high noise and vibration levels inside rockets when they are launched increases the cost of manufacturing satellites and other equipment boosted into space. So a system that reduces these levels by even a small amount would cut payload development costs substantially.

In the first phase of the project, Frampton's group prepared and ran a detailed computer simulation of the system that showed it should provide a degree of vibration reduction comparable to that of a centrally controlled smart system.

"The most important result of the simulation is that it shows that the embedded system is scalable," says Frampton. "That means we should be able to build it as big as we need to and it should continue to function."

In the older approach, all the sensors and actuators are connected to a central computer. It receives information from all the sensors, processes it, and then sends instructions to all the actuators on how they should respond. As the size of the structure and the number of sensors and actuators increase, the amount of wiring required increases. Difference in arrival times of information from the nearest and farthest sensors also increases, as does the time it takes the farthest sensors to receive their orders.

In an embedded system, on the other hand, each node contains a PC-strength microprocessor with a relatively simple program and modest amount of memory that allows it to directly control the sensors and actuators wired to its node. The microprocessor also communicates with its nearest neighbors so they can work together. Depending on how the system is set up, the processor also receives data from a certain number of its nearest neighbors so it can coordinate the actions of its actuators. Although each processor has less capability than that of a central computer, it has far less information to handle, and its workload does not increase as the system gets bigger.

"Embedded systems are also far more 'fault tolerant' than centrally controlled systems," Frampton points out. If the central processor breaks down, the entire system shuts down. But a decentralized system will continue to work even when several microprocessors fail, although probably with slightly diminished capability.

The second step in Frampton's project is to put a 100-node system into an actual rocket faring comparable to the simulated system. Then he will test how well it performs in the laboratory. This information will allow engineers to estimate the system's performance and its weight and cost.

Kenneth Frampton

NEIL BRAKE

Discovery May Shed Light on Cell Movement During Development

2. BIOLOGISTS AT Vanderbilt and the University of Missouri have uncovered what could be a major clue into mysterious molecular processes that direct cells to the correct locations within a developing embryo. Understanding the molecular basis of these processes and how they can go wrong could lead to treatments for birth defects such as spina bifida.

In the August issue of the journal *Nature Cell Biology*, researchers report the discovery that a single protein facilitates movements of cells within the developing embryo of the zebrafish.

This protein plays an essential role in directing cell migration within the spherical egg to the head-tail axis where the body is beginning to take shape. Researchers found that disruption of the same protein inhibits normal migration of nerve cells within the developing zebrafish brain, a type of motion found in human brain development.

"Very little is known about how neurons move from one place to another," says Lilianna Solnica-Krezel, associate professor of biological sciences at Vanderbilt, who led the study with Anand Chandrasekhar, assistant professor of biological sciences at the University of Missouri, Columbia. Solnica-Krezel's research team included graduate student Florence Marlow, and research associates Jason R. Jessen, Jacek Topczewski and Diane S. Sepich.

Lilianna Solnica-Krezel

NEIL BRAKE

Zebrafish have become important in studying development of vertebrates. Their eggs are transparent and develop outside the body, making them particularly easy to study. The zebrafish genome is currently being sequenced, which allows researchers to employ the powerful tools of genomics to unravel complex molecular processes involved in the development process. One of these methods is to examine the impact of specific mutations. In this case, researchers explored what takes place in a mutant called trilobite.

During development, cells begin converging from all sides of the spherical egg to the embryonic axis where the body begins to form. What begins as a disordered, chaotic motion changes into an orderly movement. Cells change from a round to an elongated, spindle shape. "It's something like a mob transforming into an army," says Solnica-Krezel.

Her research group discovered that trilobite mutations prevent the army from forming. Cell motions continue to be disordered and do not develop the same sense of direction and purpose in the mutant as in normal embryos. As a result, trilobites' development is stunted. Scientists determined that the mutations disrupt activity of a specific membrane protein, called either Strabismus or Van Gogh.

Somewhat later in zebrafish development, a number of motor neurons move from one part of the brain to another. "We don't understand why they move because they can form the connections they need from their original location," says Solnica-Krezel. But Chandrasekhar and his Missouri team discovered that this movement does not take place in trilobite embryos.

Researchers transplanted trilobite neurons into brains of normal embryos and normal neurons into trilobite brains. None of the normal motor neurons migrated when placed in a trilobite brain, whereas a third of the trilobite neurons migrated when placed in normal brains. Scientists concluded that the Strabismus/Van Gogh protein must have both cellular and extracellular effects.

The results of various tests suggest that the protein Strabismus/Van Gogh acts independently in mediating neuron movement. If this proves to be the case, then it provides an entry point to elucidate the molecular basis of this class of neuronal migration.

Mathematician Tracks Anthrax Contamination

3. A mathematician at Vanderbilt and an expert in infectious diseases at the New York University School of Medicine have produced a mathematical model of how anthrax can be spread through the mail. The model was developed by Glenn F. Webb, professor of mathematics at Vanderbilt, and Martin J. Blaser, the Frederick H. King Professor of Internal Medicine, chairman of the department of medicine, and professor of microbiology at the NYU School of Medicine.

Their model, which appeared in the May 14 issue of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, simulates the recent outbreak of mail-borne anthrax deaths in the United States and demonstrates that all known cases of infection can be explained by contamination spread through the mail from six original envelopes.

Their analysis concludes that original anthrax-filled envelopes must have contaminated an additional 5,000 pieces of mail with significant but much lower levels of anthrax spores in order to account for the two deaths that appear to have occurred from such cross-contamination. In the case of any future attacks of this type, the model provides a framework that can be used for the rapid identification and containment of any further outbreaks.

Blaser was tapped in the days following the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks to participate in a task force on bioterrorism. He began bouncing ideas off Webb, a longtime collaborator and friend. The two agreed to try to develop a mathematical model that adequately explains the basic facts of the fall outbreak based on cross-contamination. The model would not prove that contaminated letters caused all the cases, but it would demonstrate that the explanation is feasible, the scientists say. (The other hypothesis that has been proposed for the apparently unrelated deaths is that the victims were infected by anthrax spores carried downwind from contaminated postal facilities.)

Eighteen cases of anthrax infections have been reported since last October. Eleven were caused by inhalation of anthrax spores, and seven were caused by cutaneous (skin) contact. Five of the people who inhaled anthrax have died. The federal task force investigating the cases reports that four of the original letters have been recovered, and officials have stated that they believe at least two additional anthrax-laden letters passed through the postal system.

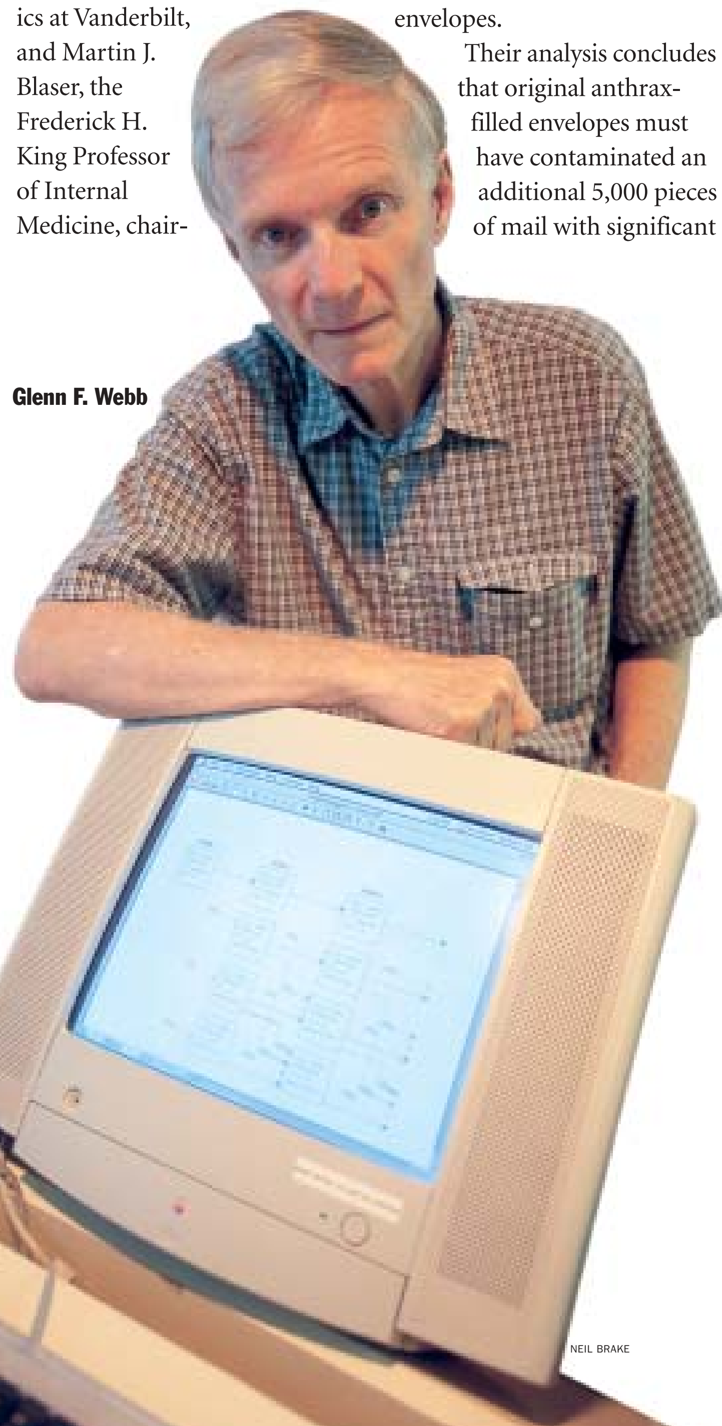
The mathematical model tracks contaminated letters through different "nodes" in the postal system. The first node is the point at which letters enter the system, either mailbox or post office. Then the letters move to local postal stations. From there they are transported to regional stations and back to local stations before delivery. Each node is assigned a different level of risk of spreading anthrax spores depending on how the letters are handled.

The scientists found that the model provides the best match for the fall outbreak when they assume that there were six original letters, each carrying trillions of anthrax spores. They calculate that these letters, although tightly sealed, contaminated about 5,000 other letters with much smaller numbers of spores, ranging from 10 to 10,000 apiece.

"Only one of the deaths was the recipient of an original letter," notes Webb. "The much greater danger is to postal workers and to the recipients of cross-contaminated letters. The threat is much greater than what people believed earlier."

If their model is correct, "the rapid and widespread usage of antibiotics among postal workers and persons in the immediate environment of the received original letters probably averted a substantial number of cases," Blaser and Webb write.

In the case of another mail-borne outbreak of anthrax, the model provides a framework that could help determine what is going on more rapidly than would otherwise be possible.



Glenn F. Webb

NEIL BRAKE

Study Makes Case for Cognitive Therapy

4. A type of therapy that encourages severely depressed patients to challenge the judgments and misperceptions that underlie their condition can be as effective as medication over the long term.

That is the conclusion of a new study conducted by researchers at Vanderbilt University and the University of Pennsylvania comparing the relative effectiveness of cognitive therapy and medication for the long-term treatment of severe depression. The findings were discussed earlier this year at the annual conference of the American Psychiatric Association in Philadelphia.

Cognitive therapy was developed at Penn in the 1960s. Cognitive therapists lead patients to explore harmful ideas—such as "I'm a bad person and don't deserve to have any fun" or "I'll never get that job, so I won't even apply"—and encourage them to test the misperceptions that shape their negative feelings.

"In this study we looked at depression somewhat differently than prior studies," says Steven Hollon, professor of psychology at Vanderbilt, who co-directed the investigation with Robert DeRubeis, professor of psychology at Penn. "The question that has most often been asked in studies is, 'What gets people better faster?' We asked, 'What will keep depression away over the long term?'"

NEIL BRAKE

Steven Hollon, professor of psychology at Vanderbilt, co-directed the investigation of cognitive therapy in severely depressed patients with Robert DeRubeis, professor of psychology at Penn.

Compared to past research on more severely depressed patients—some depressed nearly enough to require hospitalization—Hollon and DeRubeis' study was unusually comprehensive in its size, 240 patients in Philadelphia and Nashville, and in its duration, 16 months. Other Vanderbilt researchers involved in the study include Richard Shelton, Ronald M. Solomon and Margaret L. Lovett of the Department of Psychiatry.

The study, funded by the National Institute of Mental Health and SmithKlineBeecham, involved a four-month period of acute treatment. Patients who responded to therapy then discontinued treatment, except for an occasional booster session. Those who responded to medications either continued to take meds or were withdrawn onto a placebo pill. The patients were then tracked for an additional year.

During the second phase of the study, 75 percent of patients who underwent cognitive therapy avoided a relapse, compared to 60 percent of patients who continued on medication and 19 percent of those withdrawn onto a placebo pill.

"Statistically, both cognitive therapy and medication were more effective than a placebo, and a brief course of cognitive therapy was better than a similarly brief course of medication in the yearlong continuation phase," DeRubeis says.

"These results suggest that even after termination, a brief course of cognitive therapy may offer enduring protection comparable to that provided by ongoing medication."

Hollon, DeRubeis and colleagues also found that cognitive therapy enjoys a long-term cost benefit compared to drugs. During the 16 months, treatment with medication cost an average of $2,590 compared with $2,250 for cognitive therapy. This gap grows with time, since antidepressants must be administered continually to be effective.

"Some proponents of medication for severely depressed patients have suggested that cognitive therapy is impractical on the basis of cost," DeRubeis says. "Our study indicates this isn't true, especially over the long term.

"This will be a surprising, controversial finding for many psychiatric professionals," he continues. "Most believe quite strongly in the efficacy of medication, and psychiatric treatment guidelines call unequivocally for medication in cases of severe depression."

For more information on the stories in Bright Ideas, visit Vanderbilt's online research journal, Exploration, *at http://exploration.vanderbilt.edu.*

InClass

A spotlight on faculty and their work

Standing at the Intersection

Ellen Wright Clayton's Genetics and Health Policy Center stands at the intersection of medicine and law, science and policy, past and future. By MICHAEL SIMS

Nowadays it seems that every news broadcast reports another step forward in genetics. Projects ranging from stem cell research to the Human Genome Project offer previously unimagined opportunities for healing some of the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, but they also raise specters about employment discrimination, genetic profiling, and illicit bioengineering. Pundits respond by invoking scenes from the story of Frankenstein. They contrast the mad scientist's excitement as his creation first comes to life with his later fear as the monster runs amok. Understandably, many people worry that scientists—geneticists this time—are once again playing God and risking Frankensteinian consequences. Even commentators who resist the horror-movie imagery are likely to quote the dystopian visions of Orwell and Huxley in *1984* and *Brave New World*, or even Kurt Vonnegut's story "Harrison Bergeron," in which Americans in 2081 are required by the Handicapper General to be as alike as possible.

Ellen Wright Clayton wrestles with such issues all day long—not just advances in genetics, but also policymakers' response to them and how well or poorly the public understands them. In her new office in Vanderbilt's fledgling Genetics and Health Policy Center, which she launched and directs, the 50-year-old educator leans back in a chair behind a small conference table and asks, "What kind of society do we want to live in? How do we want to level the playing field? What kinds of accommodations do we want to make? These are the kinds of questions that drive my thinking."

JIM HSIEH

Such questions have been driving her for the last two decades. After a bachelor's degree at Duke and a master's from Stanford, she gradually merged her interests in law and medicine. Her J.D. from Yale in 1979 was followed six years later by an M.D. from Harvard. She joined the Vanderbilt faculty in 1988. Clayton is now professor of law, professor of pediatrics, and Rosalind E. Franklin Professor of Genetics and Health Policy. Clayton is also a senior fellow of the Institute for Public Policy Studies. Like her titles, her publications demonstrate the spectrum of her interests. Her books and articles address issues ranging from genetic screening of newborns to malpractice suits, from neonatal intensive care to the impact upon women of advances in medical technology. A single title for an article published in 1996 sums up Clayton's ongoing concerns: "Problems Posed by Genetics for Law and Ethics: American Policies."

"I've always been interested in social aspects of science and medicine," Clayton says simply. In the mid-1970s her graduate work in genetics at Stanford coincided with the formulation of guidelines for the use of recombinant DNA. Recombination is the formation of new gene arrangements. It can occur in two ways. Sometimes during cell division adjacent-paired chromosomes entangle and exchange corresponding

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{Suggested Reading}

1. **Genetics and Public Health in the 21st Century: Using Genetic Information to Improve Health and Prevent Disease,** Muin J. Khoury, Wylie Burke, Elizabeth Thomson, eds. (2000)
2. **Genetic Secrets: Protecting Privacy and Confidentiality in the Genetic Era,** Mark A. Rothstein, ed., New Haven: Yale University Press (1997)

NEIL BRAKE

Has a tradition of attempting to weave a more interesting tapestry of our lives made us

A Nation of Liars?

By Laban Carrick Hill

A few months ago G.B. Trudeau's comic strip, *Doonesbury,* featured a scene where Mark, the son of a corporate magnate, sat at his father's bedside. His father looked old, perhaps on his deathbed. In the strip the father and son were discussing the father's war memoir, *Hell in Triplicate*, a title that suggests Mark's father spent the war years out of danger, shuffling papers at a desk. As Mark stumbled over strained compliments, such as "a fresh perspective," to praise and in a sense validate his father's war experiences, the older man finally grew impatient and acknowledged the essential problem with his memoir: "But one that nobody cares about, right? They don't make movies about company clerks."

ROB FRANKLE

In this comic strip, Trudeau exposes a core conflict in Western culture. We are a society that idolizes the hero and holds ourselves, and everyone else, to this heroic standard. In a sense, if you have not passed through trials of fire, or pulled yourself up by your bootstraps, you do not deserve admiration. Not surprisingly, this is a tradition that is deeply imbedded in our cultural history. Even Homer's *Odyssey*, one of literature's earliest surviving epics, plays out the "drama of the hero." Near the end of his journey, Odysseus washes up on the shores of the Isle of Skhería, where he is treated with all the polite respect that the culture demands for its guests. But once his true identity as the hero of the Trojan War and the survivor of many deadly trials is revealed, he becomes the focus of even greater courtesy.

In contrast, Odysseus' son, Telemachus, faces his own trials, minor as they are, and finds humiliation his reward. As a mere boy who has accomplished no significant deeds, he is barely noticed by the suitors who have encamped in his father's home to woo his mother. To compound the insult, when Telemachus gathers the courage to get rid of these men, he is cast out. Telemachus is clearly not of heroic stature, and his fate demonstrates this. The 19th-century English poet Alfred Lord Tennyson made this conflict one of the themes of his poem "Ulysses" by portraying Telemachus's destiny in the "slow procedure to make mild/ A rugged people." Telemachus is not the hero, but the paper shuffler, the clerk who makes the community run; he endures no Homeric trials. He is the man who lives that life of "quiet desperation" so famously evoked in Thoreau's *Walden*. Sociologist Steven M. Gorelick of the City University of New York has described "the powerful feeling of shame and embarrassment that comes from looking back at a time of agonizing moral choices and realizing that as others faced down the Viet Cong, the Chicago police, the fire hoses unleashed by the Birmingham police, I chose nothing, absolutely nothing."

In *Doonesbury*, Mark's father has had to make a similar uneasy peace with his prosaic fate. Susan F. Wiltshire, professor of classics and chair of the Department of Classical Studies at Vanderbilt, reminds us that even Telemachus had to confront this truth in the *Odyssey*. She recalls the moment when Telemachus and Athena, disguised as Mentor, are sailing to Pilos to ask King Nestor for news of his father. "Telemachus feels that he does not have the authority to speak to someone like Nestor who is so great," explains Wiltshire. "Athena then responds by telling him that his imagination and his intelligence will give him the words he needs." The message here is clearly that he must trust that who he is has sufficient value.

Not everyone, however, is capable of such acceptance. In fact, a person may find the truth of his or her mundane life so intolerable and valueless that he or she must fabricate a heroic past that corresponds more appropriately with his or her self image as someone better than an anonymous cog in history. Bart Victor, the Cal Turner Chair of Moral Leadership at Vanderbilt, sees this phenomenon in terms of class structure. A person on the outside of one group seeks to be accepted and so creates the traits that give him membership. Victor suggests that the person who lies about his or her past sees himself or herself as "not being part of the elite group, but is aspiring to be a part of it. In a sense, it is attempting to be who you aren't because who you are is not acceptable." He cites George O'Leary, the momentary Notre Dame football coach, who falsified his résumé by listing a master's degree in education and three years of college varsity football play because "he was a small-college football coach who felt he could not play with the big boys without a better, more impressive past."

Not all lying, however, is done to increase one's prestige or *gravitas*. One might tell a friend that her haircut looks great even though one's true feelings are the opposite. One might also lie for self preservation, such as telling a mugger exactly what he wants to hear. These lies can somehow be morally justified, while a lie made to gain the kind of admiration bestowed on heroes cannot. Gorelick sees these people as succumbing to the "powerful pull one feels to create a past courage and commitment." Wiltshire cites the *Odyssey* in attempting to characterize what is wrong with lying about one's past. "Remember, the first adjective applied to Odysseus in the first line of the *Odyssey* is 'Polytropos'—a man of many turns. That he is an artful dodger defines him and probably saved his life many times. In him, at least, I admire the gift for storytelling (which had two meanings at least when I was growing up). How is this different? One seems bold, the other pathetic."

John Lachs, Centennial Professor of Philosophy and senior fellow at the Institute for Public Policy Studies at Vanderbilt, characterizes this more contemporary fabricating impulse in terms of a person's need to "create more credibility for himself when he takes a stance of X or Y. It's almost as if the logic of your position compels you into creating a more authentic story." He chooses the example of King George III of England to explain what he means: "George III was the first British king not to lead his army into war. He was so upset about not doing this that he came up with war experiences. It wasn't that he lied. It was a total self-deception. When you lie, you tell a falsehood. Some people create facts about themselves, and they absolutely think they are true. So to them, they're not lying."

Over the years numerous highly respected public and private figures have been "outed" for these kinds of fabrications.

- One of the stranger inventions is the story of 28-year-old James Hogue, who in 1988 changed himself into an 18-year-old Hispanic named Alixi Santana. *The New Yorker* writer Tad Friend chronicled Hogue's extraordinary fabrication of his life as this extremely precocious, self-taught long-distance runner who grew up herding cattle in the remote reaches of the Mojave Desert. By creating this new, improved past, Hogue was able to win a scholarship to Princeton University where he distinguished himself, both academically and athletically, until the truth was accidentally discovered.
- Perhaps the most internationally infamous case is the one of Nobel Peace Prize-winner Rigoberta Menchu. Her autobiography, *I, Rigoberta Menchu, an Indian Woman in Guatemala*, recounted the horrors wrought by Guatemalan authorities against her as a peasant. The only problem about her "eye witness" account was that many of the events recorded were fabrications. She was not uneducated. Her father was not engaged in a long struggle to keep from being dispossessed of his land by rich ladinos, but by his in-laws. And she did not witness her brother, Petrocinio, burned to death by the government death squads. He was killed by them, but he was shot, and she was not present. Ever since these revelations became public, supporters and critics have battled over her story, calling into question her entire narrative, even the parts that are truthful.
- One of the more notorious cases was the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Joseph Ellis's claims of being a Vietnam veteran. For years Ellis regaled his students at Mount Holyoke College about his experiences in the jungles of Vietnam even though he had no military experience. For some reason, he felt compelled to invent a tour "in country" with the airborne despite the fact that his actual résumé was certainly of sufficient prestige to impress even the least informed teenager.
- Equally disturbing is the story of "exiled" Palestinian intellectual Edward Said, who has commanded immense influence for his powerful analysis of the Palestinian plight. For years Said claimed he spent his youth in Jerusalem, but was forced by the Zionists who established Israel in 1948 to become a refugee in Egypt. In 1999, however, Justus Reid Weiner reported in *Commentary* that Said never lived in Jerusalem. Instead, he grew up in Cairo, the son of a Palestinian who had emigrated to the U.S. in 1911 and became an American citizen before settling in Egypt. Consequently, he did not attend St. George's Anglican Preparatory School in Jerusalem, and the place in Jerusalem where he posed for documentary cameras and magazine profiles was never the site of his home.Unfortunately, much of Said's authority as a Palestinian spokesman derived from this counterfeit personal history.
- One of the most tragic is the case of Admiral Jeremy "Mike" Boorda, who committed suicide when journalists confronted

him about wearing Vietnam combat decorations he might not have earned. Boorda was the first sailor in the Navy to rise from the lowest enlisted rank to become a four-star admiral and later the supreme commander. He was one of the most highly respected officers in the service. When his integrity came into question in respect to whether he deserved to wear two tiny brass "V" pins, which signify valor, for having earned the medals in combat, Boorda killed himself. After his death the secretary of the Navy, John H. Dalton, inserted into Adm. Boorda's official record a letter from the former commander of the Navy, Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., declaring that Boorda was eligible to wear the decorations. Questions still exist, however, surrounding Boorda's privilege to wear the medals since the actual combat missions he was supposed to have participated in have never been specified.

. . . a person may find the truth of his or her mundane life so intolerable and valueless that he or she must fabricate a heroic past . . .

On the surface these lies seem to offer little benefit beyond an increase in credibility, authenticity, or authority, while the downside—humiliation, loss of job, public derision—is enormous. What would make people fabricate portions of their lives?

Bella DePaulo, a University of California psychologist, has studied lying in American culture and has found that in 20 percent of the interactions that last more than 10 minutes, Americans are likely to utter a fib. Are we simply a nation of liars, or is there a deeper malaise of which these fabrications are only a symptom?

In University of California historian Karen Halttunen's classic study *Confidence Men and Painted Women*, she concludes the rise of corporate culture in the second half of the 20th century and its emphasis on having a "winning image" probably has more to do with decreased value in real achievements. The hallmark of mid to late 20th-century success manuals has been "their lack of interest in the substance of success" and the "candor" of their insistence "that appearances—'winning images'—count for more than achievement." This has certainly proven true with the many dot-com companies that garnered major investments without ever having earned a cent. Halttunen writes, "This replacement of the captain of industry with the confidence man in the American success mythology clearly demonstrates a critical shift in middle-class attitudes toward the sincere ideal."

In short, sincerity or authenticity is not nearly as prized as the appearance of greatness. Our culture prizes the myth of the success story—the Potemkin hero—more than it values the prosaic truth. "The consequence is that you get politicians all telling log cabin stories and running away from stories of privilege," explains Victor.

According to John Sloop, associate professor of communication studies at Vanderbilt, the end result of placing so much value on the veneer of the heroic is "to add to the general cultural cynicism. It ultimately makes everybody's background suspect." As a result Victor suggests that trust functions in an episodic fashion. "We take these hits, and because we need to trust, we try to find other places to put our trust. We have just gone through a period where the business class has been lionized and achievement in business was utilized as a signal for trust. So we wanted politicians and civic leaders who were successful in business. Now that has been eroded by the ENRON disaster, and so we're in the process of shifting our trust to military figures because we are in a time of war."

This basic need to trust ensures that people will be repeatedly duped. Most recently, the *New York Times* reported on a woman, Sanae Zahani, who made the rounds of the aid organizations after Sept. 11. Zahani told aid workers she was looking for her sister who might have been working as a temp at the World Trade Center towers. She enlisted the help of many New Yorkers in her search and was welcomed in their homes. She volunteered at the family assistance center at Pier 94, filed a missing persons report, and gave DNA swabs from inside her cheek. She even appeared on *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*, speaking haltingly of losing her sister. Over the weeks after the attack, Zahani "sought little beyond compassion and she grieved what seemed a real grief," according to the *Times*.

Sanae Zahani lost no sister in the tragedy and is one of the first to be caught fabricating a connection to America's worst terrorist attack, but surely she will not be the last. As time passes, more and more people will likely claim to have been at "ground zero" on that fateful day.

Being suspicious of such stories does not necessarily have to degrade our trust, however. We must make distinctions between the types of trusts and beliefs we can accept at face value, like our expectation that cars will stop for us, and those suspicions that make citizens fire off Freedom of Information Act requests to the government. The difference might seem obvious, but in a culture where accepted truths are increasingly called into question, knowing where the limits of relativism lie can be a remarkable comfort. V

Alumnus Wages Campaign to "Out" Bogus Veterans

ROB FRANKLE

"Everybody lies," reflects B.G. "Jug" Burkett, BA'66, a Vietnam veteran who is legendary among journalists, law enforcement and veterans organizations. "I've told white lies, but not on my military record." Through sheer, dogged determination, Burkett has waged a one-man war "outing" bogus vets who have lied about their war records.

"Burkett has provided a real service, and he's gotten people to be more skeptical of some of these claims that will encourage a greater honesty [about the war and its consequences on the soldiers who served there]," explains Thomas Schwartz, associate professor of sociology at Vanderbilt. "He was the first person to go out and start looking at Veterans' claims. He didn't buy the general image of the Vietnam vet. He went out and said, 'Hey, look, we're not all nuts. We didn't all oppose the war.' Because of his own experiences and his own dislike of the stereotypes, he went out and did something about it."

What Burkett found was that many claiming to be damaged by their service in Vietnam were never stationed "in country" or were never in the military. According to Burkett, of the 8.7 million men and women who served either in the military, the National Guard or the reserves during the Vietnam era, only 2.7 million were actually in Vietnam. Of those few million, only 15 percent were sent into combat. In fact, Burkett has amassed an astonishing wealth of data to suggest Vietnam vets are not the "damaged goods" of popular mythology. His research has found that 71 percent of those who served in Vietnam have gone on to attend college. Vietnam veterans have a higher per capita income, higher home ownership rate, less incarceration, and less drug addiction. Even today, with unemployment hovering around 6 percent, among veterans the unemployment rate is barely above 3 percent.

"They are the most employed sector of our society," claims Burkett. "But what has happened is that the other image that was created by the anti-war movement during the war—the dysfunctional killer—became Hollywood's popular myth. Then it became institutionalized."

Burkett, a financial consultant for Salomon Smith Barney, stumbled upon this disconnect which has become a second career. "I was co-chairman of the Texas Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and I thought I would just knock on the door and say, 'Hey, I'm this worthy cause. Texas lost 3,500 men, et cetera . . . .' The universal attitude, however, even among people in pockets of money I knew, was why would we give money to those bums. It sort of shocked me because I didn't serve with any bums. They were the cream of the crop of my generation. I realized then that what I had carried with me all these years was not the public perception, and so raising money was a nightmare." Burkett approached this challenge the only way he knew how. He began researching Vietnam veterans in the National Archives, filing hundred of requests for military documents under the Freedom of Information Act. What he uncovered was a massive distortion that has cost the U.S. taxpayers billions of dollars. Burkett's work has toppled national political leaders and put criminals in jail. The rogues gallery of falsifiers includes such well-known public figures as the actor Brian Dennehy; Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Joseph Ellis; former Ku Klux Klan Grand Wizard David Duke; Adm. Jeremy "Mike" Boorda, chief of naval operations at the Pentagon; Texas Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter President and National Committee Chairman John Woods; plus many more phony heroes in communities across the country.

In his book *Stolen Valor*, written with Glenna Whitley, Burkett reports on the dozens of pseudo vets, including killers who have lied about having post-traumatic stress disorder to beat murder charges, sham war heroes featured in award-winning documentaries, and con men who have parlayed their lies of heroism into bestselling biographies and national acclaim.

"Why people take the risks given the chance of exposure and subsequent humiliation—I'm not sure," ponders Schwartz. With Burkett ready to fire off a Freedom of Information Act request, many now think twice about padding their military record.

LABAN CARRICK HILL

PHOTO BY NEIL BRAKE

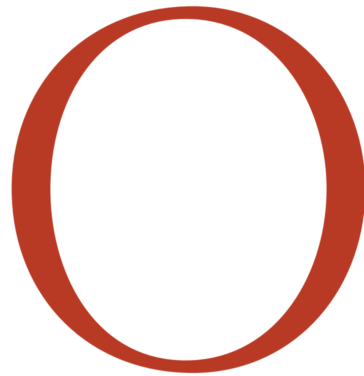
By Ray Waddle, MA'81

In 1960, Divinity School student James Lawson was asked to withdraw from Vanderbilt.
He chose not to do so.

DAYS of THUNDER

His decision changed the way insiders and the nation viewed the University.

The Lawson Affair

n March 21, 1960, the Divinity School dedicated its new building complex and chapel. It was eagerly awaited. The school had been part of Vanderbilt from the beginning, nearly a century before, surviving church squabbles, economic hard times, damage by fire. The new quadrangle was to be a tribute to the school's growing national reputation. It was to be a permanent symbol of progressive Christian spirituality in the conservative Protestant South.

On dedication day, however, things were not well. Festivities were subverted by a lengthening shadow of conflict. A nightmarish controversy over racial justice, civil disobedience and University power was fast getting national attention. Despite the new building, the future of the Divinity School was in jeopardy. Crisis was nigh. Within weeks, most of the 16 divinity professors would submit resignations, with other University faculty poised to follow. Administrative leaders would soon threaten to shut down the Divinity School altogether and, if need be, hand the newly dedicated building over to the Law School.

The turmoil of the Lawson affair, as it was called, would engulf the campus before it was over. The conflict sprang from the expulsion of a divinity student, James Lawson, for his off-campus leadership in Nashville's fledgling civil rights movement. The controversy pitted Divinity's pro-Lawson supporters against Chancellor Harvie Branscomb and the Vanderbilt Board of Trust. Despite all efforts, University officers were seeing a fast-spreading public relations meltdown that might sabotage Vanderbilt's dreams of national standing and repute.

"It was not possible to build a major university with this problem," recalls Charles Roos, retired professor of physics who became a key negotiator in resolving the Lawson affair. "This thing just had to be settled."

In the spring of 1960, the Lawson crisis would test Vanderbilt's self-identity to new limits. The ordeal threatened to set Vanderbilt back by years as a national research institution. Top-notch faculty were ready to leave the University over it, and major foundation funding would likely disappear with them. As it turned out, the Lawson episode was a soul-searching referendum on what the University wanted to be—either a major center of learning or, as critics put it, a "southern finishing school." It was a showdown of clashing values—Vanderbilt's reach for national status versus sectional traditionalism and fear of change. In the minds of many, it was the most critical moment in the history of Vanderbilt University.

"It was a defining event, and still is," says Eugene TeSelle, retired professor of church history at the Divinity School. "In a sense Vanderbilt was lucky to have had this crisis at this period in history—the University learned how to deal with conflict—and it was lucky to have weathered it."

GERALD HOLLY, COURTESY OF THE *TENNESSEAN*

The expulsion of James Lawson from the Divinity School sparked national debate. On the Vanderbilt campus, students protested outside Kirkland Hall in support of Lawson.

A new book, a history of the Divinity School called *Vanderbilt Divinity School: Education, Contest, and Change*, revisits the episode, offering fresh perspectives and the clarity of 40 years' hindsight. The book's Lawson chapter is a transcript of a 1998 roundtable discussion that included various participants from those days. They include Charles Roos and James Lawson himself, now a retired Methodist minister in Los Angeles after a long career in parish ministry and social advocacy. Edited by church historian Dale Johnson of the Divinity School, the book will stand as one of the crucial sources for understanding that era of campus history. Along with Paul Conkin's book *Gone with the Ivy: A Biography of Vanderbilt University*, it is used for the narrative to follow.

"When it is a conflict like the one in 1960," Lawson, now past 70, recalls in *Vanderbilt Divinity School*, "where we had the city on one side, a determined movement on the other side, and the University, that has explosive qualities that none of us could have predicted or understood. So it was trial by experiment, by error, for all of us."

The Lawson controversy involved epic negotiations and miscalculations, contested facts, seat-of-the-pants judgment calls, careers put at risk, political naiveté and personal torment. What began as a personnel matter—the expulsion of Lawson—blew up into a national fracas, the result of defensiveness and distrust in a time of rapid social change that no one had an easy time grasping.

Through exasperated effort and courage, the thing was settled by mid-June 1960. Repercussions were felt on campus for years and still leave their mark. And it has led to endless debate ever since about the legacy and character of Chancellor Harvie Branscomb, who had Lawson expelled in the first place. Ironically, it was Branscomb who led Vanderbilt into racial integration (one of its schools, that is) in 1952, but he was blamed for the racially charged Lawson episode eight years later.

"One of the things I have reflected upon is that I feel very strongly that Harvie

Branscomb made a major error in his life," Lawson says. "He obviously did not have enough people around him to help him get through in a fashion that could have reduced the tension in the University. My own major reflection as I look back upon it is that we have to accept the man as he was, as we have to accept ourselves, because in the situation we get, we all make errors."

From the University's viewpoint, James Lawson in 1960 was sabotaging Branscomb's careful plan of easing the broader University into a new world of racial equality. The Lawson episode, coming when it did, forced an unwelcome revolution of thought and action.

"Until 1960, Chancellor Branscomb successfully, but not without difficulty, walked a tightrope over the volatile passions of a racial revolution in the making," Conkin writes in *Gone with the Ivy*.

"But all political maneuvering ran aground in 1960 in the complicated case of one James Lawson, the most divisive episode in all of Vanderbilt's history."

James Lawson was a 30-year-old transfer student from Oberlin School of Theology in Ohio when he entered the Vanderbilt University Divinity School in 1958. He was an intellectual, a well-traveled Methodist minister and an African American. He brought other uncustomary credentials: He was an Ohio Yankee, and a pacifist.

Lawson's passion was social justice. He had gone to jail as a conscientious objector during the Korean War. Then, as a missionary abroad, he had studied philosophies of non-violence in India, the homeland of Gandhi. He returned to Ohio, eager to apply activist strategies to the American scene. At Oberlin he met Martin Luther King Jr., whose prestige as civil rights prophet was nearing its height. Lawson's experiences fascinated King, who urged him to come South in the struggle for justice for black Americans.

Impressed with Vanderbilt and with the cadre of educated African American students in the local black colleges, Lawson came to Nashville as staff organizer for the peace-oriented Fellowship of Reconciliation, as well as a divinity student.

January 1960 was the last moment the bubble of southern segregation could still appear complacently safe and sound in Nashville. Segregation was being tested or struck down elsewhere. The year 1954 was the beginning of the end, when racial separatism was legally discredited by the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision against a segregated education system. Desegregation of Nashville schools was slowly under way, with gusts of resistance and even violence along the way.

But social segregation of black and white continued—restaurants, movie theaters, restrooms, taxi cabs, every nook of public life. In Nashville in early February 1960, this age-old pattern was challenged in a new way, by a revolutionary but untested paradigm and moral calculus—non-violent civil disobedience and direct action. James Lawson was instrumental in bringing it to town.

Black students staged sit-ins at Nashville's downtown department store lunch counters, which did not admit blacks. The young protesters had been trained for weeks in non-violent strategies of civil disobedience—trained to take verbal and physical abuse and arrest without fighting back—in order to challenge unjust or immoral social practices.

Lawson, planning to graduate from Divinity School in May 1960, trained students for the sit-ins. He wasn't interested in testing the constitutionality of current laws by taking a grievance through a skein of ponderous court decisions. He and others wanted instead to draw on higher laws of faith and civilization, the power of biblical righteousness, hoping to shame the merchants into seeing the immorality of their practices against fellow human beings.

The sit-ins reached an early peak at the end of February 1960. Scores of black students (and some white students) were taking part. Hostilities edged toward confrontations with angry whites who surrounded the sit-in students at the downtown lunch spots. Lawson was portrayed in the local newspapers as an outspoken leader of the new movement, an outsider who defied local authorities in the name of divine laws of justice and dignity for black Americans.

On Feb. 27, 1960, the young demonstrators were rounded up and arrested by the dozens, charged with disorderly conduct or loitering. Lawson denounced these as trumped-up misdemeanors, legal "gimmicks," he said, for shutting down the protests and legitimating injustice. He urged demonstrators to continue the sit-ins. Thus Lawson urged defiance of local laws.

Timing proved fateful. Media publicity about Lawson's off-campus activities erupted at the same time the executive committee of Vanderbilt's Board of Trust was meeting in early March 1960. Alarmed that Lawson was on record flouting the law, Branscomb pressed for clarification of the views of this troublemaking student. He knew the conservative-minded Board of Trust would be upset, too. Through the dean of the Divinity School, Robert Nelson, Lawson provided a statement of his beliefs and strategies. But Branscomb didn't get what he wanted—a strong assurance that Lawson would obey the laws of the land.

So Branscomb declared Lawson should drop out of school or be kicked out and, meeting March 3, the executive committee of the Board of Trust agreed.

... the Lawson episode was a soul-searching referendum on what the University wanted to be— either a major center of learning or, as critics put it, a "southern finishing school." *It was a showdown of clashing values ...*

The book *Vanderbilt Divinity School* notes, "At this meeting the executive committee determined that Lawson would be given until 9 a.m. the next day to decide whether to withdraw from the University or be expelled."

Lawson refused to quit, so he was expelled the next day. This pleased powerful board member James Stahlman, publisher of the *Nashville Banner*, which was editorializing stoutly against Lawson's off-campus agitations. To the rest of the board, too, Lawson's expulsion seemed a relatively straightforward matter, over and done with. This came at a time when the board was contemplating a major capital fund drive for the University. Lawson's sudden notoriety was ill-timed publicity nobody wanted.

Chancellor Branscomb, eager to bring a southern university to national prominence, had pondered the matter of segregation himself for years.

When Branscomb arrived as chancellor in 1946, Vanderbilt was thoroughly traditional, segregationist, southern. It was a white monolith, like any other major school in the South at mid-century. There was no mingling of races, no black students or faculty. The only jobs for blacks were menial ones. But the post-war climate was changing. New ideas of racial integration weren't going away.

Branscomb knew desegregation had to be faced sooner or later. He aimed to raise the University's profile and eliminate barriers to regional and national stature in the post-war boom of progress. As Conkin notes, he unveiled plans for starting new construction, expanding the campus, raising faculty salaries. He worked to subdue the power of the fraternities and sororities and inject a more studious spirit into campus life.

Branscomb had special fondness for the Divinity School. He had been dean of Duke's divinity school when he accepted the Vanderbilt chancellorship. He trained as a New Testament scholar himself, a Methodist theologian who appreciated Nashville's religious establishment. During his Vanderbilt tenure, he was pleased to see the Divinity School attract nationally known scholars for the first time.

In 1952 Branscomb issued a plan for integrating the University, aiming to complete it by the time he retired in 1962. Prompting the action, in part, were Divinity School professors who declared they could no longer in good conscience abide segregation in the school. (It was called the School of Religion at the time. The name changed to the Divinity School in 1956.)

As Branscomb saw it, the integration of the University would be an exceedingly delicate operation to carry off. The timetable had to unfold slowly. There was no point

COURTESY OF THE *TENNESSEAN*

Lawson trained black students who staged sit-ins at Nashville's downtown department store lunch counters. His work as staff organizer for the Fellowship of Reconciliation alarmed members of Vanderbilt's Board of Trust.

alienating alumni donors or causing unrest on campus, he reasoned.

Integration of the School of Religion began in 1953, when a distinguished black minister in Jackson, Tenn., Joseph Johnson, made application. Branscomb took the request to the board, which approved it.

The decision made Vanderbilt the first private university in the Southeast voluntarily to allow integration at any of its schools.

No big fanfare was made about it. It was possible elsewhere on campus not even to know that integration was now official in one of the schools. It was understood that the new black student's presence on campus would be discreetly restricted. Because he was a family man, he would live off campus: Thus a dreaded debate over an old taboo, the integration of student housing, was avoided, for now.

It was a flawed arrangement, critics say. The policy could claim that Vanderbilt was quietly integrated, but it neglected to engage the whole campus in working through the moral reasons for it.

"The school's compromising posture of eat at Rand. But no one told me. Two or three times a week, my (white) friends in Divinity and I would eat there. So a black person was visible on campus. Did anything bad happen? Of course not."

Other schools on campus slowly opened their doors to integration in the 1950s—the Law School, the Graduate School. In 1960, there was but a small handful of black graduate students—perhaps three—at Vanderbilt, while the undergraduate college remained unintegrated, unchanged. Traditional assumptions about race relations continued unchallenged in the larger world of Vanderbilt life.

Then Lawson got expelled. This time things were different. Most divinity professors were livid. They were shocked. A student of theirs had been kicked out without a hearing, and without faculty consultation. Having integrated before many other regional universities dared, Vanderbilt now appeared to be on the wrong side of the race issue, rejecting a civil rights movement that was gaining national momentum and sympathy.

"The consensus was that Branscomb was too wise to let the matter go further. We were gradualist on race, a southern liberal who was sure that constitutional law would side with black Americans and inevitably bring changes benefiting them. His loyalty was to law and working within the legal process; he could not support civil disobedience as a weapon of social change.

Writing years later, Branscomb said taking no action against Lawson would have wrecked the University's plan for integration. "The circumstances at the time must be kept in mind," he writes in *Purely Academic: An Autobiography*. "In Nashville the situation was tense and inflammable. In the Southeast, Vanderbilt was carrying the risks of integration in private universities and colleges. We still had the critical step to take in the three undergraduate colleges, in the Medical School and in campus housing. To permit one uncooperative student who was, in fact, a paid organizer, to wreck this program seemed wasteful of much effort and much good will."

Feeding the climate against Lawson at the time was a festering fear of anarchy on campus. University elders had glimpsed the specter of student unrest during the 1950s, though

The Lawson controversy involved epic negotiations and miscalculations, *contested facts, seat-of-the-pants judgment calls, careers put at risk, political naiveté and personal torment.*

requesting the University's permission to desegregate its own space while not pressing it to universalize the principle of racial inclusion throughout its domain failed to prepare the University for the trauma it would confront a few years later (with) James Lawson," says Peter Paris, a former divinity professor, writing in *Vanderbilt Divinity School*.

According to Lawson, racial justice could not be applied piecemeal.

"The University had to recognize that a desegregation process on a campus had to be more than cosmetic," Lawson says in a recent interview. "They were trying to maintain control without a real plan. We (African American students) were not supposed to amazed when we were later told that Lawson was to be dismissed," says Lou Silberman, a former divinity professor who took part in the roundtable conversation for the new book.

The episode was aired in the press as never before. The Nashville sit-in movement, and Vanderbilt's connection, were becoming a daily story. The power of mass media, including the relatively new medium of television, was only dimly perceived and much underestimated. Suddenly, Kirkland Hall was getting calls from the wire services, from the *New York Times*: Why was James Lawson kicked out?

Branscomb's defenders have called him a it had nothing to do with race. Occasional mob scenes, sometimes starting as panty raids, or random student clashes with police, were inane but real outbursts that shaped the adults' sense of dread of campus chaos in whatever form.

Branscomb's critics, on the other hand, have called him an inflexible autocrat, a law-and-order southerner born in segregationist Alabama. They blame him for letting his fear of disorder—and fear of a conservative Board of Trust, a group of aging white males, mostly products of Old South values, loyal to the beloved Vanderbilt of their youth—override any sympathy for a black man like Jim Lawson.

COURTESY OF THE *TENNESSEAN*

Lawson was portrayed by the local media as an outspoken leader of the new movement, an outsider who defied local authorities in the name of divine laws of justice and dignity for black Americans.

The Lawson affair boiled through the semester. Various delegations of divinity faculty still hoped to resolve the conflict with administrators. Depth of feeling about the issue flashed periodically. At the March 21 dedication of the Divinity School, some of the out-of-state guest speakers publicly embarrassed Branscomb by criticizing the University for expelling Lawson, as Conkin's book notes. Divinity alumni circulated a petition urging Lawson's return. Outside the Divinity School, cadres of professors were making their own pro-Lawson views known to Kirkland Hall.

A thousand miles away, other divinity students were protesting the Lawson case. At Yale, they followed the news from Nashville, and one spring day more than 200 students marched to publicize support for Lawson.

"Here was a guy, Jim Lawson, who was objecting to segregation, and he was in divinity school, and we were in divinity school, and so we wanted to be in solidarity with him," recalls Johnson, editor of *Vanderbilt Divinity School*, who protested as a Yale student.

Four students marching that day at Yale would loom in the destiny of Vanderbilt Divinity School. Johnson, TeSelle, Peter Hodgson, and Sallie McFague were eventually hired and became part of a faculty core that gave stability and identity to the place through the three decades of the '70s, '80s and '90s.

Lawson, no longer in school in March 1960, meanwhile went about his civil rights field work across the South. There was plenty to do. He provided sit-in leadership in Nashville, too. Also, his new fame brought him invitations from divinity schools nationwide asking him to enroll there.

Back at the Divinity School, as the semester ended, the issue was ready to detonate. Professors were eager to take some sort of action before graduation. Talks with administration had stalemated. By mid-May, desegregation had been achieved at some of the Nashville stores, and without riotous violence. That seemed to vindicate the sit-in strategy. The nation was watching. Other divinity schools were watching. Editorials declaimed about Lawson, pro or con, in newspapers coast to coast.

Divinity faculty decided to vote to admit Lawson for the summer session so that he could complete his degree. They would bring their recommendation to Branscomb—and quit if their proposal was rejected. On May 30 it was indeed turned down. More than half of the 16 divinity faculty turned in their resignations.

The plot thickened. A number of other University professors (perhaps 20 out of more than 400) decided they too should resign. Their view was that an unraveling crisis of academic freedom and moral principle at one school tarnishes the whole University. This group notably included a half-dozen professors in the Medical School. Their resignations would mean that millions of dollars in research funds would probably go with them and muddy the Vanderbilt name nationwide.

This got Branscomb's attention. One of the non-divinity professors ready to resign was Roos, a 33-year-old associate professor of physics. He had joined the Vanderbilt faculty in 1959 and had a cordial relationship with the chancellor. Now he used that good will to press Branscomb for a solution before it was too late.

On June 8 he met with Branscomb and the chairman of the Board of Trust, Harold S. Vanderbilt, a great-grandson of founder Commodore himself. Roos pleaded with these two elders to find a compromise before the resignations could take effect and damage Vanderbilt immeasurably.

Conditions were not favorable. There was mutual hostility between Branscomb and the divinity faculty. Reporters were all over campus, chasing tidbits and rumors, half expecting a final conflagration would bring the University down.

Now, though, serious but private negotiations ensued involving Harold Vanderbilt, Branscomb and Roos. Terms were complicated. There had to be a way to reinstate Lawson while allowing administration and board to save face. There had to be a way to bring back the faculty but also arrange for the removal of the divinity dean, Robert Nelson, a conspicuous defender of Lawson.

At this point, Roos recalls, Harold Vanderbilt, well into his 70s, took charge. The eminent New Yorker had been on the board since 1950—a legendary figure from America's monied class, a world-famous yachtsman, the inventor of contract bridge. But he was never much emotionally involved with the southern university that bore the fami-

ly name—until now. The bad publicity was becoming a family embarrassment for Harold Vanderbilt.

"To him it was a ridiculous situation," Roos says in *Vanderbilt Divinity School*. "He did not appreciate that the administration had not been able to solve it. He did not appreciate the divinity faculty. To him, he was in charge of a university with problems about to explode. The people from *Life* were there, and he didn't like it. He sat there and drove that meeting."

A proposed solution, to be presented to the board, was hammered out over several hours by Branscomb and Harold Vanderbilt, with Roos there as adviser, go-between and messenger to the divinity faculty. The proposal was: Faculty resignations would be withdrawn, Dean Nelson's resignation would be accepted, and Lawson would be allowed to take his degree. As Conkin and others note, the politics of the moment required ambiguity: Lawson would be reinstated but not readmitted. He could complete his degree (for instance, by correspondence or transfer of credits) but not return to campus while Branscomb was chancellor.

"Branscomb was scared of (board member) Stahlman, there is no question of that," Roos says. "In defense of Branscomb, it is not a question of his administrative ability. He just did not feel he had the power to buck Stahlman. He was trapped. He had seen the collapse of all that he had worked to achieve. He did not see any way out until Harold Vanderbilt began to use his power and show that there was another side to this issue."

The crisis flared to a climax the next day, June 9. The executive committee of the Board rejected the Branscomb/Harold Vanderbilt proposal. The sticking point, apparently, was that the board refused to accept the return of a renegade divinity faculty.

"Surprisingly, a majority were willing to award a degree to Lawson so long as it was in absentia but were not willing to reinstate the rebelling faculty," Conkin writes.

Within days, rumors spread that Branscomb was threatening to resign. Some 160 faculty (out of 195 contacted from the pool of 428, according to Conkin) signed a petition in support of Branscomb and Harold Vanderbilt against the board. Meanwhile, the University of Chicago reportedly put up an offer to hire all the Vanderbilt Divinity professors who quit.

This runaway climate of chaos set the stage for one final showdown. It was almost anticlimactic: On June 13, Branscomb, with Harold Vanderbilt's backing, simply decreed to the board that reinstating the faculty rebels was an administrative matter. It was Branscomb's responsibility, not the board's, and he would quit if the board didn't see it his way.

The board backed down. The professors were allowed to withdraw their resignations. Lawson was allowed to pursue his degree if he so chose. The crisis was officially over.

"I think this made the board happy because they frankly had the reaction that Branscomb had created the problem in the first place," Roos says. "They had done what he had asked initially, then they were asked to reverse themselves—why did they throw the student out in the first place? If it was an administrative problem, then they did not have to take any action. Also, it was clear to the board that if they objected, they were going to lose both Branscomb and Vanderbilt."

Ironically, Lawson by early June had given up on getting back in at Vanderbilt and was now enrolled at Boston University, where he graduated in August. He never received a degree from Vanderbilt University.

Branscomb, who died in 1998 at age 103, always said the Lawson affair had nothing to do with race and everything to do with a renegade student unwilling to uphold the law.

"The University's position," Branscomb wrote in March 1960, "thus was not to oppose the sit-in movement, nor to discipline the individual for infringement of a particular law, but to state that no student could remain in good standing who in a potentially riotous situation commits himself to an organized program of deliberate violation of law."

During the turmoil, Lawson and Branscomb never met face to face. Battle was waged through intermediaries, written communiqués, and newspaper quotes. To this day, debate is unsettled about whether they should have met, gotten to know each other, and somehow defused the crisis early on.

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"Harvie Branscomb saw Jim Lawson as a radical who messed up his timetable for integration instead of a man of devout faith who saw himself as a pastor," says Walter Harrelson, Hebrew Bible professor who later became dean of the Divinity School (1967-75). "If Branscomb could have talked to Lawson, the whole mess could have been avoided."

The consequences of the Lawson affair for the University were many, some measurable, some speculative.

People speculate whether the turmoil hastened integration University-wide. Society was moving quickly toward sympathy for integration in the early 1960s in any case. The undergraduate college officially adopted a policy of integration in 1962. It happened after vigorous campus debate and much undergraduate dismay, though no black students actually enrolled until 1964.

"The Lawson affair was one of the major events in the University's life, but I don't think the University, in dealing with social issues, learned that much from it," says Gene Davenport, a divinity student in 1960 and now professor of religion at Lambuth College in Jackson, Tenn. "We'll have to wait for the next social crisis to see."

Others say the Lawson chapter forced Vanderbilt to do some hard thinking about race. Writer Roy Blount Jr. was a freshman in spring 1960, writing about the sit-in movement for The *Vanderbilt Hustler*.

"It was all very heady at the time," recalls Blount, who was raised in Georgia. "For us, the Lawson episode raised the whole issue of race and integration to begin with. Most of us Deep-South kids had gone to schools where there were no black students. So when it was time to debate integration in the University, this was exciting. To me it was a simple issue. It was wrong, it was tacky, not to accept black students. But it was the black students, the sit-in protesters, who were taking all the risks, getting hit over the head."

Ultimately for Branscomb, the Lawson outcome helped give the aging chancellor confidence and clout to carry on with his program of academic and campus life improvements before he retired, Roos argues. "Harvie Branscomb retired in 1962, and I think he lost practically a semester on his program, with the problems of the Divinity School and Lawson. On the other hand, I think it made him more determined than ever to push this program. Harold Vanderbilt had pushed him beyond where his local board wanted him to go, and he had won. This gave Branscomb more courage to proceed."

Resolving the Lawson trauma resulted in an uninterrupted flow of national foundation money to University researchers. Bequests continued from Harold Vanderbilt who, according to Roos, took a more active interest in the University until his death in 1970.

The Lawson episode resulted in better campus procedures for handling student disciplinary hearings. Also, the crisis helped clarify relations and define lines of authority between faculty and administration, perhaps hastening a more democratic model of campus governance.

"Chancellors ran the University out of their pocket back then," says Frank Gulley, a divinity student in 1960 who later became a Divinity School professor. "Today a chancellor is more democratic, more likely to consult deans and faculty. The democratization of academic institutions was already taking place at the time."

Off campus, the turmoil of 1960 became part of the legend of the Nashville sit-in movement. It solidified the Nashville movement's reputation as the most effective model of non-violent resistance across the region.

"My expulsion became an example in the movement of a person's willingness to pay the price," Lawson says. "It became a way to strengthen our witness."

In the short term, the Divinity School itself suffered loss of prestige after the bumpy ride of that spring semester. As Conkin notes, it was placed on probation for a year by the American Association of Theological Schools, owing to low faculty morale and poor relations between faculty and Vanderbilt administration and board. Dean Nelson left the school in August 1960 and eventually became dean of Boston University's School of Theology.

Within a few years, Vanderbilt Divinity School had increased enrollments and attracted new professors of national stature, launching a 30-year era of high-profile stability. The 1969 part-time hiring of Kelly Miller Smith, the prominent Nashville African American pastor who had hosted Lawson's 1960 workshops on non-violent protest, happened in Lawson's wake.

The Lawson affair also sealed the Divinity School's local reputation as a liberal citadel, for better or worse. Eventually a series of published commitments to racial equality and social justice appeared in the annual Divinity catalogue, a direct result of the Lawson turbulence. Today that list of commitments has expanded to include opposition to sexism and homophobia.

"The Lawson affair, and the courage of the faculty, looms large in my own understanding of the identity of the school," says ethics professor Howard Harrod, who retired in spring 2002 after a Vanderbilt teaching career of more than 30 years. "The published commitments are logically related to that maelstrom."

Divinity officials say this comprehensive roster of committed values, unusual for a major seminary, is a significant recruiting tool for the school.

In later life, both Branscomb and Lawson regretted never meeting in the wake of those stormy days and weeks of 1960.

In *Vanderbilt Divinity School*, Joseph Hough, divinity dean in the 1990s, recalls elderly Branscomb's lingering feelings: "As our friendship deepened, he began to share with me some of his reflections on his own career at Vanderbilt, his high points and his low points. The one matter that seemed to trouble him most was his decision to expel James Lawson. He said that he put himself into a very difficult position by deferring to his Board of Trust in what he later saw to be an administrative decision."

In 1996, 36 years after the storm, that regret was redressed. Hough arranged a meeting between these two would-be ideological rivals, in the Nashville home of Branscomb, then 101.

"We actually visited as two human beings," Lawson recalls, "as men who had been seen as adversaries. We had a very pleasant visit in his home. I felt no animosity in the man, and I had none toward him. He by then had recognized that he allowed some things to take a wrong turn in 1960, and he let me know he had moved beyond where he was. I let him know that at no time did I harbor any ill will toward him, and that I never broke faith with him as a fellow United Methodist."

The encounter turned out to be a rich moment for two remarkable men and a symbolic closing to the rockiest semester in Vanderbilt University history. V

The timeless appeal of cowboy laments, lullabies and yodels.

Singing in the Saddle

By Douglas B. Green, MA'71

When studying the popular portrayal of the cowboy, it is fascinating to reflect how few of these men are shown actually tending cattle. Folklorist J. Frank Dobie observed that Owen Wister's *The Virginian* is "the classic cowboy novel without cows," and Wister's book is far from alone in this peculiarity. In films this contradiction is exaggerated to the extreme. The cowboy hero is often a lawman or ranger, openly or undercover; he may be a cattleman or ranch foreman; he may be a drifter, a doctor, or a two-fisted newspaperman—but seldom is he portrayed as a bottom-level workaday cowpoke. In a significant number of the singing-cowboy films, he is a radio, stage, or film performer, righting wrongs with fists and guns between performances. What he is, really, is a professional hero, with no need to perform such messy chores as dehorning or branding.

Plainly, that spirit of independence, of owing nothing to any person, of living up to a personal code, is what generations have valued in this western hero, investing him with properties real cowboys may or may not have possessed. This is why the cowboy hero is frequently a man from nowhere; why it is convenient to have him come to town or ranch with no past, no baggage, no ties; why it is simple for him, in these morality plays, to right wrongs and clear up injustice with quick decisions, quick draws, quick fists, and occasionally a song or two. In an increasingly industrial and bureaucratic age, the appeal of a lone figure answering only to his own conscience is strong indeed, and popular culture has settled this longing, this need, this fantasy, upon the lowly figure of the cowboy.

So the young, displaced skilled laborers who were the real cowboys have taken on a huge psychic and cultural load. They have become, through the imaginative eyes of writers and singers and songwriters and filmmakers, the repository of our national dreams, transmogrified into heroes and peacemakers. In addition, they carry the weight of nostalgia, for they represent for us the wilderness we will never know, an era we can never experience, yet one that we seem to feel is priceless beyond measure. All these conflicting and complementary impulses are inherent in western music as well. This is why the cowboy, whose numbers have always been few, has come to mean so much to us, why the image and sound of his music—no matter how far parted from reality—has continued to fascinate us and move us for more than a century and a quarter.

Popular mythology has cowboys crooning soft lullabies and yodels to the cattle on the open ranges to pacify jittery longhorns, singing old familiar songs and hymns from back home, or creating new songs or new verses to existing songs in the long, dark hours of the night. Although this image has long been highly romanticized, the association of music and the cowboy is not purely fictional. Anywhere working men have been isolated for periods of time in particular circumstances, a tradition of song by or about those men and their work develops. Sailors, loggers, railroad workers, boatmen, miners and others all have musical traditions.

As for cowboys, even witnesses who were there in the days before singing became a profession on record and radio and film can't seem to agree. Journalist John Baumann wrote for the *Fortnightly Review* of April 1, 1887: "The younger hands are whiling away the time 'whittling' and 'plug chawing,' drawling out yarns of love and sport and singing ribald songs, until someone strikes up the favorite wail 'Oh bury me not on the lone prairie, Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free.'"

Harry Stephens, claiming authorship of "The Night Herding Song," told John Lomax: "Well, we always got night-herd years ago when they didn't have so many fences and corrals, and that was the biggest job for the cowboy. We generally have a two-hour shift, and two to four men on a shift according to the size of the herd. And when I made up this song, why, we always had so many different squawks and yells and hollers a-trying to keep the cattle quiet, I thought I might as well have a kind of a song to it." The highly regarded Texas folklorist and historian J. Frank Dobie remarked that "no human sound that I have ever heard approaches in eeriness or in soothing melody that indescribable whistle of the cowboy," while stockman Joseph McCoy wrote in 1874 that he had "many times sat upon the fence of a shipping yard and sang to an enclosed herd whilst a train would be rushing by. And it is surprising how quiet the herd will be so long

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as they can hear the human voice. … Singing hymns to Texas steers is the peculiar forte of a genuine cowboy, but the spirit of true piety does not abound in the sentiment."

Other contemporary accounts point to "Sam Bass" or "Red River Valley" as songs frequently sung by cowboys. J. Frank Dobie agreed: "Of course not all the cowboys on all days sang. Many a waddie could no more carry a tune than he could carry a buffalo bull. Often all hands were too busy fighting and cussin' them dad-blamed cattle to sing. But in general the cowboys sang." Ramon Adams recalled: "Away back at the beginnin' of the cow business, it didn't take the cowman long to savvy that the human voice gave cattle confidence, and kept 'em from junin' around. … The practice got to be so common that night herdin' was spoken of as 'singin' to 'em.'" And E.C. Abbott (Teddy Blue) painted the legend in detail in his landmark book, *We Pointed Them North:*

> One reason I believe there was so many songs about cowboys was the custom we had of singing to the cattle on night herd. The singing was supposed to soothe them and it did. … I know that if you wasn't singing, any little sound in the night—it might be just a horse shaking himself—could make them leave the country; but if you were singing, they wouldn't notice it. The two men on guard would circle around with their horses at a walk, if it was a clear night and the cattle was bedded down and quiet, and one man would sing a verse of a song, and his partner on the other side of the herd would sing another verse; and you'd go through a whole song like "Sam Bass."

Likewise, Charles Siringo, whose *A Texas Cowboy* was one of the very first looks at the life of the cowboy written by a cowboy, unequivocally paints a portrait of cowboys singing, referring to an 1874 trail drive: "The steers showed a disposition to stampede but we handled them easy and sang melodious songs which kept them quieted. But about one o'clock they stampeded in grand shape. … I finally about three o'clock got them stopped and after singing a few 'lullaby' songs they all lay down and went to snoring." Later he describes a typical night on the trail: "The nights would be divided up into four equal parts—one man 'on' at a time, unless storming, tormented with mosquitoes, or something of the kind, when every one except the cook would have to be 'out' singing to them."

On the other hand, Jack Thorp, the first collector and one of the first composers of cowboy songs, proclaimed bluntly: "It is generally thought that cowboys did a lot of singing around the herd at night to quiet them on the bed ground. I have been asked about this, and I'll say that I have stood my share of night watches in 50 years, and I seldom heard singing of any kind."

Regardless of how much singing was done on night guard, it is a fairly safe bet that in the days before radio, anytime men were gathered together for long periods of isolation and boredom, any man who could come up with the slightest fragment of entertainment besides poker or some other card game was providing welcome relief from the endless hours not actively spent at work. In lonely bunkhouses, in line camps and at trail sides, some of the more creative of the band of men loosely defined as cowboys doubtless dreamed up the poems that, when put to old familiar melodies, became cowboy songs. Thus D.J. O'Malley's 1893 poem "After the Roundup"—initially printed in the *Stock Grower's Journal*—was popularized by cowpokes who learned the verses and set the lyrics to two very different melodies: the jaunty popular song "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane" and the tender waltz "After the Ball." Only three decades later, having finally evolved a tune of its own, this plaintive tale became the first recorded cowboy music hit, in Carl T. Sprague's 1925 version on Victor Records under its now much more commonly known title, "When the Work's All Done This Fall."

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A now-rare 1932 songbook from Lois Dexter and Patt Patterson. Patterson recorded a dozen songs for the American Record Corporation, including his duets with Lois Dexter, but never achieved lasting fame.

This sequence is probably pretty illustrative of the way most classic cowboy songs were written. Some were art songs, like Dr. Brewster Higley's 1873 "Home on the Range," while others were folk songs in the truest sense: a bare skeleton of a tune and no story at all, with endless verses (occasionally exquisitely vulgar) added and subtracted by hundreds of bored or bemused cowhands—for example, "The Old Chisholm Trail," which reputedly is based on an English folk song called "A Dainty Duck." "The Cowboy's Lament," based on "The Unfortunate Rake," dates back to at least 1790, and "Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" is based on an 1839 poem called "The Ocean-Buried." Other cowboy songs easily traceable to English and Scottish songs in the folk tradition include many of the most beloved songs of this early period: "Utah Carroll," "Texas Rangers" and others.

Interest in the cowboy and his music, fueled by the dime novel and the Wild West show, began to climb in earnest around the turn of the 20th century. As early as 1901 the *Journal of American Folklore* published the lyrics to "Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," and in 1909 it published "Songs of the Western Cowboy," collected by G.F. Will in North Dakota. The most significant publication was N. Howard (Jack) Thorp's booklet *Songs of the Cowboy,* which appeared in 1908, followed in 1910 by John Avery Lomax's landmark *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads,* and in 1919 by his *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp.* Thorp was an amateur collector (and writer as well; he "collected" his own "Little Joe the Wrangler"), while Lomax was a trained academic who borrowed heavily from Thorp. Lomax became a tireless advocate for folk music in general, and cowboy songs in particular, throughout his long life. Charles Siringo published a companion volume to his *A Lone Star Cowboy* in Santa Fe in 1919 called *The Song Companion of a Lone Star Cowboy,* and Charles Finger published *Sailor Chanteys and Cowboy Songs* in 1923 with a small Kansas publisher; it was expanded and the sailor chanteys dropped when published as *Frontier Ballads* by Doubleday, Page in New York in 1927.

Margaret Larkin was the first to include melodies for the lyrics in her 1931 anthology, *Singing Cowboy: A Book of Western Songs* (each song introduced, in the words of folklorist Guy Logsdon, "by a short narrative with much romanticized nonsense"). And cowboy song popularizer, songwriter, and radio star Jules Verne Allen published *Cowboy Lore* in San Antonio in 1933. But by this time the line between cowboy folk songs and songs created for records and movies was blurring.

Owen Wister, in adapting his novel *The Virginian* for the stage, wrote his own cowboy song, "Ten Thousand Cattle Roaming," to replace the minstrel tune the Virginian had sung in the novel. Tin Pan Alley had not been long in discovering the cowboy and his music, and between 1905 and 1920 proceeded to churn out clever, cheerful, and wholly inauthentic cowboy songs like "Cheyenne (Shy Ann)" and "San Antonio" (both by Egbert Van Alstyne and Harry H. Williams), "The Pride of the Prairie," "My Pony Boy," "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," "Sierra Sue," "I'd Like to Be in Texas for the Roundup in the Spring" (based on a fragment of a folk song), "Let the Rest of the World Go By," and "The Utah Trail." Many of these songs were recorded (on cylinder, and later on disc) by well-known stage artists of the time such as Len Spencer, Eddie Morton and Billy Murray. Murray, who had a long vaudeville career and made records from 1903 well into the 1930s, recorded a small but significant number of cowboy songs, though novelty and topical songs made up the bulk of his output.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

The Sons of the Pioneers sing "Blue Shadows on the Trail" in Walt Disney's *Melody Time* (1948). From left: Tim Spencer, Lloyd Perryman, Hugh Farr, Bob Nolan and Pat Brady.

More than a few of these Tin Pan Alley cowboy songs quickly entered the folk repertoire and were recorded by country and cowboy artists in the 1920s and 1930s, when rural and folk music finally found its way to record, and records and record players became available and affordable to a wider audience. Vernon Dalhart, Patt Patterson and even Bradley Kincaid recorded "I'd Like to Be in Texas (When They Round Up in the Spring)" in those years; Everett Morgan recorded "Cheyenne" in 1933; and "Pride of the Prairie" was recorded by Aaron Campbell's Mountaineers, Tex Owens, his sister Texas Ruby and her partner Zeke Clements, and Patsy Montana & the Prairie Ramblers, to name a few early examples.

There is a tendency to venerate the folk song and to denigrate the commercially composed in reviewing any traditionally based music, but it is important to remember that even the most unpolished early recording artists were often professionals or semi-professionals who performed music for an audience, and who added to their repertoires as they could—from the Victrolas, traveling medicine shows, or vaudeville troupes. While the Anglo-American folk song had hundreds of years to develop, cowboy music was romanticized and popularized in just three decades. Many a performer was first drawn to the world of entertainment by a musician or comedian performing in some long-forgotten tent, schoolhouse, or small-town theater. Some of these songs became virtual folk songs, accepted as age-old with their authors unknown, although the real composer may have been at that moment pounding away at his next composition at a piano in New York or Los Angeles.

By 1930 authentic cowboy songs had been performed on record by concert singers, beginning with Bentley Ball's "Jesse James"

and “The Dying Cowboy” in 1919. Carl T. Sprague, Vernon Dalhart and Jimmie Rodgers had national best-selling records of cowboy songs; Gene Autry was featured on radio as “Oklahoma’s Singing Cowboy”; and Warner Baxter, Bob Steele, Ken Maynard and others had already sung in films, though the singing was central neither to the plot nor the character. The visual and aural image of the cowboy loafing about with a guitar in his idle hours was in no way jarring to the moviegoer. Indeed, it was expected, as much a part of the cowboy’s colorful trappings as his sombrero, his rope, his tall boots and his chaps.

The western was becoming a genre of its own in literature, in song, on radio, on record, in comic strips and on film. With the coming of sound to film, image and music were united, and a new character—the singing cowboy—was preparing to step into the American consciousness, and with him developed, from these folk and popular sources, what we now think of as western music.

In time, cowboy bands in general used the same instrumentation as the string bands of the Southeast, although the feel was often far different. In the 1940s a smooth, pop-country sound came to exemplify the western music of the era, but the century-long appeal of western music has been, for the most part, the lyrics and the singer. No truly identifiable “sound” has ever developed to set it significantly apart from country music, save its peculiar and subtle loping beat. One can point out a jazz influence here, a mariachi influence there, but the average ear does not hear these fine points—in the public mind, fiddles and guitars have always branded western music as country. Intensifying the association, the records of virtually all cowboy and country singers were targeted toward the same rural audience. Although the purist considers western music a discrete style, it continues to be firmly identified and confused with country music.

And though its influences were quite varied, western music has walked hand-in-hand with country music from the start, though the relationship has shown its strains from time to time. Despite the fact that *Billboard* magazine dropped the catchall “Country-Western” designation from its record charts more than 30 years ago, it is still a commonly used phrase among the public, who usually sees no distinction. Throughout his career Gene Autry easily drifted in and out of popular, country and western music, as did most of the singing cowboys. But popular music and jazz directly affected the sound of western music in the 1930s. From sophisticated chords and chord progressions to the Django Reinhardt-inspired guitar fills of Karl Farr, the music shaped commercial western music as it matured.

And there is the interesting anomaly of yodeling, which was never associated with the cowboy before Gene Autry brought it to the screen, except in the handful of cowboy songs of Jimmie Rodgers, “the Singing Brakeman,” who found yodeling to be obligatory in most of his material. Although yodeling had been established in Autry’s repertoire for a number of years—he and many other radio and recording artists learned the trick from the vastly influential Rodgers—there is no evidence at all that traditional cowboys ever yodeled. It is probable that when there was singing, there was the use of the falsetto voice, and a melody hummed in falsetto might generously be termed a yodel, but it is extremely unlikely this ever went beyond the “whoo, whoo” sounds in a song like “The Cattle Call” (composed in the 1930s, though based on an earlier melody). It is conceivable that a kind of proto-yodeling was what Dobie was trying to describe when he referred to “the indescribable whistle of the cowboy,” but to the traditional cowboy singer the mournful blue yodels of Jimmie Rodgers or the athletic yodels of the Alps were unknown and unanticipated.

COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME COLLECTIONS

A 1939 songbook for Al Clauser and His Oklahoma Outlaws. Clockwise from bottom: Curly Bray, Bud Roberts, Speed Foreman, Al Clauser and Tex Heoptner.

It has long been said that Jimmie Rodgers created the blue yodeling style by combining his own Mississippi music, a rich mélange of rural black and white music, with yodeling he had heard from a Swiss or Bavarian troupe appearing at a tent show or vaudeville stage. This may indeed be true, but research by several scholars, including Peter Stanfield, indicates that yodeling actually may have been introduced to the American stage by blackface entertainer Tom Christian in Chicago as early as 1847, and that the yodel moved from minstrelsy to country and cowboy music via medicine shows. It may be significant that Gene Autry appeared in a medicine show as a teenager, but yodeling was apparently not required of him for Dr. Fields’ Marvelous Medicine Show, for it was Johnny Marvin who yodeled for Autry on his first recordings in 1929.

The first great popularizer of the blue yodel was well-known blackface vaudeville artist Emmett Miller, whose career peaked in the 1920s, though he continued to appear well into the 1950s. As Stanfield reports, “In 1924 *Billboard* magazine, reporting on a show at the New York Hippodrome, noted that Miller’s ‘trick singing stunt’ almost stopped the show, and won him ‘encore after encore.’” He suggests, though without any hard evidence, that it was from Miller that Jimmie Rodgers learned the blue yodel, and this is certainly a plausible theory. Both men performed and traveled extensively, Rodgers was in and out of entertainment long before he actually recorded, and he could have caught Miller’s yodeling act onstage just as easily as that of any troupe of Alpine singers. On quite the other hand, longtime Jimmie Rodgers scholar Nolan Porterfield has posited just the opposite: that Miller may have learned to yodel from Rodgers in the days before either of them recorded. Might not their influences have been mutual?

Regardless, yodeling predated them both. Eminent folk-music scholar Norm Cohen has pointed out that one of the Singing Brakeman’s most evocative yodels, “Sleep, Baby, Sleep,” was recorded, with yodeling, as early as 1897 on a Berliner disc by George P. Watson and was recorded a dozen times between 1897 and 1917 by Watson and several others (Pete La Mar, Frank Wilson, Ward Barton and Frank Carroll, Matt Keefe, and Lucy Gates) on record labels like Edison, Zon-O-Phone, Columbia and Victor. It was recorded at least five times by hillbilly bands or singers—including Frank Marvin, under the pseudonym Frankie Wallace—and by at least three black quartets before Rodgers’ first recording.

COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME COLLECTIONS

Patsy Montana, looking every inch a cowboy’s sweetheart in this 1930s publicity photo.

Although determining who was first involves a great deal of speculation, what is certain is that yodeling became vastly popular during Jimmie Rodgers’ short career, spawning numerous yodelers in emulation of the Singing Brakeman: Johnny Marvin, Ernest Tubb, Ray Whitley and Gene Autry. Blue yodels were powerfully evocative, expressing loneliness, alienation, dejection and pain, as well as freedom and joy. They were relatively easy to master by any singer with the ability to break his voice, and the next generation of cowboy singers made yodeling a musical challenge. Although this next generation of yodelers may have lost the sense of profound loneliness and loss, the new crop of singers—including Roy Rogers, Elton Britt, Wilf Carter (Montana Slim), Patsy Montana and Ray Whitley—brought to the art a fresh sense of excitement and drive. European yodeling had been fast and tricky; it took just a few talented singers to adapt the somewhat formal European approach to the sunbaked music of the cowboy and the West, as did Rogers, Britt, Whitley and Carter so very quickly in the early 1930s, and as did Autry, who adapted well to the new style.

Did cowboys sing? Did they yodel? It matters to the historian, of course, but in the public mind the image was firmly in place: the cowboy amusing himself, his cattle and his compadres with songs, yodels, guitar playing, and music making. It is a perception that generations have adopted, and it is just this perception that made possible the movies and the songs that followed. V

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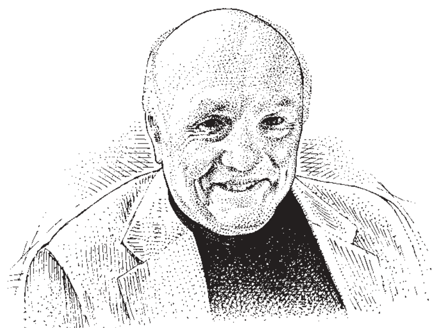
The Hustler Chronicles

By GayNelle Doll

Illustrations by Jim Hsieh

Student journalists trade sleep, top grades and summers abroad for the thrill of getting the story.

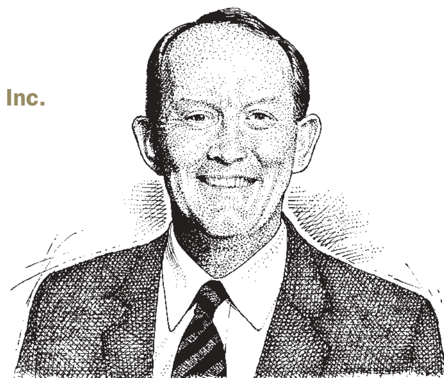


Enfield Ford, BA'50

Former director of corporate creative services, Time-Warner Inc.

Vanderbilt majors: business administration and economics

Hustler cartoonist, 1946-50



Lamar Alexander, BA'62

Currently running for U.S. Senate; former Tennessee governor; former U.S. secretary of education

Vanderbilt major: Latin American studies

Hustler editor, 1961-62

Roy Blount, BA'63

Humorist, sportswriter, performer, author of 12 books

Vanderbilt major: English

Hustler editor, 1962-63

For more than 40 years now, newspaper readership by Americans has been in a slow decline. With cable television and the Internet feeding them a steady diet of up-to-the-minute news, many Americans no longer make a habit of reading a daily paper over morning coffee or after dinner—particularly the 18- to 25-year-olds coveted by advertisers. The sad tale of century-old newspapers shutting down their presses has been repeated in cities across the nation.

Futurists who have gone so far as to predict the eventual extinction of newspapers might have second thoughts if they had witnessed a scene at Vanderbilt last fall. At the annual Organization Fair, during which students—mostly freshmen—get information about hundreds of opportunities to join everything from Ducks Unlimited to the Vanderbilt Speculative Fiction Society, more than 500 students signed cards indicating their interest in working on the *Vanderbilt Hustler*.

The majority of those who express interest each year soon become overwhelmed by writing papers and preparing for exams and having a life so that visions of getting a *Hustler* byline quickly fade—but for a surprising number of students, the *Hustler* becomes the defining Vanderbilt experience, more important than top grades, the start of a lifelong career.

"I wrote a lot of words for the *Hustler*, banging out long editorials late at night when I didn't have to be careful and write what someone else wanted me to write," says humorist Roy Blount, BA'63, one of Vanderbilt's most famous *Hustler* editors and the author of 12 books. "I think it's good when you're young to do a lot of whatever it is you hope to do in the future. Freedom to write what I pleased, an important subject and deadlines—that is a great combination of three things that enable you to work out and build up your chops."

The *Vanderbilt Hustler*, which printed its first issue only five years after the University's 1873 founding, exists without benefit of ties to any journalism program—or, since 1998, any subsidies from the University. *Hustler* staffers take pride in the fact that, unlike student newspapers at most universities, the *Hustler* is 100 percent financially self-sufficient, paying for printing, rent for the space it occupies in the Sarratt Center, and small salaries for its advertising and editorial staff.

Students like Emily Abbott, editor of the *Hustler* during the spring 2002 semester, and Jennifer Whatley, editor for two semesters prior to Abbott, acknowledge that working 60 to 70 hours a week on the paper means sleep deprivation and a lower grade point average—for pay that averages out to be less than they could make walking across 21st Avenue South and working at Starbucks. But the rewards are worth it. By becoming involved in the most important issues in the life of the University, students who work on the *Hustler* bring information to fellow students, speak out in print when they see the University taking, in their view, a wrong turn, and become chroniclers of Vanderbilt's history and zeitgeist.

"There's a certain pride that goes with walking to class and seeing someone reading your article," says Abbott. "Working on the *Hustler* has taught me how to deal with a wide variety of people. It's taught me to wade through what's important and what's not. And it teaches you how to deal with mistakes."

"I've definitely learned more working on the *Hustler* than I did in any class," says Whatley. "I've crossed paths with people I never would have met otherwise. I can call up administrators on campus and catch up on things. It's nice to walk around campus and know who the deans are, to recognize the important players."

The position of *Hustler* editor has long been and remains one of the most powerful roles available to Vanderbilt students. Chris Crain, BA'87, now editorial director and chief operating officer of Window Media, was *Hustler* editor his sophomore year and editor of *Versus* his junior year. "I remember [Associate Provost of Student Affairs] Johan Madson telling me how Van-

FROM THE HUSTLER

OCTOBER 5, 1893

A question which stares us in the face right now, and which cannot be settled at any other time, is whether or not we are going to have a football team. … It is now two weeks since college opened, and there have never yet been enough candidates on the field to make two practice elevens. What sort of team can we develop under such circumstances? You might as well expect a man to swim with nothing to swim in. … Shall our friends turn away sick with mortification and shame over the pitiable exhibition we make of ourselves, or shall we make them doubly and trebly our friends by showing them that there is the true stuff in us? … Shall we endure the taunts and jeers of our ancient enemy [Sewanee] without even the poor excuse of the umpire to blame for our wretched failure? … Are you helping to expose your college to ridicule and disgrace, perhaps from purely selfish reasons —more likely from laziness?

T. Van Magers, BA'66

Special agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation

Vanderbilt major: mathematics

Hustler sports editor, 1964-66

Terry Eastland, BA'71

Publisher, *The Weekly Standard*

Vanderbilt major: philosophy

Hustler reporter, 1968-71

Mary Louise Elson, BA'74

Associate managing editor for features, *Chicago Tribune*

Vanderbilt major: English

Hustler editor, 1973-74

derbilt administrators would all swallow hard before they walked in the office on Tuesdays and Friday mornings, the days the *Hustler* came out, because they didn't know what was going to be in there," says Crain.

"I was always a thorn in Joe B. Wyatt's side. He was fairly new, and I would write about how he wasn't interacting with students enough. I tried a thousand different ways to get him to do an interview, but he had not given an interview to anyone in the Vanderbilt student press," Crain remembers.

Finally, Crain showed up in Wyatt's office and refused to leave until he got an interview. "His secretary threatened to call security. I said fine, I'll call my photographer and we'll do a story about it. Finally, after about three hours, Eliot Frankel, who was then head of public affairs, came down and said, 'You'll get your interview—now get out of here,'" Crain says.

On Commencement day, as Crain walked across the stage to receive his diploma, he recalls, "Chancellor Wyatt shook my hand and said he wished me very well in the future and added that he'd never been happier to see someone graduate—which I took as a respectful compliment."

From the *Hustler*'s early years, when editorials advocated Vanderbilt's separation from the Methodist Church, up until today, when writers speak out against racial graffiti and report on the proposed move to a residential college system, the paper has been a forum for thought, railing against the atrocities of war, advocating improved opportunities for women and minorities and, always, arguing both for and against the eternal Greek system.

OCTOBER 4, 1929

Sisterly love is being manifested in its usual cut-throat manner early this fall. At one sorority house two dainty brunettes are pulling hair over a blonde swain. One has the advantage of having been the most constant companion of the man in question last year, while the other siren has stepped in to break up the once happy home. …

Some of us may think we rate sitting in the seats of the mighty, but few of us presume so far as to eat there; unlike the boy and girl seen eating lunch serenely, deep in conversation, at the family table in Kissam one day. The girl was new—so that lets her out, but there really was no excuse for the boy, since he is a senior and a Sigma Chi and should know his cafeterias by now.

The Editor as Catalyst

Blount and Lamar Alexander, BA'62, two southerners who attended Vanderbilt when it was still an all-white school taking its first wobbly steps toward integration, both served as editor during their senior years. Alexander, with the encouragement of then-chancellor Harvie Branscomb, who was struggling to convince a reluctant Board of Trust of the need for integration, wrote a series of editorials calling for Vanderbilt to desegregrate—at a time when the majority of the student body and the Student Senate favored preserving the status quo.

"The majority of Vanderbilt students were from the South back then," Alexander remembers. "Desegregation was a very unpopular point of view. I wasn't harassed, but I was considered a troublemaker for raising an issue a lot of people thought I had no business raising. People regarded it as unnecessary, almost impolite."

Blount, whose work for the *Hustler* included a column recounting his experience going on a sit-in with civil rights activist John Lewis, brushes aside any suggestion that *Hustler* editors had a sense of doing something historic. "At that age I figured I'd be doing something historical all my life," he says with characteristic self-effacement. "It was the black kids from Fisk and Atlanta who were making history, sitting at lunch counters and riding buses and getting beat up. There was all sorts of media attention on 'student unrest' as they called it, and the issues of the day were thrashed out on college campuses."

Bridget Kelley, BA'88, now an editor of National Public Radio's *Morning Edition,* sums up her experience as *Hustler* editor this way: "Vanderbilt was becoming a much more diverse institution, and we worked hard at the paper to try to reflect that, to bring in different voices and also to foster a more inclusive spirit at the University. Black students presented a manifesto of demands. There were incidences of anti-semitism. Whether they were done out of maliciousness or ignorance was not clear at the time; the interpretations were very different. Those were important stories for us and important issues for the University. There were students who did not feel as welcome as others at Vanderbilt. If we had a mission or a goal, it was to encourage Vanderbilt as it worked to become a more diverse university. I was proud of the work that we did, the stories that we wrote, and the editorial coverage that we provided."

Former Hustler editor Mary Elson, BA'74, now associate managing editor of features for the Chicago Tribune, recalls the student paper covering controversy over a dance for gay students. "There was a lot of intrigue and a big blow-up with the chancellor involving our reporting. We tried to provide a forum for debate. We were crusaders."

OCTOBER 17, 1958 by Lamar Alexander

Moaning freshman men display an almost unanimous condemnation toward the recent cancellation of the traditional Homecoming pajama parade, a disorganized event which has occurred intermittently in Vandy history as long as members of the present administration can recall. …

Tradition has motivated numerous pajama-clad, song-singing freshman classes to gather at Rand Hall the morning before the Homecoming Game and, with the band and cheerleaders heading the disturbance, descend upon downtown Nashville …

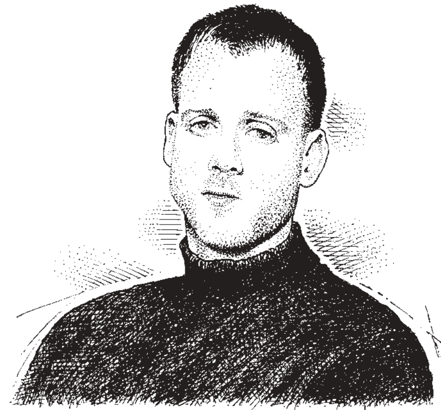
Last year's "harmless tour" included capricious capers such as kidnapping an LSU cheerleader, emblazoning large and beautiful yellow lettering on large and clean plate glass windows, and coasting up and down Fifth Avenue in grocery carts pilfered permanently from a surprised supermarket staff. All of this unscheduled entertainment landed several of the less fleet students in the local police station.

A Century of Sports Writing

From the days of Grantland Rice a hundred years ago up to the present, the *Hustler* has also been known as a training ground for future sports writers. Today former Vanderbilt sports writers occupy the sports desks at papers across the country, including the *New York Times, Washington Post,* the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* and a number of others. Many were drawn to Vanderbilt by what is now known as the Fred Russell-Grantland Rice Scholarship for Sports Journalism. Grantland Rice, a 1901 graduate, was one of the most celebrated sportswriters ever. Fred Russell, a letterman for the Commodore baseball team in 1927, wrote for nearly seven decades with the *Nashville Banner*. His name was added to the scholarship in 1986.

Scholarship recipients include Blount, who early in his career wrote for *Sports Illustrated*; Dave Sheinin, BA'91, who covers the Baltimore Orioles for the *Washington Post*; Lee Jenkins, BA'99, who covers UCLA football and basketball at the *Orange County Register*; and Skip Bayless, BA'74, a nationally syndicated columnist who has written for the *Dallas Morning News*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and now the *San Jose Mercury News*. Tyler Kepner, BA'97, and Buster Olney, BA'88, both cover sports for the *New York Times.* Kepner is beat writer for the New York Yankees; Olney has covered the Mets, Yankees, and now the Giants.

Former *Hustler* sports writers agree that the discipline of churning out articles for a twice-weekly column is good training for a career in journalism. Terry Eastland,



Chris Crain, BA'87

Editorial director and chief operating officer, Window Media

Vanderbilt major: political science and history

***Hustler* editor, 1984-85**

Bridget Kelley, BA'88

Editor, National Public Radio's *Morning Edition*

Vanderbilt majors: English and history

***Hustler* editor, 1986-87**

BA'71, is publisher of *The Weekly Standard.* Eastland became interested in Vanderbilt when a guidance counselor at his Dallas high school told him about the Grantland Rice Scholarship. He subsequently applied for and was a runner-up for the scholarship. Despite not winning, Vanderbilt turned out to be a good choice for him.

"A great liberal arts education is a good education for someone who is interested in being a journalist," Eastland says. "If you're going to a university, you ought to spend your time studying English or political science or history or philosophy or foreign language. Journalism is best learned in terms of technique on the job."

At times, sports writing involves larger questions being debated at the University. Mississippi-born T. Van Magers, BA'66, now an FBI special agent, was a *Hustler* sports editor his last two years at Vanderbilt. Most of the time, he says, "We didn't push the envelope. A lot of our sports stories were rah-rah support-the-team stuff."

But in Magers' senior year, Vanderbilt was attempting to recruit a young African American named Perry Wallace to play basketball. "I told Coach Roy Skinner I wanted to interview Perry for the *Hustler*, and he said he really wished I wouldn't. I told him it was a big story. He said, 'Okay, but don't discuss race.' I said, 'That isn't going to be easy.'"

SEPTEMBER 30, 1960 by Roy Blount

The only place in town where you can get a real coffee-house atmosphere and eighteen kinds of coffee is The Tulip Is Black, a little place established this July on 21st Avenue next to the barbershop by Vanderbilt senior Robert Allen and ex-Vandy student Larry Connatser. … The walls are hung with drawings and paintings; "people come in and hang them up," Allen said. One painting … is the work of Dr. Eugen Biel-Bienne, a Vanderbilt professor. [It] depicted a couple who seemed to be doing something vaguely unwholesome, but who looked neither healthy enough nor close enough together to be doing anything really reprehensible …

Anyone who has a musical instrument … is welcome to entertain, and Allen hopes more Vanderbilt students will come over to pick and/or read [poetry]. … I ordered caffe espresso and rum cake, having some idea what caffe espresso was and being able to pronounce rum cake …

Most of the clientele … looked like the kind of people you would want to be sitting near you in a coffeehouse—authentic-looking, but not way-out. … Allen volunteered the information that "some pretty exotic people" frequent the place. "They're not beatniks, not really crazy, but bohemians," he elucidated. … Allen said only once, when a patron took a swing at a Vanderbilt football player who insulted him, was there any trouble.

Magers interviewed Wallace and wrote about a black man considering Vanderbilt four years after the student body had voted not to admit black students. "I didn't show up at the athletic department after that," he adds.

"A couple weeks later I got a call from Coach Skinner saying Perry Wallace was going to announce his college choice that day. I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and then he added, 'He's coming to Vanderbilt, and he told me your *Hustler* article played a role in his decision.'"

Wallace, of course, went on to enjoy great success in his basketball career and broke down racial barriers at Vanderbilt and elsewhere. Now a law professor at the Washington College of Law of American University, he received Vanderbilt's Bachelor of Ugliness Award, presented annually to the most popular male student.

For Love and Money

All this is not to claim that *Hustler* staffers have such weighty issues as their sole motivation. Lamar Alexander was passionate about the issues of the day, to be sure, but he had another motive as well. Working to pay his $600 a year tuition, not only did he sell cigarettes and magazines and wash dishes, but as *Hustler* editor, he and the business editor were allowed to split any profits.

"The first issue we put out while I was editor was six pages," Alexander recalls. "Aside from a picture of a cheerleader on the front, most of it was ads. Dean Babbitt called me into his office and said, 'Lamar, this isn't exactly what we had in mind for the campus newspaper.'"

"While we were dealing with civil rights issues, we were also dealing with lots of trivial stuff," says Blount. "It was a lot of fun. The *Hustler* offices in those days were in Alumni Hall. I remember one time while I was a junior and Lamar Alexander was editor, we were there putting the paper to bed. Lamar had come back from a tour of Latin America during the summer and written a column called 'Joe College Meets José Collegio.' He had heard all these revolutionary speeches, and he went out on the little balcony of Alumni Hall and harangued the campus in Spanish."

Student journalists can also be given to flights of fancy on the printed page. "I remember once I put a story about a Phi Psi falling out the window on the front page because I thought it would be cool to use the word 'defenestrate' in a headline," says Crain. "The Greek students felt we were always running negative things about them," he adds.

For some *Hustler* staffers, late nights and countless hours spent working on the paper have led to romance. "There was a lot of socializing as well as journalism," recalls Elson, who was the first female *Hustler* editor (except for World War II, when a woman briefly filled the role while the men were away). "It was a magical combination of things. The kids who worked on the paper were bright and funny and creative. There was a real sense of camaraderie, both intellectual and social. We had the craziest printing operation which involved going to Murfreesboro twice a week. We would be there all night long, then come back and eat at the Campus Grill. There was a famous waitress there named Roxy who knew all our orders by heart."

Her senior year, Elson married another staffer, John Bloom, BA'74, who had come to Vanderbilt on a Grantland Rice Scholarship and went on to write movie reviews as Joe Bob Briggs and host his own cable television series. Elson and Bloom were also friends with Skip Bayless, who was *Hustler* sports editor.

"Skip has become kind of famous as a sports journalist. John and I divorced after a couple of years, and John has become something of a celebrity. Skip and I always joke that we get calls asking to be interviewed about John even now—25 years later, we're still all glued together because of our *Hustler* experience."

Mention staff romances to today's *Hustler* staffers, however, and they're likely to wrinkle their noses. "We've had some staff members who've dated, but some breakups are bad and you wouldn't want to be in the same office with that person 15 hours a day," says Whatley. "We're together so much it would be kind of like dating your brother or sister. We even have a term for it—Hustlercest."

AUGUST 7, 1973 by Mary Elson

The reaction of college students to Watergate has been less than tumultuous. In fact, it would be hard to characterize any overt display of concern that has surfaced in their ranks—a striking departure from past organized protestations against governmental fiddlings.

Probably the closest assessment is, on the one side, an aloof I-told-you-so gaze by those who were convinced Nixon never was the one, along with an indulgent snicker at the adults squirming over the accountability of a prime leader in their moral camp.

On the other side is a sober, somewhat sheepish retreat by the once wildly ecstatic group who overwhelmingly gave Nixon their all in the November presidential election.

Both reactions are dangerous, because both signify a belief that students really don't have to worry about Watergates until they step through the shell of university life into the real world outside.

Sam Feist, BA'91

Executive producer, CNN's *Crossfire*

Vanderbilt major: political science

Hustler political columnist, 1990-91

Jennifer Whatley, BA'02

Vanderbilt major:
English and art history

Hustler editor, Spring 2000–Fall 2001

Emily Abbott, BA'03

Vanderbilt major: English

Hustler editor, Spring 2002

The *Hustler* in 2002

Today's *Hustler* editors are selected for one-semester posts, which gives Peabody students who do senior internships a shot at being editor. Often editors reapply and serve as editor for more than one semester, however.

Both Abbott and Whatley are English majors, but the *Hustler* also attracts students from a wide spectrum of majors and from all four of Vanderbilt's undergraduate schools—Arts and Science, Peabody, Engineering and Blair. Though the *Hustler* mirrors newspaper editorial staffs in most of the country in being overwhelmingly white, its advertising staff for 2001-2002 included African American, Chinese, Indian and Pakistani students. Two of its business managers in the last five years have been African American women.

Online capabilities have also brought changes, for good or ill. Most communications between *Hustler* staff members now take place via e-mail. "Our Web presence has become increasingly important," says Abbott. "It enables us to be a part of Viewwire, a wire service that allows other publications to pick up our articles and get Vanderbilt's name out there. It also enables alumni and parents to see the paper. People in Vanderbilt student government check the *Hustler* as soon as it goes up online to see if there's anything about their organizations in there."

The *Hustler*'s Web site is also interactive. "After we ran a negative review about a country singer and his fan club found out about it, our Web page was flooded with comments, some of them threatening," Abbott adds. "The Web has caused people who would never have thought of the *Vanderbilt Hustler* to get mad at us or praise us."

Today, as ever, editors can differ from the student body in what they view as priorities for the University. And emotions about Greek coverage can still run high. Earlier this year, after the *Hustler* ran an opinion piece calling for the elimination of the Greek system, says Abbott, "We received a dozen letters in response the first day and probably more than 30 letters in a two-week span. But our coverage of incidents of racist graffiti got only two letters. Sections of the campus were being threatened by the acts of a coward, and I thought the best way to get rid of that would be peer pressure from the community saying, 'We're not going to have this in our community.' But the response from students was disappointing."

Chris Carroll, director of student media for Vanderbilt Student Communications Inc., is one of three advisers for VSC, which encompasses eight organizations including the *Hustler*, WRVU Radio and *Versus*. VSC was formed in 1967 when University officials sought to separate student media from the regular departmental structure at Vanderbilt in order to limit liability. A former journalist, Carroll just finished a term as president of College Media Advisers, an association of about 750 advisers to colleges and universities in the U.S. and Canada.

"Vanderbilt's student journalists don't approach their jobs like those I've seen at some student papers where their biggest splash is whatever dirt they dig up for the sake of sensationalism. Vanderbilt students have a sense of community—they want to do things that somehow better the environment here. When they look at things like the restructuring of student life or diversity issues, it's with genuine interest, not just a knee-jerk reaction."

The downside, Carroll maintains, is that they reflect the student body's overall emphasis on conformity. "For the most part Vanderbilt students don't challenge or question. They may shy away from covering something if they're afraid they'll upset people or they'll go too far or it's none of their business. I tell them, 'If you don't, who will?'"

SEPTEMBER 7, 1990 by Sam Feist

I am white, I'm blue-eyed, I'm blond-haired; I look every bit the part of a conservative Vanderbilt student. But I am also a Jew.

I am doubtful I could be accepted at Belle Meade or any number of other clubs. Is it because they are church groups? I don't think so. They are simply organizations which have never had the courage to change the way that things have always been. People who consider the status quo acceptable are cowards and hypocrites—hypocrites unless they come right out and admit they are prejudiced and anti-Semitic.

In am optimistic that our generation will be the one to push for change. These country clubs have continued to operate as if there was never a civil rights movement at all. Change must come; there are people in almost every club who want things to be different. It is these people who must continue to stand up for what they believe and fight for change.

The Thrill of Being at the Center

We made lots of mistakes doing the *Hustler*, certainly, and we made people mad, too," Kelley reflects. "We had occasional run-ins with student government, with faculty, and with administration. One thing that hasn't changed for me is the thrill of being in the center of the story and tracking developments and communicating information in a clear and accurate and concise way."

Sam Feist, BA'91, worked on the *Hustler* from his first semester on, and during his senior year, as political columnist, wrote a series of editorials addressing issues of race and condemning Vanderbilt's willingness to have a trustee who belonged to a country club that excluded members from certain racial and religious groups.

Now, as executive producer for CNN's *Crossfire,* Feist still enjoys being at the center of the day's most important issues. "I think we did an excellent job of covering the news at Vanderbilt, and it gave me a great foundation for a journalism career," says Feist. In hiring producers at CNN, Feist confesses to having a bias toward people with a liberal arts background.

"Journalism is about writing and editing," he says. "Journalists by nature have to know a little about everything—science, history, politics. I can teach someone about writing for television, but I can't educate them about the world."

"Vanderbilt was an incredible background because the English department was without peer," says Enfield "Flicky" Ford, BA'50, former director of corporate creative services for Time-Warner Inc. As *Hustler* cartoonist, Ford created a character named Danny Mite, a play on the old fight song "Dynamite."

Ford has spent his entire career in publishing, both on the visual and editorial sides. He was on the launch team for both *People* magazine and Home Box Office. As the veteran of many changes in publishing, he remains an optimist about the future of print.

"Newspapers today are suffering, of course," Ford observes. "People are not reading as much; they're watching instead. But there will always be a need to read. We need the contemplation value of print, and the use of language in print."

And there will always be those who want to provide it, Ford says. "The business of writing and illustrating is right in front of you. You're only as good as the next thing you turn out. You can't rest on your laurels. It's a new day and a blank piece of paper every day."

"My favorite job ever was being editor of the *Hustler*," says Crain. "It was a great group of people who could ask tough questions of people in authority and feel they were being taken seriously and could make a difference. I loved walking around the Wall and seeing people reading the *Hustler* on Tuesday and Friday. I felt I was helping them know what was going on around them. I have an emotional reaction just thinking about it."

"Sometimes I wish I had a weekly newspaper now and had to fill half of it every Wednesday night," Blount says, "but I think I'm too tired now." **V**

Gaynelle Doll is the associate editor of this magazine.

The Mystery of the REED

By Bonnie Arant Ertelt

It is said that oboe players are crazy. Just ask an oboist—they're the ones who say it most often. And the source of their craziness is their obsession with their reeds.

"It's like splitting diamonds," says Bobby Taylor, associate professor of oboe. "A really good oboe reed tip is thinner than three hundredths of a millimeter. Research has been done that compares the reeds of some famous oboe players, and every one of them uses reeds that have tips measuring one hundredth of a millimeter. A reed that thin produces a very warm sound with smooth tonal quality. But making a reed that thin is really hard to do. The next step beyond one hundredth of a millimeter is zero, so as you finish scraping a reed, you are very close to ruining it. On the other hand, if you stop too soon, you make a reed that functions, but does not have the right sound. This may explain our obsession with reeds."

In an effort to understand more about the sound they want from their oboes, their reeds, and to better know the cane used to make reeds, Taylor and four of his students—Somerlie Aston, '01, Kristin Cameron, '02, Robert Boxie, '02, and Jennifer Bernard, '03—traveled to France last summer for 17 days to work with John DeLancie and Wayne Rapier, two oboists known for their playing and their association with Marcel Tabuteau, the "father" of American oboe playing.

"Tabuteau was a real innovator in oboe playing," says Taylor. "He came here from France to play with the Philadelphia Orchestra with ideas of his own and started experimenting with a different way to make reeds. Now almost every American oboe player, with very few exceptions, is either a student of Tabuteau or a student of one of his students."

"The quality of the oboe sound is comprised of several things," says Taylor. "The way the reed is made, how much of the reed is in your mouth when you play, and how much lip pressure or biting is applied to the reed. The idea is never to force the sound. You want it to sing. A free, unencumbered sound with the oboe is a beautiful thing; it's what we're all striving for."

While helping the younger oboists prepare for orchestral auditions was one aspect of the workshops in France, another was to study and research the cane used for woodwind reeds by visiting where it's grown and interviewing those who grow and sell it. Workshop participants traveled from Paris to Toulon on the southern coast of France, where almost all of the cane used for reeds is grown. Why this location? Cane is grown all over the world at the same latitude, but the climate, the soil, and the relationship between the Mediterranean Sea and the *mistral* winds offer a combination of elements not found in other parts of the world.

"One of the growers there, Madame Duchin, said that the cane has to suffer," Taylor explains. "She says it's better if it doesn't get quite enough rain or it's subjected to the mistral wind that blows from the Mediterranean. But every piece of cane is different."

The process of reedmaking for oboists is complicated and involves equipment with names like gougers, splitters, planers, shapers and guillotines. In order to both make the reed and later to play it, the cane first has to be soaked. Taylor starts with a segment of tube cane. At this point, it's not very far from having just been cut from the field.

"You take a piece of tube cane and split it into three pieces with the splitter, which is like an arrowhead," explains Taylor. "Then you cut it to a very precise length on the guillotine. After that you plane it to change it from a curved piece to one that's absolutely flat on top.

"Next, you take the shaper and shape it by folding it in half, then put it on the shaper tip and carve it down with a razor blade so that it has a tapered shape." After shaping, the reed is tied on to a silver tube with nylon string, and fitted into the oboe with an airtight seal of cork.

"When you tie on the reed, you also have to make a good airtight seal, because if the reed leaks, you can't use it. It's too unpredictable."

Taylor estimates that he makes about four or five reeds every week, tailoring each reed to the demands of the pieces he's scheduled to play. At this point in his career, he thinks he spends more time making reeds than actually practicing.

"It's such a tricky process," he says, "but if you have a good reed, life is good." ▼

Bonnie Arant Ertelt is the Arts & Culture editor of this magazine.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRAKE

Oboist Bobby Taylor planes a piece of cane, one step in creating a reed.

The Arts & Culture

"**It's a flirtation with moving** *between the sexes to explore ideas of Freud regarding our male and female selves.*" —MARK HOSFORD

"Along the Michigan Road," by Diane Tesler.

VISUAL ARTS: **The Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery** opened its summer exhibition on June 18 with **The Artist Revealed: Portraits from the Collection of Peter Paone and Alma Alabilikian.** Paone, an artist who teaches at the Pennsylvania Academy of Art, and his wife, Alabalikian, an architect, chose 30 photographs from their collection of artist portraits for this exhibit that originated at the Ben Shahn Galleries at William Paterson University in New Jersey. Portraits included Gilberte Brassai's 1932 photo of Pablo Picasso, Philippe Halsman's surreal 1951 portrait of Salvador Dali in top hat and tails, Henri Cartier-Bresson's 1944 shot of Henri Matisse, and Arnold Newman's 1942 photo of Max Ernst. Photographs by Hans Namuth of Elaine and Willem de Kooning, one taken in 1953 and one in 1989, subtly reveal both the physical and psychological changes that transpired during those 36 years.

Portrait of Max Ernst by Arnold Newman.

Painter **Diane Tesler** used to live near two fields of abandoned cars and trucks on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. One day, she went out into one of the junkyards with a sketchbook. "What I found there has remained a constant in my work ever since: the power of light to reveal the form and beauty of the discarded." Tesler's oils were shown at Sarratt Gallery from June 10 to July 10.

Mark Hosford, senior lecturer in art and art history, showed prints, drawings, and animation in his one-man show **Sugar Boy and Other Delights** as part of Cheekwood's Temporary Contemporary series, June 9 through July 28. Hosford's work combines a "personal narration of my views of society mixed with issues of gender and sexuality. . . . It's in part a flirtation with moving back and forth between the sexes to explore ideas of Freud, among others, regarding our male and female selves."

Scroll #4 from "The Sugarboy Scrolls."

A crass clown from the inflated sculptures of Pat Oleszko.

NEIL BRAKE

The work of New York artist, performer and filmmaker **Pat Oleszko** was exhibited in the Sarratt Gallery at Vanderbilt from April 17 through May 24. Her exhibit, **The Errant Space Museum: A Compendium of Crass Clowns and Fools of Hot Air from Oleszko's Inflated Sense of Self,** featured inflated sculptures ranging from outlandish costumes to oddball characters. The exhibit opened with a reception on April 17 that included a short performance piece by Oleszko called "Roamin Holiday: A View from a Broad" that featured over-the-top costumes and props.

Q&A

Donna Glassford, **director of the Office of Cultural Enrichment, Vanderbilt University Medical Center**

DANA JOHNSON

"THE MOST IMPORTANT EXPERIENCE I've had that relates to my position was being a patient in a hospital bed. I learned that the smallest kindness has an enormous impact."

Q: *Who benefits from arts programs in hospitals?*

A: The arts in healthcare benefit all members of the healthcare community because as a result of these programs, the medical center environment is softened and made less stressful. For example, when our harpist plays in the neonatal nursery, the baby is not only soothed, but also the baby's parents and attending medical staff.

Q: *What kind of physiological effects are triggered by exposure to the arts?*

A: Music has been convincingly shown by recent research to reduce pain, relieve stress, improve mood, and make difficult medical procedures more tolerable. Visual art has been studied less but appears to work in a similar fashion.

Q: *How do the arts contribute to our compassion for others?*

A: When an artist, musician, or poet presents his or her work to an audience, an exchange takes place intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually between the creator and the recipient. Within the context of healthcare, the artist sharing a special talent intends to make people feel better both emotionally and physically. When that intent is realized, some kind of intimate connection is established. You could call it compassion.

Q: *How does being at the Medical Center affect your own work as a painter and sculptor?*

A: My themes have evolved into personal narratives, and the colors are brighter. My mentor, Louise Calvin, passed away recently and left me her sculpture tools. I believe this to be a big nudge from her to start carving again, and so I will.

DAVID CRENSHAW

MUSIC:

Ballet Mécanique by George Antheil caused near-riots when it premiered in Paris in 1925. Employing an arsenal of piano and percussion instruments and introducing silences as music, the piece was shocking. The **Blair Concert Series** presented the piece this spring using four pianists—**Amy Dorfman**, associate professor of piano; **Melissa Rose**, assistant professor of piano; Maria Gall, BMus'02, and Curtis Sydnor, BMus'02—and eight percussionists—including **Bill Wiggins**, assistant professor of percussion; Adam Bernick, BMus'02; and Blair students Danna Buchanon; Travis Norvell; and Lin Ong—one of whom operated a soundtrack featuring sounds of airplanes and other urban delights such as car horns and anvils. It comprised the second half of a program that also featured the music of BMI Composer-in-Residence William Bolcom.

In April, **John Kochanowski**, associate professor of viola, in only his second solo recital since joining the Blair String Quartet in 1987, presented two acknowledged masterpieces and a third destined to become one as **Mark Wait**, dean of the Blair School of Music, joined him for Bach's Cello Suite no. 4 in E-flat Major, Brahms' Sonata Opus 120 in F Minor, and the world premiere of Sonata for Viola and Piano by Blair composer **Michael Kurek**, associate professor of composition.

NEIL BRAKE
International Fiddle School

Some of the best fiddle players alive were on hand at the Blair School of Music, July 28-August 3 to conduct the first **International Fiddle School**. Crystal Plohman, veteran performer and director of the fiddling program at Blair, invited the internationally acclaimed Vassar Clements, along with Mark Wood, Daniel Carwile, Buddy Spicher, Randy Elmore, and others to perform and teach classes in celtic, bluegrass, Texas swing, jazz, country, old-time, and rock.

Violinist, fiddler, and composer **Mark O'Connor** returned to Nashville for three concerts July 3-5 to record a live album at Blair's Ingram Hall. Joining him onstage were bassist Byron House, guitarist Bryan Sutton, and Chris Thile of the band Nickel Creek, who is widely regarded as one of the finest mandolin players in the world. O'Connor, who is now based in San Diego, California, started the fiddling program at the Blair School, and continues to work with Blair's Edgar Meyer and internationally-renowned cellist Yo-Yo Ma on such Grammy-winning recordings as *Appalachian Journey*.

DANCE:

In late April, **Sankofa** the Blair School of Music's African Performing Ensemble, participated in a multimedia celebration of life as the finale of "Learning from Africa: AIDS, Religion, and Society," a symposium featuring Ugandan AIDS activist Noelina Namukisa. The six-day event, called "Meeting Point: Vanderbilt," inaugurated a cross-cultural dialogue on health care issues.

ACCOLADES

Daniel Bernard Roumain, BMus'93, premiered two new works in New York City in June. The Saint Luke's Chamber Ensemble gave the world premiere of *Fast-BLACK-Dance-Machine* at the Dia Center for the Arts as part of their Second Helpings Series, and the Brooklyn Youth Chorus gave the New York premiere of *What We Are* at Saint Charles Borromeo Church in Brooklyn Heights with Roumain as pianist. His *Voodoo Violin Concerto no. 1* premiered in May at The Kitchen with Roumain as solo violinist. September will see the premiere of *Human Songs and Stories for Orchestra, Narrator, and the People* by the San Antonio Symphony with NBA star David Robinson as narrator, and in December, Roumain will perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Café.

Grupo Corpo presents Brazilian culture as complex, integrated, and aesthetically singular.

Grupo Corpo Brazilian Dance Theatre performed as part of Vanderbilt's Great Performances series in the spring. Founded in 1975 by brothers Rodrigo and Paulo Pederneiras, who serve as head choreographer and artistic director, the company's unique style of dancing blends Afro-Brazilian, classical ballet, and Western theatrical dance. Known for its authenticity and sincere attempts to present Brazilian culture as complex, integrated, and aesthetically singular, the group incorporates 20 dancers and performs regularly in Brazil and throughout the world.

UPCOMING

DANCE

Marie Chouinard, a French Canadian from Montreal, is an exceptional artist driven by an invigorating, avant-garde approach to dance. **Compagnie Marie Chouinard** will perform her "24 Preludes by Chopin," a jubilant work that melds music and dance on October 3 at Ingram Hall.

THEATRE

VUT will present Tony Kushner's adaptation of S. Ansky's ***A Dybbuk*** in conjunction with the opening of the new Hillel Center for Jewish Life October 4-6 and 10-12. Kushner is the winner of the Pulitzer Prize, two Tony Awards, and two Drama Desk Awards, among others, for his groundbreaking play, *Angels in America: A Gay Fantasia on National Themes.* He is the recipient of a medal for cultural achievement from the National Foundation for Jewish Culture.

VISUAL ARTS

Whether symbolizing social status, ethnicity or commitment, jewelry tells a story. Utilizing jewelry's symbolic power, artist Brad Bartlett presents narratives that employ metaphors alluding to love, loss, and a search for one's identity in **Defining Narrative**, a mixed media exhibit opening November 5 at Sarratt Gallery.

MUSIC

For the past twenty-five years composer **John Luther Adams** has made his home in the boreal forest near Fairbanks, Alaska. From there he has created a unique musical world grounded in the elemental landscapes and indigenous cultures of the North. "As a composer in the far North, I hope to make music that belongs here, somewhat like the plants and birds . . . music that somehow resonates with all this space and silence, cold and stone, wind, fire, and ice." Adams is BMI Composer-in-Residence at the Blair School in November, and his work will be featured in concert at Turner Hall, November 11.

Assassins

THEATRE:

When Steven Sondheim's musical **Assassins** premiered Off-Broadway at Playwrights Horizons in December 1990, it sold out its run of 73 performances. Despite Sondheim's reputation, however, the musical never made the transition to a larger hall. In April, **Vanderbilt University Theatre** presented this controversial work that some consider one of the great musicals of the last fifty years. Dealing with the assassins who have attempted to take the life of the most powerful man in the United States—the President—the play humanizes them, using these vilified and ostracized figures to explore the dark side of American life: the sufferings of the have-nots in a land where everyone is promised life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The **Actors Bridge Ensemble**, a professional company based at Saint Augustine's Chapel on the Vanderbilt campus, presented **The Laramie Project** by Moises Kaufman and the Tectonic Theater Project, July 19-21 and 25-28 at Darkhorse Theatre in Nashville. The play focuses on the brutal murder of Matthew Sheppard and its impact on the people of Laramie, Wyoming.

BOOKS & WRITERS:

Four award-winning authors were featured at Vanderbilt's spring writers symposium. **Our Favorite Year: A Celebration of Nashville Writers** included John Egerton, Ann Patchett, Alice Randall, and Diann Blakely. Egerton, winner of the John F. Kennedy Book Award and the Southern Book Critics Award in 1995 for *Speak Now Against the Day: The Generation Before the Civil Rights Movement*, most recently coedited *Nashville: An American Self-Portrait*. Patchett is the author of the novels *The Patron Saint of Liars*, *Taft*, *The Magician's Assistant*, and *Bel Canto*, which was a finalist for this year's National Book Critics Circle Award and won the PEN/Faulkner Award. Randall overcame an injunction earlier this year brought by the estate of Margaret Mitchell to publish her satire *The Wind Done Gone*, which went on to become a best seller. Blakely, MA'80, is the author of the poetry collections *Hurricane Walk* and *Farewell, My Lovelies*. Her current book, *Cities of Flesh and the Dead*, to be published by Story Line Press, received the Poetry Society of America's di Castagnola Award in 2001.

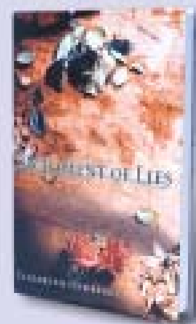
Blakely

ACCOLADES

Sacrament of Lies by Elizabeth Dewberry, '83

"Dewberry manages to sustain a high level of suspense about what's real and what's not in this imaginatively conceived story about the social dynamics in a rich and powerful but woefully unstable family."

—The New York Times



Written in a fluid and dramatic interior monologue, *Sacrament of Lies* explores how some families nurture cruel secrets at the expense of truth and redefine love in attempts to accommodate evil. A kind of modern day Hamlet with the genders reversed, the book is taut, atmospheric, and filled with intrigue.

OPERA:

This spring, the **Vanderbilt Opera Theatre**, with music by the **Vanderbilt University Orchestra**, performed ***Gianni Schicci***, Puccini's only comedy, staging it in a 1940s Mafioso-style setting that brought out the deception, treachery, greed, and avarice of a family trying to outwit—and outlast—each other for the wealth of their recently departed relative. With stage direction by Gayle Shay, assistant professor of voice; music direction by David Childs, assistant professor of choral studies; costumes by Rowena Aldridge; and lighting and set design by Tony Award-winning Franne Lee; the production was the first fully-staged opera in the Blair School's Ingram Hall.

NEIL BRAKE

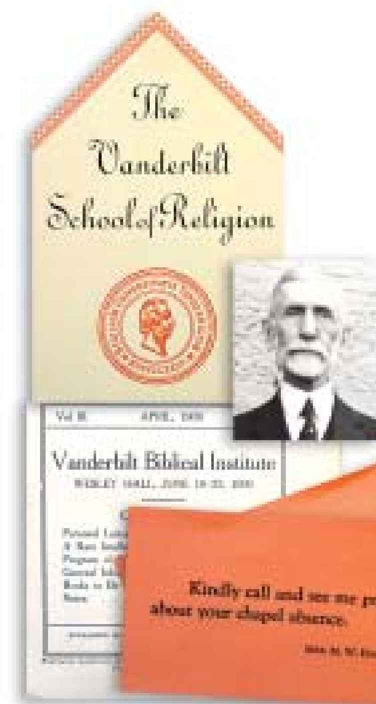
Vanderbilt Opera Theatre performs Puccini's Gianni Schicci.

HUMANITIES:

An interdisciplinary graduate colloquium, **Limits of the Past: The Human Sciences and the Turn to Memory** welcomed presenters from 28 universities to campus in April. Focusing on memory studies, one of the most exciting areas of humanistic inquiry to emerge over the past 20 years, 38 scholars discussed topics such as problems of memory work in post-war Germany; memory and the unbearable; civic memories and collective pasts in early-modern England; memory as muse; memory and identity; and nostalgia, trauma, and race. The colloquium was cosponsored by the Robert Penn Warren Center for the Humanities, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Graduate School, the Department of History, and the American and Southern Studies Program

Marching Toward Justice: History of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution, an 800 square foot paneled exhibit, featured photographs, drawings, and reproductions of documents highlighting the quest of African Americans for equality under American law. Covering aspects from slavery and black soldiers in the Civil War to the Emancipation Proclamation and the ratification of the 14th Amendment in 1868, the exhibit's stop in Nashville was a cooperative effort of Vanderbilt with the Nashville Public Library in conjunction with Wayne State University. It was on display at the downtown branch of the library through Sept. 16.

Vanderbilt Divinity School: Education, Contest, and Change, an exhibit in the Special Collections Gallery this summer, documented the history of the Divinity School, which started as one of the primary departments of the University and has since grown into one of the premier theological schools in the nation. The exhibit coincided with the publication of a history of the Divinity School published this year by Vanderbilt University Press. On June 23, a panel discussion moderated by Dale Johnson, professor of church history at Vanderbilt Divinity School and editor of the book, featured many of the book's contributors.



The Divinity School collection chronicles the history of the school.

S.P.O.V.*

*Student Point of View

Violence and the Need to Belong

Reflections one year after September 11. By Samar Ali, '03

Those who can accept their diversity fully will hand on the torch between communities and cultures, will be a kind of mortar joining together and strengthening the societies in which they live.

—Amin Maalouf,
In the Name of Identity: Violence and the Need to Belong

Almost an entire year has passed since the horrific, indescribably painful day of September 11, 2001. So much has happened since that morning, and nearly everyone has been touched in some way by those terrible events and their aftermath. Even the most passive observer is now acutely aware of the nature of the world in which we live: no longer can something happen oceans away and not affect a person living on the other side of the globe. We have reached a point in time where the world is a smaller place, one to be shared. The very idea of isolationism has now become one buried with the past and left as a joke for the future.

NEIL BRAKE

The events of September 11 aroused many different actions and feelings, and for many provided an opportunity for self-evaluation through reflection. Many people have began to ask themselves important questions: How did we reach this point? Can we responsibly handle this new age into which we have rapidly fallen?"

This summer I was fortunate enough to be able to carry out my own self-reflection not only in the United States, but in the Middle East and Europe as well. While many thought me insane for going to the Middle East after September 11, I considered it a unique opportunity, for nothing can replace a better understanding of life through first-hand experience. Thus, as I traveled from Vanderbilt to Egypt to Jordan and then to England, I began to learn what no textbook could teach me.

If there was one common thread I continued to observe in these different countries—besides the fact that dehumanization exists on all sides—it was the emphasis everybody placed on the words and actions from the United States. Not a single day passed without everyone stopping to watch the news and hear what President George W. Bush said in his speeches and how that related to their lives. Although I have been to the Middle East many times before, this time I realized more than ever how much attention is placed on Americans, the important role we play in the world and the responsibility we carry with us whether we like it or not. For example, even my 12-year- old cousin told me that she had been studying the effects of September 11 in her Jordanian school on a weekly basis. I did not walk into a single house without someone asking me how I felt on September 11, and then sharing his or her thoughts on the situation.

I wish I could have taken all of America with me. In late June as I was walking down the famous, crowded Cairo market street known as Khan Khalili, I had to pinch myself to remember that I was walking the streets of Egypt, just miles away from the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx. I had just stepped off the plane the day before and was full of excitement, as I always am when I am embarking upon a new adventure. For those of you who have traveled, I am sure you will agree that part of the thrill is never knowing what awaits you or what discoveries you will make during your journey.

My own first discovery was that Khan Khalili is your typical Arab marketplace, filled with the smell of Arab sweets and freshly baked bread, the sounds of eager street vendors and tough customers, and the sight of crowded shops piled on top of one another—with each one selling the same thing. For a second, I thought I was back in my mother's hometown of Damascus, world-renowned for its markets as well. The only differences between these shops and the average American flea market were the bargaining tactics; the people are as normal as any you would find anywhere. They are people trying to make a living for their families, people who like to laugh and strive for a good life. They are not people who are sitting around all day plotting the destruction of the United States of America.

Upon seeing this, I felt terribly saddened to know that after September 11, more people than ever before have come to associate the Arab or Muslim identity with terrorism. We should keep in mind that simplistic, vilifying stereotypes are a catalyst for disaster. While it is true that many people have worked to increase their own knowledge and awareness of other faiths and cultures, I still too often hear dehumanizing quotes, such as this one from a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission: "If there is another terrorist attack on the United States, and they come from the same ethnic group that attacked the World Trade Center, you can forget about civil rights. Not too many people will be crying in their beer if there are more detentions, stops, profiling; rather there will be a groundswell of public opinion to banish civil rights." There is still some question about whether or not this was the view of the official. But after hearing them, one must ask how educated people could think that the answer to extremism is extremism.

NATALIE COX

As long as this mentality survives, we must step up our battle against undemocratic thoughts wrapped in ignorance and combined with hatred. It is at times like these when we should remember how Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the 19th century, stated that he was founding Vanderbilt in order to "contribute to strengthening the ties which should exist between all sections of our common country."

We have the responsibility to be constructively critical citizens, not silent spectators, when confronted with uninformed malice. There is no time for passiveness or complacency. We must maintain faith in our democratic ideals, recognizing their value not only in preserving the essence of our own great nation but also in their potential to affect so many others around the globe. Furthermore, as members of the Vanderbilt community, we should continually take the knowledge we gain inside and outside the classroom and apply it to make the international system in which we operate a more cohesive one—one that is steadily distancing itself from saturation with discrimination and oppressed voices. Of course, nobody has ever said that this task would be easy, but it is certainly better than the alternative.

As American college students and graduates, we have been exposed to an environment in which we are accustomed to discussing ideas openly and searching for our own truth without fear lurking in the background. I am reminded now of the Arab proverb which states, "Fear not the path of truth for the lack of people walking upon it." In a sense, higher education promotes patriotism in that we do not blindly follow, but rather strive to lead and improve our society by strengthening its positive attributes and feeling empowered to change the negative ones. Vanderbilt provides an incomparable atmosphere for this, one that I know I will miss once I have graduated. I have frequently witnessed the triumph of this environment in leading people who may have entered Vanderbilt with a closed mind to leave with an open one. This is, after all, what a true college education is all about. Teaching students to formulate their own ideas while still being tolerant of diverse opinions and beliefs brings us all closer to a calmer globalized society. Vanderbilt can thus serve as an example for all by continuing to fight for equal opportunities and to listen to every student in a spirit of growth and open communication.

As a Vanderbilt student, traveler, and human being, I understood this year how crucial it is for every person to play her or his own productive role with pride and without adding to the formula of xenophobia. We must will ourselves to rise above the dangers of simplification and stereotypes, and not be afraid to speak out against ignorance. If we truly want to win the war against terrorism, we will not succumb to the same practices by which terrorists operate and thrive. Instead, individual by educated individual, we will direct our efforts to help ease the world's conscience.

Samar Ali, an Arab-American Muslim, is an Arts & Sciences senior majoring in political science.

A.P.O.V.*

*Alumni Point of View

Coming of Age

How a product of the segregated South became an advocate for change. By John Sergent, BA'63, MD'66

In the late fall of 1961, I was a member of the Vanderbilt Student Senate, and presented a resolution proposing that the Student Senate recommend to the University's Board of Trust that Vanderbilt should accept "qualified Negro applicants" into the University. Vanderbilt, like almost every other school in the South, was not integrated except in the Divinity School and one or two other graduate programs.

This was a period of fairly extreme student apathy, in which the usual Student Senate debate would relate to something like one-way streets behind some of the sorority houses. However, after the resolution was presented, there was a sudden change in the mood of the campus. Lamar Alexander, then the editor of *The Hustler*, supported the resolution, as did Roy Blount, Jr., now a nationally known humorist and writer.

NEIL BRAKE

Before going further into a discussion of the events that followed the submission of that resolution to the Student Senate, a little background is in order. I attended Frankfort High School in Frankfort, Kentucky, and we desegregated in the fall of 1956, my sophomore year. Although Frankfort was never a hotbed of Ku Klux Klan activity, we did have an event that made us all aware of the fact that desegregation was not going to be painless. Our first football game that year was the Friday night before the school year actually started, and there was a lot of interest in the fact that we had several black football players, including two on the starting team, a halfback and a fullback.

The football field in Frankfort is located on the banks of the Kentucky River, and there is a hill right behind the field. When we went out for the pre-game warm-up it was still daylight, and nothing unusual happened. We then went back into the fieldhouse for the pre-game pep talk, and when we came back out it was dark and the lights were on. As we ran onto the field we all saw a large cross burning on the hill behind the stands. A total of three crosses were burned during that game, with one always in flames.

On the field, however, we didn't pay much attention to the crosses. Kermit Williams, the black starting halfback, weighed about 150 pounds and was fast as lightning. Kermit scored two of our three touchdowns to bring Frankfort a 21-20 victory. There is a picture of all of the team carrying Kermit off the field on our shoulders, with a cross burning in the background. It was published in a national magazine, *Life*, as I recall.

We had some minor incidents in high school, but essentially the next three years were uneventful as far as race relations were concerned. Those were the years of Sputnik and fallout shelters and the "crisis" in American education that had allowed the Russians to get ahead. We did read about problems in school desegregation in other parts of the country, but in Frankfort we seemed to get along just fine.

I had always planned on becoming a doctor, and when I received a scholarship to Vanderbilt my college selection process was over. In 1959-60, my freshman year, the Lawson story erupted, but I had issues of my own to deal with. I had just joined a fraternity and was involved in a couple of extra-curricular activities. All in all I was as happy as I had ever been. I saw the pickets around Kirkland Hall, and I read about the turmoil in the Divinity School along with the Department of Medicine and various other departments in the University, but managed mostly to put it out of my mind. Even in late-night bull sessions in the dorm, when the topic would come up I would usually be sympathetic but didn't really want to talk about it. Mostly, I wanted the issue to go away so that I could get back to having a great time in college.

However, it didn't go away. Around the South schools were being desegregated by court order, often violently, and a few colleges had voluntarily opened their doors to black students. Nashville had become the center for national training for students in sit-in demonstrations as well as what would become the Freedom Rides. Nashville's two newspapers, *The Tennessean* and the now defunct *Banner*, took polar-opposite positions, with *The Tennessean* proposing racial conciliation and integration and the *Banner* staunchly opposing it. Complicating this was the fact that the publisher of the *Banner*, James Stahlman, was a very prominent and generous member of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust.

All of this meant that integration had gradually gone from one of a number of topics to just about the only topic whenever political discussions occurred. I found myself increasingly a focus of interest and sometimes antagonism, primarily because I had attended an integrated school and told my friends that it was no big deal.

I was also a member of the Vanderbilt debate team and had the opportunity to travel to a number of other institutions and meet with students from all over the country. It was increasingly apparent that the segregated schools of the South simply were at a huge disadvantage when trying to present themselves as important national institutions. Then of course there is the moral issue. While the opponents of desegregation often talked about the Southern way of life, the potential loss of alumni contributions, and so forth, it was clear that there was absolutely no moral justification for Vanderbilt continuing to be a segregated school.

I remember when I made the decision to present the resolution to the Student Senate. My girlfriend (who has now been my wife for 38 years), and I had been studying in the library one night, and we went over to the long-since-closed Flaming Steer on West End Avenue for a snack. Without warning, over a cheeseburger and french fries, I told her what I was going to do. I think I just wanted to be sure that at least one friend would stick by me. Needless to say, she did.

NATALIE COX

The weeks before the vote in the Student Senate were a time of intense politicking. I had a sheet that I was keeping on the probable votes, and it was obvious that it was going to be extremely close. After a prolonged debate in an overheated room in Alumni Hall, it finally came to a vote. We lost by one vote, with two friends I had counted on going against the resolution, primarily because their constituents had opposed it. I immediately proposed that we have a student body-wide referendum, and the Senate supported this unanimously. A date was set for a week later.

During the next several days I met with any group that would sit still for a while, trying to persuade people to vote for the referendum. These included fraternity and sorority houses, dorm meetings, and lots of table talk in the Commodore Room. The highlight of that period was a debate in Alumni Hall in which Roy Blount and I represented the pro-integration side. Neely Auditorium was packed and included a few professors from Fisk University and Tennessee State University. After the debate some of the professors came up and shook hands with Roy and me, and I remember Roy saying afterwards that was the first time in his life that he had shaken hands with a black person. I thought for a second, and realized that except for the kind of hand slaps that occur on the football field, the same was true for me. The referendum was also defeated, primarily because of a huge negative vote in the School of Engineering. It passed in the College of Arts and Sciences.

A few years ago Bev Asbury, then the University Chaplain, started the Martin Luther King Lectureship Series and invited Lamar, Roy and me to participate along with Jim Lawson. As I thought about the remarks that I would make that day, I looked back on the naiveté of those years. I said something to the effect that we honestly believed that we were trying to decide whether or not Vanderbilt was to become an integrated institution. I used the analogy of standing on a beach when a tidal wave is coming and debating whether or not we were going to let it hit us. In retrospect, of course, the question was not whether Vanderbilt would become an integrated institution, but how.

Again, with the advantage of hindsight, I think we did reasonably well. I would give us about a B- or C+. The handling of the Lawson affair was clearly Harvie Branscomb's biggest regret in an otherwise great career as Chancellor, and I had the opportunity to talk to him about it several times late in his life. However, the actual decision to desegregate the school produced surprisingly little turmoil, and was decided at the very next meeting of the Board of Trust after the student body referendum was defeated. Given the composition of the University's board at that time, it is probably unlikely that they would have voted to desegregate as soon as they did if they had felt that the students were pressuring them into it, so maybe as things worked out it's just as well that we lost.

From my vantage point today, I can't understand it when people say no progress has been made in race relations. Granted we still have a long way to go, and many parts of our inner

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The Classes

The Sugg family preserved *pastoral property for future generations by giving the Land Trust of Tennessee a conservation easement on their 200-acre Williamson County farm.*

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Please Note: Class Notes are only available in the print version of this publication.

Carolyn Schmidt, BA'71, Peabody MA'78

NEIL BRAKE

Alumni Relations Head Retires

"I've only spent one day unhappy at Vanderbilt," says retiring Executive Director of Alumni Relations Carolyn Schmidt. "That was my first day as a freshman. Everybody seemed to know each other."

It didn't take Schmidt long to get acquainted. A tireless Vanderbilt enthusiast, she has spent the last 14 years building the University's alumni outreach. Under her leadership the Alumni Relations Office has plunged into Internet communications, begun awarding a Distinguished Alumni Award, and expanded the Alumni Association Board to include representatives from all of the University's schools and the 10 largest alumni clubs.

She is the veteran of hundreds of successful Reunions, Homecomings, club events, alumni trips, and other get-togethers—as well as a few that she terms "disasters."

Like the time diet guru Martin Katahn was scheduled to extol the virtues of low-fat living to a Vanderbilt club—at, it turned out, a restaurant that was a temple to cholesterol. "Fried chicken, french fries—everything fried," Schmidt recalls. "We gave the club president an award that year for most creative event."

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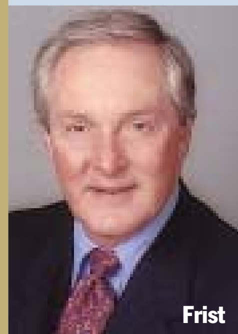
"**William B. Jones Jr., MA'75,** *has published a new book,* Classics Illustrated: A Cultural History, with Illustrations."

Alumni Association News


Frist

• Dr. Thomas F. Frist Jr., BA'61, will receive the Vanderbilt Alumni Association 2002 Distinguished Alumnus Award during Reunion and Homecoming weekend. Frist recently stepped down as chairman of HCA, the firm he founded in 1968 with his late father and the late Jack C. Massey. He is past vice president of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust.

• During its spring meeting in April, the Vanderbilt Board of Trust elected six alumni to membership. Graduating Vanderbilt senior Ibrahim Nasmyth of Atlanta was elected to a four-year term as Young Alumni Trustee. As a student, Nasmyth, a communications studies and psychology major, was co-chair for the Multicultural Affairs Committee of the Student Government Association. Elected to five-year terms were Sheryll D. Cashin, BE'84, professor of law at Georgetown University; Mark F. Dalton, JD'75, president and director of Tudor Investment Corp. of Greenwich, Conn.; Orrin H. Ingram II, BA'82, president and CEO of Ingram Industries in Nashville; and Jackson W. Moore, JD'73, chairman, president and CEO of Union Planters Corp. in Memphis. Elected to a two-year term was Stephen Riven, BA'60, managing partner of Avondale Partners in Nashville.

Morgan

STEVE GREEN

• James H. Morgan, BA'69, is the 2002-03 president of the Vanderbilt Alumni Association. Morgan is principal partner in Morgan Semones & Associates, an investment management firm based in Charlotte, N.C.

• The previous month, the Alumni Association presented its annual Alumni Education Award in recognition of a faculty member's contribution to Vanderbilt's Alumni Education Program. This year's $2,500 award went to Vivien Fryd, associate professor of art history and American and southern studies. Fryd has given more than a dozen alumni lectures and led a recent alumni tour to Santa Fe, N.M.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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"**Elaine Shannon, BA'68,** *covers the justice department and the FBI for* Time *magazine. She specializes in terrorism.*"

Frances McGaughy Edwards, BSN'53, MSN'76

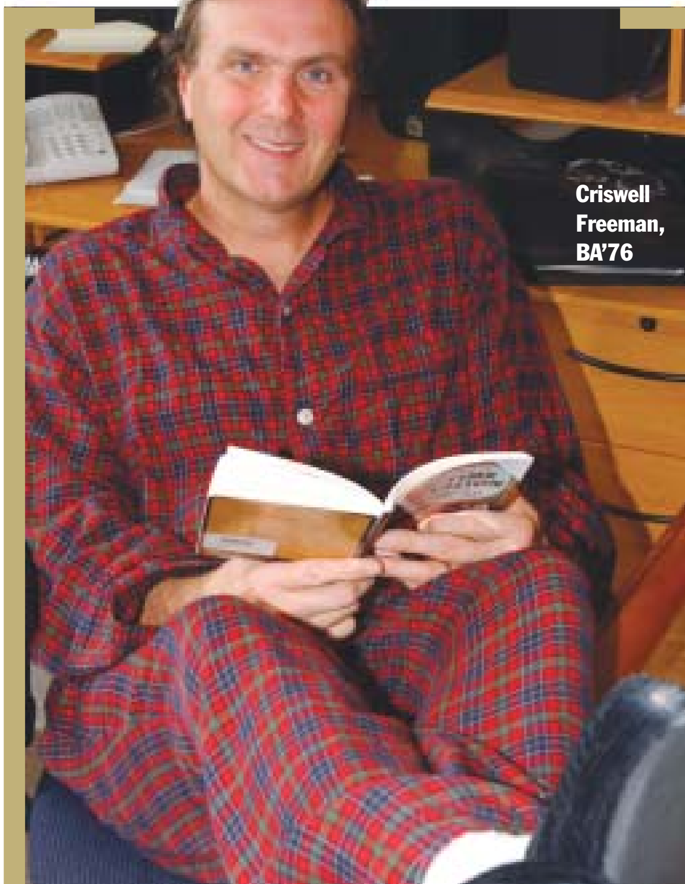
NEIL BRAKE

Plain Speaking

"What do I tell my children about sex?" a friend asked Frances McGaughy Edwards in the late 1950s. Realizing then how few sex education resources were available, Edwards embarked on a quest for better information. Edwards's long résumé includes having practiced as a sex-education consultant and as a sex therapist. "My children's friends would come to our house and ask questions," she recalls. "I would answer, then call their mamas so they were informed." Parents, she adds, were often "horrified" that their children were even thinking such things.

These days Edwards is again raising eyebrows with her interest in energetic healing, an amalgamation of ancient methods used mostly outside the Western world to promote healing and wellness. Physicians at several Nashville hospitals, including Vanderbilt, allow Edwards in the operating room to apply energetic healing techniques at the patient's request. "I've always thought outside the box," she says. "This is simply one way to make the journey toward healing less painful."

"**After the birth** *of her second daughter last March, Anne Daniel Vereen, BA'90, says her family is enjoying the very fine programming offered between 3 and 5 a.m.*"



Criswell Freeman, BA'76

NEIL BRAKE

Wisdom in Small Packages

It's 5:30 a.m., and Criswell Freeman is already at work in the basement of his Nashville home, coffee mug in hand. Creswell is author/compiler/publisher of more than 70 books that are short on pages but long on popular appeal—*The Book of Southern Wisdom, The Book of New York Wisdom, Friends Are Forever,* and dozens of other palm-sized books packed with quotes of the great thinkers, from Aristotle to Dale Earnhardt.

In eight years, his Walnut Grove Press has printed more than 6 million copies of feel-good books sold in gift shops and tourist hang-outs. "The way people take in information today is different than when I was at Vanderbilt," he says. "Our books target the person who wants to spend an hour reading a book, not 10 hours."

Years spent mining libraries, old TV sitcoms and the Internet for quotes have convinced Freeman of one thing: "When it comes to the great truths of human existence—life, death, and what happens in between—it's all been said before. All you can hope is to say it in a way that speaks to the current generation."

"**Scott B. Trail, BE'94,** *a captain in the Marine Corps, was among the first ground forces to conduct raids against Taliban and Al-Qaeda forces in Afghanistan.*"

Inside Out

JONATHAN RODGERS

Rock On

If they hit it big, they'll be some of the most educated names in rockdom since Mick Jagger and Mary Chapin Carpenter. Three recent alumni—Joseph Sifferd, BMus'99, JD'02, Taylor Jones, BMus'01, and Reed Goodchild, BA'01—have been playing, writing and recording together as a band for the past year. Besides lead singer Sifferd, bass player Goodchild and guitarist Jones, the band includes guitarist Kristian Klaene and drummer Mark Kreuzer.

They've enjoyed some early successes, individually and collectively. A song written by Taylor was recognized by *Billboad Magazine* as a winner of the John Lennon Scholarship Award. The band was commissioned to write a song for the Universal-Imagine film *Blue Crush*, which ultimately wasn't used but gave the band an early boost. "We're trying to shop our demo around to labels instead of playing together as a band for years and just hoping somebody notices," says Goodchild. In the meantime, they aren't putting all their eggs in one basket. Goodchild works in the property division of Deloitte & Touche; Sifferd just took his bar exams.

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ful, and I was relieved that the idea worked.

We turned to Kennedy's transition in 1960, and I tracked down the pre-imminent Kennedy scholar, Richard Neustadt, at his home in London. Neustadt had provided confidential transition advice to practically every incoming president since Kennedy, and wrote the essential book on the subject. By telephone between evening social engagements in London, Neustadt captivated the students with stories of flying to Hyannisport to meet alone with a newly elected Kennedy trying to figure out how to get started.

A pattern had set in: We would discuss the essential facts of a new administration taking office after an inter-party change of power, then take a speakerphone call from a guest speaker, who would hold forth for 10-15 minutes, followed by as much as an hour of questions from the students.

Nixon's 1968 transition presented a quandry. At the time it was judged smooth, professional, and successful, a product of Bob Haldeman and John Mitchell's airtight control. Years later it would be portrayed as a failure to recruit independent voices into the White House that could better serve an isolated president. To add texture to this scene, David Gergen the journalist and erstwhile advisor to presidents Nixon, Ford, Reagan, and Clinton, called in from his teaching post at Harvard to talk about his personal experiences with Nixon as a young speechwriter. I had served in the Clinton White House with Gergen and knew he would provide an entertaining but remarkably objective perspective on one of our most gifted, but tragically flawed presidents.

For a close-up view of Jimmy Carter's transition, we called Jack Watson, and old friend and fellow Vanderbilt alumnus who planned Carter's transition from his Atlanta law office in 1976 and later served as Carter's chief of staff. The class was highly impressed by Jack's candor about what went right and wrong in those early Carter days, when internal power struggles nearly immobilized the White House.

Mike Schoenfeld, who months earlier had helped make the class a reality, lined up his former colleague Chase Untermeyer, who ran the Bush transition in 1988-89 and later served as White House Director of Personnel, a particularly difficult and often thankless job in any White House. Untermeyer, the consummate professional, showed the class the inside workings of the highest levels of the White House personnel process, the nerve center of presidential transitions and staffing.

As chief of staff for Vice President-elect Al Gore, I experienced the 1992-93 transition firsthand. When President-elect Clinton gathered a small group in Little Rock the morning after the 1992 election, he graciously included me as Gore's top aide. For a month I sat with Clinton, Gore, transition chairman Warren Christopher, top Clinton aide Bruce Lindsey, and a few others—usually Hillary Clinton, Mack McLarty or Vernon Jordan—who would rotate into the discussions around a dining-room table in the governor's mansion. They approached their task—finding the best men and women to manage the Clinton-Gore agenda—with more than a little hubris but with deep integrity and remarkable objectivity. I contributed little but learned mountains about the process of starting up a new presidency.

So as PSCI 287 approached the Bush-to-Clinton transition, I indulged myself two extra sessions devoted to this period. To discuss how Bush lost that election and how Clinton would approach governing, we enlisted the irrepressible James Carville, the "ragin' Cajun" who ran the famous Clinton campaign "War Room" that kept the team inspired and ahead of the election battle. Carville is, to say the least, outrageously candid, irreverent and terminally opinionated, but he is also one of the most insightful minds working in American politics today. The students, even the staunch Republicans in the class, loved Carville's non-stop reminiscence.

The following week George Stephanopolous joined us from his office at ABC television in New York, where he is a fast-rising political commentator, soon to take over the coveted host role for the network's Sunday morning talk show. Stephanopolous was perhaps Clinton's most influential staff advisor for much of the first term, and his book was rough on the President. He is a man of deep personal conviction, with a remarkable talent for analysis. The class peppered him with questions about the media's influence on governing.

As the architect of George W. Bush's early transition planning, Texan Clay Johnson had the toughest assignment of anyone once the 2000 election was decided in the courts. Johnson and the Bush team had only five weeks to put together its top administration team. They ran perhaps the most efficient and successful transition ever, giving President-elect Bush a functioning executive branch in record time. Johnson took an hour out of his overwhelmingly busy day to talk to the class about how the Bush team managed this feat, and how the job of staffing the Bush administration works behind the scenes. Like all others who have labored to build a new federal administration after a presidential election, Clay has concluded that the morass of background checks, financial disclosure forms, Senate foot-dragging and sheer bureaucracy have ground post-inauguration transitions to a snail's pace, thus seriously handicapping the new government.

With the course drawing to a close, John and I pulled out the biggest of the big guns to talk to the class. On Wednesday morning, April 24, the seminar waited for a call from President Clinton from his New York Harlem office. His staff had earlier canceled the call twice before finally agreeing to 20 minutes, "not a minute more," they said. I knew better. Clinton doesn't do anything in 20 minutes, especially speak to students.

President Clinton came on the line to discuss a breathtaking range of subjects, from his packed political schedule to his work on AIDS in Africa to a candid view of his own presidency, the 2000 election outcome, and the problems of his own presidential transition ("I should have simply told Warren Christopher that he was going to be the White House Chief of Staff, not Secretary of State.")

The students were mesmerized by the former President, but they asked him probing, even difficult questions, which he handled with deft knowledge and great charm. The session was taped and later broadcast on the University radio station, a fitting end to the classroom work for PSCI 287.

But we had one last guest. Vice President Gore, the person who brought me to Washington 25 years earlier, has moved back to Tennessee, where he is completing a book with his wife, Tipper, teaching at Fisk University and Middle Tennessee State, and lecturing throughout the world. On the last day of class for PSCI 287, he joined the class for lunch at the Law School where Gore was studying when he ran for Congress in 1976.

Gore spoke about the 2000 campaign expe-

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segments. The change in genetic heritage resulting from this accidental "crossing over," as pioneer geneticist Thomas Hunt Morgan dubbed it, is a major force behind evolution. The second method is through laboratory manipulation; Clayton's graduate work was just in time for the launching of this whole new discipline. The field of genetic engineering is said to have begun in 1971, when the American geneticist Paul Berg created the first laboratory hybrid of DNA.

With the ramifications of these developments swirling around her, Clayton realized that she was actually more interested in policy than in pure science. She turned toward law school, where she wrote about genetic counseling and co-directed a year-long seminar on informed consent. Confessing that when she graduated from law school she wasn't sure just how to get into health policy, she adds, "I decided that it might be efficient—which shows you why I'm not an economist—to go to medical school and learn more about it. And I really went to medical school sort of with this idea that I was going to wind up at this intersection."

Today, surrounded by the unfinished offices that embody the intersection of her interests, Clayton gestures around. "My vision is to sort of pull together some of the many strengths of this university and this city and then create a space where other faculty and other students can come in and explore some of these issues."

Clayton sees herself primarily as an educator, interested in policy but also in education and public outreach. "I'm almost a constitutive teacher," she adds, and explains with a smile, "*Constitutive* is a genetics term for a gene that's always turned on." She teaches one or two classes per year, usually including an interdisciplinary course in family law and bioethics and law. She directs a new genetics course and teaches in the Medical School's Ecology of Medicine course. Every week also finds her working as a preceptor in the hospital wards or in the clinic. Frequently, she guest lectures in other schools within Vanderbilt, including divinity, business and even engineering.

Besides teaching classes, Clayton currently pursues a number of projects. A law student from Germany is teaming with her on drug development and testing in pediatrics. A pediatric colleague is writing about HIV vaccine trials among adolescents; Clayton hopes to link him with the German law student. Officials in the U.S. Episcopal Church approached Clayton with a desire to better understand issues about genetics and medical ethics, to help them formulate responsible church guidelines based upon accurate information and predictions.

Science alone is never enough because the public at large needs not raw information but a translation into comprehensible terms that make it relevant to ordinary lives and immediate issues. Of course, the first goal of responsible policymaking is accurate data. "My interest is not only in getting the science right," Clayton explains, "but in really taking a hard-nosed look at the way the scientific information is used in society—with the idea being to try to figure it out in a way that we can optimize the way it's used."

Clayton insists on taking an equally hard-nosed look at how the information is gathered in the first place. Another current project embodies her approach. She describes it as "the so-called haplotype map project, which hasn't even been formally announced yet." A haplotype is any particular set of markers on a certain region of a chromosome. A good example would be alleles, alternative forms of a gene, which cause different expressions of the same trait, such as eye color, among members of a population who share the same genetic heritage. "The purpose of the haplotype map is to make it easier and less expensive to find new genes. This is a fourth-generation genetic map, which is going to begin to try to lay out some of the patterns of genetic diversity among people from different parts of the world."

Clayton predicts that, as usual, people with various political agendas—or people simply ignorant of the complexities involved—will claim that any genuine biological differences between groups are more influential than is really the case. Such misunderstanding can begin at an early stage. "The science is constrained," Clayton explains, "by the fact that these social categories don't completely describe what we need to be looking at." One of the tasks of science is to ask new questions, and frequently the job involves formulating new concepts. Like other tools, concepts don't grasp every fragment of information equally well. This limitation is especially true among issues concerning radioactive topics such as gender and race.

Another issue that Clayton frequently receives questions about is cloning. Confusion about this procedure results partially from the distinction between reproductive and therapeutic cloning. Reproductive cloning involves the asexual production of an individual that is genetically identical to its "parent." The most famous example so far is the creation of the sheep Dolly in the late 1990s by the Scottish geneticist Ian Wilmut and his colleagues at the Roslin Institute in Edinburgh. They cloned Dolly by removing the nucleus from an ovum in the udder of one sheep and fusing it with a somatic (non-reproducing) cell from another sheep, then transplanting this pre-embryo into the womb of a third sheep. The great fear, of course, is that eventually this procedure, called "somatic cell nuclear transplant," will be employed to clone human beings. Clayton says flatly, "I think that the first issue about reproductive cloning—certainly in the United States—is simply that the overwhelming majority of people think it's a bad idea."

Therapeutic cloning, in contrast, involves the removal of the pre-embryo to produce tissue or an entire organ for transplantation back into the patient who supplied the initial DNA. It, too, faces opposition because the best cells to use are embryonic stem cells. A stem cell is one that can generate various types of cells, and the most versatile stem cells, not surprisingly, are found in embryos. The moral and legal question is how and when human embryos may be used in such treatments. Despite the controversies involved, many scientists consider therapeutic cloning the inevitable next step after organ transplantation—which, although once similarly resisted, has become an accepted and common procedure. "The benefit of therapeutic cloning," Clayton explains, "is to create matched tissues for treatment." It would provide naturally customized organs for donors who could then avoid the health risks of long waiting lists. Therapeutic cloning would also help prevent the body from rejecting a transplanted organ. If the organ were cloned from the

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patient's own DNA, her immune system would have no reason to reject it.

Clayton shrugs. "But do I think that we're anywhere near therapeutic cloning in humans? No." She points out that all these goals are still in their infancy, and that scientists aren't even sure if stem cell research—assuming that Congress doesn't ban it in the U.S. entirely—will live up to expectations. "It seems to me that, unless you're driven entirely by the notion that you can't destroy an embryo *ever*, then *if* it turns out to be effective, we really do have to think about what to do about somatic cell nuclear transplant for therapeutic purposes."

One misconception that Clayton sees growing in force among the public, thanks to extensive (if not always careful) media coverage of genetics, is "the idea that it's creating among people that if you just know your genes, you know what's going to happen to you. Now that's simply untrue," she insists of this different sort of Frankensteinian vision. "I'm an anti-determinist. I certainly don't think Genes-R-Us. So I am much more open to the notion that the genes give us a range of opportunities, and we have to figure out where we're going to be within that range."

Ellen Wright Clayton is used to offering informed opinions. She leans back in her chair and quietly declares a position based upon experience that goes back to the early days of this challenging and still young discipline: "I'm not even a philosophical anti-determinist. I just think the biology tells us that environment makes a huge difference." **V**

VU Holdings *continued from page 21*
guide, *LaRousse Gastronimique,* this one in its original French language.

Celebrities, both real and fictional, take turns in the kitchen: *Peter Rabbit's Natural Food Cook Book* (with Beatrice Potter illustrations); *Dining With Sherlock Holmes*; *The Pooh Cook Book*; *Hotel Bemelmans* by *Madeleine* author and illustrator Ludwig Bemelmans; and an impressively bound and photographed volume of recipes from famous restaurants around the world compiled and published in 1965 in *A Treasury of Great Recipes* by Mary and Vincent Price.

Budding young chefs are not forsaken: There is a whimsical children's book—*Mud Pies and Other Recipes*, and *The Teen-Age Cook Book* with recipes for a Sunday dinner they might prepare featuring roast mutton. Some of the titles are not quite so appealing: *The Mayo Clinic Renal Diet Cook Book*, *The Prudent Diet*, *The I Hate To Cook Book,* and *The School Lunch Cook Book*.

But certainly the collection as a whole will whet the appetites of cooks and gourmands and would prove invaluable in undertaking Brillat-Savarin's final aphorism: "To invite people to dine with us is to make ourselves responsible for their well-being as long as they are under our roofs." **V**

VJournal *continued from page 84*
rience and election outcome with insight and humor, noting that he is working to mend political fences in Tennessee and staying involved in national politics and issues. Again, the students put tough questions to the Vice President, and he pulled no punches. It was a great finish to the course.

I had begun this class with an idea, helped along by John Geer's tutoring in the art of the classroom presentation, University politics, and the challenge of grading student's papers. It was thrilling to be back on the campus and gratifying to teach with one of Vanderbilt's finest professors. But I especially enjoyed getting to know these students and watching them dive into a new subject with great interest.

Early in the course one of our best students told me of her new-found passion for political science. This young woman works as a waitress during every school break throughout the year to help pay Vanderbilt's hefty tuition. She thought this class was worth her hard work, and that was all the reward I needed in my return to the University. And, yes, she got an A in the course.

Roy Neel BA'72 is Chairman of the Jackson Group, a consulting company specializing in corporate strategic planning for public policy initiatives. During 2000, he was Director of Vice President Gore's presidential transition planning, and managed transition efforts during the post-election challenge in Florida. **V**

A.P.O.V. *continued from page 69*
cities are as segregated as the deep South ever was. However, people who say we haven't made progress should try to imagine the South of the 1950s. The fact is that we had a system of apartheid almost as rigid as that in South Africa. Water fountains, restrooms, waiting rooms at bus stations and movie theaters were just as segregated as were our schools. When it came to things like hotels and restaurants, most were simply not available for African Americans. While young African American students today have hurdles to overcome that are greater than their white counterparts, the fact is that the hurdles facing young African Americans in the segregated South were so high that only a very few could overcome them, and they were usually people with extraordinary talent, like a Leontyne Price or a Hank Aaron.

As for the situation at Vanderbilt today, my biggest disappointment, and one that is shared by a large percentage of the faculty, is the difficulty we face in significantly increasing our African American population here. In that regard, the position of people who are opposed to affirmative action seems difficult to defend. We kept people in chains for 200 years, then put them in a segregated society not that much better than slavery, and then grudgingly tore that down only two generations ago. And now we don't want to give any special provisions to try to help members of that group catch up. The analogy that has often been used, but which is true, would be that of a race in which one runner has his legs tied together while the other runs halfway around the track. At that point, the ropes are untied, and from then on it is regarded as a fair race. That just doesn't hold water.

Fortunately, the current leadership at the University is committed to diversity, and rightfully so. They know that Vanderbilt's goal of being in the top tier of American universities will never be realized until our student body and our faculty begin to mirror the make-up of the nation as a whole. Then again, they also know that developing a more integrated, inclusive university is simply the right thing to do. **V**

The Regulars *continued from page 88*

Jonesie looks up quickly. "What did you say?"

Jonesie, like a lot of small men Mackie has known, has a bad temper. Mackie swallows. "You heard me," he says. "Big Hawk's gonna eat Tumorhead, and there ain't a damn thing you can do about it."

Jonesie straightens up. "Let me tell you something," he says. "If I ever catch that damn hawk sitting on the ground, I'll kill it deader'n hell."

Mackie feels like he has climbed to the top of a tall tree, feels the great, dizzy height swaying with his weight. "And let me tell you something. If you shoot Big Hawk or Mama Hawk, I'll shoot *you*."

Jonesie blinks twice. He steps close to Mackie. The top of his head comes up only as far as Mackie's chin. This doesn't make Mackie feel better, although once it would have.

"You'll shoot *me*, old man, is that what you said? You're gonna shoot *me*?"

The door to the clubhouse swings open and Bill and Mark rush out, followed by the Regulars, by Fatty and Baldie and Mule and Newtsie and Stretch and Big Squarehead and Little Squarehead. "Hey, hey, hey," Bill says. "What's going on here?"

"Mackie here's got some kind of death wish," Jonesie says. "That's what's going on here."

"Well, it's over," Bill says. "It's done. You can take it to Harpeth Hills if you want to, but I'm not gonna have it here."

"He's messing with the wrong plumber," Jonesie says. "Where I come from, we shoot each other."

"Well, it's over," Bill says. "You hear me? Nobody's gonna shoot nobody. I'll ban you both right now if I have to."

"It's over," Mackie says, backing away, nodding, raising his hands. "It's all over. Everything's over." He turns, starts toward the golf cart which still holds his clubs, feels himself stagger once from turning too quickly, an old man's stumbling step. He gets into the cart, drives off, everybody watching, toward the number 10 tee, down the fairway, out of sight, even though he's already played 18 holes and doesn't know if he has enough money left on him to pay the cart fee for another nine.

The Regulars watch Mackie drive off, watch him disappear into the ravine, reappear on the other side, and drive up the hill toward the green.

"Where's he going?" Little Squarehead asks.

"He's getting away," Fatty says, hoping that he has made a joke.

"Who the hell cares?" asks Jonesie. He looks around for Tumorhead, who has vanished in the commotion.

Mackie stops the cart behind the green on number 10, stares at the pond on number 11, the green above the pond, its grass dying, the Spanish-style bungalows of Little Hollywood across the street beyond the green. He isn't sure where he wants to go, wants to go anywhere other than back to the clubhouse, anywhere other than home, where his wife has become an old woman he hardly recognizes, tottering around on a walker, and who knows how she looks at him?

The Regulars file back into the clubhouse, shuffle to the tables, shake beer cans to see how full they are. Nobody can think of anything to say. They have almost witnessed a fight. Nobody looks at Jonesie. Big Squarehead says, "Which one of you numbnuts stole my beer?"

"Hey Mark," Jonesie calls. "Let's go outside."

"Where we going?"

"Nowhere," Jonesie says. "Outside. C'mon."

Mark follows Jonesie into the parking lot, where Jonesie points at his truck. "Get in," he says.

"Where we going?"

"Nowhere. Just get in." Mark climbs in, but leaves the door open. Jonesie reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a cassette, sticks it into the player. "Listen to this new tape I made," he says.

Mackie searches the sky for Big Hawk or Mama Hawk, but cannot find them. Often he sees crows harrying the hawks, flying above them, forcing them down onto the ground, where they sit, bigger than you would ever imagine birds could be, the golfers stopping their carts to stare, until the crows fly away. Mackie hates crows. One day he saw three crows walking like morticians across the fairway on 15, toward the small, swampy patch of trees near the tee box, while a mockingbird rasped and squawked and dived at them. He could tell they were up to no good and chased them away with his cart. Mackie stares at the pond. "Where I come from," he says softly, "we shoot each other."

In the truck, Mark listens to Jonesie sing "Mother's not dead, she's only a-sleeping," the old Bill Monroe song, and thinks boom box. He recorded it at home on a boom box.

Mackie knows where Jonesie comes from. Jonesie grew up on Ordway, less than a half mile away from the golf course. The first time Mackie laid eyes on him, Jonesie had run out of the woods bordering number 11 and, with a long stick, whacked into the pond the golf ball Mackie had just knocked onto the green. Jonesie was only five, maybe six, at the time. Mackie was already married, a father, his babies still babies and still safe at home. Mackie imagines Jonesie crouching in the woods, waiting for a golf ball to land close by, and shivers as a great sadness passes over him. The boy had only wanted to play golf. He taps the fingers on one hand several times with his thumb and says out loud, "Fifty-one years ago. Jesus. Lord Jesus, save us all."

Jonesie punches a button and ejects the cassette. He puts the cassette into the case, puts the case back into the glove compartment. "I just thought," he says, "since you had a record deal …"

"Dude, I work at a golf course. That ought to tell you about my position in the industry right there."

"Listen," Jonesie says. "Forget I said anything. Johnny ain't much older than I am, and they won't play his songs on the radio." He fishes in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. "You know that squirrel? Tumorhead? It can only see out of one eye. That's why I feed it."

Mark nods, lost. He tries to pinch shut the song lyric he hears opening inside his head, the one about a divorced guy feeding a one-eyed squirrel and singing a Bill Monroe song into a boom box in a little house near the airport.

Little Squarehead cups his hand against the front window and says, to no one in particular, "Whattaya think they're talking about?"

"They're in love," says Fatty.

"Please don't say that to Jonesie when they come back in here," Bill says. "Go say that at Harpeth Hills or somewhere, but don't say it here."

"I still can't believe," says Big Squarehead, "that one of you sonsabitches drunk my beer."

Bill has a quiz tonight, and still hasn't cracked a book. He decides to take a cart and look for Mackie as soon as Mark comes back inside. **V**

Southern Journal

Reflections on the South

The Regulars

A short story by Tony Earley

JIM HSIEH

THE GOLF COURSE LIES on what most people already consider the wrong side of the river. For a while an armed robber worked the 16th tee. Play dwindled down to almost nothing. The Regulars began packing handguns in their golf bags. They are the best-armed golfers in America.

A pair of red-tailed hawks nests in a maple tree in the woods on the side of the ridge between number six and number seven. These are the woods in which the feral dogs live. The dogs—10, 12, who knows how many—are, amazingly, all black, lab mixes dropped off in the park.

Bill, the new pro, worries that the dogs are going to bite somebody. He worries that nobody will ever want to play golf on the wrong side of the river. He worries about selling beer to men with handguns. The golf course is the oldest in Nashville, its design classic, but Metro refuses to spend a dime on the greens. "What do you mean, you can't find them?" he yells into the phone. "How can you not find a dozen black dogs?"

The hawks glide overhead in slow circles, their screeching more at home on a movie soundtrack than here, a golf course surrounded by suburbs, Little Hollywood, Lockeland Springs, Inglewood, the tightly-packed neighborhoods where the Regulars grew up before they moved off and their parents died and were buried in the city cemeteries after funerals in their failing churches and this part of the world became the wrong side of the river. The regulars don't live here anymore, just drive back to play golf. A slow song about Mama would make most of them cry.

"I can remember when most of Inglewood was farmland," Mackie says.

"Shoot, Mackie," says Jonesie, the high lonesome plumber—that's what his business card says, Arlon Jones, the high lonesome plumber—"I bet you can remember the flood."

"What flood is that?" Mackie asks, because he can remember several, before they built the dams at Percy Priest and Old Hickory, the Cumberland, brown and roiling, coming up out of its banks.

"Noah's flood," says Jonesie.

Somebody snickers.

"That ain't funny," Mackie says. Mackie is 77; his wife has artificial hips. He has no idea how they got to be so old.

The Regulars hold their breath a moment, then shout with laughter, shout for Mark behind the counter to bring them more beer. Mark has a writing deal with EMI, but hasn't had a song recorded yet. "Come over here and get it," Mark says. "I gotta keep the tab straight." Mark has been here three months and knows better than to distribute beer to the Regulars without keeping the tab straight. He is watching music videos on CMT, thinking of how much money he would make if Faith Hill cut one of his songs.

Jonesie's surname is Jones; Mackie's is McIntyre. Baldie is bald and Fatty is fat. The bigger of the two hawks is Big Hawk and the smaller one is Mama Hawk. Tumorhead, the squirrel, has a tumor on its head. It appears outside on the bag rail. Jonesie buys a bag of peanuts and leaves the clubhouse. The squirrel will eat out of his hand, but nobody else's, a fact that makes him feel better than just about anything he knows, although he has never said this out loud to anyone, and never will.

Bill is afraid the squirrel is going to bite Jonesie and has asked him not to feed it on the bag rail. He goes into his office and closes the door. The black dogs, 11 of them today, trot single file across the number nine fairway and disappear into the woods. A fungus is killing the greens. The greens at Harpeth Hills are perfect, but Harpeth Hills is in Belle Meade. Sometimes Bill hates golf. He is getting his MBA nights, through the program at Belmont.

Mackie follows Jonesie outside. Tumorhead inches toward the peanut Jonesie offers. Only Jonesie knows that the squirrel is blind in one eye. "Hello, Darlin'," he croons in his high, sweet voice. "Nice to see you."

"How do you know that's a girl squirrel? How do you know you ain't feeding nuts and singing love songs to a boy squirrel?"

"'Cause Tumorhead loves me, that's how. All the ladies love old Jonesie."

Mackie shades his eyes, watches Big Hawk wheel above 13 and 14. Tumorhead twitches, cocks his head to one side, takes the peanut from Jonesie, sits up, holds it in its shriveled, old man's hands, chews busily with its sharp, rodent teeth. The squirrel won't let Mackie get anywhere near it. Mackie wonders if Big Hawk can see the squirrel from so far away, feels his face flush for no reason he can think of.

"Big Hawk's gonna eat that squirrel," he says.

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