



Kids Just Want to Have Fun

Chilly weather didn't stop these children at the Susan Gray School from enjoying their newly renovated, fully accessible playground. The school, a unit of Peabody College and housed within the John F. Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development, provides early childhood education for children with and without disabilities. Children and their families aren't the only ones who benefit. The Susan Gray School is a training ground for future teachers, health-care providers, therapists and researchers. Photo by Neil Brake.

1,000 Words

One image frozen in time

Dore Ways

A forum for exchanging ideas

From the Editor

The world in our backyard

I MET CARLTON WILKINSON ON A WET NOVEMBER MORNING THAT WAS surprisingly cold for Nashville. As he opened the door to his small gallery and studio on Jefferson Street, I discovered a gallery packed with paintings by contemporary African-American artists as well as traditional carvings and weavings from countries across Africa. I was there to select a single photograph for *Vanderbilt Magazine*, and what could have been a 20-minute visit stretched to two hours that day and a half-day the next week.

We talked as we flipped through images. We talked about the aesthetic that guides his photography. We talked about influences and about where he sees his work in the context of contemporary photography and African-American history. And as we talked, I began to think about the importance and appropriateness of a Vanderbilt faculty member's investing his artistic talent and energy into creating a deeper understanding of Southern people. Vanderbilt is a research university—international in scope and influence—yet shaped in subtle ways by the culture and values of the South, of Middle Tennessee. Our faculty conduct research and scholarship in areas ranging from the biological sciences and humanities to engineering and business, and the influence of their work is felt world-wide. Wilkinson's work takes place in our backyard, but like the best of Vanderbilt scholarship and research, it has global resonance.

After my first visit with Wilkinson, I expanded my thinking about what we might do with his photography. You'll find a very small sampling of Wilkinson's photographs in the photo essay "Images of Man," which begins on page 44 of this issue. But Carlton Wilkinson is one of many Vanderbilt faculty members whose creative endeavors have contributed to the American culture. Writer Paul Kingsbury's story takes a look at the Fugitive Poets and Agrarian Writers and offers a sense of the controversy surrounding their literary legacy. "Southern Journal" features "The Book of Ed," the second of four short stories by fiction writer and professor Tony Earley. You'll also find, on page 52, a short mystery written for *Vanderbilt Magazine* by English professor Cecelia Tichi, who in addition to producing scholarship on American literature and culture, is the author of three mystery novels set in Nashville.

I want to thank you for the feedback we received on the fall issue of *Vanderbilt Magazine*. More than 150 readers sent cards, letters or e-mails that voiced opinions on how we are doing as a magazine and how well we are addressing the concerns and interests of the Vanderbilt community. We're continuing to refine the newly redesigned magazine and continue to welcome your feedback.

KEN SCHEXNAYDER

From the Reader

American Terrorism

MY EIGHTH-GRADE STUDENTS AND I WERE fortunate to have Sam McSeveney's piece from the spring issue ["A Historian's Reflections on American Terrorism and Terrorism in America," p. 30] as we concluded the 2001–2002 school year and our survey of U.S. history. So much material about the "meaning" of Sept. 11 has been pushed on secondary-level teachers. It was refreshing and, I think, more to the point to simply put it into historical perspective. Nationally, we do seem to lack an awareness of the history of domestic and international terrorism within the United States.

My students responded with great interest to Professor McSeveney's article. It broadens our perspective to consider that much of the public violence in our history has been, in fact, terrorism; and that since the 1970s overseas, and since 1993 here at home, international terrorism had been moving slowly but surely toward the tragedy of Sept. 11.

Thank you for this insightful piece that I was able to use in my classroom.

SHERYL SPRADLING SUMME, MA'83
Birmingham, Ala.

The Lawson Affair

YOUR ARTICLE IN THE FALL 2002 ISSUE OF *Vanderbilt Magazine* ["Days of Thunder: The Lawson Affair," p. 34] brought back a flood of memories from that period. It's evident how well you researched the Lawson controversy from the point of view of the Divinity School and the politically correct spin required today. I am giving you the benefit of the doubt and saying here that I believe you are quite sincere in your belief.

It occurs to me that indeed Lawson's entry into the Divinity School did mark a turning point in Civil Rights activity. Chancellor Branscomb shared the goal of integration of Vanderbilt and was at work achieving it in a gradual and peaceful way. Joseph Johnson was a Tennessean who cared about the purpose of integration but was not willing to make his entry as a student into a national incident.

The Lawson affair made a national hero out of James Lawson and brought the national media to Nashville to sneer at Southern tradition and laugh at these backward, racist hicks. The other element in the equation was the matter of Christian witness. James Lawson was not only a hero,



JIM HSEH

but a suffering saint!

I am sure [Professor of History, Emeritus] Dr. Paul Conkin probably remembers, as I do, the dishonesty and hypocrisy so characteristic of that period. A decision was made that, although the sit-ins were supposed to be peaceful, national opinion via the TV news was strongly in favor of the demonstrators. Therefore, if things disintegrated into vandalism, the explanation could be that the suffering had gone on long enough and these “Christian witnesses” were forced to act. The Lawson affair was an event that began a long string of them. It is now so “proper” to sneer at the South when some of the traditions deserved to be kept—such as the gentlemanly politeness with which Chancellor Branscomb conducted himself.

I remember how Branscomb was vilified and wrongly portrayed as weak and lacking in the backbone to do the right thing. I also remember how hard it was for good Nashville people to see themselves shown as racist hicks day after day. Unfortunately, Jim Pilkinton had not yet begun his Vanderbilt News Archive, or we would have a visual record of the period. It is hard to really sympathize with Lawson because, in the decision to outlaw what was called gradualism, there was an element of self-righteousness that said: “We must punish these sinners.”

That unspoken judgment set the tone for the years following, in which vindictiveness was a key element. We saw an era in which almost any act was condoned on the basis of “Christian witness.” I remember the Detroit riots of 1965 during which burning and looting accompanied the demonstrations. A Methodist minister’s wife in Chicago said to me while devoutly looking up to heaven, “I believe Jesus would have been among those rioters.”

We are still in an era in which the end justifies the means. During the ’60s and ’70s, students from colleges all over the North flocked to the South to march and demonstrate. Their professors (who usually stayed in the background) had inspired them with the idea that this kind of thing was “right,” and the unspoken idea was that these people are so bad they deserve to be punished. Colleges all over the country were subjected to civil rights incidents. The civil rights demonstrations blended into the Vietnam War movement.

At the time I wondered, and still do, where God was in all this sanctimoniousness. Presumably, it is God who judges, and weren’t we taught that he loves everybody?

Before the *Vanderbilt Magazine* came, I watched another James on TV’s “Book Notes” discuss his book. He is James Meredith, who was the first black man to enroll at the University of Mississippi. He was from Mississippi and honestly cared about the local people (which Lawson did not) while asserting his rights as a citizen. There was none of the self-righteousness in his attitude, which characterizes the politically correct attitudes today. James Lawson has prospered in his life, and I guess

{ Featured Letter }

Liar, Liar

WHO IS THE LIAR AT *Vanderbilt Magazine*? In describing the Fall 2002 issue’s contents, someone under your supervision wrote, “Given



10 minutes, Americans are likely to tell a lie.” The article [“A Nation of Liars,” p. 28] to which the quote refers states, on page 32, that a psychologist “has found that in 20 percent of the interactions that last more than 10 minutes, Americans are likely to utter a fib.” Something that happens no more than 20 percent of the time is not “likely.”

Perhaps you should devote more time to content than to form. In connection with your request for feedback, please be advised that I find lying both “bad” and “ugly.”

DAVID. G. GRIMES JR., JD’67
Washington, D.C.

he is happy with the way he helped turn the Civil Rights Movement.

It’s like discussions of whether the Civil War could have been averted. We’ll never know whether or not Branscomb’s way might have achieved the same purpose in the same length of time without the lingering bitterness.

I was born in Nashville and was a third-generation Vanderbilt graduate. Since I have lived in the North for 40 years, I can say that I see how pleasant race relations are in the South—not that I don’t recognize improvement can still occur.

EMMALINE RUST HENRY, BA’42
Greencastle, Ind.

Hustler Chronicles

I FIND IT SUSPICIOUS THAT GAYNELLE DOLL chose Terry Eastland as representative of the *Vanderbilt Hustler* during the late 1960s and early ’70s—the most turbulent period of student activism in 20th-century America [“The *Hustler* Chronicles,” p. 50]. In fact, Terry Eastland’s conservative politics were peripheral to the tenor of the times and the polar opposite of the newspaper’s editorial voice.

That voice was the creation of Chuck Offenburger, editor during that period. Chuck (who actually won the Grantland Rice scholarship) was responsible for making the *Hustler* an advocate against the war in Vietnam, a champion of social justice, an unrivaled stimulus for campus debate, and, most entertainingly, a David-like gadfly of James Stahlman and his *Nashville Banner*. Chuck’s next-day coverage of the assassination of Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.—filed from Memphis only a

few hours after the fatal shots were fired—won the *Hustler* national recognition and placed it far ahead of any other college newspaper for important reporting. Chuck went on to become one of the most popular and widely read columnists for a large daily newspaper and continues today as a teacher and writer of great vigor. (See www.chuckoffenburger.com for current Offenburgerana.)

Are politics to blame for Ms. Doll’s switcheroo? Or should we credit Terry Eastland with merely having a better flack?

MARK MCCRACKIN, BA’71
White River Junction, Vt.

Better Content

I HAVE ASKED YOUR OFFICE NOW ON SEVERAL occasions to cease wasting paper by delivering the Vanderbilt alumni magazine to my home. So once again: Please remove me from your mailing list.

Why? Oh, I scarcely have the time or energy to explain this again, but here it is in a nutshell:

Al Gore and his family are fellow alumni with multiple and distinguished connections to Vanderbilt.

Gore—you must have realized at some point—was the vice president of the U.S. and more recently the presidential nominee of one of the two major political parties. (Do you remember now? It was all over the news.)

“Wow!” I thought. “Has our school ever had an alumnus who had risen to a place of such prominence in national politics?” (C’mon, you can agree with me here; the answer is, “Gee, never!”). But amazingly, in all his years as V.P., your magazine rarely made mention of him and, even more surprisingly, during the year 2000, you barely even acknowledged that he was a contender for “leader of the free world” status. Seems like it could have been a big scoop for you.

Listen, we all know neither your editorial staff nor the vast majority of Vandy grads would ever vote for Gore. And that’s fine: A trip to the voting booth is the ultimate example of the free, unencumbered expression of one’s personal beliefs (... well, unless you live in Florida). However, I strongly suspect that had George W. been a Vandy alumnus, you guys would have put him on the front cover for six issues running! I just as strongly suspect that you minimized the Gore family’s connection to Vandy because you feared that the additional publicity might have the effect of winning him votes. *Not your job!*

Because the members of your editorial board clearly failed to put their personal political viewpoints aside and exercise journalistic integrity, I once again respectfully request that you immediately refrain from sending to me what I can now only conclude is another right-wing rag. In the future, if I want to read that point of view, I’ll subscribe to the Rush Limbaugh newsletter!

CHRISTOPHER TALBERT, BS’84
Long Island City, N.Y.

New Magazine

IT IS WITH GRATITUDE—AND NO SMALL MEASURE of surprise, I must confess—that I am writing in praise of the transformation of *Vanderbilt Magazine*. On at least a half-dozen occasions I have moved to throw it out (as I have discarded this magazine for years without a second thought) but have failed each time, finding something thought provoking and relevant that begs to be read.

And, heaven forbid, I’m looking forward to the next issue.

Instead of a publication with the clear primary intent of ingratiating itself with me as an alum, this new magazine presents opinions and ideas in relevant, readable ways. It speaks with a voice that does not insult my intelligence, but assumes that—as a Vanderbilt graduate—I just might enjoy a little brain food. Thanks.

And just to show that I’ll put my money where my mouth is: Thanks to this magazine, I’ll be renewing my Alumni Association membership this year—the first time in a while.

In particular, thanks for the thoughtful profile of a few *Hustler* editors [“The *Hustler* Chronicles,” p. 50]. I’d be writing this note even if that piece had not been there, but as the *Hustler* editor for the 1988 centennial year, just following Bridget Kelley, it was a delight to read about so many people I worked alongside for so many hours. With the recent controversy over the “de-naming” of Confederate Hall, I’ve been thinking about my own editorial in 1988 calling for the hall to be renamed. That piece actually led to my being named “Scalawag of the Month” by a Southern history/heritage magazine—an “honor” that still makes me smile. I’m glad to see Vanderbilt is finally doing the right thing.

Thanks for making *Vanderbilt Magazine* relevant and real. Keep up the great work.

J. WILLIAM AARON, BA’89, MBA’98
Nashville, Tenn.

I’LL KEEP THIS BRIEF AND SUCCINCT. THE latest *Vanderbilt Magazine* is some of the best reading I’ve enjoyed in a while. The upgrades are very visible and outrageously appreciated. Vanderbilt should settle for nothing less, and I wish to personally thank you for [the magazine’s] depth, range and sheer polish.

CHRISTOPHER BOND, BA’98
Birmingham, Ala.

I JUST READ THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE “NEW” *Vanderbilt Magazine*. Wow! This is an awesome magazine with real depth and interesting stories. Congratulations to you all on a first-class magazine! Based upon what you have presented in this fresh approach, you have recognized that alumni in the new millennium are different critters than we were back 30 or 40 years ago. Mere sentimentality for having spent some time on a campus can-

not be the only hook for folks to stay connected to a university. What you have shown is that there are real Vanderbilt people making a significant impact upon the society in many, many ways. Bravo!

DON GNECCO, EDD’83
Kennebunk, Maine

YOU ASKED FOR COMMENTS ON THE NEW MAGAZINE: The overall content seems quite good to me, and the Lawson story [“Days of Thunder: The Lawson Affair,” p. 34] particularly interesting. When I was a student (1947–51, in the first freshman class welcomed by Harvie Branscomb), there were always students “of color” scattered around the campus. They were enrolled in Scarritt College for Christian Workers (if I have the name right), and usually wore some kind of “native dress.” It seemed that people of color were quite welcome as long as they were foreign, few in number, usually older and mostly taking graduate classes. It was only a short step from there to the admission of selected black students to the School of Religion. Alas, the fact that some of these lucky folks might actually assert themselves in some way seems to have come as a shock to Branscomb and his board.

As to the format of the magazine: The full-page pictures are excellent, but I think the miscellany pages are a little cluttered—jerky and hard to read. Best of luck with it.

LEE E. PRESTON, BA’51
Professor emeritus, University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

YOU ASKED FOR INFO ON THE NEW FORMAT, so I’ll give you some. It’s great! Lots of content and perspective, plus genuine entertainment as well. Articles I particularly liked include “The Lawson Affair” (I was there at the time, but the turmoil wasn’t apparent to the average student), “Singing in the Saddle” [p. 44], and “The Mystery of the Reed” [p. 58]. My only worry is that you won’t be able to maintain this standard in future issues. Then again, maybe you will. Thanks for a fine job.

FRANK MORRIS, BE’61
Cincinnati, Oh.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED WADING THROUGH YOUR latest magazine from Vanderbilt, and find it not only very poorly written, but incomplete in the article about oboe reeds. I am a 1950 graduate of George Peabody College for Teachers with a B.S. in instrumental music education. Having sat in on the construction of oboe reeds by our professor of woodwinds, Dr. Don Cassell, I was disappointed in the incompleteness of that report. Also, I do not consider myself an alumnus of Vanderbilt. I have always been upset and angry that Vanderbilt abolished Peabody’s music department, firing all the beloved faculty I had enjoyed.

Please cancel my subscription, if that is what it is, of the *Vanderbilt Magazine*. I usually throw it away without reading it, but I saw the cover story

about “The Lawson Affair” and tried to read through that poorly written piece. I made it. As a Presbyterian minister, who was involved in the movement for justice in the desegregation of the South, serving in Alabama at the time, I was interested in this story.

So please take my name from your list of alumni. I never wanted to receive information about Vanderbilt in the mail, and it will save you the postage.

JAMES S.R. TIPPINS, BS’50
Efland, N.C.

KUDOS ON THE NEW *Vanderbilt Magazine*, and thanks for including some of the “ugly”—the “Lawson Affair” article was especially well done and candid, I thought. It has become especially important in recent months to look at our past societal failures so we can learn from them.

MARY CONTI SWIONTONIOWSKI, MD’81
Oak Park, Ill.

YOU PICKED A FINE STORY WITH WHICH TO launch the new *Vanderbilt Magazine*. “The Lawson Affair” was a soul-searching tale of self-examination—an example of why it is so important that universities never stop asking what they are and whom they represent. Publishing it demonstrates that Vanderbilt is willing to look to even its darker moments in the hopes that we can learn from them. It’s refreshing to read an alumni magazine that has the courage and confidence to share more than just happy news, but to ask serious questions about where our university has been, and where it is headed.

For those of us off in the hinterlands, *Vanderbilt Magazine* is one of the only means available to stay connected to our school. I’m grateful to receive a magazine that looks great, reads well, informs and entertains—but, most important, reminds me of what I cherished most about studying at Vanderbilt. For me, it was a place that nurtured free thinking and critical debate. I’m pleased to see those same qualities are beginning to be reflected in the pages of the magazine.

MICHAEL PENN, BA’91
Madison, Wis.

THE *Vanderbilt Magazine* HAS ALWAYS BEEN “a good read,” with subtlety, balance and frequently inspiration.

However, the writers did not live the historical times that are featured in the pages of this magazine. For instance, *The Hustler* campus newspaper was financially supported by ads, newsstand copies and subscriptions in 1960–61. There was no university subsidy. The profits at the end of the year were distributed among the editorial staff. As features editor for that year, some time after graduation a rather magnificent check for \$67 arrived in my mailbox. If you factor in that inflation has increased prices by a factor of 10, it would be like receiving a check for \$670 today. Lamar Alexander

Tater Tots and Timelines

The academic calendar cultivates spring barvest. By SKIP ANDERSON

IN MY CHILDHOOD HOMETOWN OF Milan, Tenn., passage of time is largely marked by the ebb and flow of the agricultural seasons. Short winter days give way to spring plantings and summertimes filled with fresh tomatoes, corn and peas of every variety. Growing up, my sister and I reveled in the muggy glow of Tennessee's extended twilight until the town's century-old oaks were ablaze with color.

For the farmers of Milan—hardly a speck on the map north of Jackson and south of Martin—the transition to autumn marks a time of harvest. Cotton is king in the flatlands of West Tennessee, and each October trucks haul tons of it to market across the back of the arrow-straight pockmarked highway, bringing a fervently anticipated boost to the modest local economy before winter's somnolence sets in.

Such are seasonal transitions of agricultural communities. However, with 16,600-plus employees and 10,800-plus students, the Vanderbilt community is doggedly driven by a different calendar: the academic calendar. The pace of life on a college campus can vary radically day to day, and naturally revolves around the needs of the students.

Take the day following Commencement. As most faculty members enjoy a break from the classroom, swarms of students make way for swarms of maintenance crews racing to begin deferred projects that must be completed before the students return in a few short months.

Those of us left on campus during the

summer revel in parking lots no longer overflowing, and mercifully shorter lines at SATCO and the Pancake Pantry. My walks across campus feel different as the trees comprising Vanderbilt's national arboretum are naked of signs announcing SGA candidacies and social engagements. There are no bicycling students weaving around others on foot to get to class. And the squirrel population, fat from students hand-feeding them tater tots and french fries on the Wall for nine months, must again rely solely on their foraging instincts for food.

For me, the calm of campus absent of students soon becomes as barren as a dried riverbed. Staff members of the *Vanderbilt Register*, of which I'm editor, take turns depleting vacation time accrued during busier times. As there is generally little news to report between mid-May and mid-August, we write stories about various aspects of campus that, during the semester, we have neither the time to pursue nor the space on the printed page to publish. The result is a tome of lengthy feature stories and photo essays with an occasional news item that might be of interest to those who remain on campus during the long summer months. By July I long for the students and faculty to return, but it will be late-August before the University awakens.

Then, overnight, it happens. The quiet of campus is shattered by the arrival of some 1,579 recent high school graduates discovering independence like none they will ever know again. Each year I watch as freshmen dutifully stand in long lines at the bookstore, excited to use for the first time their student identification that also functions as a



JIM HSIEH

debit card. Savvy upperclassmen who arrive two days later might forgo books for a week or more to avoid a retail logjam that can, at times, rival a wedding-dress fire sale at Filene's.

I have always thought of fall on a college campus as a time of rebirth. Classes start, and parking lots overflow. I take my seat at the first football game alongside other fans enjoying quiet pride that the Commodores are tied for first in the SEC East. Papers are written, and exams are taken. Grant proposals are submitted. Discoveries are sought, and technology is advanced. The 330 acres between Hillsboro Village and midtown Nashville is again a bustling city within a city.

The rhythm of campus is in full swing as the trees' green canopies transform before our eyes. My cotton spring attire gives way to wool sweaters and overcoats. The muffled whirr of landscapers blowing leaves can be heard in classrooms and during otherwise quiet walks across the pebbled walkways of campus. Thanksgiving offers the last rest

continued on page 85

The Campus

“It blows me away, the impact Vivien Thomas had on medicine. That was the



“Partners of the Heart”

PBS Documentary Celebrates Historic Partnership

THE PBS SERIES “AMERICAN Experience” recently aired a documentary about a medical and social odyssey that began at Vanderbilt in 1930. “Partners of the Heart,” which was broadcast Feb. 10, explores the life of pioneering surgeon Alfred Blalock and his assistant, Vivien Thomas, an African-American man who remained in the physician’s shadow during a 40-year career.

At Vanderbilt the two men led to a new understanding of shock, explaining that massive blood loss led to the condition. Thomas followed Blalock to Johns Hopkins University

where Thomas invented and refined, for Blalock, the first surgical technique to alleviate the congenital heart commonly known as blue baby syndrome. Their discoveries saved the lives of thousands of young children.

Written, directed and produced by film maker Andrea Kalin and narrated by actor Morgan Freeman, the documentary includes an interview with Dr. Levi Watkins, MD’70.

Vanderbilt was among about a dozen institutions and community programs which hosted screenings of the film. Vanderbilt’s Feb. 3 screening was fol-

lowed by a discussion on medical history, race relations and filmmaking.

If you missed the broadcast, you can read about Blalock and Thomas and see film clips and interviews at www.partnersoftheheart.com.

Class of 2006: Smart and Smarter

SO YOU THINK VANDERBILT was tough when you were a student? Try getting in now.

This year’s freshman class is the strongest academically in the University’s history and broke several admissions records, many set as recently as last year.

“This class has the highest numbers in everything we value in our students,” says Bill Shain, dean of undergraduate admissions.

The Class of 2006 represents the lowest admissions rate and highest yield in the University’s history, both of which have improved each year since 1997. Shain attributes this trend to the quality of students seeking admission. “This year the average applicant had SATs over 1300. Six years ago it was 1276.”

A total of 1,578 undergraduates were enrolled as of the 10-Day Report, a common standard for enrollment figures tallied near the beginning of the fall semester.

This year 400 fewer undergraduate applicants had SAT scores below 1250, and 774 more applicants had scores above 1250. “Our increased selectivity appears to be scaring off the weaker candidates,” Shain says.

Of the students indicating race, 19.96 percent are traditionally underrepresented minorities—the highest percentage in the University’s history. Fifty-two percent of the class is female. The 10-Day Report indicates that 20.9 percent of the freshman class is from the Northeast, “by far the most we’ve had from the Northeast,” Shain says. Approximately 14 percent of the freshman class hails from Tennessee.

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beginning of heart surgery.” —DR. ARNOLD STRAUSS, *James C. Overall Professor of Pediatrics and chair of the department*

Genocide: Book Helps Students Ask Why

A TEAM OF UNIVERSITY scholars and high school teachers has written the first book to systematically tie teaching high school students about the Nazi genocide of Jews to an analysis of recent genocides in Armenia, Bosnia, Kosovo and Rwanda.

The Robert Penn Warren Center for the Humanities and the Tennessee Holocaust Commission are distributing free of charge copies of *The Holocaust and Other Genocides: History, Representation, Ethics* to every public and private high school in Tennessee. The Holocaust Commission and the book’s publisher, Vanderbilt University Press, are also working to get word of the book and an interdisciplinary curriculum guide out to schools and Holocaust organizations nationwide.

“Entire ethnic groups continue to be targeted and killed by governments around the world,” says Ruth Tanner, executive

director of the Tennessee Holocaust Commission, which helped fund the project. “We hope this material will cause students to become more aware of how small sacrifices of freedoms made in the name of safety can dampen our capacity for compassion and lead to tragedies of enormous magnitude.”

The book incorporates personal stories, newspaper articles, photographs, poetry and other materials. The curriculum can be taught in a variety of classes such as English, history, civics or religious studies.

Stem Cell Clinic to Reduce Patients’ Hospital Stay

A NEW STEM CELL TRANSPLANT Clinic that opened at Vanderbilt University Medical Center in December will offer blood stem cell transplantation for adults on a largely outpatient basis. Transplantation involves chemotherapy followed by infusion of blood stem cells

and intensive management of side effects.

Vanderbilt stem cell transplant patients currently undergo a hospital stay of three to four weeks. At the new clinic, located on the second floor of The Vanderbilt Clinic, admission will be reduced to three to five days with patients undergoing daily evaluation.

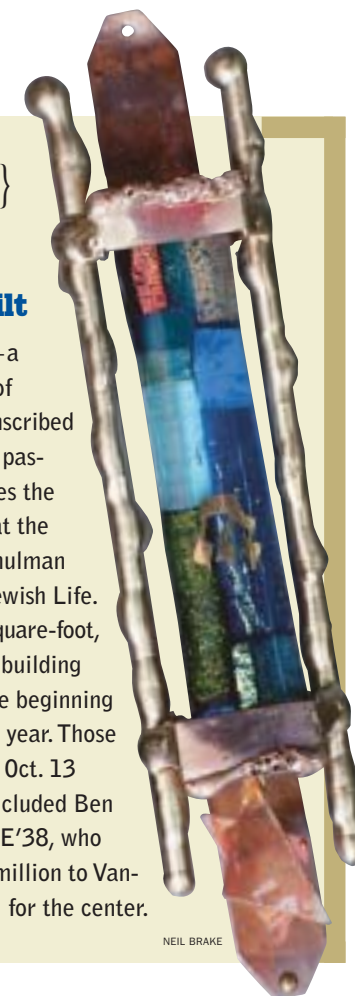
“The move to the outpatient setting will result in significant savings,” notes Dr. Friedrich G. Schuening, chief of hematology and director of stem cell transplantation.

Blood stem cells make red blood cells, white blood cells, and platelets. Transplantation is used to treat leukemia, lymphoma, aplastic anemia, inherited disorders and many other diseases. Patients often act as their own donors, undergoing chemotherapy before the reintroduction of their previously collected stem cells. In other cases stem cells are gathered

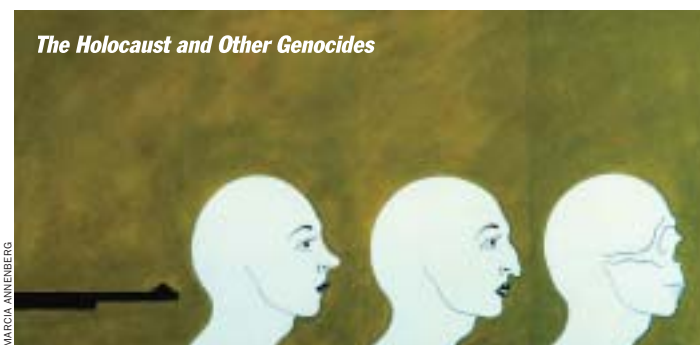
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Shalom Vanderbilt

A mezuzah—a small piece of parchment inscribed with biblical passages—graces the door frame at the new Ben Schulman Center for Jewish Life. The 9,900-square-foot, \$2.3 million building opened at the beginning of the school year. Those attending an Oct. 13 dedication included Ben Schulman, BE’38, who donated \$1 million to Vanderbilt Hillel for the center.



NEIL BRAKE



MARCIA ANNENBERG

from a donor whose tissue type matches the patient’s. Stem cell self-donors face less risk of infection.

Vanderbilt transplant hematologists will begin by offering the outpatient procedure for self-donor patients with multiple myeloma, Hodgkin’s lymphoma or non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma. These diseases, accounting for approximately two-thirds of the adult stem cell transplants at Vanderbilt, tend to respond well to transplantation. ➤

{Inquiring Minds}

Nicotine Replacement May Harm Fetuses



Nicotine replacement is often regarded as a safe alternative for pregnant women. But an animal study conducted by Hakan Sundell, professor of pediatrics, and colleagues suggests that it can have lasting harmful effects on developing fetal lungs.

For a five-week period after lambs were born, lung-function tests showed the animals exposed to nicotine in the womb had faster and more shallow breathing.

"Prenatal nicotine exposure appears to have long-term effects on the postnatal breathing pattern," Sundell and colleagues write in the *American Journal of Respiratory and Critical Care Medicine*.

Attention: The Glue That Binds

When you gaze at a bowl of fruit, why don't some of the bananas look red, some of the apples look purple, and some of the grapes look yellow?

When your brain processes information coming from your eyes, it stores information about an object's shape in one place and information about color in another. Exactly how the brain recombines different types of visual information after it has broken them apart is the subject of controversy in the neuroscience community. The results of a new brain-mapping experiment published in the Aug. 8, 2002, issue of *The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* provide support for the theory that attention is the glue that cements visual information together as people scan complex visual scenes.

The study was done by René Marois, assistant professor of psychology; John C. Gore, Chancellor's University Professor; and Yale graduate student Keith M. Shafritz.

Naked Stars Tantalize Astrophysicists

How many stars like the sun are circled by planets? Today astronomers think they may be quite rare. Observations of stars that resemble the sun



when it was young indicate that stars lose the disk of dust and gas that surrounds them at birth before there is time for planets to form. But David Weintraub, associate professor of astronomy, and graduate student Jeff Bary argue that material surrounding these stars may be evolving in ways that makes it invisible to Earth's telescopes. If they are right, planetary systems similar to ours may be relatively commonplace.

Vanderbilt hematologists will start by admitting patients to the 11 North myelosuppression unit for four to six days to receive chemotherapy and stem cell infusion. Patients will be discharged to the new clinic on the day after stem cell infusion, and

will receive daily outpatient evaluation for two to three weeks following discharge. Once the program is fully operational, patients may start the procedure in the clinic and be admitted to the myelosuppression unit for only a few days.

Biologist Creates "Community of Scholars" for Undergraduate Scientists

MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST Ellen Fanning is one of 20 research scientists nationwide who will each receive \$1 million

idea of what science is really like," she says. She intends to use the grant to build what she calls a "community of scholars" that



Ellen Fanning (center) and students

over the next four years from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute for a new program intended to encourage researchers to put as much creativity into undergraduate education as they have into research.

Only half of undergraduate students who express interest in science and engineering careers as freshmen go on to get degrees in those fields. Fanning, who is Stevenson Professor of Molecular Biology and chair of the department, is convinced it is partly because of the way they are taught.

"Learning about science through lectures and cookbook labs doesn't give students a good

will give participating undergraduates hands-on research experience. "Much of what goes on in the lab is the interaction between different kinds of people with different kinds of skills. So we are trying to create something like an apprenticeship relationship between the students and faculty members, which is very hard to find in the undergraduate setting."

Fanning will select 10 to 12 highly motivated freshmen each spring who are interested in the subject of DNA replication, giving them opportunities as they progress in their studies to work as full-time research interns and undergraduate research fellows.

Robotic Bugs

Michael Goldfarb, associate professor of mechanical engineering, demonstrates a robotic bug that can scuttle more than half a mile on a single battery charge. Goldfarb leads a Vanderbilt group that is working on robotic technology as part of a program funded by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) exploring the use of mobile micro-robots for military reconnaissance and intelligence gathering. Soldiers could carry large numbers of these mechanical scouts to investigate the terrain ahead, detecting minefields and other hazards. The Vanderbilt group has concentrated on issues of locomotion.



Residence Hall Name Change at Center of Controversy

AFTER YEARS OF SOMETIMES-rancorous public debate over its name, the residence hall known since its 1935 construction by Peabody College as Confederate Memorial Hall has been renamed Memorial Hall. According to a statement issued by Vanderbilt administration in September, the change is intended to help create “a positive, inclusive environment, and to ensure that our facilities and symbols do not inadvertently reflect values that are inconsistent with the University’s mission.” The new name is intended to honor all those who have lost their lives in America’s armed conflicts.

Confederate Memorial Hall was constructed on the campus of the formerly independent George Peabody College for Teachers to provide housing for young women of “Confederate descent” who were studying to become teachers. At the time, the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC) contributed approximately \$50,000 toward the cost of construction, which

was in excess of \$150,000, with Peabody funding \$100,000. Female students who could prove Confederate ancestry lived there rent-free.

When George Peabody College merged with Vanderbilt University in 1979, its facilities became part of the Vanderbilt campus. Female students no longer lived there rent-free after the merger. Several years later the University undertook a multi-million-dollar renovation and repair effort on the building to bring it up to current standards and safety codes.

After the reopening of the building, a vigorous campus debate developed over the appropriateness of the name. At that time, a historical plaque was added to the building



explaining its origins and historical significance and the contributions of the UDC to its construction. Debate over the name has continued, however. Some students have refused to live in the building, and the Student Government Association

has passed two resolutions requesting that the name be changed.

The name change itself has generated considerable media attention and emotional response from both sides of the issue, including threats directed at Chancellor Gordon Gee by some opposing the change. While many students, faculty, alumni and observers believe the change was long overdue, others argued that the University was erasing a part of their heritage in the name of “political correctness.” The Tennessee Division of the UDC has filed a lawsuit in an attempt to prevent the change. That case is still pending in Davidson County Chancery Court.

Although University materials and maps refer to the new name, the historical plaque acknowledging its origins remains in

the lobby, and the word “Confederate” is still inscribed above the front entrance. The plaque reads: “Constructed in 1935 by George Peabody College for Teachers in part with funds raised at personal sacrifice during the Great Depression by Tennessee women of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of their fathers and brothers who fought in the war between the North and South 1861–65. Dedicated to the education of teachers for a region sorely in need of them. Renovated by Vanderbilt University in 1988 for continued service to all students. 1989.”

Center to Focus on Terrorism, Emergency Preparedness

CREATING NEW TOOLS TO fight terrorism and help communities better prepare for large-scale disasters will be the focus of a National Center for Emergency Preparedness, established in December at Vanderbilt University Medical Center. The NCEP is the brainchild of Colleen Conway-Welch, dean of

the School of Nursing.

“The Center will develop, implement and evaluate technological capabilities, and create an interdisciplinary approach to disasters by involving all aspects of health care and emergency response personnel,” says Conway-Welch.

VUSN is a founding member and managing institution of the National Health Professions Preparedness Consortium, and assisted in the development of a comprehensive five-year strategic plan for the U.S. Public Health Service.

Stephen L. Guillot Jr. will direct the NCEP. He also serves as executive director of the National Health Professionals Preparedness Consortium. “We will focus on the more than 12 million emergency responders throughout the nation to develop bioterrorism and natural disaster techniques and equipment,” says Guillot.

When fully staffed, adds Guillot, the NCEP could have as many as 25 full-time employees, including experts with diverse backgrounds in medicine, public health, law enforcement and emergency response.

Vanderbilt Magazine Honored

Vanderbilt Magazine received three awards in this year’s District III Advancement Awards program sponsored by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education. The awards for District III, which includes nine southeastern states, recognize excellence in alumni, communications and development programs. *Vanderbilt Magazine* received the Grand Award for editorial design and awards of excellence in the general alumni magazines and publishing improvement categories of the awards program.



Meharry-Vanderbilt Alliance Sets Ambitious Course

MEHARRY MEDICAL COLLEGE is the nation’s largest private, historically black educator of health professionals and scientists. Founded in 1876, Meharry is located just two miles from the Vanderbilt campus.

Both Meharry and Vanderbilt University Medical Center treat a disproportionate share of the uninsured and underserved populations of the region. Yet, for most of their histories, relatively little contact existed between the two institutions.

All that changed four years ago with the forging of the Meharry-Vanderbilt Alliance. Established with the ambitious goals of enhancing educational, scientific and clinical programs, the alliance has blossomed, netting both universities a combined total of more than \$100 million to study such diseases as diabetes, AIDS and cancer.

One collaboration, a five-year study to understand why

African-Americans are more likely to develop and die from cancer, will enroll and follow 105,000 people. Funded by a \$22 million grant from the National Cancer Institute, the Southern Community Cohort Study is the largest population-based health study of African-Americans ever conducted.

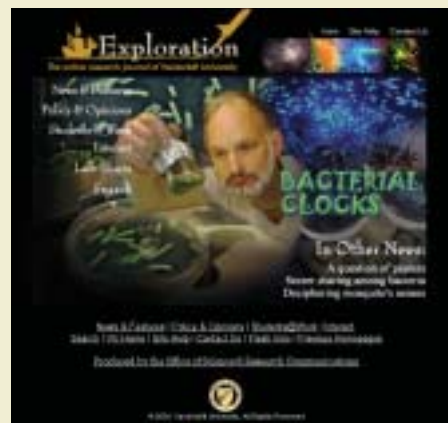
The National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute has awarded Meharry and Vanderbilt \$6 million to establish a new Center for Reducing Asthma Disparities. The number of Americans with asthma has doubled to more than 14 million since the late 1980s, and black children are four times more likely than whites to die from asthma-related complications.

The two institutions have cooperative residency programs, are sharing curricula and library resources, and they are in the process of establishing joint faculty appointments.

Virtual Vanderbilt

<http://exploration.vanderbilt.edu>

Exploration, Vanderbilt’s online research magazine, captures the power of multimedia to explain the basic nature of research. It has been named one of Exploratorium’s Ten Cool Sites for Educational Excellence and has been selected as a feature site by Study Web, an online service for educational materials. Catch up on the latest research, read student lab diaries, find out about developments in Washington of interest to the higher-education community, and much more.



Sports

A look at winter athletics

Feeling the Magic

Whether at Vanderbilt or Venice, Chantelle Anderson is All-American. By NELSON BRYAN

JUST THE THOUGHT OF A BIG GAME, a full house and comrades-in-arms at her side brings out obvious joy and energy in senior center Chantelle Anderson.

"It's a great feeling—the pageantry, the camaraderie that you feel with your teammates," she says of taking center court. "You know that you've worked so hard just to get to this point. All these fans' expectations ... they

want you to win. You're taking their energy, and you're taking energy from your teammates and coaches. You can't really describe the feeling. It's just something you have to go through. You can feel the energy from everybody.

"It makes practicing three hours a day worth it," she says with a laugh. "It has to be something wonderful because practicing three hours a day isn't easy."

Anderson made the long trek from Vancouver, Wash., to Vanderbilt to play in the powerful SEC women's competition while attending a university with a renowned academic reputation.

"The SEC is the best conference in the nation," she says. "I had no problem coming all the way to Tennessee for that. Vanderbilt

gave me the best situation possible." As a bonus, she notes that "it rains a lot in Vancouver. I like the weather a lot better here."

Anderson finishes her Vanderbilt career under a new coaching staff. Coach Melanie Balcomb joined the University during the summer and instituted a new game plan, an up-tempo motion-style offense. "Off the court, Coach Balcomb is very funny and personable—extremely intense. We went bowling, and you could tell that she hates to lose.

That's where her intensity comes from.

She hates losing." The players and coaches quickly became acquainted with each other and the change of playing styles. They had to. In August they toured Italy and notched a 3-0 record against Italian club teams.

During their trip the team visited the Vatican and Sistine Chapel in Rome, and saw Michelangelo's "David" in Florence, the ruins of Pompeii and Lake

Como. Mount Vesuvius had nothing on Vanderbilt as the Commodores erupted for a 116-65 win in Pompeii against Boscreale with Anderson scoring 28 points and 10 rebounds.

The most memorable time for Anderson and many of her teammates was their stay in Venice.

"I loved the water," she says. "It was just gorgeous. We took a speedboat to the game, which was so fun." Apparently, it was energizing as well. The Commodores arrived at the game and sank Selezione Lombarda by a score of 103-58 with Anderson scoring 33 points and grabbing 10 rebounds.

"It was great in terms of team bonding and getting to know the new coaches and their getting to know us. Early exposure to the new system was definitely a plus."

Anderson is destined to be a star in the WNBA, the women's professional basketball league. Pundits predicted after her junior season that she should be the number-one pick in the draft. Those predictions should come to fruition after this, her final season at Vanderbilt. At the end of last season, she was named a first-team All-American by the Associated Press, Player of the Year and first-team All-SEC by the Southeastern Conference, and a Kodak All-American.

And life after professional basketball? Anderson is interested in a sports broadcasting career. "I've always wanted to be on TV," she laughs. She's already got a jump on that as well. Through her human and organizational development major, she has interned at Nashville's WKRN-TV and with the Tennessee Titans. "I also want to run my own basketball camp some day."

Pro teams will have to wait until spring to vie for her talents. Until then, Chantelle Anderson will be energizing the crowd and her teammates as they continue to make Memorial Magic.



PHOTOS BY NEIL BRANE

Strong Schedule for 2002-03 Cagers

NINE 2002 NCAA TOURNAMENT TEAMS, two NIT teams, and a demanding non-conference slate highlight the 2002-03 Vanderbilt men's basketball schedule.

The Commodores play 27 regular-season contests this season, including 16 home games. Six of Vanderbilt's conference games will be on television, including the Jan. 14 home game against Kentucky that was broadcast nationally by ESPN.

"Our non-conference schedule must be among the toughest in the country," says head coach Kevin Stallings. "I've always said we will try to match our schedule with our team. I don't want to over-schedule, but at the same time we want our schedule to be attractive to our team as well as our fans. This schedule reflects our belief we are in the process of getting better."

The always-tough SEC schedule began



NEIL BRAKE

Jan. 8 at Auburn. Home games scheduled to be televised were Jan. 11 against Alabama, Jan. 14 against Kentucky and Jan. 29 against Georgia, while the road games scheduled to be televised are Jan. 22 at Florida, March 1 at South Carolina and March 5 at Kentucky. The Commodores have two scheduled bye dates during the conference season, with the first day off coming Saturday, Jan. 25, and the second coming Wednesday, Feb. 19.

Hindy Honored with 9/11 Memorial

THE VANDERBILT ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT has created a permanent memorial in honor of former baseball player Mark Hindy, BS'95, who was killed in the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attack on the World Trade Center.

Hindy, originally from Brooklyn, N.Y., was an equity trader at Cantor-Fitzgerald, the financial securities firm devastated by the attacks. A memorial celebration of his life was held Sept. 24, 2001, in Brooklyn. "It should not surprise anyone who knew Mark that the event called together a gathering of more than 1,200 family, friends and former teammates to celebrate his life and honor his memory," said a statement from the athletic department. "Mark gave us so much during his four years at Vanderbilt. Now we have the opportunity to honor his memory by giving back."

Along with a plaque, the Mark Hindy Memorial includes a cross presented by Hindy's family and made from a fallen girder of the World Trade Center. Originally on display at the McGugin Center, the memorial now has a permanent home at the entrance to the new baseball stadium. The athletic department also has established a memorial fund in Hindy's name and renamed the annual athlete-alumni golf event the Mark Hindy Memorial Tournament "in order to capture the giving spirit of a gentle man, his extraordinary love of the game and, most important, the smile we all miss," said the statement.

During the 2002 season, the fitted game cap of every Vanderbilt baseball player and staff member displayed a gold 41, Hindy's old number, and everyone who assisted in the creation of the memorial plaque and fund received a replica of the special caps.

Two other charitable funds have been created in Hindy's honor. As a way to celebrate Hindy's love for children, his family has established the Mark Hindy Charitable Foundation Inc., which assists various children's charities. In addition, a scholarship has been created in his honor at his former Brooklyn high school, Poly Prep Country Day School. The athletic department invites alumni and friends to participate in the various causes. For more information, contact the Vanderbilt Athletic Department at 615/343-3109.

{Sports Roundup}

Hockey: Vanderbilt Tries for Championship Repeat

The Commodores will try to repeat as champions of the Great Midwest Collegiate Hockey Conference (GMCHC). Vanderbilt won the GMCHC championship last year after defeating the University of Tennessee in Indianapolis by a 3-1 score. En route to the title clash with UT, the Commodores defeated Eastern Kentucky and Butler. Vanderbilt's Brian Rayhack of Tampa, Fla., was named tournament MVP. Other team skaters named to the All-Tournament first team were Jonathan Tom and Taylor Vreeland. Paul Jabour and Matt McClain were named to the All-Tournament second team, and McClain, Tom and Earle were named to the All-Conference team.

Baseball: Sowers Named to Freshman All-American Team

Vanderbilt left-hander Jeremy Sowers was named to Collegiate Baseball's 2002 Louisville Slugger Freshmen All-American team. Sowers was one of 18 starting pitchers and 70 players honored nationwide.

Sowers, a native of Louisville, Ky., led all Commodore pitchers last season in wins (six), ERA (4.37), innings pitched (101.0), strikeouts (85) and pickoffs (12). He finished the year with a 6-5 record. His 101.0 innings pitched set a single-season record for Vanderbilt freshmen hurlers, while his 85 strikeouts were third most by a Vandy freshman pitcher in school history.

Among Southeastern Conference pitchers, Sowers ranked fourth in strikeouts, and his 12 pickoffs were a league high. He finished with a 4-5 record against the powerful SEC with a 5.52 ERA, 26 walks, 50 strikeouts and 91 hits in 75.0 innings of work.

Golf: Teams Climb in National Rankings

Both Vanderbilt's men's and women's golf teams were ranked among the top 10 in the nation following victories in the Mason Rudolph Championship in September. The tournament was held at the Legends Club of Tennessee in Franklin, Vanderbilt's home course.

The women's team earned No. 3 in a Golfweek.com top-25 poll compiled before the Commodores won the Mason Rudolph Championship. Three Commodores finished in the top five, led by junior Courtney Wood who won the individual title with a 2-under-par. Junior Sarah Jacobs finished in a tie for fifth place with a 222, senior Nicki Cutler finished in a tie for 13th place, followed by Joni Gossett in a tie for 22nd.

The men's team moved from No. 22 to No. 8 in the Golfweek/Sagarin Poll after claiming the team title at the second annual Mason Rudolph Championship with a school-record 29-under-par, three-round score of 811.



Courtney Wood

Individually, senior Brandt Snedeker moved up from No. 14 to No. 6 after claiming his first collegiate tournament championship with a 12-under-par score of 198 at the Mason Rudolph Championship. That victory came on the heels of his second-place finish at the Cleveland Golf Kiawah Island Intercollegiate in Kiawah Island, S.C. At that time, Snedeker was 141-1 overall, 3-0 versus top-25 players, 7-1 against top-50 players, and 12-1 versus top-100 competition. Sophomore Mark Donnell moved up from No. 39 to No. 21 in the poll.

Tennis: Riske and Tsubanos Win Doubles Title

Sarah Riske and Aleke Tsubanos became the first Commodores ever to win the Riviera/ITA Women's All-American Championships hosted at the Riviera Country Club in Pacific Palisades, Calif., last October. They had been seeded No. 1 heading into the tournament.

Riske, a senior from McMurry, Pa., and Tsubanos, a junior from St. Louis, defeated an Oklahoma State team 8-4 in the championship match. A victory in the quarterfinals over a strong Georgia doubles team was one of the keys, as the Bulldog pair had beaten them twice last year.

{Where Are They Now?}



Wendy Scholtens, BA'91, one of Vandy's greatest women's basketball players, is still intimidating the opposition as a civil litigator in Little Rock, Ark. Wendy holds a number of Vanderbilt individual and career records. Her career records include points (2,602), points per game (21.3), field goals made (959), free throws made (681), free throw percentage (.868) and rebounds (1,272). She also was Vanderbilt's first Kodak All-America basketball honoree and the first Vanderbilt woman to have her jersey retired. She was inducted into the Tennessee Sports Hall of Fame in 1999. Now Wendy Scholtens Wood, she is a part-time attorney at the law firm of Barber McCaskill Jones & Hale, practicing defense in civil litigation cases. She and her husband, Paul, met at law school at the University of Arkansas-Little Rock and married in 1996. They are parents of Madeline Grace Wood, born in April 2001.



Mark Harris and Katherine May climb the wall at the Student Rec Center.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL BRAKE

A Songcatcher in Middle Tennessee

The folksong collection of George Boswell. By CHARLES WOLFE

ONE FALL DAY IN 1949, a dusty red sedan pulled into the driveway of an old farmhouse near New Johnsonville, near the Tennessee River. Out of it stepped a tall, 29-year-old man with a crew cut and a battered briefcase. His name was George Worley Boswell, and though he looked like an insurance salesman or a visiting preacher, he was actually a graduate student at George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. And he was hunting old songs.

"I had been corresponding with this lady about old songs her family knew," Boswell recalled years later. "She was a little puzzled as to why I wanted to write down her songs, but she invited me in and offered me a glass of tea. She lived in a very old house, full of interesting antique furniture. She showed me a three-cornered cabinet that appeared to be made of oak and was pegged together. It had been in the family for as long as anyone could remember, she said. A family history told that dishes had fallen out of it during the great New Madrid earthquake of 1812."

Then it was time for singing. Boswell took out a notebook and a sheaf of music paper, and his hostess began singing:

*'Twas in the merry month of May,
When all the flowers were blooming,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbary Allen.*

Boswell recognized the song at once as a "child ballad"—one of the narrative songs

that English and Scotch-Irish settlers had brought to America generations before. He knew that English writer Samuel Pepys had mentioned it in his diary as far back as 1666; that the poet William Goldsmith mentioned it in an essay; that it was one of Abraham Lincoln's favorite songs as a boy. In these days before tape recorders or digital cameras, Boswell had to transcribe the song by hand, but he was a trained musician, and it was no problem for him to note the music as his informant sang.

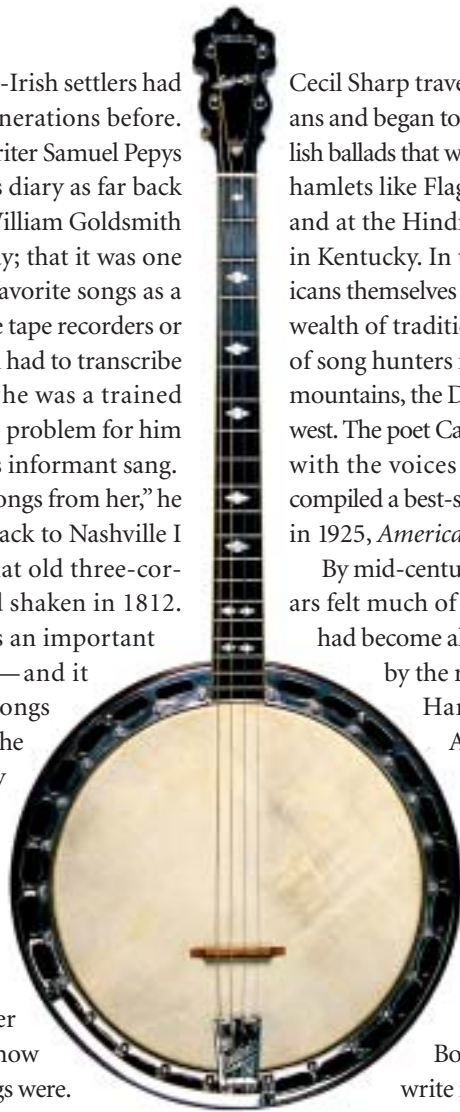
"I got several good songs from her," he recalled, "but driving back to Nashville I kept thinking about that old three-cornered cabinet that had shaken in 1812. Her family knew it was an important part of their heritage—and it was. But she also had songs that were far older, and she didn't understand why they were interesting. But the family had kept them alive all those years, so I guess they must have thought they were worth something."

George Boswell never ceased to be amazed at how durable the old folk songs were. In an earlier age, before records, radio, mass media and easy travel, the oral tradition was a major part of American culture. Though the tradition undoubtedly flourished in the 18th and 19th centuries, it had been ignored by academics and journalists. Then, in 1916, an English folk-song collector named

Cecil Sharp traveled into the Appalachians and began to find dozens of old English ballads that were still alive in Tennessee hamlets like Flag Pond and Rocky Fork and at the Hindman Settlement School in Kentucky. In the next decade, Americans themselves suddenly discovered the wealth of traditional music, and dozens of song hunters made their way into the mountains, the Deep South and the Midwest. The poet Carl Sandburg was so taken with the voices of these songs that he compiled a best-selling anthology of them in 1925, *American Songbag*.

By mid-century, though, many scholars felt much of the folk-song tradition had become all but extinct, driven out by the radio hits of singers like Hank Williams and Eddy Arnold. What was left, they felt, was still hidden away in the most remote hollows of Appalachia. George Boswell was to prove them wrong on both counts.

A native of Nashville, Boswell learned to read and write music as a teen at David Lipscomb, and then later studied English literature at Vanderbilt. He got interested in old British ballads from Fugitive poet and critic Donald Davidson—"an unreconstructed southerner and one of the best teachers at Vanderbilt," he recalled. A five-year hitch in the Army interrupted his studies, but he



returned and enrolled at Peabody, where he met two of the nation's best known folk-song experts, George Pullen Jackson and Charles Faulkner Bryan. In the 1930s both Peabody and Vanderbilt had encouraged students to compile collections of folk songs as their theses, and Boswell began talking to Peabody professor Susan Riley about discovering which types of traditional music were still out there.

He soon found that he wouldn't have to travel to the eastern mountains to find his songs; hundreds of them were right under his nose in Nashville and its surrounding communities. One of his best singers was Myrtle Carrigan, a tiny, white-haired woman who lived in a modest frame house on 22nd Avenue North. Like so many residents of Nashville, Mrs. Carrigan had grown up in rural Smith County, Tenn., and moved to Nashville with her husband to find work.

Another prime source, and one of the most colorful, was Jane Snodgrass Johnson, who had grown up in the Sequatchie Valley, and who not only remembered old songs but wrote several books, including a novel called

Easy Money. Another singer was a teacher in Brentwood who would sing to her students old songs her mother learned in Alabama. Yet others were well-known Nashville professionals—physician Sam Clark, historian Stanley Horn, state historian Bob White and judge Albert Williams, who recalled a family ballad called "The Constitution and the Guerriere," which dated from the War of 1812.



The Boswell folk song collection offers a rare look at traditional music in Tennessee. Its holdings range from handwritten versions of popular folk songs to sheet music.



Boswell also traveled to 10 counties outside Nashville and collected more ballads, lyric laments (like "The Blind Child"), rare topical songs (like "Jim Bobo's Fatal Ride," about one of the region's first bicycle accidents), Civil War songs (like "The Downfall of Fort Donelson"), and comic songs (like "Aunt Jemima's Plaster"). His most active years of song collecting were from 1948 to 1952, but after he began his teaching career, which took him to Morehead, Clarksville, and the University of Mississippi, he continued to gather

songs when possible. By the time it was all over, Boswell had amassed more than 1,200 songs, the largest collection in Tennessee.

It was so large, in fact, that when Boswell approached publishers about printing it, most editors took a look at the size and blanched. In the 1930s and 1940s, university presses were willing to commit the time and resources to issue huge collections, but by the 1980s, spiraling printing costs had made such ambition impractical. In his later years Boswell kept his collection in a set of 10 huge notebook binders; some of the songs had been typed and cleanly notated, but most were in their original holograph form, written out by hand and left in the collector's own notation. In 1989 he retired from Mississippi, and he and his wife, Emily (who had helped him gather many of the songs), returned to Nashville. Three years later the University of Tennessee Press agreed to publish a selection of the material, and I began working with George to select songs and gather his memories about his singers.

In 1997 a selection of about 100 songs—less than a tenth of the collection—was published as *Folk Songs of Middle Tennessee: The George Boswell Collection*. Sadly, the collector did not live to see a copy; he died March 22, 1995. Emily Boswell, however, was determined to preserve the collection, and I put her in touch with Marice Wolfe, then the director of Vanderbilt's Special Collections at the Heard Library. Emily was impressed with Marice, her staff and the Vanderbilt archives, and agreed to donate the collection. Today it remains an invaluable resource for scholars, singers, and students of traditional music. ▽

Charles Wolfe, professor of English at Middle Tennessee State University, is one of the world's most respected and prolific writers on traditional folk and popular American musical genres. Author of more than a dozen books on American music, he has annotated more than 100 record albums and has been nominated three times for Grammy awards.

Bright Ideas

“It now appears that Dos Pilas was a pawn in a much bigger battle.” —ARTHUR DEMAREST

Hieroglyphs Expose Mayan Superpower Conflict

1 NEWLY UNCOVERED hieroglyphs in Guatemala are filling in an unknown period of Mayan history. Their translation is helping to explain the fracture of the Mayan empire into warring regional states and the eventual collapse of a civilization that once ruled southern Mexico as well as Central and South America.

Complete with references to piles of skulls and flowing blood, the glyphs were partially exposed during a recent hurricane at Dos Pilas, an ancient Mayan city isolated deep in the rain forest. “The hundreds of new glyphs fill a gap of unknown Maya history and clarify many of the political and military relationships of this critical period,” says epigrapher Federico Fahsen, adjunct professor at Vanderbilt, who deciphered the text. Fahsen says the glyphs are extraordinary because they tell not only about the city of Dos Pilas’s triumphs but also its setbacks and tragedies. He now believes Dos Pilas was part of a dramatic superpower struggle that may have contributed to the collapse of the Maya civilization.

Carved into an 18-step stone stairway, the hieroglyphs reveal that in the seventh century, the Maya world was divided between two superpowers—one under the control of the city-state Tikal, the other dominated by Calakmul. Tikal was located in what is now northern Guatemala; Calakmul was about 60 miles farther north in Mexico.

The glyphs—among the largest texts ever discovered—detail how Calakmul was involved in the wars that occurred in the ancient Maya world. Previously, Mayan scholars viewed the conflict between Dos Pilas and Tikal as a quarrel between two brothers.

The glyphs, however, reveal a very different story. It’s one that begins with the birth of a king, Balaj Chan K’awiil, in 625 A.D., and Tikal’s creation of Dos Pilas as a military outpost in 629. Dos Pilas was important for its proximity to the middle stretch of the Pasión River, the superhighway of the Maya world. It was strategically important because it allowed Tikal to control trade routes between the highlands and lowlands.

As told by the glyphs, Balaj Chan K’awiil was installed as ruler of Dos Pilas by Tikal at the age of 4. “Balaj Chan K’awiil became a very big warrior,” says Fahsen. “He almost never

stopped fighting and for many years was loyal to Tikal. When the king was in his early 20s, Calakmul attacked and defeated Dos Pilas. After capturing Balaj Chan K’awiil, Calakmul became a “puppet king” who kept his land in exchange for allegiance.

“When I read those glyphs, I had to blink to make sure I was reading correctly,” he says. “I had

never heard of Calakmul actually invading and defeating the king of Dos Pilas. We thought that, at most, they might have had a weak alliance.”

The record continues to describe how Balaj Chan K’awiil, now loyal to Calakmul, launched a decade-long war against Tikal that ended in his victory. His forces sacked Tikal

and brought its ruler—his own brother—and other Tikal nobles to Dos Pilas to be sacrificed. “The west section of the steps was very graphic,” says Fahsen. “It says, ‘Blood was pooled, and the skulls of the 13 people of the Tikal palace were piled up.’ Following the victory, Dos Pilas embarked on a campaign of conquest with Calak-

mul’s backing and became a major regional power.”

“Rather than being an independent actor as previously thought, it now appears that Dos Pilas was a pawn in a much bigger battle,” says Arthur Demarest, Ingram Professor of Anthropology at Vanderbilt. “In today’s terms, Dos Pilas was the Somalia or Viet-

nam of the Maya world, used in a war that was actually between two superpowers.”

In the world of archaeology, Demarest has garnered attention for his work in confirming the existence of a 170-room, three-story, eighth-century royal palace in Guatemala in 2000. Located in the ancient city Cancuén (meaning “Place of Serpents”), the palace is believed to be one of the largest, most elaborate and best-preserved residences of ancient Maya kings.

Fahsen and Demarest contend the newly translated account at Dos Pilas supports the theory advanced by some Maya scholars who have asserted that this period in Maya history was a “long world war” between Tikal and Calakmul. Scholars previously characterized the conflicts between different Maya city-states as regional and unrelated. “The new evidence supports the more extreme versions of theories advanced by two Maya scholars—Simon Martin of

University College, London, and Nikolai Grube of the University of Bonn,” says Demarest.

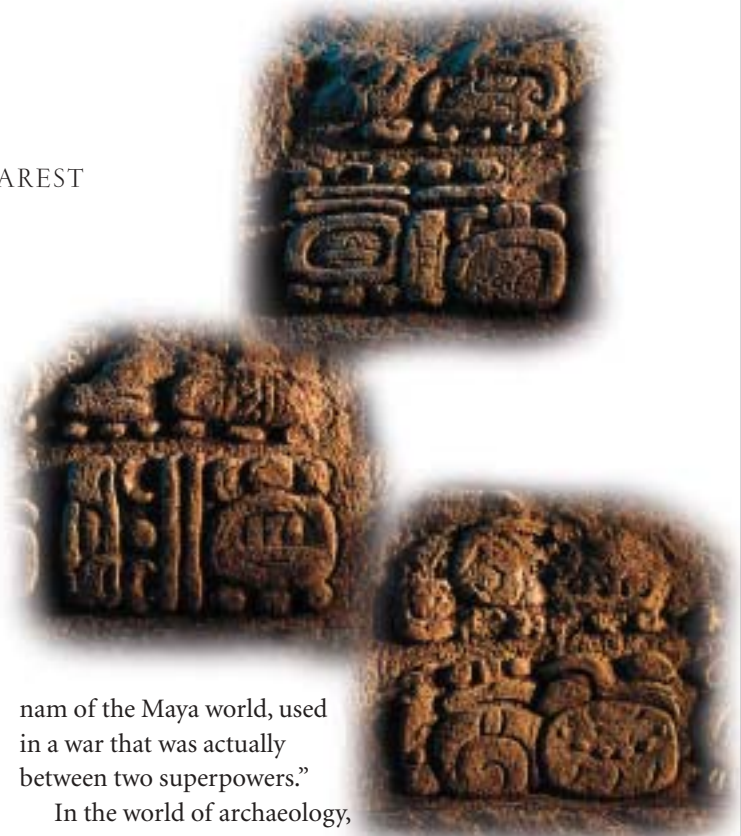
After evaluating the new material, Demarest now concedes this was a time when the Maya civilization was on the verge of moving to a higher level of organization and consolidating into a single empire. “However, this didn’t happen. Instead, the giant war went back and forth. After Tikal was sacked, it roared back and crushed Calakmul. And then the Maya world broke into regional powers, setting the stage for a period of intensive, petty warfare that finally led to the collapse of the Maya,” says Demarest. By 760, Dos Pilas was abandoned.

The work in Guatemala was funded, in part, by Vanderbilt and the National Geographic Society.



Arthur Demarest, left, and Federico Fahsen have discovered hieroglyphs that change scholars’ notions of Myan history.

PHOTOS: KENNETH GARRETT ©2002 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



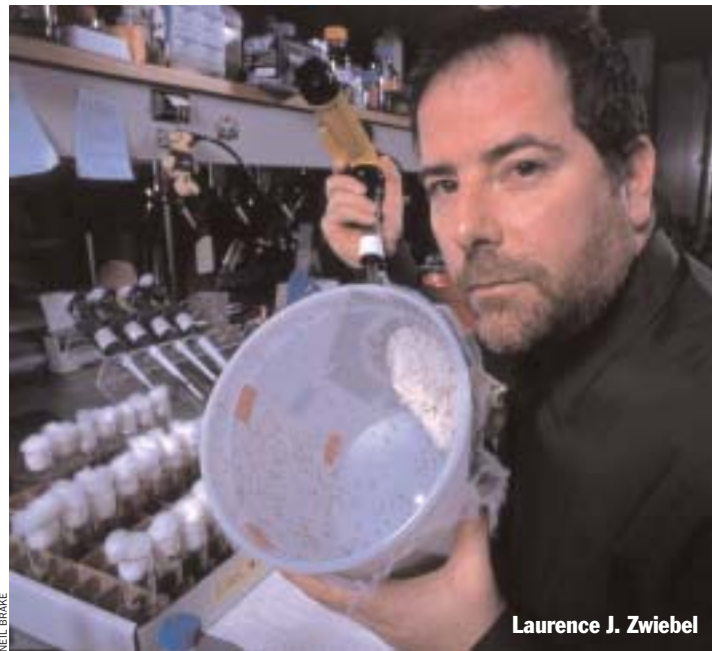
Deciphering Mosquito Senses

2 THERE'S BEEN A national buzz about mosquitoes this year, but the study of the genetic map of the species, *Anopheles gambiae*, by three Vanderbilt researchers has gained notice within the scientific community and may foster new ways to control this disease-carrying insect.

It seems that *A. gambiae* is something of a gourmet — its preferred meal is almost exclusively human blood. Its insect's preference for humans and its ability to seek them out, in fact, are the insect's hallmarks and have made the mapping of its genes an important subject of scientific study. The net result could lead to a more effective assault on the mosquito's ability to spread malaria, a disease that annually causes millions of deaths worldwide.

Vanderbilt researchers Laurence J. Zwiebel, A. Nicole Fox and Jason Pitts, along with scientists from the University of Notre Dame and the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, have identified specific genes related to this species' ability to spread malaria. These genes play a critical role in almost every aspect of the insect's life cycle, including its ability to see, taste, touch and smell.

"This is an important step in our ability to first understand the mosquito's host preference and tracking system and then to interfere with it in a way that can save human lives in an economically feasible and



Laurence J. Zwiebel

environmentally benign fashion," says Zwiebel, an assistant professor of biological sciences and study leader.

Malaria is spread when a human is bitten by an *A. gambiae* mosquito carrying the protozoa that causes the disease. This single-celled entity spends part of its life cycle in humans and part in the mosquito. The disease produces a severe fever and, in some cases, potentially fatal complications affecting the kidneys, liver, brain and blood.

In the Oct. 4 issue of *Science*, Zwiebel, Vanderbilt graduate student Fox, and research associate Pitts and colleagues reported the identification of 276 genes in the *A. gambiae* genome. These provide the blueprints for proteins central to the mosquito's sensory systems, including its ability to find and feed on humans. In particular, Zwiebel and colleagues found 79 genes that appear to be involved in the mosquito's sense of smell and



Pancreas Cells Pave Way for Diabetes Treatment

3 BEFORE THE PANCREAS is a pancreas, it is just two tiny bumps — two groups of cells sprouting from a central tube. What makes these cells bud off from the main group? How do they go on to make all the cell types of the mature pancreas? These are the kinds of questions that drive the research efforts of Christopher V.E. Wright and colleagues. The answers could pave the way toward limitless supplies of pancreatic cells for transplantation therapy of diabetes.

"It has been established that islet cell transplantation can solve the diabetes problem," says Wright, associate professor of cell and developmental biology and director of Vanderbilt's Developmental Biology Program, referring to studies carried out in Edmonton, Canada, and elsewhere. "The problem is having a suitable and sufficient source of transplantation material."

Donated pancreases and the technical expertise required to isolate functioning islet cells — the pancreatic cells that produce insulin — will not meet the demand, Wright says. An alternative, he says, is to produce insulin-secreting cells from embryonic or other stem cells.

"If we can identify the factors that determine pancreatic cell fate, we might be able to coerce embryonic stem cells or other cells to turn into pancreas."

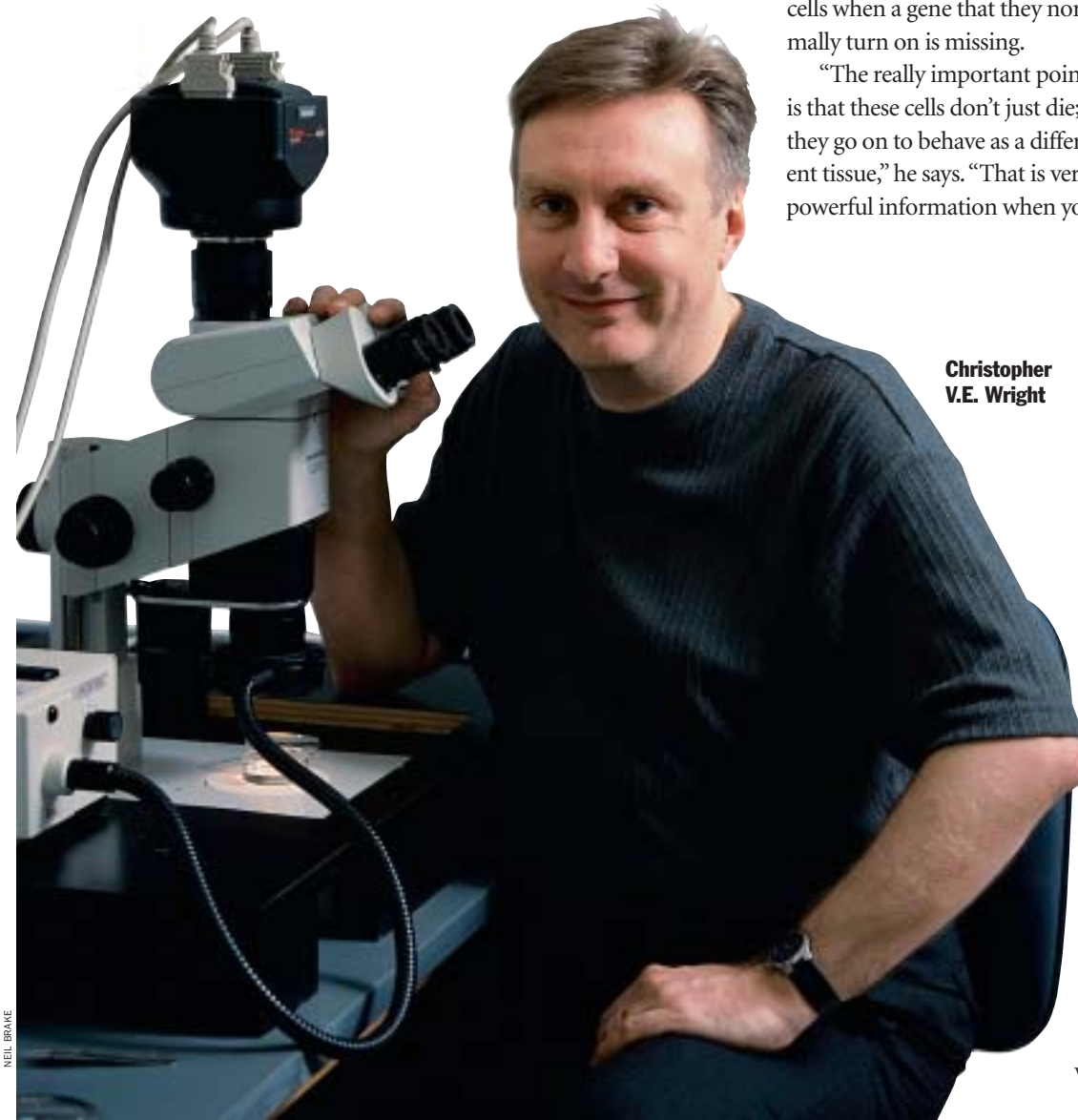
One of these factors is a gene called PTF1p48 (p48 for short). Wright and colleagues reported in *Nature Genetics*, published

online Aug. 19, 2002, that p48 is required for the development of the pancreas — both its exocrine cells (those that secrete digestive enzymes) and its endocrine cells (those that secrete insulin and other hormones).

Wright's team used what one reviewer of the paper called "a novel and powerful cell marking method" to track cells in the mouse that express the p48 gene, starting very early in embryonic pancreas formation. The method relied on genetic manipulations to introduce an inherited marker — a blue color that could be followed in cells that turned on the p48 gene, and in all the cells that came from those cells.

A simple way to think about the technique, Wright says, is to picture the crowd at a football stadium and to imagine that somewhere in the stadium, for a limited time, a man gave away unique blue hats and asked people to wear them. "Now we can follow the people who got hats, no matter where they go," says Wright. "Whether they go to get a hot dog or leave the stadium entirely, we can find them."

Using the technique, the investigators found and followed the cells that turned on the p48 gene — as if these cells were wearing blue hats. The cells that budded out to form the pancreas turned on p48; they were blue. And the cells of the mature



Christopher V.E. Wright

pancreas were blue, too.

Wright's team combined this powerful method for tracing a cell's lineage with gene knockout technology. They engineered mice to lack the p48 gene, causing abnormal development of the pancreas. Cells in these knockout mice still tried to turn on the p48 gene, so the investigators were able to follow the blue marker in these cells.

They found that, with p48 absent, the cells that normally express p48 and go on to form pancreas became intestinal cells instead. And they became all types of cells in the intestines, including intestinal stem cells. It is the first time, to Wright's knowledge, that investigators have tracked what happens to cells when a gene that they normally turn on is missing.

"The really important point is that these cells don't just die; they go on to behave as a different tissue," he says. "That is very powerful information when you



are thinking about manipulating stem cells in the laboratory. Because you know now, at least for some genes, that you can put them in or take them away and you don't kill the cells; you manipulate what they're going to become. And that's exactly what we want to do therapeutically."

Wright believes that linking lineage tracing and gene knockouts will become increasingly common. "It adds extra depth to understanding cellular behavior," he says. He is also enthusiastic about fluorescent variants of the lineage tracing technique that will allow investigators to follow living cells as they change fates.

And he is excited about his group's ongoing studies with p48. The team is currently introducing the p48 gene into cells that would normally become intestinal cells to see if they change their fate and become pancreatic cells instead.

"If we can do that," he says, "we're a big step further towards knowing that p48 is one of the gene triggers you might want to put into an embryonic or other stem cell to make pancreas."

Those "other" stem cells could be circulating-blood stem cells or even cells within the pancreas that could potentially regenerate the organ, so-called pancreatic stem cells. They appear to exist in mice, which are capable of pancreatic regeneration, explains Wright. It is not so far-fetched, he adds, to believe that human beings harbor such cells. Identifying the genes, such as p48, expressed by pancreatic progenitor cells forwards efforts to find pancreatic stem cells.

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

Prophet Out of Chamblissberg

Carol Swain sounds a wake-up call for people of all races. By FRYE GAILLARD, BA'68

The story begins in a tarpaper shack, four crowded rooms in rural Virginia, the segregated South of the 1960s, where Carol Swain and her brothers and sisters were caught up daily in an undertow

of dread. There were 14 people living in the house—12 children and their mother and stepfather, eking out a living anyway they knew how. They were the poorest of the poor in Chamblissberg, a little black community near the Roanoke Valley, where the weekends always seemed to be the worst. Those were the days when the verbal abuse from her alcoholic parents would send the household spinning into violence, and many years later there were memories of a stepfather swinging with his axe, and the children screaming and clutching at his legs, trying to keep him away from their mother.

Carol ran away from it all when she could. It was a journey that took her first to Roanoke, where she moved in for a while with her biological father, before marrying and starting a family at 16. She became, over time, a welfare mother and high-school dropout who eventually decided to turn things around. In her early 20s, she entered a community college in Virginia, and she discovered an affinity for the world of the mind that took her next to a four-year college, and then to a mas-

ter's and a Ph.D. After teaching for a year at Duke University, then earning a tenured professorship at Princeton, she came to Vanderbilt in 2000 as a professor of political science and law, and has since established herself as a woman of controversy and renown.

There is a sense in which she never strayed from her roots. With the recent publication of

a warning, "a wake-up call" for people of all races. Writing with equal parts scholarship and intuition, she argues that the nation in the 21st century is headed towards a time of "unprecedented" conflict.

Part of the problem, as Swain understands it, is the proliferation of new white nationalists who are different from those of a generation past. Gone are the burning crosses in the fields, replaced by a sophisticated racial campaign that relies in part on the power of the Internet. There are clever voices now, chilling in their counterfeit rationality, adopting the rhetoric of the civil rights movement to make the case that whites are the victims of a new double standard.

continued on page 85



JIM HSIEH

her second book, *The New White Nationalism in America: Its Challenge to Integration*, Swain has taken a headlong dive into the intertwining issues of poverty and race. There are people, quite literally, who have called her a prophet, but there are others who say, with all the venom and hatred they can muster, that she is a traitor to the African-American people. Her intention, she says, has been to sound out

{Suggested Reading}

1. **Contemporary Voices of White Nationalism in America**, Carol M. Swain and Russell Nieli (Cambridge University Press, 2003)
2. **Inside Organized Racism: Women in Hate Groups**, Kathleen Blee (University of California Press, 2002)
3. **The White Separatist Movement in the U.S.: "White Power, White Pride!"** Betty Dobratz and Stephanie Shanks-Meile (Twayne, 1997)
4. **Religion and the Racist Right: The Origins of the Christian Identity Movement**, Michael Barkun (University of Chapel Hill Press, 1994)
5. **Blood in the Face**, James Ridgeway (Thundermouth's Press, 1995)

NEIL BRAME

Carol Swain

The thorny legacy of Vanderbilt's Fugitives and Agrarians

Pride *and* Prejudice

IT'S ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND CHERISHED PHOTOGRAPHS in Vanderbilt's history. Allen Tate, Merrill Moore, Robert Penn Warren, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson. Five balding white men, dressed impeccably in suits and ties, are seated outdoors, obviously posed by photographer Joe Rudis to appear as if lost in conversation. Despite the artifice, the subjects seem relaxed and even playful, what with Moore practically sitting on Tate's lap, Warren leaning in as if to insert a word edgewise, and the entire group looking to Allen Tate as if expecting a clever remark.

It was a happy moment for the old friends. It was 1956, and after three decades of being ignored by the University, the Fugitives had returned to campus in glory for a colloquium devoted to their literary work.

There is a new generation of English professors at Vanderbilt who have no personal or professional loyalty to the Fugitives and Agrarians, and whose critical perspectives cause them to question Vanderbilt's long-held reverence for these writers.

Heroes

The five writers photographed in 1956 were Vanderbilt graduates. They were known as “Fugitives” after *The Fugitive*, the widely praised but little purchased poetry magazine they self-published, along with 11 other colleagues over the years, in Nashville between 1922 and 1925. All save Merrill Moore were also known as “Agrarians” because of a book of social criticism, *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* (1930), which they co-authored with eight other literary and university colleagues, in which they defended the virtues of the South as a community of civilized farmers facing down the onslaught of modern progress and industrialism. Ransom, Tate and Warren were also known as “New Critics” because of their then-fresh approach to literary criticism that focused on analyzing the text of literature itself and explaining its function in detail, rather than dwelling on matters outside the work to explain or justify it. As a group these writers were among the most admired in literary circles in America in the 1950s. But none of their efforts had received

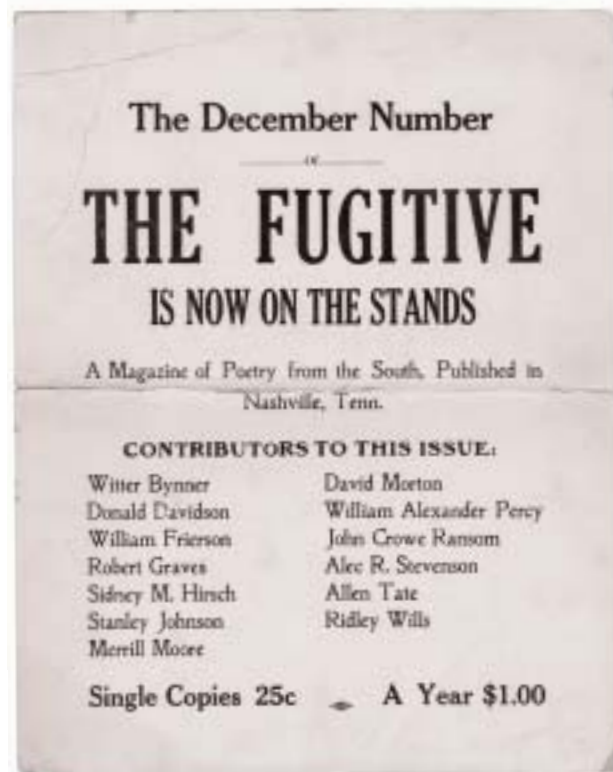
When the first issue of *The Fugitive* was published in 1922, the authors were so uncertain of the magazine's success that they chose to publish under pseudonyms, publishing under their real names with the second issue.

any official support or recognition from Vanderbilt until this reunion in 1956.

The photo remains a powerful memento, with an iconic resonance for those who know something about this group. Even for those who see it for the first time, the portrait says: These men belong together; they are civilized and cultured. For Vanderbilt, it's an image on par with the flag-raising at Iwo Jima in 1945. It's Vanderbilt's Mount Rushmore, a symbol of Vanderbilt's intellectual and literary stature.

“Nothing in Vanderbilt's history has come anywhere close to the Fugitives and Agrarians in giving it a national reputation,” confirms Paul Conkin, distinguished professor of history, emeritus, and the author of definitive histories of both Vanderbilt University and the Vanderbilt Agrarians, among other scholarly books. “It's still by far the most significant aspect of Vanderbilt history in the larger university world.”

And yet, as Conkin and other members of Vanderbilt's faculty have noted increasingly over the years, the legacy of these men is a decidedly mixed one with some very dark corners.



Problematic Ideology

For nearly five decades after the 1956 Fugitive reunion, Vanderbilt celebrated and venerated these writers. In 1969 the Vanderbilt Library created a special collection to house their published works and papers. Elsewhere on campus, their disciples could point with pride to a plaque at Old Central memorializing the Fugitives, framed photographs of the Fugitives on the wall of the English department's library and lounge, and a special display cabinet in Kirkland Hall

devoted to the Fugitives and Agrarians. The 1956 reunion was followed by an Agrarian reunion and symposium in 1980. That event, though, seemed to mark a high tide for the Agrarians and Fugitives on campus.

In the two decades since that last reunion, the mementos of the Fugitives and Agrarians have quietly disappeared from Old Central, the English department lounge and Kirkland Hall. Now there is a new generation of English professors at Vanderbilt who have no personal or professional loyalty to the Fugitives and Agrarians, and whose critical perspectives cause them to question Vanderbilt's long-held reverence for these writers.

Michael Kreyling, professor of English, has been a member of the Vanderbilt faculty since 1985. His specialty is southern literature, and he has studied and taught the Fugitives and Agrarians for many years. His book, *Inventing Southern Literature*, discusses how the Fugitives and Agrarians shaped a notion of southern literature in the first place. He admits a certain grudging respect for their achievement as poets in their day (“they were writing the disciplined modern poetry that T.S. Eliot and people like that were pioneering”), but over the years he has come to find real problems with the political views that many of these writers expressed in *I'll Take My Stand*.

“One of the problems with this business is you have to keep rereading these things over and over in the presence of newer and younger colleagues who see things differently,” says Kreyling. “In rereading these things you realize this is a really misogynistic book—this is not a friendly volume to women. First of all, there aren't any women in it who are authors. And second, when the feminine does appear as a metaphor or as an adjective or something like that, it's always derogatory. And then you read some more of it and think, This is not very progressive in terms of American racial policy. This is racism. I mean, it's not walking around in a hood with a burning cross, but it's racism.”

Because of the conservative ideology of these writers and because he feels they are increasingly less relevant in a multicultural world, Kreyling devotes just a week in his

undergraduate courses on southern literature to these writers. On the graduate level, Kreyling says master's and doctoral students in his department read them only occasionally and then “only to deconstruct them—to expose the subliminal, to expose the blind spots, to question why we still read them with reverence, why we still think they provide a model or a path for behavior, why we still include them. Frankly, as time goes on, they're just one facet in a rapidly diversifying, changing southern cultural scene.”

Kreyling's colleague Kate Daniels, associate professor of English, also finds that the Fugitives have less of a place in her classroom than they might have had in another generation. As a poet herself and a teacher of poetry, she recognizes the talent of some of the Fugitives, particularly Warren, Tate and Ransom, but Warren is the only one of these writers she teaches to undergraduates.

Daniels is quick to note that she prefers to separate the Fugitive poetry from the Agrarian social commentary, even though the four best-known Fugitives—Ransom, Tate, Warren and Davidson—all participated in *I'll Take My Stand*. “I find the Agrarians appalling: The racism coming from some of them is so much more overt, and that is really hard for me.

“Warren, he's Parnassus material. He's right up there at the top as far as I'm concerned. And because he was a person who was capable of change, because he did not fossilize in a way, he and his work and his reputation made the transition into the post-modern era. And I'm not sure that's true of poets like Tate and Ransom. I see them almost as if they're consciously antique objects in a way. They say something about an era, and they certainly testified to a high degree of talent, a genius level of talent as far as making poems was concerned. But I'm not sure that their work overall has a lot of relevance for students who are still alive and studying literature today.”

The views of Daniels and Kreyling are by no means outside the current academic mainstream, according to John Lowe, A'67, a professor of English at Louisiana State University. “I have to say that I don't teach many of them myself. ... Nobody is going to be teaching a

Fugitives and Agrarians

Donald Davidson (1893–1968)

BA'17, MA'22; Vanderbilt English department, 1920–1964; poet, literary critic, historian, novelist, English professor. *Lee in the Mountains and Other Poems* (1938); *The Tennessee—Rivers of America Series* (1946, 1948); *Still Rebels, Still Yankees* (1957)



John Crowe Ransom (1888–1974)

BA'09; Vanderbilt English department, 1914–1937; poet, literary critic, English professor. *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* (1927); *God Without Thunder* (1930); *The World's Body* (1938); *The New Criticism* (1941); *Selected Poems* (1945)



Allen Tate (1899–1979)

BA'22; Vanderbilt visiting professor, 1967; poet, literary critic, biographer, novelist, English professor. *Stonewall Jackson* (1928); *Jefferson Davis* (1929); *Mediterranean and Other Poems* (1936); *The Fathers* (1938); *Poems 1922–1947* (1948); *Collected Essays* (1959)



Robert Penn Warren (1905–1989)

BA'25; Vanderbilt English department, 1931–1934; novelist, poet, literary critic, English professor. *All the King's Men* (1946); *Brother to Dragons* (1953); *Promises: Poems 1954–1956* (1957); *Audubon: A Vision* (1969); *Now and Then* (1978)



They stirred the waters intellectually and even politically. They become a needed reference point because they have a voice that's unique in the complicated attempt to understand our polity and our economy as well as the attempt to deal with the arts and with literature. They have a unique place.

southern literature class these days without lots and lots of African-Americans and women because, frankly, they're some of the very best writers. So they're pushing out some of these more minor figures that might have been taught previously and that were taught when I was at Vanderbilt."

But it's not just a matter of newer women and African-American writers crowding out older, less relevant Fugitives and Agrarians, Lowe admits. "I mean, they're not politically correct. The way they're always featured is when they're at their worst as far as I'm concerned, which is the case in *I'll Take My Stand*. The only thing people are going to look at when they study *I'll Take My Stand* these days is the racial situation. And they can't win. I mean, there's no way they come across as sympathetic at all in the racial situation, and that's a roadblock because I think in other ways they could come across as people who have something to say to us."

Repudiated

Walter Sullivan, who retired from Vanderbilt in May 2001 after more than 50 years in the English department, is well aware of the current tide of opinion in the teaching of literature at Vanderbilt and on other college campuses. But as a friend and supporter of these now out-of-favor writers, he admits it pains him.

"We are in a situation now where everything they stood for has been repudiated by the postmodern group of poets and scholars. They were not concerned really with such matters as being politically correct. And everything has to be politically correct now. A lot of these people who are my ex-colleagues repudiate, for example, Aristotle. They believe nothing Aristotle ever said was any good for one reason: Aristotle believed in slavery. Now when you're dealing with that kind of mindset, that takes a lot off the table. In any event, neither the Fugitives nor the New Criticism movement is at all respected now. They're in



eclipse. I think it will come out all right in the long run, but right now they're not everybody's heroes.

"The Fugitives are not the only ones who have been repudiated," continues Sullivan. "You must understand, pretty much everybody who was writing in that generation has been repudiated. They don't like T.S. Eliot because of his politics. We're no longer judging literature as literature.

"You can find something that just about anyone did or said that will disqualify them from all consideration because of our enlightened approach, and I think that's a bad thing. I believe you ought to judge people in terms of the lives they were living and the milieu in which they were living at that time, but it's not done anymore.

"Nobody talks about the Agrarians anymore. There's not much talk about the Fugitives, either, but there's no comment about the Agrarians except to denigrate them."

Racism

Those who studied literature at Vanderbilt before, say, 1970 may well agree with Walter Sullivan and wonder what all the fuss could possibly be about. The problems that most scholars have with these writ-

ers begin with *I'll Take My Stand*, not the poetry of *The Fugitive* magazine.

"The Fugitives are quite different from the Agrarians," says Paul Conkin. "They were a group of students and faculty members here who enjoyed literary discussions for several years, and then *The Fugitive* became the name for the little poetry journal they established.

"There is nothing in the Fugitive poems or in what the Fugitives were trying to do that would indicate any of them would write *I'll Take My Stand*. . . . They did it because of outside criticism and changes in their personal lives. They did become crusaders for the South, and certainly that had not been any aspect of *The Fugitive*. But when you read the poems, they're not pro southern; they're not pro anything. In that sense they're not political as a whole."

By 1928, when Harcourt Brace published an anthology of the group's poems titled *Fugitives: An Anthology of Verse*, many of the Fugitives had either moved away from Nashville or were too deeply involved in other professions to focus on poetry anymore, and the Fugitive chapter of the group closed. However, the core of the group—John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson and Robert Penn Warren—took up a new cause on the heels of the ending of the magazine, and that is where the ideological trouble starts.

In 1925 the famous Scopes trial in Dayton, Tenn., which pitted the teaching of evolution against biblical accounts of creation, brought withering criticism upon the South. Though they were intellectuals and not committed religious fundamentalists, the ring-leaders of the Fugitives—Ransom, Tate and Davidson—felt they were southerners first and were stung by the barbs of H.L. Mencken and other northern journalists. Ransom, Davidson and Tate began to recognize their common and growing reverence for the South as a distinct region.

Through letters and discussions, they began to formulate a general point of view and, by 1928, began gathering a group of like-minded southern intellectuals to write a book of essays defending rural farming and southern culture from the threat they perceived in the North's rampant industrialism. As had been the case with *The Fugitive*, the group

they assembled consisted for the most part of men connected with Vanderbilt: Frank Owsley and Herman Nixon from the history department; Lyle Lanier from psychology; John Donald Wade from English; Andrew Lytle, a 1925 Vanderbilt graduate and a former contributor to *The Fugitive*; and Henry B. Kline, a graduate student in English. To the eight with Vanderbilt connections were added John Gould Fletcher, an Arkansas poet who had published in *The Fugitive*, and the novelist and drama critic Stark Young, then living in New York. In November 1930, Harper & Brothers published their book, *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition by Twelve Southerners*, the title being a lyric lifted from the popular 19th-century song "Dixie."

The book didn't quite rise to the level of manifesto because all the authors could never come together to meet and form a consensus of ideas as had *The Fugitive's* editorial team. (In fact, the authors had difficulty even agreeing on a title, with Warren and Tate in particular pushing for the misleading *Tracts Against Communism*.) Each author wrote in his own way about the South and about his idealized vision of what it was and what it should be, though all of them did ratify an introductory "Statement of Principles" authored by John Crowe Ransom for the book.

Taken as a whole, the Agrarians' ideas had aspects that people from many walks of life could readily endorse. The writers were firmly against modern materialism and the rise of rampant industrialism. They supported family subsistence farms over corporate farming. They were concerned about protecting the rural environment. They feared that man's natural connection to farming and the rural life was being torn asunder and that, with that trauma, religion and the arts would suffer.

"They felt they were doing something daring and radical," says Conkin, "trying to reverse many of the economic trends of the 20th century—restore property and restore a type of culture they identified with, the Old South."

"They saw the South as a kind of harbinger of traditional values," explains Don Doyle, Nelson Tyrone Jr. Professor of History and the author of two books on the history of Nashville. "It was a very romantic version of

Fugitives



Merrill Moore (1903–1957)
BA'24, MD'28; Psychiatrist.
The Noise That Time Makes (1929); *M: One Thousand Autobiographical Sonnets* (1938); *Clinical Sonnets* (1950)

Walter Clyde Curry (1887–1967)
Vanderbilt English department, 1915–1955; English professor
Chaucer and the Medieval Science (1926); *Shakespeare's Philosophical Patterns* (1937); *Milton's Ontology, Cosmogony and Physics* (1957)

William Yandell Elliott (1896–1979)
BA'17, MA'20; Vanderbilt instructor in English, 1919–1920; Political scientist, Harvard
The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics (1928); *Political Economy of the Foreign Policy of the United States* (1955)

James Marshall Frank (1866–1944)
Nashville businessman

William Frierson (1897–1955)
BA'20; Scholar of French literature
L'influence du Naturalisme Français sur les Romanciers Anglais, 1885–1900 (1925)

Sidney Mtttron Hirsch (1883–1962)
Playwright
The Fire Regained (1913)

Stanley Johnson (1892–1946)
BA'16, MA'24; Journalist, educator, novelist
Professor (1925)

Laura Riding (1901–1991)
Poet
A Survey of Modernist Poetry (1927); *Progress of Stories* (1935); *Collected Poems* (1938); *Lives of Wives* (1939)

Alec Brock Stevenson (1895–1969)
BA'16; Nashville businessman
Investment Company Shares: Their Place in Investment Management and Their Use by Trustees (1947)

Alfred Starr (1898–1957)
Attended Vanderbilt 1917–1920
Nashville movie-theater chain owner

Jesse Wills (1899–1977)
BA'22; Nashville businessman
Early and Late: Fugitive Poems and Others (1959); *Conversation Piece and Other Poems* (1965); *Nashville and Other Poems* (1973)

Ridley Wills (1898–1957)
BA'23; Journalist, novelist
Hoax (1922); *Harvey Landrum, a Novel* (1924)

The book imagines a utopian South that hardly acknowledges women or African-Americans. Though it's important to note that not every contributor to *I'll Take My Stand* had an aristocratic vision of an ideal South, most of the book's contributors imagined a South in which blacks remained forever second-class citizens.

the South, and one that I think they were reading their own values into—into a South of old that in many ways continues to hold a powerful grip on American imagination. It's the idea that the South is a more aristocratic, less capitalistic, more cultivated kind of society that was not just running after the dollar. It's a very powerful idea."

Described in this way, as it was for decades on college campuses across the South, *I'll Take My Stand* seems innocuous at worst, and at best it seems ennobling and civilizing. Unfortunately, between the idea and the reality, between the motion and the act, falls the shadow, as the Fugitives' friend T.S. Eliot once wrote. For in the opinion of several of the Agrarians, their utopian vision was intended only for the chosen few: the white, the male, the privileged.

"Their mind-set was in its very nature discriminatory," says Michael Kreyling. "And they were unapologetic about that. It was about dividing the sheep from the goats."

"Anyone from the working class and anyone who is female (to say nothing of African-

Americans and other people of color) is probably not going to be kindly disposed to the Fugitives and Agrarians, particularly the Agrarians," says Kate Daniels.

Yet, for all the criticism directed at *I'll Take My Stand* today, it is not a racist manifesto. It is not even a book consciously about race. Only one essay in the entire book, Robert Penn Warren's "The Briar Patch," deals squarely with the issue of race. And only a few of the other essays even touch on race as an issue. (Donald Davidson, for one, wanted to leave the issue entirely out of the book, believing that every right-thinking white southerner already knew what to think about black southerners.)

But even if most of the 12 essays avoid issues of black and white, the few that do make passing mention of race touch off veritable powder kegs. Frank Owsley's essay on the causes of the Civil War, "The Irrepressible Conflict," offers one of the most inflammatory passages for modern readers: "For ten years the South, already ruined by the loss of nearly \$2,000,000,000 invested in slaves, with its lands worthless, its cattle and stock gone, its houses burned, was turned over to the three millions of former slaves, some of whom could still remember the taste of human flesh and the bulk of them hardly three generations removed from cannibalism."

Andrew Lytle, in his loving evocation of a family farm right out of his own boyhood, writes of small farmers owning slaves in the antebellum South as if it were their birthright and refers to "the menace of the free Negro."

Even John Crowe Ransom, who generally preferred not to discuss race at all—"He skated pretty elegantly on the upper rarefied levels of the issues," says Kreyling—makes a passing statement that seems to suggest slavery was merely worse in theory than in practice: "Slavery was a feature monstrous enough in theory, but, more often than not, humane in practice; and it is impossible to believe that its abolition alone could have effected any great revolution in society." Today's reader is tempted to respond, Easy for him to say.

One can find as much fault with what the book doesn't say as one can with what it does say, for overall the book imagines a utopian South that hardly acknowledges women or

African-Americans. Though it's important to note that not every contributor to *I'll Take My Stand* had an aristocratic vision of an ideal South, most of the book's contributors imagined a South in which blacks remained forever second-class citizens. Ironically, Warren's "Briar Patch," now seen by some as blatant racism because of its acceptance of racial segregation, expressed the most liberal perspective on race in the book.

"When we look at an essay like 'The Briar Patch,' it seems very problematic to us today," says John Lowe, "but if you looked at it back then, you would see Warren really grappling with the problem and struggling with it. You could trace the trajectory of the way he worked out some very admirable positions later in his career after the start of that essay. But when you pick it up today, it just seems shockingly dated and wrong."

Paul Conkin believes one cannot judge Warren's essay fairly without recognizing the context from which it came. "Actually, that was a remarkably daring essay when it came out, and it almost *wasn't* published because Davidson and others hated it. It was asking equality for blacks—not integration, but equality. Separate but equal. The underlying assumption in the 'Briar Patch' essay is that blacks will remain separate socially, but they should have equal economic opportunity.

"Right now we haven't come close to achieving that type of economic equality. Integration is easy; equality is almost impossible to achieve. So, in a sense, it was more daring than people realize."

Unlike *The Fugitive* magazine, *I'll Take My Stand* was generally not received well by reviewers, though the book was widely reviewed in newspapers and journals of its day. Interestingly, reviewers at the time hardly mentioned the book's attitude toward African-Americans. Most reviewers simply found the book's essays dreamily impractical and unrealistic. In its first two years, it sold only about 2,000 copies.

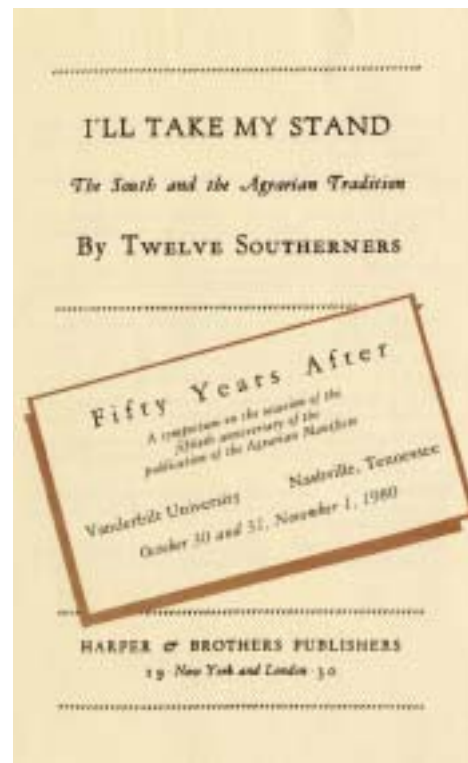
And yet the Agrarians, as they came to be called, did not give up the fight. Ransom, an English professor, plunged deeply for a time into a study of economics in hopes of developing practical programs, and participated in a number of debates with progressive south-

erners on the Agrarian vs. Industrialism question. Tate and Davidson worked along with Ransom, Lytle and others in the group to publish additional Agrarian essays (many of them in *The American Review*) and to develop some sort of political apparatus to promote programs that would further their cause. In 1936 eight of the Agrarians contributed to a sort of follow-up book of 20 essays titled *Who Owns America?*, edited by Allen Tate and Louisville journalist Herbert Agar. But once again the book lacked a definitive focus and cohesion, and this book had even less impact on American thought and public policy than *I'll Take My Stand*.

By 1937, when John Crowe Ransom left Vanderbilt for the faculty of Kenyon College, the Vanderbilt Agrarian movement was essentially dead. By then Robert Penn Warren was at Louisiana State University, and Allen Tate was winding up a brief stint at North Carolina Women's College before heading to a long appointment at Princeton University. Donald Davidson remained a member of the Vanderbilt faculty until 1964, but increasingly he felt estranged from most of the faculty and embattled as Nashville and Vanderbilt changed with the civil rights movement. Davidson could not accept an integrated society, and he doggedly fought and denounced desegregation for the rest of his career, much to the embarrassment of the University administration. But Davidson was the most strident of the Agrarians in this respect.

Paul Conkin maintains that the racial politics of a few Agrarians have been mistaken as the views of the entire group. "I think people concentrate too much on one or two, like Davidson and Owsley and maybe Lytle, because of their rather obstinate and even at times belligerent stand against changes in racial policy. But that's only three of them. What about all the others? With Tate it's a very complicated story. Ransom, being in the North at the time, usually supported what happened in the civil rights revolution. Nixon led the civil rights movement from the beginning. Robert Penn Warren supported it. So I think people tend to see only one side and not the other of the Agrarians."

"It's really interesting if you look at the careers of all those who were caught up in



Conceived as a manifesto defending southern culture and rural farming, *I'll Take My Stand* was largely ignored. The collection of essays formed the basis for charges of racism against the authors.

Agrarians

John Gould Fletcher (1886–1950)

Poet, essayist
Life Is My Song (1937); *Selected Poems* (1938); *Arkansas* (1947)

Henry B. Kline (1905–1951)

MA'29; Journalist, industrial economist

Lyle Lanier (1903–1989)

MA'24, PhD'26 (Peabody); Vanderbilt psychology department, 1929–1938
Psychologist
Studies in the Comparative Abilities of Whites and Negroes (1929)

Andrew Lytle (1902–1995)

BA'25; Novelist, English professor
Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company (1931); *The Long Night* (1936); *A Name for Evil* (1947); *The Velvet Horn* (1957)

Herman Nixon (1886–1967)

Vanderbilt history department, 1926–1928, 1947–1962; Historian, economist
Forty Acres and Steel Mules (1938); *Possum Trot: A Rural Community* (1941)

Frank Owsley (1890–1957)

Vanderbilt history department, 1920–1949; Historian
States Rights in the Confederacy (1925); *King Cotton Diplomacy* (1931); *Plain Folk of the Old South* (1949)

John Donald Wade (1892–1963)

Vanderbilt English department, 1926–1934; English professor
Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study in the Development of Culture in the South (1925)

Stark Young (1881–1963)

Journalist, critic, novelist
River House (1929); *So Red the Rose* (1934); *The Pavilion* (1951)

Further Reading

The Southern Agrarians by Paul K. Conkin. Vanderbilt University Press, 2001.

Gone with the Ivy: A Biography of Vanderbilt University by Paul K. Conkin. University of Tennessee Press, 1985.

Inventing Southern Literature by Michael Kreyling. University Press of Mississippi, 1998.

I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition by Twelve Southerners. Reprint. Louisiana State University Press, 1977.

The Fugitive Poets: Modern Southern Poetry in Perspective. Edited by William Pratt. Reprint. J.S. Sanders, 1991.

MASQUERADER



The 1933 cover of the humor magazine *Masquerader*, which was published at Vanderbilt, satirizes southern intellectuals writing about rural values. The cover text reads as follows: “Here we have three little Agrarians in their chosen element. By the happiest accident, the tree of Civilization grows in their orchard; but alas! it is vermiculated. D.D. has been puffing away like the very dickens with his little flit-gun to remedy this. One of these little pests which looks like the sort of thing one finds beneath the hood of an auto—but which the eccentric Dr. Werm intended to represent one of the curses of the machine age—growing weary of it all, has accommodately bitten the dust. In D.D.’s eyes may be seen the dawn of a new day. A.T. has allowed himself to become slightly choleric over the derisive behavior of an even less tidy assemblage of spare parts; while J.C.R.—as bonny and blithe as ever you please—thrills to the feel of the good earth beneath his unshod feet. In the background may be seen this and that. In the upper left corner is a bush around which other embattled Agrarians are beating.”

the Fugitive and then the Agrarian movement,” says Don Doyle. “Almost all of them left Vanderbilt, and not all of them voluntarily. Many of them, I think, were regarded with some embarrassment by [then Chancellor] Kirkland and [English department chair Edwin] Mims and others in that they were giving another face to Vanderbilt that was not in keeping with the kind of progres-

sive image the Vanderbilt administration wanted to present to foundations and to the world at large. And so they were shunned and, at best, ignored until much later.”

Thereafter Ransom, Tate and Warren turned their attentions to literary criticism, while Donald Davidson preferred to focus more on regional history and folklore. While Ransom and Tate played leading roles in devel-

oping the theoretical framework of the New Criticism, Warren took the theory out into the wider world. Working with LSU English department colleague and fellow Vanderbilt alumnus Cleanth Brooks, Warren did the most to further the New Criticism through the widely adopted and influential textbooks *Understanding Poetry* (1938) and *Understanding Fiction* (1943).

“Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren changed American literature forever in terms of the way it was studied and read because those two, more than almost anybody else, spread the New Criticism,” says John Lowe. “Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks were the ones who wrote textbooks to be used in college classrooms.”

The New Criticism was all the rage in English departments through the 1960s, and at Vanderbilt it was passed along to students through the 1970s. But the New Criticism is no longer in vogue, even at Vanderbilt. Asked what value the New Criticism has for literature scholars today, Michael Kreyling replies, “None,” before pausing to reconsider his answer. “No, that’s wrong. Insofar as the New Criticism disciplines you to read what’s on the page in front of you, and at least to acknowledge that words have an acoustic or literary aspect to their meaning—in addition to their cultural and political and other meanings—then it’s necessary. And insofar as New Criticism makes it compulsory for you to be able to read something and to give at least a sketch of the aesthetic form and the response that it elicited, then it has value. But you can’t get away with doing that only.”

Mixed Feelings

Today the many volumes of poetry published individually by Ransom, Tate, Davidson, Moore, and the other Fugitives are out of print, as are most of their books of literary criticism and essays. Among all the Fugitives and Agrarians, only Robert Penn Warren thrives in the modern marketplace of ideas. Nearly all his novels, poems and essays are still in print to this day. *All the King’s Men* has sold several million copies in several languages and was made into a Hollywood movie.

Yet, the poems of the Fugitives still sur-

vive in a slim paperback anthology compiled in 1965. And *I’ll Take My Stand* remains in print. “That’s amazing to me,” says Walter Sullivan, “because once you set aside the literary classics, there are very few books that stay in print like that.”

“They stirred the waters intellectually and even politically,” says Paul Conkin of the Agrarians. “They become a needed reference point because they have a voice that’s unique in the complicated attempt to understand our polity and our economy as well as the attempt to deal with the arts and with literature. They have a unique place. And if you want to develop some sense of the diversity of opinion in the United States, they’re a good reference point because they do stand a bit alone outside the mainstream.”

“I think they have, at times, a prophetic challenge to all of us. They push us back on our haunches and force us to examine where we are as a nation and as a culture. And that’s why I don’t think one can quite get around them. Or if one does ignore them or evade them, then they are in a sense a bit cowardly because they have lost a certain needed perspective in looking at our national history.”

In the English department, Kate Daniels and Michael Kreyling see eye to eye on many of the virtues and failings of the Fugitives and Agrarians, but ultimately they have very different responses when it comes to considering what Vanderbilt’s next step should be in dealing with them.

“I’d love it if we’d do something like a huge conference where we just deconstructed the whole thing,” says Daniels, who organized a very successful gathering of the leading contemporary southern writers on Vanderbilt’s campus in 2000. “Let’s just get it out on the table. Let’s let that tension come to the surface and deal with it instead of letting it fester under the surface. It needs to happen here at Vanderbilt.”

For his part, Michael Kreyling isn’t so sure these writers merit much further discussion. Asked if he has anything additional to say on the subject, he replies with a half smile: “Let’s just give it a rest for a few years. Let’s think about something else in connection with Vanderbilt. It’s been 70 years—can’t we think of something else? I really do mean that.” ▽

The Jesse W. Wills Fugitive and Agrarian Collection

When *The Fugitive* magazine was being published between 1922 and 1925, no more than about 200 people ever subscribed. Among those who pointedly refused was James Kirkland, Vanderbilt’s chancellor at the time. But the University did not entirely ignore the upstart poetry magazine that was published by a group consisting mostly of Vanderbilt English professors and students; the Vanderbilt Library subscribed almost from the beginning. Today the library has several complete runs (19 issues) of the hard-to-find magazine, each run easily worth upwards of \$20,000 on the rare book market today. The library also has the handwritten accounting ledger that Fugitive member Alec Stevenson maintained, showing in neat script every subscriber to *The Fugitive*, including the Vanderbilt Library.

These items are just a small part of the single largest cache of Fugitive/Agrarian materials available anywhere: the Heard Library’s Jesse W. Wills Fugitive and Agrarian Collection. Today the Wills Collection encompasses more than 1,600 books and monographs by and about the Fugitives and Agrarians, as well as a voluminous collection of the writers’ letters, papers and published magazine articles. The collection was established at Vanderbilt in 1969 with the financial and collecting assistance of its namesake, the late Jesse Wills, a member of the Fugitives who went on to a career as an insurance executive and served as a member of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust.

Located in the Special Collections department of the Heard Library, the Wills Collection ranges in scope from first editions of all published works by the Fugitives and Agrarians to more than 300 theses and dissertations written about them. Also included within the collection are such unique resources as the working library of John Crowe Ransom, original typescripts and carbon copies of poems the Fugitives wrote and discussed in their group meetings, and the original manuscripts for *I’ll Take My Stand*.

“Our goal is to collect all the scholarly works about and by the Fugitives and Agrarians, as well as the second generation of writers who were their protégés, such as poets Randall Jarrell and Robert Lowell,” says Kathy Smith, associate university archivist, who has worked with Special Collections in the Heard Library for the past six years.

Although the Wills Collection is more than 30 years old and the Fugitives and Agrarians are all deceased, it continues to expand and, in fact, has grown substantially in recent years, thanks to additional gifts from the Wills family and the Friends of the Library. “Some people may think that we’ve collected all that we can because we’ve got such a comprehensive collection, but I truly believe there is more material out there and that, by careful collecting, we can trace these layers of influence—for instance, how Allen Tate influenced Robert Lowell.”

Smith says she continues to see a steady stream of visitors examining the holdings. These researchers range from the occasional undergraduate from Vanderbilt and other universities to master’s and doctoral candidates, not only from the U.S. but also from overseas.

“Sometimes people think the materials have been fully researched,” says Smith, “but it’s still a lively collection. There’s still a lot of intellectual discovery going on about what these men were thinking and what they were trying to impart.” — Paul Kingsbury

For more information on Special Collections’ holdings on the Fugitives and Agrarians, visit www.library.vanderbilt.edu/speccol/.



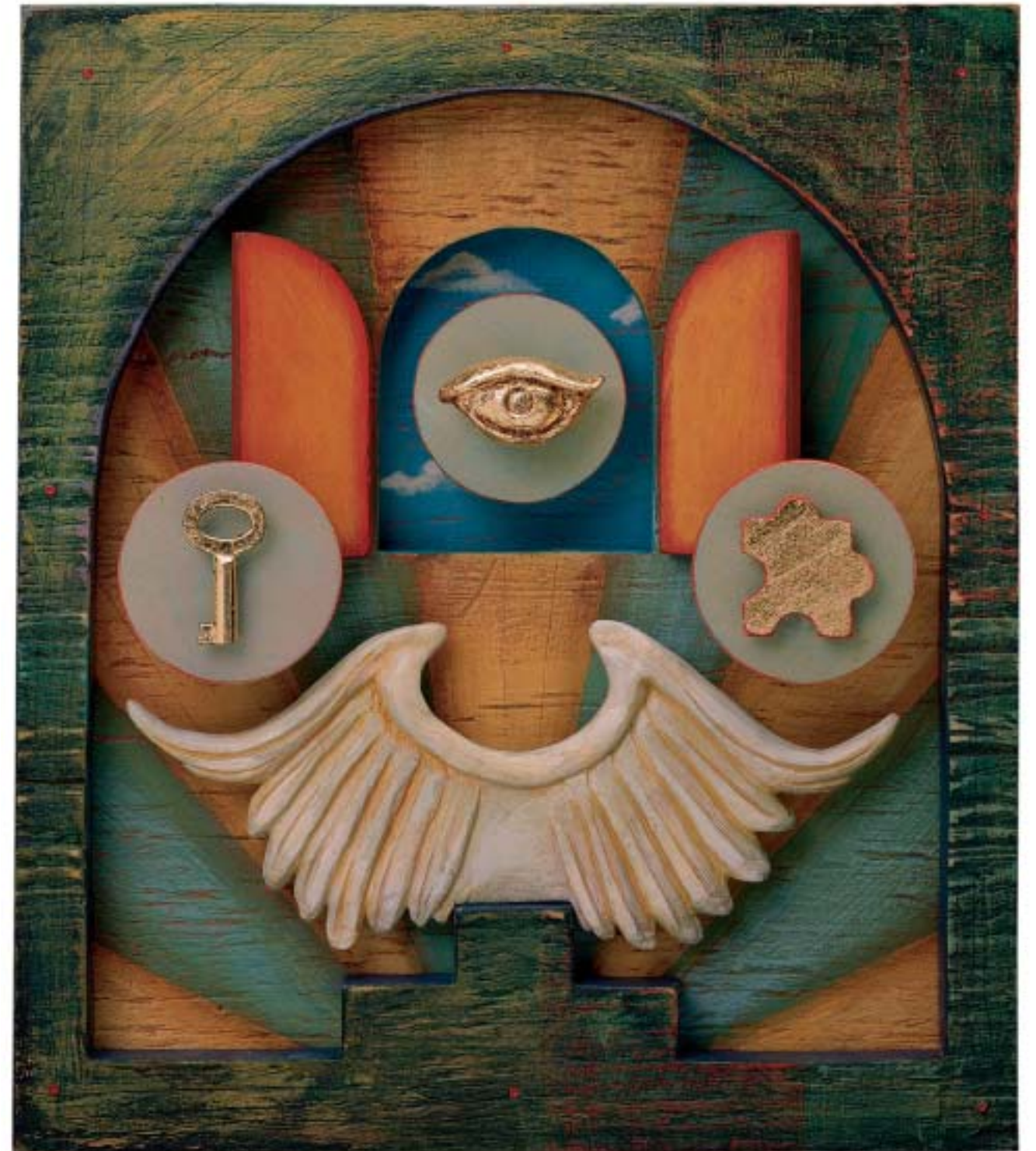
In the Shadow of the '90s

A down market creates new challenges and opportunities for Vanderbilt's endowment.

By MARDY FONES

JUST AS THE '80S AND '90S WERE LUCRATIVE FOR INDIVIDUAL INVESTORS, so, too, did well-managed private college and university endowments prosper, and Vanderbilt was no exception.

Take the dot-com boom. It was good for Vanderbilt's endowment. Very good. When a \$50,000 investment in Juniper Networks and Yahoo was made in 1997, the deals looked promising. But no one could have anticipated exiting those investments in mid-2000 at \$110 million in the black.



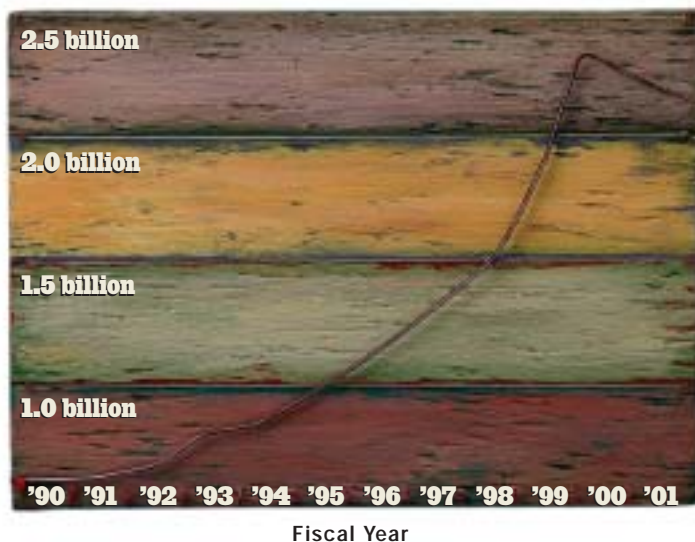
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARIA RENDÓN

Ranked 21st based on June 30, 2001, figures by the National Association of College and University Business Officers (NACUBO), Vanderbilt's endowment then was \$2.1 billion, a combined figure representing the endowments of all aspects of the University, including the Medical Center. Between 1991 and 2001, it grew from just over \$500 million to \$2.159 billion.

Ranked among just 41 U.S. colleges and universities whose endowments total in the billions, Vanderbilt's endowment performed well—an average of 16.7 percent annualized rate of return between 1996 and 2001. But the current bear market, events of Sept. 11, the ongoing war on terrorism, and the threat of war with Iraq are challenging all top-performing endowments. Between 2001 and 2002, Vanderbilt's endowment was down 6.7 percent, and the University wasn't alone. Overall, most endowments nationwide ended the year in the red, according to NACUBO. (Among the billion-dollar endowments, only six were in the black.)

It's the first down economic cycle most university endowments have experienced since 1974. For donors, Board of Trust members, and others in the Vanderbilt community, the task is preserving and growing the endowment in what is predicted to be a coming decade of flat to negative growth.

Endowment Growth Over 10 Years



New Challenges, New Opportunities

Currently, university endowments nationwide are being measured not in the double-digit gains of the past 20 years, but primarily in single-digit losses. The good news is that this same group soundly outperformed the Standard & Poor's 500 stock index in fiscal year 2002, which was off by -19.2 percent.

Moody's Investors Service, in a report on the outlook for private colleges and universities for 2001-02, applied a long view. "Excellent investment and fundraising success over the past decade left the market-leading colleges and universities in a good position to withstand the poor investment climate," said Moody's, a global credit rating, research and risk analysis fund. "Should negative returns in financial market results persist, operating spending by colleges and universities will eventually have to be scaled back."

It's a foreboding forecast, but one that Eugene B. Shanks Jr., BA'69, who chaired the Vanderbilt Board of Trust's Investment Committee during the go-go 1990s until 2002, understands. "The only free lunch is diversification. You can't insulate yourself completely from market fluctuations, but you can invest across the market," he says. "As a result, while it's true we've been buffeted, it's not nearly to the degree other endowments have experienced."

In fiscal year 2002, Vanderbilt's endowment provided \$103.8 million to the University's total operating budget of \$1.559 billion. Vanderbilt's financial gurus anticipate little endowment growth in the next few years, which raises the specter of belt-tightening measures within the University's operating budget. At the moment, says Lauren Brisky, vice chancellor for administration and chief financial officer, "We're looking at ways to make central administration more efficient and effective. Savings from such streamlining will be redirected to academic areas."

An Endowment Primer

Commodore Vanderbilt's initial \$1 million endowment in 1873 (the equivalent of \$14.3 million today) is a foundation upon which the University is still building.

While some view the endowment as a piggy bank waiting to be

cracked, the reality is far different. An endowment is a perpetual fund. Endowment gifts themselves are not spent. Rather, the amount given (the corpus) is invested; the income from the corpus is dedicated exclusively to the specific use as defined by the donor.

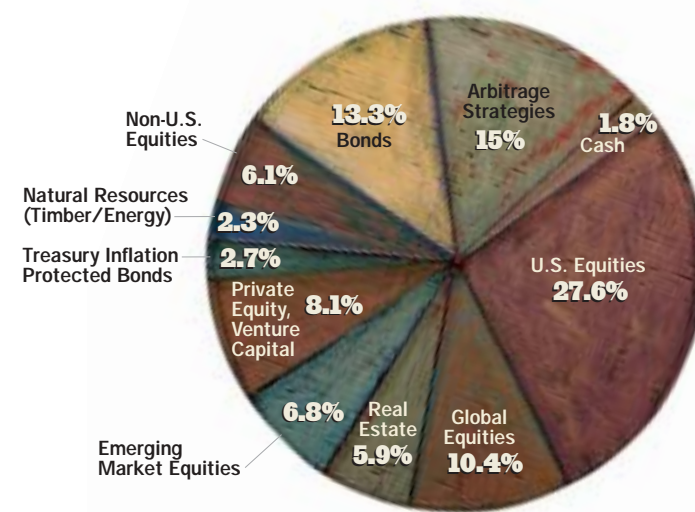
Each year about 4.5 percent (.5 percent less than the national average) of the endowment is paid out to help support faculty salaries, faculty chairs, scholarships, and general and individual school operations. The balance, including the corpus and interest or revenues, is plowed back into the endowment to benefit future generations. (Vanderbilt keeps its payout below the national average to facilitate ongoing endowment growth.)

"The endowment is a long-term horizon for the University. Many people look at the size of an institution's endowment and say, 'Look, they're rich; they could be spending that,'" says Shanks, who regularly is approached by alumni and others asking for endowment dollars to invest in the next "sure thing." "If you start on that undisciplined route, pretty quickly you end up with no endowment at all."

Deciding on Discipline

Discipline is fundamental to endowment growth, says William T. Spitz, University treasurer and vice chancellor for investments. The Investment Committee, based on recommendations from Spitz and his staff, approves targeted levels of exposure for each of the endowment's investment categories. The in-house staff then identifies, screens and closely monitors external firms with expertise in facilitating day-to-day investments in identified sectors. Overall, Vanderbilt's endowment consists of 150 total investment vehicles managed by approximately 60 different organizations.

Current Allocation of Endowment Investments



Even as external managers and firms have daily responsibility for endowment investment, Spitz and his staff have the discretion to adjust investment levels within the parameters set by the Investment Committee, which is made up of five trustee members and three alumni, non-trustee, voting members with finance expertise. No limitations are set on the investments into which endowment dollars

continued on page 85

INTO THE FRAY

Preserving the endowment in a down market

A slam dunk—that's how William T. Spitz, Vanderbilt's treasurer and vice chancellor for investments, describes college and university endowment growth in the past 20 years. Today's modest returns mean finding new options, exploiting niches and taking risks. The objective? Capitalize on undetected segments of the market that are poised for growth.

The marketplace has changed, and Vanderbilt is changing with it. "It's a sloppy market out there," says Joe Roby, BA'61, member of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust and current chair of its Investment Committee. "The biggest challenge lies in making significant growth for the endowment in a market where returns are lackluster." That, says Roby, who is chairman emeritus of Credit Suisse First Boston, calls for new strategies that are outside traditional markets, as well as working strategically with investment managers who can manage both long-term and short-term investments.

Art of Intelligent Risk Taking

Arbitrage, the simultaneous purchase and sale of a security to profit on a differential in price, is one approach because it allows Vanderbilt to benefit from targeted opportunities. "We shouldn't be overly afraid of risk because investing is the art of intelligent risk taking," says Spitz.

"We have a conservative overall approach," says Roby. "We insist on diversification and consistently reject outsized concentrations in particular sectors." University portfolio managers are looking to indexing in more liquid market segments where the relative returns are small but targeted. Indexing is an investment strategy in which a portfolio is designed to mirror the performance of a stock index, such as the Standard & Poor's 500 or other investment class.

We Are Not Alone

John Griswold, senior vice president of Commonfund Group, which manages \$29 billion in endowments and cash reserves for 1,600 institutions, says losses have occurred nationwide.

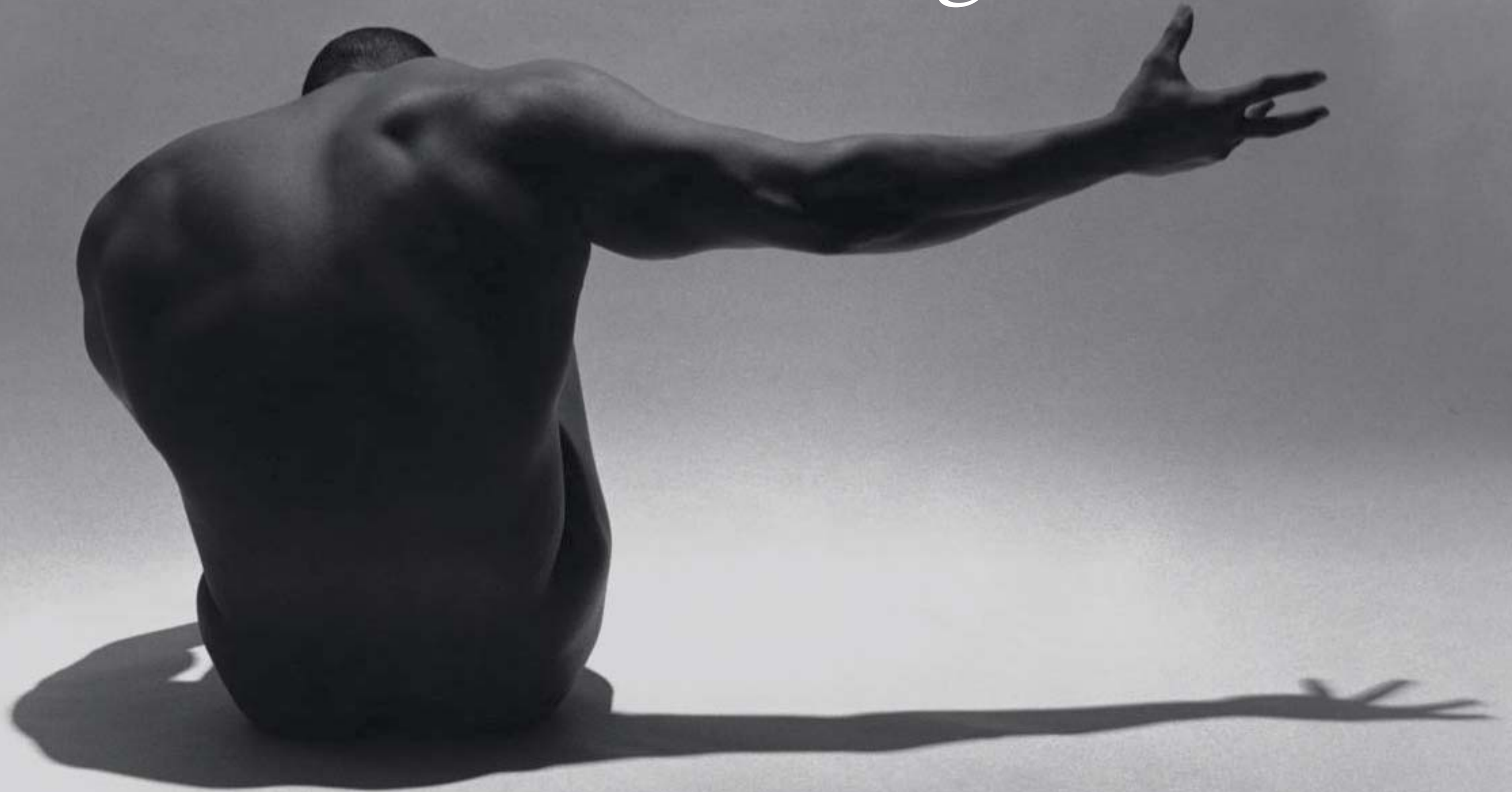
His organization's study in summer 2001 of 617 colleges and universities found that losses of -3 percent were typical; some were as high as -30 percent. "Even smart universities took hits," says Griswold, explaining such economic times call for courage, patience and perseverance. A marketplace where the next big money is increasingly difficult to find demands fresh approaches. According to Griswold, this requires ferreting out and grouping together unrelated asset classes as investments. The net result is reduced risk as these classes tend to move in different cycles.

The bottom line? The party is over. Only those who work hard to grow their endowments will profit, and those profits will be incrementally smaller than in the past two decades.

"Historically, bear markets last from five to 10 years," says Roby. "We're already seeing signs that the market has found its bottom. The Vanderbilt endowment has done well over the long view and we expect it to continue to do well relative to various measures of investment performance."

Vanderbilt's Carlton Wilkinson explores the African-American spirit and heritage

Images of Man

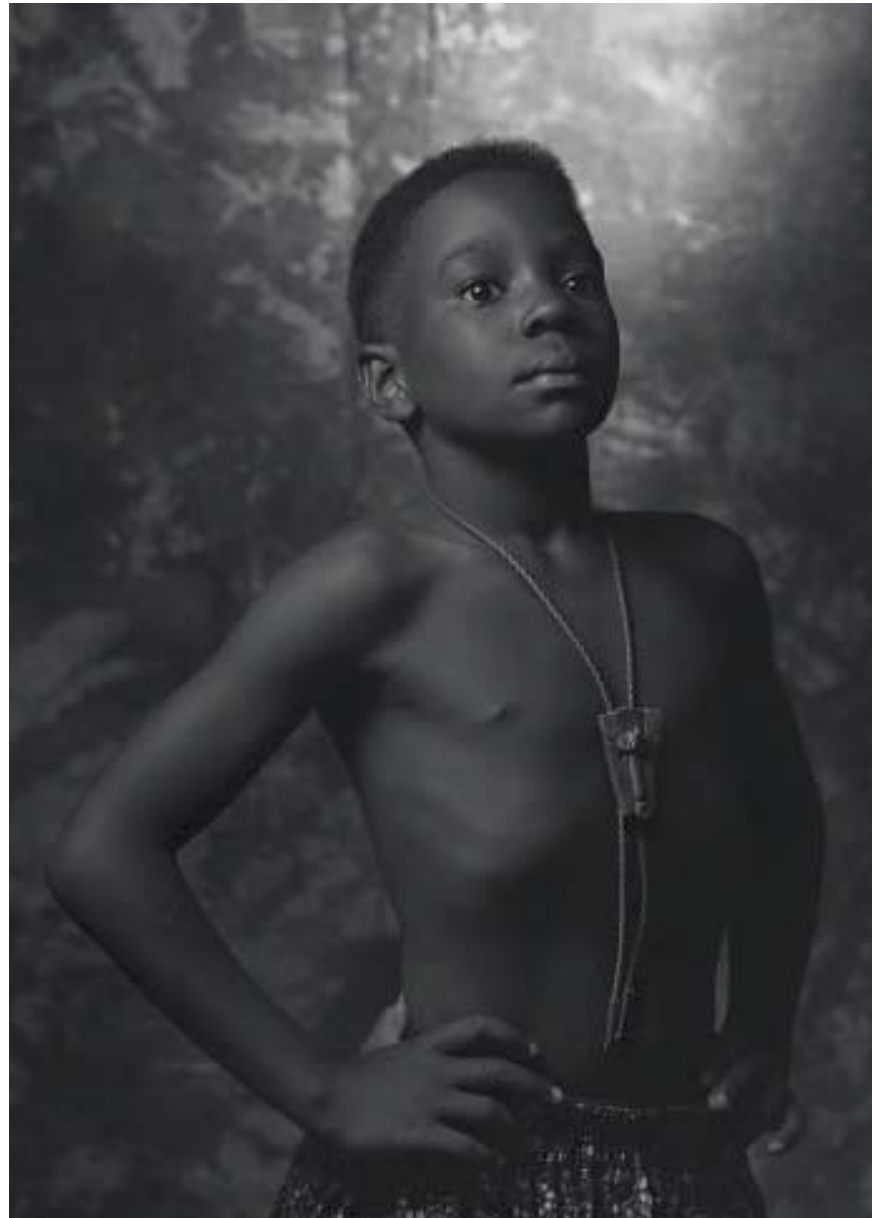


from African Male Museum series

Editor's Note: Vanderbilt fine arts faculty member Carlton Wilkinson's work recently was featured on the cover of *Harper's Magazine*. His photography is included in major collections, including those of the Schaumburg Center for Research in Black Culture in New York, Gaylord Entertainment Co., Bell-South and Sen. Bill Frist. His photographs are featured in the Frist Center for the Visual Arts exhibit "Reflections in Black: Black Photographers from 1840 to the Present," and in 2003 will be included in a major traveling exhibit curated by the International Center for Photography.

My photography represents over 20 years of creating a series that reflects my inspirations as an African-American male in the United States. As a child in Nashville, I remember the last stand of Jim Crow laws and the beginning of integration in the South. As the first black student to attend a Nashville private school, I remember my favorite teacher sporting George Wallace's "For President" bumper stickers on her car. The contrast of freedom and overt racism hung in the balance between reality and revolution.

My interest in photography mirrors my interest in the evolution of humanity. In 1990 I wanted to further my exploration of the black male image, which I felt had been long tarnished by racism and prejudice. My goal



Sun One, 1992



Can I Fly?, 1992



Final Comfort, 1992

was to further the spirit and diversity of the black male. Also, I looked to expose the true beauty and majesty of the black male. These figurative studies, many of which are accompanied with poetry, address the inner thoughts and historical references of the black male. This work I entitled "The African Male Museum."

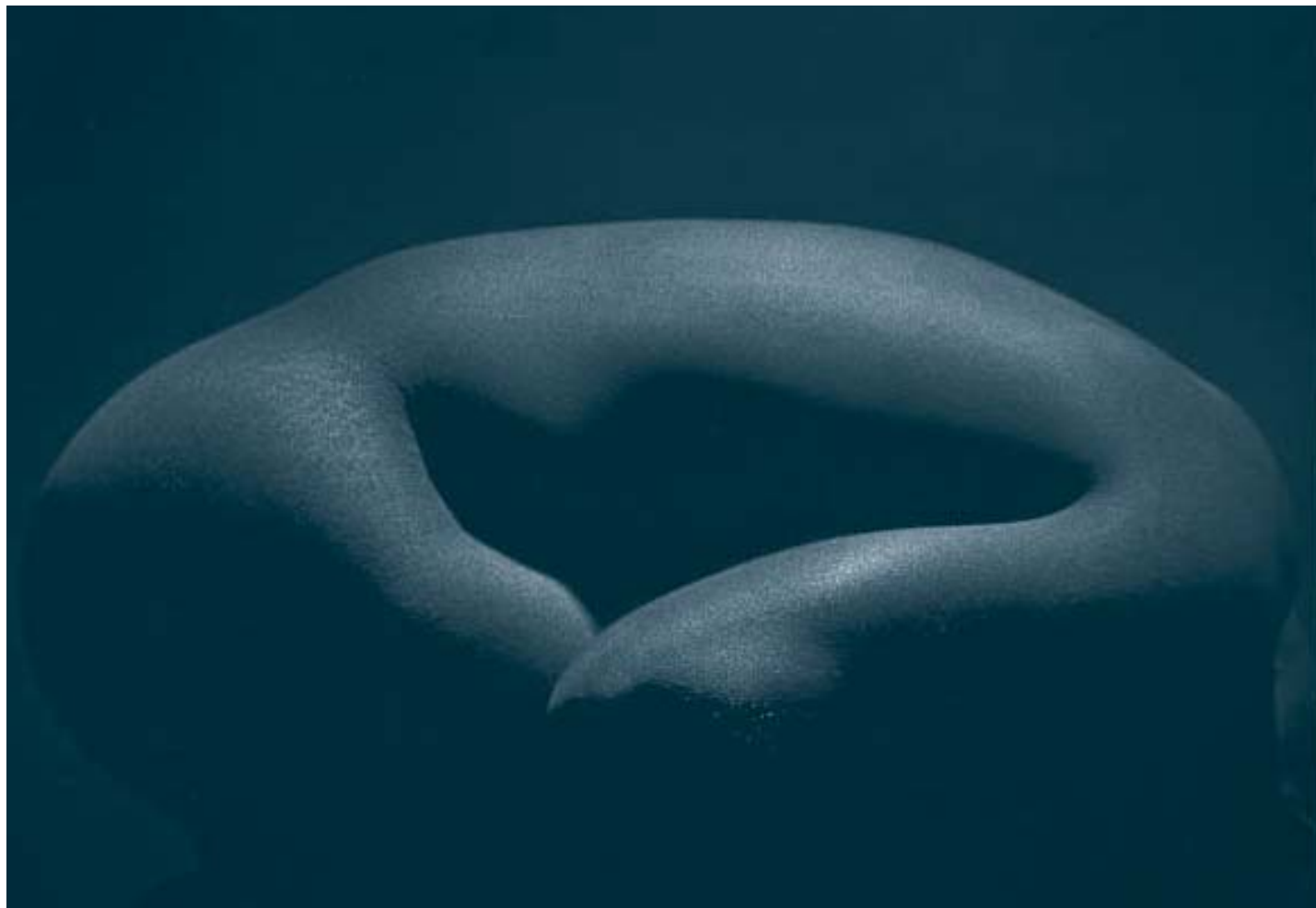
"Museum" has many directions, as I also photographed the Million Man March in Washington, D.C., in 1996. Additionally, I interviewed and photographed black men in a variety of vocations and interests. This sub-series I call "Contemporary Voices."

My "Supernal Impressions" series was inspired by my visit to various galleries in the Los Angeles area. During my visit to one gallery, I encountered the photography of Robert Mapplethorpe. I was first taken aback by the artful, yet stereotypic, images he created of the black male figure. I returned to campus to explore what other images there are of the black figure, only to be dismayed by the limited availability of images pertaining to black people. Further, the few images I did see did little to address a more classical view of our aesthetic. I decided that I should empower myself to address this most underserved subject.

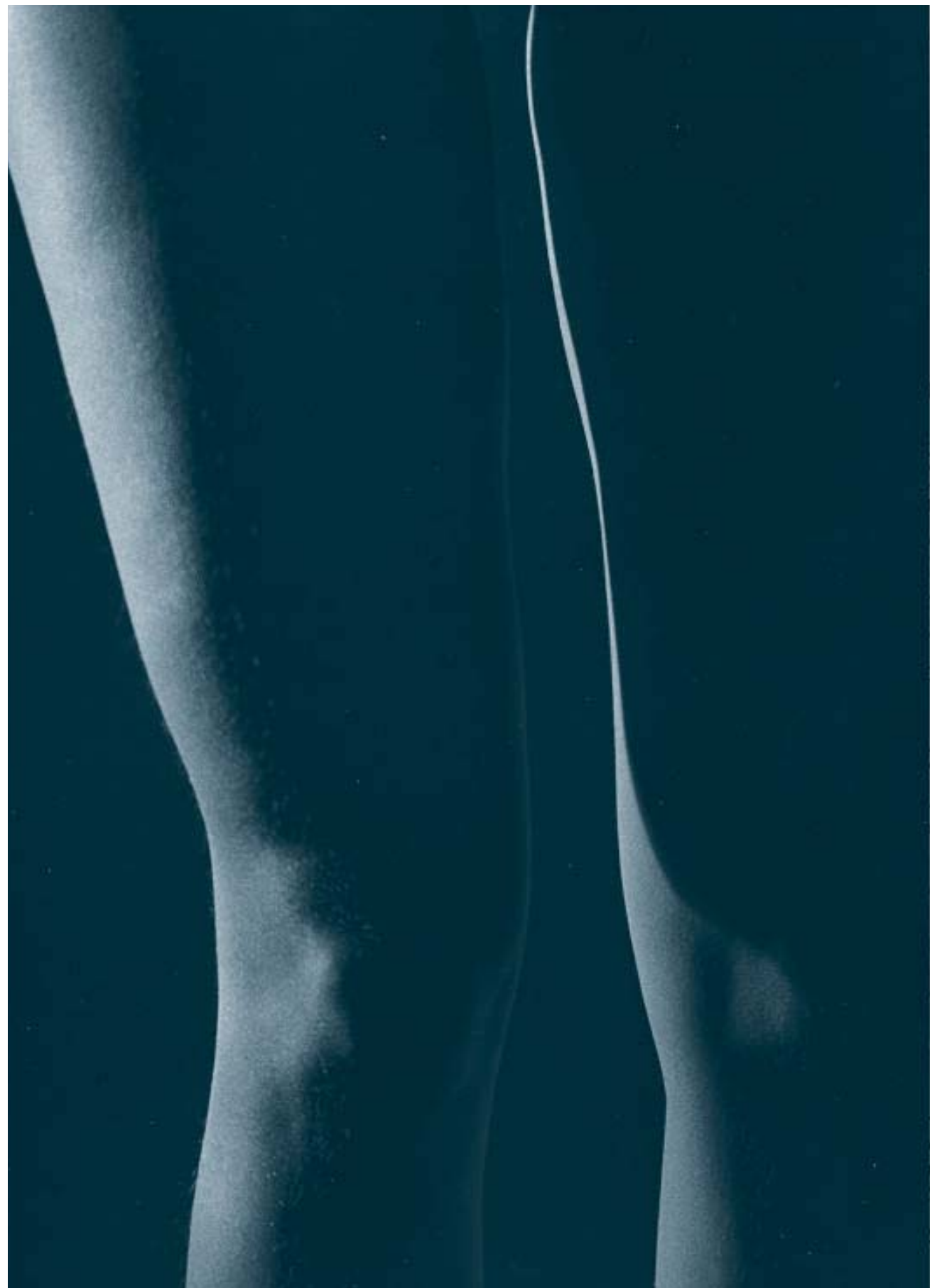
from Supernal Impressions series



Supernal Impressions #3, 1982



Supernal Impressions #1, 1982



Supernal Impressions #5, 1982

from **On the Altar of Liberty** series

“On the Altar of Liberty” has its roots in my childhood, as I thought of my growing up in a composite of the southern United States, Nashville and the black church. It was the black church that served as architect of the Civil Rights Movement. Under the leadership of Nashvillians Jim Lawson, C.T. Vivian, John Lewis and my pastor, Rev. Kelly Miller Smith, I witnessed how the churches served as the spiritual and practical force to integrate the South. It is my recall that inspired me to travel the South in 1984 to photograph



Woman Praying at 16th Street Baptist Church, 1984



Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala., 1984



Mount Zion AME,
Meridian County, Miss.,
1984

churches involved in the history of the Civil Rights Movement. This became the subject of my master’s thesis at UCLA.

I am proud to note that these series have been shown in several colleges and universities, as well as in public and private galleries around the country. Through them, I invite audiences to experience the spirit and heritage of the African-American diaspora. ▼



Man Praying at Wheat Street, 1984



Chill Factor

A short mystery by CECELIA TICHI

The bizarre death of Miles Moody was reported everywhere on the Vanderbilt campus by mid-morning of a brilliantly clear, cold January day. Conflicting rumors flew — that Moody had collapsed and died on the spot, that he was found bludgeoned in a pool of blood, that in death he appeared to slumber as peacefully as a cradled infant. This much was known: The custodian's body was found by a student just before 8 a.m. on Tuesday, Jan. 18, in a basement corridor of the Stevenson Center. Vanderbilt police immediately cordoned off the complex, and classes scheduled in Stevenson were canceled for the day.

I, Barbara Koppage, assistant dean for curriculum development, heard the news in Kirkland Hall. I'm new to Vanderbilt. My assignment is to speed up curriculum changes that are already under way but stalled for the usual reasons—egos, inertia, turf battles. With a Ph.D. in the humanities, I'm a troubleshooter of sorts. It's not the career I'd planned, but at 38, childless and battered by a recent slugfest of a divorce in Chicago, I'm grateful for this opportunity to come to Vanderbilt to a new life working with top researchers and classroom teachers—and, to be frank, far away from the glass and steel towers and the Lake Michigan icy wind that remind me of my ex. I plan to work hard and on lunch hours walk the arboretum for solace as I reclaim my life.

Now, however, death—a bombshell this winter morning as six of us gather for an academic meeting, though two members are absent. A professor of finance begs off because

the alumni nervous, and “modernize” upsets faculty apt to be suspicious of fads. We are deep into “leveraging resources” when the provost’s assistant, Margeurite Ives, slips a note to the committee chair, Professor Victoria Ordway of the political science faculty. Her garnet rings flash as she reads aloud, “The provost announces that the Vanderbilt University community is deeply saddened to learn that a deceased person believed to be Vanderbilt Buildings and Grounds worker Miles Moody was found earlier this morning. Funeral plans are incomplete at this time.”

The room falls silent. Victoria Ordway is a graying ash blonde with piercing blue eyes that well with tears as her chin trembles. It's startling to see a faculty member weep at news of a custodian's death.

“Miles Moody wasn't just another janitor, Barbara,” says Professor Luis Ortiz as he leans toward me. Ortiz is a slender man with olive skin and bedroom eyes, a renowned

Vanderbilt alumni annually invite him to reunions. They remember his folk wisdom and his kindness when they were freshmen in dorms where he worked. You won't find another school where a custodian is held in such high regard.”

Others nod, and in minutes we file out in silence. I'm at the elevator when the redheaded Marguerite taps my shoulder. “If you have a moment, Barbara, the provost would like to visit with you.”

Translation: Get to the provost's office ASAP. Welcome to the South, where a direct order wears velvet.

So I sit across from Provost Zachary (“ZZ”) Zachos, a prize-winning economist and now a top administrator. His dark wavy hair is dabbed with gray at the temples, and I've been warned about those dark eyes that give what faculty call The Stare. The man is buff. He is my boss.

“How goes it? We're getting you moved into Kirkland shortly. Hope the Sarratt cubi-

Did the beloved Miles have a mortal enemy?

I try not to think about any of it. I never knew Miles Moody, never heard him play blues trumpet or saw his smile. He wasn't my legend.

she's called to the Owen library, where someone has vandalized more than 100 books on finance, gouging library bar codes beyond machine recognition. Coincidentally, our Blair School conductor has excused himself to call an emergency meeting of his own. It seems orchestral music disappeared from music stands and was found ripped to pieces in a men's room stall.

“Petty” and “nasty,” “mean” and “warped” are regretful terms as committee members assure me this sort of thing does not happen at Vanderbilt.

“Not until now,” says Jonas Tomchuk, a philosopher. He has a point, but no one replies, and we settle into an agenda on leveraging resources, which is academese for accentuating the positive. “Reform,” you see, makes

authority on tort law. “Miles has become a legend on the Vanderbilt campus. He played trumpet in a blues band. Last October the chancellor held a reception to celebrate his 35th year at Vanderbilt. The room was filled with well-wishers.”

“September, Luis. It was September 24th.” This from Katrina Holstein, a Divinity School expert in the Old Testament who had skirmished with Ortiz throughout the meeting. The petite Holstein wears stilettos, the woman's version of elevator shoes, and a double-breasted pinstripe suit. I sympathize. I too have a female “power point” authority wardrobe on tap as needed.

Professor Ordway continues the impromptu eulogy. “The measure of affection and respect for Miles Moody, Barbara, is that Van-

derbilt alumni annually invite him to reunions. They remember his folk wisdom and his kindness when they were freshmen in dorms where he worked. You won't find another school where a custodian is held in such high regard.”

“The committee made a good start this morning. We'll make progress. Count on it.” This means I either deliver on new programs or hit I-40 by spring. Trust me, my post-divorce rehab requires success in this job. I want to be here, mind and spirit, enjoying the campus dogwoods and redbuds and, I hope, the basketball finals, men's and women's. “Your message about the custodian was read to us,” I say. “Everyone was stunned. Was it a heart attack?”

His gaze shifts, odd for a man whose trademark is eye contact. “We're looking into the circumstances. Campus police are on the case.”

“Case?”

He colors. “In a manner of speaking. There's some confusion.” Will he say more? I wait. “For instance, a TV monitor was found smashed by the body. Campus police are investigating. Moody was on temporary assignment in Stevenson. The chancellor went over to see for himself. I'd have gone, but” He points to a stack of plastic milk cartons filled with folders. “Tenure cases,” he says. “The future of the University's in those milk cartons.”

“Tough decisions.”

“Some are, some aren't. It's the borderlines that keep me blinking at the ceiling in the middle of the night. And once in a while a faculty member goes off the rails. You see the files on that table? The guy was up for tenure, a very popular teacher, part-time intramural tennis coach. His record looked good, and then word came that he'd plagiarized.”

“His scholarship?”

Zachos nods. “Ever hear of Morris Louis?”

“That's the professor?”

“No, Morris Louis was an abstract artist in something called color field painting. He's best known for paintings of stripes, and they hang in all the major museums. This professor's book on him was about to be published when we were informed that whole sections were copied almost word for word from somebody's doctoral dissertation. We'd become one more academic plagiarism story for the *New York Times*.”

“Is he still here?”

“Resigned, but not without a fight. He threatened to sue us—defamation of character, breach of contract. When his lawyer saw the evidence, he advised the guy to quit. He's still around, though, lunging at the Uni-



versity Club a couple days ago. As if he's flaunting it.”

“Ick.”

Zachos's phone rings, and I can't help overhearing him say “Light Hall” and “Jesup.” Off the phone, he bites his lip. “Crazy. That was the fourth call in two days about vandalism.”

“I heard about the book bar codes and the sheet music.”

“We're getting worried, Barbara. Did you hear about the blinds?”

My ex was a hunter. “Duck blinds?”

He laughs. “I wish. No, the window blinds in the computer classroom in Heard Library. No one touched the 25 new computers, but the new custom mahogany venetian blinds are smashed to splinters. That's not all. The athletic department reports somebody pen-

etrated the tight security of the stadium football field last night and dug up the field with a backhoe left with some construction equipment intended for drainage work. Whoever did it used a grappling hook to climb up and scale the wall. The coaches are irate, the campus police embarrassed. And now this—the phone call I took a minute ago. Three professors' academic gowns have been slashed.”

Slashed. Somehow this feels like another level, more personal, violent. “None of these sound like standard student pranks,” I offer.

“Definitely not. Vanderbilt kids don't much go in for mischief. Some graffiti, we deal with it. But each gown, the sleeves have been shredded. Only the sleeves—one gown on the Peabody campus, one in Engineering, and now one in Light Hall at the Medical Center. An oncologist, a civil engineer, and an

educational theorist. Go figure. The registrars will search transcripts to find if any students took courses from all three of these professors, so maybe we'll get a profile. For now, we'll e-mail the faculty. ‘Lock your office, take home your gown.’ Zachos checks his watch and stands, a signal to me to rise. “Sorry to cut this short. Insane days. Maybe we can grab a half-hour later this week to strategize.”

“I'll look forward to it.”

“And Barbara—keep your eyes open, okay? You're new, you're all over the campus for meetings. Sometimes it takes an outsider to spot things the natives don't see. Think outside the box and call me.”

His eyes lock on mine. The Stare? Is he ordering me, southern-style, to try my hand

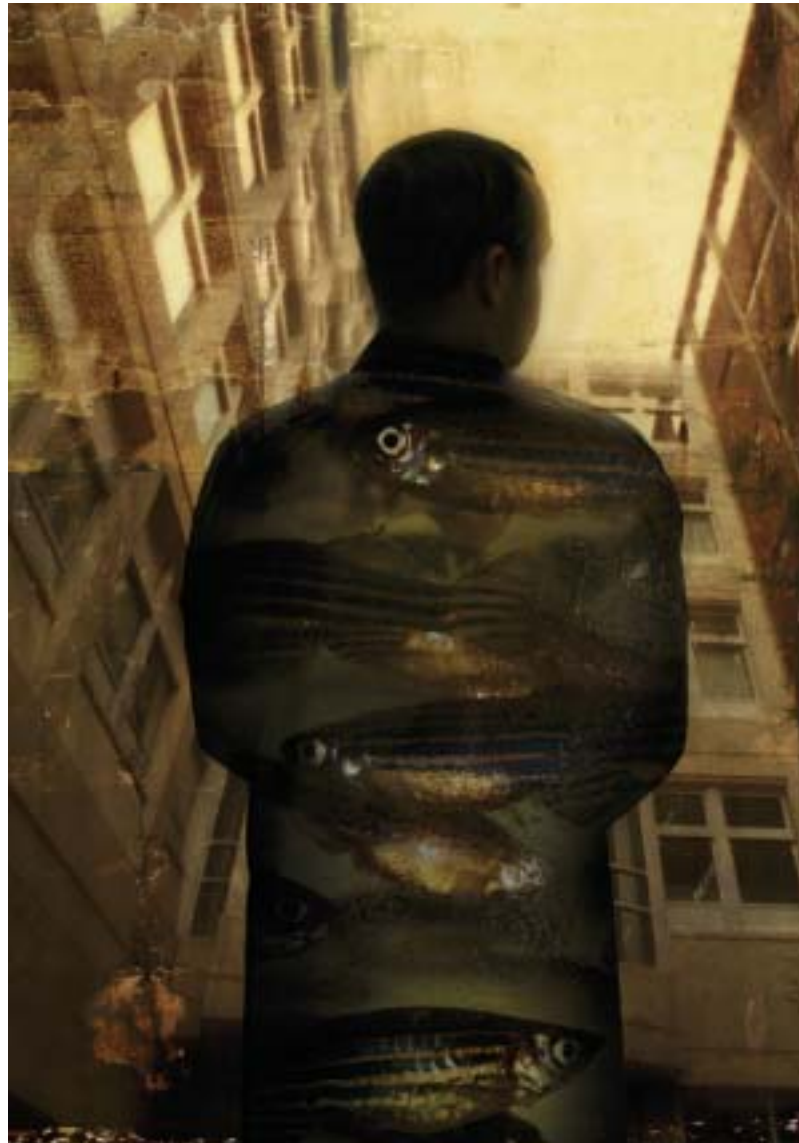
at solving this mess? Does my job performance rating somehow depend on it?

Clouds move in to match my mood as I head for the Law School cafe to grab a bite, but I detour past the bronze statue of Harold Stirling Vanderbilt to join the crowd in front of the yellow police tape at the Stevenson Center. Students bundled in new holiday-gift outerwear mix with faculty and staff, murmuring and whispering rumors about the janitor as Vanderbilt police radios crackle.

Two students hold cassette recorders and notebooks, a blond guy in a down vest, a dark-haired woman in a jacket from L.L. Bean. Doubtless student reporters, they prod a young officer with questions. The officer shakes his head, stonewalls them. No ambulance or hearse stands by for a body, for which I am grateful. Sunlight fades across a somber scene.

Back to my makeshift office with a takeout lunch, I start into my caesar salad and try not to think of Zachos's pointed advice, which has put me on the spot. Will I get demerits if I come up empty? Which, face it, is a virtual certainty. For distraction, I open today's *Hustler*. Above the fold is collegiate turmoil over dining-hall food, almost comforting as an undergraduate perennial. Below the fold, however, is the headline "Art History Professor Says Resignation Forced."

It's pure snooping on my part to seek the name of the plagiarist — Arthur T. Fueller, Ph.D., whose photo shows a broad face with moustache and goatee and a buzz cut. His self-serving quotes on the abrupt departure from Vanderbilt fill the columns. "Painful to leave my students ... my expertise rejected by the Vanderbilt administration." The dean



of Arts and Science doesn't comment, faculty personnel matters being confidential. Diplomacy rules, probably on advice of the Office of the General Counsel.

It's a relief to spend the next two hours cocooned with curriculum work, taking notes and doodling — a lifelong habit. A short break at 3 p.m. takes me downstairs to a soft drink machine, though my wretched sense of direction leaves me wandering along a corridor with art studios and the *Hustler* office. The two students just inside the open door look familiar — yes, it's the guy from outside in the vest and the woman in the Bean jacket. A third student stands between them, lanky, in a thick navy wool scarf and a distracted expression on his thin, pale face.

"So you saw blood?"

"On my way to the lab. My honors project's on zebra fish. They're pollution indicators. But there was smashed glass all over the hall floor. He was lying there, not moving. His head, the blood — hey, don't use my name, okay? I have to go. Don't print my name."

The young man whips past me, and the *Hustler* office door snaps shut. I pop open my Diet Coke and shiver at what I've just heard. Forget the rumors about Miles Moody sleeping like a baby. At work temporarily in Stevenson, did he have a fatal accident in a hallway? Or did something worse happen? An attack?

Murder?

Did the beloved Miles have a mortal enemy? I try not to think about any of it. I never knew Miles Moody, never heard him play blues trumpet or saw his smile. He wasn't my legend. I bury myself in work in the cubicle until

after 6 and treat myself to a French movie here in Sarratt. With popcorn.

The next two days at Vanderbilt are a bizarre mix of winter beauty against the backdrop of the custodian's death. First it snowed, a three-inch blanket that drew the Vanderbilt photographer, Mr. Gerald Holly, to his renowned 35-mm winter wizardry. And the students came out to play. Greek row sprouted anatomically correct snow figures, and snowballs flew between classes. Undergrads slid down the Kissam hillocks on makeshift plastic sleds.

But behind the scenes, it was said, an autopsy had been requested by Miles Moody's family. For two days I'd searched the *Tennessean*, including the obituaries, for news about his death — in vain. The *Vanderbilt Register* print-

ed a memorial statement without explanation or theory of the cause of death.

By Friday, a fourth academic gown is reportedly slashed, of a School of Nursing high-ranking dean who calls for additional police protection. Suspicion had fallen on one fraternity just off suspension for IFC violations, though all members flatly denied responsibility. It's the randomness that unnerves everyone, including me. By Friday all of Vanderbilt seems ready and waiting for — the next wave of vandalism? The results of Miles Moody's autopsy?

It's a late-afternoon Friday meeting, the mood sour, everyone eager to leave campus before the streets ice up. Jonas Tomchuk holds forth on Pragmatism as the basis for curriculum development, and I see Victoria Ordway check her watch and toy with her garnet rings, while Katrina Holstein's heels tap the flooring like a deranged woodpecker. I'm doodling, and the yellow pad before me shows

It takes everything I've got to walk slowly, smile, and ask his directions to the exit, then feel his eyes bore into my back until I disappear into the elevator, get to ground level, grab an emergency phone and hit 911.

the week's stress — a stick figure in an academic gown with shredded sleeves, a musical staff torn in pieces, a set of venetian blinds that look like toothpicks. The Pragmatist yields to a biologist, who now lauds, "... the zebra fish, which promises to solve genetic mysteries."

"Zebra fish ...," I murmur. "Zebra fish."

"*Brachydanio rerio*. It's a model system for vertebrate developmental biology, just two inches long. We are on the forefront of this pathbreaking research. The University has a major investment in those tanks full of zebra fish in our Stevenson labs."

"Tanks, zebra fish, Stevenson," I ponder. That's it. I get it. My god, hiding in plain sight. The others look astonished as I jump, bolt, flee the room, dash and pound on the office

door of the provost. No answer. "Stripes!" I cry at full volume to Marguerite, who stares as if I'm crazy. "Stripes — that's the vandalism, the book bar codes, the music staff lines." She doesn't move. "The football field, don't you see? Where's the provost?"

"With the chancellor."

"I need to see him."

"Barbara, he's with the chancellor."

As if God and Saint Peter. I dash downstairs, skid and slide outside across the icy peastone to Stevenson. No cops in sight as I hit the stairs to the basement and the corridors where Miles Moody died. Fluorescent lights hum, nobody in sight — except footsteps, a man with a goatee and buzz cut coming toward me. My god. It's Fueller, with a package. It takes everything I've got to walk slowly, smile, and ask his directions to the exit, then feel his eyes bore into my back until I disappear into the elevator, get to ground level, grab an emergency phone and hit 911.

Ice clinks as we observe the chancellor's pristine gown on a hanger on the back of his door. The provost says, "So the zebra fish clued you in."

"That's when the pattern became clear. It was stupid of me to go alone to Stevenson, but destruction of the fish had to be Fueller's main goal. The other vandalism was cruel and frightening, but minor. He wanted to wreck something vital to Vanderbilt and its researchers. And I was right; he had a bomb in that package, didn't he?"

Both men exchange looks. The chancellor finally nods. "Chief Arnow says it was crude but dangerous." I sip.

Neither brings up Miles Moody, but I do. "Fueller tried to blow up the fish tanks last Tuesday morning. I'd bet on it."

ZZ says, "The preliminary autopsy report shows Miles Moody died from head trauma sustained by a sharp blow with a blunt object."

I blurt "Stevenson," spell b-o-m-b, and wait out a cold eternity of mere minutes before the sirens scream, and the place is full of cops. In moments I see Fueller taken out. A cop in heavy padding holds his package.

It's hours later when I sit in the chancellor's office, joining "ZZ" Zachos in a whiskey in crystal glassware cut with the Vanderbilt V as the chancellor sips seltzer water. "So stripes were your clue."

"Yes. The expert on Morris Louis's stripe art was destroying Vanderbilt's stripes. Every act of vandalism involved stripe patterns, from bar codes and music to venetian blinds and the football field. Fueller bent on revenge when his plagiarism forced him out."

"And academic gowns, with stripes on the sleeves."

Tennis racket, I think, but don't say it aloud. My face is inches from the provost's own. "The custodian saw him and fought him off. I'd bet Miles Moody died fighting him, defending the zebra fish."

"Defending Vanderbilt University, Barbara," says the chancellor.

I nod. We rise to leave. It'll be a winter of DNA tests and other forensics. ZZ makes a lame joke about earning my stripes, and I force a facsimile of a hearty laugh. We put down our glasses, but my private toast is this — to my best possible work on curriculum development because, come spring, I am hell-bent on seeing those dogwoods bloom. ▼

High-tech diagnostic imaging arrives, and Vanderbilt Medical Center says goodbye to film.

The X-Ray Goes

Digital

By MICHAEL SIMS

YOU CAN SEE THE SCENE EVERY NIGHT ON TELEVISION DRAMAS. A physician runs into her office with a handful of X-rays and slaps them onto a fluorescent screen to determine if the celebrity guest star will live until the end of the program. Before long this kind of scene will look as quaint as eight-track tapes. The suspenseful buildup to the diagnosis will remain, in both reality and melodrama, but the technology will change. X-ray pictures of your insides aren't headed toward extinction, but the film of them is. Like so many other things, X-rays are going digital. This quiet technological revolution is occurring all over the country, and the process is nearing completion at Vanderbilt Medical Center.

"The major benefit you're going to get, for patients as well as for physicians, is the widespread accessibility of the image," explains Johnny Hendricks, assistant director of Information Systems for Radiology at Vanderbilt.

An X-ray on film is a large photographic negative—the original, crucial picture. It can be viewed in only one place at a time. With the old system, a single copy of film was carefully guarded and tracked. It had to be checked out like a library book, with a similar guarantee of its return.

"You're always worried about where a single copy of film is," says Hendricks. "That's your one record of the patient's status." Digital images, in contrast, can be consulted by numerous people simultaneously, in various locations. They free the X-ray images to go where

they are needed when they are needed. In this system, a device will burn the original images onto an ordinary CD which, like commercially available programs, will include its own viewing program. Then even the patient can take the CD home, pop it into a computer, and display it full-size without special technology.

Some distribution questions in the changeover process are still to be answered. Sending the image over the Internet requires proper security technology for both transmission and receipt. Privacy regulations prevent a patient's medical record, including all diagnostic images, from being available online. However, the digital image can be loaded onto a CD and simply handed over to the patient. "It's a single physical copy that's off-campus that you don't have to track," explains Hendricks. "But we do have an audit trail of who we made it for and which films went out on which date."

But Vanderbilt—or any other hospital—cannot guarantee how the image will be viewed after it leaves the hospital where it was cre-

ated. What will happen when a patient from outside Nashville takes home a CD with X-rays on it and delivers it to his local hospital? The answer to the question of follow-up interpretation depends partially upon the equipment available to the other physician. The image will be the original from which the Vanderbilt doctor made a diagnosis. The diagnosing physician, however, can't guarantee the circumstances under which the image will be viewed in the future.

As Hendricks explains, "As with film, physicians can refer to the report or call the radiologist for follow-up. They will have a choice between the film and the CD, and either is a viable alternative. We're still going to print film if someone says, 'I want film.'"

"It's meant to be a review tool," says Hendricks of the digital image that leaves the institution where it was created. "However, the next doctor will have the patient's records and the report we did, and he'll know what he's looking for. As is the case with film, whether any other doctor feels that he can use a particular digital image to make a diagnosis is up to him. We've started the careful process of putting the system through its paces. We're not too far away, but we're still in the process of being certain we meet all security outlines to protect patient data."

When CDs—burned with original diagnostic-quality images in standard format—become the common practice, they will permit any hospital to import such images into their own diagnostic technology. Importing an image from another institution would be the same as importing an image from the hospital's own archive. The image will have the same quality as the original diagnostic X-ray.

In 1997, when Vanderbilt Medical Center began converting to the digital Picture Archiving and Communication System (PACS), the hospital was in the vanguard of such innovation. Nowadays, most medical institutions around the country are moving toward digital imagery in radiology. "We've been doing PACS perhaps a little longer than the average," says Hendricks. "It's been a gradual process because there are a huge number of studies and a lot of technical challenges to overcome." He predicts that Vanderbilt will have replaced X-ray film entirely with digital imagery by early summer 2003. Digital is also taking over mammograms, ultrasound, and other visual diagnostic tools.

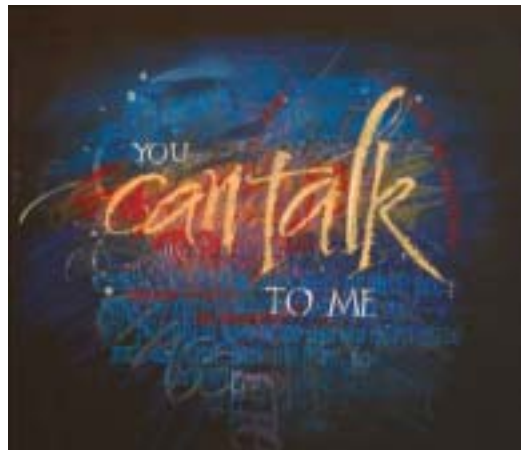
By using PACS instead of traditional film, both patients and technicians spend less time on each diagnostic survey. Because digital technology requires neither development time nor as many back-up images, the technician can evaluate the quality of the image immediately. Monitor resolution varies, but high-resolution stations are available for detailed diagnostic examinations. Physicians will find X-ray information more readily accessible, easier to share, and simpler to incorporate into research and teaching.

Hendricks says with pride, "What we see in patient care many times, especially with the accessibility of computers and work stations within the Medical Center, even in the exam room, is that by the time the patient is returning to the room, the image is coming up on that screen." ▼

Michael Sims writes about science and culture for newspapers, magazines and radio. He is the author of Darwin's Orchestra and the forthcoming Adam's Navel: A Natural and Cultural History of the Human Form (Viking, 2003).

The Arts & Culture

“I tend to think in short stories. It’s a modality of interpreting the world.” —LORRAINE LOPEZ



VISUAL ARTS: **Creative Expressions VIII**, shown October through December at the John F. Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development, was the 21st show of artists with disabilities organized by the Nashville Mayor’s Advisory Committee for People with Disabilities. Featuring work by artists with a wide range of disabilities and ages and in a variety of media, the exhibit was one in a series dedicated to or created by people who have disabilities or who are at risk developmentally.

Elizabeth Garlington, studio arts manager for Sarratt Student Center and first-year Divinity School student, showed narrative art quilts inspired by ethnic textile patterns and design motifs in **Healing Story**, **Healing Quilt**, the inaugural 2002–03 exhibit at the Margaret Cuningim Women’s Center.

Her work combines stories, images and narratives from her own life with “forms where the final product is unplanned and evolves with the intuitive handling of materials.”

of Tennessee, Knoxville. A continuation of Lyons’ critique of museology and the authority of the curatorial “voice” found within the contemporary museum, *The Spelvin Folk Art Collection* called into question issues surrounding folk and outsider art, namely “the mythos of folk art as based on a Romantic concept of creativity that is essentially anti-intellectual.” Lyons acted as “curator” of this fictitious collection—which he created—including biographical information on each of the “collectors” and “artists,” creating a remarkable and curious foray into the nature of the creative process.

The Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery launched its exhibit year with **The George and Helen Spelvin Folk Art Collection** by Beauvais Lyons, professor of art at the University



Spelvin Folk Art Collection

BOOKS & WRITERS: Vanderbilt was well represented at the 14th annual **Southern Festival of Books**, Nashville’s celebration of the written word, presented by Humanities Tennessee. Faculty, alumni and students took part in panel discussions, readings, book signings and musical performances. Those involved included faculty members **Kate Daniels**, **Thadious Davis**, **Tony Earley**, **James Ely**, **Sen. William Frist**, **Mark Jarman**, **Sheila Smith McKoy**, **Dorothy Marcic**, **Helmut Walser Smith**, **Carol Swain** and **Susan Ford Wiltshire**; alumni **Catherine Crawley**, **Elizabeth Dewberry**, **Walter Durham**, **Greg Miller**, **John Perry** and **Kendall Taylor**; and current Blair student **Charles Charlton**.

The Butcher’s Tale (Norton) by Helmut Walser Smith, associate professor of history, tells the story of Konitz, a small town in the eastern reaches of the German Empire, where in 1900 a Christian boy was found brutally dismembered. Within weeks the town was engulfed in violent anti-Semitic riots and demonstrations. *The Butcher’s Tale* places the accusations, and the ensuing maelstrom of violence, under a microscope.

ACCOLADES
Soy la Avon Lady and Other Stories
by Lorraine López (Curbstone)



“Assimilation into American culture and abrasive family dynamics are the subjects of the 11 finely crafted stories gathered in this striking debut collection. López is an original, and this fine collection, which won its publisher’s inaugural Miguel Mármol Prize for fiction, is a thoroughgoing delight.”

—KIRKUS REVIEWS

Exploring the Chicano/a quest for identity in a culture characterized by great differences in language, race, class and gender, the stories in *Soy la Avon Lady* deal with a wide range of characters, and López’s vision ranges from the tragic to the comic.

Lorraine López, assistant professor of English, winner of the 2002 Mármol Prize for Latina/o Fiction for her short-story collection, *Soy la Avon Lady and Other Stories*

Q & A



DANIEL DUBOIS

Q: When did you start writing?
A: I think I was 8 years old when I wrote my first story. It was the first thing I ever did that totally absorbed my attention and I had no awareness of time passing. I thought this is what I wanted to do, but I didn’t know at 8 that a person could do that until a student teacher told me, “You could be a writer.”

Q: How do you see comedy and tragedy working together in your stories?
A: I don’t sit down and say, I’m going to write a tragic or comic story. It’s a case of the story telling itself—I’m just opening to it. But I do think that when you pair comedy and tragedy, both are strengthened, both are intensified.

Q: You’ve spent a fair amount of time in the South, where there is a strong penchant for storytelling. Has being in the South affected the way you tell stories?
A: Yes, it has. I would classify the last three stories in *Soy la Avon Lady* as very heavily

southern influenced. They take place in Georgia, and Georgia is such a beautiful state, a fertile place, a good place for my imagination to take root and expand. It’s a great experience whenever you can dislocate yourself. Your senses come alive because of the newness.

Q: Which do you prefer writing: novels or short stories?
A: I enjoy the challenge of writing short stories. My writing group and my past professors have commented that I seem to be a novelist in my approach—that when a short story ends, they thought it would go on. But someone once said that a novel is an evolution and a short story is a revelation, and finding that revelation—I’m addicted to it. I want to do it right, and it’s so hard.

MUSIC:

Edgar Meyer, adjunct associate professor of bass and award-winning musician and composer noted for his innovative blending of musical styles, was named a MacArthur Fellow on Sept. 25. More commonly known as “genius grants,” the fellowships are awarded annually by the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation to “individuals who show exceptional merit and promise for continued and enhanced creative work.” Each recipient receives \$500,000 in “no-strings-attached” support over five years. In a news release announcing Meyer as one of



24 individuals to receive this year’s awards, the MacArthur Foundation called Meyer “a multifaceted musician whose

expansive artistry is altering the way string instruments are played” and who is “equally comfortable in jazz, folk, country and classical styles.” Through this amalgamation of genres, “Meyer is crafting a uniquely American lexicon for symphony orchestras and chamber ensembles.”

Grammy, Emmy and Academy Award-winning songwriter, composer and musician **Randy Newman** was the first guest in the Blair School’s 2002–03 Conversations Series in November. From popular hit singles to film scores, including the award-winning “Monsters Inc.,” “Toy Story,” “Parenthood” and “Ragtime,” Newman’s work is eclectic and widely acclaimed. Moderated by **Deanna Walker**, adjunct artist teacher of piano,

Newman’s appearance at the Blair School was in conjunction with performances with the Nashville Symphony.

Eleven current and former Blair faculty members including Dean **Mark Wait**, **Amy Dorfman**, **Ruth Gotthardt Stith**, **Enid Katahn**, **Karen Ann Krieger**, **Craig Nies**, **Jama Reagan**, **Melissa Rose**, **Roland Schneller**, **Rachael Short** and **Charlene Harb** took part in the Nashville Symphony’s **Piano Spectacular!** during October. Ultimately, eight pianos and eight pianists took the stage as pianos were added to each piece. Wait was soloist in Elliott Carter’s seldom-heard Piano Concerto, and opening the program was the premier of Concertino for Celesta and Orchestra by **Michael Kurek**, associate professor of composition at Blair.

The third and fourth concerts in the Blair School of Music’s **Beethoven Sonata Series** took place in September and early January featuring faculty members **Craig Nies** (piano), **Cornelia Heard**, **Christian Teal**, and **Carolyn Huebl** (violins), and **Felix Wang** (cello). The series has journeyed through the charm and virtuosity of Beethoven’s early violin sonatas to the surging power and drama of his late works. The fifth and final concert in the two-year series will take place in Ingram Hall on March 28.

In October one of the world’s finest ensembles, the **Emerson String Quartet**, enthralled the Langford Auditorium audience with their interpretations of Haydn, Bartók and Schubert as part of the Great Performances at Vanderbilt series.



Emerson String Quartet

Internationally acclaimed soprano **Dawn Upshaw**, born at Vanderbilt Hospital, made her way back to native ground in early September for a sold-out performance at Ingram Hall and a master class at the Blair School of Music. Students and faculty alike were taken with her range of expression, and her remarkable ability to communicate meaning regardless of the language of the text. The evening consisted of challenging but beautiful music—songs by Shakespeare contemporary John Dowland, Debussy’s *Songs of Bilitis*, Russian songs

by Rachmaninoff and Mussorgsky, a piece by South American-born Osvaldo Golijov, and a set by American popular song composer Vernon Duke. The next day’s master class included four students chosen by audition for the honor of performing for Upshaw, whose teaching was as inspiring as her performing. The students were **Christopher Mann**, tenor; **Lillian Askew**, soprano; **Zachary Nadolski**, baritone; and **Jennifer Berkebile**, mezzo-soprano.



Dawn Upshaw and Christopher Mann

ACCOLADES



Senior **Courtney Dashe** received honorable mention in the National John Lennon Songwriting Contest. At a reception in BMI’s New York office in May, Dashe received a \$500 scholarship for her country/pop song “You Must Have Found a Reason.” A California native, Dashe says, “Nashville has given me the resources to strengthen my songwriting and vocal performing skills.”

UPCOMING



VISUAL ARTS:

Crimson Rain McCaslin comes **Full Circle** Feb. 18 through March 18 in the Sarratt Art Gallery, showing an affinity to wild birds that obsessively collect shiny, colorful objects to decorate their nests, in her mixed-media works that revolve around collecting and recycling.

MUSIC:

Emergence, a collaboration between the Nashville Ballet and the Blair School of Music, will feature works by **Michael Alec Rose**, associate professor of composition, and **Stan Link**, assistant professor of the philosophy and analysis of music, with **Crystal Plohman**, artist teacher of fiddle, in performance with the Nashville Ballet on March 14–15 in Ingram Hall.

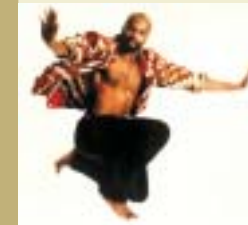


THEATER:

“**Two Gentlemen of Verona**,” winner of the Tony Award for best musical of 1972, celebrates spring and its promise of love in this rendition of Shakespeare’s play on stage at Vanderbilt University Theatre Feb. 14–16 and 20–22.

DANCE:

Ronald K. Brown/Evidence will perform at Langford Auditorium Feb. 14. One of modern dance’s foremost choreographers, Brown is influenced by the fast-paced, rhythmic movements of Africa.





A Dybbuk

THEATER:

Presented in conjunction with the celebration of the opening of the Ben Schulman Center for Jewish Life in early October, **Vanderbilt University Theatre** presented **"A Dybbuk or Between Two Worlds,"** written by S. Ansky and adapted by Tony Award-winning playwright Tony Kushner. Regarded as a cornerstone of Yiddish drama, the turn-of-the-century tale of a bride's spiritual possession by her deceased true love projected a phantasmagoric world of broken promises and shattered dreams.

In November, VUT presented David Hare's biting critique of mainstream religious denominations, **"Racing Demon,"** winner of four major British playwrighting awards.

DANCE:

The Second Hand, billed as "three men who turn dance on its head," fused dance, theater, acrobatics and humor at Langford Auditorium in November as part of the University's Great Performances Series. "Their hyperactive, imaginative pieces are boisterous, gymnastic and raucous, somewhere between frat-house pranks, martial arts, phys-ed class and high art," says *Dance Magazine*.



The Second Hand

OPERA:

In November a passel of pirates invaded Ingram Hall as the **Vanderbilt Opera Theatre**, with music by the **Vanderbilt University Orchestra**, performed **"The Pirates of Penzance,"** Gilbert and Sullivan's parody of public morality in which a band of pirates proves to be more honest than so-called "respectable people."



"Pirates of Penzance"

HUMANITIES:

In October at Wilson Hall, pioneering public art administrator **Jerry Allen**, director of cultural affairs for the city of San Jose, Calif., addressed current trends in public art at the Public Art Forum, a series of talks and discussions sponsored by the Metropolitan Nashville Arts Commission, Vanderbilt University Fine Arts Gallery, Vanderbilt University Medical Center Office of Cultural Enrichment, the Visual Arts Alliance of Nashville (VAAN), and the Frist Center for the Visual Arts.



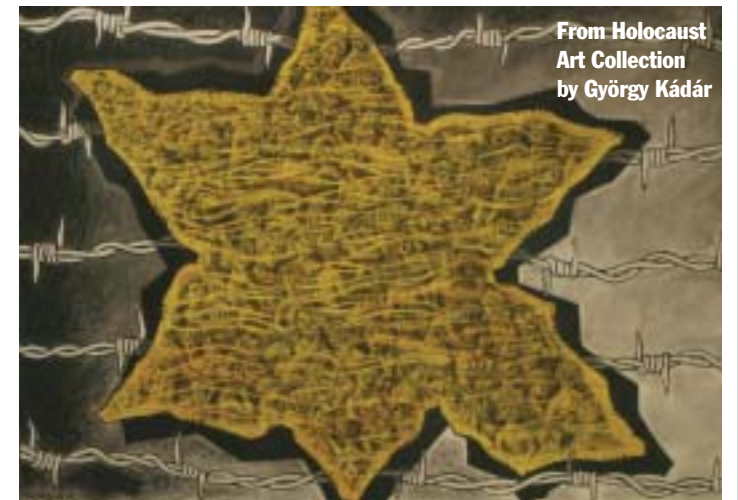
The oldest sustained lecture series at a college or university devoted to the mass effort to

exterminate Jews, Vanderbilt's **Holocaust Lecture Series** celebrated its silver anniversary this year. Using the theme "Living On ... A Tradition of Reflection," the series explored, through art, film, music and dialogue, the lives and works of Holocaust victims as well as those who survived. Events were scheduled throughout the month of October and included an exhibit of works by Hungarian artist György Kádár from the University's Holocaust Art Collection on display at Sarratt. Claude Lanzmann, director of the critically acclaimed "Shoah"—a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary on survivors and guards of the Nazi concentration camps, which many consider the preeminent oral history of the Holocaust—was keynote speaker for the silver anniversary



and also was part of the Chancellor's Lecture Series. "A Dybbuk or Between Two Worlds" was performed by Vanderbilt University Theatre, and a week of events dedicated to the opening of the Ben Schulman Center for Jewish Life was held on campus.

Vanderbilt Chancellors, an exhibit in the lobby of the Central Library through the end of last year, showcased the University's seven chancellors and was culled primarily from materials held in Special Collections. Items on display included a bow tie from Chancellor Gee, iris memorabilia from Chancellor Kirkland, a snapshot of Chancellor Wyatt's airplane, and correspondence, clippings and photographs.



From Holocaust Art Collection by György Kádár

ACCOLADES

Susan DeMay, senior lecturer in art and art history, displayed ceramic platters at the *Messages from the Heart* exhibit at the Madison (Tenn.) Arts Center last October and November. **Marilyn Murphy**, professor of art, had work chosen for the 106th Annual Exhibition, Catherine Lorillard Wolfe National Arts Club in New York City during October. A hand-colored etching and a relief print were in the exhibit *What's My Line?*,



"The Golden Mean"

which accompanied the exhibition *James McNeill Whistler: Prosaic Views, Poetic Vision* at the Frist Center for the Visual Arts in Nashville through the beginning of the year, and her work "Box of Hot Ideas" was acquired by the Huntsville (Ala.) Museum of Art for its permanent collection. In January at the Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery, **John Powers**, BA'01, winner of the 2001 Margaret Stonewall Wooldridge Hamblet Award, showed sculpture inspired by his travels in Western Europe and studies at North Carolina's Penland School of Arts and Crafts.



Reflections in the Fountain

French culture, language and my life. By KATIE GALBREATH, BA'02

Having studied French for six years, I thought I possessed at least a fundamental vocabulary. But during my semester abroad in France, I came across a word that was unfamiliar, that did not translate easily. Every day a friend, a professor, or a member of my French family told me that I had to *profiter* from one thing or another. There is no English equivalent, but the closest translation would be “to take advantage of.” I learned the definition right away, but it took me a semester in the sun off the coast of southern France to melt the rigidity of my habits.



NEIL BRANE

Aix-en-Provence is a beautiful town in the region of France known as Provence, which borders the French Riviera. Provence has a rich history that dates as far back as the Roman Empire, but is a cultural city also concerned with its place in modern France. The Romans used the town as a military base and resort due to its natural thermal springs and its strategic location between

Italy and Spain. Today, Aix, home to the artist Cezanne and author Emile Zola, flaunts its position as the intellectual and cultural capital of Provence while maintaining its 18th-century charm, with most buildings, cafes, universities and infamous fountains dating back to the mid-1700s.

While abroad I intended to take as many classes as possible so I would be able to finish all the requirements for my major. Instead of spreading obligatory courses over my last three semesters, I preferred to sacrifice my semester in France in hopes that I would have more time to pursue other interests upon my return to Vanderbilt.

One day at the end of September, I opened the heavy sculpted door and exited from the shadowy hall of the Vanderbilt-in-France Institute. I saw a vibrant blue sky framed by the contrasting blond stone of the bell tower of the 13th-century Saint Jean de Malte Cathedral across the street, and my intentions of spending the afternoon studying in my apartment melted away. Instead, I bought some cheese and an apple from my favorite vendor at the open-air market in the center of town and spent the afternoon resting on

the lawn in a local park, realizing that my life was in danger of becoming a series of effervescent hopes for tomorrow. I thought of an experience from a backpacking trip a year earlier when arriving at the summit of a mountain in southwest Utah. I no longer could see the mountain itself, but only the small patch of ground upon which I stood at the moment, and realized that in my quest to rush to the top, I had forgotten to regard the view along the way. The destination is meaningless without the journey.

So I began to learn how one *profiter*. I didn't abandon my studies; I enriched them.

Some weekends I traveled. I climbed to the top of the Monte Sainte Victoire and spent the night in the refuge for hikers on the summit, where I learned the French names for constellations from an old man and his wife who were also there for the night. I took a trip to Arles and saw the ancient coliseum still standing as a reminder of the region's Roman history. I went to the beach at Cassis and spent a whole day perched in a tree on a cliff overlooking the Mediterranean while I read a book and wrote in my journal. Other weekends, I stayed in Aix. I would get up early to take advantage of the fresh vegetable market Saturday morning, to spend afternoons in the park reading or in a café, and to spend nights out with friends.

My new determination to *profiter* appeared in little aspects of my daily life, such as night-



NATALIE COX

ly dinners with my French family, the Faurets. Whereas before I had the habit of going to dinner on time and leaving right away afterwards, I tried to arrive in time to watch the news with Monsieur Fauret or sit in the kitchen with Madame Fauret as she prepared the evening meal. I made an effort to stay afterwards to talk or listen to music with their teenage son, Pierre. Thanks to one such conversation after dinner concerning the differences between French and American food, I learned the valuable lesson that the word *preservatif* is a false friend in the French language, meaning “condom” instead of “preser-

vatives,” as I had intended. I now know that the difference between the two cuisines is that American food contains more *conservateurs*. I will always laugh when I remember the faces of my French family when I told them that even though French food is rich and full of cream, I believe it is healthier because at least it is not full of condoms.

I would like to say that this change for the better was the result of some grand revelation or the result of my own thoughts, but it wasn't. As I sat in my favorite café next to the water of one of Aix's many fountains reflecting on my last few months, I realized I

I bought some cheese and an apple from my favorite vendor at the open-air market in the center of town and spent the afternoon resting on the lawn in a local park, realizing that my life was in danger of becoming a series of effervescent hopes for tomorrow.

would be lying if I didn't admit that the decision had not been my own, for no one can spend a significant amount of time in Provence without absorbing the relaxed, easy-going *joie de vie* typical of the region. In English, there is no direct or succinct translation for the French verb *profiter*. It's a little word, but it communicates the large idea that one must always enjoy things while they last, because nothing lasts forever.

Katie Galbreath, who worked as an intern in the Vanderbilt Office of Alumni Publications, received her B.A. from the College of Arts & Science in December.

The Perplexing Voyage

The great power of my Vanderbilt education and its great joy. By WAYNE CHRISTESON, BA'70

During the Vanderbilt-South Carolina game last week, a man sitting in front of me stood up and turned to the rest of us and demanded of no one in particular, "Haven't y'all ever been to a TITANS GAME?" Everyone looked at him politely, but no one said anything. He continued, "They CHEER at Titans games!" Someone cleared his throat and a few people nodded, but we continued looking at the field where play was about to resume. The man turned and sat back down with the slightly chastened look of someone who is not sure what he has just done.

This man is by any accounting an estimable fellow. He is a friendly, pleasant companion and an obviously intelligent man. He has a lovely wife who sits with him like a butterfly in muted black and gold,



and he disports himself loyally and attentively toward the team. He bridles visibly when he hears whispered criticism of Vanderbilt's efforts. Still, he returned to his seat, rattled, as though he had lost his grip for a moment and shaken his fist at God.

His question is a good one, though. In a Socratic kind of way, it reveals something important, not just about Vanderbilt football but about the entire Vanderbilt experience. What makes the events at Dudley Field different from Tennessee Titans games? What distinguishes the entire Vanderbilt experience from almost any other?

Like many alumni, I see the University through the lens of football. I know about Vanderbilt's exceptional educational accomplishments and its service to the community, and I love my old professors. But the sad fact is that I am no longer in class, and I am no longer in intimate touch with the educational mission of the school. What I know of the University is what I can buy a ticket to see, and what is fed to me by the newspapers. That is mostly sports.

I imagine the alumni of most schools have this kind of relationships with their *almae matres*, but their connections are more surely rooted in the success of their teams, or at least the prospect of success. At Vanderbilt, the lens of sports is reversed: We see a football program that has become magically unsuccessful.

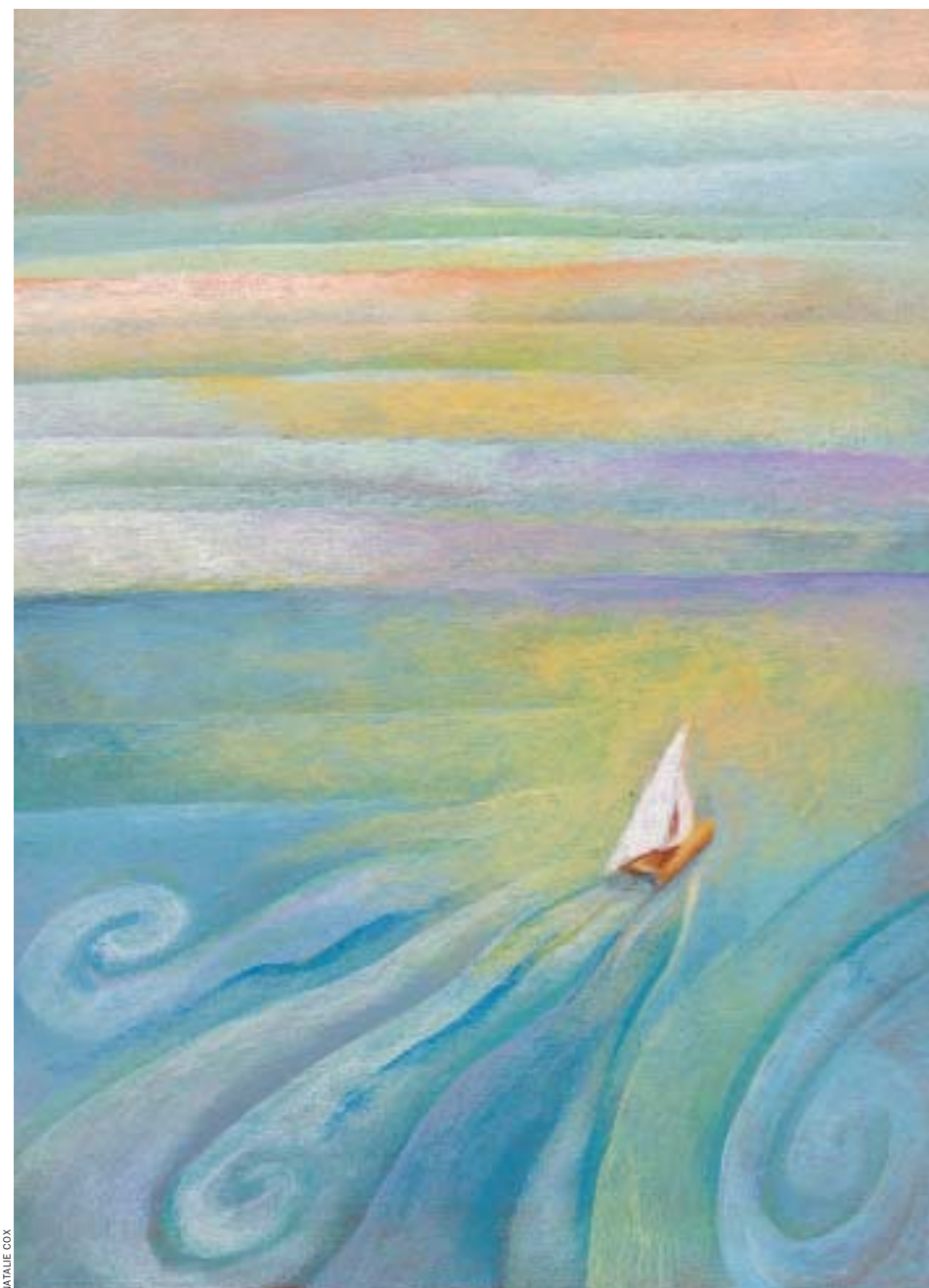
In an odd way, the experience of watch-

ing Vanderbilt football reinforces the experience of a Vanderbilt education itself. The lessons it teaches are unique and, to be perfectly honest about it, I am happy we have a football program that calls upon the lessons I absorbed as a student and whose ultimate effect on me is good.

Don't get me wrong! I love the Vanderbilt football team without reservation, and I stay until the final horn for every game. The players drive themselves hard—physically, mentally and emotionally—and they deserve success. Success may seem a distant dream at Dudley Field, but for me it is no less longed for. I know the abandon of full-throated enthusiasm at Titans games, but I know instinctively that Vanderbilt games are a different and altogether deeper experience.

As an undergraduate, I was taught by extraordinary professors who seemed surprisingly modest. They wore their erudition lightly, like a scarf tossed over the shoulder. This was not just a matter of style; it was a matter of perspective, a manner of thought. They spoke of their subjects with passion and conviction, but they did not popularize them. They allowed their ideas to emerge from a power beneath the surface flash of the world that, paradoxically, made sense of the flash.

What emerged was the ambiguity at the heart of existence, in everything from poetry to particle physics, and gave me the necessary instruments for guiding the elusive



and ambivalent course of my life. This was the great power of my Vanderbilt education and its great joy, and it taught me to follow Vanderbilt football.

I moved on from Vanderbilt, to career and family and triumphs and losses, but I find myself back at Dudley Field each year, puzzling my way through another autumn.

I am new to my seat this year, and a kind old man sitting next to me turned to me last week and introduced himself. He said, "We may as well get to know each other, young man. We're going to be here for the rest of the year." For a moment I felt as though we

were standing on the deck of the *Titanic* and he was saying, "Let's go take a look at the hole in the side." It was a fermata of reflection for me: We both knew what we were facing for the rest of the voyage, but we were going. This was our *Odyssey*.

Our seats in Section D are little rafts in the ocean of space-time. As the weeks of the season pass, we push our bubble of space before us so the horizons may seem unchanging, but we know we are moving, riding with Albert Einstein, in the great journey of our lives.

Tennyson has the voyaging Ulysses say, "All experience is an arch wherethrough /

I felt as though we were standing on the deck of the *Titanic* and he was saying, "Let's go take a look at the hole in the side." It was a fermata of reflection for me: We both knew what we were facing for the rest of the voyage, but we were going. This was our *Odyssey*.

Glams that untraveled world whose margin fades / For ever and for ever when I move." That is what we do at Dudley Field. We are on the endless and continually perplexing voyage of learning. Vanderbilt set us on it, and Vanderbilt football keeps us there, much to our good fortune. We are fortunate souls who, like Ulysses, have a journey of great value: an inexplicable losing streak for players who know they deserve better, something worthy of their heroism and of our devotion, something we will contend with forever.

We cling to our seats and cry, "Go Vandy!"

The Classes

“Carolyn Kinnard Ziffer, BA’52, was ordained as a priestess by the Temple of the Feminine Divine.”

extraVUGanza

Homecoming*Friends Reunion*Alumni

2002 Vanderbilt Homecoming and Reunion

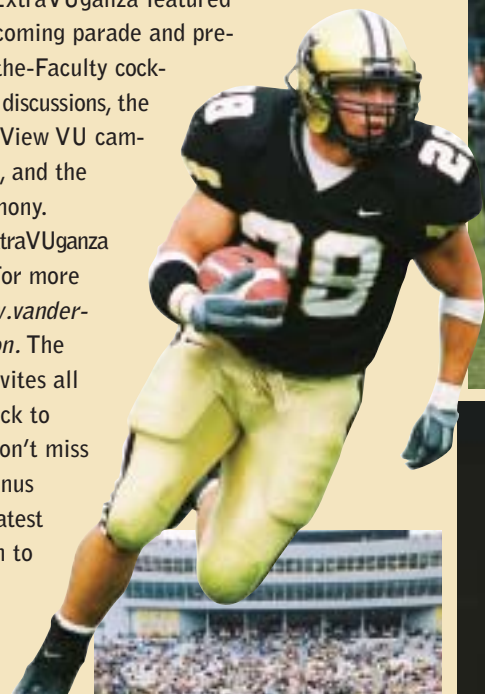
More than 2,500 alumni from all classes, colleges and schools were on hand for the inaugural extraVUGanza weekend Oct. 25 and 26, 2002.

Rob Roy Purdy Field was transformed into “Tent City” for Reunion class parties, dinners and dances, all with a Hollywood theme. ExtraVUGanza featured the traditional Homecoming parade and pre-game tailgate, Meet-the-Faculty cocktail hour, alumni panel discussions, the Chancellor’s Address, View VU campus-wide open houses, and the Quinq induction ceremony.

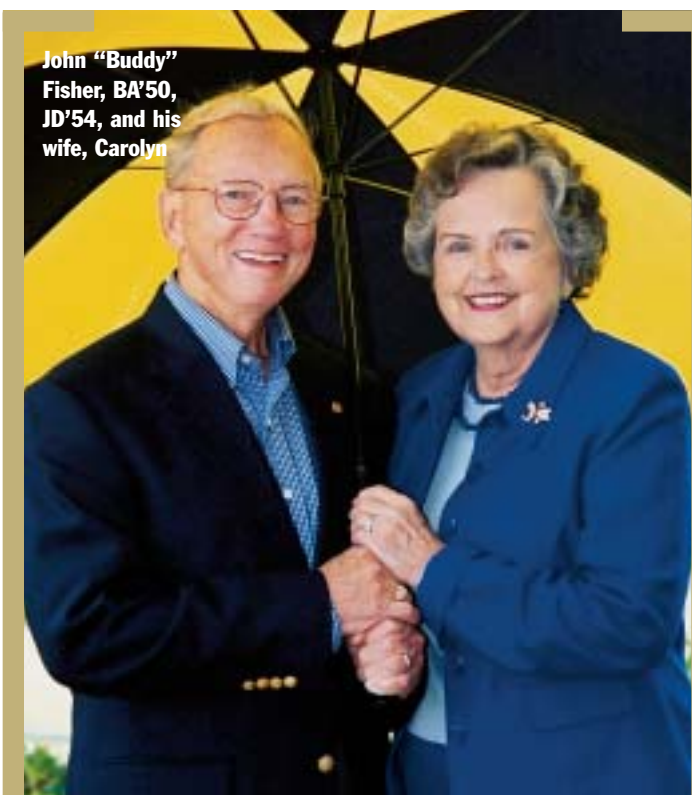
The second annual extraVUGanza is Oct. 10-11, 2003. For more information visit www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni/reunion. The Alumni Association invites all alumni and friends back to campus for the fun. Don’t miss out on what one alumnus called “by far the greatest event I have ever been to at Vanderbilt.”

News for this section should be sent to Nelson Bryan, class notes editor, *Vanderbilt Magazine*, VU Station B 357703, 2301 Vanderbilt Place, Nashville, TN 37235-7703, fax: 615/343-8547, or e-mail: vanderbiltmagazine@vanderbilt.edu. Please include your degree, class year and, when applicable, maiden name. You also can send us news or update your address and other biographical information electronically through forms on the alumni Web site at www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni.

[Please Note: Class Notes are only found in the print version of this publication.]



“**John S. Hatcher, BA’62, MA’63**, published his 14th book, a translation from *Persian and Arabic of the poetry of Tabirib*.”



John “Buddy” Fisher, BA’50, JD’54, and his wife, Carolyn

PEYTON HOGE

Dream Weavers

“When you go to Africa, you realize what a terrible struggle it is just for some people to exist,” says John “Buddy” Fisher. “The unemployment rate is around 45 percent, and women who have seven or eight children may provide their families’ only income.”

In 2000, Fisher and his wife, Carolyn, signed up for a Vanderbilt Alumni Association safari to Kenya. A visit to Nairobi’s slums and to Nanyuki Spinners and Weavers, a women’s self-help project north of Nairobi, left a lasting impression on the Fishers.

The 200 women involved with the Nanyuki project were converting wool from local sheep into beautiful rugs and stoles—but they had a loan of nearly \$13,000 that, because of the falling Kenyan shilling, was taking most of their resources just to make payments.

The Fishers returned to their home and got their church, First Presbyterian Church in Columbia, Tenn., and the governing body of the denomination involved. The result: The loan has been paid off, and new color brochures advertising Nanyuki Spinners and Weavers have been printed to place in Kenyan hotels.

“Travel isn’t just about staying in fine hotels; it’s seeing what life is like for the people who live there,” says Fisher.



Max Notowitz, BA’52

PEYTON HOGE

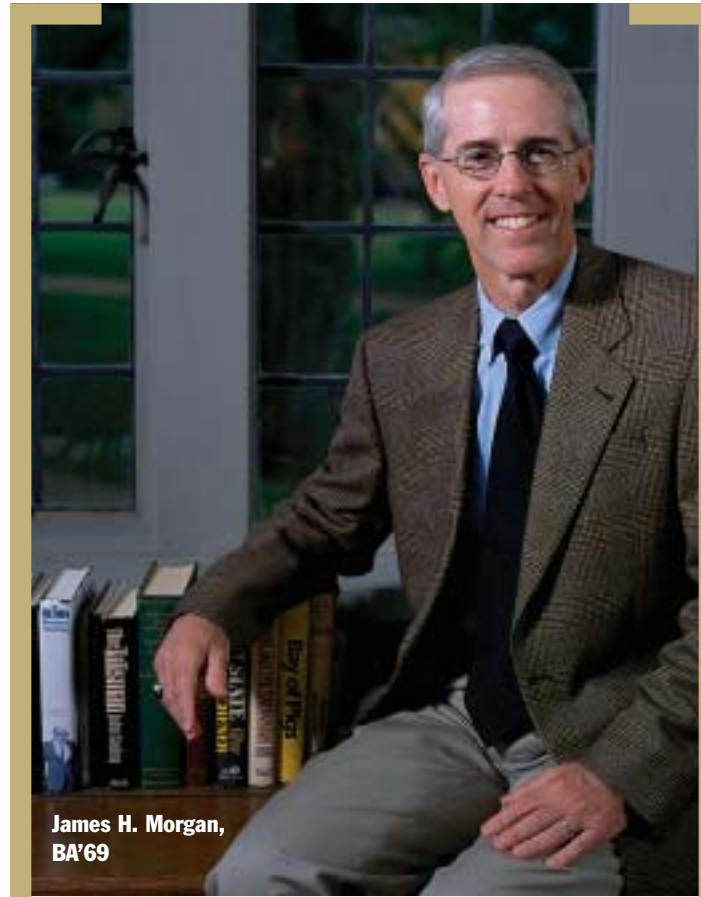
A Promise Kept

“Promise me that if you ever have a chance, you will get a good education,” Max Notowitz’s mother wrote him in 1942. Notowitz read those words while in a Nazi labor camp. He was never to see his mother again. The youngest person in the camp, Notowitz was the only member of his Polish family to survive the Holocaust. Along with 31 others, he escaped by digging under barbed wire and hid in a forest for 21 grueling months. By then, only eight escapees were alive.

After making his way to post-war America, he worked in a New York factory and attended night school until relatives invited him to Memphis, Tenn. “I learned English in New York. When I came South I had great difficulty understanding,” he remembers. But he graduated with the highest scholastic average from Christian Brothers High School, then came to Vanderbilt, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1952.

At age 75, he still goes to his office at Equitable Life every day. He ran marathons into his 60s. And he recently became president of the Jewish Historical Society of Memphis and the Mid-South.

“**Robert W. Cobb, BA’82**, took office as inspector general of NASA on April 22, 2002.”



**James H. Morgan,
BA’69**

NEIL BRAKE

Taking Stock

A heart attack five years ago forced Jim Morgan to face his own mortality. As he recovered, Morgan and his wife, Peggy, began thinking about how they could continue making charitable gifts that were significant and anonymous after he retires from a successful investment career.

That desire led him to found a six-person investment firm, Morgan Semones, with the goal of profits earmarked for a charitable foundation. One of his greatest pleasures is Tuesdays—portfolio days “when five or six of us sit together all day, challenging each other, enjoying each other.”

“My passion forever has been the stock market and the economy,” adds Morgan, currently president of the Vanderbilt Alumni Association.

A history major at Vanderbilt, he says a long view of the national economy has served him well. “We are probably in a prolonged period of a different environment than many younger people remember. It will look and feel great at times, and then scare you to death. I tell young people that you don’t learn as much when things are easy and working well as when they’re tough and not working.”

“Saladin Patterson, MA’96, is a producer on the NBC Emmy Award-winning sitcom ‘Frasier.’”



Randy Smith,
BA’84, MDiv’88

NEIL BRAKE

Smith to Head Alumni Relations

Randy Smith has been named Vanderbilt’s associate vice chancellor for alumni relations. Smith has held several key roles since joining Development and Alumni Relations at Vanderbilt in 1996, most recently as associate vice chancellor overseeing the parents campaign, planned giving, principal gifts and regional development. In his new position he will oversee alumni relations, regional development, Reunion and the annual fund.

“My first job at Vanderbilt was as director of alumni education and travel, and I realized then how crucial it is to connect alumni with the Vanderbilt of today,” Smith says. “We’ll be looking for ways to increase the connections between Vanderbilt and its alumni—through programming that speaks to all ages and a variety of interests, through volunteer leadership to Vanderbilt, and through making the case that Vanderbilt continues to merit financial support.”

A Nashville native, Smith has served as pastor to Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) congregations in Jackson, Tenn., and Kansas City, Mo. He is married to the Rev. Beth Pattillo, MDiv’90.

“**Laura Caudell, MEd’00**, spent the spring and summer traveling with President and Mrs. Bush as a part of the press advance staff.”

Sarah Morgan Wilcox,
BS’82



NEIL BRAKE

Mentone, R.F.D.

“We roll up the carpets at night here,” says Sarah Wilcox, BS’82, of tiny Mentone, Ala. The scenic mountain town numbers fewer than 500 inhabitants, but there’s a Vanderbilt alumnus everywhere you turn. Wilcox runs the Mountain Laurel Inn bed and breakfast. Robert Hammond, BA’71, runs Camp Laney, a summer camp for boys. Jean Thompson Corey, BS’79, teaches English at nearby Lee University but lives in Mentone, where her husband owns the hardware store. Mary “Poppy” Buchanan, BSN’61, and her husband, Richard, BA’57, MD’61, live in Nashville but spend much of their time at their second home in Mentone.

“There are transplants like me, including several artists—but also true locals born and bred on the mountain,” Wilcox says. “DeKalb County is known as the sock capital of the world—there are more than 200 sock factories around here.

“It’s laid back and unsophisticated and just naturally beautiful,” she adds. “We’re not making millions here, but we’ve got the lifestyle.”

VJournal *continued from page 11*

before the sprint down the homestretch to final exams and the winter holiday break.

By January, many freshmen—now wise of the ways of the University—contemplate changing their majors while seniors plan the next step. Faculty members and administrative leaders write letters of recommendations for those applying to graduate school and perhaps offer career advice to those they may have closely mentored.

Out of step with much of the rest of the world, spring on a college campus is a time to say goodbye. As the seniors study (or not) for what will truly be their final exams, crews begin pitching huge tents and arranging more than 23,000 chairs weeks in advance of Commencement. Soon some 2,800 graduates will realize the fruits of seeds they planted more than four years ago. By lunchtime on the first Friday of May, empty chairs and discarded programs will litter lawns across campus. By the following morning, the cycle that has come full circle 127 times to date will again have ended—and at precisely the same moment, a new one will have begun. ▼

Shadow of the '90s *continued from page 43*

are placed, although Shanks says Vanderbilt excludes from its investment portfolio “companies where what’s being done isn’t completely transparent.”

“Our goal is to maintain or increase the inflation-adjusted value both of the corpus and the annual transfer to the operating budget,” says Spitz. “Fundamentally, it’s about providing for future generations the same purchasing power that current generations enjoy, to earn the minimum return to preserve the inflation-adjusted value.”

Moody’s Investors Service has observed that in the past three years, private philanthropy increasingly favors colleges and universities that already are well endowed. In effect, success begets success. In that sense, Vanderbilt is well positioned and will continue to benefit from its ranking among institutions that measure their endowments in the billions.

At the same time, in 2001, Vanderbilt ranked 51st among like institutions based on the value of its endowment per student, widely acknowledged as a more targeted measure of an endowment’s impact. Endowment-per-student is an

indication of how much of the full cost of a student’s education can be underwritten by the endowment. A larger number indicates a university could cover a higher percentage of a student’s cost. In Vanderbilt’s case, according to the 2001–02 annual report, that was \$211,851 for each of its 10,194 total students. By comparison, Duke was at \$278,023 for each of its 11,263 students, and Harvard was at \$971,225 per each of its 18,012 students.

“The best measure of an institution isn’t the total of its endowment, but rather endowment assets per student,” says Spitz. Vanderbilt’s relatively low endowment-per-student ratio is just one of many challenges that keepers of the University’s endowment face in the coming decade.

“Are we fat and happy? No. It’s one of the reasons we must be diligent. And we must continue to be good stewards of our money,” says Shanks. “The next 10 years will be different. The period we saw in the ’90s won’t repeat itself, so it will be hard to have the kinds of endowment gains we’ve enjoyed. Having said that, we’re fast followers of viable market trends.” ▼

In Class *continued from page 28*

“The National Association for the Advancement of White People,” says Reno Wolfe, the president of the group, “was set up to get us back to the point where everyone is seen as created equal. ... We just want to return to the ideal in which racially based policies of affirmative action and special privileges and special programs of any kind which are given to anybody, no matter what their race, are viewed as contrary to the best interests of race relations here in America.”

Swain believes that for many white nationalists, something more sinister lies beneath the veneer of sweet reason. There are extremists who dream of a racial holy war, or a white-only nation where people of color are no longer welcome. But Swain is worried less about the lunatic fringe—the people who make no secret of their hate—than about the new-style leaders on the radical right who have found a set of issues to broaden their appeal.

The most volatile of those issues is affirmative action—those race-based preferences in hiring, government contracts and college

admissions that have been a part of public policy since the 1970s. White Americans overwhelmingly see the policy as wrong, a violation of the promise of Martin Luther King that the fundamental goal of the civil rights movement was a color-blind society where people were judged “not by the color of their skin, but the content of their character.” As Swain believes, social and economic forces are at work that add a level of urgency to the issue. Whites are a minority in many large cities, and according to current demographic projections, they will be a minority in the nation by the year 2050. Add to that a layer of economic uncertainty, and Swain is convinced that many white people are primed and ready for the message of extremists.

“The issues that the new white nationalists champion are also those that are on people’s minds,” she says. “They paint a picture that is very frightening, and my worry is that if whites get caught in identity politics—if they see themselves as a distinct racial group whose interests are ignored by their leaders and the government—they may be drawn to

the more extreme elements. They may feel like they have no other place to go.”

Swain’s solution is simple—and shocking to many white liberals and blacks who still see affirmative action as essential. She wants to abolish all race-based preferences, and more than that, she sees the need for a new way of thinking. She is impatient with African-Americans who are spending their energy on symbolic issues like the banning of the Confederate flag in public places. She also opposes the call for reparations, an idea that seems to be gaining momentum among an important segment of the black population. Swain says she understands the shameful history of slavery and the impulse to seek compensation. But those issues, she says, are bitterly divisive and ultimately irrelevant to the most urgent needs still facing black Americans.

In poor neighborhoods especially, there are life-and-death problems of crime and drugs and single-parent homes where children drift too often into trouble. But instead of searching for creative solutions, Swain main-

continued on page 86

In Class *continued from page 85*

tains that “African-American leaders, using a script from the 1960s, persist in a style of racial protest that is detrimental to the interests not only of blacks but the nation as a whole.”

Last fall at Delaware State University, she made her case to the black student body. The discussion quickly became emotional, as young people wrestled with their anger over slavery and segregation and prejudice. For some, Swain became a lightning rod for their rage.

“You are poison!” one male student shouted. “You hate your own people.”

Swain, at first glance, seems an unlikely target for that kind of venom. She speaks in a soft, steady voice—a handsome woman, now 48, with a round, pretty face and dark, gentle eyes. There was a time, she says, when the criticism bothered her. A decade ago, she wrote her first book, an award-winning study of Congress entitled *Black Faces, Black Interests*. In it she argued against creation of additional black districts in the House of Representatives—a policy that had the unintended effect of creating other districts that were nearly all white, where officials were indifferent to the needs of black people. She was deeply shaken at first when black leaders criticized her position.

“I was not ready for it,” she remembers. “It caused me to question whether I was hurting black people. I entertained the possibility of being wrong. I found it very painful.”

Now, however, she says she feels more secure, more certain of the message that the country needs to hear. In many respects, it’s a message that offends every shade of opinion. She believes, for example, that prejudice and poverty still need to be addressed, and she draws on the lessons of her own troubled past. She remembers her escape from her family of dysfunction, where her brothers and sisters all dropped out of school, and some of them drifted into drugs and petty crime. She was a teenager, working at one of her low-paying jobs, when a supervisor and one of her colleagues told her she was smart and ought to go to college. Swain believes in the need for that kind of outreach, and thus as a matter of public policy, she argues not for an end to affirmative action, but a revamping of it, making it a race-neutral policy based on need.

She thinks a majority of Americans might agree. As a part of her research, she sur-

veyed 850 people, scientifically chosen from multiple backgrounds, presenting them a hypothetical situation. An admissions officer from a state university must choose between two qualified applicants. One is an A student from a prosperous family who has impressive scores on standardized tests. The other is a B student from a low-income family who has held down a job while attending his classes. Should the university reach out to the less advantaged student—a young person who appears to show initiative and promise—or should it be guided by objective criteria, the bottom-line average of grades and test scores?

Swain discovered that a majority of Americans, regardless of their own race and the race of the students involved, wanted to reach out to the person less advantaged. They recognized the subtleties involved in admissions and didn’t want to reduce it to a matter of numbers. But the majority of those surveyed, black and white, did not support a preference based on race.

Swain sees hope for the future in that. She believes it is possible to build a consensus for attacking the problems of poverty and prejudice, and she has offered a set of proposals to that end. Among other things, she calls for an income subsidy for the working poor in order to guarantee a living wage, a larger investment in community colleges so that everybody who wants to attend one can do so, stepped-up enforcement of discrimination laws, and even a public-private partnership to assure that the working poor have access to cars and, thus, to the ability to hold down a job.

Partly because of what her scholarship tells her, and partly as an article of faith, she believes the nation could adopt that agenda. There is a strain of compassion in the American character that could be the cornerstone of consensus. But Swain can imagine the opposite possibility, and in fact her greatest fear for the country is a terrifying era of racial hostility, exploited by sophisticated white nationalists and fed by the knee-jerk militancy of black leaders. The antidote, she believes, is a national dialogue, unshackled by the norms of political correctness.

It is no longer acceptable, as Swain understands it, for the media to fly into a national frenzy when whites drag a black man to death behind a car, but to give it only sporadic atten-

tion when a black man shoots five whites in Pennsylvania and police officers discover “hate writings” in his home. At the same time, it is equally abhorrent when police in New York shoot an unarmed black man 41 times, while white suspects, even those going armed, “are treated like family members gone astray.”

Her fundamental message is that it’s time for all double standards to stop. We are all the children of God, she says, and are therefore the brothers and sisters of one another, and that is the understanding that can save us. With the publication of her book in the fall, she has presented her case with relentless rationality, and from the *New York Times* to the *Washington Times*, the national media has begun to take notice. She has found herself vilified on occasion, but she has also won her share of admiration, even from some of the people who disagree.

John Egerton, for example, is a white southern author living in Nashville. He has written extensively about the civil rights movement, and has established himself over a long career as a voice of decency and racial moderation. He still believes in affirmative action, a deliberate reaching out to people of color. Otherwise, he says, prestigious universities such as the one in his city will rapidly become even whiter than they are. But he also welcomes the views of Carol Swain, particularly her call for a national dialogue of civility and candor.

“Dr. Swain herself embodies that call,” Egerton says. “Even if you disagree with what she says, hers is an urgent warning to the country. She is not a person to be ignored.” ▼

The Book of Ed *continued from page 88*

sional high-speed, tailgating, one-fingered wave. (His wife always said, “What if that car had stopped? What would you have done then? You’re putting us in danger.” Ed always apologized—You’re right, you’re right, I’m sorry—but deep down allowed himself to think, *I da kicked his ass.*) Another part of Ed, a smarter, more mature part, but one that he didn’t like nearly as well, suggested that he call the police. (“Hello, police? There’s a man on my porch and I’m too afraid to take care of it myself. Could you send someone over? Policewomen would be fine.”) *No, sir*, thought Ed. *We can’t*

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have that. Ed glanced at the baseball bat he kept in the umbrella stand. If things turned ugly, the bat would have to do.

Ed was beginning to find the church pew terrifically uncomfortable, which probably explained why it had wound up in an antique store in Franklin, and then his foyer. ("Brothers and Sisters, let us be thankful for our new pews, which the Lord has made. Our old, uncomfortable pews have been banished to the Victorian foyers of Nashville, so that on them people with boots might occasionally sit.") Ed slid to the middle of the pew, lifted his feet off the floor, and slowly lay down, hoping as he did that the pew would not creak. Ed felt a draft and rearranged his robe. He propped his head on his elbow. There. That was nominally better. *Now I can think*, thought Ed. *Man on the porch. Man on the porch who looked in my bedroom window. What would Jesus do?*

This last thought startled, and then irritated, Ed, despite the fact that he identified himself as a Christian on all questionnaires and was a regular, if occasionally distracted, churchgoer. Ed simply hated those W.W.J.D. bracelets that had become so popular, the hypocrisy and pretension of the people who wore them, especially, thought Ed, the rappers. The neighborhood punk who trick-or-treated with a garbage bag, and without a costume, and whom Ed was convinced had stolen his lawnmower, wore one. What would Jesus do? Jesus wouldn't wear one of those damned bracelets, that's for sure. *Thou shalt not accessorize my name*, thought Ed.

But still, what would Jesus do? Ed decided to allow himself to think about the question for a moment. The shotgun, he had to admit, somewhat sadly, was out, as was the baseball bat. And so was calling the police. From what Ed could remember of the gospel, Jesus had never seemed to care much for the authorities. Ed secretly thought that in some of the stories he seemed to have a little bit of an attitude that way. What would Jesus do? Ed shook his head in disgust. He knew what Jesus would do. Jesus would open the door, ask the man in, draw him a hot bath, give him Ed's best clothes (including, Ed supposed, the Irish fisherman's sweater and the English corduroys), feed him bacon and eggs until the man couldn't eat another bite (OK, probably not the bacon), show him to the guest

room, make the bed with the flannel sheets that were too good even for Ed to sleep on, then jerk the down comforter off Ed's bed and give him that, too. When the man woke up, Jesus would feed him again, give him Ed's ATM card (Jesus would already know the code), Ed's complete set of Hank Williams recordings, his Walkman, fresh batteries from the kitchen drawer, and tell him to come back any time.

That's what Jesus would do. But Jesus was the Son of God. He could get away with stuff like that. Ed wasn't the Son of God. Well, maybe he was, sort of, but not really, not like that. Ed was more like one of those sheep Jesus was always talking about. He had no problem with that, being a sheep. Sheep should be held to a lower standard. Sheep didn't let wolves into the barn, or lie down with tigers, or whatever. They were just sheep. Ed closed his eyes. *No sir*, he thought, *I'm not opening that door. There ain't no door-opening in the Book of Ed.*

The Book of Ed

Then he said unto them: "A householder is awakened in the middle of a storm by a sound. The householder rises and sees a man, a stranger, staring in the window of his bedchamber. The householder stays in the shadows watching the stranger because he is afraid. The stranger moves away from the window and lies down on the householder's front porch, out of the wrath of the storm, and goes to sleep. What should the householder do? Peter?"

Peter fell to the ground and rent his garments and gnashed his teeth, for he hated parables.

"Peter?" said he. "What is thy problem?"

"I never get these right," said Peter. "They vexeth me."

"Peter," said he, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, when the wise shepherd quizzeth his sheep, he does not bet all his talents on their getting the answer right."

And Peter said, "That's another parable, isn't it?"

He said, "Stick to the point. What should the householder do?"

Peter said, "Hit him with a stick?"

He shook his head.

"Wake the servants and have them stone him?"

He shook his head.

"Call the night watchman?"

"Peter," he said. "Verily, verily, I say unto you. Thou art like a rock. The stranger is like a fish in

the sun or a sheep that has been bitten by the wolf. The householder knows him not. The householder knows what the householder knows. The householder should do what the householder should do."

"But what does that mean?" said Peter. "The householder should do what the householder should do?"

What does that mean? thought Ed. He sat up straight. The householder should do what the householder should do. That's the whole problem. The householder didn't know what to do. So much for the Book of Ed. Ed rubbed his face. He'd been to Sunday School enough. He ought to be able to get this one right. The Christian thing to do, he decided, would be to let the guy sleep on the porch because it was raining, but to keep an eye on him because he might be dangerous. There. Ed would stay on the pew and keep watch for as long as the man stayed on the porch. He would be both a Christian and a responsible male simultaneously. The man was on the porch. The baseball bat was in the umbrella stand. God was in his heaven. Ed was on the job, and all was right with the world.

The only problem was that within 10 minutes, Ed was bored out of his mind. He didn't want to sit on the pew any longer (God, it was uncomfortable) but knew better than to lie down again. He couldn't walk around because the man on the porch might hear him, and even if he made it to the kitchen, he couldn't risk turning on the light to make a sandwich. After a few more minutes, Ed decided to check on the man to make sure he was still there. He eased over to the door, leaned toward the shade, and whacked his head loudly on the door jamb. The man climbed to his feet and walked down the steps into the rain. He didn't hurry, and he didn't look back at the house. At the sidewalk, he turned right, shoved his hands into his pockets, and in a few strides walked out of Ed's sight. *Well, damn*, thought Ed. He pulled the shade all the way back and shook his head. He checked to make sure the door was locked, turned down the heat, and scuffled off bed. ▼

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Southern Journal

Reflections on the South

THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE porch woke Ed. While listening to the footsteps, he heard the rain. Ed thought (and would wonder later about the order of his thinking, why anybody would think that way), *It's raining*, followed by, *There's somebody on my porch*.

Ed slid out of bed and tiptoed into the foyer to the nearest window, where he peeked through the gap behind the curtain. A man had his face pressed against the glass of Ed's bedroom window. Had it not been for the pulled shade, the man would have been looking at Ed's wife, who, Ed hoped, was still asleep. Ed felt his heart lunge and try to run away; he was glad it was tied down.

The man turned and walked back up the porch toward the front of the house. He made no attempt to be quiet, which unnerved Ed; his boots clunked ominously against the floor boards. Ed followed the man from window to window, to the front door, where he peeked out from behind the shade. The man wore camouflage pants and a thin nylon jacket with racing stripes down the sleeves. His hair was long and matted, his beard unkempt. He looked like the kind of guy who would ask Ed for a dollar at the neighborhood convenience store. Ed never gave money to the men at the convenience store. He and his wife gave money to organized charities. The guys at the convenience store just pissed him off. Ed hated the calculation contained in their asking, the manipulative quality of it, the way they counted on his feeling so guilty about having an extra dollar that he would give them one. *Wino*, Ed thought while they were asking. *Junkie*. *Get*

a job. Ed had always considered himself a liberal Democrat, but sometimes his secret thoughts about the guys at the convenience store made him feel like a Republican — which made him hate them more.

The man stood at the top of Ed's steps — proprietarily, Ed thought — and stared out into the rain. His breath billowed and dissipated in the light from the street. After a moment the man turned toward the house and without fanfare lay down in front of the door. By twisting his head awkwardly to the side and closing one eye, Ed could see the man where he lay. The man wrapped his arms around himself and pulled his legs up close to his body. The porch floor was wet almost up to the door.

Ed watched the man for a minute or two before realizing that he, Ed, had grown cold. Ed remembered that he was naked and looked down at himself as if to verify that fact. He tiptoed back into the bedroom, hastily put on his robe and slippers, and tiptoed back to the door, stopping at the thermostat to turn up the heat. (They always turned it down before they went to bed.) The man still lay in front of the door, coiled, Ed thought, like a snake.

Ed gingerly sat down on the church pew beside the door to think about things. The church pew had been his wife's idea. Apparently, there was some kind of law in Nashville that said if you lived in a Victorian house, you had to have a church pew in your foyer. Ed's wife said it was a good place to put on boots. Ed didn't have any boots. Nor, so far as he knew, did his wife. But the church pew was prov-



JIM HSIEH

The Book of Ed

A short story by TONY EARLEY

ing to be a good place to sit in the middle of the night while thinking about the man curled up on your porch. *Man on the porch*, Ed thought. *Man on the porch*. The man was obviously homeless, and was looking for a place to get out of the rain. But he had also tried to look in Ed's

bedroom window, which, to Ed's mind, elevated him from simple homeless guy looking for a dry place to sleep to something more sinister. Peeping Tom looking for a dry place to sleep. Burglar looking for a dry place to sleep. Rapist.

Bastard, thought Ed.

Ed had a shotgun (once a year he went quail hunting with his father-in-law) but didn't think he could dig it out of the back of his closet without waking up his wife. Besides, he didn't know, offhand, where the shells were. (He thought his wife, who disapproved of having a gun in the house, secretly moved them around.) Still, part of Ed liked the thought of accosting the man on the porch with a shotgun. (*Hey, what's the big idea, looking in my window like that? Get out of here. Don't make me tell you again.*) He imagined pumping a shell into the chamber, an unmistakably serious sound, as the man scrambled down the stairs.)

But Ed also knew that the part of himself that liked the thought of getting after the man with a gun wasn't among the brightest parts of his personality, and was the part his wife cared for least, the part that was every so often prone to mild bouts of road rage, to the occa-

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