

VANDERBILT MAGAZINE

summer 2004

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One image frozen in time

1,000 Words

Jung in the Sun

Arts and Science seniors Alexis Van Dyke (left) and Hillary Rightler, both psychology majors, soak up the sun while they cram for finals in a sea of folding chairs set up on Alumni Lawn in preparation for Commencement.

Photo by Neil Brake.

DoreWays

A forum for exchanging ideas

From the Editor

Mailboxes

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED RECEIVING MAIL. WALKING TO THE MAILBOX—OR more often these days, left-clicking on the Outlook icon—brings a brief, but welcome, sense of anticipation. Whether electronic or fastened to poles along the street in front of our houses, mailboxes are a portal of sorts to other people. Bills and advertisements often find their way to me through my mailbox at home, and spam of all sorts floods my e-mail box at the office. But tucked between the invitations, the solicitations, and the otherwise unwanted pieces of correspondence are little treasures: unexpected news from friends, photos celebrating an event I was unable to attend and, here at the office, commentary from readers about *Vanderbilt Magazine*.

Since our redesign of *Vanderbilt Magazine* five issues ago, we've come to rely on correspondence to gauge who's reading. Or who, among those who are reading, cares about what we print. With the publication of our first issue of the new design, we received more than 200 cards, letters and e-mails. Our editorial content has been labeled too liberal; it's been labeled too conservative. Sometimes both for the same issue. Readers have asked to be taken off the mailing list; readers have asked for additional copies to share with friends and colleagues. Angry readers have suggested *Vanderbilt Magazine* might do better with a new editor; others have suggested giving the current editor a raise.

Our letters department, "DoreWays," has provided a forum for discussion about the literary legacy of the Fugitive Poets and Agrarian Writers—and the magazine's role in tarnishing that legacy or setting the record straight (depending on the letter writer). Readers have advocated for the right to bear arms, questioned the legitimacy of capital punishment, and alternately congratulated or condemned the University for remembering or abandoning its historical legacy—all in response to the contents of *Vanderbilt Magazine*.

This week, as I was putting some finishing touches on this issue, I opened a letter from Lt. Bradley Watson, a 2001 alumnus who is a rifle platoon commander in Iraq. What struck me most about his letter was that he took the time to write. That in the midst of all he is experiencing, he took the time to commend student Ellen Stormer for her courage in taking part in the smallpox vaccine trial here at Vanderbilt.

The work in which our faculty and students are engaged has global implications. Ellen's work is just one example. When we can tell their stories to our readers around the world, I feel like we're doing a pretty good job.

KEN SCHEXNAYDER



JIM HSIEH

From the Reader

Fair and Balanced?

I WOULD LIKE TO VOICE MY STRONG OBJECTION to the inclusion of the following quotation from author Al Franken in the Winter 2004 edition of *Vanderbilt Magazine* [p. 12]: "It's one thing for the president to lie about his sex life. ... It's another thing to lie about why we're sending young men and women into battle."



President Bush acted on the best intelligence information available to him. Leaders in Congress reviewed the same information and came to the same conclusion. The president believed that the intelligence was correct and so did members of Congress, both Democrats and Republicans. For the president not to act on what appeared to be a real threat to the American people would have been negligence on his part. To act on the best intelligence available is not lying, even if the intelligence is found to be incorrect.

Surely, Mr. Franken said something far more intelligent that you could have included in the magazine than the quote you chose.

I applaud Chancellor Gee's efforts to bring NCAA sports back into line where athletes are real students and every effort is made to see that they get a good education. I would encourage him also to try to bring balance into the political teachings of the University. For every liberal speaker that is invited to the University, there also should be an equal number of conservative speakers invited. Although Vanderbilt is not as liberal as most elite universities, it is not balanced as it should be.

Vanderbilt Magazine also should seek to be politically fair and balanced.

CARL CONNER, BE'62, MS'64
Rockville, Md.

PERHAPS THE MOST DISINGENUOUS PHRASE IN all of publishing appears near the bottom of page 6 in your Winter 2004 issue: "Opinions expressed in *Vanderbilt Magazine* are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views

Contributors to the Summer 2004 issue

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of the Magazine or the University administration.”

In my opinion, it is the height of intellectual dishonesty to make such a statement in a magazine with such an obvious liberal slant. To take the current issue as an example, I find the following as I flip through:

- A blurb (with picture and quote) about Al Franken’s “sold-out” appearance, p. 12;
- An article about removal of the word “Confederate” from one of [Vanderbilt’s] residence halls, p. 12;
- An article promoting the new Center for the Study of Religion and Culture, in which the final sentence implies a connection between “Christian fundamentalism in the Southern U.S., female shamans in Korea, [and] sexual consumerism in Thailand,” p. 16;
- An article promoting cloning, p. 25;
- A puff piece on Tipper Gore, p. 31; and
- A blatantly pro-gun-control article, p. 57.

Why not simply stand up and take responsibility for the views you are promulgating?

If I publish a magazine with articles by William F. Buckley, Thomas Sowell, Robert Bork, Ann Coulter and Rush Limbaugh, can I claim that my magazine is ideologically neutral simply because I didn’t write the articles myself? I think not. There is an apt metaphor for this type of pretense—fig leaf.

JONATHAN R. SMITH, JD’98

Dallas

Athletic Surprise

CHANCELLOR GEE HAS taken a brave and decisive position that affirms Vanderbilt’s position as a leader and one of America’s top universities [Winter 2004 issue, “Autumn Surprise,” p. 44].

Winning or losing on the field must be secondary to the complete Vanderbilt educational experience for its athletes. I far prefer hearing a sports commentator mention the success of

Vanderbilt’s athletes who have graduated in prior years than the current score. It will make any victory, big or small, frequent or rare, all the sweeter knowing that Vanderbilt participants are college students by traditional and honest definitions.

DR. BRENT BLUE, BA’72
*Athletic trainer and Vanderbilt basketball player, 1968–72
Wilson, Wyo.*

REPORT MY COMMENDATIONS TO CHANCELLOR Gee and his staff who are facing squarely the problems of college athletics. Also, three cheers for the Commodore basketball team. While they did not gain the Final Four, they did represent a university whose objective is educating a group of superior students rather than gaining sports fame.

Vanderbilt should remain what it is—a superb university that also sponsors athletic programs. To ameliorate sports nuts, try this: Collect and publish the easily available graduation rates of the 64 colleges [involved] in the recent March Madness.

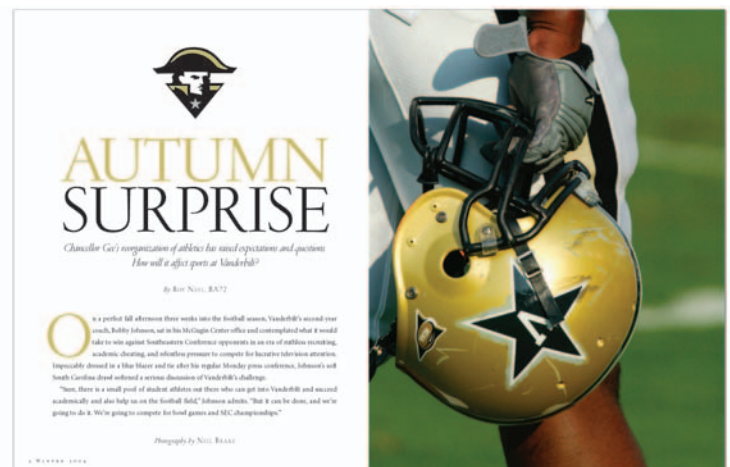
While I am an ancient graduate of Peabody College, I was aware of the standing of Vanderbilt, and to this day I brag whenever possible about Vanderbilt’s reputation.

LEO J. NEIFER, PHD’71

Hosmer, S.D.

I HAVE MOVED ABOUT THE COUNTRY A GREAT deal in recent years, and as a result have lost contact with my beloved Vanderbilt University.

That is, until yesterday: In my mailbox was your magazine. I can think of few articles of mail I have received in years that have provided me with such joy. The three years I spent earning my master of divinity degree at Vanderbilt were the best years of my life. The atmosphere at Vanderbilt, both at the Divinity School and the University at large, was a heady and lofty one, which validated and fulfilled me more than any experience of my life, save for my ordination to the ministry of



the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in 1990.

An education fulfills a person, makes a person complete—and it is not only the education, but the things that go with it, that brings that fulfillment and completion about. For me, Vanderbilt football was one of the things that provided most of my own personal fulfillment, which is why I was particularly interested in the article “Autumn Surprise,” about the state of Vanderbilt athletics.

{ Featured Letter }

Gunshot Wounds

THE ARTICLE "GSW" GAVE A COMPELLING ACCOUNT OF THE HIGH human and financial costs of guns to our society. Some undoubtedly will be persuaded that more gun control is the obvious solution. (Although not explicitly stated, that seemed to be the "drift" of the article to me.) Interestingly, the article said nothing positive at all about gun ownership by private citizens ... which begs the question: Why does about 40 percent of the U.S. adult population, including a fair representation of well educated and, presumably, well informed individuals, own at least one gun?

Fifteen national polls by reputable organizations including Gallup and the *Los Angeles Times* estimate that guns in the hands of private citizens are used 760,000 to 3.6 million times per year in defense against violent crime. That would mean the defensive use of guns outnumbers crimes committed with guns by at least a three-to-one margin. In the large majority (98 percent) of these instances, the mere presence of the firearm is enough to thwart the attack, and not a shot is fired. Thus, many thousands of times each year, guns are used by ordinary citizens to prevent crime and no one gets hurt. These incidents would, for obvious reasons, go completely unnoticed by the hospital trauma team. A similar case of selection bias occurs in the gun-related incidents reported to the public by the news media. Just as a crime prevented is no work for the trauma team, it is no news to the media markets either.



Criminal use and tragic accidents notwithstanding, I am convinced that the net effect of guns in the hands of law-abiding citizens is saved lives. That is why I and millions of other ordinary Americans will ignore the selective reporting, hold onto our guns, and give to the NRA!

DR. ROBERT H. WISE JR., MD'80
Valdosta, Ga.

I attended my first Vandy football game on Homecoming of 1985. The opponents were the Georgia Bulldogs. The expectation was that Georgia would roll into town, beat Vanderbilt by a lopsided score, and after the game, students and alums could go about their celebrations.

But the unexpected happened that day. ... Vandy tied Georgia 13–13.

There was a great deal of heroism at Dudley Field during Homecoming '85, but the biggest hero of all was a fine young Christian athlete named Alan Herline [BE'87, HO'94, who is today a surgeon]. Of the 13 points Vandy scored in that game, six were scored by Alan. With seconds to go in the game, and a tied score, Alan was called upon to attempt a third field goal. Unfortunately, the kick went wide.

I never had the good fortune of meeting Alan, but I did hear from a mutual friend that Alan was devastated over that missed field goal. There was no reason for Alan to feel bad. Were it not for his successful field goals, we would have lost. To me, as well I am sure to others, he was the undisputed MVP of that game.

Alan is a prime example of why I support Vanderbilt athletics and am proud to do so. Any time I have observed a Vanderbilt athletic contest, I have been aware that every athlete representing our University is an excellent scholar athlete. ... I am glad that Vanderbilt University has always insisted that its athletes perform as well in the

classroom as they do on the playing field. This insistence means that the athletes, when they graduate, can take their place in society as the utmost among well-rounded individuals.

Which, by the way, can only improve society.
THE REV. MICHAEL G. BADER, MDIV'87
Shawnee, Kan.

Gunshot Wounds

THE WINTER 2004 ISSUE FEATURED DR. RICHARD Miller in an article [Winter 2004 issue, "GSW," p. 56] about guns, bullets, ballistics, testosterone, human toll, homicides, suicides, how particular persons may be shot, the effects of gun violence, observed psychological effects on family members of gunshot persons, blast effect, projectile speed, hemorrhaging shock, tumbling characteristics, pediatric trauma, physicians charges for treatment of "victims," costs to TennCare, Medicare, private payers, workers' compensation, nurses' broken hearts and wasted resources on senseless violence. Miller failed to mention the latest invention—exploding bullets.

This is presented with no conclusions. Could there be some hidden agenda?

Incidentally, in the case of the lovely and unfortunate Ms. Stephanie Styles: In every firearm safety class I have attended over the last 50 years, I was taught never to put my finger on the trigger until I was ready to fire, and to point the firearm in a

place to do no harm, unless I intended to do harm.

Bullets are nondiscriminatory. They go where pointed. Likewise, so do automobiles at 70 miles per hour, airplanes falling out of control at 500-plus miles per hour, 90-foot hemlocks felled by miscalculation in the forest, collapsed supports in coal mines, steam-pipe eruptions due to extremes in pressure, railway locomotives wrecked due to tracks eroded by rain water, sudden atmospheric downdrafts ...

RICHARD W.J. TIPPENS, BA'61
Knoxville, Tenn.

JOHN HOWSER'S ARTICLE ON THE DEVASTATING effects of gunshot wounds was interesting until I read the "Dollars and Death" sidebar [p. 59]. Once again the typical liberal diatribe against guns and gun ownership shone through. I guess I am just a dumb old engineer, but I can read and understand what the U.S. Constitution says—something that most liberals and politicians either cannot or choose not to do. [Howser] mentions that the U.S. does not have a firearms licensing system. The Second Amendment to the Constitution gives me the right to keep and bear arms (those who argue that it is for arming the National Guard conveniently forget that the Guard as we know it today was not formed until 1903, some 112 years after the first 10 Amendments to the Constitution were adopted). If I am licensed, then I can own a firearm only with permission of the government, which means

firearm ownership is no longer a right but a privilege. I would guess you First Amendment folks would not stand for asking the government for permission to print an article, because that would violate your rights—so why should my stance against firearms registration be held so contemptible? Besides, history has shown that registration has led to confiscation—even here in the United States!

John also mentions that one-third of firearms sales are “excluded from federal law on background checks.” Again, the Constitution permits Congress to write laws governing sales across state lines but not within state lines. If states want to require background checks for those cases “excluded from federal law,” they have the authority to do so. In fact, some have.

Maybe John could revisit Vanderbilt Hospital and do another story on the devastation caused by drunken drivers. He could investigate why it is that one does not have to have a driver’s license to buy a car, or why a simple background check is not performed whenever alcohol is purchased (to ensure that convicted drunk drivers are prevented from purchasing alcohol for the period of their sentence). Oh, I am probably stepping on John’s toes here, but he probably likes to have a glass of wine every now and then, and he would not tolerate being treated like a criminal (performance of a background check) even though he has done nothing wrong. But, you know, that’s how I feel when a background check is conducted on me when I buy a firearm.

TOM PARRISH, BE’75, MS’77
Tullahoma, Tenn.

Accurate Representation?

AS AN ALUMNA (MS’98) AND FORMER EMPLOYEE of Middle Tennessee State University, I felt the need to respond to Frye Gaillard’s description of MTSU as a “blue-collar institution tucked away in the hills” [Winter 2004 issue, “Tipper Gore Remembers,” p. 30]. Upon reading this, I said to myself, “Tucked away in the hills ... of Murfreesboro?” I am not sure how the land was used prior to the establishment of the university, but I would guess it was either a pasture or farmland. The university is also not exactly “tucked away.” It’s situated in the thriving community of Murfreesboro, which is the fastest-growing city in the state. Furthermore, MTSU is a diverse and vibrant campus serving more than 20,000 students from Middle Tennessee, from across the country, and from around the world. Academic standards have been raised during recent years, and the university does attract students from “white-collar” families to

prepare them for “white-collar” aerospace, business or recording-industry jobs, among others.

In addition to being inaccurate, I felt Gaillard’s description of MTSU was condescending. He referenced MTSU while discussing Al Gore’s decision to teach at the university following his defeat in the election. As Gaillard described, he “could have taught at any school in the country. But he had chosen Middle Tennessee State University.” He neglected to mention that Gore actually taught at four universities in the country that year, including UCLA, Columbia and Fisk. In addition, his father was one of MTSU’s most notable alumni, which may have made MTSU the sentimental choice. Nevertheless, Gore’s presence at MTSU was an incredible asset, and I was proud to consider him a colleague for a year (even though I never met him or saw him at any faculty functions) at a school that is really not tucked away in the hills.

KELLI STAPLES BURNS, BA’92
Jamestown, N.C.

Another Patriot

THE STUDENT POINT OF VIEW ARTICLE TITLED



“Scabs and Scars” [Winter 2004 issue, p. 66] reassured me that Americans at home are resolute in their support of our struggle against terrorism. Ellen Stormer is as much a patriot for her service as anyone in the armed forces. Her courage and dedica-

tion are on par with any I’ve seen in combat here in Iraq.

Semper Fi.
LT. BRADLEY WATSON, BA’01
*3rd Battalion, 7th Marines
Al Qa’im, Iraq*

Old South/New South

LARRY GRIFFIN AND ASHLEY THOMPSON’S article [Winter 2004 issue], “Enough About the Disappearing South—What About the Disappearing Southerner?” is, at least to this reader (only a freshman-year alumnus of long ago, but the father of a modern-day rising Vanderbilt senior), off the mark.

The South today, as well as the core Southerner, epitomize, at least to me, the very best in our United States society: a strong family identity; a very strong sense of religion; a very obvious personal and general community and institutional

courtesy not typically found elsewhere; and a great interest in both politics and sports, which the rest of the nation tells us as Southerners is very pronounced “down South,” versus the political and sports attitudes elsewhere in our nation. Notice both major political parties stating that the winner “must carry the South” in the 2004 presidential election?

The New South struggles to improve public education, but so does our entire nation. In fact, public education across the South may be getting better per-student results than all other regions of the U.S. The New South gets most new international industries that locate within the United States (I include Kentucky in this broad-brush statement).

Also, some of our nation’s best fiction and non-fiction writers today are Southerners, including (no kin to me that I know of) George Singleton of South Carolina, author of *The Half-Mammals of Dixie*, and adopted Southerner Pat Conroy, whose recent book *My Losing Season* is worthy of conversion to a movie one of these days. (Conroy is married to a former Alabama librarian and is seen here in Hoover almost every year at our public library’s “Southern Voices” authors’ conference.)

Mr. Griffin and Ms. Thompson are good incorporators of other events that epitomize the South regionally today. What they may have overlooked is the fact that as Vanderbilt is both a regionally and internationally recognized major university, the same is “only” true today of Harvard, Princeton and Yale.

Graduates of these venerable “Eastern” universities today are no more “venerable” than today’s New South graduate of Vanderbilt University.

COL. GEORGE LIGHTFOOT SINGLETON,
USAF, RET.
*Peabody College, 1958–59
Hoover, Ala.*

Letters are always welcome

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

Everything I Learned at Vanderbilt

Four years of study boil down to one truth: The more interesting the subject, the less likely it is to provide employable skills. By CLAIRE SUDDATH, BA'04

THIS IS IT. THE END. MY time here is over. I've learned everything there is to know. Vanderbilt is of no use to me anymore. A little less than four years ago, I stepped onto campus a bright-eyed kid ready to learn. Now I will leave this University full of knowledge—knowledge with absolutely no useful purpose. For instance, I know that the Roman Emperor Tiberius once ordered that a man's face be mangled by a lobster. Somehow, I doubt this information will serve me well when it comes time to find a job.

After graduation I will toss my cap into the air and think to myself, "Well, that was expensive." I wish there had been a cheaper way for me to acquire this education. Therefore, in my last *Hustler* column I will outline everything I learned at Vanderbilt in the hopes that, upon reading it, you will become as knowledgeable as I, thereby eradicating any need to pay for another Vanderbilt semester. Listen up, kids. This is what you need to know.

I am an English and economics major. My English literature classes taught me to appreciate the written word. They also taught me that if you are a famous author, you can write poorly and still be considered a literary genius. In *The Canterbury Tales*, Geoffrey Chaucer accidentally refers to a male character as "she." A female character was originally in the scene, but when Chaucer changed his mind and wrote in a male instead, he forgot to change the pronouns. If I made that mistake in a cre-

ative writing class, Tony Earley would have beaten me to death with my own paper. But Chaucer gets special treatment just because he was alive before the invention of the printing press. Right, as if that's an excuse.

English is my passion, but economics is my practical side. Lower-level economics classes gave me tools to use in everyday life, such as how OPEC keeps gas prices high or why Donald Trump has such horrible hair. They taught me that econ is a logical science and that markets behave rationally. Upper-level economics, however, taught me that everything I previously had learned was wrong. Everything is theoretical, and nothing I learn is applicable to the real world. In fact, the more I learn about business and economics, the less qualified I become.

Thanks to CPLE, I took many more courses than just English and economics at Vanderbilt. Anthropology and art history taught me that the more interesting the subject, the less likely it is to provide me with any sort of employable skills. Perhaps one day my boss will come up to me and say, "Claire, I want to give you this high-profile assignment that will make or break your career. But I will do so only if you can tell me which art movement succeeded Baroque style in Europe." If that happens I will gleefully exclaim, "Rococo!" But until then, I still believe art history is pointless. It's very fun, but it has absolutely no career potential. Like an affair with a pool boy.

My favorite courses at Vanderbilt were in the classics department, otherwise known as the study of dead languages and broken sculp-



JIM HSIEH

tures. Classics was even more interesting than art history and anthropology, which of course means that it's the most useless major at Vanderbilt. It's a shame because I really liked classics. I fell in love with the Romans when I learned about their freaky emperors. I already mentioned Tiberius and the lobster. Nero refused to address the Roman army for fear of ruining his singing voice. However, my favorite emperor was the bald Caligula, who shaved the heads of people whose hair he envied. Once, Caligula drew up his battle lines as if preparing for war. He made his army line up near the ocean and then, instead of giving the order to fight, he suddenly ordered his military to collect seashells. Caligula was an excellent prankster. Oh yeah, and he killed a lot of people.

Sociology taught me that I am oppressed. I thought I had a pretty good life, but apparently white men are out to get me. Unfortunately, I never learned how to fix this problem, just to complain about it. Psychology taught me to blame everything on my parents.

continued on page 86

The Campus

“We are talking about a complete and

New Major Offers Critical Study of Film

VANDERBILT WILL LAUNCH A film studies major beginning this fall. Assistant Professor of English Paul Young, who came to Vanderbilt last spring from the University of Missouri-Columbia, will direct the program. “We’re excited about being able to invite students to think critically about films,” Young says. “We want to look at films as texts to be analyzed, like literature or poetry.”

The film studies program grew out of courses already being taught by professors in English, theatre, communications, philosophy, history, French, German, art history and other disciplines. Sam Girgus, professor of English, played an integral role in developing the program and was initially its acting director.

“Once we establish broader historical and aesthetic contexts

for understanding film than the ‘thumbs up or thumbs down’ criteria the mainstream critics use, we can go in many interesting directions,” says Young. “For example, we can screen German expressionist films of the 1920s and discuss both how they related to post-war economic and political upheaval and how they responded to expressionist painting and theatre of that time. Vanderbilt professors have been doing this individually for some time, but with a major program in place, we can collaborate on courses and campus events.”

Young plans a film festival and visiting speakers for 2004–05, including scholars and film-industry leaders. “One of my main goals is to establish a visible film culture on this campus,” Young says. “There’s a film society already that thrives quite well, the Sarratt Cinema. I want to expand the film com-

munity in an intellectual direction. We want students to feel that they can study films as rigorously as they want, wherever they want. If students have venues outside the classroom where they can discuss film-making and criticism in serious, analytical ways, they jump at the chance.

“It would be great for Vanderbilt to gain a reputation among students as a place where they can think as hard as they like about film and not be told, ‘You’re reading too much into it. It’s just a movie.’ Films don’t belong to their producers once they’re produced. Their meanings depend on the contexts of their production and their reception as much as they

depend on what the director or screenwriter or producer intended. Once one has that in mind, the field of film studies becomes endlessly complex and endlessly exciting.”

External Research Funding Jumps Dramatically

LAST YEAR THE AMOUNT OF external funding Vanderbilt researchers received from peer-reviewed contracts and grants increased by 19 percent to reach an all-time high of \$339.4 million. It was the second year in a row the increase in extramural funding has been in the double digits.

The Medical Center, which accounts for about 75 percent of

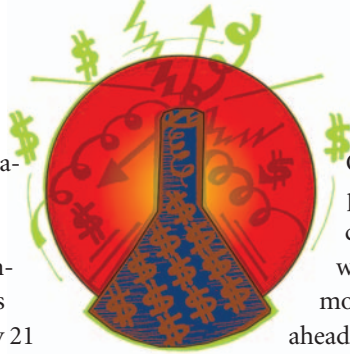


“Liberty is forgiving of many failings, but it forgives neither apathy nor neglect. The hard work begins anew each day.”

— National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, addressing graduates May 13 during the inaugural Senior Class Day on the eve of Commencement

Summer 2004

total replacement [of the Arts and Science curriculum]. ” —MICHAEL STONE



Vanderbilt's extramural funding, led the increase. The value of contracts and grants mushroomed by 21 percent, compared to a 12 percent growth in extramural funding for the rest of campus. The unprecedented rate of growth is due in large part to a five-year plan of the U.S. Congress to double the budget of the National Institutes of Health.

Much of last year's increase was linked to two new Specialized Program of Research Excellence (SPORE) centers at the Vanderbilt-Ingram Cancer Center: one in breast cancer and the other in gastrointestinal cancer. The National Cancer Institute created the program to speed up the exchange between laboratory research and patient treatment. Each five-year SPORE grant provides about \$2.5 million annually. Vanderbilt also has a lung cancer SPORE grant. The Medical Center also received a five-year, \$12.6 million contract to study vaccines for infectious diseases, including influenza and whooping cough.

Fiscal year 2003 was also unusually good for the rest of the campus. The School of Engineering experienced a 52 percent rise in contracts and grants. The Department of Electrical Engineering and

Computer Science posted a 64 percent gain. That was enough to move the engineers ahead of the College of

Arts and Science in terms of total funding dollars for the first time in the last 10 years.

With a 122 percent increase in extramural funding, the Department of Biological Sciences exhibited the most vigorous growth in Arts and Science. Physics and astronomy was up by 40 percent, while psychology rose 23 percent.

Two departments at Peabody College showed strong growth: Special Education was up 23 percent while Teaching and Learning grew by 173 percent.

Less Restrictive Curriculum to Replace Outdated CPLE

THE FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE of Arts and Science has voted to adopt a new curriculum to replace the 24-year-old College Program in Liberal Education (CPLE).

"We are talking about a complete and total replacement CPLE," says Michael Stone, professor of chemistry and chair of the Curriculum Revision Work Group. "We hope to have it implemented by the fall of 2005.

"This will open up the >>>



GERALD HOLLY

{Details}

Greater Than the Sum of Its Parts

Designed by American artist Ben Shahn, this mosaic has graced the lobby of the Nicholas Hobbs Laboratory of Human Development since 1969. The original painting of the mosaic, now in the Vatican Museum, was also done by Shahn, and the mosaic was then executed by French craftsman Gabriel Loire. A Robert Hooke quotation appears on the mosaic which begins: "So many are the links on which, if one be loose or weak, the whole chain is in danger of being dissolved ..."

{Inquiring Minds}

Slowing the Onset of Alzheimer's and Parkinson's

A multi-center team including Vanderbilt's Program in Human Genetics has identified a gene that appears to affect the age at which an individual begins to show symptoms of Alzheimer's or Parkinson's disease. The gene does not alter an individual's risk of having the diseases, the investigators reported last October online in *Human Molecular Genetics*.

Identifying genes that control "age-at-onset" could lead to therapies that delay disease onset beyond the natural lifespan. "A drug that would slow down the neurodegenerative process by five years would prevent a significant portion of Alzheimer's disease cases," says Jonathan L. Haines,

the T.H. Morgan Professor of Human Genetics and director of the Program in Human Genetics.

The Color of Money

Owen professor Mark Cohen's study of more than 1.5 million General Motors Acceptance Corp. loans made over a four-year period shows that when compared with white borrowers, blacks were consistently charged higher interest rates even when he controlled for such factors as amount financed, term of loan and creditworthiness.

Twenty-eight percent of white GMAC borrowers were charged a markup, compared with 53 percent of black borrowers, Cohen found.

An earlier study by Cohen found that 67 percent of Hispanics in Florida who took out loans with Nissan Motor Acceptance Corp. were charged a markup, compared with 47 percent of whites.

Brave New World

Assistant Professor of Computer Engineering T. John Koo and researchers from UC-Berkeley, Southwest Research Institute, and the Vanderbilt Institute for Software Integrated Systems (ISIS) are exploring the feasibility of using swarms of lightweight and highly maneuverable Micro Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAVs) such as small helicopters to perform autonomous navigation around buildings. Equipped with radio receivers designed by Theodore "Ted" Bapty, research assistant professor of electrical engineering, the UAVs can detect transmissions from broadcast communications systems such as radios, as well as radar and other electronic systems.

ISIS has developed a similar distributed-network acoustic-localization system to pinpoint the location of snipers. A team under the direction of Research Assistant Professor of Engineering Ako Ledeczi developed the technology behind the shooter localization application, which uses multiple small networked sensor nodes to locate a shooter's position and projectile trajectory.



NELL BRANKE

curriculum to considerably more possibilities than what is currently available, and will allow the creation of innovative courses while giving students more options in completing the liberal arts degree," adds Stone.

The proposal resulted from growing concerns raised that the CPLE had become archaic. Many faculty members felt the curriculum limited their ability to design rigorous new courses that would challenge the highest-caliber students. Both faculty and students said the course selection was too restrictive, resulting in juniors and seniors enrolling in large, first-year-oriented survey classes as they struggled to complete graduation requirements.

The new requirements have a three-course freshman-year common experience, writing-intensive courses, and a liberal arts core program. The liberal arts requirement is filled with 13 courses from the humanities and creative arts, international cultures, American history and culture, mathematics and natural sciences, and social and behavioral sciences and perspectives.

One of the most significant

changes is that every class carrying three or more hours of credit will count toward one of the liberal arts requirements. The courses must come from a minimum of seven departments, encouraging a broader range of academic exploration, and Advanced Placement credit can no longer be used to fill core academic requirements.

Campus Growth: Onward and Upward

AS CLASSES CONCLUDE FOR the summer, Vanderbilt University Medical Center is beginning construction on a \$110 million medical research building that will provide more than 200,000 square feet of research area. To be called MRB IV, the new building will be constructed on top of two existing buildings—Light Hall and Langford Auditorium.

Three research floors will be added to Light Hall, and five research floors and two vivarium floors will be built above Langford Auditorium. The project will also connect the two buildings, expanding both lobbies. Construction will continue over the next two years.

With the completion of >>>



The Incredible Lightness of Being

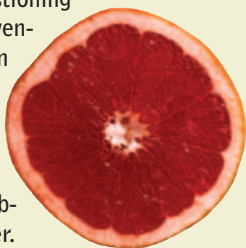
Vanderbilt freshman Dane Thorwaldson displays a Nijinsky-like form as he snags a Frisbee near Rand Hall.

{Inquiring Minds}

The Case of the Soda Culprit

It took a team of medical sleuths at Vanderbilt University Medical Center to get to the bottom of what was causing a 35-year-old man to have abnormal blood chemistries following his double-lung transplant, with the patient finally providing a vital clue.

When lab tests during a follow-up visit of transplant recipient Bill Turner revealed cyclosporine serum levels were elevated, creating the potential for drug toxicity and serious side effects, the transplant team began questioning Turner about his diet. The culprit was eventually revealed to be the soft drink Sun Drop. Though the bottler's formula is a trade secret, the company did acknowledge that it contains bergamottin, a compound found in grapefruits and Mediterranean oranges that blocks metabolism of certain medications in the liver.



Research Describes Major Cause of Infant Pneumonia

Vanderbilt Children's Hospital researchers have nailed down a clear picture of a newly described virus that is a leading cause of pneumonia in babies. A study in the Jan. 29, 2004, *New England Journal of Medicine* examines the impact of human metapneumovirus (MPV) on children.

"Our findings show human metapneumovirus is the second most common cause of serious respiratory illness in young children," says Dr. James E. Crowe, associate professor of pediatric infectious diseases. "This appears to be more important than influenza for babies."

After examining samples and data from more than 2,000 infants and children, seen over the course of 25 years and stored in refrigerators at the Vanderbilt Vaccine Clinic, Crowe and his team found MPV was the apparent cause of up to 12 percent of lower respiratory illness in the first year of life, rivaling the No. 1 culprit, respiratory syncytial virus (RSV).

"It's amazing to think that as pediatricians we've been seeing this virus for decades, and now it's exciting to know what it is," Crowe says.

Delirium in ICU Patients a Predictor of Mortality

Between 60 and 80 percent of patients in intensive care units develop delirium, which, according to a group of Vanderbilt physicians, is an independent predictor of mortality.

In the April 14 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. E. Wesley Ely, associate professor of medicine and research, and his team provided the first documented study to include daily measurements of delirium in the intensive care unit, pointing to longer hospital stays and a threefold increase in death.

"We have found that, using the most robust statistical methods available to adjust for severity of illness, age, coma and drugs used for sedation, the development of delirium presents patients with a 300 percent increased likelihood of dying by six months," Ely says. "All of this is ultimately leading us down the path of delirium prevention and treatment. Right now there are no data from randomized trials proving the best treatment."

this fourth medical research building, Vanderbilt will have added more than 1 million square feet of research space to the campus in recent years through medical research buildings alone. The need for more space is due, in part, to Vanderbilt's increased extramural funding from the National Institutes of Health, which has helped research programs grow.

"We filled MRB III within months of the building opening [last year]," said Dr. Jeffrey Balser, associate vice chancellor for research at the Medical Center.

MRB IV will house a total of 86 lab modules, along with conference space and a glass atrium spanning several floors.

Meanwhile, completion of a new greenhouse and biology labs in Medical Research Building III left Buttrick Hall essentially vacant and ready for an overhaul, making way for a new center for interdisciplinary studies.

"My faculty colleagues and I have been excited for several years about the potential of

Buttrick Hall to serve as an intellectual hub for the University," says Richard McCarty, dean of the College of Arts and Science.

Buttrick Hall will expand from 38,000 to 90,000 square feet, including new lecture halls, private meeting rooms and an atrium. It also will be equipped for academic conferences, public lectures series, and the growing needs of Vanderbilt's transinstitutional centers. Construction costs are estimated at \$10.6 million.

By fall, construction also will begin on a new Studio Arts Center to be located between Branscomb Quadrangle and the University Club, and next to the Student Life Center already under construction.

"Our current facility is woefully lacking in many ways," says McCarty. "We will have a spectacular facility that will serve the entire University community."

The Studio Arts Center will provide the art department with much needed classroom and studio space, moving them



Studio arts, now housed on the Peabody campus, will move to the main campus with the construction of a new Studio Arts Center.

DANIEL DUBOIS

{The Definitive Word}

“Proteomics”

As explained by Daniel Liebler, professor of biochemistry and director of proteomics

Proteomics is the study of proteins and how they work. Just about all biology that's done by the cells and tissues involves the function of proteins, so in a sense, everyone doing research in biology is doing proteomics at some level.

The task of understanding the structure and function of proteins as integrated processes in cells is a huge challenge, much more difficult than that involved in determination of the

human genome. Since nearly all biological function is conducted by proteins, understanding the biosynthesis, structure, metabolism and function of proteins is critical to understanding health and disease.

One application that is generating excitement is the use of proteomics to determine “molecular fingerprints” for disease. Vanderbilt investigators have demonstrated that a distinct pattern of expression of 15 proteins in lung cancers can predict a poor or a good prognosis. The protein profiles also predict risk that the cancer has spread to lymph nodes, an important factor in determining treatment.

“Sketchy” or “Sketch”

As explained by *Vanderbilt Hustler* Editor Evan Mayor

As I was thinking about what to define for *Vanderbilt Magazine's* new “definitions” section, I asked many other students what word or phrase was the most popular this year on campus. Many quoted phrases from Will Farrell movies or Comedy Central's “Dave Chappelle Show,” none of which would have been very interesting to explore (and none that were PG-rated).

But while riding the elevator in the Lewis dormitory, defeated in my search for a suitable catchphrase, I saw the word “sketch” sketched into the elevator light.

And no, I am not talking about a brief general account or presentation (dictionary.com).

The word “sketchy” is currently being used to describe a shady person, someone who cannot be trusted, or someone who does not have an open personality. And “sketchy” the adjective has turned into “sketch” the noun, defining a sneaky individual. It is not uncommon to hear students say, “Oh, he's so sketchy,” or “That girl's a sketchball.”

So next time you want to call someone “weird,” say “sketchy” instead—it's the hot new word.



RON CHAPPEL / THINKSTOCK

from Peabody to the main campus with the other departments from the College of Arts and Science. The three-story building will have studios for sculpture, ceramics, photography, computer arts, painting and drawing. Gallery space will be available for exhibits. Estimated cost of the arts center, which is expected to open in fall 2005, is \$13 million.

Number Crunchers' Nirvana

PAUL SHELDON, JASON MOORE and Ron Schrimpf work in diverse fields at Vanderbilt: Sheldon, associate professor of physics, studies elementary particles. Moore, the Ingram Associate Professor of Cancer Research, analyzes high-dimensional genetic data. Schrimpf,

professor of electrical engineering, investigates the effects of radiation on space electronics.

The three are serious number crunchers whose research requires processing such large amounts of data that they need the services of a supercomputer. They shared a common vision for a state-of-the-art supercomputer center that would be available to Vanderbilt researchers in all disciplines. Their vision will become a reality with an \$8.3 million grant from Vanderbilt's Academic Venture Capital Fund to build a supercomputer center (SCC) in the Hill Center on the Peabody campus.

“Other similar high-performance computing centers are devoted to a single program or discipline,” says Sheldon.

“No one we know about has tried to implement the multidisciplinary idea.” Schrimpf adds, “It should increase our visibility among other researchers worldwide in a way that we never would be able to do otherwise.”

They predict that more and more of their colleagues in a variety of disciplines will join the ranks of high-performance computer users over the next decade. Money for the center will be used not just for computer equipment but also to set up a training and outreach center.

Vanderbilt's SCC will be built around VAMPIRE—the Vanderbilt Multi-Processor Integrated Research Engine—the 200-node cluster created three years ago that has served as a research tool and test bed for

the larger and more powerful SCC system. Each node contains two processors, dedicated memory and a networking chip.

The plan is to increase the number of nodes each year by one-third over three years, then begin to replace the oldest one-third each year with the fastest processors available. Each of the new nodes installed will have more than four times the computing power of an existing node. The cluster will benefit from future improvements in computer technology and continue to grow without becoming obsolete.

U.S. News Gives Peabody High Marks

PEABODY COLLEGE OF EDUCATION and Human Development has again ranked fourth



clinical psychology program also moved up, claiming the No. 26 spot after a ranking of 39 in 2001.

The Owen Graduate School of Management advanced six places to No. 39 from No. 45. The Law School maintained its No. 17 ranking, a spot it has held since 2001.

The School of Medicine's speech-language pathology program advanced two places to No. 6 from its eighth-place ranking in 2000. The school dropped one place to No. 15 overall among research-oriented medical schools.

Biomedical Engineering led Vanderbilt engineering programs with a rank of 20, down two places from the last time it was ranked in 2000. Other engineering programs in the top 50 were chemical, 49; civil, 41; computer, 45; electrical, 46; environmental, 35; materials, 47; and mechanical, 48. The School of Engineering ranked 53rd overall.

LifeFlight Expands Capabilities

VANDERBILT'S LIFEFLIGHT AIR ambulance program is adding more helicopters and last year began a fixed-wing program that allows it to pick up patients almost anywhere in the world.

In its first eight months of operation, the "fixed wing" program made more than 130 flights, including trips to Cairo, Egypt and Mexico City. Fixed-wing transport, based at the Cornelia Fort Airpark in Nashville, utilizes either a propeller airplane (a Beechcraft King Air E90) or an internationally configured Lear jet.

in the nation among education schools by *U.S. News and World Report* magazine in its annual ranking of leading graduate and professional schools. The College's special education program was named No. 1 for the second year in a row.

Vanderbilt School of Medicine's audiology program claimed the top spot this year, advancing to No. 1. The program ranked No. 2 in 2000, the last time this category was

ranked. The magazine ranks schools of business, education, engineering, law and medicine every year; other disciplines are ranked periodically.

Other Peabody programs in the top 10 were administration, advancing to No. 4 from fifth last year; education policy, moving up two places to No. 7; elementary education, dropping one spot to No. 7; and curriculum/instruction, maintaining its No. 9 ranking from

last year. Education policy came in at No. 10, the same spot it held last time it was ranked in 1998.

Peabody tied Teacher's College at Columbia University again for the overall No. 4 spot in teacher preparation programs.

In other rankings, clinical psychology in the College of Arts and Science jumped to No. 11 from its previous ranking of 39 in 2001. Peabody's

{Virtual Vanderbilt}



<http://www.library.vanderbilt.edu/speccol/vrr/>

Pull up a chair and immerse yourself in Vanderbilt's rich past in the Virtual Reading Room. A project of the Special Collections and University Archives Department of the Jean and Alexander Heard Library, the Virtual Reading Room offers information on the history of Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College; a digital version of the Southern Sociological Congress manuscript collection; a sampling of folk songs from the George Boswell Papers; photographs and short biographical sketches of members of the Fugitive and Agrarian literary groups; subject guides to manuscript resources; old postcards of Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College; and more. You can read a selection of articles from old *Vanderbilt Magazines* and other publications, some long-defunct. Check out the advertisements in the 1887 Vanderbilt yearbook, the *Comet*.

The new transportation method immediately proved its value when an explosion at an industrial site in Kentucky left several patients badly burned.

“Within minutes of receiving a call, we scrambled together a crew, equipment and an airplane and were able to assist in transporting patients to Vanderbilt’s Burn Center,” says LifeFlight nurse Chris Rediker, manager of the fixed-wing program. “After the patients arrived, the plane was sent to pick up donor skin.

been used extensively in Europe. The EC-145 can land or take off on steep terrain if the aircraft suffers from a single engine failure. The twin-engine helicopters allow pilots to fly in inclement weather, and they have engines that can be shut down in 30 seconds and are capable of landing without power. They have a cruising speed of 150 mph and a mission endurance of three hours, 25 minutes with a 30-minute fuel reserve.

“Our neonatal and pediatric



“Other than a small burn unit in Chattanooga, all burn injuries east of Nashville [in this region] are seen at Vanderbilt,” Rediker adds.

Vanderbilt Medical Center’s board of directors also has recently approved purchase of three new helicopters at a cost of \$5.4 million each. The new helicopters, American Eurocopter EC-145s, will be based in Clarksville, Shelbyville and Lebanon, Tenn.

Vanderbilt LifeFlight is the first hospital-based air ambulance program in North America to utilize the American Eurocopter EC-145, which has

services are also in high demand since Vanderbilt is the only facility in Tennessee that offers ECMO [extracorporeal membrane oxygenation] and cardiac surgery to neonates and children east of Nashville,” Rediker says. “We have also transported patients to Vanderbilt for potential organ transplant.”

New yellow phones have been placed in 50 locations in Tennessee and Kentucky, including hospitals and emergency medical services agencies, providing a hotline to the LifeFlight Emergency Communications Center.

{Top Picks}

Caring for Those Who Need It Most

Carol Etherington, assistant professor of nursing, was presented the 2003 International Achievement Award from the Florence Nightingale International Foundation at the group’s annual meeting in Geneva, Switzerland. Etherington, MSN’75, was chosen for the award among all other nurses in the U.S. and internationally for her contributions in advocacy for vulnerable and victimized populations, including work with child abuse, ethics, human rights, and victims of disasters.

Etherington has traveled to Bosnia, Cambodia, Angola, Sierra Leone, Kosovo, Tajikistan, Honduras and Poland during times of war or natural disasters. She is currently president of the USA board of Medicines Sans Frontieres (MSF), or Doctors Without Borders. She also has worked with the International Medical Corps and the International Red Cross to provide acute care to victims, conduct training for local doctors and nurses, and negotiate with government and health officials to integrate mental health into health systems.



DANA JOHNSON

Owen Student Wins Top Award

Owen Graduate School of Management student John Owens was named the 2004 winner of the Graduate Business Foundation Student Leadership Award at the foundation’s annual conference in Ann Arbor, Mich.



Owens established the Owen 2X1 campaign, a student-run, student-led internship and career placement program, and also created an online tool that captures each Owen student’s career preferences.

He is the second Owen School student in the 14-year history of the award to receive this distinction. In 1996, Jody Handler was named the winner for creating 100% Owen, a year-round volunteer program at the school that thrives today.

Cancer Researcher to Lead National Organization

Lynn Matrisian, chair of cancer biology, became president of the world’s largest organization for basic, translational and clinical cancer research at the American Association for Cancer Research’s annual meeting in Orlando, Fla., in April. Matrisian is also an associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology and the Ingram Professor of Cancer Research.

Her plans as president of the organization include developing a “Progress in Cancer Research” report for scientists as well as a version for non-scientists that would report on the state of cancer research in understandable language.



DANA JOHNSON

Sports

A look at Vanderbilt athletics

Sticks and Mouth Guards

A “late bloomer” to lacrosse, Michelle Allen is 2004’s Player of the Year.

By NELSON BRYAN

“WE REALLY WENT CRAZY,” recalls Michelle Allen. “There were sticks and mouth guards thrown all over the field. I had no idea where my stuff was when we were done.” It was a melee of merriment. Allen, a senior attack, and her teammates on the women’s lacrosse team had just defeated favored James Madison University 10-4 to advance to the NCAA Final Four.

“It’s so exciting,” she says. “The games are so much fun, especially the hard ones. That’s one reason we’re playing so well right now. We have nine seniors who love playing and don’t want to go home.”

Allen is one of three captains on the senior-laden team that won the 2004 American Lacrosse Conference championship. It’s serendipitous that she wears the number one on her jersey and also was named the ALC’s Player of the Year by a vote of the conference’s coaches. During regular-season play, she led the Commodores in scoring (59 points), draw controls (38) and caused turnovers (18).

The route to lacrosse success has been a circuitous one for Allen. “We traveled around

everywhere while I was growing up,” she says. Her father was a band director in the Army. “Sports in general was a good way to make friends.”

The family settled in Maryland during Allen’s high school career, where she became a three-sport star in basketball, soccer and lacrosse. “I had no idea what lacrosse was until I moved to Maryland. I was a late bloomer,” she says with a smile.

The late bloomer was named a lacrosse All-American in 2000, and the *Carroll County* (Md.) *Times* newspaper tabbed her as one of the county’s top 50 athletes of the century.

“It was very frustrating at first,” she says of her introduction to lacrosse. She had the athletic ability, but had to be schooled in technique and specific movements. “They actually started me out on defense. In my junior year, they switched me to attack. The hardest part to learn was the rules. In lacrosse there are some strange rules that you can only understand if you

watch a lot. My mom’s been watching for eight years now, and she still has some trouble understanding.”

After high school graduation, Allen’s rendezvous with Vanderbilt was still a year away. She spent her freshman year at Cornell. “I real-

ly liked Cornell,” she says. “I loved the team, and the school was great.” But several factors brought her south. Her parents moved to Kentucky, and she knew they wouldn’t be able to see her play at Cornell. She has a sister on the crew team at the University of Louisville and a brother in high school. In addition, her high school teammate and best friend, Jess Roguski, sang the praises of an up-and-coming Vanderbilt program. “I had been down here to visit her my freshman year and just loved Vanderbilt and Nashville. I met Cathy [Coach Swezey] and really liked her. It seemed like the right thing to do.”

The ensuing three years at Vanderbilt showed progress on the field and in the classroom. Allen majored in human and organizational development. “I really liked the hands-on, applications-style classes,” she says. “You learn how to relate to people, work with them, and make them as successful as they can be. Actually, a lot of that transfers over into sports, being captain and a leader on the team.

“This year has been amazing. We’ve improved every year, but this year, especially at the end of the year, we’ve been peaking at the right time.”

Commencement exercises may have signaled the end of another academic year, but Allen and her teammates still had work to do. “We play the best when we’re bonding off the field,” she says. “There’s no one else to hang out with other than our teammates, no more distractions. Being through with school is great; all we have to focus on is lacrosse.”



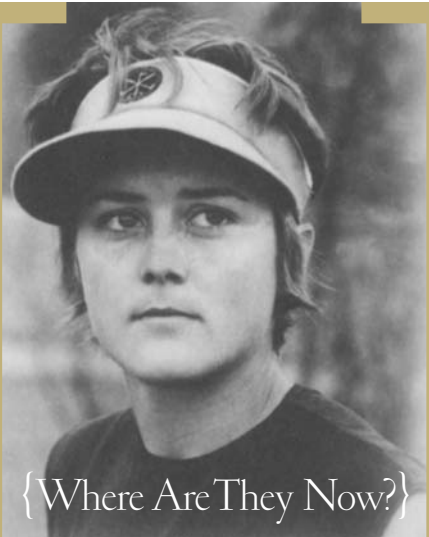


Michelle Allen

Sweet!

It was a stellar year for Vanderbilt basketball as both the men's and women's teams advanced to the quarter-final "Sweet Sixteen" round of the NCAA basketball tournament and the women's team won the SEC Tournament championship. Following are some of the season's hoops highlights:

- The women's team won the SEC Tournament championship after coming back from an 18-point second-half deficit against



"You have reached the Brady foursome," said the voice on the answering machine. **Peggy Harmon Brady**, BE'72, wasn't home. She was on the golf course.

On a crisp, clear, beautiful spring morning, Vanderbilt's first two-time All-American women's golfer was playing golf near her home in central North Carolina. A computer science major at Vanderbilt, Brady has worked in computer programming and management while putting together a family foursome. "Both kids are playing golf, so when they come home, we have a group to play with," she says. She met her husband, Joe, during summer school at Purdue. They were married a year-and-a-half after graduation. Their daughter is following in her mother's cleats. Chris Brady is a freshman on the Vanderbilt women's golf team. She's the first freshman golfer in VU golf history to win two individual medalist honors in a single season. Completing the foursome is Scott, who hits the links as a freshman with East Lincoln High School.



Georgia. They advanced through the NCAA Tournament to the quarter-final round, losing to Stanford by two points in a heart-breaker.

- Senior Jenni Benningfield was drafted by the WNBA's Charlotte Sting at season's end. She and senior Hillary Hager were named co-recipients of the Commodore Award, given to the team's most valuable player at the annual awards banquet. Benningfield averaged 13.1 points per game, and Hager averaged 12 points per game while also ranking near the top of every other Vanderbilt statistical category. The team finished with a 26-8 overall record, 8-6 in the SEC.
- The men's team finished the season with a 23-10 overall record (8-8 SEC)—vastly improving on the previous season's 11-18 overall record (3-13 SEC)—and defeated Western Michigan and North Carolina State to advance to the NCAA Tournament quarter-final round, where they lost to the eventual national champion, the University of Connecticut.
- Senior forward Matt Freije broke Vanderbilt's all-time career scoring mark in a late-season game at Ole Miss. He passed Phil Cox (1981–85; 1,724 points) by scoring 599 points this season for a career total of 1,883.

Athletics Committee Created

Chancellor Gordon Gee has appointed Professor of Pathology Virginia Shepherd to chair a new University Athletics Oversight Committee that will serve as the principal internal advisory group for Vanderbilt's sports programs. Shepherd is a national leader in the athletics reform movement. In addition to a number of faculty and staff, the committee consists of alumni Walter Overton, BA'74, and Bruce Elder, BA'92, MBA'93, and three students to be selected after consultation with the Student Government Association.

Commodores Get New On-Air Home

The Vanderbilt ISP Sports Radio Network has a new flagship station, WGFX 104.5 FM. ISP Sports, the multimedia rights holder for Commodore athletics, reached an agreement with WGFX to broadcast all Vanderbilt foot-

ball games and men's basketball games as well as weekly call-in shows featuring head coaches Bobby Johnson and Kevin Stallings. In addition, 104.5 will carry daily "Commodore Update" features throughout the year.

"We are thrilled to be on what I think is the number-one sports station in town," says Vanderbilt play-by-play announcer Joe Fisher. "And it is exciting to be on a station with some Vanderbilt guys like George Plaster (BS'81) and Willy Daunic (BA'93), hosts of 'Sports Zone.'"

Wallace Jersey Retired

An enthusiastic Memorial Gymnasium crowd cheered as, high in the rafters above, Vanderbilt jersey #25 was unveiled and officially retired. On the floor below, Perry Wallace, the recipient of this signal honor, once again basked in the adoration of thousands of Commodore basketball fans.

Commodorophiles know that Perry Wallace was the first African-American athlete



Perry Wallace back in Memorial Gym

to play in the Southeastern Conference, breaking the color barrier in the 1967–68 basketball season. Now a professor of law at American University in Washington, D.C., Wallace returned to campus for the retirement ceremony Feb. 21.

A prolific rebounder, Wallace led the team in rebounding each year during his three-season career. He is a member of the 1,000-point club with 1,010 points and led the team in scoring in the 1969–70 season with a 17.7 points-per-game average.

{Sports Roundup}

Women's Golf: Commodores Are SEC Champs

The Vanderbilt women's golf team won its first Southeastern Conference Championship on April 18, and sophomore May Wood was crowned the individual champion after winning a sudden-death playoff. The Commodores beat Auburn and host LSU by four shots to claim a school-record fourth tournament championship for the year.

May Wood



"It is an awesome feeling to actually win the championship," said Coach Martha Freitag. "All our preparation has been to play our best golf, and perhaps the good news is that we still have not played our best."

After winning the conference championship, the Commodores were ranked No. 3 in the country by golfweek.com.

Football: 2004 Schedule

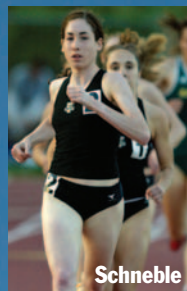
The 11-game schedule includes six home games at Vanderbilt Stadium. The Tennessee game returns to the Vanderbilt campus for the first time in six years.

- Sept. 4 South Carolina
- Sept. 18 at Ole Miss
- Sept. 25 at Navy
- Oct. 2 Mississippi State
- Oct. 9 Rutgers
- Oct. 16 at Georgia
- Oct. 23 Eastern Kentucky
- Oct. 30 at Louisiana State
- Nov. 6 Florida (Homecoming)
- Nov. 13 at Kentucky
- Nov. 20 Tennessee

Men's Golf: Freshman Sets School Record

Freshman golfer Luke List set a new Vanderbilt 18-hole record in March with a 9-under-par 63 in the second round of the Hyatt/Dorado Beach Intercollegiate in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He tallied nine birdies and nine pars on the par-72, 6,980-yard course, tying the course record at the Dorado Beach Golf Club. List was named SEC Golfer of the Week for the effort. The previous school record of 65 was shared by List and former Vanderbilt All-American Brandt Snedeker.

Meanwhile, Snedeker played in his first Masters at the Augusta National Golf Club tournament this spring. The tournament is one of golf's four majors and, arguably, is the sport's most prestigious competition. He qualified by winning the 2003 U.S. Amateur Public Links tournament—one of only two amateurs to make the cut—and finished the week at 12-over-par. He also was only the second amateur in Masters history to make birdies on the Amen Corner (holes 11–13).



Schneble

Track: Schneble, Hahn Claim SEC Titles

Vanderbilt track standouts Erika Schneble, a sophomore distance runner, and Josie Hahn, a junior heptathlete, won their respective events

at the Southeastern Conference Track and Field Championships held at the University of Mississippi in May.

Schneble won the 5,000-meter run with a time of 16:22.92. She ran cautiously through the first mile, then took the lead early in the second. She withstood a late rally by Auburn's Angela Homan, but finished nearly two seconds ahead.

Hahn sealed her SEC heptathlon victory with a team-record 147'2" javelin toss. Her 5,492-point performance was a school record, topping her 5,444-point effort from the NCAA Championships last year. It also gives Hahn a provisional standard for the U.S. Olympic Trials.



Brent Richard, a rising junior forward from Sugarland, Texas, gets some air under the ball for the men's soccer team.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRANE

Vanderbilt Holdings

Collections and collectibles

An Unlikely Home

The Judaica Collection spans 4,000 years of faith, history, commentary and customs. By RAY WADDLE, MA'81

THE MINDLESS, MURDEROUS book burnings in Nazi Germany might have towered even higher if Jewish scholar Ismar Elbogen had not escaped Berlin with his books in 1933.

But he did, leaving the Hochschule für die Wissenschaft des Judenthums (Academy for the Science of Judaism), where he had taught since 1902, to find refuge in America. He joined the faculty at Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City as a renowned expert in Jewish liturgy until his death in 1943. Soon enough, his professional library of books—a legacy of religious tradition and survival, the sort of books so offensive to Nazism—was making one more sojourn, this time to a permanent, if unlikely, home.

The Vanderbilt University library.

In early 1945 the Elbogen collection—2,200 volumes, mostly in German and Hebrew—became the foundation stone for a remarkable amassing of books that has preoccupied the University for nearly 60 years.

The Mary and Harry Zimmerman Judaica Collection, as it is now called, is housed at the Divinity Library within the Jean and Alexander Heard Library system. Counting more than 20,000 titles today, the Judaica Collection contains the most signif-

icant gathering of books and journals on Jewish faith and culture by any Protestant theological school in the South.

“It provides access to a whole world,” says Jack Sasson, the Mary Jane Werthan Professor of Jewish Studies and Hebrew Bible at Vanderbilt Divinity School. “There are very

nurture a noted Judaica collection? Vanderbilt’s Judaica testifies to a central principle of the Divinity School, a commitment to the view that Christianity is built on the religion of Judaism, not as a replacement of it.

“The Divinity School embraces faith that finds its origins in the Hebrew Scriptures,” says James Hudnut-Beumler, dean of the Divinity School. “Knowing something about how that other branch of biblical faith grew and developed is important to us.”

The Zimmerman Judaica Collection, the dean points out, is also a pillar of support for a new phase in Vanderbilt’s life: Formal degree programs in Jewish studies recently have been launched—an undergraduate degree program last fall, and a graduate program this year.

The Judaica Collection contains encyclopedias of Jewish history, journals, microfilm, and books on every facet of Jewish life and learning—in English, Hebrew, German, Yiddish and other languages—covering some 4,000 years of faith, history, commentary and customs.

A stroll through the eight aisles of books reveals the array of titles, from *Civilization of the Ancient Near East* to the *Journal of Aging and Judaism*; from *Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls* and *Confronting Anti-Semitism: A Practical Guide to A Treasury of Jewish Anecdotes* and *Straight Talk: My Dilemma as a Modern Orthodox Jewish Woman*.

few people in the Divinity School who don’t use it sometime or another.”

Why would a divinity school that trains students for Christian ministry build and



But a centerpiece of the collection is the correspondence between two seminal German Jewish thinkers of the 20th century, Franz Rosenzweig and Martin Buber. Several boxes of letters focus especially on their collaboration to translate the Hebrew Bible into German, which Buber finished after Rosenzweig's death.

Even more valuable to scholars is another Judaica possession—the manuscript of Rosenzweig's masterwork, *Der Stern der Erlösung* (*The Star of Redemption*), which includes hand-scrawled drafts he wrote on small postcards from the trenches of World War I (he was in the German army) and sent home to his mother.

How did these various books and artifacts find their way to Vanderbilt? A sense of urgency about Judaism's perilous place in the world, a web of human connections and pivotal donations, plus a little serendipity, yielded breakthroughs in every decade since the 1940s.

Left: Damascus Keter (1260) from *Hebrew Illuminated Manuscripts*; this page: correspondence and a manuscript page from the Rosenzweig Collection. The profile portrait is Franz Rosenzweig; the round portrait, his father.

The initial Elbogen acquisition, in 1945, was fueled by the energies of Frederick Kuhlman, then director of the Joint University Libraries. Even as the Nazi mass murder of European Jewry was reaching catastrophic proportions, Kuhlman declared the urgency of combating hate and ignorance with enlightenment, edu-

her own right, active in Jewish society and causes.

The Teitlebaums and the Elbogens actually had met in Europe back in the 1930s. That consolidated the deal: The two women, now widows, had a personal point of contact, according to the *Concise History of the Judaica Collection*. The result was Teitlebaum's \$6,000 donation to buy and bring Elbogen's library to Vanderbilt.

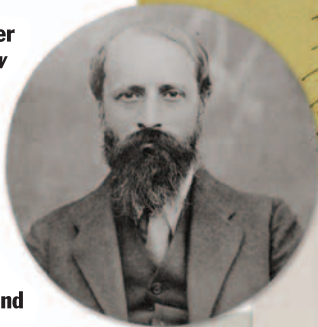
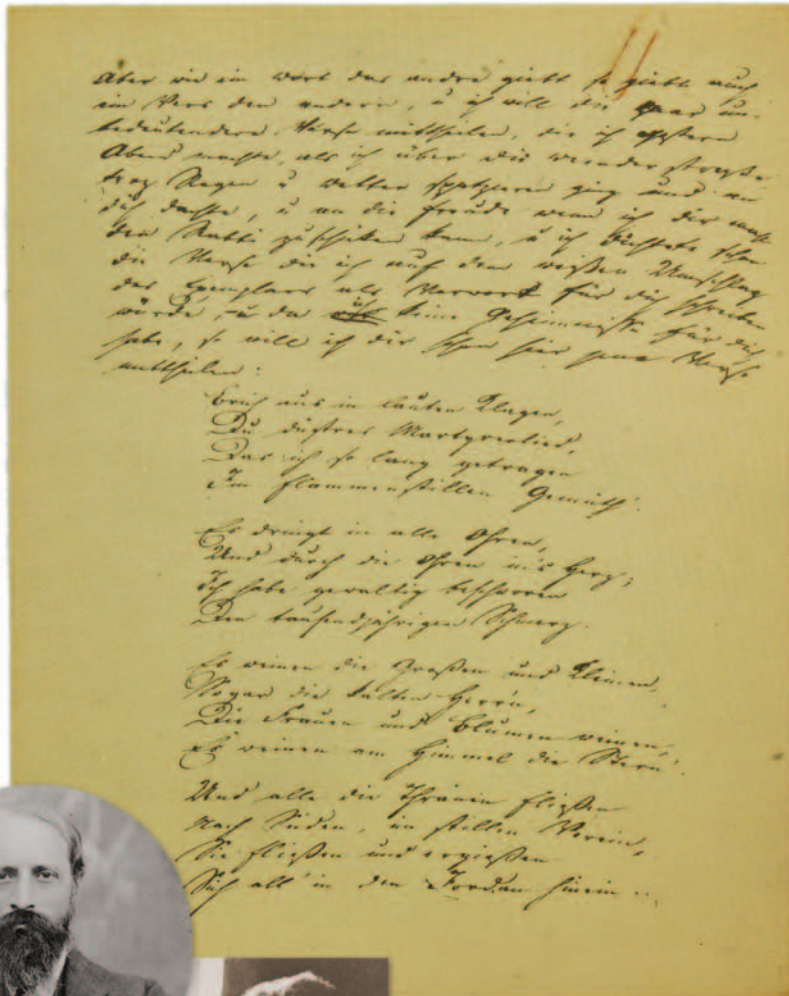
Other bids for more books got under way, in a gathering climate of shock at the Jewish Holocaust. Kuhlman scanned for other collections to buy, building contacts with booksellers and other universities. A book-buying fund was established honoring Lee J. Loventhal, a Nashville businessman, member of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust, and a promoter of education. Mary Jane Werthan, a relative of Loventhal's and later the first woman on the Board of Trust, was pivotal in this effort.

In 1949 the hiring of Samuel Sandmel as Vanderbilt's first Jewish literature professor intensified momentum for a Judaica collection—and signaled the University's post-war openness to Jewish studies. Sandmel guided purchase decisions made with Loventhal funds.

Sandmel had been hired by Vanderbilt Chancellor Harvie Branscomb, who had arrived in 1946 from Duke University. Notably, Branscomb, a Methodist trained in New Testament studies, believed Judaism should be taught as a living religion with historical connections to Christianity; he brought Sandmel from Duke.

One significant acquisition at this time: 160 works on the Jewish philosopher Philo, including six books that were about 400 years old. The Philo books were given by stockbroker and bibliophile Howard Lehman Goodhart in 1951.

After Sandmel left in 1952, his successor,
continued on page 87



cation, and new centers of Jewish learning. It was time for Vanderbilt and the South to provide a sanctuary for Jewish thought, he argued.

When the late Elbogen's library came available in 1943, Kuhlman assiduously cultivated Nashvillian Sarah Lowenstein Teitlebaum to make the necessary donation. Teitlebaum was the widow of Henry Teitlebaum, a business leader in the small Nashville Jewish community. Sarah Teitlebaum was a local personality in



Bright Ideas

“It might be possible to prevent malaria by

Beta Blocker Could Also Stop Malaria

1. PLASMODIUM *falciparum* is one nasty parasite. The species that causes the most virulent form of malaria, *P. falciparum* kills more than 1 million children each year and is responsible for 25 percent of the infant mortality in Africa, according to the World Health Organization. Growing resistance of *P. falciparum* to cheap and effective anti-malarial drugs is contributing to a resurgence of the disease, especially in sub-Saharan Africa.

Investigators at Vanderbilt University Medical Center and Northwestern University have added another piece to the puzzle of how the malaria parasite enters red blood cells. The team reported last September in *Science* that the red blood cell's own signaling machinery

participates in malaria entry, suggesting a new therapeutic approach to fight the deadly parasite.

The new studies demonstrate that drugs developed to block the beta-adrenergic receptor, a receptor important to cardiovascular function and blood pressure control, may be useful agents in the fight against malaria. Propranolol, a so-called “beta blocker,” prevented malaria infection of red blood cells in the laboratory and in mice.

“Our studies open a whole new therapeutic dimension for the future,” says Heidi E. Hamm, Earl W. Sutherland Jr. Professor and Chair of Pharmacology at Vanderbilt. “The idea that it might be possible to prevent malaria infection by blocking parasite entry into the red blood cell using well characterized, safe and relatively inexpensive drugs like beta blockers is intriguing.

“Of course, it's very far from showing something in vitro or even in mice to actually being able to do this in humans,” she says, “but the fact that propranolol is already on the market will speed clinical trials of it as a way to prevent malaria infection in at-risk individuals.”

Malaria is a blood-borne illness transmitted by mosquitoes. The malaria parasite infects both liver cells and red blood cells, but it is the blood-cell



ANNE BAYNER

stage of the infection that is responsible for all the symptoms and pathologies of the disease.

Kasturi Haldar, professor of pathology and microbiology-immunology at Northwestern University, has been investigating how malaria infects red blood cells. Her group discovered that the parasite uses “lipid rafts” from the red blood cell membrane to build its own unique membrane-enclosed compartment inside the cell and that a signaling protein,

called G-alpha-s, was present in the hijacked membranes.

Because Hamm, a recognized expert on G proteins including G-alpha-s, was Haldar's laboratory neighbor at the time, the two began to collaborate.

G proteins act as molecular switches to pass signals along from activated receptors at the cell surface to other proteins inside the cell. Hamm had pioneered an approach to block the interaction of G proteins with receptors, using small

blocking parasite entry into the red blood cell. ” —HEIDI E. HAMM



Heidi E. Hamm

process, Hamm said. Because the complete genome of *P. falciparum* has been sequenced, the investigators knew that the parasite does not have any G proteins of its own, confirming that it is using the red blood cell's signaling machinery.

It was known that red blood cells contain at least two types of receptors that activate G-alpha-s: the beta-adrenergic receptor and the adenosine receptor. The investigators wondered if drugs that block these receptors—and therefore also prevent activation of G-alpha-s—would act like the peptides and prevent parasite infection. Propranolol, a beta-adrenergic receptor blocker, had exactly that effect, in both cells and mice.

The results offer an attractive option for fighting malaria before it infects red blood cells, Hamm says, and because the treatment would target red blood cells' own machinery, it should prevent the ability of malaria to evolve resistance to the therapy.

"A lot more basic science research must be done to understand fully how the *P. falciparum* is hijacking red blood cell-signaling machinery," Hamm says. "It's really a problem of cell fusion and how pathologic organisms change membrane trafficking mechanisms in order to get into cells. Malaria is actually a very useful tool for studying how G pro-

teins are involved in the regulation of membrane trafficking."

Hamm's and Haldar's co-authors of the *Science* study were Travis Harrison, Benjamin U. Samuel, Thomas Akompong, and Jon W. Lomasney of Northwestern University and Narla Mohandas of the New York Blood Center. The research was supported by the National Institutes of Health.

Rising Gas Prices, Falling Birth Rates

2 AS WORLD RESERVES of oil and natural gas dwindle over the coming decades—a prospect predicted by many energy experts—the rate at which people in most societies around the world have babies is likely to drop precipitously as well.

That is the prediction of anthropologist Virginia Abernethy, professor emerita of psychiatry at Vanderbilt University, who spoke Feb. 13 in the symposium "From the Ground Up: the Importance of Soil in Sustaining Civilization" at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Seattle.

"The availability of energy has been a major factor in population growth," says Abernethy. "In the modern context, energy use per capita affects economic activity. So a prolonged decline

in energy use per capita will tend to depress the economy which, in turn, will cause a decline in the fertility rate."

Abernethy's argument has two parts: the link between the availability of petroleum and the economy, and the link between changes in economic conditions and fertility rates.

Not only does petroleum provide the fuel that powers modern vehicles and the natural gas that people use for home heating and cooking, but petroleum products are the source for hundreds of industrial and agricultural products, including fertilizer, pesticides and plastics. Petroleum cannot be easily replaced by other fuels and feed stocks.

Despite the fact that historically low prices have encouraged Americans and the inhabitants of other industrialized countries to consume oil and gas at profligate rates, "numerous geologists, physicists and computer scientists have calculated that petroleum and liquid natural gas production will begin to plateau and then decline within five to 10 years," she says.

Such a downturn will have major economic effects, Abernethy expects. In the United States since World War II, rising oil prices have preceded most U.S. recessions, and unemployment rates have risen following significant increases in the real price of oil.

peptides—bits of proteins. The research project will produce a book of essays designed to set the future course for scholars on the subject, a list of relevant books and films, and a Web site to serve as a central source of information. The peptides designed to block G-alpha-s inhibited *P. falciparum* infection of red blood cells in the laboratory by nearly 90 percent, suggesting that G-alpha-s signaling is playing an important role in the infective

“Higher-priced energy may force policymakers to think of economic recession or slow growth as the usual state, and force farmers to rethink agricultural inputs,” says Abernethy. “The shift away from high inputs to soil-conserving technology is theoretically ideal from the perspective of moving to a sustainable agricultural sys-

tem. The downside, however, is that crops will be smaller and food costs higher—probably much higher—than with industrial agriculture.”



tives when they believe resources are shrinking and the difficulty of raising children is increasing. What is important is not how rich or poor a society is, but the perception its people hold about how things are changing. When the future appears threatening, people tend to exercise reproductive

caution and adopt such measures as marrying later and putting more space between births within marriage. According to Abernethy, this correlation holds true over the entire socioeconomic range, and its predictions differ substantially from the conventional view that increasing educational levels in a society by itself can reduce fertility rates. Abernethy uses recent U.S. history to support her proposed energy-fertility link. The 15-year burst in fertility rates that followed World War

II, known as the “baby boom,” was accompanied by the widespread substitution of energy-intensive technology for labor that substantially improved productivity. Higher productivity and labor shortage in an expanding economy produced an increasingly large and affluent middle class that “responded with early marriage and closely

only slightly, and the recession at the beginning of 1990 reversed the modest upward trend.

“The improving standard of living to which many societies have become accustomed will be difficult to maintain in the face of rapidly rising prices for energy. In these circumstances, fertility rates are unlikely to rise. Indeed, a future marked by declining energy use per capita may be the ultimate driver of worldwide declines in fertility,” Abernethy writes.

Exploding Stars Confirm Universe's Expansion

3 HUBBLE SPACE Telescope measurements of 11 exploding stars throughout the visible universe confirm earlier, ground-based studies that produced the first evidence that the universe is not only expanding, but expanding at an increasing rate.

The new study, which appeared last year in the *Astrophysical Journal*, also provides tantalizing new insights into the nature of the mysterious repulsive force, dubbed “dark energy,” that appears to be propelling this runaway expansion.

“As far as the ultimate fate of the universe goes, the most straightforward conclusion is that over the next few billion years it is going to become an increasingly thin, cold and boring place,” says Robert Knop, an assistant professor of physics and astronomy at Vanderbilt who led the analysis of supernova data for the Supernova Cosmology Project (SCP), an

For more information

international collaboration of 48 scientists directed from Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory in California.

Using the Hubble Space Telescope, Knop and his colleagues measured the light curves and spectra of a special kind of exploding star, called a Type IA supernova, that occurs in binary star systems made up of a normal star and a collapsed star called a white dwarf. Basically, the white dwarf pulls material from its companion until it reaches a critical size, at which point it is consumed in a giant thermonuclear explosion. Astronomers consider Type IA supernovae to be so similar that their brightness provides a dependable gauge of their distance, and they are so bright that they are visible billions of light years away.

Knowing this, astronomers can get a good estimate of the distance of a Type IA supernova by comparing its brightness curve with those of comparable stellar outbursts that have taken place nearby. The dimmer the image, the greater the distance. Because it takes light time to travel these great, intergalactic distances, as astronomers look further out into the universe, they are also looking back in time. So the estimates of super-

novae distances also provide estimates of the age of their images.

By measuring the extent to which the light spectrum of each of these images has been shifted to longer, redder wavelengths—a phenomenon called “redshift”—astronomers can determine how much the universe has expanded since the time when the star exploded. As the universe expands, the wavelength of light is stretched along with the fabric of the space through which it is traveling. (For relatively nearby “local galaxies,” this redshift looks just like the Doppler shift produced by the velocity at which these galaxies are moving away from our galaxy.)

By comparing the redshifts and look-back times of the supernovae, astronomers can measure the rate at which the universe is expanding. The fact that the exploding stars are dimmer and older than expected based on their redshift indicates that the universe is expanding at an increasing rate.

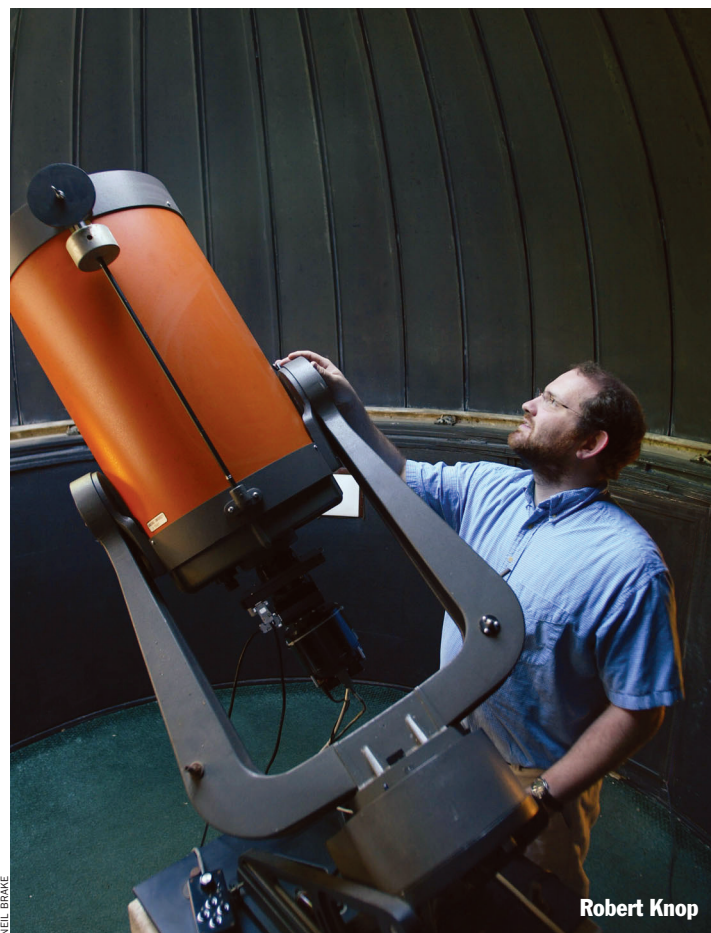
The new study reinforces the initial discovery made five years ago that the expansion rate of the universe appears to be speeding up rather than slowing down, as most scientists had expected. The discovery was made independently by the

Supernova Cosmology Project and a competing group, the High-Z Supernova Search Team.

One criticism of the initial studies was the possibility that dust from the distant galaxies may have dimmed the images of the supernovae enough to skew their results. The initial studies used data from supernovae obtained primarily with ground-based telescopes. Because the supernovae images obtained by the Hubble Space Telescope are unaffected by the Earth’s atmosphere, they are sharper and stronger than those taken from the ground, and their colors are more accurate. The improved color measurements provided the scientists with a more stringent test of the host-galaxy extinction problem. In addition to absorbing and

scattering the supernovae’s light, galactic dust should also make a supernova’s light redder, much as the sun looks redder at sunset because of dust in the atmosphere. Because the Hubble data show no anomalous reddening with distance, Knop says, the supernovae “pass the test with flying colors.”

“Limiting such uncertainties is crucial for using supernovae—or any other astronomical observations—to explore the nature of the universe,” says Ariel Goobar, a member of SCP and a professor of particle astrophysics at Stockholm University in Sweden. The extinction test, says Goobar, “eliminates any concern that ordinary host-galaxy dust could be a source of bias for these cosmological results at high-redshifts.”



NEIL BRASSE

Robert Knop

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




Magical Place, Healing

By LISA A. DUBOIS
Photography by DAVID JOHNSON



Place

*The new Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at
Vanderbilt brings sophisticated medical technology,
convenience and even fun to health care for children.*



Two hundred volunteers position themselves at strategic points along the corridors. They're beside the elevators, in the lobby. They're near the nurses' stations and along the "Main Street" of the new Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at Vanderbilt. Clad in yellow t-shirts, they load up gurneys or hand-carry hospital equipment down a 400-foot breezeway leading to sparkling new "neighborhoods." Teams of doctors, nurses, residents and parents hustle children in hospital beds laden with IV poles, ventilators, balloons and ribbons through blue and yellow corridors. They follow whimsical paw prints into rooms decorated with stars and leaves and flowers.

A young man stands in the hallway, listening intently as a voice comes over his two-way radio: "Patient 72 is in the room. Patient 73 is leaving now."

He turns to a colleague. "That's pretty good," he says. "We've just gotten one patient in the room, and the next one is already on his way."

By 4:30 on the afternoon of Feb. 8, 2004—after two full years of planning and after numerous mock drills and several setbacks—it's all over. 112 pediatric patients at Vanderbilt Children's Hospital (VCH)—which for 24 years occupied two floors within the larger Vanderbilt University Hospital—have been transferred to the gleaming new freestanding facility named the Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at Vanderbilt. Modeled on procedures for transporting large numbers of hospitalized children during a disaster, the daylong process has been a success.

"The dedication and love for this place is unbelievable," says Dr. John Brock, chief of pediatric surgery. "We physicians get credit on the top end, but the people throughout this hospital are the ones

who make it fly. I'm proud to the bottom of my heart to be a part of this."

This year Vanderbilt University accomplished something that happens only once every two to four generations—the construction of a new community academic medical facility. For the price of \$230 million (which some would argue is astronomical and others contend is a bargain), Vanderbilt has become the proud possessor of 616,000 square feet of pink granite and blue glass.

If Feb. 8 was a day of celebration, each day since has been one of expectation. Everything from the planning to the financing to the construction of this stunning new hospital was fraught with lofty goals, high-stakes gambles, generous philanthropy, and hard-fought battles lost and won in conference rooms and hard-hat areas. If nothing else, the new children's hospital is a testament to the unstoppable force of a group of strong-willed men and women.

A Growth Spurt

Vanderbilt Children's Hospital evolved from the Junior League Home for Crippled Children, which opened in 1923 to treat young patients with crippling diseases whose families could not afford to pay hospital charges. For 50 years the Home met the medical needs



Dr. John Brock, chief of pediatric surgery

of its unique clientele, and in 1971 moved to a new facility to include children with chronic diseases as well. However, as the Home's patient population grew, so did demands for services it was not equipped to provide, such as emergency and ancillary care. Also, with American health care moving towards third-party payment, the Home was unable to handle the mounds of paperwork from insurance companies and governmental agencies.

In the meantime, VCH founder Dr. David Karzon, a pediatrician, initiated the concept of a "hospital within a hospital," in which centers specializing in children's services resided within a larger main hospital. Before then, children and adults had been housed together as inpatients at Vanderbilt. In 1980 the Junior League of Nashville signed a contract with Vanderbilt Hospital and transferred the entire Home for Crippled Children to the fifth floor of the University's medical center.

Over the course of 20 years, VCH grew into a leading regional hospital and referral center, treating the sickest and most complex pediatric cases in the Mid-South area. Children were never turned away based on their parents' inability to pay. Primary care physicians, subspecialty clinicians and medical researchers joined the faculty. By the mid-1990s Vanderbilt administrators began to look ahead, later adding a new pediatric emergency department. Immediately, the number of patients and subsequent admissions rose, straining the capacity of VCH to handle the inpatient load.

According to Vice Chancellor for Health Affairs Harry Jacobson, efforts to build a free-standing children's hospital had, in the past, always met with resistance. What was the compelling reason, pundits wondered, to devote so many resources to replacing an existing facility? A few years ago, Jacobson

The dedication and love for this place is unbelievable. We physicians get credit on the top end, but the people throughout this hospital are the ones who make it fly.

—DR. JOHN BROCK

says, he surveyed the medical landscape and decided Vanderbilt had no choice but to pursue such a project.

"First, the growth of Nashville's population and the broad reach of VCH forecasted that in short order we would be out of space," he explains. "Second, we looked at all the cities our size. At that time Nashville was the 42nd largest metropolitan area in the coun-



**Spearheading philanthropic efforts:
Monroe Carell Jr., BE'59**

We gain life for thousands of children who would either die or would have to be transported hundreds of miles to receive comparable care. When you save the life of a child, you save 60 to 75 years of productivity for the world.

— MONROE CARELL JR.

try. And 36 out of those 42 metropolitan areas had already built a freestanding children's hospital in order to meet the needs of the community.

"The third thing is that fully two-thirds of the hospital care of children in the Middle Tennessee area was being done at Vanderbilt. If we did not grow the hospital somehow, the growth in pediatric in-services was going to grow away from us. And at that time we thought it might be possible that one of our competitors would build a children's hospital, which would have been a major, major problem for us."

In addition, Jacobson adds, the volume of adult patients was concurrently increasing, and a separate children's hospital would free up two additional floors in the main hospital. Finally, Jacobson and his fellow administrators examined the state of the VCH endowment. The average endowment of the nation's top six children's hospitals was more than \$700 million. The VCH endowment didn't even come close. He concluded that

it would be easier to raise endowment money if donors could associate their gifts with a physical structure.

Together with then-Chancellor Joe B. Wyatt, Jacobson called in a team of architects, planners, doctors, nurses, parents, patients—and Monroe Carell Jr.

"I Cried"

Monroe Carell Jr. had graduated from Vanderbilt in 1959 but didn't become an enthusiast for the University until 20 years later. By that time he was CEO of Nashville-based Central Parking Corp., a company that runs parking lots and garages in every major city in the United States and in 15 other countries. In the early 1980s Carell made his first charita-

ble contribution to VCH, and as a result decided to pay a visit to the recipient of his donation. He was hooked. He became interested in all aspects of the hospital, was seen regularly on the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit, and eventually assumed the chair of the Vanderbilt Children's Hospital Board of Directors.

While floating the idea of a stand-alone hospital, Chancellor Wyatt asked Carell if he'd be interested in making a sizable contribution and spearheading a campaign to raise \$50 million in additional philanthropic funds. Carell says he and his wife, Ann, were happy to become involved.

At that point, however, all the plans were pie-in-the-sky. "We thought everything would be built for \$150 million," Carell says. "We didn't talk about eight stories of hospital facilities and 11 stories of clinic. We just talked about building a children's hospital. No one had any idea that it was going to be as large or as magnificent as it turned out to be."

Carell refused simply to throw money at an edifice that would eventually carry his name. As a child he'd had to undergo frequent hospitalizations for a gastrointestinal obstruction and remembered well the stark halls and sterilized atmosphere on the children's ward. He joined a team that toured leading-edge children's hospitals all over the country. He attended planning meetings and met face-to-face with potential donors, most of whom were well past the age of needing the services of a children's hospital for their families. Ultimately, he and his capital campaign staff raised \$80 million in philanthropic funds. The majority of those donations were given by people who had little or no affiliation with the University, but who were convinced that a top-notch children's hospital would be an asset to the community.

Significantly, Carell insisted that whatever design the hospital took, it had to be oriented towards the family. That meant larger rooms and a bed for the mother in each room. The architectural firm of Earl Swensson & Associates was hired for the job, with Richard L. Miller and David Miller credited for the building's design and Molly Alspaugh and Ruby Foglesong for the interior décor. The firm walked a fine line between creating a place that was bright, welcoming and child-friendly,

and yet not decorated like a cheesy theme park. In the early stages, Carell was skeptical.

“Every light fixture, every mirror, every ceiling tile has something that’s fun and enjoyable,” says Carell. “The ceilings are not flat, but have curves and waves and boxes in them. The light fixtures are blue and red and pink and yellow, and the floor has bear tracks in it. When I first heard all this, I thought, ‘That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard in my life!’ It was hard for me to imagine that all of that could be done and still produce an outstanding facility for doctors, staff and patients. That’s the magic of the place. The child is going to get the best care available, but it’s going to be delivered in a facility that’s fun and convenient for the parents.”

The first time Carell entered the building, he was awestruck by the resplendence of light and color and unexpected beauty. “I cried,” he admits.

A Place for Mom’s Toothbrush

Carell’s determination that the new children’s hospital would be respectful of families presented obstacles that would have sent many design teams screaming for the exits. The University administration turned to the Family Advisory Council for help. When Holly Lu Conant Rees heard that such a group was forming, nothing would stop her from joining up to advocate for families.

Conant Rees is a petite woman, but as feisty as a tiger and as tough as hardtack. In 1983 her son Samuel was born with a rare genetic disorder, Ring Chromosome 15, which left him with multiple physical and developmental disabilities. Throughout his life Samuel has had to undergo numerous orthopedic and ear surgeries, visit scores of doctors, and schedule his life around various clinic appointments. Conant Rees is intensely familiar with the inside of a children’s hospital.

“The classic design story [from this experience] concerns space for a toothbrush. That was one thing we were not going to back down on. The fact that there’s now space for mom’s toothbrush—that matters as much to us as the hospital’s Family Resource Center, as far as meeting the needs of a family’s day-to-day, minute-to-minute experience.”

— HOLLY LU CONANT REES



Family advocate and parent
Holly Lu Conant Rees

When I knew I was going over to a more secluded and stretched out environment, I kept saying, ‘This is never going to work, this is never going to work.’ But now I love it. I can get help quicker than I thought. I can see both my babies, monitoring each one. If I’m in one baby’s room and something happens in the other baby’s room, it will flash up on my screen. I can push a button, and more people than I need will come running.

—LITA BALDWIN

She joined the Family Advisory Council in 1995, knowing that, if asked, families of children with special health-care needs could bring true expertise to the design process. “I had a kind of mind blast,” Conant Rees says. “Here was this unbelievable once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to have a very direct and broad impact on a building that was going to touch tens of thousands of lives.”

Under her leadership the council morphed into an adamant advocacy group, with a representative on each of the 28 design teams for the new hospital. Council members butted heads again and again—over the hospital logo, over the waiting areas, and particularly over the inpatient rooms.

Conant Rees says, “The classic design story [from this experience] concerns space for a toothbrush. That was one thing we were not going to back down on. The fact that there’s now space for mom’s toothbrush—that matters as much to us as the hospital’s Family Resource Center, as far as meeting the needs of a family’s day-to-day, minute-to-minute

experience.” In addition to securing a place for the toothbrush, the Family Advisory Council also lobbied for shelves over the sinks, wider showers, a refrigerator in each room, a place to plug in a laptop computer and, of course, a bed for a parent to spend the night.

Dr. Ellen Clayton, professor of pediatrics, can hardly believe the transformation in her workplace. “Look,” she says, entering an inpatient room and spreading her arms wide, “fully half this room is devoted to families. They literally have places to be. Since part of the goal of pediatrics is to empower parents to take care of kids, this space accomplishes that in a way that’s unparalleled.”

Not everyone was pleased with the tremendous expansion. While the doctors and parents were delighted, certain nurses feared they had much to lose by placing small children in private rooms. The nurses in the intensive care units fought hardest against the new configuration. Lita Baldwin, who has worked in the neonatal ICU for more than 18 years, admits she was “one of the rebels.”



NICU nurse Lita Baldwin keeps an eye on other babies electronically as she cares for one young patient.

Hannah's Story

Hannah Huth is 6 years old, has soft blonde curls and a sweet smile, and attends kindergarten at Oak Hill School. During a typical week she might go to a birthday party at a friend's house, rehearse for a school play, practice the violin, and go to an appointment at Vanderbilt Children's Hospital—something she has been doing, practically nonstop, for the past three years.

"We're frequent flyers at Vanderbilt," says Hannah's mother, Beth.

It all began the summer of 2000, just after Hannah's third birthday. She was a bright, happy and healthy youngster, and her parents had recently moved to Nashville where her father, Mike, had opened a ticket-brokering agency. In late August, her mother reports, Hannah became lethargic, sleeping for long periods. She lost interest in puzzles, in coloring, or in having her parents read to her. Concerned, Beth took her daughter to the family's pediatric group and was told Hannah probably had a "virus" and to wait it out. As weeks passed, the little girl lost her appetite, began vomiting and refused to walk. Still, her doctors believed Hannah was suffering from a lingering childhood illness that would soon pass.

"Their last words to me were, 'Give it two weeks, and if she's still sick, call us,'" Beth recalls. Instead, Beth and Mike loaded their child into the car and drove to Vanderbilt Children's Hospital. The physicians there examined Hannah and decided to have her undergo an MRI to see if they could detect what was causing her symptoms. Finally, after a two-hour wait that included "chewing every last fingernail" (the neurosurgeon who needed to speak with them was in the operating room finishing up a case), the Huths were given the bad news: Hannah had a craniopharyngioma, a benign but dangerous tumor near her pituitary gland that was creating so much cranial pressure on her optic nerve that she'd become legally blind in her right eye.

Beth says, "We went from having a beautiful, bright-eyed child to, in just a three- to four-week period, BAM! Downhill. It was incredibly bizarre."



Six-year-old Hannah Huth has been through two complicated brain surgeries.

That day, Oct. 17, 2000, Hannah was immediately admitted to VCH. Beginning at 7 the next morning, she underwent nine hours of surgery to remove the tumor, as well as the cysts it had spawned. Physicians shaved the little girl's head and prepared her parents for the worst.

"They told us she might have a speech disorder, be blind, have brain damage. They have to tell you all that information," Beth says. "But her recovery has been nothing short of miraculous. She had cranial swelling that took six months to go away. Her eye was swollen shut and was 'lazy' for nearly a year afterwards. But her sight came back. She now has better than 20/20 vision. She has no learning deficits. It's unbelievable."

Hannah does have residual affects from the craniopharyngioma and surgery. Because of damage to her endocrine system, she now takes four different types of therapeutic hormones, including growth hormones. The hormones are tough on a young person's body, so she must regularly consume medications for ulcers and stomach pain. But, says her mom, "if you met her you'd never know she had brain surgery." She is an excellent student, plays the violin, sings in the church choir, and was cast as the orphan "Molly" in her school's production of the musical "Annie."

One day her kindergarten teacher assigned her pupils to come to school dressed as a famous person. With the help of her "doctor friends" at VCH, who supplied her with a surgical hairnet, gloves, shoe covers and other hospital garb, Hannah arrived as Elizabeth Blackwell, the first American woman to receive a medical degree.

All went reasonably well until late February 2004. Hannah's parents were driving her to school when she suddenly asked, "Hey, Dad, do you see that hill? It's covered with red hearts. Look, there's a doorbell in the sky. I can grab it."

Most parents would have laughed and attributed the comments to too many cartoons, but the Huths instead called their pediatrician, Dr. Christopher Patton. After a thorough checkup during which he found no cranial pressure, vision problems, vitamin deficiencies or

alarming responses, Patton decided to schedule another MRI for Hannah, just to be on the safe side. The MRI showed another tumor was growing in Hannah's brain.

Beth says, "Without being too 'out there,' for lack of a better phrase, my husband and I truly believe it was God who helped us find this. Hannah's neurosurgeon, Dr. Reid Thompson, told us that the crazy thing about this was that the tumor was so small, it couldn't have created cranial pressure and caused her to see hallucinations. It's not even close to the optic nerve, but was suspended near the pituitary gland."

If Hannah had not had her strange visions, however, the tumor might have grown and produced cysts, and the consequences could have been far more severe. As it was, a nightmare of a day still awaited the Huths.

These types of tumors are sometimes treated with standard radiation, meaning the child undergoes short periods of radiation for 28 days to kill the tumor, but that process carries the risk of peripheral damage around the site. After much discussion and weighing of options, the Vanderbilt team of physicians instead chose to have Hannah undergo "radio surgery," even though she was a very young patient for such a procedure. During radio sur-

continued on page 87

She liked working in a big room where all the babies were together and within arm's reach should one of them get into trouble. She liked being able to call for help from nurses, doctors and respiratory therapists, who were all within immediate proximity of each other.

Baldwin recalls, "When I knew I was going over to a more secluded and stretched out environment, I kept saying, 'This is never going to work, this is never going to work.' But now I love it. I can get help quicker than I thought. I can see both my babies, monitoring each one. If I'm in one baby's room and something happens in the other baby's room, it will flash up on my screen. I can push a button, and more people than I need will come running."

ICU staff members also had expressed concerns that families might interfere with nursing duties because of their close proximity. Baldwin says, however, that this has not actually been a problem, and that parents have been willing to step back if asked to do so.

In fact, Baldwin has discovered some unforeseen advantages in the new design. Her babies, she says, benefit from the reduction in noise and are sleeping better. She also appreciates the privacy parents have when speaking with doctors, who can discuss their child's status without having everyone in the room around to hear. And, most important, Baldwin believes the rate of infection is bound to go down since adults are no longer sharing the same telephone and rocking chair,

which are now available in each room.

The new children's hospital is 400 percent larger than the old facility, and yet there is only a 30 percent increase in the number of beds. Some of the additional space supports infrastructural areas, such as the cafeteria, kitchen, radiology department, and expanded pediatric emergency room, but the majority of new space is strictly for families—thanks in part to the Family Advisory Council's unremitting efforts.

For example, the council wanted every floor to have an area where parents could seek refuge, but were turned down because that real estate needed to go towards staff and clinical uses. Undeterred, they brainstormed with designers on alternative solutions and came up with what Conant Rees

In Isolation, But No Longer Alone

Every day Avery Stevenson leaves his hospital room on the sixth floor of Vanderbilt Children's Hospital (VCH) and walks a mile. He circles the nurses station, sometimes pausing to chat with the nurses, speaks to the other patients he passes in the hallway, and checks in to see if anything interesting is happening in the activity room. "Twenty-eight times around is a mile," says 18-year-old Stevenson, "but I usually do about four extra laps, just in case."

On most hospital units, Stevenson's activity would be routine—exercise has been proven to accelerate the healing process. But in this instance, walking a mile in the hospital represents a technological breakthrough. A week earlier, Stevenson had undergone a cord blood transplant after a relapse of lymphoma. He is one of 12 patients on 6-A, the Isolation/Myelo-suppression "neighborhood" of the new hospital. The entire 6-A wing is outfitted with a state-of-the-art air filtration system that eliminates airborne germs and allows bone-marrow transplant and leukemia patients to leave their rooms despite their weakened immune systems and susceptibility to infection.

This is a seminal change in the care of

immunocompromised kids. Previously, bone-marrow transplant patients had to stay in one of five rooms equipped with individual filtration systems. Any child undergoing the risky procedure had to remain inside that specially protected room for an average of six weeks while recovering.

"It was like you were in solitary confinement without sunlight," explains Dr. Haydar Frangoul, who heads up the pediatric bone-marrow transplant program. "About 20 days after transplant, we began to prepare for what we called 'meltdown time.' The patients became edgy, emotionally upset, and cried about still being in the hospital and unable to leave their rooms. We put stationary bikes in their rooms so they could get some exercise, but that's not the same as being able to open the door and walk down the hall."

Frangoul says the staff has seen immediate psychological benefits among the myelo-suppression patients in the wing because of the rapid air-exchange system. "It's creating a community among the families. Now patients can leave their doors open, and they're still safe. In the past we had to leave the doors closed to maintain a safe environment. It has definitely increased the

patient-to-patient and family-to-family interaction."

One of the biggest controversies about the new unit was that, unlike on other floors, pediatric patients of all ages are grouped together. Caregivers have found, however, that a 15-year-old undergoing such bodily assaults as losing her hair, bloating, cramping, and being in a lock-down setting relates well to a 6-year-old having the same experience. Frangoul says, "This is a success story for our program. It was a great move. This population has a lot in common and has drastically benefited psychologically and medically from everyone being together."

In addition, he says, patients are receiving better care because a staff of skilled nurses, trained in the care of transplant patients, is now concentrated in one area. The only drawback is money. VCH has maintained a regular census of more than 20 oncology/transplant patients who would all benefit from being on 6-A, but some of them must be dispersed to other units. Although the 12-bed 6-B wing is also wired and retrofitted for the filtration system, VCH currently lacks the funds to have it installed.

—Lisa A. DuBois

calls “the little pods.” The pods are semi-circular glassed-in rooms with soft chairs, but no TV or phones—a place where family members can go to escape the beeping monitors and IV drips, somewhere to sit and think, to stare into space, to weep, and still be within shouting distance of their child. Viewed from the outside these pods appear as blue tubes that run along three corners of the hospital. The little pod, Conant Rees says, “is a shining example of the process.”

She muses, “I still feel this sense of anticipation that although the hospital is a marvel, we’ve only just begun. We’ve already built a building that is more respectful of the family than any other building you can find in this country. Does that mean we’re done? Absolutely not. Anyone involved in the design

process will tell you it was not easy and it was not quick. But soldiering through it and working out ways to compromise through some pretty violent disagreements brought us to a wonderful place. We’ve got some wonderful frontiers opening up to us now.”

Everything and Everybody

Dr. Arnold Strauss, medical director and chairman of pediatrics, is perhaps more keenly aware of these widening frontiers than any person on the planet. Ultimately, it is his responsibility to fulfill the dreams presented by a quarter-billion dollars’ worth of possibility. Already, he says, Vanderbilt is regionally renowned in such clinical programs as heart surgery, care of cancer patients—including bone-marrow transplants—and peri-

natal, or before and after birth, care. In addition, Vanderbilt has international acclaim in its contributions to research and discovery. Examples of world-class research areas include pediatric infectious diseases, vaccine development, and tracking of health-care outcomes.

“Clinical research is what distinguishes VCH from a lot of places, and that’s one of the things we’ll be able to do much better in the new building,” Strauss says. “We don’t expect or want to take care of all the children who have pneumonia, urinary tract infections or asthma. Hopefully, those children will be taken care of by their local pediatricians and rarely hospitalized. But when they get really, really sick, which they do, they need to be taken care of here at this hospital.

“On the other hand, we do want to see all the patients with chronic diseases and subspecialty problems—cystic fibrosis, kids who need heart surgery, kids with cancer, patients with birth defects, patients with rare genetic disorders. We’re the only place that can and, therefore, the only place that *should* take care of those patients in this geographic area.”

He is particularly irritated by arguments that Tennessee did not need a big new children’s hospital when St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital is right down the highway in Memphis. Strauss says, “We take care of more than 95 percent of the pediatric patients in Middle Tennessee who have cancer. St. Jude has 65 beds. We have 216 beds. We take care of everything and everybody. It doesn’t mean St. Jude doesn’t know how to take care of children with cancer. They do, and they’re very good at it. But the number of patients they serve is quite small compared to VCH.”

Within the next year or so, the number of visits in the new hospital and clinic will exceed 200,000, with children arriving from every county in Tennessee and from 40 different states. 35,000 children will enter the VCH emergency room. Strauss expects to admit around 9,000 children as inpatients. And Jacobson anticipates a 50 percent growth over the next three to four years in outpatient visits. The hospital actually may reach those numbers sooner than expected. Only three weeks after opening, every bed on the medical/surgical floors was full.



Surelle Chavez gets a ride in the myelo-suppression unit from her mom, Danielle Brusseau.

DANA JOHNSON

As a rule, children's hospitals are notoriously costly to run. In Tennessee, 45 to 50 percent of the children in the state are on TennCare, the state-subsidized insurance program for low-income families, and TennCare doesn't reimburse VCH for the full cost of many of the expensive procedures these children require. Also, between 4 to 6 percent of pediatric patients at Vanderbilt are charity cases, for whom the hospital receives no reimbursement at all.

That simply comes with the territory of being a full-service medical center, says Strauss. "Having TennCare is a heck of a lot better than not having anything, which is the situation in many other states," he insists. "Children in Tennessee have better access to care than in almost any other state because of TennCare. And they can receive quality care because we're willing to take care of them."

Jacobson adds that because VCH is the only full-service provider in Middle Tennessee, it is very attractive to payers and will therefore be included on every employer's health insurance plan. He is optimistic that VCH will break the mold. Even with so many children on TennCare and even with so many charity cases, he believes the hospital can be run so that it has a black bottom line. "It won't make a lot of money, but it won't lose money. It won't require an ongoing subsidy," he predicts.

One of the major bonuses of the new building is easier recruitment of talented faculty in pediatric subspecialties, an area of medicine that is extremely competitive right now. With the proper faculty, Strauss is ready to chart new horizons, such as starting a program to address eating disorders—which the Nashville Junior League is supporting through philanthropic funds—along with other developmental, behavioral and mental issues. He wants to expand the transplant program to include liver transplants. He intends to further the perinatal care program to better incorporate management and care of mothers and fetuses. And, because children comprise one-third of all patients transported by LifeFlight to Vanderbilt, he envisions improving the pediatric trauma unit of the hospital.

"We Gain Life!"

Undoubtedly, the easiest solution to the problem of children's health would have been *not* to build a hospital. The easiest solution would have been to add on services bit by bit, to wait for better economic times, to let pediatric medicine in Middle Tennessee flow away from 21st Avenue, gambling that less gargantuan measures could be taken down the road.

Even if that would have been the easiest solution, Monroe Carell, for one, believes it would have been the wrong one. "[With this hospital] we gain life!" he says. "We gain life for thousands of children who would either die or would have to be transported hundreds of miles to receive comparable care. They would have been born at 22 weeks gestation with heart and lung problems, and they would have died. They would have had leukemia and needed a bone marrow transplant, and where would they have gone? If they could afford it, they'd have gone to some children's hospital in Boston or Houston. And when you think about people who have children, they're typically young people who don't have the money to travel thousands of miles. When you save the life of a child, you save 60 to 75 years of productivity for the world."

Whatever debates brought it to this point, the freestanding Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at Vanderbilt is now a reality. With hope in their pockets, children are streaming into its wide-open doors. The people who fought so hard to make this happen don't have the luxury of catching their collective breath and reflecting on what they've achieved. Instead, all they can do is aim yet higher, reaching as far and dreaming as big as they dare. ▼

Lisa A. DuBois has been a free-lance writer since 1985, and over the course of her career has penned stories for newspapers, magazines, radio and video. She has worked as a regular contributor to the now-defunct Nashville Banner daily newspaper, the weekly Nashville Scene and, most recently, the daily Tennessean, among other publications. A native of Greenville, S.C., Lisa resides in Nashville with her husband, Ray, who is on the faculty at Vanderbilt Medical Center.

Pediatric Emergency Trans

Somewhere a baby is born prematurely and has drastic cardiac and respiratory problems. Or a 5-year-old has been hurt in a terrible car crash. Or a young girl has gone into diabetic shock. Or a teenager has been shot in a hunting accident. In each case these children have needed to get to Vanderbilt Children's Hospital. Stat.

Nearly everyone in Middle Tennessee has heard the hum of *whup, whup, whup* and looked up to see a familiar black, gold and white helicopter churning across the sky, its rotors cutting a swath through the ambient noise of the city. This is Vanderbilt's LifeFlight helicopter, dispatched to transport a critically ill or injured patient either to or from the hospital.

Over the last 20 years, LifeFlight has completed 20,000 missions, safely ferrying children and adults in need of specialized emergency care to Vanderbilt University Medical Center. But these emergency transport vehicles are only one part of the story—and one component of an ambitious plan set out by Vanderbilt Children's Hospital (VCH) Medical Director Arnold Strauss: "If there's a baby (or child) anywhere in this world who needs to come to Vanderbilt Children's Hospital, then we'll have a means to get that child here."

According to Neonatal Outreach Coordinator Cheryl Major, the opening of the new VCH has sparked this new way of thinking. "We now have the capacity to extend our reach," she says. "We don't have any limitations. With more operating rooms we now have the capacity to do more operations. We have more ICU beds and more pediatric critical-care beds, and we have a better transport system so those patients can get here. We also now have the facilities to support the families who are displaced because of these illnesses and injuries. That's what makes this exciting. We now have the capacity to accommodate additional patients who need our services."

To meet Dr. Strauss' goal of global response, VCH is configuring an intricate network of both ground and air emergency vehicles that can be dispatched within 15 to 30 minutes of get-

port: Going Above and Beyond

ting a call. The emergency transport armamentarium includes four LifeFlight helicopters as well as LifeFlight fixed-wing aircraft (either a propeller airplane or Lear jet) specifically designed to carry Vanderbilt emergency experts long distances. Since being introduced last year, fixed-wing aircraft have completed more than 100 transports, frequently flying to North Carolina, Florida and Kentucky, but also traveling as far away as Egypt and Mexico to bring critically injured patients to Vanderbilt. According to LifeFlight Director Jeanne Yeat-

of course, pediatric patients brought to the emergency department by other means.

“What I’m proudest of is our coordinated, multidisciplinary approach to the transport of pediatric patients,” says Dr. Kevin Churchwell, director of pediatric emergency transport. “The Angel Ambulance people talk to and work with LifeFlight, and LifeFlight nurses work with the staffs in the PICU (pediatric intensive care unit) and the PED (pediatric emergency department) for the transport, coordination and follow-up of these patients.”

when the mother is well enough to travel to Vanderbilt. Before leaving, the mother is given a t-shirt that says, “My child took her first ride on the Guardian Angel.”

LifeFlight has honed its own unique systematic response. Nurses are dual-trained in both pediatric and adult care, and are also licensed as EMTs or paramedics. In the past they were all dispatched from the helipad atop Vanderbilt University Hospital. Recently, however, LifeFlight bases have been set up not only in Nashville, but also in Clarksville, Shelbyville and Lebanon, Tenn., cutting the response time and enabling the helicopters to shuttle a patient to Vanderbilt that much faster.

Yet, because the VCH helipad has not been completed, says Churchwell, the system is not as streamlined as it should be. LifeFlight helicopters transporting children still must land on the 11th floor of the main hospital. The child is admitted and stabilized there, then carried down seven flights to the fourth floor, and taken across the corridor connecting Vanderbilt Hospital to VCH where the awaiting pediatric-emergency or intensive-care personnel take over. The total distance is about a quarter of a mile.

“What would be optimal is for them to land on the new Children’s Hospital and take the elevator down to where they need to go,” Churchwell says. “We could cut down the transport time for that patient who has critical needs, and who could have a critical event, from 10 or 15 minutes to five minutes.”

To date, there is no set time for beginning construction of the VCH helipad, although builders estimate it will take nine months to complete once construction begins. Says Tanya Lieber, VCH director of development, “We’ve had a gracious donor step forward with a gift of \$100,000 toward completion of the helipad. However, we need a total of about \$1 million to build it out. So we’re still short \$900,000 to make it possible and are actively looking for donors to fill that need. The helipad is a priority for us.”

—Lisa A. DuBois



Alexus Weatherford is one of an estimated 9,000 inpatients expected to be admitted to Vanderbilt Children’s Hospital this year.

man, last year LifeFlight flew more than 2,100 missions, and 20 percent of those calls were for pediatric patients.

In addition, the pediatric emergency ground transportation system, which has been in operation for nearly 30 years, now includes the Guardian Angel Ambulance for transporting newborns and infants, and the soon-to-be-introduced Earth Angel, specifically designed for the emergency care of children and adults. Says Major, “In 2003 we performed 433 critical-care transports of babies who needed immediate help and were transported to us before they could go home.”

In other words, between LifeFlight and the Angel Ambulances, VCH is averaging two long-distance emergency transports of infants and children *per day*. These numbers do not include,

In a business where every second counts, a fluid system of communication is essential. When a doctor in a rural county delivers a baby who is having problems, for example, that physician must make only one call to have the Angel Ambulance dispatched, and a team, including a licensed nurse practitioner, responds immediately.

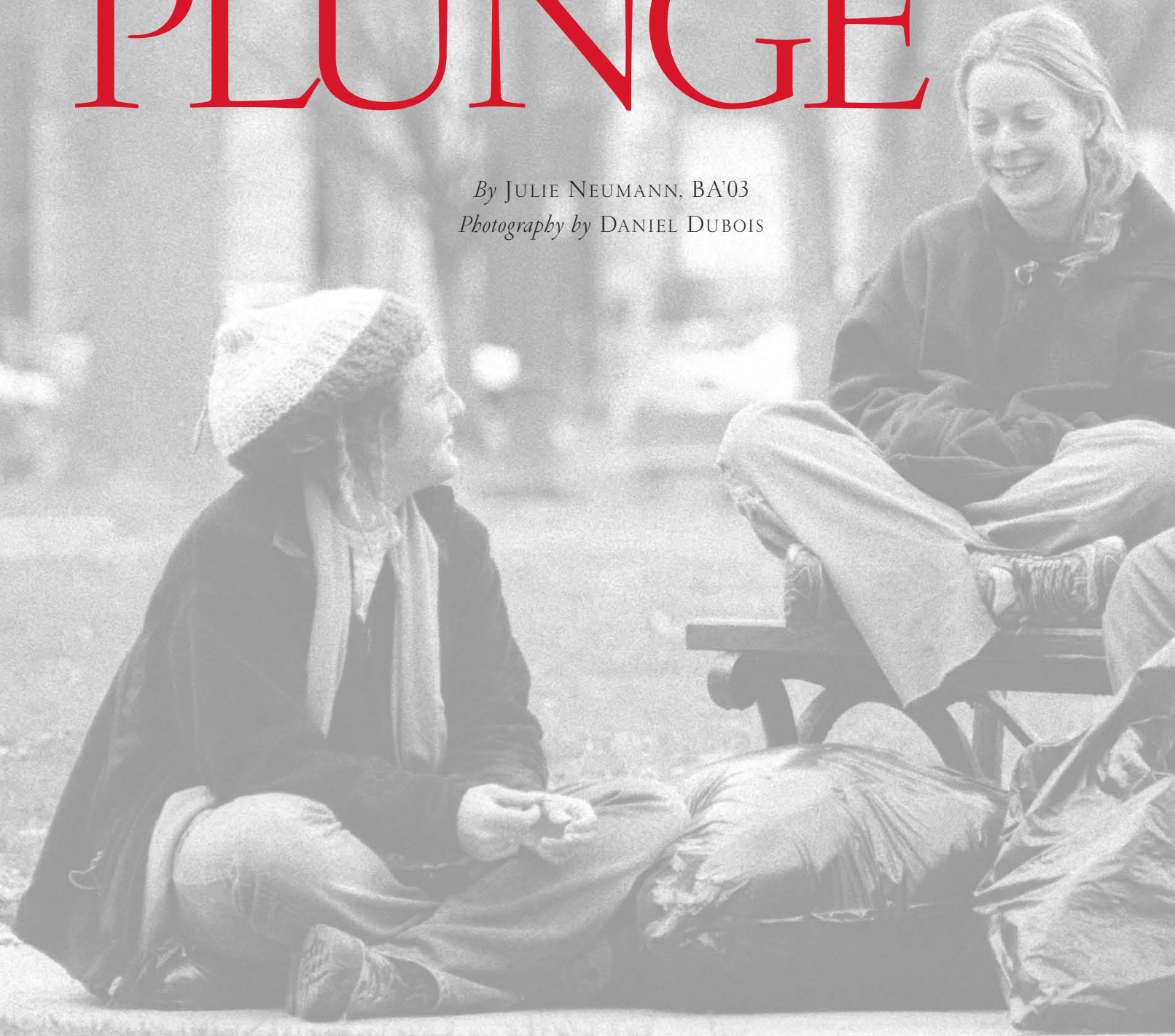
Major says, “I want to emphasize that when we get that call, we take down the information, and we help them manage the baby while we’re on the way. Communication is continuous.”

Once the team arrives they immediately begin managing the care of the infant, placing the baby into a special portable incubator while also explaining to the parent where the baby will be admitted, whom to call to learn about their child’s status, and where to go

URBAN PLUNGE

Homelessness becomes reality

*By JULIE NEUMANN, BA'03
Photography by DANIEL DUBOIS*





for 12 students who take to the streets during their spring break.

DAVID HARRIS SPEAKS SOFTLY and eloquently, each word chosen with the care of a true poet. This beautiful voice does not fit the rest of the picture. His face is dark and weathered with carefully guarded eyes. An oversized jacket covers multiple layers of sweaters and shirts. More telling is the defeated hunch in his shoulders, his hesitance to make eye contact. David's intelligence and kindness are never realized by most of the world because he is homeless.

“One of the first things you have to do when in service is get to know the people you are serving,” says Randy Smith, a Nashvillian who has volunteered with Alternative Spring Break (ASB) at Vanderbilt for more than a decade. “You have to get down into the streets, you have to know who it is you are working with. Once you get to know them, you get to love them. And once you start to love them, then you can serve them.”

Twelve Vanderbilt students spent their spring break getting to know David, his friends, and their struggle with homelessness. The ASB group went to Washington, D.C., to speak with their elected officials about homelessness issues, to work in soup kitchens, and to take an “Urban Plunge,” a program developed through the National Coalition for the Homeless in which participants live as homeless people for 48 hours. They arrived in the nation’s capital with open minds and good intentions, and left with a new understanding of what it means not only to have a home, but to be a human being.

MARCH 9

The Night Before the Urban Plunge

The Father McKenna Center is an unassuming brick building several blocks away from Capitol Hill. It serves as a shelter for homeless men, a Catholic church, and the base of operations for ASB’s first-ever Urban Plunge. For the past three nights, the students have slept between pews in the chapel, waking up every morning at 5:45 to clear out before morning mass.

Carol Carrillo, Meghan Dukes, John Goodell, Betty Lackey, Jake Brewer and Jon Boughtin sit around a table in the center’s industrial-sized kitchen making sandwiches. They have just returned from a series of meetings with senators and representatives regarding a bill to protect the rights of homeless individuals.



Meghan Dukes

“No one should have to live like this. This isn’t humane. It kills your soul.”



Panhandling their way through the business district, Jake Brewer and Kerry McAuliffe encounter rejection and occasional small kindnesses. “Each time somebody says no to you it builds up, like a punch to the face,” says Kerry.

Tomorrow morning they will begin their Plunge. They will live on the streets for two days without money, food, showers or shelter.

“This morning we met with the National Coalition for the Homeless, and they told us how to prepare clothing-wise so that we

fit the stereotypical appearance,” says Meghan, a senior from rural Madisonville, Ky. “But emotionally and mentally, I don’t think you can really get too much instruction.” Meghan’s goal is to open up to the homeless people with whom she comes in contact, to let them know she views them as her equal, and is interested in who they are beyond their present circumstances.

John, a D.C. native who is on his fourth ASB trip, is making a conscious effort to enter the Urban Plunge without any preconceived expectations. “The only thing I expect is to try to walk in someone else’s shoes just for a little bit.

“There are two Americas—the America you see all the time and the America you don’t. I’d like to take a few days on my break to discover how the other side views things.”

Ron puts more bread and cookies on the table. He is overly conscientious, apologizing for the lack of food while offering more options than the students can possibly eat. Now an employee of the Father McKenna Center, he spent a year living on the streets and staying in the shelter. “This was my safe haven,” says Ron. “They opened their doors to me, offered some hope.”

He believes the Urban Plunge program is a powerful experience for the participants, and that ultimately it helps people such as himself. Two days is just long enough to get a glimpse of the degrading conditions he suffered. It was easy to get food and a place to sleep, he explains, but being able to shower and go to the bathroom was nearly impossible.

“I would choose not to interact with other people. I could smell my own stench so I knew you can smell it too, and you don’t want that near you. I don’t want it near me either, but it is me, and that is so degrading.”

Ron says the longer someone is on the streets, the worse it becomes, the farther they fall out of society. “Homeless people want to present themselves to humanity as human beings. Instead they are monsters. People walk past them like they are dead, like they aren’t even there.”

MARCH 10 — Day One

11:30 a.m.

The sky is flat and gray, the frigid air threatening to turn the fine mist into ice. John, Meghan, Ben Diop and Brittany Murray follow their guide, David Harris, as he walks toward the Church of the Brethren, one of the few soup kitchens that serves lunch. The students are clothed in sweat pants and old jackets, with dirt smeared across their cheeks and underneath their fingernails, and large garbage bags slung over their shoulders. They already look worn down.

“We just walked past all the places we went yesterday,” John says. “You don’t notice it when someone doesn’t look at you normally, but we really noticed it today. They make an effort not to look.”

A set of rules is posted on the door to the soup kitchen: “No drinking, no drugs, no fighting. Eating here is a privilege.” The group gathers folding chairs and waits for the meal to be served.

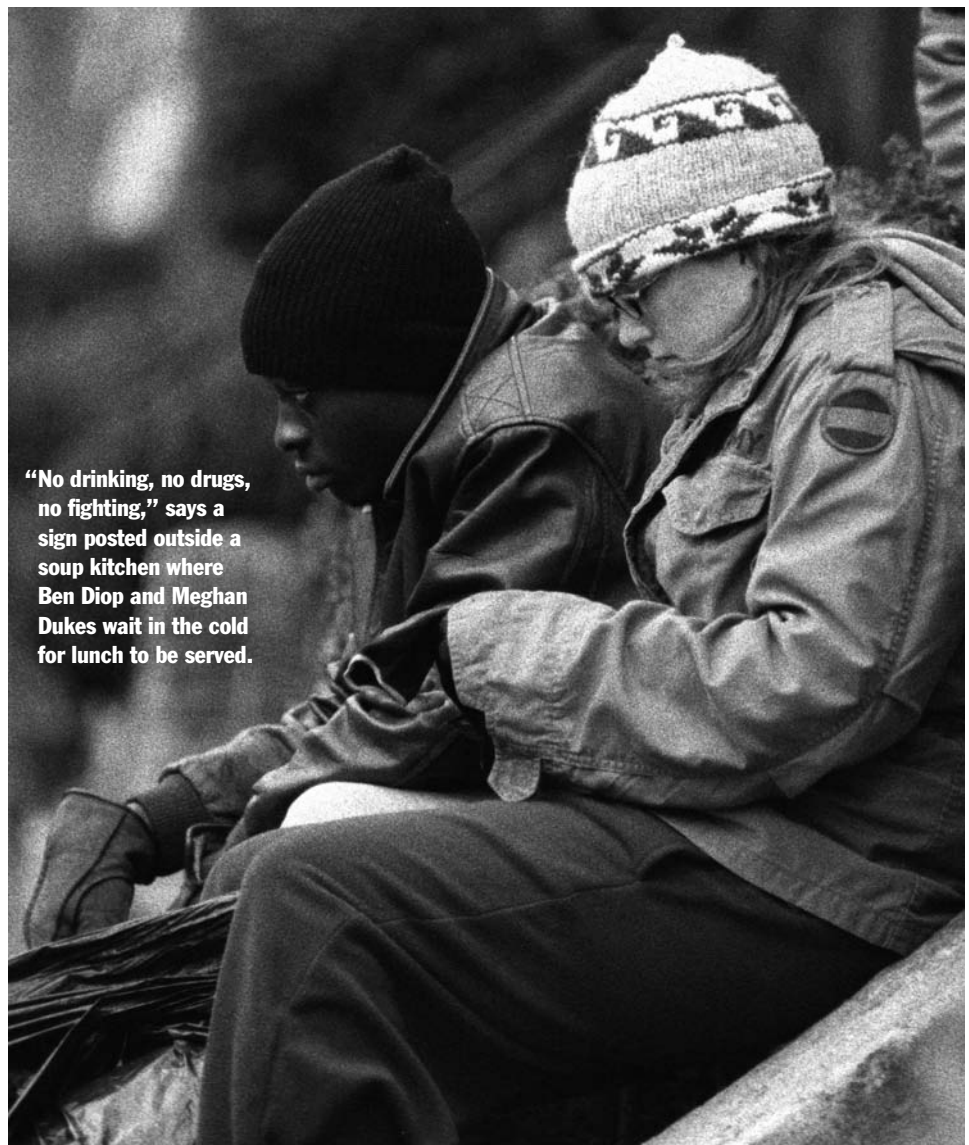
David is quietly observing his group. He has been homeless for three years since congenital heart disease and a stroke left him jobless. Since then he has struggled with ongoing health problems and depression, but is actively overcoming his problems. Having led more than 40 people through their Plunge, he is one of the most experienced guides working with the Coalition.

“Urban Plunge gives me an opportunity to help others,” he says. “I live in a shelter, I am fed in soup kitchens, I live off help from others. That is really hard on my self-esteem.

I worked for 20 years, and now someone else takes care of me. So I like to help when I can.”

He has observed that one of the most emotional experiences for Urban Plunge participants is when they have to panhandle for the first time. “They aren’t used to being ignored like that,” he says. “It’s a little different [for them than for actual homeless people] because they don’t need the money and they know in two days they will be OK, but it is still degrading. They say they will never forget that feeling of being dismissed as a human being. I could tell them what it feels like, but nothing compares to being the person holding out that cup.”

Lunch is ready. A kitchen worker declares that sandwich toppings are limited, but they can eat as much bread as they want. Vitamins are passed out as well.



“No drinking, no drugs, no fighting,” says a sign posted outside a soup kitchen where Ben Diop and Meghan Dukes wait in the cold for lunch to be served.

Urban Plunge guides say the experience of being dismissed as a human being is difficult for most students. “I can tell people don’t want me to come near them,” says Kerry McAuliffe.



“Homeless people want to present themselves to humanity as human beings. Instead they are monsters. People walk past them like they are dead, like they aren’t even there.”



David softly adds that he has a good feeling about this group. The students eat in silence, unsure when their next meal will be or if the weather will take a turn for the worse once they return to the streets.

2 p.m.

They are unrecognizable. Huddled together on a park bench in DuPont Circle, Kerry McAuliffe and Jake become invisible behind their dirty jackets and a cardboard sign used to solicit handouts. Both have their eyes closed,

trying to rest after a long morning of panhandling near 19th Street and the George Washington University campus. The business people and students they approach have an eerie familiarity; they are begging from people who could easily be their parents or their friends.

“It’s like asking yourself for money, and you say no,” says Jake. “It’s more surprising when people actually say yes.”

One woman gave them half her sandwich and cash; a student from George Washing-

ton University gave them directions and offered money as well. These kindnesses have made a much deeper impression than being turned down.

“I feel guilty asking for money,” says Jake. The experience is giving him an insight into emotions of those who panhandle to survive. “You swallow your pride ... it is humbling.”

Kerry is having a more difficult time interacting with the people they pass. “Each time someone says no to you it builds up, like a punch to the face,” she says. “After a while it is easy to get depressed. It makes me really sad, not for myself of course but for homeless people, because no one treats you like a real person.”

Putting on the mask of homelessness is like entering another country where you don’t speak the language or understand the culture. A wall is between you and the people passing by—invisible, yet substantial as concrete.

When a man walks by with a little black

dog, Kerry visibly resists the urge to reach out and pet it. “Usually, I’ll go up and pet any dog that walks by. I love them. But now I feel bad; I can tell people don’t want me to come near them.”

The two of them begin to walk back through the business district. They have no place to go; no one is expecting them. They simply move because there is nothing else to do.

7 p.m.

John Harrison slowly takes off his layers and spreads out his belongings at a booth in McDonald’s. He often comes here because the food is cheap and the workers will let him stay inside in the warmth as long as he purchases something. It was an ideal place to take his group of Kerry, Jake, William Banks and Kristina Ronneberg for dinner.

The students share their panhandling money so that everyone can eat. Jake and Kerry are surprised that they collected more than \$30, and John attests that if they were really homeless, success likely would not be so easy. “You guys look fresh, so people will treat you differently,” he says. He pulls up his sleeves to show the contrast between his raw hands and pallid arms and theirs. “You just can’t replicate living outside all winter. The way you guys look, people would think there is still hope.”

John adds his own stash of Oreos to the spread of fries and hamburgers. Everyone shares what they have, suddenly aware of the necessity and comfort of food. They discuss the merits of Urban Plunge while they eat.

“The real value of this is not that the kids will go on to work in soup kitchens or give a couple bucks to some guy at the bus station,” John says. “Maybe they will continue with their studies in psychology and come across a report that says 30 percent of the homeless population suffers from schizophrenia. They will have a deeper understanding of homelessness and bring that to everything they do.”

Soon the group must head back into the cold. John attends Alcoholics Anonymous meetings every night as part of his agreement with the shelter he lives in, and he has invited the group to join him. “AA is a great support for me, but sometimes it can be a pain to run to meetings every single day,” he says

as he repacks his bag. “But this shelter has lockers, which is really nice. Most of these shelters are crazy places—you turn around and someone steals your soap off your bed. The locker is great; it lets you relax a little.”

11:15 p.m.

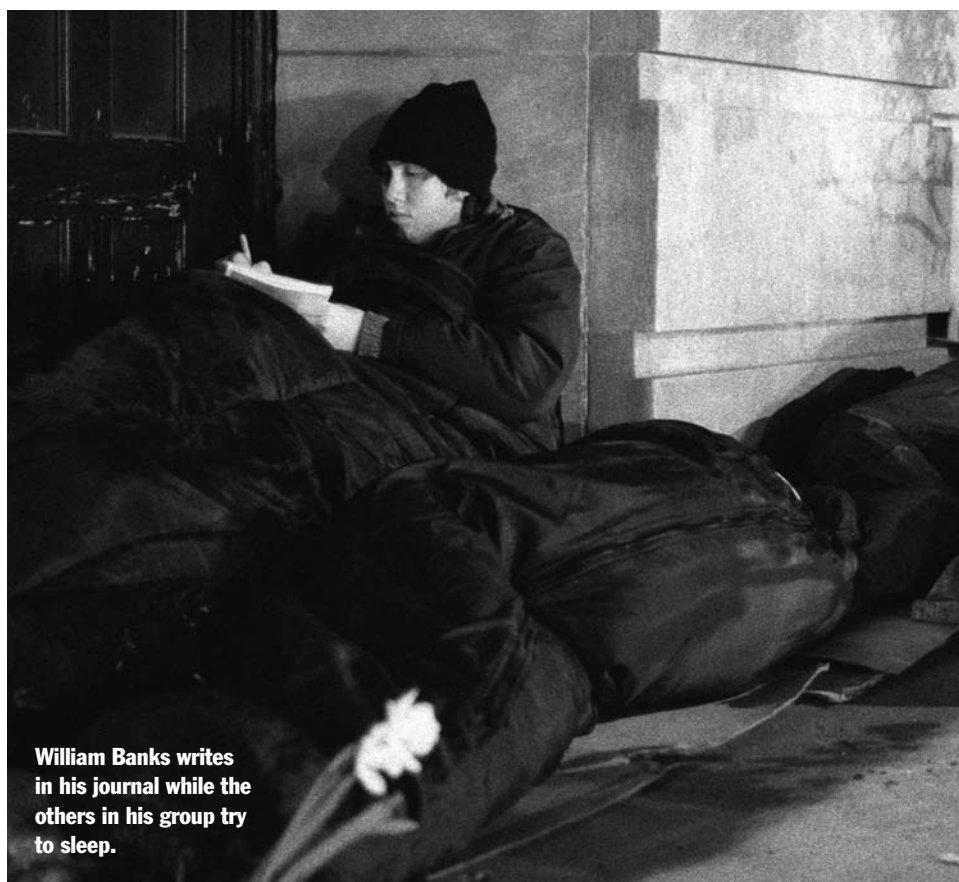
John’s group has already moved once tonight. Fearful that the rain would return in the middle of the night, they had planned to sleep beneath the wide blue awnings on the side of a bank, but a security guard kicked them out. Now they are settled in a small church courtyard. There is no cover from the elements, but they know they will not be turned away from a church.

The temperature is already in the low 30s,

On the other side of town, Meghan is curled up at the foot of an office building. “This is without a doubt the most miserable experience I’ve ever had,” she says. “It’s so cold. In normal life you just grab another layer, go inside, reach your destination. We have nowhere to go.”

She and Brittany lie between John Goodell and Ben, using their shoes for pillows. The only cardboard they could find to use as mattresses was covered in rotten cabbage, and the smell permeates their sleeping bags. They huddle close to one another to take advantage of body heat.

“No one should have to live like this,” adds Meghan. “This isn’t humane. It kills your soul.”



William Banks writes in his journal while the others in his group try to sleep.

but the group was able to pick up thick wool blankets from the hypothermia prevention van that patrols the D.C. area when it drops below freezing. Despite the long day, no one believes they will fall asleep easily. Lying next to Kristina in a doorway, William writes in his journal, trying to organize his thoughts so he can sleep in peace.

MARCH 11 — Day Two

6:30 a.m.

Jon is awakened by the boot of a policeman. The officer orders him to get up, and proceeds to move towards the other members of his group. “There is just an overwhelming feeling of not belonging anywhere,” he says.

Similar kicks and thrown newspapers

“Hour by hour I watched and felt the worst that people could be to each other, and five minutes later marveled at the most benevolent and beautiful acts of kindness I had ever seen. It was awful and beautiful at the same time.”



wake up Meghan and Brittany. They try to use the bathroom at a Starbucks but are asked to leave. Finally, they find a deli where the manager has his back turned and run into the restrooms before they can be stopped. Chilled to the bone from the frigid night, the two girls take their time, trying to absorb the warmth before a long day of walking through the cold city.

1 p.m.

Complete exhaustion is settling in. Jon and Danny Marin took turns staying up to watch over Betty and Carol the night before. Even

though they slept outside a nice bank close to the White House, drug dealers and prostitutes were continuously walking past them, suspicious of the large group huddled together on the sidewalk.

Jon has tried to panhandle with little success. More humiliating than his empty pockets are the empty stares from people who pass by.

“Before this I thought stopping for a fraction of a second to give someone a dollar was making a difference, but what they really wanted was for me to keep my wallet in my pocket and ask how they were doing,” he says.

“Two different homeless people told me when someone says ‘good morning,’ that is when they become human, that is when they become part of the world.”

11:45 p.m.

Both David Harris’ and John Harrison’s groups are preparing to sleep in the church courtyard on their final night of the Urban Plunge. As they leave to get food and blankets, they refer to returning to this spot as “getting home.” The students are beginning to create their own community, a trait they share with the homeless people with whom they spent their day.

A stranger takes pity on Jake Brewer and hands him spare change.



“Normally, when people ask you how you’re doing, you just say ‘fine’; you don’t really answer the question,” Jake says. “But I’ve noticed that when these guys ask each other that question, they really want to know. And they really answer.”

Kerry says everyone she has talked to on the streets and in shelters was genuinely concerned about her. “One woman talked to me for a long time and then hugged me, genuinely hugged me,” she says. “They watch out for us.”

As they share their stories from the past two days, the large group attracts the attention of two homeless men who wander over to the church. They recognize that the students are not truly homeless, and one begins to lecture them on what it is like to have to live every day on the streets.

“I know you are trying to learn something, to know something, but this is no kind of life. This is the richest, most powerful country in the world, and look at us with no homes and no jobs and no one is helping. It is no kind of life at all.”

MARCH 12

The Morning After

The groups meet at the National Coalition for the Homeless headquarters where they say goodbye to their guides and donate the majority of their clothes and blankets before heading to John Goodell’s home in suburban D.C.

Though they are no longer pretending to be homeless, they are still treated as if they are. At the subway station, their polite gestures are ignored. Metro passengers peek at their matted hair and garbage bags with distrust. They are still different, somehow not quite human. The commuters shift uneasily to avoid the possibility of physical contact.

When they exit the subway in a beautiful neighborhood, the perfectly manicured lawns and well-kept houses make them more self-conscious of their dirtiness. Once they reach John’s house, their first instinct is to run for the bathrooms. The smell of a home-cooked meal is overpowered by their odor.

“I am tired and smelly, and I want a shower more than anything,” Betty says.

Street Smarts

“We think more about the fact that we are going to change someone else a lot more than we will be changed ourselves,” Randy Smith tells the ASB students when they return to Vanderbilt.



Kristina Ronneberg and John Harrison share the McDonald’s french fries they were able to buy with panhandling money.

None of the readings or films they studied had truly prepared the Urban Plunge group for the reality of being homeless. For two days they were shut out by society, and even though the gate has been reopened and they have been welcomed back, many cannot walk back into their old lives.

“I am having a really hard time readjusting,” says Meghan. “It’s impossible to articulate what we saw, how it felt, and we only went through two days of it. Yesterday it got so cold, and I couldn’t stop thinking about David sleeping outside in D.C. I just can’t push that aside. But I don’t know how to help, either. Just going to a soup kitchen won’t be enough for me.”

Though Meghan is struggling to find a way to apply her passionate feelings, John already sees a place for the experience in his

future career. “Now I feel a strong, emotional connection to the homeless,” says John, who plans to be a human-rights advocacy lawyer. “Do I think I could fight for homeless people without walking in their shoes? Yes. Would I have been as effective? Absolutely not.”

The ache of homelessness goes far beyond missing a house in which to live. In that exposed condition, a desire to be treated with respect often outweighs the physical needs. More than just learning what it feels like to sleep on sidewalks with an empty stomach, the students saw humanity stripped down to its most basic components.

“Hour by hour I watched and felt the worst that people could be to each other, and five minutes later marveled at the most benevolent and beautiful acts of kindness I had ever seen,” remembers Jake. “It was awful and beautiful at the same time. Looking back, though, it seems there was far more of the latter.” ▼

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The Girl Can't

*Whether she's on stage or in
print, Marshall Chapman*

ROCKS



Help It

By PAUL KINGSBURY, BA'80

IT'S FRIDAY THE 13TH AND THE NIGHT BEFORE Valentine's Day. As the clock strikes 7, Marshall Chapman, BA'71, looks a little edgy. Her book-signing gig at the Borders bookstore on Nashville's West End Avenue should be starting any minute now, but so far only a handful of people have congregated near the little stage in the store's cafe. Marshall—a tall, slender woman with an unruly mane of wavy blonde hair, dressed in black sweater and knit pants—has a private tête à tête among the bookshelves with Jeff, the Borders employee in charge of the book signing, and they decide to wait and see if a few more stragglers show.

They do. Fifteen minutes later, the tables are all filled, and a standing-room crowd has materialized huddling around the periphery as Marshall straps on her black Takamine acoustic guitar and launches into her version of a book signing. It includes a few of the songs she's written; some readings from her book, a memoir titled *Goodbye, Little Rock and Roller*, published last September by St. Martin's Press; and lots of Q&A, taking any and all Q's and dispensing some very frank and funny A's.

At one point she debuts a song she says she's just finished and never performed in public before. "I figure this is gonna be a big seasonal hit, kind of like 'Frosty the Snowman,'" she wisecracks, just before singing her new comical ode to the flu, complete with her own high-pitched *er-ee, er-ee* squeaks in the middle. "That's the instrumental break, y'all," she deadpans. "Those are the germs." OK, it may not be the next big thing on the

charts, but Marshall knows she's got this audience in the palm of her hand.

"I'm just makin' this up as I go along," she tells the crowd.

In the most recent edition of the *Vanderbilt Alumni Directory*, Marshall Chapman is listed as "Writer, Recording Artist, self-employed." That she is. She has been a working singer and songwriter pretty much since she graduated from Vanderbilt. She hasn't become rich in the music business, but she's done all right for herself.

Here are some of the things Marshall Chapman has accomplished in music. She's recorded eight albums since 1977, some of them for major companies like Epic Records and Island Records. She's written more than 250 songs that have been recorded by Jimmy Buffett, John Hiatt, Emmylou Harris, Olivia Newton-John, Wynonna Judd and others.

Her song "Betty's Bein' Bad," a major hit for country band Sawyer Brown, has been played more than a million times, according to licensing agency BMI. In 1978 Marshall earned a *Stereo Review* Record of the Year award for her album *Jaded Virgin*.

Here are some of the things she hasn't done. She hasn't recorded a million-selling record or a No. 1 single. In fact, few of her own recordings have ever made the charts (although many songs she has written for others have). At one point in the late '70s, though, when Marshall was getting rave reviews in the *New York Times*, the *Village Voice*, and other major print outlets, she seemed on the verge of becoming a national star. But somehow it didn't happen. She was a woman doing rock 'n' roll, out of Nashville, when both of those things were considered oddities. Two strikes against her right at the start. I asked Dave Hickey—Schaeffer Professor of Mod-



ALAN MESSER

**It doesn't matter
Where you're coming from
It doesn't matter
What damage was done;
We're all on a journey
Our goal is the same
We're gonna be happy
Like children again;
So be your own parent
And treat yourself good
It's never too late
To have a happy
childhood.**

"Happy Childhood" by Marshall Chapman and Terri Sharp
© 1990 Tall Girl Music (BMI). Administered by Bug.
Sony/ATV Acuff Rose Music (BMI). Administered by
Sony/ATV Music.

I started thinking to myself ... You know, rock & roll music Makes me want to lose it all I can't keep my hands

ern Letters at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas, a MacArthur Award Fellow and, more to the point, Marshall's boyfriend from 1976 to 1980—what happened.

"First of all, she had the misfortune to be trapped between Nashville and New York with her record company at the time," he says via phone from Las Vegas. "And also we were making music, but we weren't really thinking about having careers. We were happy enough just being outsiders, I think." (At the time, Hickey was working as a journalist and co-writing songs with Marshall.)

"But I'll tell you what," continues Hickey, "she is as good a rock 'n' roll singer as I've ever seen—onstage, just playing rock 'n' roll. And really, honestly, I've seen them all. She's up there with Mick Jagger and Rod Stewart and Steven Tyler for onstage charisma.

"I just think they didn't know what they had. Nobody ever did. And as a consequence, I don't think she has made a representative record."

Despite the record-business frustrations, Marshall kept living the nocturnal, chemically fueled rock 'n' roll life for all it was worth well into the '80s. "I never had planned to live past 40," she says during an interview at her Nashville home. "I had no Plan B. The way I was living, I was just heading down that old Janis Joplin road. I just wanted to go out in a blaze of glory. I didn't care. And then I woke up, and I'm 39, getting ready to turn 40, and I think, Holy shit, I don't have a backup plan. So I just checked myself into a treatment center. Because I wasn't happy. My late 30s were really kind of rough."

It's crunch time, and Marshall is on the spot. She looks down, squares her shoulders, clears her throat a little, takes a deep breath, and lets fly.

Swish. "Woow! Nothin' but *net!*" Her long-range shot from the right baseline just inside the three-point line puts her on top. Marshall has just beaten me, a guy almost a decade younger, two out of three in H-O-R-S-E, the old basketball playground game of matching shots where each missed shot earns the miss—er a letter, starting with H. First to spell HORSE

loses. "Good game," she says, shaking hands, flashing a wide grin. She's a born competitor, but she's careful not to rub it in.

It's a chilly Thursday afternoon in early December, and Marshall has agreed to meet me to shoot some hoops. I was thinking maybe a nearby Y, but Marshall has a better idea: She checks with Vanderbilt men's basketball coach Kevin Stallings and gets us into Memorial Gym, where we have the court all to ourselves. "This is like church to me," she says at one point, gazing around the cathedral-like expanse of the 1952 gym. She mentions how much she likes the recent renovation of Memorial and points out where she and her longtime boyfriend, Dr. Christopher Fletcher, have two season-ticket seats in the front row in one corner. The two seats constitute their own minirow. "I call them 'the Love Seats,'" she says. She and Fletcher are big fans of Vanderbilt athletics, particularly women's basketball. They're such committed supporters that they not only attend all the home games, but they regularly drive or fly to the team's road games.

Marshall starts off the shooting match a little gingerly, taking a few minutes to warm up and start getting in her rhythm. Decker out comfortably in sweats and tennis shoes, she looks relaxed and in her element. She complains a little that she's out of shape and hasn't been playing much lately. But once a player, always a player, and there's no doubt Marshall's a player. She can still twirl a basketball on one finger, and she can palm the slightly smaller women's basketball in one hand. She also has an easy grace on the court, and she knows the lingo. "What a brick!" she chuckles ruefully when one of her shots clangs off the rim. "Choke!" she yells when she fails to match one of my shots.

Marshall's well known around the basketball program. In 1994 she endowed Vanderbilt's first scholarship for the women's basketball team. "I thought, if this will help women's basketball, then I want to do it. It was really a symbolic thing for me because I think I was a good athlete, and I grew up at a time when there was no arena for my talent."

Marshall, as it turns out, was a star basketball player as a youngster. I find out later,

from her mother, that Marshall was asked to play on the junior high *boys'* team in her hometown of Spartanburg, S.C.—and this was in the 1960s. (Her father said definitely not.) Later, when Marshall got to Vanderbilt, women didn't have their own varsity basketball team. Title IX, which mandated gender equality in school academics and athletics, didn't become law until 1972, the year after she graduated. So Marshall pledged Theta and played intramural basketball. And she channeled some of those sharp-shooting instincts into a career as a songwriter and a singer.

A couple weeks earlier, Marshall is in her element at Nashville's Bluebird Cafe. On a frosty Saturday night in late November, the little storefront music club is filled to its small capacity with Marshall Chapman fans of just about all ages and types. Couples young and old on dates. Tables of college girls. Tables of middle-aged women. Single men. A couple of families with children. Chancellor Gee and Constance Gee have a front-row seat. About a hundred people in all.

Marshall used to be a perennial presence in Nashville music clubs, but she doesn't perform live nearly as much as she used to, even in Nashville. And this night is special because she's performing with a band, something she used to do all the time, but has done very little of in the past five years. She's cut back on her live performing because she's spent much of the last few years writing not songs but her book. True, since *Goodbye, Little Rock and Roller* was published last September, she has spent much of the fall on the road, but instead of strapping on her guitar in smoky bars, she's been putting on her reading glasses and revisiting passages of her prose in bookstores around the country. Tonight her rare appearance with her some-time band, the Love Slaves, is an opportunity to promote the book. But it is also an opportunity to cut loose and play for the sheer fun of it.

The Love Slaves—guitarists Tim Krekel and Danny Flowers trading off leads and electric rhythm, Jackie Street on bass, Lynn Williams on drums—are a veteran band and a well-oiled machine. The music they play

off of nothing That's gonna turn me on. I try to use my head But then I follow my hands instead.

"Don't Leave This Girl Alone" by Marshall Chapman © 1978 Enoree Music (BMI). Administered by Bug.

with Marshall is a hybrid, hard to pigeonhole. The clever wordplay is reminiscent of good country music, but the groove and drive sound more like the Rolling Stones. On this night, Marshall's low contralto voice is a little ragged sometimes on the high notes, but it goes down rough and warm like good bourbon. Marshall is in complete command, able to simmer the band down with just a hushed aside of "easy now." When she decides to tell one of her colorful stories mid-song, the Love Slaves keep the rhythmic pulse simmering 'til she signals them to crank it back up.

Throughout it all, she seems energized and ageless. I remember her when she used to play the clubs in Nashville in the '70s and '80s, and though she could be more frenetic then, she's better now. After a few numbers, she peers out in the audience and asks, "Are y'all having fun? I'm having a blast. But I learned a long time ago: The No. 1 rule is that you can't have more fun than the audience. So I'm trying to gauge myself."

Marshall and the Love Slaves play two sets for more than two hours, and at the end everyone looks like they got their money's worth. Afterwards Marshall retreats to the bar, looking exhilarated yet calm and exhausted, like a runner who's just finished a marathon.

I tell her I think she's even better now than when I saw her in Nashville clubs 20 years ago. "You know," she says, "I feel like that might be true. And why not? It's just that the music industry doesn't want to believe that someone over 50 could be at their best." We make plans to get together for an interview, and as I leave around midnight I see she's still signing autographs and hobnobbing with fans.

Marshall and I meet a few days later at her Nashville home, a 1930s-era two-story bungalow on a quiet street in an older Nashville neighborhood, and then we head out to a nearby Vietnamese restaurant for soup and inscrutable Asian cuisine. "I hate chain restaurants," she says. She thinks she's coming down with a bug. "But I'll be OK. I'll tough it out. I'm a professional," she says with a tinge of play-acting bravado, hoisting her

bottled water in a mock salute.

Onstage, Marshall radiates command and strength. And a good number of her songs suggest a tough, brook-no-nonsense attitude, such as "Booze in Your Blood," "Betty's Bein' Bad," "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls" and "Bad Debt" ("You haven't taken out the garbage yet, / You hang around me like a bad debt"). But offstage, she's quieter, more pensive, though just as frank and forthright. I ask her if she feels she has an onstage reputation to live up to as the life of the party.

She snorts a laugh, pauses, and says, "I don't even know how to talk about what happens when I go onstage. Because I just sit around the house and I'm just really quiet, but when I get onstage ... it's almost like an out-of-body experience when I'm up there." Then she laughs and admits that for all her apparent fearlessness onstage, she battles stage fright all the time.

"It's very real. I think it's very unnatural for anybody to get up in front of a large group of people. I mean, you can prepare and everything, but if that doesn't put you on edge, you're not human.

"But I'm not aware of who I am when I'm up there, when it's good. So I can't really talk about it. It's like asking, What's it like to have sex with the one you really love? You feel like a jerk. It's why poets write poems. It's one of those things you can't really talk about. But the great poems will circle it. And right now I'm trying to circle it. When it's really good, you have transcended yourself, and we transcended ourselves the other night. There are nights when it's really painful to play, when the audience will transcend themselves because you're a professional, even though the performers don't transcend themselves. I've heard the Beatles talk about this. They said, 'One out of 10'—where they got to transcend being the Beatles. But if you're a professional, that will happen for the audience every night—unless the sound is really bad."

I ask her how she came to write her book. "I'd had the idea for a long time because when I'm nervous onstage, messing around, looking for my capo, I'll talk to the audience. And when I used to do 'Rode Hard and Put Up

Wet,' I'd say, 'I wrote this song after waking up face down in my condemned neighborhood vegetable garden wearing nothing but my underpants.' *Bam!* It just brings people in. And I like when other performers do that. So I just had an idea: One of these days I'm gonna sit down and write the stories behind some songs."

The impetus that got her started, Marshall says, came in 1996. Shortly after the release of her last album, *Love Slave*, the record company that issued it was dissolved, leaving her record high and dry with no marketing and promotion. But as luck would have it, Nashville songwriter Matraca Berg called Marshall shortly afterward and asked her if she'd like to work together on an idea for a stage musical. The two songwriters soon brought in novelists Lee Smith and Jill McCorkle, and in 1998 the musical they developed together, "Good Ol' Girls," went on tour. Much of the early planning took place in Lee Smith's living room in Hillsborough, N.C. During down time, Marshall would sing her songs and tell the funny and touching stories behind them, and the play's director and the assembled writers encouraged Marshall to write them down.

"So I just started writing one day," says Marshall. "I started the prologue, just the very first part of it. I just said to myself, I'm turning 50, I'm bored, so I'm gonna write about it. And that's how it kind of started. After 30 pages I called Lee Smith, who said, 'Fax me, fax me!' So I faxed her those 30 pages, and she was very enthusiastic. She was the mentor for that book from day one."

Lee Smith is a popular novelist, an acclaimed chronicler of life in the South for such books as *Fair and Tender Ladies*, *Family Linen* and *The Last Girls*. Fittingly, she penned the foreword for Marshall's book. The two first met each other in the early '70s shortly after Marshall graduated from Vanderbilt. At the time Smith was a middle-school English teacher at Nashville's Harpeth Hall Academy; her husband at the time was Vanderbilt poet-in-residence Jim Seay. Smith first met Marshall when she was singing cover songs at a chain restaurant called the Jolly

Well, I feel like I been rode hard and put up wet Lord knows last night was a night I will never forget I can't

Ox, and already attracting an admiring audience of country music VIPs like singer Waylon Jennings and record producer Jack Clement, who soon became good friends of hers.

“She would draw huge crowds,” says Smith. “She’s always been in person one of the absolutely most charismatic performers. I mean onstage she is just magic. She just doesn’t do it like anybody else.”

Smith says she was fairly bowled over to meet the 6-foot blonde. “It was just like, Damn, this person is so much larger than life in every way. She was so *big*. Literally. And she was just so talented, and she was such a nonconformist at a time when you didn’t find that many nonconformists, particularly among women.

“I was a little bit scared of her when I met her. I really was. She just seemed so much more courageous and living on the edge than I was.”

Smith later divorced Jim Seay and moved back to North Carolina, and she and Mar-

shall stayed only loosely in touch until “Good Ol’ Girls.” Asked about her reaction upon seeing the first 30 pages of Marshall’s book, Smith laughs and says, “Well, I told her she might want to have some paragraphs! But beyond that, all I could say was that it was just terrific. She’s a natural storyteller in person, but that doesn’t really mean you can write. [But for Marshall] there was this flow when she would get on the computer, and it would be just like listening to her. And I loved that she decided to organize the book around the songs, just as she’d been telling us the stories as we were working on ‘Good Ol’ Girls.’

“To me the song aspect allowed the memoir to have a much larger meaning. It really is a book about the relationship between art and life, and how you use the things of your life and transcend them and understand them through making art out of them. To me it was like reading a painter’s notebook.”

Martha Marshall Chapman was born into wealth and privilege in Spartanburg, S.C. Her parents, James and Martha Chapman, were well-to-do owners of a textile mill in Spartanburg, a town whose major industry has long been textiles. She grew up in a time in the South when it was assumed among the upper class that a young woman would get a good education, to be followed in short order by marriage, childbirth, and joining the Junior League. Marshall (and her two sisters and brother) did get a good education, and at 18 she was presented to Spartanburg society as a debutante. But early in her childhood, Marshall had already begun veering away from the plan. It started at age 7 when she saw Elvis Presley live onstage in Spartanburg in 1956, the breakout year the young King electrified America. Her parents were out of town, and family maid Cora Jeter took her to the local auditorium.

All the fortune and all the **fame**
 And all the lights around her name
 And every night was now or never
 The road just seemed to go forever
 And all her dreams that had come true
 They didn’t thrill her like they used to
 She never thought she’d grow to hear
 A voice inside her strong and clear sing

Goodbye, little rock and roller
 Gee, it sure was good to know ya
 Goodbye, little rock and roller
 Goodbye.

“Goodbye, Little Rock and Roller” by Marshall Chapman
 © 1986 Tall Girl Music (BMI). Administered by Bug.



ALAN MESSER

remember what happened But it must have been the best one yet 'Cause I feel like I been rode hard and put up wet.

“Rode Hard and Put Up Wet” by Marshall Chapman © 1974 Enoree Music (BMI). Administered by Bug.

“We sat upstairs in what at that time was called ‘the colored balcony,’” Marshall recalls. “Probably the only reason I could get in was because I was there with Cora. Downstairs, the white section, was sold out. And then here comes Elvis, and it was like lightning had struck the building. On some level nothing was probably ever the same for me, even though I went right back to trying to fit in. I was just a little kid—loved Mama and Daddy, and wanted to be who I was being raised to be, but it just wasn’t in the cards for me.”

Later that year, in second grade, Marshall got sent to the principal’s office—and then home—for singing Elvis’ “Too Much” at the top of her lungs in the school hallway. After that it was only a matter of time before she took up the guitar.

Marshall’s mother, Martha Chapman, still lives in Spartanburg in a handsome brick home in a retirement community on the eastern outskirts of town. Though Marshall was no doubt a challenge as a youngster, she laughs

frequently recalling Marshall’s formative years: “I just watched her go by!” She says that once Marshall set her mind to music, it was a foregone conclusion that she would succeed. “Everything she ever said she was going to do, she did,” says Mrs. Chapman. “When she took up horse riding, she was going to be the best rider there ever was. And she was. When she took up basketball, she was going to be the best basketball player. She was like a snapping turtle when she got something—she did not let it go. She’s got that drive.

“Marshall was always a tomboy. She played football with the boys in the neighborhood and played baseball with them and rough-housed with them in the yard. She was a beautiful rider. She won the horse show at Camp Pinnacle every year for years. Finally, they wouldn’t let her ride her last year because she had won so many times. When she was about 15 or 16, she took up golf. The first nine holes she played, she had a 65. The second nine holes she played, she had a 55. The third nine

holes she played, she had a 45. She’s a natural athlete. A fabulous athlete.”

When it came time to go to college, Marshall had the grades and SAT scores to go almost anywhere she wanted. “She had 785 on her math SAT and cried all night because it wasn’t 800. And she had a 685 on her English. She picked Vanderbilt, and I was thrilled. She picked a good school and a private school. It’s reasonably small. It’s not a big university. ... And then I found out 30 years later she picked Vanderbilt because the Grand Ole Opry was in Nashville, and Nashville was Music City!” Chuckling at the thought, she adds, “She didn’t tell me that at the time.”

Toward the back of Marshall’s Nashville home, she’s set up a tidy writing office. Surrounding a simple wooden desk are all the tools of the modern writer: computer, copy machine, fax machine, file cabinet, bulletin board, big dictionary. Hanging like art on the walls are the Martin D-28 acoustic



Betty’s out bein’ **bad** tonight;
Betty and her boyfriend
They had a big fight.

She went home when she found out
Said, “Pack your bags
I want you out.”
Her boyfriend thought she was talking jive
Till he saw her standing with a .45
A .45’s quicker than 409
Betty cleaned house for the very last time.

“Betty’s Bein’ Bad” by Marshall Chapman © 1984 Tall Girl Music (BMI).
Administered by Bug.

Waitin’ on tables At the Hi-Dee-Ho There ain’t a song on the jukebox That she don’t know. She laughs when

guitar her dad bought her when she was 16 and a 1957 Fender Stratocaster along with autographed photos of Robert Mitchum and of guitarist Scotty Moore, with his famous boss, Elvis, and framed certificates from BMI acknowledging radio airplay for her songs. Posted on the inside of the door is a handwritten note attributed to Marshall's old ex-boyfriend and arts critic Dave Hickey: "If better English doesn't hurt ... why not use it?"

After our Vietnamese lunch, Marshall props her feet up on the desk. Asked why she majored in French at Vanderbilt, she's typically direct in her response. "I was determined to be unemployable because I wanted to go into music."

When graduation day came, she knew what she wanted to do, but she didn't quite know how she would get there. "I remember walking across that stage and thinking, What now? Because my whole life I'd been told, 'Well, you've got to get into the right school, and then you've got to get into the right college, and then you're gonna get married.' And I just knew I wasn't gonna get married. And I knew I wasn't gonna work in a bank. So I didn't know what I was gonna do. I just knew I wasn't going back to South Carolina. And I think I said this in the book: Better to be in Nashville where you don't know what's gonna happen next, than to be in South Carolina where you know nothing's gonna happen next. I was just following what felt good. I liked playing music. Playing music felt good."

Nevertheless, it took a solid 15 years before Marshall ever made a comfortable living in the music business. "I think there's a perception among some people out there that Marshall is a child of privilege and that she's always had that," says Chris Fletcher. "In fact, she never took a dime from her family. Ever. Even when things got tough for her at times. She is not independently wealthy. She committed to the life she has lived. She is not living the life of a dilettante."

Marshall Chapman will surprise you with who she knows. Among the friends who wrote blurbs for the dust jacket of her book are authors Alice Randall,

Jill McCorkle, Larry Brown, and fellow Vanderbilt alumnus Roy Blount Jr. (BA'63), along with singer Emmylou Harris. All right, those names aren't really big surprises. But who would have expected former U.S. Sen. Bill Bradley and Chancellor Gordon Gee to weigh in as well?

It turns out Bradley and Marshall got to know each other a few years ago when they met at Nashville's public radio station. As for the chancellor, he and his wife, Associate Professor Constance Gee, have been friends with Marshall and Chris Fletcher since shortly after the Gees moved to town in 2000. Last September the Gees hosted a launch party for her book at Braeburn, the chancellor's residence. The occasion brought together two sides of Marshall's life that were worlds apart when she first arrived in Nashville as a student: the University and the music business. But in recent years the University and Music Row have gotten to know each other better, and Marshall—as one of the few folks in town with feet in both camps—is part of the reason for the détente. Naturally, then, the Gees celebrated her book by inviting guests from both sides of the fence.

As friends of Marshall's and fans of her work, the Gees shared a few observations about her gifts as a performer. "She's the kind of person who has everybody rooting for her within about five minutes of getting up on stage," says Constance Gee. "And you can tell she really has a way with the audience. She's very witty, but she's also very approachable and genuine, I think.

"I think she's vulnerable, and I think she's sensitive. She puts up this front of, 'Oh, I'm such a tough rock 'n' roller,' yet you can tell that just below the surface she's really quite sweet."

For his part, Chancellor Gee is grateful for Marshall's commitment to the University. "She is passionate about Vanderbilt athletics," he says. "She follows it closely. When we were hunting for a new women's basketball coach [when Jim Foster left for Ohio State in 2002], some of the very best insight and advice we got regarding who to hunt for and what to think about came from Marshall."

"Plus," chimes in Constance Gee with a laugh, "she makes us look cool!"

Towards the end of her Valentine's Eve book-signing gig, during the Q&A, a young woman asks Marshall, "What did your mother think of the book?" Marshall pauses, says it's a good question, and sets about giving a completely honest answer. She notes that her mother established an e-mail account just as Marshall was beginning the book, so she e-mailed her mother from time to time to check family facts. When in one case Marshall and her mother disagreed about the facts, her mother said, "It's your book, write what you want."

"Years earlier," Marshall tells the audience, "we went through some pretty rough times. At one point I went years without even speaking to her. Let me explain, though. This is what my mother can be like: When I was in college at Vanderbilt, and I'd write letters home, she'd send 'em back to me with the grammar and spelling all corrected. And then she wouldn't write me back!

"Well, you asked what my mama thought about the book. Here's what she said. She told me it was really well written, that it was very moving, and that ..."—at this point Marshall pauses, her voice choked with emotion, and explains, "Every time I tell this I start crying," before continuing—"she said it was one of the best books she's ever read." She dabs at a few tears and smiles broadly, declaring, "That's my mama!" Then in a graceful, heartfelt coda she adds, "Don't ever give up on anybody, because we're changing all the time."

Marshall takes a few more questions from the audience, thanks them all for coming out, and says it's time to sign some books. Some 20 to 30 people line up for autographs and a chance to chat with the woman behind the guitar, behind the quips, and now behind the byline. A half hour later the line is still long, but the group seems cheerful, and Marshall, seated with pen in hand, is caught up in conversation with one reader after another. ▼

For more information about Marshall Chapman, her book and her music, visit www.tallgirl.com.

they play "Stand By Your Man" She's trash but you love her She's Alabama bad.

"Alabama Bad" by Marshall Chapman and Fred Koller © 1995 Tall Girl Music (BMI). Administered by Bug, Coal Miner's Music Inc. (BMI).

Academia's Most Wanted

Endowed chairs honor exceptional faculty.

By GAYNELLE DOLL and VIVIAN COOPER-CAPPS

Photography by DAVID JOHNSON

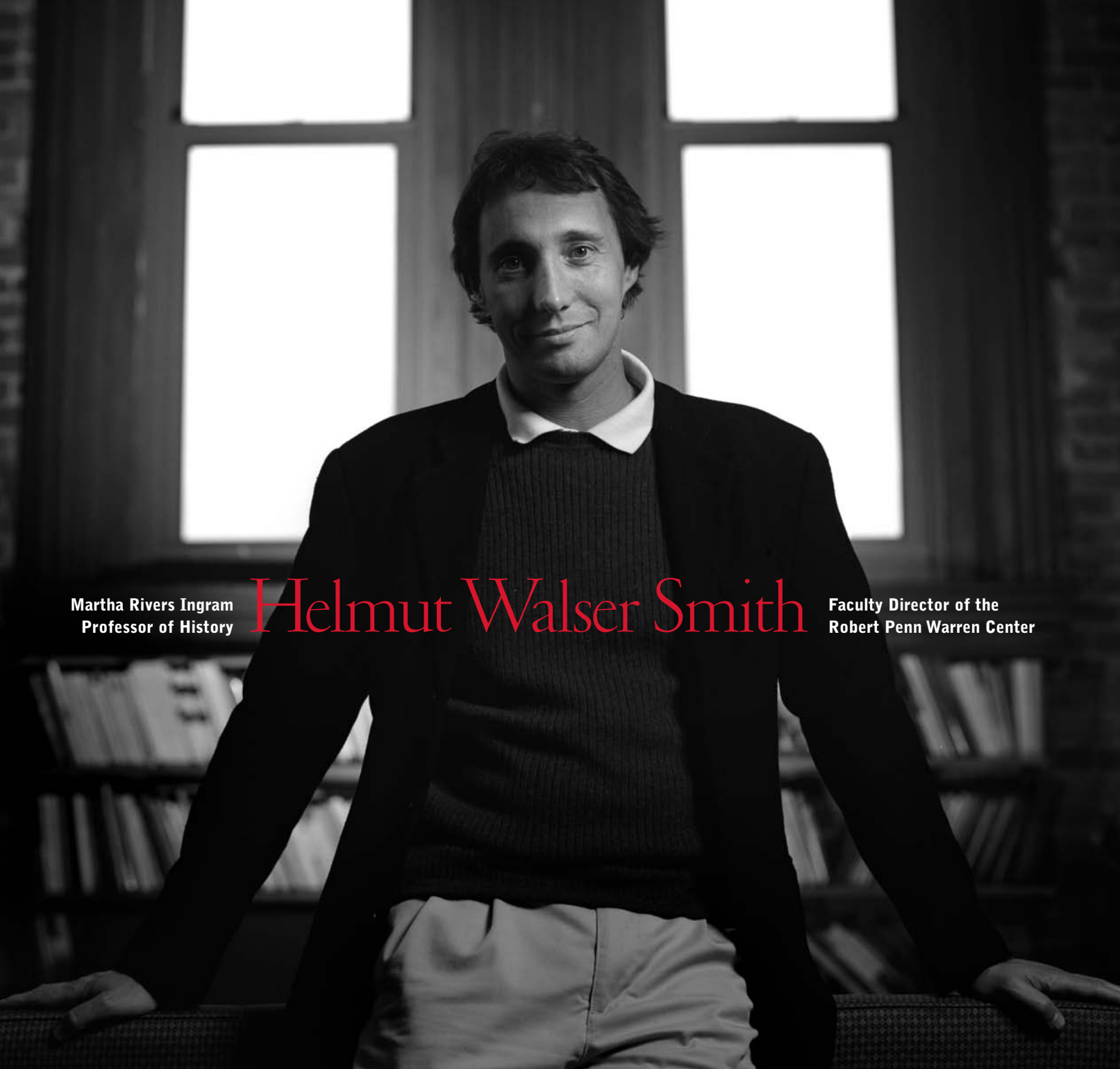
PLAIN-SPEAKING MIDWESTERNER ANDREW PORTER, THE PATRICIA AND RODES Hart Chair of Educational Leadership and Policy, cuts to the chase when asked the importance of an endowed faculty chair in his decision to come to Vanderbilt: “It was a deal-maker or deal-breaker. I had an endowed chair at Wisconsin, and other recruiting institutions were all offering endowed chairs. If the chair hadn’t been there, I wouldn’t be here.”

Endowed chairs are a time-honored means of luring top professors from other institutions, and of retaining and rewarding existing faculty. They are proof that the academic world can be as competitive as any *Fortune* 500 company.

For researchers like Sudhansu K. Dey, the Dorothy Overall Wells Professor of Pediatrics, an endowed chair offers a stability that grant money does not. “Grant money can be very uncertain from year to year. If you use your grant money on a risky project and it fails, the consequences can be disastrous. With an endowment, you can take a high risk and get a high pay-off.”

Endowed chairs carry prestige and honor for the chair holders and the persons for whom they are named. Though the cost of endowing a professorship requires deep pockets, the chair is forever. Just as Vanderbilt’s very first endowed chairs, the Holland McTyeire Professor of American History and the Landon C. Garland Distinguished Professor of Physics, continue to this day, chairs that are endowed this year will still be attracting top researchers and teachers in another hundred years.

On these pages we look at the holders of five recently endowed chairs.



Martha Rivers Ingram
Professor of History

Helmut Walser Smith

Faculty Director of the
Robert Penn Warren Center

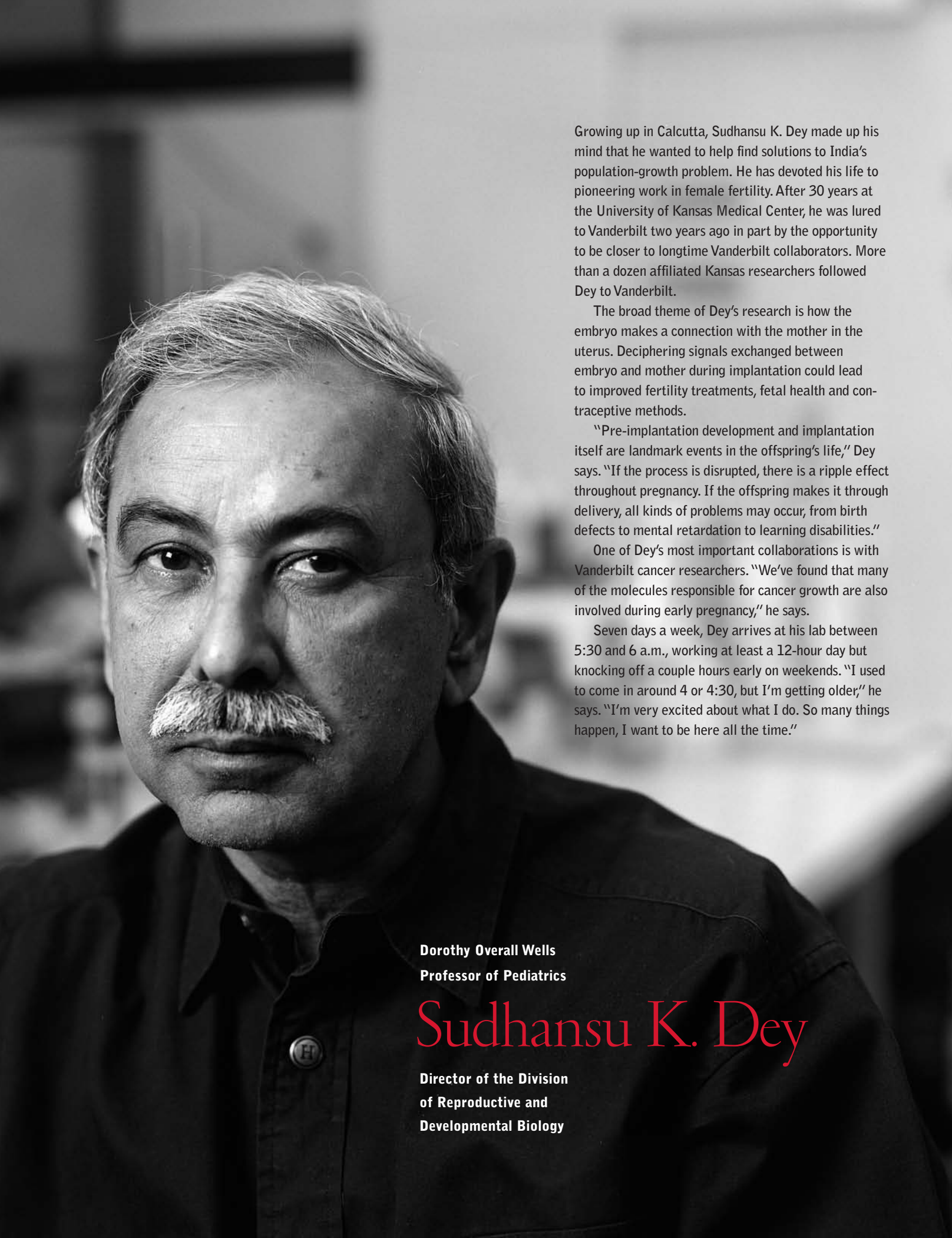
Helmut Smith's interest in history has always been traceable to his personal history. Born in Germany, he moved with his mother to the U.S. at age 4. "Part of my American upbringing was having close friends who were Jews," he says. "When I would go back to Germany and the place I had lived, the absence of Jews was very real and very strange. One knew that Jews weren't always absent there."

Smith joined the Vanderbilt faculty in 1991 and has taught a number of courses, including Western Civilization, a history workshop, and a large introductory class on the Holocaust. He received the Jeffrey Nordhaus Award of Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching.

One of that rare breed of academics who manages to bridge the divide between scholars and lay readers, Smith has written widely on

German history and the Holocaust. His 2002 book, *The Butcher's Tale: Murder and Anti-Semitism in a German Town*, received the Fraenkel Prize in Contemporary History, was named an *L.A. Times* Non-Fiction Book of the Year and a finalist for the National Jewish Book Award, and was listed by *Damals*, a popular history magazine in Germany, as one of the three most innovative works of history in 2002.

"I loved Umberto Eco's novel *The Name of the Rose*. It takes the reader on an intellectual journey which is also a mystery," he says. "That was something I wanted to replicate in the genre of nonfiction. The fact that the book has been successful among my colleagues as well as the broader population has been gratifying and has opened doors to bigger rooms for me."



Growing up in Calcutta, Sudhansu K. Dey made up his mind that he wanted to help find solutions to India's population-growth problem. He has devoted his life to pioneering work in female fertility. After 30 years at the University of Kansas Medical Center, he was lured to Vanderbilt two years ago in part by the opportunity to be closer to longtime Vanderbilt collaborators. More than a dozen affiliated Kansas researchers followed Dey to Vanderbilt.

The broad theme of Dey's research is how the embryo makes a connection with the mother in the uterus. Deciphering signals exchanged between embryo and mother during implantation could lead to improved fertility treatments, fetal health and contraceptive methods.

"Pre-implantation development and implantation itself are landmark events in the offspring's life," Dey says. "If the process is disrupted, there is a ripple effect throughout pregnancy. If the offspring makes it through delivery, all kinds of problems may occur, from birth defects to mental retardation to learning disabilities."

One of Dey's most important collaborations is with Vanderbilt cancer researchers. "We've found that many of the molecules responsible for cancer growth are also involved during early pregnancy," he says.

Seven days a week, Dey arrives at his lab between 5:30 and 6 a.m., working at least a 12-hour day but knocking off a couple hours early on weekends. "I used to come in around 4 or 4:30, but I'm getting older," he says. "I'm very excited about what I do. So many things happen, I want to be here all the time."

Dorothy Overall Wells
Professor of Pediatrics

Sudhansu K. Dey

Director of the Division
of Reproductive and
Developmental Biology



Cal Turner Professor of
Law and Leadership

Suzanna Sherry

One of the country's best-known scholars in constitutional law, Suzanna Sherry joined Vanderbilt's law faculty four years ago after nearly 20 years at the University of Minnesota.

She and Berkeley colleague Dan Farber are now at work on the third in a trilogy of books about constitutional adjudication. "The first, *Beyond All Reason*, was an examination of the radical left and what we saw as its negative consequences as an approach to legal adjudication," she explains. "In the second, *Desperately Seeking Certainty*, we took on six high-profile mainstream constitutional scholars, three very conservative and three very liberal. You would think those two groups would have little in common, but we argue that both attempt to fit all of constitutional law into some grand theory. We think that's a mistake, not the way judges ought to reach decisions."

With their third book, Sherry and Farber "will share our vision of appropriate constitutional adjudication. It gives judges a fair amount of discretion and tells them to consider everything—text, history, policy, consequences, what other countries do, what their colleagues say—and trust that most of the time, but not all of the time, they'll reach a right decision or at least an acceptable decision."

In addition to her constitutional scholarship, Sherry teaches civil procedure to Vanderbilt law students. "It's not my business to mold students' political or personal views. But I try to give them tools to function in the ethically difficult world of being a lawyer, to help them become not only good, smart, analytical lawyers but responsible, ethical lawyers as well."



Peter Cummings

**John R. Hall Professor
of Chemical Engineering**

"Despite being made up of tantalizing simple molecules, water is perhaps one of the most complex substances," says Peter Cummings. Unlike nearly all other substances, water becomes less dense as it cools, which has biological repercussions that make life possible.

"If ice did not float, if ice did not form first on the top of lakes, rivers and ponds, aquatic life would not be able to survive the winter in cold climates," Cummings says. "This is just one of water's incredible properties. We never before have had a molecular model that adequately explains and accounts for all of water's unique properties."

Cummings is developing the most extensive, accurate model of water ever produced, one that incorporates water's behavior in extreme temperature and pressure conditions. This information could be useful to chemical engineers working on ways to solve environ-

mental and industrial purification problems by using more efficient solvents. He has veered away from experimental research toward theory and computation using complex computer tools.

Widely recognized as one of the world's leading experts in computer modeling and molecular simulation, Cummings, a native of Australia, joined the Vanderbilt faculty last year after serving as distinguished professor of chemical engineering, chemistry and computer science at the University of Tennessee and as distinguished scientist with the Oak Ridge National Laboratory (ORNL) Chemical Sciences Division. Now he manages numerous research projects while teaching, editing a leading journal on chemical thermodynamics, and serving as director of the Nanomaterials Theory Institute within the Center for Nanophase Materials Science at the ORNL.


"Some people characterize America's K-12 education as being like the Missouri River: a mile wide and an inch deep. We add and we add, but nobody feels comfortable leaving anything out," says Andrew Porter. "It distinguishes our educational system from that of a number of countries around the world that teach fewer things but in greater depth."

For 25 years Porter's research has explored how teachers decide what to teach and how their decisions influence student achievement. An applied statistician and psychometrician, he uses mathematical models to measure human characteristics such as learning and achievement.

"A number of factors can influence teachers' decisions, such as accountability standards, principals, parents, achievement tests, and the composition of the class," Porter says. He has developed methods for assessing the alignment among classroom instruction, tests and content standards.

With the passage of the federal No Child Left Behind Act, Porter's expertise is more in demand than ever. He joined the Peabody College faculty last year after 15 years at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where he was a professor of educational psychology and director of the Center for Education Research, one of the oldest and largest university-based education research and development centers.

"I see my job as giving teachers back information about what they are teaching in ways that help them to be analytical about it. It's all about trying to put tools into the hands of teachers that actually empower them to make good decisions."



**Patricia and Rodes Hart
Professor of Educational
Leadership and Policy**

Andrew Porter

**Director of the Learning
Sciences Institute**

The Arts

“Collectively, [muckraking journalism] issues a wake-up



“Sterling Whirl” by Robert Rauschenberg

VISUAL ARTS: Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery continued to exhibit prints this spring in works that utilized everything from experimental screen printing techniques to traditional off-set lithography related to poetry and nature.

“Robert Rauschenberg: An American Iconoclast” opened Jan. 31 and featured mixed-media, large-scale prints from the artist’s ROCI USA (Wax Fire Works) series. ROCI (Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange) was a groundbreaking exhibition tour comprising paintings, sculpture, prints and objects inspired by Rauschenberg’s experiences abroad. The Vanderbilt exhibit featured three massive prints drawn from the ROCI series that embodied Rauschenberg’s

artistic response to the United States. The exhibit marked a major gift made by Donald and Ruth Saff. Donald Saff is one of the central figures in American printmaking and founder of the innovative print studios Graphicstudio/The Institute for Research in Art at the University of South Florida and Saff Tech Arts in Maryland.

On display from March 25 through May 20, “Far from the Sea: October Foundation 1998–2003,” featured works ranging from artists’ books to portfolios to photography and other kinds of limited editions. Founded in 1998 by Dutch artist and printmaker Peter Foolen, in collaboration with Tjue Teeuwen and Sjra Marx, the October Foundation produces publications, editions, exhibitions and commissions that are in some way related to nature, science, poetry or language. For this exhibit, two new limited-edition prints were published, each in an edition of 25 and each available for sale through the Fine Arts Gallery.



“Landschap” by Giovanni Dalessi

Works by internationally known painter and sculptor **Yankel Ginzburg** now hang at the Ben Schulman Center for Jewish Life at Vanderbilt. Ginzburg first noticed that the Center needed artwork when he visited his son, Aviel, a freshman. Ginzburg, who works in a photorealistic style, has



Yankel Ginzburg

four paintings in the Center donated by three patrons: Washington attorney Dirk Thomas, Dr. Howard Kurland and his wife, Ethel, and former U.S. Ambassador to Haiti Henry Kimelman and his wife, Charlotte.

“A Showcase of African and African-American Art” featured works by Romare Bearden, Elizabeth Catlett, Palmer Hayden, David Driskell, Greg Ridley, Charles White and others culled from local collections. The showcase, sponsored by the Bishop Joseph Johnson Black Cultural

Center, took place March 26 in Alumni Hall. The same day Tala Halima, author of *Collecting African American Art*, conducted a workshop on collecting.

Sarratt Gallery exhibits this spring looked at the human form as well as human response to grief and oppression.

In January works by Donald T. Earley and Mary Britten Lynch shared space at Sarratt in “Finding Soul, Finding Sense.” Earley

Culture

call, a reveille for America that is reminiscent of another group of writers. ” —CECELIA TICHI

showed work in oils, pastels, drypoint and mixed media that brought out the essence of the inner self in his models. Lynch, who volunteered for 12-hour shifts at St. Paul’s Chapel following 9/11, assembled bits and pieces of refuse in intuitive paintings that redefined



“Torso” by Elizabeth Catlett

sense from a day that made no sense at all.

Tennessee artists Chris Scarborough and Aaron Lee Benson showed works in “**Primitive Visions**” at Sarratt during February. Scarborough’s figure studies, painted “holograms” of nonexistent individuals that resembled composites of criminals, examined the difficulty of discerning the real from the fake in modern culture. Benson’s figurative monoliths made from clay explored the relationship between Christian imagery and natural landscapes.

March saw the Sarratt Gallery space transformed into “**At Home: a Kentucky Project**” in celebration of the 25th anniversary of Vanderbilt’s Margaret Cuninggim Women’s Center. The exhibit originated three years ago as an installation at Western Kentucky University when artist/activist Judy Chicago and her husband, photographer Donald Woodman, team-taught for a semester. The original work involved more than 25 artists, students and scholars who trans-

ACCOLADES

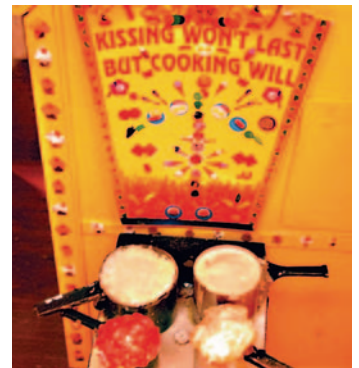


Works by **Kara Spoonhour**, BA’02, were featured in January at the Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery in “**Cultural Relativity**.” Spoonhour, who was the 2002 Margaret Stonewall Wooldridge Hamblet Award winner, used historical photography, news articles, satellite imagery, and both American and Nazi propaganda posters to create bold and powerful images reflecting current world issues.

JoEl Levy Logiudice’s handmade paper and mixed-media collages were shown in two regional art exhibits during February. Logiudice, senior director of student activities, exhibited work in “Faculty Plus” at the Clark Hall Gallery at Southeastern Louisiana University and in a three-person exhibit titled “Rock, Paper, Scissors” at the Fielding Wright Art Center at Delta State University in Cleveland, Miss.



formed a house on campus into a large-scale installation that posed questions about changes in the home, marital conflicts and childhood fears. The Sarratt Gallery installation was scaled down and featured a 1:12 scale model of the house. Chicago presented a lecture on the exhibit Feb. 26 as part of the Chancellor’s Lecture Series.



“Kentucky Home” by Judy Chicago

MUSIC:

International performing and recording artists **Peter Sheppard Skaerved and Aaron Shorr** performed works of the great American composer George Rochberg at the Steve and Judy Turner Recital Hall of the Blair School of Music in February. Their recent CD of the composer's works has received international acclaim, as have their performances of the same works at last year's prestigious Venice Biennale music festival. Earlier the same day, Skaerved and

has a prolific series of his own projects, including producing albums for other artists and recording and touring as a solo artist.

"The Fantasticks,"

adapted by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones from Edmond Rostand's 1894 play "Les Romanesques," tells an age-old tale with simple ingredients: a boy, a girl, two fathers and a wall. Brought to life in February by **Vanderbilt Opera**



Joe Goode Performance Group

Fire and Ice: Michelangelo the Writer, received its world premiere at Turner Recital Hall in March. Composed by **Carl Smith**, senior lecturer in music composition and theory, who also served as conductor and played harpsichord, the piece is a musical setting of Michelangelo's letters and poems. Featured performers included **Amy Jarman**, assistant dean and senior lecturer in voice; **Michael Slayton**, assistant professor of music theory; and Blair student cellist **Jay Tilton**.

DANCE:

Performances by three modern dance companies made Vanderbilt's **Great Performances Series** the place to catch innovative and physically challenging dance-theatre this spring.

February brought both the

Joe Goode Performance Group and **Jane Comfort and Company**. Goode's group brought their critically acclaimed works "Folk" and "What the Body Knows" to Ingram Hall on Feb. 14. Goode began synthesizing the genres of dance and theatre in 1979 to create his own innovative performance art. Their performances combine story, songs and humor with deeply physical, high-velocity dancing.

Comfort and Company presented "Asphalt," a dance/opera originally commissioned by the Joyce Theatre in New York and the American Dance Festival. The story of an artist abandoned as a child in New York City, the work is backed by the beats of DJ Spooky incorporating rhythmic dancing, chanting and singing to tell a powerful story addressing contemporary social and cultural issues. The Feb. 27 performance took place in Langford Auditorium.

On April 18 in Langford, the colorful, inventive and sometimes controversial dance group known as **Brian Brooks Moving Company** took center



Fire and Ice: Michelangelo the Writer

Shorr, both professors at London's Royal Academy of Music, gave a workshop on interrelated issues of music performance, music history and collaborations between performers and composers.

Raul Malo, front man for Grammy-winning group the Mavericks, was the guest for the **Blair Conversations Series** held Feb. 29 in the Blair School's Ingram Hall. Critically hailed for cutting-edge alt-country, the platinum-selling recording artist is also a record producer, songwriter and live performer. In addition to his work with the Mavericks, Malo

Theatre and directed by **Gayle Shay**, assistant professor of voice, the production was the third fully staged and orchestrated production offered by VOT this year. The **Vanderbilt Orchestra**, under the direction of Blair faculty member **Robin Fountain**, accompanied the singers.



ACCOLADES

David Schnauffer, left, adjunct associate professor of dulcimer, and **Edgar Meyer**, adjunct associate professor of bass, contributed to the "Cold Mountain" soundtrack, which was honored with multiple Oscar nominations.

stage in “Dance-O-Matic,” a Candyland-esque romp. Combining both visual and auditory excitement, Brooks set the dancers in a bubblegum set, hot pink boas and pastel ribbons. For seven years this New York-based dance group has been challenging audiences with mind-boggling feats of strength and imaginative movement.

“Our Stories”



“Our Stories,” a blending of modern dance with elements of ancient Chinese culture, was presented in January by the Chinese Arts Alliance of Nashville (CAAN) at the Blair School’s Ingram Hall in celebration of the Chinese New Year (the Year of the Monkey—year 4701 by the Chinese calendar). The production featured both Asian and non-Asian participants in a graceful program guided by dancer/choreographer Jen-Jen Lin, who also

supervised costumes and character face-painting.

THEATRE:

Theatre students at Vanderbilt received a week of intense instruction in Shakespearean acting when **Actors from the London Stage** visited for a weeklong residency in February. The visit was sponsored by the Fred Coe Artist-in-Residence program and culminated in two performances of

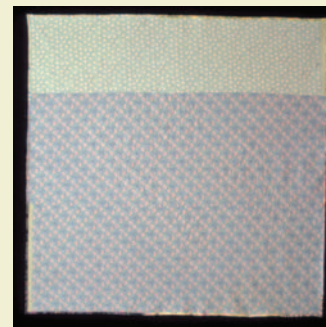
“Romeo and Juliet” by the five-actor company. The production used minimal sets and had no director.

Profound questions about life and society were posed by **Vanderbilt University Theatre** in their production of Bertolt Brecht’s “**The Caucasian Chalk Circle**” in February. In the play Brecht uses an ancient Chinese tale about a conflict between two women over a

UPCOMING

BOOKS

Poet **Mark Jarman**, professor of English, will have his latest volume of poetry, *To the Green Man: Poems*, published by Sarabande Books in July.



VISUAL ART

Artist **Pattiy Torno** shows machine-pieced, hand-made quilt compositions in “A Change of Heart” at **Sarratt Gallery** from June 18 through Aug. 7.

VISUAL ART

One of the more widely recognized figures in Germany at the turn of the 20th century, **Max Klinger** was especially celebrated for his print cycles. **Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery** shows “**The Intermezzi Print Cycle**” through Aug. 14.





PHILLIP FRANCK

“Hay Fever”

baby to explore the notion that owning something doesn't mean one deserves it. That, in turn, leads to questioning whether it's right to base a society on capitalism.

Each member of a theatrical, bohemian family invites a guest for a blissful weekend in the English countryside—a ripe setting for the urbane wit of Noel Coward in his 1925 classic “Hay Fever.” April's production of “Hay Fever,” VUT's first of a Coward play in nearly two decades, capped this year's on-campus theatre season.

BOOKS & WRITERS:

The latest novella by **Madison Jones**, BA'49, *Herod's Wife* (University of Alabama Press), has been characterized by writer Madison Smartt Bell as “a morality play set in contemporary conditions, with its eye on eternal verities.” Questions of sin, guilt and redemption have figured prominently in Jones' fiction over the past four decades, and in this newest work he examines a spiritual

wrestling match that takes place in a small Southern town. Jones, who has been honored by Guggenheim and Rockefeller Foundation fellowships, and numerous awards, recently retired as writer-in-residence at Auburn University.

William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English **Cecelia Tichi's** newest book, *Exposés and Excess: Muckraking in America 1900/2000*, looks at the comeback of muckraking journalism. Novelists like Upton Sinclair exposed societal ills with groundbreaking and popular books that fueled public furor and led to reforms in

the early 1900s. In her book, published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, Tichi argues that a new wave of muckrakers is reviving the tradition. She makes the case that authors like Barbara Ehrenreich (*Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By in America*) and Eric Schlosser (*Fast Food Nation*) are firmly in Sinclair's tradition. “Individually, these

books stir the minds and hearts of a nation in crisis,” says Tichi.

“Collectively, they issue a wake-up call, a reveille for America that is reminiscent of another group of writers.”



Bioethicist **Richard Zaner**, Anne Geddes Stahlman Professor of Medicine, emeritus, tells through firsthand experiences the journey that families take together as a loved one prepares to die in *Conversations on the Edge:*

Narratives of Ethics and Illness. The book, published by Georgetown University Press, flows from narrative to narrative, penetrating the otherwise unknown world of death and the intimate ways in which every person copes from patients to family members to healers.

HUMANITIES:

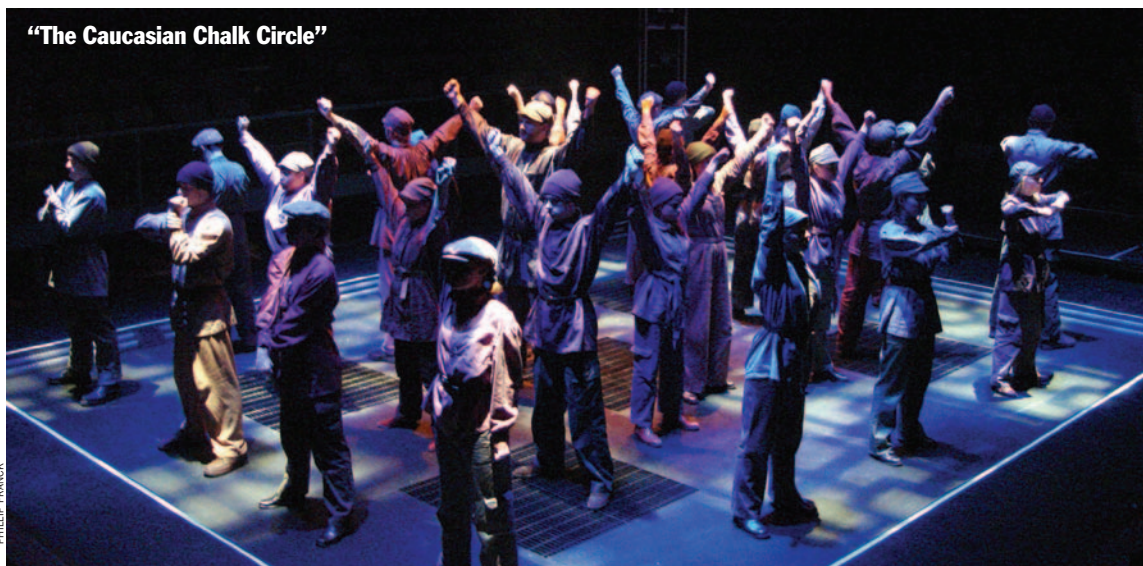
This year the **Robert Penn Warren Center for the Humanities** coordinated a year-long lecture series commemorating the 50th anniversary of the U.S. Supreme Court's historic *Brown v. Board of*

Education decision.

January's **Martin Luther King Lecture Series** keynote address marked the third lecture in the series, with NPR senior correspondent and political analyst **Juan Williams** speaking on “King Alive:

Brown v Board@50.”

Damon J. Keith drew on his experience as a long-serving judge on the 6th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals to discuss the state of race relations in American society on April 1. Keith's lecture, titled “The



“The Caucasian Chalk Circle”

PHILLIP FRANCK

Anatomy of a Myth: That We Live in a Color Blind Society,” was sponsored by the **Chancellor’s Lecture Series** at Vanderbilt. To close the series, **Peabody College** sponsored an all-day conference April 2 about the implications of the Brown decision.

Bill Ivey, director of the **Curb Center for Art, Enterprise and Public Policy**, is moderating a roundtable of music-industry leaders who will meet periodically to discuss issues shaping the future of the music business. The roundtable held its first



Music business roundtable with Bill Ivey, far right

meeting Jan. 15 in Santa Monica, Calif. Attendees included recording artists Dave Matthews, Brian McKnight, Glen Ballard and Jimmy Jam.

In March the Curb Center sponsored a conference on cultural policy in the United States. The day-long conference,

“**Federal Regulation and the Cultural Landscape**,” explored how cultural policy in the United States frequently arises as a byproduct of business and government actions directed at shaping the marketplace. The conference was made possible by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Deep spirituality can encompass all of one’s life and overcome social patterns of domination and subordination that cause much misery, believes **emilie m. townes**, who presented the **30th Antoinette Brown**

Lecture at the Vanderbilt Divinity School on March 25. The student-run event brings a distinguished female theologian and/or church leader to campus each year. Townes’ lecture was titled “Mounting the High Side of Misery.”

ACCOLADES

Cathy Jrade, professor of Spanish and chair of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese, received a **National Endowment for the Humanities** fellowship to write a book on Delmira Agustini, the first major female poet of 20th-century Spanish America. The award, which was announced Feb. 9, carries a stipend of \$40,000.

Q & A

Tony Earley, recently appointed the **Samuel Milton Fleming Chair in English**, has published three books: one of short stories (*Here We Are in Paradise*), a novel (*Jim the Boy*), and a collection of essays (*Somehow Form a Family*). His short stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Oxford American* and *Harper’s Magazine*. He began teaching at Vanderbilt in 1997.



STEVE GREEN

Q: You’re known for taking a long time to finish your books. How is the sequel to *Jim the Boy* coming along?

A: It’s called *The Blue Star*. Jim is 17, and he’s waiting to graduate from high school and then go off to the Second World War. I’m on leave in the fall and hope to finish it by Christmas next year, but I say that with the full realization that I’ve set such deadlines and blown them many times in the past. The way I do it, everything has to be right or I don’t move on. That means everything stops if I’m having trouble with one part. It can be slow going sometimes, but I’ve been through it before, so I have confidence that I’ll eventually get there. There’s no panic about it.

Q: Do you learn from your students?

A: Every semester I am taught something. For example, I’m teaching a freshman seminar on Hemingway this semester. In teaching the story “Indian Camp,” a story largely

about class differences between rich white people who summer on a lake and the poor Native Americans who live there year-round, a student came up with this really wonderful few sentences in her paper about how the physical separation symbolized the class separation. It makes perfect sense, but I’d never realized before the extent to which that was true. When that happens, I jot down in the margin of my book who said this good thing, so I can remember to quote them in the future.

Q: Does teaching help you as a writer?

A: The things that I’d always done intuitively, I’ve had to figure out ways to explain to my classes. That’s helped me as a writer because now I’m thinking about these things in my conscious mind. Now I have two different ways of attacking problems. That’s a direct result of teaching.

—Jim Patterson

S.P.O.V. *

* Student Point of View

Good Enough

A student battling eating disorders finds recovery in her own self-worth. By SHANNON THOMAS, BMus'04

FOR EIGHT YEARS I WAS UNDER the oppression of anorexia and bulimia, bouncing between the two, never knowing which one I'd wake up to. From early childhood I'd been very compliant, eager to please, desiring to excel at everything I did. However, I never lived up to my own standards. I was a good violinist, but not the best; I was a good student, but not the smartest; I was thin, but not thin enough. By age 12, this feeling had evolved into "I am fat." I stopped eating lunch to cut down on caloric intake, and from that point on, I looked at food in terms of calories. Over time my food restriction became more severe, and I began throwing up my food in order to hide the anorexic patterns from others who didn't understand my passionate pursuit of thinness. I fell into the addictive trap that eating disorders offer, believing I could stop purging anytime I wanted. But that wouldn't happen until six years later.

This journal entry, written almost two years ago, reflects my battle:

You chastise yourself for being so stupid to actually do it again. You command yourself that it can't happen again—no more bingeing, no more purging. But in the back of your

mind, you know you'll be back tomorrow. Back to punish and cleanse.

Perhaps this confession will be the necessary element that will stop this utterly disgusting and revolting behavior. What is it that keeps me from having self-control? What keeps pushing me to eat like a madman, purge like a drunk—worse actually? Food has no power—I give power to food rather than controlling it, or even controlling myself. I need the revulsion to food rather than the fatal attraction to it. Food is disgusting. I don't need to purge it; I

just need to stay away from the gross shit. Stick to the safe, clean foods. Life will be much easier that way. When I feel the urge to eat and purge, I need to think of this—think of myself in that bathroom barfing my head off—looking at my pitiful reflection in the cloudy water.

Less than two weeks after this entry, I was back in a more anorexic stage and wrote this:

Being vegan is helping—I feel much more in control for sure, and I'm losing weight. That makes me happy—curious how such a small thing can instantly affect my mood. Tomorrow I'm starting a new diet with a friend; she's really motivating me, too. It's nice that she understands. I just hope that I can actually do it. Dexatrim will help me—my friend ... even though they make me antsy.



DEAN DIXON / VANDERBILT MEDICINE

During high school I had become increasingly obsessed about perfection with my grades and appearance and as a violinist. I began to doubt my Christian faith and question my identity; coupled with my restrictive diet, this threw me into a depression that escalated quickly. I felt I'd always be mediocre and had little hope about the future. When my parents picked me up from the summer music festival I was attending, I was severely underweight, suicidal and withdrawn. They saw that I needed help, and I started seeing Nashville nutritionist Nan Allison. It was a relief to know that someone understood what I was going through, but I remained attached to my eating disorder and continued to spiral.

In November of my senior year in high school, a suicide attempt landed me in the office of Dr. Ovidio Bermudez, director of the eating disorders program at Vanderbilt. By the end of that week, I was at the Renfrew Center in Florida receiving inpatient treatment. I clothed my fear with indignation at his "overreaction" and remained at Renfrew for the next month. Let's just say that my relationship with Dr. Bermudez has greatly improved since that first meeting. I returned home at a safe weight and more able to express emotions that were behind the eating disorder and began meeting with a therapist, who provided a safe place for expressing the feelings I had never realized were within me.

In March of my senior year of high school, external pressures increased, and I found myself once again in the hospital where I remained for a week and a half. I thought I

was going to have an eating disorder for the rest of my life, condemned to live in darkness and depression, constantly dealing with the tyranny of anorexia and bulimia. But there was a part of me that hoped for something more, and I was willing to look for it in college, where I would be independent.

While at Vanderbilt, continuing treatment with Dr. Bermudez and Nan became more convenient because I no longer had to travel the three hours from my parents' home in Cleveland, Tenn. But leaving my therapist at home was a difficult change. I therapist-hopped until junior year, finding every excuse not to remain with one. Freshman year was filled with the normal difficulties of adapting to college life, depression, and new insecurities surrounding my body. The constant onslaught of an appearance-conscious campus and a serious relationship increased my longing to be unique and desirable.

My sophomore year at Vanderbilt, I returned to a more severe, restricted diet and began losing weight. By the summer I became vegan for purposes of hiding my eating disorder, making it OK for me not to eat while out with friends. I decided to lose as much weight as possible that summer, wanting to be a "good" anorectic. While at a summer music festival in Aspen, I found out my mom had cancer. I was scared and felt alone. I dealt with these emotions the easiest way I knew how: by focusing on weight and excelling at the violin.

Back at school the eating-disordered behaviors progressively worsened. During my junior year Dr. Bermudez and I discussed the possibility of my going inpatient again. This felt like my only option if I wanted to find any relief from the reality I was living. Every morning I awakened to a haunting decision: Do I eat? Or do I get rid of the meals I can't avoid? I calculated how many calories

I burned walking to class, practicing violin, and sitting at my computer. Regardless of what I was doing, I couldn't escape the fear of being "too much," feelings of worthlessness, and the frightening reality that I might be bound to my eating disorders forever.

By November my life was falling apart in every area. One particularly eventful day, I broke down in my apartment, overcome by

suicide, I hadn't understood the magnitude of my decision in the way I did that night. God was giving me an ultimatum.

Although I didn't realize how emotionally difficult the next few months would be, I chose life. I began to open up more with my roommate, Angela Cassette, even though I was afraid she might abandon our friendship. Angela and I ate meals together and

hung out for an hour afterwards, discussing my feelings when necessary. Giving her complete freedom to ask me about food and emotions was difficult because that was an area that had been completely and solely mine, but I knew it was necessary if I wanted to get better. I also started attending Victory Campus Ministries, where I witnessed living examples of God's love and power. I was surprised that even when they knew what I had been through, I wasn't looked down upon or treated differently.

Within two weeks of my decision, I had stopped purging—something I had previously done four to five times per day—and my food intake was at a healthy level.

Gaining weight was scary, but I had to believe those I trusted weren't lying to me. I wasn't fat. I couldn't see it yet, but I knew my eyes had been lying to me for a long time.

Strengthened by newly found support and realization of my worth, I began to deal with the things I had tried to mask with my eating disorder: self-hatred, lack of identity, dependency, rebellion and fear. The unraveling of these emotions was much more of a challenge than merely stopping the behaviors. I wasn't satisfied with retaining the anorexic mind-set. I desired more and realized that recovery isn't just an end or removal of unhealthy behaviors. Recovery is eliminating the thoughts that are behind the behaviors, the feelings of worthlessness and needing

continued on page 86



hopelessness. Afraid to leave me alone, my roommates insisted that I go to church with them.

I am aware of the fact that many readers may not believe in God; however, this is so much a part of my story that it wouldn't be fair or accurate to omit it. At this point I didn't want to have anything to do with going to church, believing I was beyond help and didn't deserve it. But to appease my roommates, I went. During the service I realized I had two choices: God or death. This was my last time to choose; I knew that. Never before had I felt the weight of my decision to choose life or death. It was as if I was standing on the bridge, ready to jump, and God was calling me to choose Him instead, to turn around. Even when I had attempted

A.P.O.V. *

* Alumni Point of View

Breathing Lessons

A mother looks back on a daring Vanderbilt experiment.

By LEE SMITH PENUEL, BA'59

WHEN OUR DAUGHTER, Martha, decided to be born on Halloween 1961 instead of during the Christmas season, we had no idea what was ahead. Her dad, then a Vanderbilt medical student, looked very grave when he came into my hospital room the next morning. He had just seen X-rays of Martha's immature lungs and knew immediately that she had no hope for survival. In the medical student perspective of the day, basically she was dead.

Dr. Mildred Stahlman, Vanderbilt professor of pediatrics and pathology, was then conducting experiments on sheep to develop ways to treat premature infants unable to breathe on their own. In fact, some of those sheep were actually grazing in one of Vanderbilt Hospital's courtyards, much to the delight of staff around the hospital.

Dr. Stahlman and her physician team offered us one option. Would we give permission for them to try these experimental methods with Martha? After months of preparation, they had not yet tested these new procedures on a human baby. They guaranteed nothing but were ready and willing to try. We agreed, and the bold experiment began.

The first priority was to find a way to breathe for Martha until she could breathe for herself. Second, all her systems would be monitored around the clock so she would not develop other life-threatening problems. And always, always, they must prevent infection. Those first 72 hours were critical. "Do not get your hopes too high," they warned, as they explained all the risks involved. No one knew the long-term outcomes. One challenge, for example: Babies who received 100 percent oxygen faced

the possibility of becoming blind and mentally retarded, but they needed to use 100 percent oxygen with Martha.

Six physicians worked intensely with her around the clock that first 72 hours. They never slept.

Several days later, when I looked through the glass of the premature nursery to see my daughter for the first time, she was peacefully nestled

in her first "crib," a tiny iron lung similar to the larger ones that breathed for polio patients when their lungs were paralyzed. A team of special hospital engineers and technicians had designed and built this device by hand so it would be ready when the first baby needed it.

Tubes were everywhere, and beeping equipment constantly recorded Martha's heartbeat. I watched as this tiny cylinder breathed

for her, moving her chest up and down as the air pressure changed.

Miraculously, she survived that first 72-hour hurdle, but our anxious wait was not over. Every day brought a new challenge. Now Martha's job was to gain weight and strength, and the physicians' job was to make this possible. It sounds easier than it was, and we all learned many lessons in patience and tenacity.

When they began to wean Martha off the respirator, the new question was, "Can Martha make this transition?" Earlier we had been thrilled to find a way to breathe for her, but now it was strictly up to her. Does she have the strength and sheer will to do this? Also, Martha had to switch from tube feedings (the easy way) to learning to nurse. It was time for her to learn many baby skills, and her treatment team knew she had to learn at her own pace. Martha took her time mastering these skills. Then, after adding a little more weight and strength, we brought Martha home to begin learning how to be a "typical" baby. Our family pediatrician, Dr. Eric Chazen, now professor of clinical emergency medicine at Vanderbilt, followed her progress from the beginning and patiently coached us through every new stage.

At this point Dr. Stahlman's team explained their long-term interest: to use these procedures to treat previously untreatable premature infants. Their goal was not simply clinical survival, but for these children to enjoy quality of life. This was the unknown. Would survivors have serious lung problems all their



lives? Would they have typical intelligence and be able to learn? Dr. Stahlman and her researchers planned to study these questions by tracking each child's progress, thanks to a long-term research grant, in order to refine treatment and improve the lives of future children. Thus, the next phase of this adventure began, and gradually the number of babies involved in the study grew.

When Martha was nearly 2 years old, President and Mrs. John Kennedy's son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, was born premature with symptoms of hyaline membrane disease. They flew him to Harvard Children's Hospital for treatment. We, along with the rest of the country, agonized over his progress for the next two days. The Vanderbilt parents desperately wished the son of the president could benefit as our children had. Sadly, young Patrick did not survive his tough fight. Later we learned that Dr. Stahlman had consulted with the Harvard physicians.

By now a strong bond had developed between the treatment team and Martha. She was *their* baby, in or out of the hospital. They cele-

brated each time she came back for a check-up. Often a nurse or nursery worker would check Martha's ear, or a place where a tube had made an impression, to make sure "their baby" did not have any lasting marks from any of the equipment they had used.

On one such occasion, we took a few minutes to ask Dr. Stahlman to be Martha's godmother. We also wanted to include "Stahlman" in Martha's name, to perpetuate this link. Dr. Stahlman graciously accepted, explaining that she too had an investment in Martha's future. She told us that if this experiment had not worked for Martha, she never would have tried it on another baby. She and Dr. Chazen, Martha's godfather, joined with our families as we celebrated Martha's baptism.

Soon my parental focus shifted to getting

Martha ready for new activities such as nursery school. At home she assumed her new role as older sister to her new baby brother. About this time I realized that this research study would have an effect far beyond just my child. In fact, the impact of this work with premature infants extended beyond U.S. borders. For 10 years Dr. Stahlman collaborated with Swedish researchers to study res-

for her, had been retired from active service. Many new developments and refined treatments now helped even smaller babies.

In 1982 the children and families participating in the study came to Nashville for a 20th reunion. The numbers then totaled 2,000 newborns: babies whose quality of life had improved dramatically as a result of these efforts in the neonatal nursery of Vanderbilt

Hospital. The ABC network filmed much of this reunion and interviewed parents, children, and some of the physicians. Later those interviews became the nucleus of a TV documentary about this medical research and the difference it had made in the lives of the children and families involved.

Many then, as now, called this landmark work with premature infants a stroke of genius. Martha's dad simply says, "When it came to these babies, Dr. Stahlman was bold, daring and aggressive. She simply would not quit."

Today Martha has her own family, and we are proud grandparents of healthy grandchildren. When she heard about this article, Martha wanted to

add something: "Mom, please include that I worked for Dr. Stahlman a short time after graduation. That's important. Some of those nurses who took care of me when I was first born were still there when I came back after college, and I got to work with them."

This glimpse back into the tiny world of Vanderbilt's premature nursery 40-plus years ago reminds us of many things we value, from medical excellence and bold determination to gentleness and compassion.

Lee Smith Penuel, a public relations and marketing consultant, lives in Nashville.

[Editor's Note: Just before press time, Dr. Mildred Stahlman (BA'43, MD'46, HO'48) was announced as the 2004 recipient of Vanderbilt's Distinguished Alumna Award.]



NATALIE COX

piratory diseases in newborns, and in 1975 she received an honorary doctor of medicine degree from the University of Gothenburg for her work. This degree was granted by the king of Sweden.

Shortly before she entered college, Martha had an opportunity to share with Dr. Stahlman her plans to study biomedical and electrical engineering at Duke University. As we left, Dr. Stahlman looked very sternly and directly into Martha's eyes and said, "Martha, you go to Duke and learn everything you can so you can come back here and help me save babies!" Then the team of nurses and physicians gathered to cheer their first baby getting ready to leave the nest.

We also learned on this visit that Martha's first "crib," the tiny iron lung that breathed

TheClasses

“**Tony Spence, E’75**, has been named director and editor-in-chief of the Catholic News Service in Washington, D.C.”

PLEASE NOTE: Class Notes only appear in the printed version of this publication.



Emily Glasgow Bruno,
BA'68, MSN'96

NEIL BRAKE

Steely Resolve

Emily Glasgow Bruno is a woman on the run, one who finds competing in triathlons around the globe to be a metaphor for aging with zeal and good health.

"Setting goals is important, no matter what your age," says Glasgow Bruno, 57, the mother of three grown sons. "It's good for your body and your mind."

Her typical event-preparation schedule includes swimming 9,000 meters, running 20 to 25 miles and biking 80 miles weekly. It's an ambitious program that had its genesis in the 1960s when she started running with her orthopedist husband, John Bruno, BA'67, MS'70, MD'74. In June she competed in the Short Course World Championship Triathlon in Portugal.

A women's health nurse practitioner, she recently published a book, *Iron Women Don't Rust: Making Memories While Managing Menopause*, which chronicles her competition experiences and the health issues women face with age.

Glasgow Bruno's passion for exploring new possibilities and finding ways to challenge herself infuse both the book and her personal philosophy. "You have to be willing to take risks that help you achieve and continue to grow," she says. "That's what keeps you going."

“**Khaled Ali, BS’92** was profiled in a Lebanese newspaper for writing the flight software for the twin Mars Explorer Rovers.”



Renford Reese,
BA'89, MPP'90

TOM ZASADZINSKI

Role Reversal

“Young black men have embraced one model of masculinity—the gangster-thug model. It’s an image detrimental to an entire generation,” says Renford Reese, a political science professor at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona. Reese explores the forces leading teenaged African-American males to emulate these stereotypes in his book *American Paradox: Young Black Men*.

“I interviewed 765 black males, ages 13 to 19, and had them rate black men based on their so-called ‘realness’ and their perception of certain individuals as role models,” says Reese. Repeatedly, teens chose rap artist Tupac Shakur and NBA bad boy Alan Iverson over less controversial role models such as Tiger Woods and David Robinson.

“They didn’t like Robinson because he hadn’t been in trouble with the law,” says Reese. “Kids are blindly embracing this model. It’s manifest in underachievement in school and in acts of violence.”

To foster a change in thinking among one group, Reese lectures in California prisons. “Hopefully, others will be motivated to do their part in countering the negative images,” he says.

Renford is also founder and director of Colorful Flags, a program aimed at bridging cultural differences which he was inspired to create in the wake of escalating tensions between African-American and Korean-American youth in Southern California.



Rusty Darling, BE'91

Mending Lives

Restless—that’s how Lyman “Rusty” Darling describes himself during his tenure in corporate America. “In 2001 I turned 30 and was thinking about my purpose in life,” he says. He found that purpose and a new career as executive director of KidsDom, a faith-based charity that helps 570 orphans in four Russian institutions prepare for productive, successful lives.

“In Russia, orphans are viewed as criminals in training,” says Darling. “An estimated 1 million children in Russia live in orphanages, most because their families can’t care for them. The fall of socialism and the absence of social services and community support through Russian churches have left orphans ill-prepared for work and independence.”

Darling raises the money KidsDom needs for improvements at the orphanages—clothing, educational materials and medicine. In three years he’s grown that pool from \$60,000 to \$450,000.

KidsDom has two U.S. missionaries in Russia, and Darling hopes to add two more this year so it can expand its work with local churches. “The kids really take your heart,” he says. “We think we can make a difference for them and for the Russian churches that help them.”

“ **Jon Bonnell, BS'94** is owner and chef of a Fort Worth restaurant that serves wild game, seafood, and 'cheese grits to die for.' ”

Alumni Association News

New Online

Now you can post your news online and find out what your classmates are doing. The Alumni Association's new **online class notes** let you post a note, upload a photograph, create a buddy list to see if your old friends have news, and much more. Class notes are the latest addition to Dore2Dore, Vanderbilt's free online community at www.dore2dore.net.

While you're there, be sure to update your information, including your e-mail address. Vanderbilt is trying to reduce costs of sending paper mail by collecting e-mail addresses that are used to send selected information electronically.

Former Association President Dies



Vanderbilt mourns the untimely loss of Board of Trust member and former Alumni Association president **Jane Evans Sheer**, BA'65, who died Nov. 16, 2003. A memorial scholarship has been established through the generosity of classmate and close friend Ruth Montgomery Cecil, and KB Home, a corporation where Jane served on the board. Additional gifts to the Jane Evans Memorial Scholarship may be mailed to Vanderbilt University, Gift Processing Office, VU Station B

357727, Nashville, TN 37235-7727. For information, call Joe Rively at 615/343-2029. For more on the life of one of Vanderbilt's most energetic boosters, please see page 85.

Alumni Interviewing Program Expands

Last year the offices of Alumni Relations and Undergraduate Admissions jointly launched the Vanderbilt Alumni Admissions Interviewing Program in Atlanta, Chicago and Houston. This fall the program will expand to include Birmingham, Dallas, Memphis, and the metropolitan New York area. The program serves as an informal exchange of information between Vanderbilt applicants and our alumni. It also allows alumni to serve as a personal link to prospective students and their parents in local communities.

Last year nearly 400 students requested interviews in Atlanta, Chicago and Houston. By interviewing students, alumni help offer a more personalized view of the admissions process, promote good will, and present a positive impression of Vanderbilt. Thanks to everyone who participated in this important program.

Training in the new cities will take place this fall, and follow-up training sessions will be held in Atlanta, Chicago and Houston this summer. If you are interested in volunteering in any of the interview cities mentioned, please contact Cami Isaac in the Office of Alumni Relations at cami.isaac@vanderbilt.edu or 615/322-2929.

Alumni Association News

Campus Activist Elected Young Alumni Trustee

The Vanderbilt classes of 2003, 2004 and 2005 have elected **Heather Souder**, BA'04, as the newest Young Alumni Trustee. A political science and communications double-major from Marietta, Ga., Souder will serve two two-year terms on the Vanderbilt Board of Trust.



At Vanderbilt she dedicated herself to women's issues, political activism, and bridging the gap between students and the Nashville community. A Chancellor's Scholar, she served as a mentor to fellow minority students and participated in phone-a-thons and letter writing campaigns to recruit a more diverse student body. She served as a Vuceptor, a tutor, and a mentor for refugee families.

Senior Celebration

More than 500 graduating seniors flocked to the first-ever **Almost Alumni Affair** on April 2. The Class of 2004 and alumni in attendance enjoyed margaritas, great food and a hip DJ. The seniors picked up their class rings, received Vanderbilt ball caps, and learned about the Vanderbilt Travel Program and other opportunities for alumni. Many also donated to the Senior Class Fund and purchased Pub Crawl t-shirts. Special thanks go to **Karen Fesmire**, BS'80, and senior class officer **Zach Thomas**, BA'04, for their roles in creating a winning event that's sure to become a rite of passage.

Black and Gold All Over

As the global economy continues to expand and more graduates than ever before are working and living overseas, Vanderbilt continues to expand its alumni outreach.

Chancellor Gordon Gee and a Vanderbilt delegation spent 14 days in March traveling through Asia on a tour to strengthen academic and diplomatic ties and solidify the alumni network. The group visited Tokyo, Beijing, Hong Kong and Seoul.

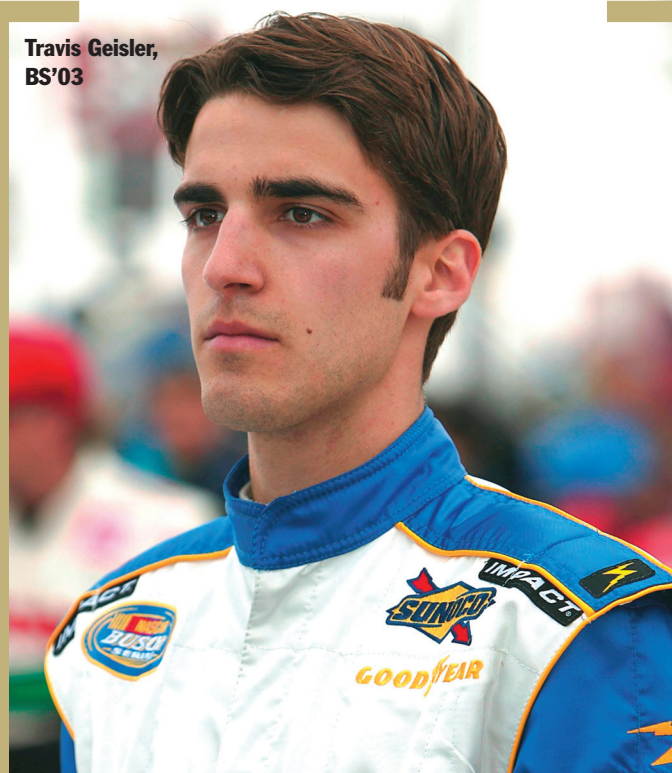
Many graduates are involved at the highest levels of government and business throughout Asia. There are an estimated 300 alumni in Japan, more than 150 alumni in the Chinese mainland, and 100 in Hong Kong. In part thanks to Peabody's historic ties, Vanderbilt has a particularly strong presence in Korea, where the Alumni Association boasts more than 265 active members and a network of more than 500 individuals.

Outside Asia, Vanderbilt is also well represented in the United Kingdom, where more than 300 alumni live and work. Chancellor Gee has visited the U.K. alumni twice, and the group recently formed its own Vanderbilt club.

Vanderbilt has long had important ties in Latin America and last year created a Center for the Americas to provide perspectives on history, culture and society by bringing together scholars whose work cuts across political and geographical boundaries. During a trip last year, a Vanderbilt contingent connected with more than 75 alumni in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro.

“Edward Michaels, BA’00, won the 88th DHL-Philippine Open golf championship by three strokes.”

Travis Geisler,
BS’03



WALTER G. ARCE—ACTIONSPO RTSINC.COM

Fast Company

“Driving is the only thing I’ve found that’s completely rewarding,” says Travis Geisler, a newly minted Busch Series NASCAR driver. Following in the footsteps of his father, Lynn, also a NASCAR driver, Geisler started with go-carts and progressed to full-sized cars. In April he got his break when he signed with DCT Motorsports’ NASCAR Busch Series team as a driver.

Along the way, he’s learned to market himself strategically to achieve his goals. To get the class flexibility he needed to drive competitively while at Vanderbilt, Geisler approached Arthur Overholser, senior associate dean of the School of Engineering. “I showed him the presentation I do about my work to prospective sponsors and the press coverage I’d generated. He understood I wasn’t skipping class; I was working on a career,” says Geisler, 23.

His vision, along with his degree, he says, opens doors and creates alliances. “Having an education helps when I meet with prospective sponsors. They’re surprised I have a degree like they do, so it bridges a certain gap,” says Geisler. He credits Vanderbilt with helping him to prepare for NASCAR’s competitive ranks. “Vanderbilt opened my eyes to the opportunities that exist if you devote yourself to what you really want,” he says.

VJournal *continued from page 11*

I took calculus in high school, so I only took one math class at Vanderbilt. I find math to be very useful in life. For example, I ate a banana with lunch. Before I ate it, though, I found the slope of the line tangent to its curve.

Astronomy taught me that the universe is a vast and mysterious place, but with geology I learned that even mysterious things can be boring. Philosophy taught me to add “-ism” to the ends of words if I want to sound intelligent. Also, the longer the word, the more important it is. History classes taught me that people have been behaving badly for thousands of years.

The Blair School of Music proved that if something is far away, I will never go there.

Peabody reemphasized that point and also showed me that taunting HOD majors never gets old. Engineering falls on the other end of the useful/interesting spectrum in that it is one of the most employable fields at Vanderbilt but also stab-me-in-the-eye boring. My good friend Erin is a BME student who likes to tell me exciting stories about her major. Unfortunately, these stories usually end with phrases like, “Then my project partner and I got really crazy and reconfigured the model! And we graphed the results!” Poor Erin. She may get a better job than I will, but she will never learn the art of lobster mangling.

And that’s about it. That’s everything I learned at Vanderbilt. College was fun, but it went far too quickly. My freshman year was

spent in the lobby of Branscomb. My sophomore and junior years revolved around the McGill picnic table, and my senior year has been a series of failed attempts at putting clothing on top of the Cornelius Vanderbilt statue. But that is over now. There’s nothing left for me to do except get a job and a mortgage and wait for the wrinkles to arrive. Well, that and learn how to guide cocktail-party conversations to the topic of lobsters.

Claire Suddath started writing for the Vanderbilt Hustler as a freshman and has had a weekly humor column for the past two years. This essay was adapted from her Hustler column.

S.P.O.V. *continued from page 71*

to be in control.

Today I find I am now the person I was meant to be, not consumed by the eating-disordered mentality. I have healthy relationships with my supportive parents and a group of friends, no longer isolating myself. I don’t compare my body with those around me. I don’t get anxious around food, constantly dwell on it, or find it necessary to make food journals. I don’t calculate calories, measure food or obsessively exercise. I don’t try on six outfits every morning, attempting to find one that “conceals my fat.” I know and believe that I am not fat.

I share my story not for my own healing but to show that complete recovery—physical and emotional—is possible. I’m not going to lie: treatment and recovery are not easy. It’s actually quite difficult, but I promise you that it’s worth it. To those who face the same struggle, I challenge you to believe for something better—you are worth it.

Shannon Thomas, a violin performance major in the Blair School of Music, graduated in May.

Southern Journal *continued from page 88*

Song to Grits

By ROY BLOUNT JR., BA’63

When my mind’s unsettled,
When I don’t feel spruce,
When my nerves get frazzled,
When my flesh gets loose—

What knits
Me back together’s grits.

Grits with gravy,
Grits with cheese.
Grits with bacon,
Grits with peas.
Grits with a minimum
Of two over-medium eggs
mixed in ’em: um!

Grits, grits, it’s
grits I sing—
Grits fits
In with anything.

Rich and poor, black and white,
Lutheran and Campbellite,
Jews and Southern Jesuits,
All acknowledge buttered grits.

Give me two hands, give me my wits,
Give me forty pounds of grits.

Grits at taps, grits at reveille.
I am into grits real heavily.

True grits,
more grits,
Fish, grits and collards.
Life is good where grits are swallowed.

Grits
Sits
Right.

Vanderbilt Holdings *continued from page 25*

Lou Silberman, would give steady attention to the Judaica Collection for the next 28 years, until his retirement. In 1963, during Silberman's tenure, local philanthropist Manuel Eskind established the Leah Belle Levy Eskind Memorial, a Judaica Collection fund in memory of his wife.

The Judaica Collection entered a new phase in 1988 with its biggest gift yet—\$500,000 from Nashville businessman Raymond Zimmerman. His donation, honoring his parents, Harry and Mary, allowed the collection to expand its holdings on several fronts. Zimmerman specified that the collection be made accessible such that grade-schoolers and international scholars alike could explore its offerings at their own pace.

"That's the strength of Vanderbilt—it's nondenominational to the extent that it welcomes everyone," says Zimmerman, who now lives in Boca Raton, Fla. "My parents loved Vanderbilt, and this is certainly a fitting memorial to their memory."

In 1991 the Zimmerman Judaica Collection consolidated its identity and expanded its reach when it acquired the collection of the late scholar Nahum N. Glatzer, who taught at Brandeis University and was an editor at Schocken Books. His materials—some 6,000 books—include the correspondence relating to Buber and Rosenzweig, as well as the *Star of Redemption* manuscript.

For decades, even on campus, the Judaica Collection was hardly known at all, housed in a small corner of the Divinity Library for years. Not anymore. After the library remodeling in the mid-1980s, it was placed in a larger and well-lit space just off the library reading room, where it stands today. The move became symbolic of a higher profile, a more intentional presence in the life of a university and divinity school reaching back 4,000 years across time.

Hannah's Story *continued from page 37*

gery, doctors affix a metal halo onto a patient's forehead, screwing it into the skull, and a second halo around the neck. Using a CT scan, they locate the site of the tumor, compare it to an MRI scan, and chart its exact coordinates via computer. Then they secure the halo to the table and target 100 beams of radiation directly onto the tumor, killing any cell growth at that site. The Huths would arrive at VCH at dawn on March 1, Hannah would undergo the radio surgery, and they would return home at 7:30 that night.

Still, says Beth, "No one could have prepared us for watching our child go through something like that. No matter how good the doctors and staff are, you can't imagine seeing your child hooked up to that halo with screws drilled into her head. It's unbelievably traumatizing."

Because the staff had to monitor her vital signs closely, they couldn't simply "knock Hannah out" with anesthesia. During the long ordeal, she woke up five or six times, crying that she was hurt and asking her mother, "Why is this happening to me? I never did anything wrong!"

Beth sat in a wheelchair, holding her daughter in her arms, trying to soothe her, as Hannah grew increasingly uncomfortable under the weight of the halo. At 4:30 that afternoon, after being fully anesthetized, Hannah finally went in for her radio surgery. Today the doctors are optimistic that the procedure worked.

Most of Hannah's questions since then, Beth says, have been about whether the tumor will come back, asking her parents if it's gone for good. "As a parent you cannot answer that question," she laments. "I can't say anything that's going to give her some closure."

On the way home from surgery, Hannah apologized for crying so much. Beth responded, "Honey, don't be sorry about crying. You could cry buckets and I'd carry them away."

Hannah said, "I just don't want to be a baby."

"Honey," Beth told her, "you're bigger than me."

A few days later, Hannah began coloring again. She had been talking to her family about dreams, and so she drew a big beautiful picture of a hospital with people in the windows. Above it she wrote this title: "I Wish That No One Would Be in the Hospital." Hannah's dream is that all sick children will one day be well.

Aside from stomach pain and headaches, the biggest aftereffect of Hannah's radio surgery was a large green, black and yellow bruise near a puncture site from the halo, which made Hannah look like she had a black left eye.

On March 4, three days after her surgery, Hannah asked if she could go back to kindergarten for a couple of hours. Rising at 6 a.m., she selected a fancy skirt and a shirt with sparkly flowers, an outfit, she insisted, befitting her first day back. When she walked into school, her friends crowded around her.

"What happened to your eye?" they asked.

"I had surgery on Monday," Hannah answered.

"Oh," they said, "do you want to come color with us?" And that was that.

For most people a hospital is a place to fear, a place to avoid. For Hannah Huth, however, Vanderbilt Children's Hospital is an incontrovertible fixture in her routine. Given that, she goes there with bravery and with grace. She accepts that there exists an unspoken connection between visiting the hospital and hanging out with her friends, playing with her cat, teaching neat stuff to her little sister, coloring beautiful pictures, and waking up in the morning excited about all those things that are important in the life of a little girl.

—Lisa A. DuBois

Hymn to Ham

By ROY BLOUNT JR., BA'63

Though Ham was one of Noah's sons
(Like Japheth), I can't see
That Ham meant any more to him
Than ham has meant to me.

On Christmas Eve
I said, "Yes ma'am,
I do believe
I'll have more ham."

I said, "Yes ma'am,
I do believe
I'll have more ham."

I said, "Yes ma'am,
I do believe
I'll have more ham."

And then after dinner my uncle said he
Was predominantly English but part Cherokee.
"As near as I can figure," I said, "I am
An eighth Scotch-Irish and seven-eighths ham."

Ham.
My soul.
I took a big hot roll,
I put in some jam,
And butter that melted down in with the jam,
Which was blackberry jam,
And a big old folded-over oozy slice of HAM ...
And my head swam.



Ham!
Hit me with a hammah,
Wham bam bam!
What good ammah
Without mah ham?

Ham's substantial, ham is fat,
Ham is firm and sound.
Ham's what God was getting at
When he made pigs so round.

Aunt Fay's as big as she can be —
She weighs one hundred, she must weigh three.
But Fay says, "Ham! Oh Lord, praise be,
Ham has never hampered me!"

Next to Mama and Daddy and Gram,
We all love the family ham.

So let's program
A hymn to ham,
To appetizing, filling ham.
(I knew a girl named Willingham.)
And after that we'll all go cram
Ourselves from teeth to diaphragm
Full of ham.

Another poem by Roy Blount appears on page 86.

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