

VANDERBILT MAGAZINE

fall 2004

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1,000 Words

One image frozen in time





Let the Games Begin

Vanderbilt women's soccer players huddle up before their first scrimmage of the season, an Aug. 17 game against Furman that ended in a scoreless tie. After saying goodbye to a large class of graduating seniors last season, the Commodores welcomed the nation's 23rd-ranked recruiting class to campus this fall. Photo by Neil Brake.

Dore Ways

A forum for exchanging ideas

From the Editor

Shall We Gather 'Round the Table?

COMMON WISDOM SADDLES UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATORS AND faculty with an uncommon love of meetings. I don't know if this is really true; I suspect meetings are a necessity of doing business, period. I do know that since I've been editing *Vanderbilt Magazine*, I've attended more than my share. But then I'm known for being meeting adverse, for taking only those meetings I can't get out of, and then only if I see value for the magazine.

That's why my editorial colleagues were so surprised when I mentioned plans to form an editorial advisory board for this magazine. "Doesn't that mean *meeting* with them?" one editor teased. "It might," I replied. But in my heart, I knew I was committing to giving up lots of time spent doing what I love—shaping story ideas, working with writers on their drafts, bugging the photographers, bugging the art director and designer—for what I hoped would be productive time with a group of people I didn't know.

Vanderbilt alumni have been a great resource to me as editor. I've found some of the best writers, photographers and artists I've ever worked with right here among our alumni. So I aimed high and took the plunge last fall, approaching nine alums and one parent of a Vanderbilt student—individuals who some warned might be unapproachable given their stature—and asked if they'd be willing to roll up their sleeves, come to Nashville twice a year, and work really hard on helping me realize my vision for *Vanderbilt Magazine*. In return, I'd provide the coffee.

Guess what? They all accepted. Though someone did say he preferred tea. We had our first meeting in March and, as I write this letter, are one week away from our second meeting. Who are these alumni? They are editors, writers, designers and communications professionals. They are former editors of the *Hustler*, Pulitzer Prize winners, and nationally and internationally recognized for their work (one is even in a band). They are Roy, Caneel, Terry, Sam, Frye, Janice, Marc, Sonny, Ed and Ken. They are alums and a parent, who care enough about the University to work with me on making your magazine even better.

What makes having this board too good to be true? The meetings are a joy to attend. Our board members are thoughtful, funny, insightful, irreverent—just the kind of people you'd like to lock yourself in a room with twice a year and talk magazines. What I didn't say is that they take *Vanderbilt Magazine*—your magazine—seriously. We've already given life to some of their ideas in the magazine. And in the next few issues, I'm sure even more of their recommendations will find their way into our editorial and design mix.

KEN SCHEXNAYDER

From the Reader

Children's Hospital

I READ WITH DELIGHT THE STORY ON Vanderbilt's commitment to pediatric care through the opening of your new Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital [Summer 2004 issue, "Magical Place, Healing Place," p. 30]. My son is a recent Vanderbilt graduate, and everything I have experienced at Vanderbilt has been first class. So, it was no surprise to me to see such a beautiful, well-planned hospital built by your university. I quickly learned to expect only the best from Vanderbilt. Congratulations on your magnificent new hospital, which indeed seems to be a "magical place."

I was disappointed, however, to see remarks in the article that misrepresented St. Jude Children's Research Hospital. You see, St. Jude is also close to my heart. My son is not only a recent alumnus of Vanderbilt University; he is a St. Jude success story. He was cured of leukemia at St. Jude.

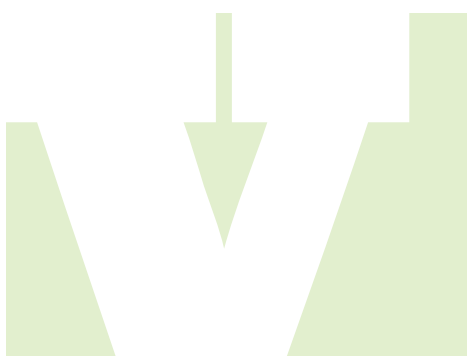
The article stated that St. Jude has 65 beds for treating cancer patients, compared to the 216 at VCH. Actually, St. Jude has only 58 beds. St. Jude helped to pioneer the concept of outpatient treatment of cancer patients as a standard practice. My son was one of more than 4,000 cancer patients followed by St. Jude at a given time. The benefits of a child being treated on an outpatient basis and living as normal a life as possible are immeasurable. My son, as well as all other St. Jude patients, are hospitalized when necessary. Thankfully, my son was only an inpatient for a small percentage of the two-and-a-half-year treatment protocol he underwent. I could only hope that St. Jude would never need any more beds and could continue to treat thousands of patients at a time in this manner.

St. Jude has a unique mission. It is a research center seeking to find cures for childhood cancer and other catastrophic diseases. Their goal is to share what they learn with hospitals across the country and around the world so that children everywhere can benefit from their research.

When Danny Thomas opened St. Jude in 1962, fewer than 4 percent of children with leukemia



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survived. St. Jude has helped to bring those survival rates to better than 80 percent today. In addition, St. Jude treats families whether they have insurance or not; cost is not an issue.

I know firsthand what incredible institutions are to be found both at Vanderbilt and St. Jude, and I wish the staff and patients there nothing but success. I simply felt compelled to point out that there should be no comparison between the two—it's not apples to apples. The two institutions complement each other quite well.

GAY ROMANO
Kenner, La.

I WAS SO INTERESTED IN YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT the new children's hospital at Vanderbilt, as I was associated with Egleston Children's Hospital at Emory in Atlanta for 16 years as director of volunteer services. Egleston has now combined with Scottish Rite Hospital in Atlanta and has become known as Children's Healthcare of Atlanta. You started your article by reporting that "200 volunteers" were positioned around the hospital [on opening day, to transfer patients to the new facility], but then you never mentioned them again. You did a superior job of telling about the new hospital, the great medical services that it would provide to the community, and its accommodation for the parents. However, I felt you left out the impact that volunteers can have on the whole place. You mentioned the Junior League and what they had done in the past. I found that their continued support of our hospital was of such tremendous value through the day and evening volunteers they always made available to us. You did not mention Vanderbilt students who are volunteers. Where were they? Egleston was near Emory University, and we had so many young and eager students who were interested in health-care fields and also enjoyed working with children. The Junior League, Emory and [Georgia] Tech students, and other civic groups provided us with so many volunteers (old and young) who loved to work with children and parents. What a difference they can make—working in the school room to help patients keep up with their homework, reading and playing with patients in their rooms, organizing activities in the play areas, and being with parents as real friends.

Your new hospital looks great, but I wish you had featured a picture of one of your volunteers, as they give such a special and unique touch to a children's hospital. Hopefully, you will devote another article about the new Vanderbilt Children's Hospital at some future time and feature the benefit of volunteers in this setting.

FRAN WARD BONDURANT, BA'45
Atlanta

Fair and Balanced

[THIS IS] A BRIEF NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW that I'm in 100-percent agreement with the letters from Carl Conner and Jonathan Smith [Sum-

mer 2004 issue, "From the Reader," pp. 7–8]. Your leaning to the "left" is very obvious. You need to be more objective and balanced.

JAMES DEMAIN, BA'54
Mendham, N.J.

Another Perspective

LETTER WRITER CARL CONNER [SUMMER 2004 issue, "From the Reader," p. 7] misses the point when he criticizes Al Franken's remark, included in a previous edition of *Vanderbilt Magazine*, that President Bush "lied about why we're sending young men and women into battle." In writing "[t]o act on the best intelligence available is not lying, even if the intelligence is found to be incorrect," Conner puts the cart before the horse. Setting aside the veracity of the intelligence reports, the president lied when he said he was, in fact, acting on those reports. Before 9/11, Bush's foreign-policy team stated publicly that Iraq's weapons capacity was well contained. All of a sudden, after 9/11, Iraq was no longer well contained. What happened? The traumatizing events of 9/11 forced the president to take some action to save his political skin. This was a war in search of supporting intelligence, not intelligence supporting a war.

BEN BRATMAN, JD'93
Pittsburgh

THIS STARTED AS A LETTER REACTING TO THE letters printed in the Summer 2004 issue noting how the radical conservatives in this country have been able to take control—by simply attacking any and everybody they dislike as a "liberal." They understand that those stupid liberals have a knee-jerk reaction to complaints; they try to accommodate other points of view, which gives the conservatives just the opening they need and seals the doom of any reasonable discourse.

But my thoughts roamed back to my days at Vanderbilt—40 years ago—and how refreshing my instructors were as compared to most people I knew growing up in Nashville. They were intellectually curious, willing to question the status quo, dogma, prejudice or beliefs, and tried to incite intellectual curiosity in their students. Guest lecturers were likewise chosen to stimulate thought and discussion.

Often it worked, but many times it failed. I remember fellow students bitterly denouncing

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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.

Lesson Learned

On the worst day of their lives, a patient's family teaches a new nurse her first and best lesson. By KATHLEEN STEPHENS

NURSING SCHOOL DID NOT teach me how to be a nurse; it taught me nursing. There is a difference. In school I learned how to draw blood and start an IV. I learned how to guide a nasogastric tube through a nostril and into the stomach, avoiding the intersection into the lungs.

I learned about anatomy, body chemistry, microbiology and pathophysiology. I learned lots of categories of pharmaceuticals, but I didn't learn to be a nurse. That came later, and more slowly. I learned it from other nurses, both good and bad (it is said that nurses are the only humans who eat their young). But mainly I learned it from my patients.

My most important lesson in *How to Be a Nurse* came very early in my career. I was green, not yet out of school, working in the emergency department as a summer nursing extern, over my head and scared to death. I was afraid of doing something wrong and hurting someone, but mostly I was afraid of looking as inexperienced as I felt. My new badge proudly proclaimed my name and my credentials, right where everyone could see it. I wore crisp scrubs, white running shoes, and a stethoscope around my neck. I looked professional and competent, even if I didn't feel it, and I was desperate to act professional, too.

That was before I met the Collins family. The call came over the radio that the Life-Flight helicopter was bringing in Michael Collins, a 54-year-old from an outlying county who had been unloading firewood when

the load shifted. He was buried under a pile of lumber for 30 or 45 minutes before his sons were able to dig him out. It looked bad, with CPR in progress on board the helicopter. He arrived, and the medical team sprang into action. As a lesser member of the team, my responsibilities were clearly defined and I was able to perform them all in a competent and professional manner. Mr. Collins looked like he was sleeping, with very few marks on his body, but the internal damage was tremendous. He was taken to the third floor for surgery, which we all realized was not going to save him, but the optimism and arrogance of modern medicine said we had to try.

But he was gone from my department, and I went back to my work. I had nearly forgotten Mr. Collins when his wife and two sons arrived an hour later. I went with the charge nurse to a small conference room to give them an update on his condition and directed them to the surgical waiting room. The sons were young men in their 20s, still wearing work clothes similar to what I had cut off their father's broken body. They stood protectively on each side of their mother, as if their solid presence could ward off the harshness of the words they were hearing. She was trembling but dry-eyed, the three of them together still blessedly enveloped in the numbing cloak of shock and disbelief.

I, to my shame, was the only person in the room crying. I tried desperately to stop the tears. The furious voice inside my head was hissing. "You are a professional! Snap out of it! Stop it right now! Nurses don't cry! Detach!



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Detach! Detach!" But I looked at the confused woman clutching the arms of her two brave sons, and I could see hurt and devastation, fear and loss dawning in all of their eyes, as the words sank in. I thought about how three hours earlier they had all been home, the three men working outside together, the woman probably cooking dinner for her three hungry boys, preparing to fuss at them for tracking dirt onto her kitchen floor. The sun was still shining outside on the beautiful cool Sunday afternoon, perfect for chopping wood. But the Collins family of four now consisted of one member fighting a losing battle for his life on an operating table, and three members huddled together in a bare conference room, hearing hard truths from a nurse with a sob in her voice and a runny nose. Their lives were forever changed, and they would change mine.

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The Campus

“A black cultural center has the opportunity not only to educate, but, if there

More Nurses, More Ways

A NATIONAL NURSING SHORTAGE is engendering creative solutions at Vanderbilt.

Vanderbilt Children’s Hospital, which employs 600 nurses, will soon begin offering flexible shifts as short as four hours in an effort to appeal both to young parents and to older nurses who find typical 12-hour shifts too tiring.

With the four-hour shifts, there is no minimum number of hours nurses are required to work. Nurses who work at least 30 hours per week can qualify for benefits.

Nurses from foreign countries who want to work in the

U.S. will get some help thanks to a new course created by Vanderbilt University School of Nursing in partnership with the Vanderbilt English Language Center.

“The course will help nurses who were educated in their own countries prepare to take the registered nurse licensing exams here, master English language skills, and learn to bridge cultural gaps in the U.S. health-care system and their home countries,” says Linda Norman, senior associate dean of academics at VUSN.

VUSN community health instructor Carol Etherington, a mentor to the refugee popula-



NEIL BRAKE

Dedrick Woodard, age 1, was the first child moved to the new Children’s Hospital from the Emergency Department.

tion in Nashville, helped spark the idea for the creation of the new course. “Having a program like this and utilizing skills of people who have already migrated to the United States and plan to remain here is a far more reasonable approach to enhancing the nursing pool than going to another country and recruiting them,” says Etherington.

Students interested in enrolling in the program must show proof of education in programs that are similar to U.S. registered-nurse programs from their home countries before beginning the course.

The School of Nursing also has begun a partnership with

Lipscomb University in Nashville to offer Lipscomb students a bachelor of science in nursing (BSN) degree with courses provided by Vanderbilt. HCA Inc., which operates 190 hospitals and has its headquarters in Nashville, is giving Lipscomb University \$500,000 to start the program. Lipscomb will provide the first five semesters of a pre-nursing liberal-arts program of study. Vanderbilt will then provide the remaining three semesters of nursing courses and clinical work. Students will be awarded a bachelor of science degree in nursing from Lipscomb. VUSN already has a similar agreement with Fisk University in Nashville.



{Details}

Pillar of the Community

A stone pillar near what is now Vanderbilt Law School dates back to 1875 and formed part of the original main entrance to campus. Pairs of the pillars supported iron gates which allowed entrance through a whitewashed board fence but kept out cattle that once freely grazed the surrounding area.

NEIL BRAKE

Fall 2004

are wounds that are still open, to help salve the wounds. ” —FRANK DOBSON JR.

School of Engineering to Lead Defense Nanotechnology Program

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING will lead a \$2.4 million, multi-institutional nanotechnology program funded by the U.S. Army Research Laboratory to develop radically improved electronics, sensors, energy-conversion devices, and other critical defense systems.

The Advanced Carbon Nanotechnology Research Program will explore various nanostructures of carbon, including diamond, at the molecular level to develop materials that can be used in defense devices and systems. The Army Research Laboratory funds will support the program's first year of operation.

"Nanoscale" describes objects that measure approximately a millionth of a millimeter, or roughly 1/100,000th the diameter of a human hair.

"The goal of this cutting-edge research is to gain control of structures and devices at atomic and molecular levels and to learn to manufacture and use these devices efficiently," says Jimmy L. Davidson, principal investigator of the new program.

Davidson, professor of electrical engineering and professor of materials science and engi-

neering, will coordinate the research efforts. In addition to Vanderbilt, the University of Kentucky, North Carolina State University, the University of Florida, and the International Technology Center will participate in the program.

Although carbon is the most versatile of elements and is the foundation of most fuels, synthetic materials and biological systems, little is known about its behavior at the nanoscale level. "Using carbon as a building block in this promising new area of science is a potentially boundless resource," Davidson says.

In addition to conducting research, the new program will train graduate students to work in the emerging field and will establish close interactions

among U.S. industry and government laboratories.

Initial goals include developing diamond/carbon nanostructures for biological and chemical sensors, developing a new energy-conversion device, and developing electron emission devices for advanced electronics.

VUMC Reduces High-Volume Diagnostic Tests

FEAR OF UNCERTAINTY, A litigious society and lack of experience head a long list of causes contributing to over-use of inpatient diagnostic tests. Researchers have even identified a test addiction disorder among some physicians.

But with health-care costs rapidly on the rise, health-care

providers, insurance companies and policymakers are all looking for ways to eliminate costs while maintaining or improving quality and safety.

Vanderbilt physicians and clinical experts have found a safe, simple and relatively painless method for reducing excessive use of high-volume laboratory, radiology and cardiology tests.

In the mid-1990s, Vanderbilt developed a computer program called WizOrder to support clinical decision-making in the hospital. Clinicians use it to order patient tests and treatments. The program applies clinical logic to issue alerts against orders that appear inappropriate, furnishes tips about best practice, and provides links to in-depth information. Four years >>>



Virtual Vanderbilt
Coming to a Screen Near You
It's high time you ditched those flying toasters. The Office of Trademark Licensing at Vanderbilt, in conjunction with the Office of University Web Communications, has developed a free screensaver with 24 images by University photographers that represent Vanderbilt University. Versions are available for both PC and Mac users.
<http://www.vanderbilt.edu/screensaver/>

{Inquiring Minds}

Thoughts Without Words

Babies as young as 5 months old make distinctions about categories of events that their parents do not, revealing new information about how language develops in humans. The research by Sue Hespos, assistant professor of psychology at Vanderbilt, and Elizabeth Spelke, professor of psychology at Harvard University, was published in the July 22 issue of *Nature*.

"It's been shown in previous studies that adults actually categorize things differently based on what language they speak," Hespos says.

"Language capitalizes on a pre-existing system of 'I live in a 3-D world, and I know how objects behave and interact.' This pre-existing ability suggests that children do think before they speak."



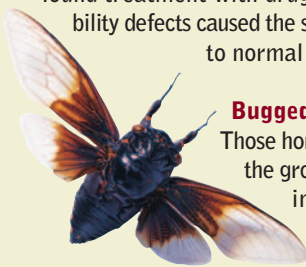
Model for Form of Paraplegia Suggests Treatments

A new genetic model for a motor disorder that confines an estimated 10,000 people in the United States to walkers and wheelchairs indicates that instability in the microscopic scaffolding within a key set of nerve cells is the cause of this devastating disability.

The study, published in the July 13 issue of *Current Biology*, provides insight into the molecular basis of the disease called hereditary spastic paraplegia (HSP). Vanderbilt graduate student Nick Trotta was the first author on the paper.

HSP causes the ends of the nerves that control muscle activity to deteriorate, resulting in weakness, spasms, and loss of function in the muscles in the lower extremities. More than 40 percent of all cases have been traced to a single gene (SPG4) that produces an enzyme called spastin.

Researchers in the laboratories of Kendal Brodie at Vanderbilt and Andrea Daga at the University of Padova, Italy, found treatment with drugs that correct microtubule-stability defects caused the synaptic signal strength to rebound to normal levels.



Bugged by Prime Numbers

Those hordes of cicadas that emerged from the ground this summer may have meant incessant droning and devoured begonias to the rest of us. To Glenn Webb, professor of mathematics,

they offer a mathematical mystery: Why do the little buggers emerge only in intervals that are prime numbers?

Webb, who is not the first mathematician to be intrigued by the question, has devised a mathematical model of cicada behavior and published a tentative conclusion: The prime-number life cycle evolved as an effort to avoid predators.

Paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould was among the first to propose that the cicada's life cycle is an evolutionary strategy. Intrigued by Gould's explanation, Glenn Webb created a mathematical model of periodical cicadas and hypothetical predators with two- and three-year life cycles. He found that Gould's argument held up: By emerging only every 13 or 17 years in large numbers, cicadas better ensured their survival.

ago VUMC's Resource Utilization Committee changed the way users order certain high-volume tests. Each morning as they logged into the system, users who had scheduled recurring tests over the next three days got a pop-up message asking if they wanted to continue the testing, cancel the testing or delay a decision.

Weeks later, mild constraints were added: Users were prevented from placing automati-

later brought dramatic overnight reductions. There was no negative change in rates of repeated hospital admissions, transfer to intensive care units, mortality, length of stay, or any other quality measures. Study authors say reductions were achieved "without preventing clinicians from ordering the tests they wanted."

"We're facing an economic crisis in health care, and payers—insurers, employers and



cally recurring orders for certain tests, and common blood chemistry tests that previously could be ordered as a group now had to be ordered separately.

The results of the initiative, published in the Aug. 2 edition of *Annals of Internal Medicine*, were dramatic and could provide a recipe for a large percentage of inpatient diagnostic testing. The authors say up to 25 percent of high-volume testing could be eliminated nationally.

The pop-up messages were associated with considerable reduction of some tests, but the ordering constraints and graphical displays that came

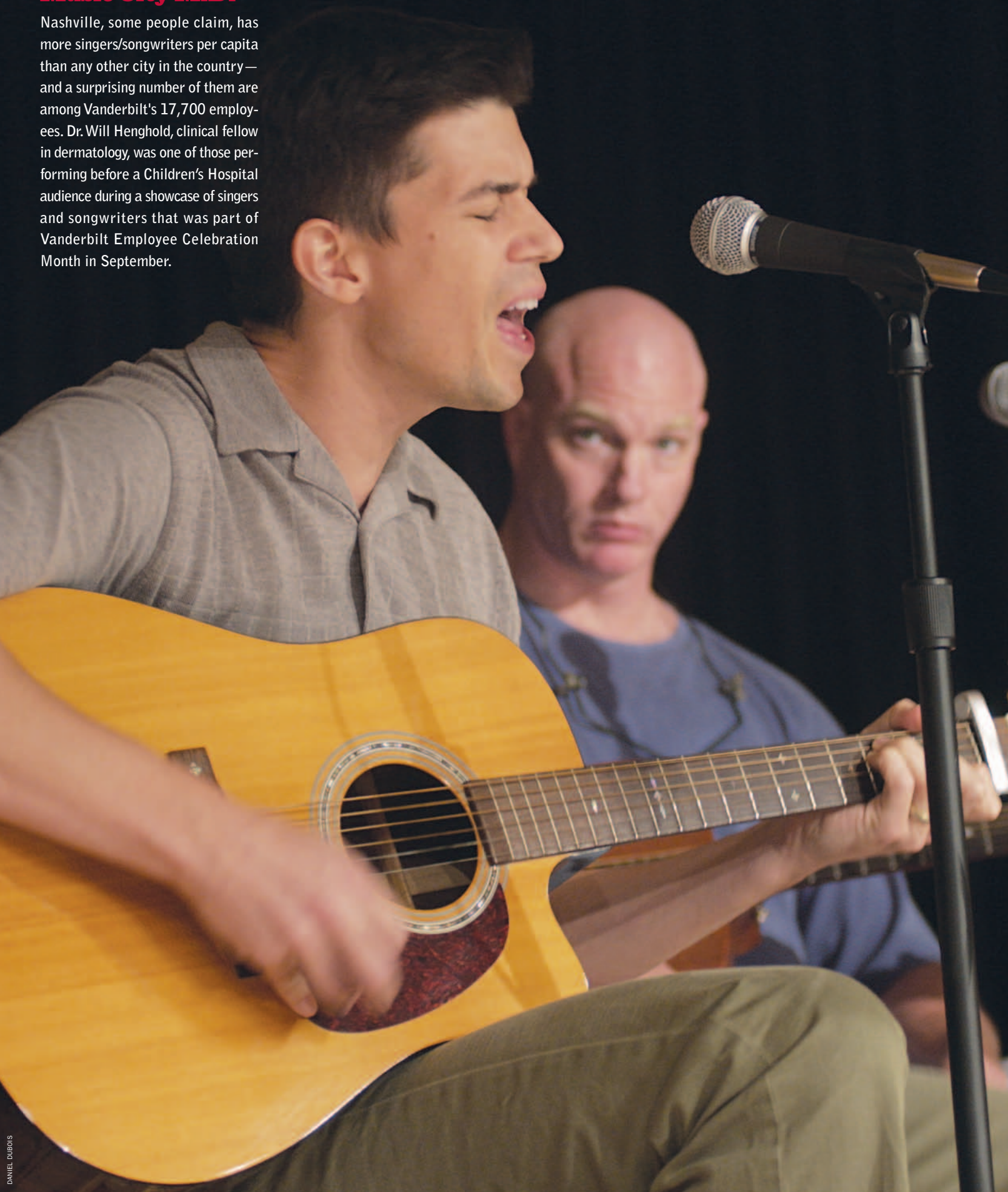
government—are getting pretty fed up with levels of spending at the bedside," says Dr. Eric G. Neilson, chair of the Department of Medicine and senior author of the study. "Either we'll do more to manage spending ourselves, or someone will place restrictions on our ability to apply resources to solve patient problems."

Christie Steps Down as Owen School Dean

WILLIAM CHRISTIE, who had served as dean of the Owen Graduate School of Management since 2000, stepped down from his position June 1. Following a planned research leave, >>

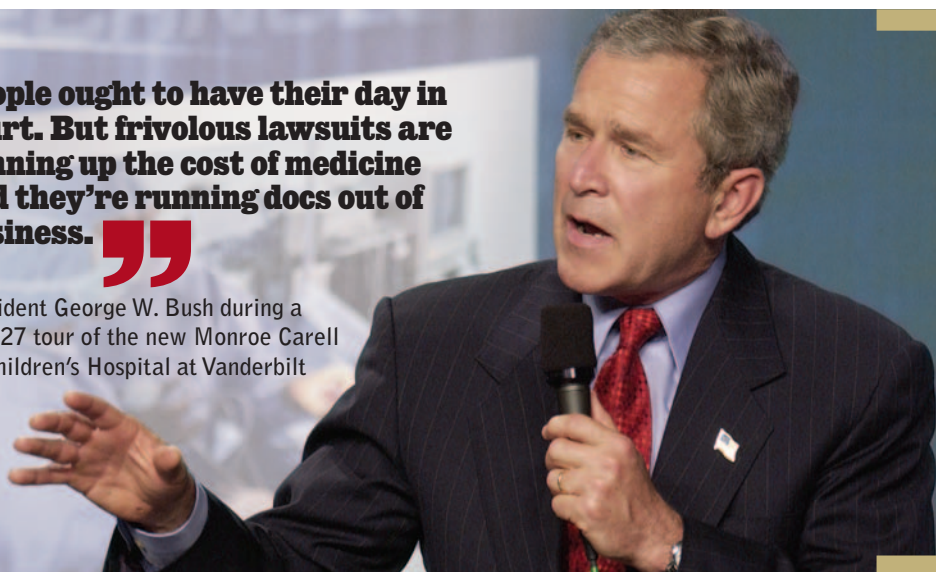
Music City M.D.

Nashville, some people claim, has more singers/songwriters per capita than any other city in the country — and a surprising number of them are among Vanderbilt's 17,700 employees. Dr. Will Henghold, clinical fellow in dermatology, was one of those performing before a Children's Hospital audience during a showcase of singers and songwriters that was part of Vanderbilt Employee Celebration Month in September.



“People ought to have their day in court. But frivolous lawsuits are running up the cost of medicine and they’re running docs out of business.”

— President George W. Bush during a May 27 tour of the new Monroe Carell Jr. Children’s Hospital at Vanderbilt



Christie will return to the faculty as the Frances Hampton Currey Chair in Finance.

Jim Bradford, associate dean of corporate relations at Owen, is serving as acting dean following Christie’s departure.

“Bill has provided excellent leadership to the Owen School during a turbulent economy that has affected business education across the country,” says Provost and Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nicholas Zeppos. “Vanderbilt has been well served by his tenure, and we look forward to his continued teaching and scholarship.”

Christie joined the Owen faculty in 1989 and served as associate dean for faculty development before his appointment as dean. In the past decade he has been recognized repeatedly by *Business Week* as one of the top professors in business education. Early in his time at Owen, he co-authored a study that led to fundamental change in the way NASDAQ stocks are traded. During his tenure as dean, the Owen School began several new initiatives, including a revised curriculum, enhanced executive education programs

and e-Lab, the country’s first research center devoted to Internet marketing.

Bradford, who graduated from Vanderbilt Law School in 1973, previously served as president and CEO of AFG Industries Inc., North America’s largest vertically integrated glass manufacturing and fabrication company. He also served as president and CEO of United Glass Corp. and practiced law for 11 years. He returned to Vanderbilt in 2002 as clinical professor of management and was named associate dean later that year.

African-American Studies Program, Black Cultural Center Welcome New Directors

THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN Studies program at Vanderbilt is poised for fast expansion under new director T. Denean Sharpley-Whiting, one of the brightest young scholars and administrators in the field.

The hiring of Sharpley-Whiting, who previously held a chair of Africana Studies at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., is part of ongoing efforts

to stress diversity at Vanderbilt. She earned a bachelor’s degree in French literature from the University of Rochester with a minor in African economic history; a master’s in French literature from Miami University; and a doctorate in French studies with a minor in African-American literary and cultural criticism from Brown University.

“I absolutely love teaching intro courses because that’s where you get people interested,” says Sharpley-Whiting, noting that she hopes to launch several new courses in the spring and have two new instructors in place by next fall. “You will see the beginning

of a kind of blitz,” she predicts. “You’ll see African-American Studies programming, speakers and series.” She also intends to be involved with a proposed African-American museum in Nashville.

The renovated and expanded Bishop Joseph Johnson Black Cultural Center opens this fall, also with a new director: writer and poet Frank Dobson Jr. Dobson, who left a position as director of the Bolinga Black Cultural Resources Center at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, says the key to a successful black cultural center is “creation of community” for all students, not just black students. He envisions a center for student interaction and support and a source of cultural programming and community outreach.

“As a working-class kid from Buffalo who went into academia, I’m sensitive to how foreign a college campus can seem to people of certain backgrounds,” he says. “The point is to get it across to them that they can belong here. They can aspire to this.”

Dobson graduated from State University of New York at Buffalo and earned a doctorate



T. Denean Sharpley-Whiting



Frank Dobson Jr.

in English from Bowling Green State University, working as a graduate assistant to writer James Baldwin.

He says he will not shrink away from touchy subjects. On his wish list is discussion about genocide in the Sudan and why there is not more outrage in the United States about it. "A black cultural center at a major university in the South has the potential to do things that aren't possible elsewhere because of the history of the South," he says. "A black cultural center at Vanderbilt has the opportunity not only to educate, but, if there are wounds that are still open, to help salve the wounds."

Student Completes Degree 55 Years After Starting It

ENGINEERS ARE KNOWN FOR making sure loose ends are tied up. For William Morrison, the one loose end was an unfinished master's degree at Vanderbilt. In May, at age 80, Morrison received his degree, reaching a goal he had begun working toward when he was just 25.

Morrison received his undergraduate degree in engineering from Vanderbilt in 1949 and immediately began work on his master's degree. He left in 1950 to take a job with Phillips Petroleum without completing the degree requirements.

"After he retired, it occurred to him there was something that he had left unfinished," says Kenneth Galloway, dean of

the Vanderbilt School of Engineering. "He was very determined to finish that piece of unfinished work."

Galloway and his colleagues determined Morrison was just three credit hours short of completing his degree. Morrison enrolled in a special topics course and submitted a paper to fulfill requirements for a master's degree in engineering.

"I spent all of 1950 working on my master's degree and got all the curriculum done except for the thesis," says Morrison. "Maybe two or three things caused me not to finish the thesis—the main one being that I was not happy with it. And I was going to school on the G.I. bill and ran out of money."

Morrison went to work for Phillips at the Philtex Experiment Station in Borger, Texas. He obtained three patents for his work there on a liquid extraction process used by the nuclear industry. In 1957 he transferred to Phillips' facility in Idaho Falls, where he worked in the chemical process-

ing plant with nuclear fuel elements until retiring in 1983. He continued to work with the American Nuclear Society on an international committee that studied issues related to nuclear criticality and safety controls for fissionable materials outside of reactors.

Now he's finished what he started 55 years ago. "It was something that was kind of hanging over my head all these years," he says.



DONNA JONES

Morrison



Fleschner

{Top Picks}

Traveling Fellowship Will Fund Research in Africa

Kristin Fleschner, BS'03, has been awarded the 2004 traveling fellowship at Vanderbilt. The fellowship will provide \$10,000 for a year of travel and study throughout Africa. Fleschner plans to use the fellowship to travel and conduct research in Botswana, Uganda, Zambia and South Africa, studying the issue of sexual violence and the spread of AIDS.

"War has created an environment across Africa in which violence is accepted," says Fleschner, who plans to attend rape-court sessions and observe how the justice system deals with, or fails to deal with, violence against women and children.

Following her year in Africa, Fleschner plans to pursue either a law degree with a focus on women's issues or a doctorate in gender relations.

Student Volunteer Wins Top Award

Najla Husseini, BA'04, has been named the Global Health Council's Volunteer of the Year "in recognition of [Husseini's] unwavering commitment to improving the health and lives of citizens around the world and for her determination in establishing a leading university chapter dedicated to promoting awareness of international health issues and policy."

A sociology major, Husseini was a Global Health Action Network coordinator for the Vanderbilt campus, focusing on women and children's health, infectious diseases, HIV/AIDS and emerging threats. Under Husseini's leadership, Vanderbilt's chapter hosted an annual "Global Health Week" and sponsored several health advocacy events during the academic year.

In addition to her work with the Global Health Action Network, Husseini participated in Alternative Spring Break and the Vanderbilt Prison Project.

Engineering Professor's Research Cited

Engineering professor Bridget R. Rogers has received the Presidential Early Career Award for Scientists and Engineers.

Rogers' award cites her "contributions to fundamental studies of thin film growth mechanisms, and for being the first to prove experimentally that the composition of multi-component films deposited into microelectronic device features varied with depth into the feature."

The assistant professor of chemical engineering will use the research funding provided with the PECASE award to study thin-film coatings for ceramic materials for use in hypersonic vehicles such as the NASA X-43A space plane that achieved a record-breaking Mach 7—5,000 miles per hour—in March.

"Our ultimate goal is to develop an optimal thin-film coating for hypersonic vehicles that adheres well to the ceramic surface, resists corrosion, and protects the vehicle from high temperatures, low pressure, and high-speed plasma flows during flight," she says.



Rogers

Sports

A look at Vanderbilt athletics

Christmas Gift

For Jay Cutler, the road to Vanderbilt went through Santa Claus.

By NELSON BRYAN

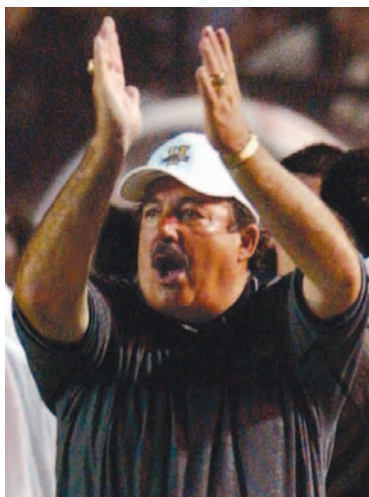
IT WAS JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS WHEN the jolly man with the round belly visited Jay Cutler at his home in Santa Claus, Ind. His costume was different, though. He wasn't wearing the customary red trimmed in white. Instead he was dressed in black and gold and had big, shiny gold rings on his thick fingers. In place of a silky white beard, he sported a thick black mustache and, on his head, black hair combed from front to back. He came bearing a gift.

"Woody recruited me," recalls Cutler, Vanderbilt's junior quarterback. "We were on Christmas break. I was going to stay up north. I had just about committed to Illinois, but it didn't work out and we had started up the recruiting process again. Coach Zingler, another coach here at the time, called me. Coach Woody [Widenhofer] just walked in the door. They put my tape in and called me about two hours later and offered me a scholarship. It was a pretty quick deal."

It turned out to be a good deal for Vanderbilt. At Heritage Hills High School, Cutler was a two-way starter in football and team captain as a senior. He led his team to a 15-0 record and the first state title in the school's history. He was named to the All-State team

and as Offensive Player of the Year by S&L Publishing Group.

The rural Indiana town was a good place for Cutler to grow up with his parents and two younger sisters. "Everyone knows everyone," he says. "I graduated [from high school] with about 150 kids. Every year around Christmas time, they have a festival of lights. Everyone puts up enormous amounts of Christmas lights on the houses and decorations through-



"Coach Woody" knew he had a prize package when he gifted Jay Cutler with a scholarship.

out the subdivisions. People come in on buses and in caravans to see it. It's just a huge deal there."

Cutler was such a good all-around athlete — he was first-team All-State in basketball and honorable-mention All-State in baseball — that Vanderbilt coaches weren't sure where to use him at first.

"When I got here, we still had freshman camp," he says. "I was at safety for most of that camp." After meeting with Widenhofer about the prospect of playing defensive back, Cutler decided to redshirt a year, get physically stronger, and concentrate on the quarterback position. Then there was a coaching change. The man with the thick black mustache was gone, replaced by the man with the snowy white hair. "Coach

[Bobby] Johnson came in here and Coach [Jimmy] Kiser as quarterbacks coach. They gave me an opportunity my redshirt year, and I haven't looked back since."

Cutler posted one of the finest seasons ever by a Commodore freshman quarterback. He was named the Associated Press and Coaches' All-SEC first-team quarterback and third-team All-American quarterback by the *Sporting News*. In his sophomore year he set Vanderbilt sophomore passing records in completions (187), attempts (327), yards (2,347) and touchdowns (18).

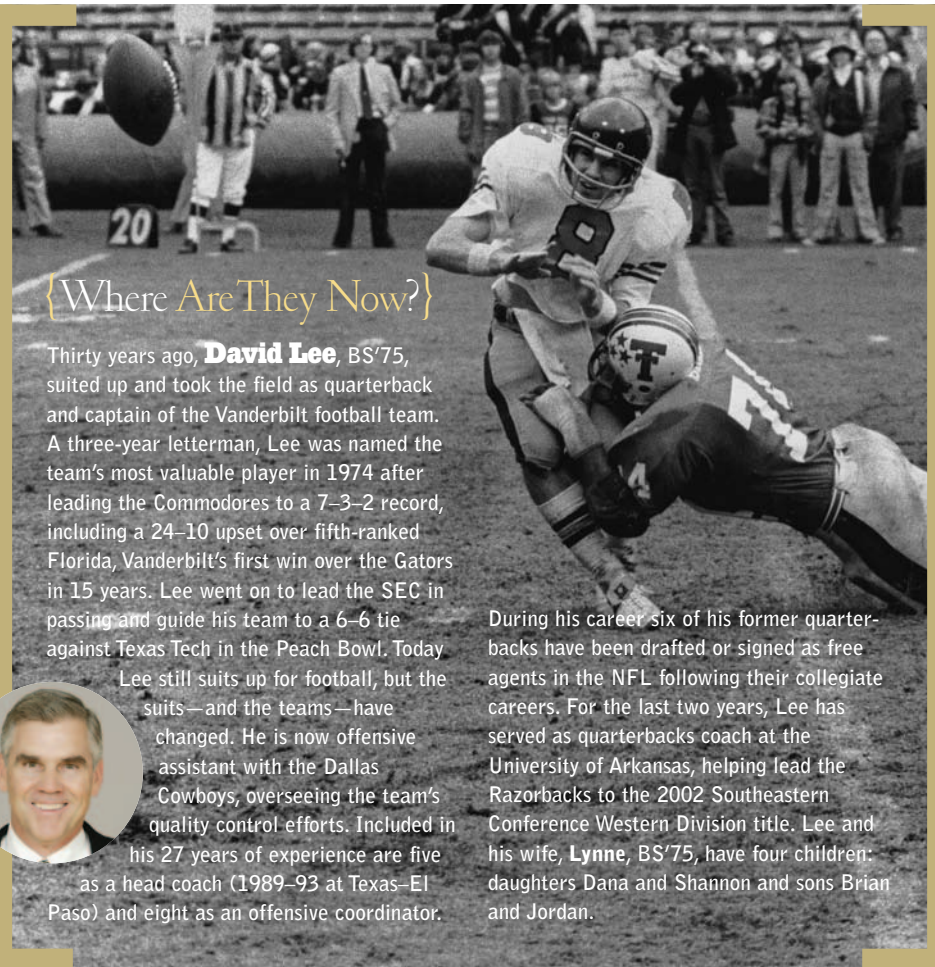
"Coach Johnson is a player's coach," says Cutler. "He's here to make our jobs easier, and is trying to get a winning attitude going at Vanderbilt. He's won in the past, and he knows what it takes."

Preseason pundits were bold enough to predict a winning season and postseason bowl game for the Commodores. Cutler smiles at the thought. "We're anxious. We're ready to get rolling this year. We have 20 to 25 guys who probably could play anywhere in the SEC. The coaches have been working on getting some quality guys in here to fill some key positions. We're definitely improving."

"We worked extremely hard this summer," adds the 6-4, 225-pounder. "We were here six days a week working on running, throwing and the little things. It's tough to win in the SEC. Each game is a battle, no matter where you play. It's going to be a tough road, but we look forward to it."

continued on page 84





{Where Are They Now?}

Thirty years ago, **David Lee**, BS'75, suited up and took the field as quarterback and captain of the Vanderbilt football team. A three-year letterman, Lee was named the team's most valuable player in 1974 after leading the Commodores to a 7-3-2 record, including a 24-10 upset over fifth-ranked Florida, Vanderbilt's first win over the Gators in 15 years. Lee went on to lead the SEC in passing and guide his team to a 6-6 tie against Texas Tech in the Peach Bowl. Today Lee still suits up for football, but the suits—and the teams—have changed. He is now offensive assistant with the Dallas Cowboys, overseeing the team's quality control efforts. Included in his 27 years of experience are five as a head coach (1989-93 at Texas-El Paso) and eight as an offensive coordinator.

During his career six of his former quarterbacks have been drafted or signed as free agents in the NFL following their collegiate careers. For the last two years, Lee has served as quarterbacks coach at the University of Arkansas, helping lead the Razorbacks to the 2002 Southeastern Conference Western Division title. Lee and his wife, **Lynne**, BS'75, have four children: daughters Dana and Shannon and sons Brian and Jordan.



Women's Tennis Ranked No. 2

The Intercollegiate Tennis Association awarded the Vanderbilt women's tennis team a No. 2 national ranking in its postseason poll, behind national champion Stanford. The doubles team of seniors Kelly Schmandt and Aleke Tsubanos also was ranked second in the nation. "What these two women have done at Vanderbilt is just remarkable," said Coach Geoff Macdonald at season's end. "They have brought this program to a new level during their four years. You probably will not find a pair of student-athletes with more heart than Kelly and Aleke, and I could not be prouder of them."

Baseball Superlatives

The 2004 edition of Vanderbilt baseball concluded the season with the best record in University history. The Commodores logged a 45-19 overall record (16-14 SEC) on the way to the program's first-ever appearance in the NCAA Super Regional.

The Commodores set the school record for most victories in a season with 45.

Head Coach Tim Corbin inked a new contract that should keep him at the Vanderbilt helm for the foreseeable future.



Corbin

Freitag Named Coach of the Year

Coach Martha Freitag has been selected National Coach of the Year by *Golfweek* magazine. In her fourth year as Vanderbilt women's golf coach, she directed the team to its finest season in program history. The Commodores won five tournaments, including the SEC championship and NCAA central region tournament, and finished fifth at the NCAA championship. Earlier she had been selected SEC Coach of the Year for the second consecutive year.

Postseason Play Lifts Vandy in All-Sports Ranking

All things considered, Vanderbilt proved to have the 28th best sports program in the nation last year. Say that again? Vanderbilt what? Vanderbilt University completed the 2003-04 sports year in 28th place nationally among 278 institutions. This top-10-percent national finish resulted from a compilation of points scored by the National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics (NACDA) Director's Cup, the official all-sports measurement of success in NCAA postseason play. The ranking is twice as high as the previous year's 54th-place finish, the program's former high.

Points are earned as individual teams qualify and advance in each varsity sport's postseason NCAA Tournament. Consider this: Vanderbilt does not field teams in sports such as volleyball, swimming, softball and gymnastics, for which other SEC institutions register major point totals. Yet, the Commodores amassed 585 points for the year on the basis of nine teams reaching postseason competition.

No fall teams earned points, but Sweet 16 finishes by the men's and women's basketball teams and success in women's track and field during the winter set the stage for a strong spring showing.

The Commodores scored significantly with women's lacrosse (NCAA Final Four), men's tennis (Elite Eight), women's tennis (Final Four), women's golf (fifth/NCAA), baseball (Super Regional-16th), and men's golf (qualified for NCAA finals).

{Sports Roundup}

Lacrosse: Top Four Finish

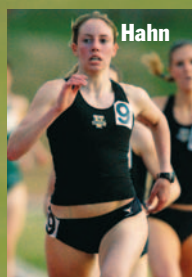
Vanderbilt advanced to the semifinal round of the NCAA tournament, completing the most successful season in the program's nine-year history. The 11-3 Commodore loss capped a 12-6 record and the American Lacrosse Conference championship. The Commodores had upset No. 4 seed



Loyola and James Madison, both on the road, to reach the national semifinals in just their second NCAA tournament. "We had an amazing run, and what we did in the tournament to get here was pretty incredible," says Coach Cathy Swezey. "We're really proud of our players. They can hold their heads very high." Three members of the Vanderbilt squad were named All-Americans by *Inside Lacrosse* magazine. Seniors Michelle Allen and Bridget Morris were recognized on the first team, and senior Jess Roguski was named to the second team.

Track: Hahn in Olympic Trials

Josie Hahn participated in the Olympic Trials in a quest to represent the United States in the 2004 Olympics. She finished 20th overall in the heptathlon competition. A senior from Clinton, Tenn., the trials completed an outstanding year. She established five new Vanderbilt team records, won the SEC heptathlon individual title, and was named an NCAA All-American in both the indoor and outdoor seasons. She was just the second Vanderbilt student to compete at



Hahn

the U.S. Track and Field Olympic Trials, following on the heels of Ryan Tolbert-Jackson, whose specialty is the 400-meter hurdles.

Football: Preseason Honors

Several Vanderbilt veterans received preseason All-SEC honors. Senior offensive tackle Justin Geisinger, junior wide receiver Erik Davis, and junior defensive end Jovan Haye were named to the 2004 Media Days All-SEC team by beat writers and reporters covering the Southeastern Conference. Haye, junior quarterback Jay Cutler, and tailback/return specialist Kwane Doster were named to the coaches inaugural preseason All-SEC team. *Athlon Sports' 2004*

College Football Preseason edition named Geisinger and Haye to the All-SEC first team and to their All-America third team.

Men's Basketball: Freije Goes to NBA

Former Commodore Matt Freije was selected by the Miami Heat in the second round (53rd pick overall) of the 2004 National Basketball Association draft last June. He becomes the 31st Vanderbilt player to be selected in the draft. Freije ended his Vanderbilt career as the University's all-time leading scorer with 1,891 points, and he ranked second in the SEC in scoring with an 18.4 points-per-game average. He was a unanimous All-SEC first-team selection by the league's coaches and was named an Honorable Mention All-American by the Associated Press.



Jason Rapaport, a sophomore from Du Bois, Pa., works out with the Vanderbilt fencing team.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRAKE

Vanderbilt Holdings

Collections and collectibles

A Small Matter

The Heard Library's Pascal Pia Collection includes miniature books with a mysterious past. By PAUL KINGSBURY, BA'80

IN A MASSIVE, WAREHOUSE-LIKE brick building in a quiet, old residential neighborhood near campus, some of the oldest and most delicate items from the Jean and Alexander Heard Library's collections are carefully stored. On the second floor of the Library Annex stands row upon row of 7-foot-tall, collapsible compact shelving units, and deep inside one of these long rows of book-laden shelving, a group of 51 crisp and fresh-looking beige-colored boxes, the size of hefty hardcover novels, rests on three shelves at eye level.

Each beige box opens to reveal a tiny book nestled in a shallow, cutaway compartment inside. Most of these miniature books are smaller than the palm of a hand, some not much bigger than a thumb. Of these 51 miniature books, 34 share a certain resemblance, with delicate hand-tied string bindings, colorful fibrous paper covers decorated with often-playful typography, and pages sporting arty ragged edges. Each book contains a brief bit of French verse or prose, and is imprinted with the mysterious initials "pab."

Who was "pab," and why does Vanderbilt have these miniature books? Answering these questions turns out to be rather like opening a series of Chinese boxes.

Though the miniature books are stored at

the Heard Library Annex, their keepers are the staff of Vanderbilt's W.T. Bandy Center for Baudelaire and Modern French Studies. To examine the miniature books, this is where one comes. The Bandy Center can be found on the top floor of the University's Central Library in a spacious, well-lit reading room formerly occupied by the art book collection. The Center has been in this location since the spring of 2000, but its association with Van-

books by and about him. Bandy's extensive personal collection of books and materials on Baudelaire formed the basis for the Center; today the Bandy Center is one of the most important sites for Baudelaire study in the world.

Since the Bandy Center began in 1968 in Furman Hall, it has grown steadily, and now encompasses not only works related to Baudelaire but also other collections on modern French literature. These include the Gilbert Sigaux Collection on modern French theatre, the Morris Wachs Collection with its emphasis on 18th-century French literature, and the Pascal Pia Collection, which—aside from its preoccupation with avant-garde art, literature and culture—proves difficult to categorize at all. It is this collection that contains the miniature books.

The Pia Collection, which numbers about 20,000 titles, was a personal collection assembled

by French journalist and literary critic Pascal Pia between 1945 and his death in 1979. A close friend of several leading figures in 20th-century French literature, including Albert Camus and André Malraux, Pia was also

a leading journalist of the French Resistance during World War II. When Pia died, late Vanderbilt French professor Claude Pichois—who knew Pia—arranged with Pia's widow for Vanderbilt to purchase the collection, which arrived on campus in 1982.

Pia's extremely diverse collection, which



derbilt goes back to 1968 when it was founded by its namesake, the late William T. Bandy, who earned bachelor's and master's degrees at Vanderbilt and his Ph.D. at Peabody before spending most of his career as a professor of French at the University of Wisconsin. Bandy was an expert on 19th-century French poet Charles Baudelaire and an avid collector of

has never been added to since coming to Vanderbilt, contains volumes of poetry, criticism, religious writings, art and philosophy, as well as numerous magazines and newspapers of his time and collections of French songs and musical scores. (Several rare Pia periodicals, which cover the French literary and art scenes, will be displayed in a small Bandy Center exhibition slated for spring 2005.) The collection also includes quite a bit of literary erotica, which was one of Pia's many passions.

"The Pia Collection isn't as focused as Bandy's collection, and it's rather hard to define," explains James S. Patty, professor of French, emeritus. "I suppose you would do so in terms of avant-gardism, the revolution, the left. He was interested in whatever was revolutionary and avant-garde."

"We receive many research requests for this collection," says Mary Beth Raycraft, the Center's assistant director. "The material is so rare, including books inscribed by Camus and Malraux. Some of it is truly one of a kind."

Of the 20,000 Pascal Pia titles, almost three-quarters of them are integrated into the Heard Library's circulating library collections because they are not deemed rare or fragile. Just over 5,000 Pia items, however, such as the periodicals and the miniatures, do not circulate, and they are kept safe in the Library Annex until requested by researchers.

The 51 miniature books were among the items Pascal Pia collected. Each miniature book from the Pia Collection now resides in its own beautifully engineered 6-by-9-by-2-inch box, covered in starched buckram linen, a bookbinding material that makes each box feel scholarly and sturdy. The handsome boxes—clamshells, as they're known in the library trade—were all custom-made, most of them expertly crafted by Vanderbilt conservation technician Charlotte Lew in the

mid-1990s. The boxes are nearly as impressive as the limited-edition artist books they house.

A few of the miniatures reflect Pia's abiding interests in the sacred and the profane. They include, for example, a series of thumb-sized paperbacks published in Geneva that quote the aphoristic wisdom of the Bible, the Koran and French philosophers. They also include a palm-sized paperback called *La Liste Rose (The Pink List)*, which turns out to be a very comprehensive-looking direc-

ings and abstract shapes. Some are simply maxims or proverbs. Take, for example, *Un Secret* by poet Paul Claudel. The blue-and-gray, 2-by-2½-inch book was printed in 1948 in an edition of 10 copies. Across its four pages it says in effect, "There is a secret / that I am going to give you to be happy. It is to interest yourself passionately / in the thing that you do best and consider it / a holy, sacred thing."

It turns out that "pab" was Pierre-André Benoit (1922–1993), a contemporary of Pia's and quite possibly a friend. A writer and book printer, Benoit once described himself as "the least known author in France but the most illustrated by Picasso and Braque," because he often enlisted the top modern artists of his day (his friends) to illustrate the delicate little books he published, which often featured brief verses and musings by not only himself, but also poets Claudel, René Char, Paul Eluard, and other modern French writers.

"We don't know a great deal about the miniatures," admits Bandy Center Director Patricia Ward. "I can only surmise that Pia was interested in them because of his connections with book production. It's the equivalent of someone in New York City who is at the center of a whole interlocking circle of artists and intellectuals. That's typical of the role Pia played in interacting with this whole scene."

Although the Pia Collection does not contain any miniature books illustrated by Picasso or Braque, each little book certainly qualifies as an exquisite work of art in itself. And all 51 miniatures are of a piece with the idiosyncratic, one-of-a-kind window on French culture that Pascal Pia assembled and—thanks to the Bandy Center—preserved for generations to come.



tory of massage parlors and houses of prostitution across France and its North African colonies.

And now to our mystery books: The most striking of all Pia's miniature books are the 34 that were published and printed—constructed may be a better word—by "pab" between 1948 and 1955 in very limited runs of as little as 10, 20 or 100 copies. Most contain brief, sometimes surreal poetic verses, occasionally illustrated with simple line draw-

Bright Ideas

“Who would of ‘thunk’ that you could go to

Soft Shells, Clipped Wings

1 THE UNASSUMING fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, has been a player in biological research for more than 100 years. The same characteristics that make it maddening in your kitchen—small size, prolific reproduction and rapid growth—make it perfect for studying genetics and development.

Yet, the genetic structure of a key hormone in fruit-fly development, bursicon, remained unknown. Now biologists have discovered the structure and genetic sequence of the hormone that allows insects to develop hard outer shells and spread their wings. The research was published July 13 in the journal *Current Biology* by Vanderbilt biologists Hans-Willi Honegger and Elisabeth Dewey and researchers at Cornell University and the University of Washington in Seattle.

Honegger, professor of biological sciences, expects this research and ongoing studies to open new doors for pest control. “Bursicon is absolutely necessary for insect survival. When you know the receptor and you know the hormone, you can produce an inhibitor,” he explains. “You could time it

precisely when specific pest insects are molting.”

All insects shed their outer skin periodically in order to grow. The new outer shell then hardens and darkens. Both processes involve activation of a series of five hormones. The structure, genetic sequence and biochemical properties of four of these hormones have been known since 1990; that of the fifth, bursicon, was not.

Using cockroaches, Honegger’s students collected and purified a sample of the hormone and sent it to a Harvard University laboratory that chemically sequenced it. Dewey, a post-doctoral researcher in Honegger’s laboratory, compared the sequence to known genomes for other insects and found matches, leading the team to determine that bursicon has the same genetic sequence across species.

Researchers used the sequencing information to determine the structure of the bursicon molecule. They found that bursicon’s structure makes it a member of a group of molecules known as the cystine knot proteins. Cystine knot proteins are so called because of their molecular structure, repeated across mammalian

species, of three loops of amino acids linked in a unique configuration. “This is the first cystine knot protein with a function that has been found in insects,” Honegger says.

“Based on previous research, we knew certain nerve cells produce bursicon and that

these same cells produce another protein, crustacean cardioactive peptide (CCAP),” he adds. Further research determined that the same cell was producing both.

Honegger’s colleague at Cornell, John Ewer, then made transgenic fruit flies by using a “death gene” that targeted



Hans-Willi Honegger

a gym and expose yourself to a health hazard? —DR. WILLIAM SCHAFFNER

CCAP cells. The cells disappeared, prohibiting production of bursicon and confirming that the genetic sequence researchers had for the hormone was correct.

In the final test, Susan McNabb from the University of Washington looked at mutant fruit flies whose outer shells showed defects or did not harden completely. She found that all had mutations in the gene identified for bursicon.

Researchers injected samples of central nervous systems from fruit-fly mutants into blow flies that had been treated to prevent bursicon release. The blow-fly shells did not harden nor darken as they would have if injected with samples from normal flies. These results were consistent with the theory that a lack of bursicon in the fruit-fly mutants' central nervous systems was responsible for their defects.

The mutants also revealed a surprise: Not only were their shells not properly formed, but they could not expand their wings.

"This means that bursicon has a second function—not just for hardening of the exoskeleton, but also for wing expansion," Honegger says.

Dopamine Levels Tied to Uncertainty of Rewards

2 DOPAMINE LEVELS in our brains vary most when we are unsure if we are going to be rewarded, such as when we are gambling or playing the lottery. That's the conclusion of research published online April 28 in the *Journal of Neuroscience*.

The chemical neurotransmitter dopamine has long been known to play an important role in how we experience rewards from a variety of natural sources, including food and sex, as well as from drugs such as cocaine and heroin, but pinning down the precise conditions that cause its release has been difficult.

"Using a combination of techniques, we were able to measure release of the dopamine neurotransmitter under natural conditions using monetary reward," says David Zald, assistant professor of psychology at Vanderbilt and an investigator in the Vanderbilt Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development.

Zald believes the primary significance of the study is the possibilities it raises for future research on measuring what causes us to experience reward from a variety of sources and

what happens in our brains when we are disappointed in our quest for those rewards. The research lays a foundation for better understanding of what happens in the brain during unpredictable reward situations such as gambling and offers promise for exploring the chemical foundation of problems such as gambling addiction.

"We're moving to a point where we can measure what's happening to people's neurotransmitter systems in a way we haven't been able to do before," Zald says.

Zald and colleagues used positron emission topography (PET scanners) to view brain activity in human research subjects who had been injected with a chemical that binds to dopamine receptors in the brain, but is less able to bind

when the brain is releasing dopamine. A decrease in binding to the receptors is associated with an increase in dopamine release, while an increase in binding indicates reduced release of dopamine. This technique allows researchers to study the strength and location of dopamine release more precisely than has been possible previously.

The team studied the subjects under three different scenarios. Under the first, the subject selected one of four cards and knew a monetary reward of \$1 was possible, but did not know when it would occur. During the second scenario, subjects knew they would receive a reward with every fourth card they selected. Under the third scenario, subjects chose cards but did not



David Zald

receive or expect any rewards.

Dopamine transmission increased more in one part of the brain in the unpredictable first scenario, while showing decreases in neighboring regions. In contrast, the receipt of a reward under the predictable second scenario did not result in either significant increases or decreases in dopamine transmission.

“It’s probably not just the receipt of money, but the conditions under which it occurs that makes a difference,” Zald explains.

The increase and suppression were localized to specific, separate regions of the brain, illustrating that variable reward scenarios, like gambling, have a complex effect on the brain. “The most interesting thing we found is that areas [of the brain] showed increased dopamine release during the unpredictable condition, while other areas showed decreased dopamine release,” Zald says. “So other than just dopamine as reward, there is a more complicated action occurring.”

The data was collected in Montreal and analyzed in collaboration with Gabriel Dichter at Vanderbilt; Isabelle Boileau and Alain Dagher at McGill University, Montreal; Wael El-Dearedy at Liverpool John Moores University, United Kingdom; Roger Gunn at Glaxo SmithKline, Greenford, United Kingdom; and Francis McGlone, Unilever Research, Wirral, United Kingdom.

The research was supported by grants from Unilever Research and the National Science Foundation.

Shedding New Light on Indoor Sunburn

3. EVER THINK YOU could get a nasty sunburn—severe enough to peel—by attending an indoor event? Not only can your skin be affected, but your eyes could also be injured if you spend an extended period of time in a gymnasium that has one or more damaged metal halide lamps.

If the protective glass that covers the bulb in that type of lighting is broken, UV light can filter out. Even one damaged bulb could cause injuries similar to welders’ arc burns or snow blindness and can also lead to a peeling sunburn on the face and/or eyelids.

Three outbreaks of injuries from damaged metal halide lamps in Middle Tennessee were reported to the Tennessee Department of Health in the past year. One outbreak at a fund-raising event in a youth-center gym caused eight people to report photokeratitis (severe eye symptoms); another occurred at a three-day wrestling tournament in a gym; and the third was among volleyball players at a municipal gym.

Through a collaborative effort among Vanderbilt University Medical Center, the Tennessee Department of Health, and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the outbreaks were studied and reported in the April issue of the journal *Archives of Pediatrics and Adolescent Medicine*.

“Who would have ‘thunk’ it ... that you could go to a gym

and, aside from a twisted ankle, just by turning a switch expose yourself to a severe health hazard,” says co-author Dr. William Schaffner, professor of preventive medicine at Vanderbilt and chair of the department.

The lights can be damaged, Schaffner hypothesizes, when an object like an errant basketball hits them, cracking the protective outer shield.

The collaborators contacted 119 of the approximately 600 people who attended the three-hour fund-raiser. Every person contacted responded to the questionnaire; 18 met the researchers’ case definition of

photokeratitis. Among those, 13 also had UVR burns on their faces, mostly on their foreheads or eyelids. And two people who wore UVR-protective eyeglasses had no eye symptoms but had UVR burns on their faces.

The shortest amount of time a patient with symptoms spent in one of the gyms was one hour; the average was three hours.

Patients experienced a variety of symptoms including conjunctival infection, burning or itching, photophobia, foreign-body sensation, tearing, blurry vision, periorbital edema and skin erythema



NEIL BRANKE

William Schaffner

(lesions). Some visited the emergency room, while others sought treatment from their doctors. Symptoms ceased 24 to 48 hours after treatment.

But how big a problem is this? “Across the United States it probably happens in sporadic fashion,” says Schaffner. “Unless a large group came for treatment at the same medical center, it would probably go unnoticed.”

It’s widely known that one should avoid getting a sunburn, but there is debate whether the eye injuries also could be associated with subsequent cataract development.

To prevent injuries from occurring, Schaffner says, cages should be put over the bulb, or bulbs that automatically switch off once the glass is cracked should be used. But both solutions are costly, and the latter is not as readily available as the standard lights. Once a light is damaged, it may go unnoticed, since the bulbs are typically inspected or replaced only once or twice a year.

The authors hope that by publishing the article, they will bring instances of outbreak to physicians’ attention, so that when treating a patient with these symptoms and under similar conditions, doctors will notify their local health department.

The lead author of the report was Dr. David L. Kirschke, a former CDC trainee at the Tennessee Department of Health. Other study authors were Dr. Timothy F. Jones, assistant clinical professor of preventive medicine and deputy state epidemiologist at the Tennessee Department of Health, and Nicole M. Smith of the CDC.

Fifty-Year-Old Smallpox Vaccine Effective Even When Diluted

4 IN 2002, VACCINE company Aventis Pasteur discovered a forgotten batch of smallpox vaccine, frozen since the 1950s. Given post-9/11 concerns about bioterrorism, interest in the vaccine was enormous. Would a vaccine nearly 50 years old still protect against smallpox and if so, how much could it be diluted and still remain effective?

Smallpox is caused by the variola virus that emerged in human populations thousands of years ago. It kills about 30 percent of its victims and scars the remainder for life. Thanks to a worldwide vaccination program, smallpox is now considered eradicated and the variola virus has been eliminated except for laboratory stockpiles. The last case in the United States was in 1949. Worldwide, the last naturally occurring case was in Somalia in 1977, and vaccination against smallpox among the general public was stopped.

In 2002 the U.S. resumed limited vaccination, and in 2003 the military inoculated more than 500,000 people. A form of the vaccine introduced in the 1970s could be diluted without significantly weakening its effects—but not enough to meet the Department of Health and Human Services’ goal of having one dose for every U.S. citizen.

The National Institutes of Health left it to Vanderbilt’s Kathryn Edwards, professor of pediatrics and vice chair for



Thomas Talbot with vaccine trial subject

DANA JOHNSON

clinical research in the Department of Pediatrics, to determine if the Aventis Pasteur vaccine was still good. Edwards is principal investigator of two National Institutes of Health-sponsored smallpox vaccine clinical trials.

Since then, studies have been taking place at Vanderbilt and other medical centers. In the most recent findings, Thomas R. Talbot, a fellow in infectious diseases at Vanderbilt, Edwards, and colleagues reported in the Sept. 8, 2004, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that even diluted doses of the Aventis Pasteur smallpox virus (ASPV) provide a nearly 100-percent effective smallpox vaccine, allowing for expansion of the available stockpile.

Researchers injected 340 healthy young adults at Vanderbilt, the University of Iowa, and Cincinnati Children’s Hospital with the ASPV in a double-blind, randomized controlled trial conducted between October 2002 and February 2003. Test subjects were given one of three strengths of the vaccine: undiluted, a one-to-five dilution, or a one-to-10 dilution.

Overall, 99 percent of subjects had a successful vaccination and the rate did not differ sig-

nificantly between the three groups. Nearly all study volunteers reported at least one post-vaccination symptom in the two weeks following vaccination, including vaccination-site itching, pain, fatigue, muscle pain, headache and fever. One-fourth missed some activities because of reactions to the shot. Dilution of the vaccine did not appear to reduce the occurrence of adverse reactions.

“[T]he existing supply of approximately 85 million doses of APSV can be expanded, leaving an ample stockpile of smallpox vaccine to protect the entire U.S. population in the event widespread vaccination is imminently needed,” the authors conclude.

The study was supported by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases’ Division of Microbiology and Infectious Diseases Vaccine Trial and Evaluation Unit, and grants from the General Clinical Research Center of Vanderbilt University School of Medicine and University of Iowa. Co-authors Edwards and James Crowe received research funding from Aventis Pasteur and MedImmune, and Edwards also received funding from VaxGen.

InClass

A spotlight on faculty and their work

Out of Thin Air

Doug LeVan is working to make manned missions to Mars a reality.

By PAUL KINGSBURY, BA'80

IN JANUARY 2004, PRESIDENT BUSH announced a renewed American commitment to manned exploration of space. He spoke of mankind returning to the moon sometime between 2015 and 2020, with an eye toward a manned mission to Mars afterward. "We do not know where this journey will end," said the president in his Jan. 14 speech at NASA headquarters in Washington. "Yet we know this: Human beings are headed into the cosmos."

Traversing the 239,000 miles to the moon takes three to four days. But a mission to Mars—nearly 34 million miles away at its closest point to earth—is a voyage of at least six months. Once astronauts land there, they will be expected to stay for months, if not years.

The environment they encounter there will be harsh and inhospitable. As previous unmanned missions have made plain, the landscape is a cold, rocky, red-dirt desert. The daytime high temperature usually doesn't rise much above the freezing point, while the Martian night can plunge to minus 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The atmosphere is unbreathable: 95-percent carbon dioxide. Although Spirit and Opportunity—the twin Rovers that began exploring Mars early in 2004—detected significant evidence that water once flowed on Mars, no usable supply has yet been found.

Despite these huge environmental hurdles, Doug LeVan believes that man will walk on Mars in the foreseeable future. "I believe we'll get there," he says. "It's just a matter of time." He himself is at work on crucial parts

of the mission that will get them to Mars and help sustain them once they touch down.

"We're looking at enabling technologies for human flight or unmanned sample return missions," he says. "What we're doing now might be useful in the 2020s or the 2030s. Our work is related to taking the Martian atmosphere and extracting oxygen from it.

"You don't carry everything you need to Mars [that would enable you] to return. You are going to make use of what you find there to prepare materials to get back. NASA calls this 'ISRU':

In Situ Resource Utilization. It means that you might carry hydrogen—or something else you can burn—with the expectation that you will get oxygen once you get to Mars. NASA has talked about many different plans. Some of them involve landing small robotic factories on Mars to produce oxygen before the astronauts get there."

M. Douglas LeVan, 54, is the J. Lawrence Wilson Professor of Engineering at Vanderbilt. He also has been chair of the chemical engineering department since he came to Vanderbilt from the University of Virginia in 1997. On a spring Friday towards the end of the semester, as students and faculty are franti-

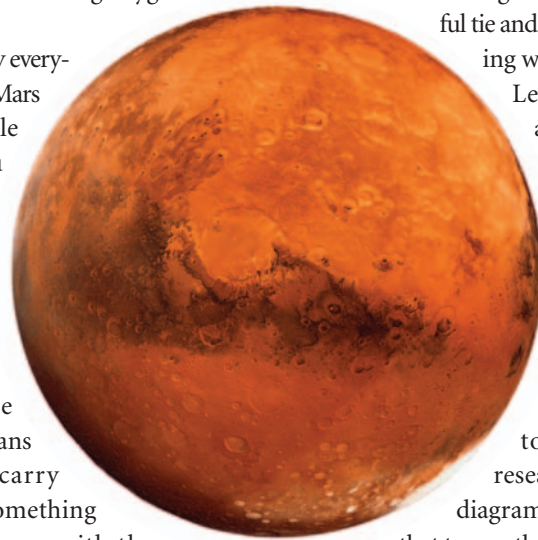
cally trying to tie up the academic year's loose ends, LeVan spends a calm and unhurried hour and a half talking about his work, despite an impending proposal deadline at the end of the day and five hours of scheduled meetings still ahead. We adjourn to a conference room just outside his orderly office at Olin

Hall. Wearing a crisp dress shirt, colorful tie and navy slacks, and speaking with low-key precision,

LeVan comes across as analytical, efficient and quietly self-assured without the slightest trace of intellectual arrogance.

A teacher to the core, LeVan walks over to the conference-room blackboard to explain his Mars research, sketching quick diagrams of boxes and arrows

that trace a three-stage process. First, the thin Martian atmosphere of carbon dioxide, which has an atmospheric pressure less than one-hundredth of Earth's, is compressed to bring it to Earthlike pressure. Next a solid electrolysis cell breaks down the carbon dioxide into oxygen and a 60/40 mixture of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide. The oxygen passes through a membrane in the electrolysis cell and is stored. Then the stream of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide is separated, with the carbon dioxide recycled back to the



continued on page 84



Extraction of oxygen from the ultra-thin atmosphere of Mars is the focus of Professor Doug LeVan and his team of graduate-student researchers, whose work is funded in part by NASA.

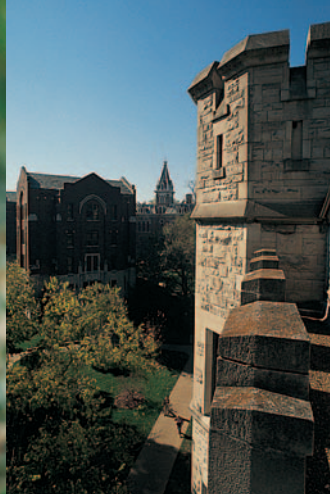
THE ELOQUENT EYE



From 1983 until 1997, University photographer Gerald Holly recorded Vanderbilt through countless photographs. Wearing his trademark flat cap, Holly was often seen roaming the campus looking for unusual pictures. He was responsible for some of the most creative photographs ever made at Vanderbilt.

Holly brought an artist's eye to his work, which also made the cover of *Time* magazine and the pages of *National Geographic*, *Life*, *Newsweek* and *Forbes* magazines. He was a staff photographer for the *Tennessean* for 30 years before coming to Vanderbilt and was also a 15-year stringer for the Black Star Agency in New York.

Earlier this year the 87-year-old Holly died at his Nashville home after a long battle with Parkinson's disease, but his photos live on in many places around Vanderbilt and throughout Nashville.



ART

for Whose Sake?

Public art now proliferates on Vanderbilt's campus, but is there rhyme or reason to what winds up here?

By BONNIE ARANT ERTELT, BS'81

In an October 2003 *Vanderbilt Hustler* essay, senior columnist John Lee wrote about the "Tree of Learning" by Greg Wyatt, the most massive of Vanderbilt's Newington Cropsey sculptures, on the lawn of the Central Library. Noting that the official campus literature describes the tree as representing "knowledge and how it is espoused and passed on year after year," Lee offered this commentary: "Supposedly, there are hands clutching candles that symbolize the 'passing on of knowledge' and little buds all over the tree that represent the new generation in learning. Folks, that tree does not look covered in new growth; it looks diseased. If all those people in the sculpture are involved with the 'passing of knowledge,' it must be a pretty painful experience. ... It kind of reminds me of fall semester finals."

"Public art," Jerry Allen once wrote, "is something of a contradiction in terms." Allen knows this firsthand as current director of the Office of Cultural Affairs for the city of San Jose, Calif., whose successful public art program has been recognized as a model for how to go about the process. In his 1985 essay on "How Art Becomes Public," Allen explained that the phrase "public art" joins "two words whose meanings are in some ways antithetical. We recognize 'art' in the 20th century as the individual inquiry of a sculptor or painter, the epitome of self-assertion. To that we join 'public,' a reference to the collective, the social order, self-negation. Hence, we link the private and public in a single concept or object from which we expect both coherence and integrity."

To this equation, add the subset of the public found at Vanderbilt—an elite, private educational institution with a largely affluent and conservative student population combined with the largest staff of any private employer in Middle Tennessee. Then, mix in the thousands of patients and family members on campus at Vanderbilt Medical Center. Considering this level of diversity, how can "public art" be defined at Vanderbilt, and what roles does it play in the life of the University and Medical Center?



Allen, who has spoken twice on campus through the Public Art Forum, a lecture series that ran four years and was co-sponsored by Vanderbilt's Department of Art and Art History, the Metro Nashville Arts Commission, Visual Arts Alliance of Nashville (VAAN) and others, wrote in the above-named essay that as an outgrowth of the first Percent for Art ordinance passed in Philadelphia in 1959, public art was still in the process of becoming. Public art, he maintains, is more than an object placed in a public place for an extraordinarily wide audience.

"Public art," he wrote, "represents the volatile crossroads of the artist's personal sensibilities with public notions informed by sentimental and long-abandoned approaches to art." Art created for public places in Western society before the modern period expressed beliefs and values through commonly held symbols that were part of the visual vocabulary of the society as a whole. Meaning in art was derived from the society, not the artist.

Only in modern times has art derived its meaning from the artist. As a result, modern art requires work on the part of the viewer in order to impart meaning. Without the incentive to work for meaning and without a proper education in the modern vocabulary, meaning for the viewer can be lost. The end result is the controversy that accompanies placement of many public works.

"The world is much more three-dimensional than ever before," says Nashville sculptor Steve Benneyworth, who has placed work in numerous cities, including "Web" in Hillsboro Village near campus. "Ideas are much more three-dimensional. Without the ability to visualize, to think three-dimensionally, you can't have the breakthroughs you expect in literature, science, medicine and art. You have one-sided information. Art is an interdisciplinary process, but academically, it's treated as an adjunct to learning. It becomes a side business, and then they don't bring it back and show how those skills relate."

As a result, says Benneyworth, the audience for public art is largely uneducated and "doesn't know what to do with it." Benneyworth placed sculpture on the Vanderbilt campus in 1977, but it was maliciously destroyed before his outdoor exhibit officially opened. Twenty-two years later, the same fate met work by artists Lain York, Jeff Hand and Erika Wollam-Nichols, whose installation "The Only Difference" was destroyed outside Branscomb Quadrangle.

It would seem a given that art on a university campus would gain some relevance through its ability to inform the transient population on campus about the history of the institution. At Vanderbilt this is why there are sculptures representing Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and Harold Stirling Vanderbilt.

"'The Commodore' is a perfectly acceptable academic work of art that says what it's supposed to say," says Annabeth Headrick,



assistant professor of art history. “He stands in a noble position, the placement with the [Kirkland Hall] tower behind him. That’s why we use it in photos all the time, because it says ‘university.’”

“I’m sure it dates from the late 19th century, so historically it’s significant,” says Vivien Fryd, professor of art history, “but in addition to that, Vanderbilt founded the University, the University is named after him, so it makes sense to have this piece of public art and have it sited near Kirkland.”

One of the most important pieces of public art on campus is also one of the lesser known. A mosaic by Ben Shahn, just inside the front doors of the Hobbs Development Laboratory on the Peabody campus (see sidebar below), quietly overlooks the lawn in front of Peabody’s Hill Student Center.

“As an art historian, it is incredibly exciting that we have two public murals [in Nashville] by two famous artists from the early part of the 20th century who were com-

“The Commodore,” a statue of Cornelius Vanderbilt by Guiseppe Moretti, was presented to the campus in 1897. For years the piece was slowly deteriorating due to neglect and high levels of vehicle emissions on West End Avenue, but it has received extensive conservation work in recent years.



NEIL BRAKE

“Peabody—1968”

Mosaic mural
Ben Shahn

Located in the Hobbs Laboratory of Human Development on the Peabody College campus, Ben Shahn’s (1898–1969) “Peabody—1968” represents the last major work by this influential American painter, printmaker, graphic artist and photographer of Lithuanian birth.

Intended as a visual representation of the interconnectedness of all life, and further supported by an excerpt incorporated into the work from 17th-century physicist Robert Hooke’s (1635–1703) seminal book, *Micrographia*, Shahn’s mosaic mural is a powerful work of art and social statement. Commissioned in 1967, the design was completed the following year in October.

Shahn held the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry chair at Harvard University, where today a major archive of the artist’s paintings, photographs, prints and posters resides in the Fogg Art Museum’s collections. A series of public lectures given while at Harvard, which constituted his aesthetic treatise, were published in 1957 by Harvard University Press under the title *The Shape of Content*.

—Joseph Mella

mitted to do what turned out to be the last public monuments of their lives,” says Fryd. “In the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum, we have the last mural Thomas Hart Benton did before he died. He and Shahn were contemporaries and American scene painters, though Shahn is considered to be a social realist and Benton a regionalist. The iconography of the Ben Shahn mural appeals to the meaning of the school [Peabody], so the location of the mural is appropriate. It’s a historical document, but it needs to be paid attention to.”

“Most people don’t know about the Shahn mosaic,” says Joseph Mella, curator of the Vanderbilt University Fine Arts Gallery. “I’d love to see the lighting reworked and a bench put in so that one might be able to spend some time with it. Also, the text that accompanies the mosaic could be redone. Unless one is familiar with art history, one

would never leave with the impression that this is by an American artist of note.”

“The Commodore” by Guiseppe Moretti and the Shahn mosaic represent the apex of historically important art on campus. Most pieces are by contemporary artists of note, regional artists or students.

“Anything that was placed on the campus prior to 1915 has significant historical meaning,” says Fryd, “but pieces placed on campus in the last 20 years should have an important message and should have excellence in style and composition. That doesn’t mean they have to be aesthetically pleasing.”

One aspect of public art on campus, say faculty and staff in the art and art history department, is that pieces should serve as the best possible model from which students can learn about art and ideas. Of the pieces on the University side,



NEIL BRAYNE

“Splishsplash” by Maurice Blik is the centerpiece of the Friends Garden at Children’s Hospital. Originally from Amsterdam, Blik, who now resides in London, interweaves symbols of hope, awakening and freedom in his work. The piece originally was conceived as a memorial to Alexander Martin, who died of a heart attack at age 10. Before Blik finished the piece, Alexander’s mother, Mary Farris Martin, died of a heart attack at age 42. The piece now honors both.

16 bronzes donated by the Newington Cropsey Foundation in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., comprise the bulk of public sculpture on campus.

According to Judson Newbern, associate vice chancellor of campus planning and construction, former Chancellor Joe B. Wyatt heard about the Foundation and its programs from Fred Thompson, JD’67, former U.S. senator from Tennessee.

“The senator contacted the chancellor’s office, and it fell to me to look into it. I thought the work certainly had merit, the ones I had seen. I then met with the director of the program, who was the artist-in-residence at St. John the Divine, and he came to visit and was very taken with the campus and the grounds. Then Chancellor Wyatt and his wife went up to look at the studios in Hastings-on-Hudson and were even more intrigued with it.”

The Web site of the Newington Cropsey Foundation says that its educational programs promote values they say are intrinsic to the 19th-century works of the Hudson River School painters. The Foundation publishes *American Arts Quarterly* which, through its articles, links morality and spiritual transcendence with American landscape painting of the 19th century, and “good” art with a rejection of post-modernism. One recent article characterized multiculturalism as the basis for what is seen as a lack of aesthetics in contemporary public art, and many of the articles speak of a return to the common cultural ground of the 1850s, when American society understood

its symbols, which were based in Western iconography. The works placed on campus are largely by graduate students studying at the academy affiliated with the Foundation, though two pieces are by Greg Wyatt, director of the academy and resident sculptor at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Some faculty have difficulty with the narrow definition of art espoused by the Foundation and by the fact that student work has been placed on campus. Headrick once spoke about the pieces to the art and art history department’s Graduate Student Association.

“If you do some research on Newington Cropsey, it’s an institution that believes there is a right way to do art and a wrong way to do art,” says Headrick. “It’s completely opposite of what Vanderbilt is trying to do as an institution. We give students options and expose them to a variety of things, and we hope they come to their own conclusions or have some understanding of difference and variety.

“What I found most telling is that I’ve had students say to me, ‘I thought [the Newington Cropsey sculptures] were bad, but since they’re on campus, they have the University’s validation, so I question my ability to judge the quality of it.’ It’s OK to judge the quality! It’s student art, and it’s not even by our students, which was another thing that the students objected to. They said if we’re going to have bad student art on campus, at least let it be *our* bad student art.”

Joseph Mella agrees. “I think it would be far more successful if [efforts to display art on campus] were an exercise to incorporate Vanderbilt students. There’s nothing wrong with being a young artist, but are we going to learn that much from them? I think the people who are learning are the student artists [from the academy]. It’s wonderful for them, but I don’t think it’s all that wonderful for us because the result is art of varying quality.”

Newbern, however, defends the student work. “Each piece has been custom-designed, and is small enough to occupy a side area,” he says. “Ten years or so ago, there was some controversy about [Professor of Art and Art History, Emeritus] Don Evans’ nudity in a photograph. The art faculty came up with bumper stickers that said ‘Fear no art.’ But then these bronze pieces came in, which are cer-

tainly due some respect, and the faculty took the high road intellectually. They wouldn't touch it because it had already been categorized as conservative. Several [of the student artists] have come into the United States [as immigrants] and had a lot of issues, like female genital mutilation and religious oppression. A lot [of sculptures] were very personal. I think they are interesting statements. These kids are not just doing schlock stuff."

Mella suggests possibly creating an annual competition in which one or two promising Vanderbilt students might work through a committee, making a presentation, doing a site analysis, and receiving feedback for installing a temporary piece on campus, much as an artist commissioned to do a work of public art would do.

"The Newington Cropsey pieces should rotate through and then be returned to the Foundation," he says. "Vanderbilt wants to be a world-class institution, but they're selling themselves short by exhibiting works by young artists unless they're on a temporary basis."

When the Newington Cropsey pieces initially arrived seven years ago, there was no one person or committee that worked with placing art on campus. That has changed. Now there is an acquisitions committee for exploring public art possibilities on campus as well as a committee that works specifically with the Newington Cropsey bronzes, the last four of which were placed last November. Newbern saw the need on the University side of campus for a better defined process—a process that was put in place about six years ago at Vanderbilt Medical Center after the arrival of Donna Glassford as director of cultural enrichment.

"We wanted to expand Donna's success at the Medical Center and pull it into the campus as well," says Newbern, "so Donna heads the acquisitions committee. It was clear that with Chancellor Gee coming on board a few years ago, we needed more of a process. He has instructed me to put one-half percent of construction budgets into art. However, it's the departments' money, so we have to fig-

ure out how to balance that."

Glassford has figured out how to accomplish this balancing act at the Medical Center. A sculptor herself, she was on the Metro Nashville Arts Commission for five years and helped usher in the Percent for Public Art program for the city.

"Public art is kind of new to the campus," says Glassford. "It's a whole cauldron full of different ingredients and if you hit it right, you've done well. I have a five-member committee at the Medical Center that reviews proposals, and then, for example, I take it to the University committee. We've got good representation now on that committee from the entire campus, and we're going to add another person from outside the University for a two-year term so we can bring new people on."

On the medical side of campus, Glassford is attuned to the healing aspects of art. Her office handles all the therapeutic arts programs for the Medical Center, including those involving music and writing, rotating art exhibits in public spaces, and public art



"Indeterminate Line"

**Bent steel
Bernar Venet**

Bernar Venet is an internationally known sculptor, conceptual artist, musical composer, filmmaker, poet and performance artist.

His sculptures are designed around the beauty and simplicity of arcs and lines and how these forms integrate within the general physics of space. The artist's "Indeterminant Line" series was born from high-speed hand drawings—the idea transferred to massive steel shapes. Venet explains them as linear forms that depart from regularity according to no particular plan.

—Donna Glassford

NEIL BRAKE

placement. Her office also is in charge of maintenance for all public art pieces on campus, both at the Medical Center and the University. She has succeeded in bringing work by internationally known contemporary artists such as Bernar Venet (see sidebar, page 35), Fletcher Benton and Guy Dill to the Medical Center, as well as creating opportunities for regional and local artists to show work. For Glassford, art in this context must be part of the healing process.

“There’s a huge difference between what you expect of public art at the Medical Center as opposed to the University,” says Glassford. “It has to be non-confrontational. Controversy is tough, because you want the environment at the Medical Center to be less stressful. I’m not trying to educate anybody about art; I’m trying to enhance the environment.”

With the new Monroe Carell Jr. Children’s Hospital at Vanderbilt, which officially opened in February, the opportunity to enhance the environment was planned from the beginning right along with the architecture—the first building on campus to thoroughly fuse plans for the two.

“It usually comes about the other way around,” says Glassford. “This time it didn’t, and it’s a beautiful space. For Children’s Hospital, we had a separate line item for art. I felt it was important that we call on local and regional artists, and we received more than 260 responses. We have other instances where we’re working with donors. Then, the process is a little different. In the case of Maurice Blik’s piece *Splishsplash*, which is the focus of the Friends Garden at the Children’s Hospital,

the piece honors young Alexander Martin and his mother. I understood the new building, and I presented five sculptors to the family and they ultimately chose. Then I took it to the committee.

“A lot of times I’ll have a space and I’ll bring an artist in and say, ‘I want you to look at this spot and show me what you would do with it.’ [From January through April] we had a public art piece by local artist Adrienne Outlaw in the mezzanine gallery of Vanderbilt Hospital called ‘Vessels of Grace.’ I’ve always wanted to do something around the concept of a wishing wall, and this piece puts people’s wishes or dreams, written on slips of paper, in these beautiful, golden vase-like containers.”

Outlaw has created collaborative and interactive public art pieces for other locations in Nashville, including “The Prince,” a mobile

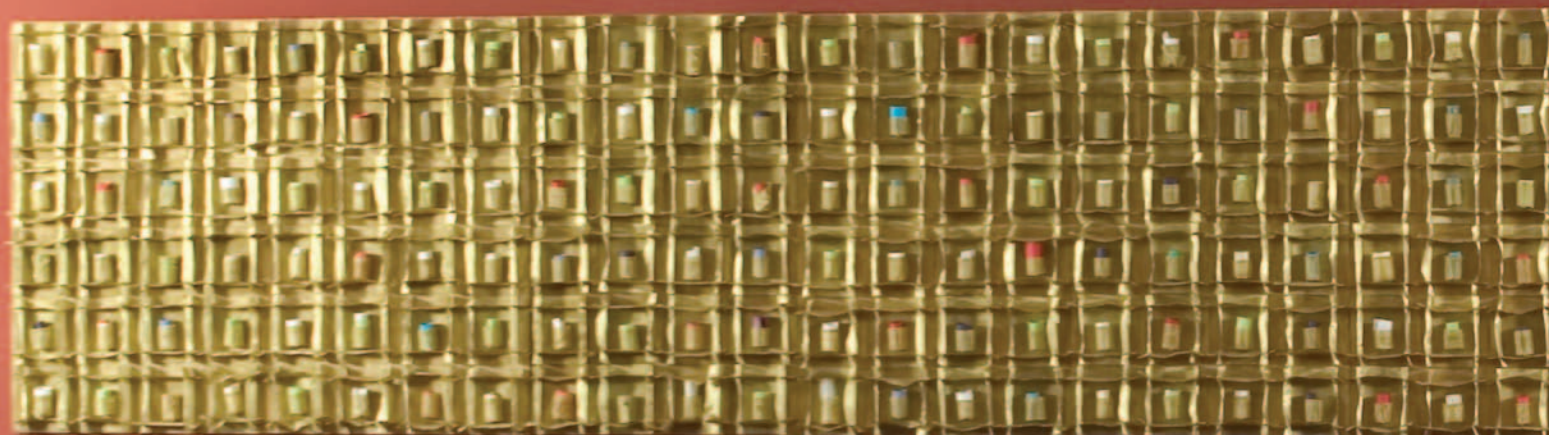
installed in the children’s section of the downtown Nashville Public Library. For “Vessels of Grace,” Outlaw conducted workshops around town at places like Congregation Micah, Gilda’s Club, and the Frist Center for the Visual Arts to create the 216 brass mesh boxes that comprise the 3-foot-by-18-foot piece. At the same time Ben Roosevelt, a Vanderbilt Divinity School student, collected “prayers of hope” for the boxes. Each basket held about 40 slips of paper rolled into scrolls. In an interview with the *Tennessean’s* Alan Bostick, BA’82, in January, Outlaw explained her reasons for working with so many people.

“It struck me with almost a physical force how many people go into a healing process. ... Because of that, I wanted to make a piece ... that would involve the entire community



NEIL BRAKE

“Vessels of Grace” by Nashville artist Adrienne Outlaw adorned the mezzanine gallery of Vanderbilt Hospital from January through April of this year. “It’s like a gigantic prayer wall,” Outlaw explained in a published interview earlier this year. “It’s something people can look at aesthetically, but also know that there are hundreds of thoughts and prayers inside.”



as much as possible. I feel that the more people participate in a work of art, the more they will feel part of it. I hope that leads to a sense of empowerment.”

“Call it ‘interactive public art,’” wrote Bostick, “and expect to see more of it in the art world. As artists everywhere invent new ways to relate to viewers in light of the increasingly complex vocabulary of a complex world, inviting others to get involved is one way to improve the dialogue.”

Another way to improve the dialogue is to put into place methods to educate the public about the art that inhabits their space, as well as to invite feedback from the public. Vanderbilt’s co-sponsorship of the Public Art Forums was one way to familiarize the public with more contemporary questions and concerns of public art. When pieces are already in place, sometimes the public makes its concerns known.

“We had a piece placed at the Medical Center that created quite a negative reaction,” says Glassford. “Because I’m trying to make the environment less stressful, and staff and patients viewed it so negatively, I removed it after eight months.”

On the University side, no controversial pieces have been removed. But if the quality and meaning of work on campus fosters discussion, one thing everyone agrees upon is that more works by world-class artists would put Vanderbilt in a league with institutions like Northwestern University, with its pieces by Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore, or Yale and the University of Michigan—



In 1981, “David” took up residence in the atrium of Vanderbilt’s Blair School of Music. Commissioned by Anne Potter Wilson, this small piece was created by Alan Lequire, BA’78, whose newest work is “Musica,” a 40-foot-tall bronze-figure grouping of nine dancing nudes now installed in Nashville’s Music Row roundabout.

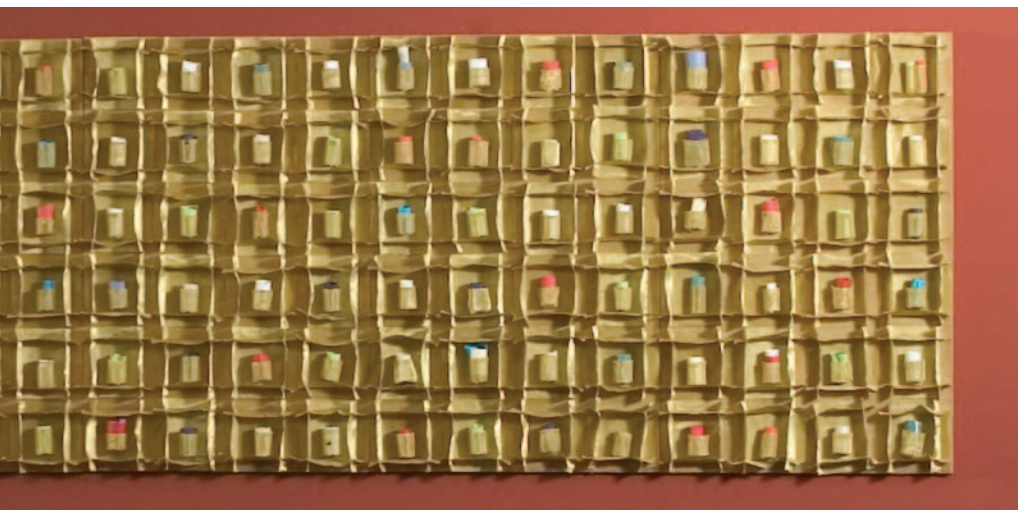
Ann Arbor, with works by Maya Lin, creator of the Vietnam Memorial. *How* to acquire work of that caliber is the question.

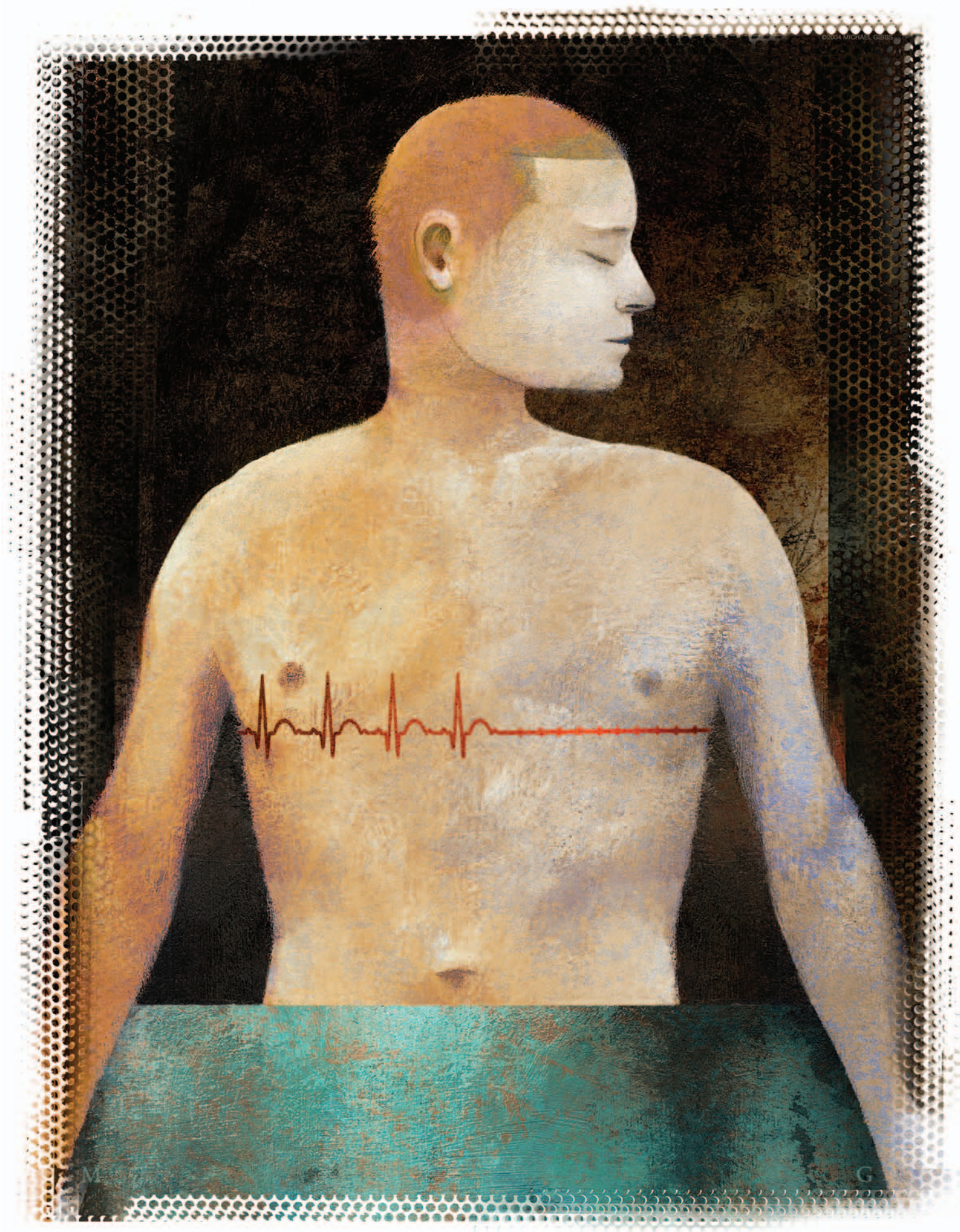
“One of Chancellor Wyatt’s goals [in bringing the Newington Cropsey pieces to campus] was to get people talking about art,” says Newbern. “He said it bothered him that Vanderbilt, with the sophistication of its graduates, had never had people come forth with major public art.

“If someone wants to give us a Calder or any other contemporary piece, we would certainly welcome that,” says Newbern.

“World-class art has to be commissioned,” says Mella, “or you have a committee that seeks out pieces. You try to showcase and integrate things that are the best of what we as humans can produce, and that gives a good model. [If] you have a Calder or a Ben Shahn or things that are done by world-class artists, which is not unusual on university campuses, those are useful and important. They are important not only in their aesthetic value, but much more in their ability to create an environment that shows the ideas behind the thing, that stretches people’s imaginations and their ideas about what art is.” ▼

Bonnie Arant Ertelt, BS’81, arts and culture editor of Vanderbilt Magazine, is a visual artist who has exhibited at the J.B. Speed Art Museum in Louisville, Ky., and Bell Museum of Natural History in Minneapolis, among others. Her work is in the corporate collections of Arco and Sun-Trust Bank and in many private collections.





Every year a place dedicated to healing is also the terminus in the lives of more than a thousand patients. For Vanderbilt doctors and nurses, death is a common occurrence but never routine.

After Death

By JOHN HOWSER

At a cemetery near campus in May, the families of babies who were stillborn at Vanderbilt University Medical Center and babies who died shortly after birth during the year gathered for a memorial service. Nurses read poems, and Dr. Frank Boehm, professor of obstetrics and gynecology, offered his condolences and conveyed the feelings that physicians and nurses experience each time there is a loss.

The annual memorial service, arranged by Vanderbilt bereavement liaison Jane Alger and the Rev. Raye Nell Dyer, honors the loss suffered by those families who chose to allow VUMC to handle the disposition of their babies' remains. This year approximately 90 family members attended VUMC's memorial service, and 85 names were read.

A gravestone funded by the Vanderbilt Women's Auxiliary marks the plot for these burials, which appropriately reads: "In Memory of Those Little Ones Who Have Gone Before, Our Hearts Are Filled with Your Light Forever More."

Death is an inevitable component at any hospital. In 2003 there were 1,122 deaths at Vanderbilt University Medical Center—babies, teens, middle-aged men and women, senior citizens. Each month an average of 90 to 100 patients, or about three a day, die from a variety of causes.

Bereavement liaisons like Alger, employed by the admitting office, are responsible for managing the disposition of all of VUMC's bodies. During her seven years at Vanderbilt, Alger has seen to the disposition of thousands of deceased.

"Dealing with death every day can be challenging at times. You have to be strong and somewhat comfortable with death in order to do this job," Alger says. "No one knows what to do when there is a death. Most of the time families have not dealt with the death of a loved one before. They have every question you can imagine and need to know what to do next. If you can give them some guidance, direction, and make it easier for them, you are providing a tremendous service for families at a time when they are the most vulnerable. It is a privilege to help anyone in this time of need."

In addition to working with grieving family members, Alger coordinates with multiple agencies, organizations and funeral homes. Her job requires frequent interaction with Tennessee Donor Services, the Red Cross, the Davidson County Medical Examiner's Office, various law-enforcement agencies, the U.S. Army (in cases of death of military personnel based at Fort Campbell, Ky.), and dozens of funeral homes throughout Middle Tennessee, Southern Kentucky and Northern Alabama.

What Happens When Patients Die

When a patient dies at VUMC, nursing staff are required to make two phone calls—one to Tennessee Donor Services, and the other to Alger or an on-call bereavement liaison. The call to Tennessee Donor Services is required by law, for the purpose of soliciting badly needed organ and tissue donations. A representative from Tennessee Donor Services makes the request to families of the dying or deceased for organs and tissue.

By now most everyone has heard of, or known, living examples among us who are

the benefactors of organ donation. Hearts, lungs, livers, kidneys and the pancreas are all harvested for transplantation whenever possible. The deceased also can donate skin, corneas, bone, eyes and heart valves to benefit the living.

Alger or an on-call bereavement liaison is contacted around the clock because of numerous legal and logistical issues associated with death. Coordinating a request for an autopsy from a family, obtaining funeral home information, and screening deaths that may fall

After death is pronounced, a number of different dispositions can occur for the body. The questions of autopsy and organ or tissue donation are addressed, then typically a body is quickly moved to one of VUMC's two patient morgues.

under the jurisdiction of the medical examiner are just a few of the responsibilities of the bereavement liaison.

If a deceased patient has any history of being a victim of violence, falls, other types of trauma, accidental injury, or of a drug overdose, the medical examiner's office is contacted about the death.

After death is pronounced, a number of different dispositions can occur for the body. The questions of autopsy and organ or tissue donation are addressed, then typically a body is quickly moved to one of VUMC's two patient morgues, both operated by the hospital admitting office.

There are actually three working morgues within VUMC. One of them, the original morgue, now known to longtime employees as "the old morgue," is located within the basement of Medical Center North.

The MCN morgue dates back to the building's origins in the 1920s and was in active use for all of Vanderbilt's deceased until a new morgue opened within the Vanderbilt Clinic in 1988. Now the Medical Center North morgue is strictly for use by Vanderbilt's Anatomical Donation Program. Only the deceased who donate their bodies to medical science wind up here.

The Vanderbilt Clinic's morgue, located in the basement, is now the Medical Center's primary morgue. A set of nondescript double doors along a back hallway conceals what lies within.

Just inside the doors is a small reception area about 8 feet deep and 20 feet wide. The area contains a small table with a morgue book for recording who claims a body and when, along with a larger white table standing waist high. At one end of the morgue's outer room is a small, white, chest-type refrigerator designated with a red plaque marked "Fetal Remains."

At the rear and to one side of this outer room is a large metal refrigerator door typical of those in an industrial cold-storage facility. This opens into the cold-storage area for bodies. Inside, the air, which is kept near freezing, is humid and dank even though it's being blown about by large refrigeration fans. The room itself is about 20 by 20 feet with a low ceiling about 7 feet high. The walls are made of a shiny, stark, white plastic material. The floor is gray concrete with a large drain in the center. The heavily refrigerated room contains about 10 metal gurneys, but could hold twice that many if necessary. Typically, TVC's morgue never houses more than four or five bodies at one time.

The new Vanderbilt Children's Hospital is equipped with its own small morgue. Following the theme throughout the entire facility, the VCH morgue is configured differently to be family oriented. A large open room contains two stainless-steel refrigeration units and one freezer. The refrigerators are equipped with long, narrow doors that open horizontally to expose shelves inside that run the entire length of the refrigerator's interior.

Within the VCH morgue, which has a separate climate-control system from the refrigeration units to make the room temperature comfortable for families, are two well padded

chairs and a comfortable couch for use in time of grief. The room's family friendly features belie an atmosphere of the loss of so much promise.

Learning from Death

By now most Americans are somewhat familiar with the art of medical autopsy, or at least think they are, through popular TV programs like "CSI," "Law & Order" and "Crossing Jordan." These programs show forensic pathologists as glamorous detectives for the dead, working all hours of the night and day to crack the big case.

While some of VUMC's pathologists may themselves be glamorous, the job at times may not be. In addition to autopsies, pathologists at VUMC have other responsibilities leading to long work hours. They try to conduct most autopsies during semi-normal work hours, but exceptions are possible. Autopsies for deceased individuals who expire from a disease where findings are time-sensitive, such as metabolic diseases, or when a family's religion requires a quick disposition so the body can be buried appropriately to their faith, can require the pathologist to work late into the night.

The word "autopsy" literally means "seeing with one's own eyes." Autopsies are done to determine a cause of death; confirm and/or clarify a clinical diagnosis; evaluate new tests, procedures and therapies; and to monitor environmental influence on disease.

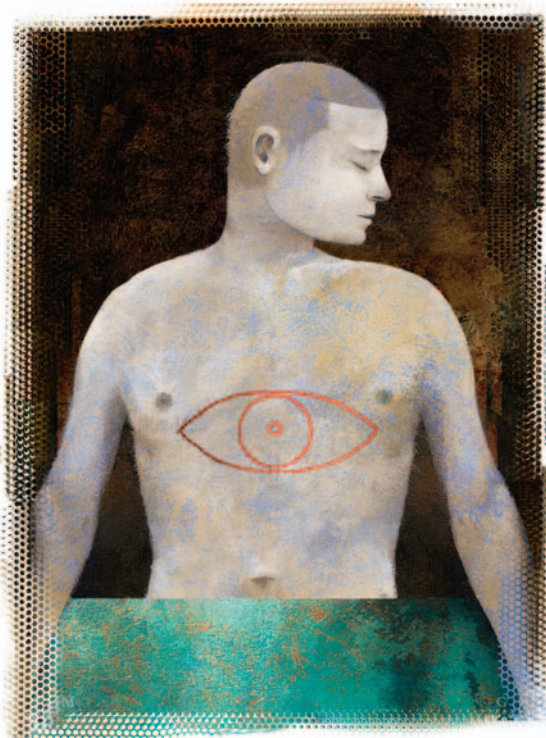
An autopsy includes an external examination of the body, the examination and dissection of internal organs, and microscopic examination of cross-sections of organs and tissue. An autopsy also can include special studies such as microbiological or cytogenetic procedures, analysis at the molecular level, and possibly even toxicology tests.

According to Dr. Jean Simpson, professor of pathology and director of the Division of Anatomic Pathology, autopsies provide such benefits to medicine as monitoring the quality of care, enhancing the accuracy of vital statistics, and contributing to medical education and research.

National trends have seen a decline in the

number of autopsies performed during the last three decades. "In 1961 the autopsy rate in the U.S. was about 45 percent," Simpson says. "In the U.S. right now, the rate is about 5 percent. There was a time when the autopsy rate in teaching hospitals was 75 to 80 percent, or perhaps even higher. That number has steadily declined."

Simpson says several factors have led to the decline in the number of U.S. autopsies. "Families have the idea sometimes that the



The word "autopsy" literally means "seeing with one's own eyes."

patient has suffered enough, and that the autopsy would bring additional trauma," she says. "Although, most family members, if they are approached appropriately and have an understanding of what an autopsy can do for them, will consent."

Autopsy can provide certain benefits to family members, such as providing certainty of the cause of death, alleviating feelings of guilt that something else could have been done, possibly uncovering a contagious disease, or perhaps even leading to the discovery of a hereditary disorder.

"There is a decline in autopsy from the clinician's perspective because of more and

more diagnostic tests. This provides a clinical bias that everything is already known about the patient," she says. "Also, because the clinician has a relationship with the deceased patient's family, that can make it difficult to ask for autopsy consent at the time of death."

Repeated studies have proven that a statistically significant number of autopsies leads to the discovery of unsuspected findings upon a patient's death. Sometimes an autopsy can discover a major misdiagnosis of disease.

More frequently, autopsy leads to the discovery of minor misdiagnoses or secondary diseases that also may have contributed to a patient's death.

"There are problems with pathologists themselves," says Simpson. "Outside of teaching hospitals there isn't much interest in doing autopsies. There is no compensation for doing an autopsy. Not only are you not generating income when you're doing an autopsy, but it could be taking you away from another activity that could be generating income."

Another reason for the decline in U.S. autopsy rates includes the fact that many medical schools have de-emphasized the need for the procedure. Also, in 1971 the Joint Commission for Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations (JCAHO) eliminated autopsy requirements for continued hospital accreditation.

Forty-one percent of the patients who die at VUMC have autopsies performed on them; however, only 11 percent of those patients are autopsied on site. The reason so many bodies are autopsied elsewhere is that a high percentage of VUMC's deceased qualify as cases for Davidson County's medical examiner. Being Middle Tennessee's only Level 1 Trauma Center leads many critically injured accident victims and victims of violence to VUMC to die or to be pronounced dead on arrival.

Simpson says any patient of VUMC who fits the acceptance criteria can receive an autopsy free of charge. The acceptance criteria require that the deceased individuals expired at Vanderbilt University Hospital or Children's Hospital, were outpatients who have been followed regularly in VUMC's clinics, or were patients recently hospitalized at VUMC for whom

there is a good clinical history.

Those who may not be autopsied at VUMC include victims of homicide or suspected homicide, patients who are dead on arrival who don't meet the acceptance criteria, patients who die in the Emergency Department before receiving a workup (series of diagnostic tests) or therapy, victims of sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS), and other cases that fall under the medical examiner's jurisdiction until released by the medical examiner. In a given year, as many as one-third of VUMC's deceased meet the criteria to be autopsied by the medical examiner's office.

While Simpson says she's not familiar with the numerous popular TV programs that prominently feature her profession, she is aware of their existence and is sure they shape the public's perception of her job, and of autopsy in general.

"I'm sure television puts autopsy in a gory light with not much respect for, or perhaps callousness toward, the deceased's body," she says. "I think that turns people off to autopsy. Autopsy has such important value to the families and to medical science. We have uncovered fairly significant undiagnosed disease in patients, which I think can have significant impact on the health of other family members."

Autopsy findings also can offer excellent feedback for clinicians on new drugs, the performance of new devices, and new surgical techniques. Autopsy is vital to national health statistics and to findings impacting funding allocations for national health-care dollars to treat chronic diseases.

"From an educational point of view, if we're going to continue to have pathologists, we're going to have to train them," Simpson says. "One of the only ways to learn pathology is to do autopsies."

The Ultimate Gift to Science

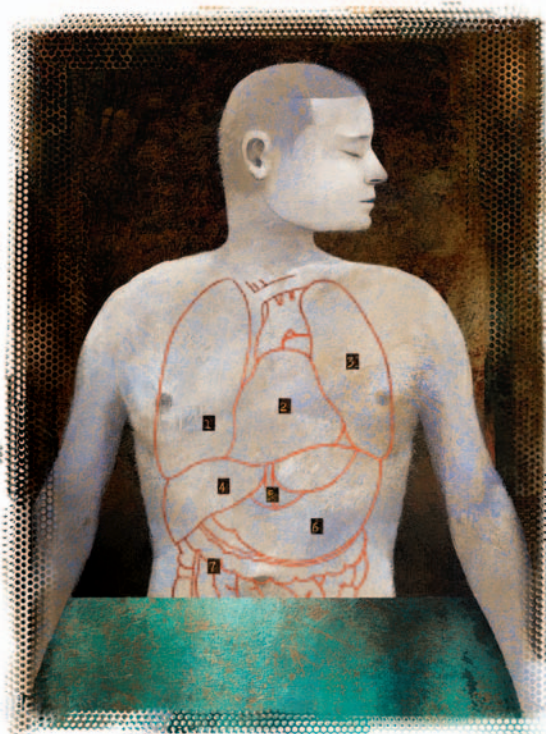
Individuals who wish to make the ultimate gift to medical science can donate their bodies for education and research. The bodies are used for necessary anatomical training of physicians and other medical personnel.

The Vanderbilt School of Medicine Anatom-

ical Donation Program is one of the most successful of its kind in the nation. Each year the program receives between 125 and 150 bodies.

Who would do this? According to Art Dalley, professor of cell and developmental biology and director of the Anatomical Donation Program, people who donate their bodies to medical science cross all income and education levels.

Dalley says people from all walks of life



Individuals who wish to make the ultimate gift to medical science can donate their bodies for education and research.

donate their bodies to VUMC. "We have people from all ranges: music industry CEOs, medical school and University faculty, people from top levels of government, Vanderbilt Board of Trust members, even surgeons who have taught here," he says. "We also have just regular folks from Nashville and the surrounding communities. We even have donors from different generations in the same family, as well as husbands and wives.

"One thing that distinguishes our program from some of the others around the country is that ours relies strictly on volun-

teerism," he says. "We are totally dependent on people wanting to come to us."

In fact, all the bodies accepted by VUMC are self-donated. This means that after a person's death, a spouse or other relative cannot make this decision on behalf of the deceased. In order for VUMC to accept a body for educational or research purposes, the decision must be made by the individual, and not while under duress. The donor also must live within the state of Tennessee. Enrollment for donation is open only from January through March each year.

"Some people believe this means they have to die during that time period," says Wanda Pope, the longtime program coordinator for Vanderbilt's Anatomical Donation Program. "We explain to them that we only enroll a certain number of people each year so that, statistically, the program meets its needs but doesn't go over. We make a commitment to return the remains to the family within two years. If we took in too many bodies each year, it would necessitate extending this time period, and we try not to do that."

"As a rule of thumb, if a body is donated during a given academic year, then it won't be used until the following academic year," says Dalley. Hence the need for a two-year commitment for the body.

January through March is the only time an individual considering anatomical donation can meet with Pope for the screening process and to be enrolled. Exclusion criteria for anatomical donors include those who must undergo autopsies, accident victims if the body is damaged, and certain disease states such as HIV, hepatitis, or certain suspected neurological diseases that can be contagious even after embalming, such as Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease.

Dalley and Pope both marvel at the deep love and commitment donors feel toward Vanderbilt. "These people *love* Vanderbilt. I mean, what more could you do?" Pope asks. "They are very, very loyal."

Dalley says some donors have remarked that donating their bodies fulfills a wish they had to attend medical school.

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The dying woman had four wishes. She was at the end stage of a terminal disease and was brought to Vanderbilt University Hospital for what everyone knew would be the last time. Julie Foss, the unit manager for the hospital's Medical Intensive Care Unit, remembers her well.

"She told the staff and physicians she had four wishes," Foss says. "One wish was not to be treated aggressively." The attending physician concurred with the patient's wish, so he added "Do not resuscitate" to her orders.

"Her second wish was to be kept comfortable, so appropriate pain medications were ordered and given," Foss says.

"Her third wish was that she didn't want to be left alone," Foss says. The MICU's charge nurse and house staff made arrangements to reallocate their schedules so someone could be in the room with the patient at all times to honor this wish.

"The patient's fourth wish was to hear gospel music," Foss says. "This was in the middle of the night. We had no CDs or tapes of gospel music around.



Of DEATH and DYING

We had a medical receptionist with an exceptional voice, so she and several of the staff sang gospel music to the patient. She died shortly afterward."

The MICU staff was able to honor all the patient's wishes and help her to a peaceful death, even though she was dying without her family around.

Compared to the overall number of patients treated at VUMC in a given month or year, the number of deaths comprise an extremely small percentage. In emotional terms, however, the impact is significant—on caregivers as well as on loved ones.

Doctors and nurses face death every day. Beneath VUMC's stated mission of education, research and patient care is the unstated goal of the entire multibillion-dollar enterprise: to alleviate suffering and defeat death.

Advances in medical science continue to lead to staggering improvements in survival rates from injuries and disease. However, even leading-edge medicine like that practiced at VUMC can't always win. With some patients it's not about fighting the heroic fight with new drugs, the latest surgical procedure or technology, but knowing when the battle is over and making the end as peaceful and comfortable as possible.

Patients in Foss' unit, the MICU, are routinely some of the sickest patients within the entire institution. Foss and her nursing staff know when the struggle is over and the end of life is near. With this knowledge, they can be of great comfort to patients and their families. "Sometimes it's knowing the right and reasonable thing to do," she says. "Honoring a patient's final wishes can offer the staff a chance to do something positive even in the face of death."

Coping with death leaves its mark on health-care workers in many ways. "I can remember vividly the death of one of the very first patients I cared for during residency at Grady Hospital in Atlanta," says Dr. Corey Slovis, professor and chairman of the Department of Emergency Medicine. "Her name was Carrie, and she was in her mid-20s. She was angry when she came in because her family had forced her to come to the hospital. She was coughing, had a fever and, as it turned out, had a pleural effusion (fluid around the lung).

"This was the first time as a physician I had done a pleurocentesis (puncture the chest cavity to collect fluid for examination). I was so happy that I

had tapped the lung, and had done it right. Out came this cloudy fluid. My resident looked at me and said, 'This is going to be trouble.' Not knowing that much then about pleural effusions, I nodded to my resident, then read about it afterward.

"No matter what we did for her, she got worse. We gave her the right antibiotics. She got worse. She went into the intensive care unit. She got worse. We had to intubate her. She got worse. And I kept thinking, This is a young, healthy woman. I didn't understand. Any tests we did hoping to find out why she was getting worse never gave us any helpful information. She had a bacterial infection and never really responded. I remember she was on the ventilator, and I was getting help from multiple specialists. She got worse, and then she died. Although she died slowly, it was still a surprise to me.

"I remember we went down to her autopsy, and as I walked into the room she was lying there. Her chest was already open. As I looked at her, she was just staring at me from across the room. Her eyes were wide open. I can remember her face vividly. She obviously couldn't talk. But she was talking to me as clearly as one could through her eyes and her facial expression. All she was saying to me was, 'Why?'

"And just as I couldn't answer her when she was alive, I couldn't answer her then. Almost 30 years later I still don't know why she died, but I can still picture her like it was yesterday."

Indeed, health-care workers bear the emotional scars of dealing with death on a frequent basis. Doctors and nurses must develop coping mechanisms to accept the loss of patients and to offer comfort to family and friends left behind.

Health-care workers begin dealing head on with death while still in school. Dr. Aaron Milstone, medical director of Vanderbilt's Lung Transplant Program, had his first experience with a patient's death while in medical school at Wayne State.

As a medical student Milstone had to go into a patient room for the first time and, in the presence of the patient's spouse and a large group of family members, confirm the death of a woman who had died rather suddenly.

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PERRY WALLACE

THE
LONG ROAD
HOME





*From the distance of 34 years,
burt and confusion and ambivalence
give way to a rare reconciliation.*

By FRYE GAILLARD, BA'68

He stood at the center of the hardwood floor and did his best to take it all in. There had been other times, other moments when the cheering had swept through the building, but he had never imagined it could feel like this. On a February day in 2004, playing once again to an overflow crowd, Perry Wallace had come back home to the Vanderbilt gym, the place where he'd made his own piece of history.

Starting in the summer of 1966, this young man from the north side of Nashville entered the student body at Vanderbilt. He was a basketball star at Pearl High School, the valedictorian of his all-black class, and there were a hundred colleges scattered across the country who wanted him to come play basketball for them. But he had chosen instead to stay close to home, becoming the first black player in the Southeastern Conference, and there were people who said from the very beginning that he carried himself like a young Jackie Robinson. There was a dignity about him, an air of self-possession and restraint, and a gentle courage that you could see in his eyes. But out on the court, he also showed a certain ferocity—his game played mostly above the rim, blocking shots, snatching rebounds with a snap of his hands. And even in the dingy little gyms of Mississippi, where the crowds would threaten and greet him with a slur, there were the occasional gasps of astonishment and awe at the things they had never seen anybody do.

In many ways it was an experience as rich as he could have imagined. But there was a bitterness about it that was slow to recede, and it wasn't just the ugly racism of the road—the choreographed hatred in Deep South arenas where the cheerleaders jeered and epithets flew from every corner of the room. Back at Vanderbilt also, there were nights when he would lie by himself in the dorm and wonder at the icy silence of his classmates. Not all of them, of course. There were people who were kind, and people he admired for their honest confrontation with the issue of race. And yet too often, there were students who looked right past him in the halls, as if somehow he were not even there.

He found it a lonely way to spend his years, and when graduation came in 1970 he told one reporter who was working in Nashville: "I have been there by myself. There were many people who knew my name, but they were not interested in knowing me. It was not so much that I was treated badly. It was just that I wasn't treated at all."

The official relationship cooled after that. People began to talk about "Perry's blast," his public critique of the subtle racism he encountered at his school. Vanderbilt's vice chancellor Rob Roy Purdy spoke for many others when he told the same reporter: "Perry has become quite bitter, you know. He seems to remember the trauma and not the good side of it. He has made a lot of people unhappy."

For a time at least, the hurt ran deep, as Vanderbilt and Wallace went their own separate ways, neither one talking very much about the other. But now here he was in 2004, standing once again at center court. He was a gray-haired man of 56, a husband and father, a law professor at American University, and he thought the emotions might sweep him away as he glanced at his jersey, now hanging from the rafters: No. 25 in black and gold, just the third time in University history that an athlete's jersey had been retired.

Wallace was honored, he told one reporter, and he also was happy for Vanderbilt—proud of the decision the University had made to lay claim to its own little corner of history. There was a symmetry now. A story once overflowing with pain had finally come full circle—fulfilling, more than 30 years later, the delicate promise it had held from the start.

It began in the final days of segregation. Perry Wallace was the youngest of six children, coming of age in an all-black world. His father, Perry Sr., had moved the family to Nashville in the 1930s, joining the massive urban migration in search of greater economic opportunity. They had all been farmers until that time, and Perry Sr. applied the hardheaded ethic he had learned in the fields to the task of earning a living for his family. In the early years he got a job laying brick, and after a while he was doing well enough to start his own company.

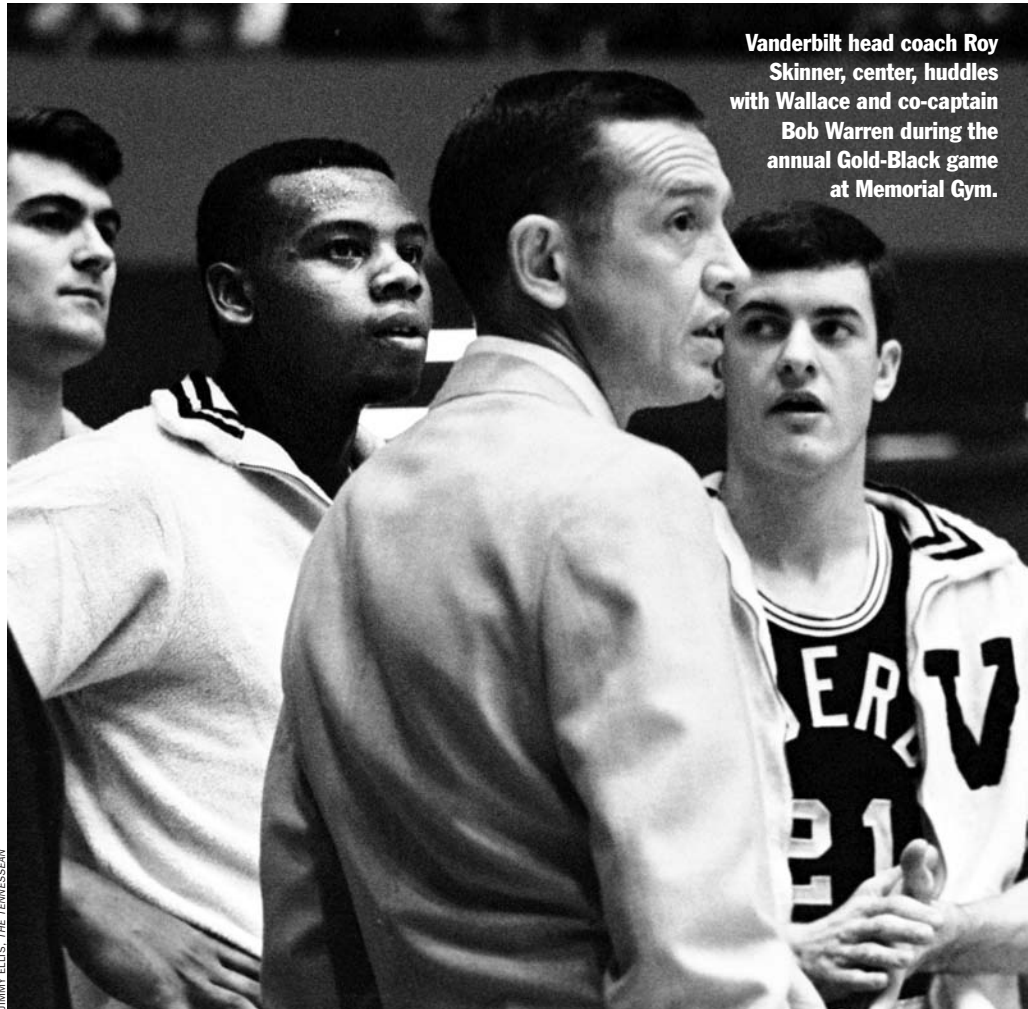
Sometime late in the 1950s, the family moved again to a sturdy new home, nestled near the boundary of a white neighborhood. For Perry Jr., the effect was like living in a no-man's land, especially in the winter of 1960, when the sit-ins began in the heart of downtown. White toughs roamed the streets every day, inflamed by the students from the black universities— young men and women who

dressed as if they were on their way to church. The demonstrators carried themselves with resolve, silent in the face of the insults and violence, as they took their seats in the segregated restaurants.

At the age of 12, Wallace was fascinated by the drama. Sometimes on a dare, he and his friends would venture downtown, lured by the danger, but drawn also by a new and intoxicating kind of hope.

"People were talking," he remembers, "about the possibility of change. We were scared, but curious, especially as kids. We wanted to help, wanted to get involved, but there was also a lot of conflict and hostility—white guys throwing rocks, calling you names, pointing guns at you. You would think to yourself, 'This doesn't make any sense.'"

Many times he thought about getting away. He knew already that he might have special gifts as an athlete, and while he suffered periodically from attacks of asthma, he also knew



Vanderbilt head coach Roy Skinner, center, huddles with Wallace and co-captain Bob Warren during the annual Gold-Black game at Memorial Gym.

JIMMY ELLIS, THE TENNESSEAN

from the example of his parents that obstacles existed in the world that could be overcome. He thought about how it might be to go north. It was what you did, after all, if you were ambitious and black and wanted to go to college. You could go to an all-black school in the South, or you could go to an integrated school in the North.

He was drawn especially to the latter possibility, and with that in mind he worked hard at his game, and even harder at his studies, looking to his future at one of those integrated schools where the faculty was strong and the standards were demanding. By his senior year, Wallace had emerged as valedictorian and a high school all-American on a championship team that had gone undefeated. He knew his parents were proud of what he'd done, and not just because of the accolades or acclaim or the scholarship offers that poured in by the dozens. They seemed to be proudest of all about his *effort*—his energy and drive and dedication to a goal.

Perry Wallace Sr. was that kind of man. He was always a stoic, work-toughened father

who understood clearly that the world didn't surrender its rewards without a fight. But Wallace's mother also exerted a major influence on his life. She, too, was a worker, a gentle woman with an eighth-grade education who had a job cleaning office buildings downtown. She often brought home old magazines, discarded from the waiting rooms where she worked—*Time*, *Life*, it didn't really matter. It expressed her love for learning, and she worked hard to impart the same values to her son.

"I remember taking those magazines as a boy, and looking at all those people on the pages," says Wallace. "These were people living better, and I wanted a part of what they had. Because of that dream, I said to myself at a very early age that I was going to be a student-athlete, probably at a big university up north."

That was always the expectation and the hope, almost a given in his high-school years, encouraged by his family and the teachers at his school. But then he met the person who turned things around. Roy Skinner was the

basketball coach at Vanderbilt, a plain-spoken man born and raised in the South who was having great success in the 1960s. His teams most often were nationally ranked, and his players in general were a credit to the school—student-athletes who knew they were expected to show up for class.

Skinner thought Wallace might fit in well, and told him so at a meeting at his home. Wallace, by then, was a senior and a star, deluged already with scholarship offers, and Skinner knew he had some catching up to do. But he had an advantage the other coaches didn't have. He was a smallish man with a manner that was quiet, unassuming and direct, and to the Wallace family, he seemed to be Southern all the way to the bone. Curiously enough, that put them at ease. They might well have assumed before the conversation started that a Southern white man in the 1960s was more likely than not to be a segregationist. But Skinner gave off none of that aura. Instead, he seemed to be "just folks," a phrase that both of Wallace's parents would use, and theirs was not a superficial assessment.

"My parents knew people, and they knew life," remembers Wallace years later. "And they had a feeling about Coach Skinner. When he came over that day and sat down in our house, he had a certain manner about him, a certain honesty and decency, a rhythm and a style that seemed easygoing. My parents, of course, were looking at him hard. They were asking themselves, 'Who is this man who wants to take our son into dangerous territory?' And they liked what they saw."

Wallace, meanwhile, during that same conversation, was struck by something quite simple and direct. The coach called his parents "Mr. and Mrs. Wallace," and it was not a common practice at the time for a white man to use courtesy titles in such a situation. For Skinner, however, they seemed to come easily, and for Perry and his family, the whole experience tapped in subtly—and then with great force—to the hopes and dreams of the civil rights era.

It had been a preoccupation for years, this powerful movement in pursuit of simple justice that was pulling more and more at the heart of the country. They had watched it on television in the '50s—the riots in Little Rock and the startling heroism of nine black chil-

Wallace was deluged with scholarship offers, but Skinner had an advantage. He had a manner that was quiet, unassuming and direct, and he seemed Southern all the way to the bone. The coach called his parents "Mr. and Mrs. Wallace," and it was not a common practice at the time for a white man to use courtesy titles in such a situation.

dren at Central High School—and they had seen it firsthand in the Nashville sit-ins. Now in the mind of young Perry Wallace, the hopes and opportunities created by the movement suddenly seemed to be more personal and real.

“I had a sense of possibility,” he says. “I had a sense that I could play some role.”

So he decided to cast his lot with Vanderbilt, and to take his place as a racial pioneer. It gave him at least some measure of comfort to know from the start that he was not alone. Coach Skinner, as it happened, had also recruited another black player that year, an outspoken young man by the name of Godfrey Dillard.

Wallace was happy about that piece of news. He figured he would need all the company he could find.

He enrolled in the summer of 1966, taking some introductory courses, and the problems came at him almost from the start. He began attending services at a church near the campus, the only African-American to do so, and after a while a couple of the elders called him aside. They seemed a little uncomfortable about it, and they worked hard to be pleasant as they delivered the news. But the bottom line, they said, was that some of the older members of the church were threatening to write it out of their wills if the racial purity of the congregation were breached. The elders said it probably would be best if Wallace found another place to worship.

“I didn’t hang my head,” he remembers. “I wasn’t really hurt. The old instincts of segregation kicked in. I simply understood that this was one of those places in the South where colored people weren’t welcome.”

The larger melodramas took shape on the road, when the freshman basketball season began. Those were the days when first-year recruits were not yet eligible to play for the varsity. Ole Miss canceled the freshman game that year rather than host black players on its campus, and the story at Kentucky was even stranger. As Wallace remembers it, early in the game or maybe even during warm-ups, he decided to dunk—a stylish habit he had developed in high school. As soon as he did it, he happened to glance at the Kentucky sideline and saw the scowl on the face of Coach Adolph Rupp. Later he learned that his little

The season before, Kentucky had lost the national championship to Texas Western, an unlikely collection of thunder-dunking black players. Now here was Wallace, threatening to bring the same style of play to the SEC. Kentucky’s coach persuaded the National Collegiate Athletic Association to ban the dunk—a move that robbed Perry Wallace of his offense. Wallace took it in stride. He simply worked a little harder on his jump shot.

dunk had triggered a case of *deja vu*. The season before, Kentucky had lost the national championship game to Texas Western, an unlikely collection of thunder-dunking black players led by a guard named David Lattin. Rupp was appalled, and now here was Wallace, threatening to bring the same style of play to a conference as traditional as the SEC.

In defense of the “purity” of the game as he had known it, Rupp set out to change the rules. He persuaded the National Collegiate Athletic Association to ban the dunk for the next several years—a move that robbed Perry Wallace of his offense.

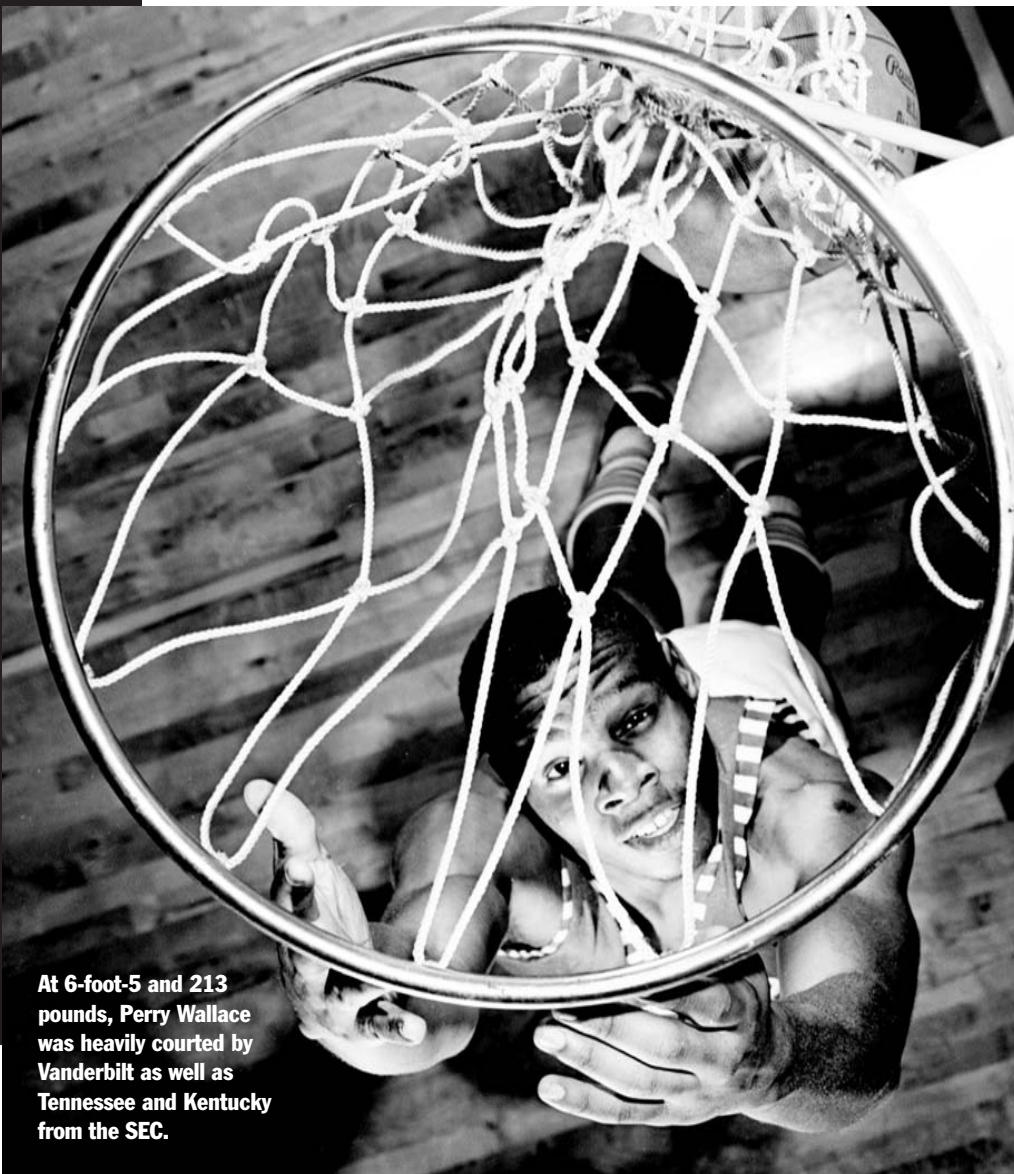
Wallace, however, took it in stride. He simply worked a little harder on his jump shot. But other events during that freshman season were not as easy to put out of his mind. The most disturbing of these was the game they played at Mississippi State. The arena itself was a sweltering place with the look and feel of an airplane hangar, the dressing rooms

tiny with concrete floors, the bleachers like something from a high-school gym. They were filled this night with a howling group of fans, shouting curses and slurs, and Wallace thought it seemed like a preview of hell.

He remembers years later how his hands, improbably, were as cold as ice, despite the stifling heat in the place, and he remembers also that when both teams left the floor for the half, he and Godfrey Dillard sat together on a bench, clasping tightly to each other’s hands.

“We were trying to be in denial,” he says. “We didn’t want it to be this bad. But it was such an outrageous display of racism, like the blaring of trombones. The crowd was starting to shatter our denial.”

They made it through the game, playing well enough in the second half, and Perry took some comfort from the fact that they won. But back at Vanderbilt, a fundamental question started playing with his mind. Like many of the other black students at the school,



At 6-foot-5 and 213 pounds, Perry Wallace was heavily courted by Vanderbilt as well as Tennessee and Kentucky from the SEC.

JIMMY ELLIS, THE TENNESSEAN

he began to ask more skeptically what he could really expect from America. He had been raised with the expectation and the hope — the quite remarkable leap of faith, given the realities of racial segregation — that a person of talent and commitment and drive could somehow manage to make his own way. The country in the end would yield its rewards.

Now, however, he and the others were starting to doubt it. Less than a year into this noble experiment, he was starting to wonder if his assumption of fairness was nothing but a cruel, self-inflicted illusion. Not that there weren't a few reasons for hope. Among other things, Wallace and his friends were impressed by the serious discussion of race quietly taking shape in certain quarters of the campus. It was driven in part by the Impact

Symposium, a student-run group bringing in speakers such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Black Power advocate Stokely Carmichael.

Most impressive to Wallace, the students who were running the program were white, and nearly all of them came from the South. They seemed to understand that the region had to change, that segregation was an anchor pulling them down, and that Vanderbilt was not immune to the problem. But even these students were somehow remote, somehow out of touch with that undertow of loneliness that was pulling at the black students.

In the end, of course, the white students were different, no matter how decent they intended to be. And others were still tied to the bigotry of the past. More than once walking into their dorms, black students heard

cries of “nigger on the hall,” and for Wallace himself, another experience stayed with him even more. He was invited one evening to have dinner with some friends, and they decided to go to the women’s quadrangle. About halfway through the cafeteria line, he suddenly was aware that the coeds were staring — dozens of them with a look that was equal parts fear and disdain. At least that was the way it felt, and his mind flashed back to the story of Emmett Till, the black teenager lynched and mutilated in Mississippi in 1955 for the simple crime of speaking to a white woman.

Wallace’s parents had warned him about such things, and his mother especially had told him many times, “Stay away from white girls.” Now at the women’s cafeteria at Vanderbilt, he felt a powerful urge to get away.

“It occurred to me,” he said years later, “maybe I could just get up and run.”

Instead, he rode it out, and it was not the final time as the months went by that he encountered residues of old blindness or, at the very least, a feeling of being walled away from his peers. All of it was intensified over time by the feelings of hatred he encountered on the road. During his sophomore year in 1968, there was a trip to Ole Miss that seemed to say it all. Godfrey Dillard, his black teammate, was gone by then. He had injured his knee and left the team, and though many of the white players tried to be supportive, in many ways Wallace was out there alone.

Against Ole Miss he injured his eye. He was fighting for a rebound when one of his opponents hit him in the face, something that even today Wallace wonders might have been deliberate. But his eye was bloodied, and the fans in the bleachers responded with delight. They taunted and jeered as he walked off the court, daring him to return, and as the trainers worked on his eye at halftime, he had to fight through a feeling of dread.

By the time the medical personnel had finished, his teammates were already back on the court. Perry knew what was waiting on the other side of the wall, and he paused for a minute at the locker-room door, gathering his resolve. It was then that he noticed a remarkable thing. There was a small group of fans, all of them white, who had made the trip from Vanderbilt to Ole Miss. They stood

and cheered as he stepped through the door, and though their voices were quickly overwhelmed by the boos, Wallace was nevertheless grateful they were there.

Even so, there was a distance somehow that couldn't be bridged. He may have had his supporters in the crowd — people, in fact, who were there at some risk. But in the final analysis, the strength he needed had to come from within.

"There were some good and decent people," Wallace says, "but I also realized at that moment how much I had to carry this thing by myself."

By nearly any measure, he carried it well. That night at Ole Miss, he played the second half like a man possessed, snatching a dozen or more rebounds, and by his senior year he led the team in scoring, averaging more than 17 points a game. In addition to that, as he approached his graduation in 1970, he was deeply admired on the Vanderbilt campus — chosen, in fact, in an annual vote among students as the most respected leader at the school. He graduated with a degree in engineering, a demanding regimen by anyone's standards, and however difficult the whole thing may have been, many people were impressed by his triumph.

"Whenever we would talk," remembers Vereen Bell, a professor of English who knew Wallace well, "I would think about how I was when I was in college, and then I would look at Perry. He was so much wiser, so much more reflective. It was the difference between a teenager and a grown man."

Given the widespread nature of that perception, when Wallace spoke out near the time of graduation, giving the University mixed reviews, even a few of his hard-earned admirers reacted with a mixture of astonishment and shock. What was he talking about anyway? Didn't he hear the cheering in the stands? Didn't he appreciate the accolades and awards? Didn't he value his Vanderbilt degree?

For many years, in different corners of the Vanderbilt community, there were whispered accusations of ingratitude — and some people, in fact, didn't bother to whisper. But a few sprang to Wallace's defense, including his coach, Roy Skinner, the plain-spoken

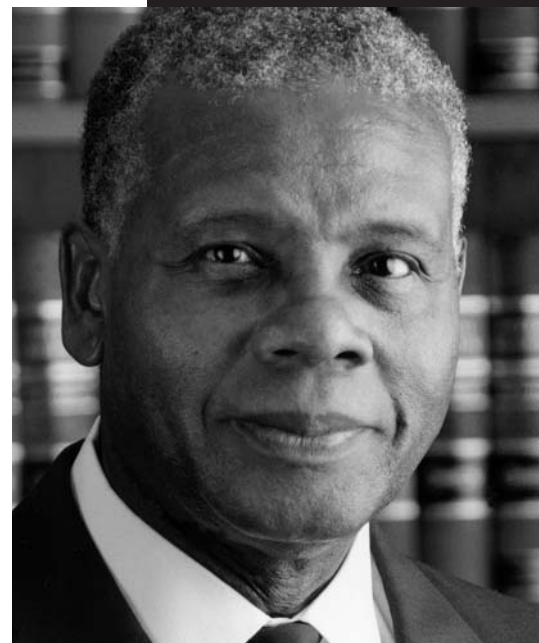
Southerner who lured him to the school, who told one reporter: "I think Perry was trying to help us."

Vereen Bell certainly thought that was true. On many evenings he would listen with a mounting sense of heartbreak as Wallace and some of the other black students would talk about the bewildering reality of the times. They had met among themselves in the spring of 1967, a casual conversation in one of the dorms, and their disillusionment began pouring out. All of them were tentative about it at first, not wanting to seem like whiners. They understood well enough that they had not been marooned in a nest of naked bigots. There were many white students, probably even a majority, who wanted very much to be decent and fair. But the footing sometimes was difficult to find, for many of the old habits of racial segregation were still institutionalized at the school.

All-white fraternities, for example, still dominated the campus social life, and even the idea of integration was new. The first black undergraduates had arrived on campus in 1964, and as the 1960s drew to a close, their numbers were small. But they shared in the mounting impatience nationwide that was sweeping through the African-American community — the intermingling of expectation and anger that followed inevitably from the procrastinations of America and at Vanderbilt, the intimate microcosm where they lived, and they were a bit hurt beneath all the rage to find people still resistant to the notion of equality.

"Looking back on it now," says Bell, "it was such a no-brainer. It's hard today to imagine a period of history when anybody could have been so blind — when anybody could have ostracized or looked down on Perry and these other young people. It was not that the ostracism was universal. But, unfortunately, it happened. It was something all of them had to deal with."

For Wallace, it took a decade to work it all out, to sort through the contradictions and the pain. He left Vanderbilt and made a brief run at pro basketball (playing on a minor-league team) before taking a job with the Urban League, and then entering law school at Columbia University. All the while, he was



CADE MARTIN

sifting through the memories of his Vanderbilt experience — the wounds and scars from the Deep South arenas, and the quieter racism he encountered on campus. He remembered the time in his junior year when a group of white men paid a visit to his room. They invited him to come and worship at their church, which, as it happened, was of the same denomination of the church that had asked him not to come back during his freshman year. Wallace felt tired just listening to their pitch, and told them bluntly it was too much to ask.

"I said, 'Thanks, but no thanks,'" he remembers, "'because I am tired and weary of this race thing. I am tired of the pioneering. I don't want to take on any more.'"

And for a while at least, that was how it was. Then in 1971, during his job interview with the Urban League, he met a man by the name of Ron Brown — the same Ron Brown who would later serve in President Clinton's cabinet before being killed in a European plane crash. There was something strong and reassuring about him, and in that initial interview, Wallace let go with a torrent of emotion, a jumbled recollection of his Vanderbilt days, filled with confusion, ambivalence and hurt.

When the interview was over, Wallace

For Wallace, it took a decade to work it all out, to sort through the contradictions and the pain. ... All the while, he was sifting through the memories of his Vanderbilt experience — the wounds and scars from the Deep South arenas, and the quieter racism he encountered on campus.

thought he had blown it. “I wouldn’t have hired me,” he said years later, “a person that un-together.” But Brown saw something more than the temporary anguish. Perhaps what he saw was a reflection of himself, of his own experience from a few years earlier when he was a pioneering black student at a small school in the North. In any case, the two of them talked many times after that and, slowly but surely, Wallace felt something change.

First during the conversations with Brown, and later during hours of reflection on his own, his exhaustion gradually began to recede, and the memories somehow began to fall into place. He thought often about the other black students — what a brave and intelligent group they were — and there were also white students he had to admire, for they seemed to be embarked on the same kind of journey. They were living on the crest of a monumental change, and they seemed to believe in it as deeply as he did.

There were also the pillars of the institution itself. His coach, Roy Skinner, had lived up to his billing — a demanding presence on the basketball court, but patient and steady — and there were professors like his friend Dr. Bell who went out of their way to make him feel at home. He was also impressed with Chancellor Alexander Heard, a man

who exuded great dignity and strength, as he led the University down the path to integration. When Wallace thought about all those things together, a richness about his Vanderbilt days emerged and left him inevitably with a feeling of pride.

By the time he had started a family of his own and had taken his place on the faculty of American University, he was proud of what he had accomplished in college, and proud of Vanderbilt for giving him the chance. “I just needed time to heal,” he says. “I just needed the time to be myself.”

But whatever peace he discovered on his own, the final moment of reconciliation did not come until 2004, when the University decided to retire his jersey. It was not an idea handed down from the top. Indeed, some on the Vanderbilt faculty thought the old grievances might still be alive, at least on the Vanderbilt side of the divide. Vereen Bell remembers proposing several times that the University name its recreation center after Wallace. He says the suggestion was met with rebuff, often with a grimace or a rolling of the eyes.

But then three students — Zach Thomas, Justin Wood and Sara Ruby — decided for a political science project to do a documentary about Wallace. Their professor, Richard

Pride, had come to Vanderbilt about the time Wallace was emerging as a star, and he encouraged the students to dive into the story.

“The diversity issue had been percolating on campus,” says Pride, “and the students could see that back in the ’60s, Vanderbilt had done something extraordinary.”

When the film was completed, Pride gave it an A, but encouraged the students not to leave it at that. Zach Thomas, a leader in the Student Government Association, proposed a resolution calling for the retirement of Perry Wallace’s jersey, and Vanderbilt Chancellor Gordon Gee was receptive.

And so it was that on Feb. 21, 2004, Wallace stood once again at center court, and cheering filled the room as it had so often in the days when he played. But there was no ambivalence about it this time — as far as anyone knew, no racist whispers out there in the crowd — and Wallace himself was deeply moved by the moment. Already, he had spoken to the student body and then to the members of the basketball team.

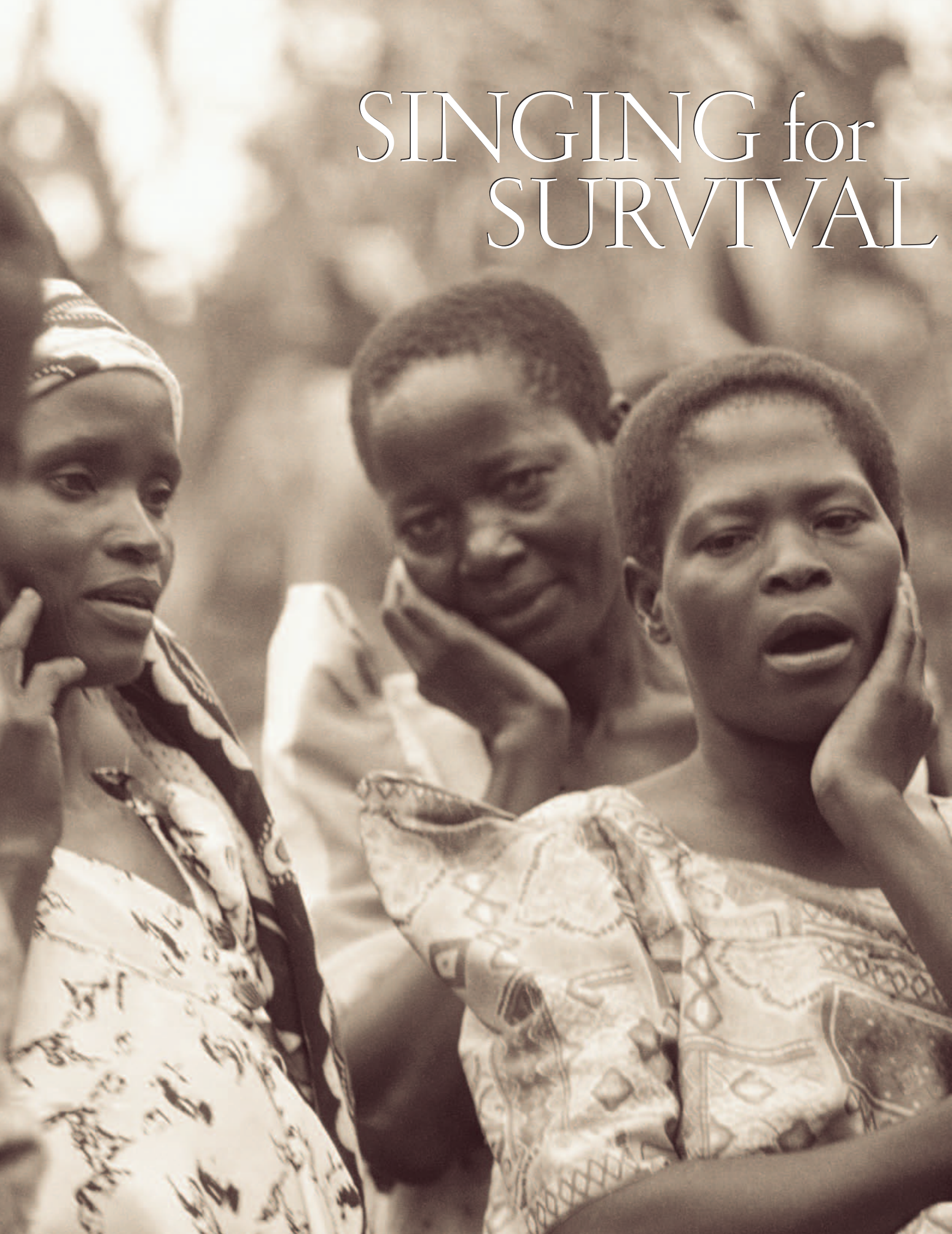
He says the current coach, Kevin Stallings, had urged him simply to speak from his heart. “He wanted me to talk about race as well as basketball,” says Wallace. “He wanted it to be a learning experience for his team.”

He spoke for 50 minutes, and though there was no recording of what he said, a few weeks later Wallace offered this account:

“I told them that I was older than they were, and I have gray hair, but we are part of a family with a magnificent heritage. We are students and athletes with one feeding the other. You can get all perfectionist about it if you want to, but perfection can become the enemy of understanding. The simple truth is, Vanderbilt took a chance and let all the horses run, and when you look at that history against the current backdrop of athletic problems — the way some coaches and players are acting — this university can say with great pride, ‘We got that right more than 30 years ago.’”

Kevin Stallings called the speech “inspirational,” and it seemed clear enough that his players agreed. On television that afternoon, they beat LSU 74–54. Perry Wallace watched it all with a smile. ▽

SINGING for SURVIVAL



THE MUSIC of AIDS in UGANDA

“We are traveling in a leaking canoe,” sings Ugandan composer, orphanage director, and AIDS activist Vincent Wandera. *“When the world waves and viruses came, ignorantly we perished ... today children must parent one another.”*



By LISA A. DUBOIS

The virus Wandera sings about is AIDS. According to a report by the United Nations, 38 million people worldwide are infected with HIV, and 67 percent of those, or 25.3 million adults and children, reside in sub-Saharan Africa. Even in the best scenarios among those nations, the infection rate is stabilizing, while in countries like Botswana and South Africa, AIDS continues to spread with alarming momentum.

Then there is Uganda. Bordering Africa's Lake Victoria, Uganda stands out as the lone sub-Saharan country whose HIV infection rate has been rapidly declining over the last decade, sparing millions of lives.

Why Uganda? Experts have been hotly debating that very question of late. Although it's clear that many factors are playing a part in this unprecedented decline, Gregory Barz, a professor of ethnomusicology at Vanderbilt's Blair School of Music, has discovered one crucial component that for years has been hiding in plain sight — music. Women, men and children, witch doctors and caregivers, urban residents and denizens of isolated bush villages are all singing about AIDS. Supported by indigenous music, dance and drama, they are spreading the word about the dangers of the disease, how to get it, ways to treat it, how to prevent it. Using the art of traditional performance, or *ngoma*, they are educating one another and slowly turning a skeptical eye to long-held mores. Ultimately, many Ugandans are making the kinds of lifestyle changes that are helping to stem the tide of this formidable, deadly virus.

In the rural villages where Barz conducts much of his research, the phenomenon is largely a grassroots movement created by and

focused among women. The unique role of women in solving Uganda's AIDS problem is something Barz discovered quite by accident. Six years ago, new to the Vanderbilt faculty, he embarked on a 10-week research project to create a cultural map of the drumming styles of the populations around Lake Victoria. His idea was to demonstrate the migratory patterns of the "interlacustrine," or "lake culture," people who have settled there for centuries. To help him, he enlisted native interlacustrine men to serve as translators and guides. On the very last day of his sojourn, Barz was recording drummers in a tiny village in eastern Uganda, hours away from electricity and modern accoutrements, when he noticed a woman walking across the banana fields, approaching his recording session. She was carrying a *likembe*, or "thumb piano," slung across her shoulder. Although she sat silently while the village men played, Barz found her presence unsettling, a chronic distraction.

"I had this crushing feeling," he recalls. "I

realized at that moment that for the past 10 weeks I had fallen into every anthropological trap I could fall into. All throughout the lake I realized I'd only talked to men and only been led to hear the music of men. And when I'd asked about women, I was constantly told that women don't make music. I had never followed up on it."

The woman introduced herself as Vilimina Nakiranda and asked the American professor if he would record her songs. When Barz agreed, she began to play three songs on her *likembe*, singing them in her local dialect. Uganda is a country with 52 separate languages, so it is nearly impossible to understand all of them. Just before heading to the airport to fly home, Barz hired a translator to listen to the woman's songs and tell him the gist of what they were about.

In the first song, Vilimina educated women about the proper use of condoms to avoid spreading AIDS. The second song told women where they could go in the region to have their blood tested for HIV. The third song



proclaimed that knowledge is power and that girls should learn about their lovers' HIV status before entering into a sexual relationship. Floored by the lyrical content of these melodies, Barz returned to Nashville and met with the dean of the Blair School, Mark Wait.

"I have a hunch that I'm on to something, and I need to go back to Uganda and start from scratch," Barz told the dean.

Wait replied, "The only answer I can give you after hearing your stories is that not only is this something that should be done, it is something that *has* to be done."

While completing a book about his research on interlacustrine drumming and musical cultures, Barz returned to Uganda and began investigating the culture of AIDS. Uganda is a landlocked, fertile, water-rich nation of 25 million people, governed by President Yoweri Museveni. One-third of the total population, including more than half of the female population, is illiterate. Ninety-six percent of the people live on less than \$2 a day, and the average fertility rate is seven children per

woman. Of the total population, 1.1 million Ugandans are living with AIDS and each year more than 110,000 die from the disease, which is primarily transmitted through heterosexual intercourse. Compare those numbers to the United States, with a population of 294 million, where 890,000 people are living with AIDS, and the primary means of transmission has been homosexual contact and drug injection.

After seizing power in 1986, Museveni sent his soldiers to military training camps in Cuba, where they underwent basic physical exams. One-third of his troops tested positive for HIV. Aware that he had a major problem on his hands, the president, with no formal training or medical expertise and with no funding support from the West, launched a vigorous campaign to clear his country of the scourge of AIDS, which is colloquially known as "*silimu*" or "*slim*" because of its wasting effects on patients. He began a program known as "ABC": practice *Abstinence*; *Be faithful* (regionally referred to as "zero grazing," meaning a man shouldn't have multiple sex partners); and use *Condoms*. Soon government agencies posted billboards depicting coffins and skulls and crossbones. They broadcasted AIDS warnings over radio and television, and Museveni mentioned his ABC plan in every public speech he gave, regardless of the intended subject matter. This all-out assault on the disease worked. The infection rate in Uganda has decreased from a high of 30 percent to its current level of 5 percent.

The concept behind ABC is particularly difficult to grasp among many sub-Saharan Africans who grow up in a cultural system that encourages, rather than frowns upon, such ancient practices as girls engaging in sexual activity at an early age and men having multiple sex partners outside of marriage. Still, Museveni has been relentless.

In a 2004 conference on AIDS, Norman Hearst, a professor of epidemiology at the University of California, San Francisco, com-

mented, "Fortunately for Uganda, there weren't a lot of foreign experts telling them how to do things in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

So they did things their own way. That's when Museveni went around with his bullhorn telling people about 'zero grazing' and, in the circles in which I travel (the so-called AIDS experts), everybody



Uganda has shown a 70-percent decline in HIV prevalence since the early 1990s, linked to a 60-percent reduction in casual sex.

thought he was a clown, a buffoon. Everybody made fun of him. Well, it turns out he was exactly right and we were all wrong."

After studying the Ugandan system for AIDS prevention, Dr. Rand Stoneburner wrote in the journal *Science* (April 30, 2004) that, more than access to condoms, the progress made in that country was largely due to efficient communication using traditional social networks. "Despite limited resources, Uganda has shown a 70-percent decline in HIV prevalence since the early 1990s, linked to a 60-percent reduction in casual sex ... distinctly associated with communication about AIDS through social networks," he writes. "The Ugandan success is equivalent to a vaccine of 80-percent effectiveness."

Taking that data one step further, Princeton University's Helen Epstein proposes that the main catalyst lies in step B—a reduction in sexual partners among Ugandan men. Writing in the June 13, 2004, issue of the *New York Times Magazine*, she states, "Newspapers, singing groups, and ordinary people spread the same message. ... Uganda's women's movement, one of the oldest and most dynamic in Africa, galvanized around issues of domestic abuse, rape and HIV. The anger of the activists, and the eloquent sorrow of women throughout the country who nursed the sick and helped neighbors cope, was a harsh reproach to promiscuous men. So was their gossip, a highly efficient method of spreading any public health message."

I can hear wailing and people crying
for help
We're all in danger, Ugandans
Let's pull up our socks—those who
are still alive
To fight the disease that wants to
destroy us
Many diseases have come to torture
and mercilessly kill both the old
and young
Now is the time for those of us who
can see into the future to stand
and fight our hunters
Woe to us, woe to parents who bury
their offspring
Our heads drip with pain
Who will bury us?
Who will help us when we are old,
in the future when our bones are
brittle?
Ah, wasteland, those villages that
used to be inhabited

— Song performed at the Meeting Point,
Kampala, Uganda

According to the latest report from the United Nations, AIDS is increasingly a woman's issue in the developing world, with 13 infected women in sub-Saharan Africa for every 10 infected men. Barz illustrates the problem this way: In many of the remote villages, women are in a powerless position even if they practice safe sex because fishermen will come up from Lake Victoria and either buy young girls or rape them. Therefore, the virus is constantly reinserted into the local population.

"I work in village after village where every single woman will tell me she is HIV-positive," says Barz. "If an entire village is infected, I ask them why bother singing? Why bother dancing? Their response always is, 'Well, this is all we have to give our daughters. We have to encourage the men to stop the cycle. We can't give up or otherwise the cycle is never broken.'"

In areas of abject poverty, where dense vegetation makes the roads impassable, where there is no electricity, where no one has ever heard a broadcast by Museveni, where many people have never seen a medical doctor or nurse, and where most of the villagers can't read or write, local women must be resourceful for their stories to be heard. So, ironically, they engage in titillating, sexual songs and dances to get men's attention and warn them about AIDS.

Barz says, "If they're going to get men to listen to them, they've communicated to me that one of the most successful ways is to couch, to place these messages within a cultural context that men will find attractive. Men will come and hear the drumming. They will come and watch the dancing. If the message can get through that way, then these women are not only clever; they're saving lives."

Draped in bright, off-the-shoulder dresses, the women dance barefooted, swaying their hips and shimmying their shoulders, calling and responding, joining in complex harmonies, working up to a frenzy of steamy, deliberate sucker punches about the killer virus.

For decades the HIV menace has been misunderstood as it strengthened and uncoiled across the continent, destroying entire populations. In the past a combination of baseless rumors, draconian healing practices, and cries by popular musicians to ignore HIV

We ladies, we used to sit behind the houses
 The real truth is that we used to cry from behind there
 We used to put on only half a *gomesi* (traditional Ugandan women's dress)
 We used to drink water in gourds that were already drunk from
 But these days we eat using forks because we are now civilized
 We now drink water in cups and also sit on chairs very well
 We even cross one leg and we are happy
 I have come to advise you to stop complaining
 Marriage issues are not easy things to discuss openly
 The first thing you fight about is washing the trousers
 Well, stop fighting because things are different nowadays
 There are those youths and others who keep fooling around with their bodies
 They don't listen to their friends
 You, children, you better change your behavior
 What I am telling you is very important and may help your family
 What makes me sad is that the youth do not listen to advice
 When you tell them not to get married to older women they don't listen
 When you tell them that AIDS is killing everybody
 Even I, ladies, am going to die with you
 I am just advising you because AIDS came to kill everybody
 I want you to abstain from sex and keep yourself safe
 AIDS came to kill us
 I am advising the youth to keep themselves safe and stop shaming us
 These young boys are so difficult to understand
 We don't want you to shame us
 We women learned *endongo* (bowl lyre) some time ago, and now we even play
engalabe (long drum)
 We put on the leg rattles

—"Omukazi Omoteguu," as sung by Vilimina Nakiranda

warnings fueled misinformation about the disease and led to its spread. That has now turned around. Localized graphic descriptions and slang terms for AIDS still abound in regional music, but those terms are now clarifying the message. In Uganda it's known as "banana weevil," since a banana weevil eats its fruit from the inside out; "broom" or "sweeper," meaning the virus can sweep through and decimate an entire village; and "jackfruit," a metaphor for the noxious-smelling, sticky fruit of the tropics. "This virus, it has a hunting mechanism,"

cautions one traditional song, after it lists all the people in the community whom AIDS has claimed, young and old, beautiful and ugly.



Since there is only one doctor for every 20,000 Ugandan citizens, traditional healers — often referred to as witch doctors in Uganda — have begun to play a more prominent role in the education of the public. A group effort known as THETA — Traditional Healers Together Against AIDS — has been convening witch doctors and Western medical doctors to discuss the roots of the disease, treatments, and



issues relating to palliative care and secondary infections. Because villagers are so desperate for information and knowledge, Barz always brings a Ugandan physician with him to answer their questions as he conducts his research.

No amount of information will lead to true social change, however, unless Uganda's children grow up prepared to combat the disease. Part of Barz's mission has been to record the songs of schoolchildren in Uganda's capital city, Kampala, as well as in the countryside. On a recent trip to Kampala, a group of primary-school children put on a musical performance for the American visitors. Barefooted, but dressed in their school uniforms, dozens of young boys and girls tuned their instruments—panpipes, *akogo* thumb pianos, *engalabe* long drums, *baakisimba* drums, *madinda* xylophones, and *adungu* hand harps.

As the session began, the voices of several girls united in fluid, intricate harmonies as they sang a catchy, popular tune, "Angelina." The lyrics warn Angelina to be careful how she holds her neck.

Barz says, "It is a cautionary tale, but it is also perceptive—educating young girls how not to be perceived as overtly sexual. Women tilt their heads in ways that can be misconstrued as provocative in many East African cultures. Angelina is warned not to hold her head in such a way as to be misunderstood—and, yes, raped."

A few years ago he traveled to the town of Ishaka in the Bushenyi region in order to document how far into Uganda's interior the emphasis on AIDS in the curriculum had reached. While recording a group of primary-school children, ranging in age from 6 to 16, Barz was interrupted by a group of preschool-

age students led by their teachers, coming across the schoolyard. When he stopped recording to let them pass through, the teachers asked what he was doing. Upon hearing his answer, the nursery schoolers burst into song, trilling happy tunes, because they wanted to be recorded, too.

"The songs bowled me over," Barz says, "because I'd never heard kids this young singing songs about condoms, singing songs about blood testing. When I was able to translate their songs, they were intensely scientific in their treatment of the HIV virus. I remember looking at these young kids—2, 3, 4 years old—and thinking that they were the same age as my child, who doesn't know what a condom is, doesn't know what the sex act is. But many of the teachers told me afterwards that in order for this information to stick, it has to be ingrained at a very early

age, and what better way than to learn by rote through music?"

African children come to know AIDS under the most painful of circumstances. In June 2004, Barz and Blair School Music Librarian Dennis Clark went to the Golomolo fishing village to visit a children's orphanage. Clad in a Vanderbilt University sweatshirt, director Vincent Wandera greeted them, along with 80 children who live there, all of whom are HIV-positive. Wandera established the facility in order to remove HIV-infected orphans from unsafe urban environments. The orphanage is a compound of thatched-roofed mud huts and small, open-air, brick buildings with tin roofs, dirt floors, and scant sanitation. Says Clark, "The children eat one meal a day of *posho* soup, which is a local cornmeal porridge. In the villages it's common for this kind of poverty to be rampant. It's very much a hand-to-mouth existence without any real safety net."

For over a year, Ugandans have believed that the safety net was finally arriving when, in early 2003, President Bush announced that the United States would deliver \$15 billion in medicine and aid to combat HIV in Africa. He held up Uganda as a shining example of one country's aggressive effort against the disease. In June 2004 the people of Uganda were still waiting for the promised anti-retroviral drugs to materialize and were growing increasingly bitter.

Frustrated, Wandera asked Barz point blank where he could find these drugs for the children under his care, a question the American professor could not answer. "America's promise to Africa is clearly understood," Barz explains. "I fear that our promise will not reach enough people in time. Even though the cost of these drugs has gone down, any cost is beyond many people."

Even if cargo loads of antiretrovirals were to arrive suddenly in Uganda, the obstacles

to their delivery, storage and follow-up is staggering given the lack of clinics, doctors and tests needed, as well as associated costs. Yet, Ugandans argue, since they have figured out how to beat the odds in reducing the infection rate, they will overcome the barriers to drug delivery as well.

Trained as an anthropologist and musicologist, Barz suddenly finds himself on unfamiliar ground — in the thick of a highly charged, political, life-and-death international debate. When he was in graduate school, a famed professor told him that an ethnomusicologist should carry out his research as a "harmless drudge," objectively observing his subjects, leaving no footprints, doing no harm, refraining from meddling. However, despite original intentions, Barz is now immersed in the movement. Invited to a national musical event while he was in Kampala, Barz sat in the audience as the director of the Ugandan AIDS Commission personally thanked the Ameri-



can professor “for teaching us that music, dance and drama are the most effective tools for fighting AIDS in our country.”

Thunderstruck by such a tribute, Barz insists, “I’ve never come out and said, ‘This is what you should be doing!’ I’ve always just been in there asking questions, trying to identify what is working for them.”

However, while others have abandoned their noble research endeavors, Barz has returned to Uganda year after year, journeying into the far reaches of the country to hear their stories and record their songs. Simply, his act of probing into their pain, asking questions and seeking explanations has been a lifeline to those he meets. He has discovered that people suffering from HIV are more in need of an outsider’s compassion and acceptance than erudite instructions tossed at them from a Westerner’s perspective. He has shown them through his academic pursuits that he’s not going away.

“I can’t just go in, take information, and say, ‘Good-bye and good luck!’ and run back to Nashville,” Barz says. “I feel the moral imperative to create a dialogue with the communities within which I’m privileged to work. This would be one thing if I were asking them to change the national anthem or manipulating people to change political parties. But we’re talking about people’s lives here. Maybe I can’t do this type of work without affecting change, without inadvertently getting people to think about issues that I’m also thinking about. Maybe the best thing I can do is to advocate. Maybe the best thing Vanderbilt can do is to allow me to get messy and try things out.”

Most recently, for example, he has begun



a yearlong pilot project, under the direction of Ugandan traditional musician Centurio Balikoowa, in which equipment purchased by Vanderbilt has been left in Uganda for local musicians to use. These performers will then send their recordings back to the University for the Blair School’s new Music Archive of Africa and the Americas. Realizing that

Barz considers their music valuable enough to invest in and their ties to Vanderbilt important enough to strengthen, Ugandans consider him a friend and an advocate for their needs.

International AIDS experts are now asking if the initiative that has been so successful in Uganda will work in other African nations. Barz suggests rethinking the dominant geo-medical paradigm. “There’s no such thing as African AIDS,” he says. Each country on the continent has its own cultural identity—a unique amalgam of history, politics, education, productivity and climate. Experts have learned that it’s impossible to swat the virus with well meaning, overly calculated solutions. Every community has an indigent response to its own HIV crisis.

In other words, the *ngoma* music about AIDS that is now pervasive in Uganda did not originate as part of a program. It was never designed or planned or brainstormed into existence. Instead, the music rose from the soil where so many victims are buried, it grew in the hearts of the HIV-positive women as they cared for their deceased sisters’ HIV-positive children, and it sprang from the distant rhythms that reverberated through the rain, beckoning the villagers to carry on.▼

Lisa A. DuBois has been a freelance 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.

It all started as a rumor
The disease continued spreading
The rumors continued spreading
It all started as a rumor
The virus continued spreading as well
AIDS has become a serious problem!
Let us tell you the story of a person who refused to listen
Those who could spread the messages did so about AIDS
It is transmitted by unsafe blood transfusions, unsterilized instruments,
and unprotected sexual intercourse
One person, however, refused to hear
He went to a shop, bought a dress for his girlfriend
Bought the most recent lotions—“Mufti” and “Revlon”
He bought these things at extravagantly high prices
When all he was buying was AIDS!
The man became infected with HIV
He lost all his charisma and strong will,
He started selling his property looking for a cure!
AIDS cannot be cured in villages, neither can medical doctors cure it!
The only cure is death and the hoe
Young boys and girls, we hope you’ve heard our message
Men and women, you can make the right choices or not
Adulterous and promiscuous people, you have nowhere to go
AIDS is finishing you
Ask God to forgive you

—“Bakabitandika Nk’onigambo” (“It All Started as a Rumor”),
as sung by children at the Kashenyi Nursery School

Strokes of Love and Kindness

During his sophomore year, John Dick approached Blair School of Music Professor Gregory Barz about majoring in ethnomusicology, becoming the first student at Vanderbilt University to do so. Barz agreed to serve as his adviser under the condition that Dick complete a field research project and write a senior thesis on his findings. At the time, little did either of them know that this academic requirement would take Dick into the slums of Kampala, the capital city of Uganda, where the young man would spend two months studying the music, dance and drama of street children there. Nor did Dick foresee that some of the children he befriended would affect him so deeply that he would shed tears when it came time to leave.

The blond-haired, blue-eyed senior from Chicago returned to Nashville in August, still feeling like he'd been airdropped from a distant planet. "How has this experience changed me?" he asks, reflectively. "I'm still trying to find the words to explain it."

Dick, who is double-majoring in geology, wanted the chance to work with youths while completing his independent studies project. Barz has focused his own research primarily on rural Ugandan women, and he realized Dick could contribute to the canon of information about African music by analyzing and recording the popular culture of indigent inner-city boys and girls, who are most susceptible to lifestyles that lead to the spread of AIDS. Barz arranged for Dick to work with three non-government social-service organizations that sponsor HIV-awareness and prevention performances.

Of these organizations, Dick spent most of his time with KAYDA, an acronym for Katwe Youth Development Association. Katwe is an overcrowded, impoverished section of Kampala surrounded by dirt footpaths and a maze of buildings haphazardly crammed together. Founded in 1995 by two men, "Uncle Abdu" and "Uncle Faisal" (both of whom are still under 30 years old), KAYDA pro-

vides shelter to local street children. Many of these youth have come from other areas of the country to look for work or to escape servitude, or because they've been orphaned by AIDS or abandoned by their parents. The directors soon understood that shelter was only a small part of these children's needs. These youngsters were just as desperate for food, education, vocational training, medical attention, and relocation services to help them reunite with family members. The directors initially reached out to them through sports—particularly soccer. More recently, they've helped the children form a music, dance and drama troupe. Dick estimates that about 36 children live on the premises, although the organization actually serves around 115 kids at any given time.

One of the goals of KAYDA is to give these children skills for independent survival. Initially very short of funds, everyone slept on pallets on the floor until they learned carpentry and built themselves beds. Once starving, the children are now taught to raise chickens. On Dick's first day in Kampala, he, Barz, and Blair School Librarian Dennis Clark were visiting KAYDA and inspecting the chicken coop when a 6-year-old girl ran over to them and grabbed Dick's hand. Her name was Jowe, and she and her sister Aidah live with their mother next door to KAYDA.

"From that day on, Jowe was my little sidekick," Dick says, explaining that Jowe speaks no English, so their communication was largely nonverbal. "Whenever I was at KAYDA, she was always by my side and always asking to draw in my notebook. My field notebook is covered with all these little doodles from Jowe."

Fourteen-year-old Aidah also formed a close bond with the Vanderbilt student. A KAYDA participant, she helped him translate lyrics and conversations from Luganda into English and taught him some words in her native tongue. One afternoon Dick happened to be the only adult in the building, which made him, unofficially, in charge. Several of the teenagers were outside on the stoop, playing the

**Oh AIDS, you killer
You killed my Daddy
So is my Mommy
Oh AIDS, I hate you
I'll never forget you
till I die
I'll never forget you
till I die.**

*—Song as sung by children
at the GOSSACE Orphan
School, Golomolo Village*





John Dick, a senior from Chicago majoring in ethnomusicology, spent two months this summer in the slums of Kampala, the capital city of Uganda, studying the music, dance and drama of street children there.

radio and listening to the equivalent of the “Top 40” songs of East Africa. “Do you know how to dance?” they asked him.

“No, you’ll have to teach me,” the American responded.

The girls pulled him outside and began teaching him their modern dance moves, known as “strokes,” which quickly attracted the attention of passers-by. Dick says, “Sixty or 70 people stopped dead in their tracks because they saw this *muzungu* (white guy) dancing in the middle of Katwe. Then Aidah taught me how to do one or two traditional dance moves, and that attracted a lot more—at least 100 people came out to watch me dancing on the stoop.”

Dance, music and drama, in fact, are integral to Ugandan life. One day Dick ventured to a primary school on the outskirts of Kampala to see a KAYDA production that addressed the problem of stigmatization and discrimination against AIDS victims. Around 250 schoolchildren packed into a small rectangular building while the KAYDA children performed a play about a street urchin who reveals that she came to Katwe because she’d been taken by a man to become his domestic servant. The man raped her and infected her with HIV. The play was followed by a puppet show with a similar theme about discrimination and stigma.

“At first I thought the purpose of the puppet show was to make it more appealing to younger kids, but it actually helps to de-personalize the [information],” Dick says. “The stories they use for the themes of the puppet shows and plays are often based on what the children have personally experienced.”

Traditional dances are ingrained in Ugandans from childhood, and each village or region performs “strokes” unique to that area. In parts of Eastern Uganda, many teenaged boys undergo a rite-of-passage ceremony, known as *imbalu*, involving a public circumcision. Because the ceremony is well known, performance groups have modernized the dance moves to inform the people about AIDS. Dick saw one troupe modeling *imbalu* by picking up sticks, symbolizing knives, and dance-acting the circumcision rite for one boy. Against tradition, however, the troupe used a new set of sticks on the next boy, which served as a warning about the danger of spreading the HIV virus by sharing unclean, unsterilized knives during *imbalu*.

Actually, Dick was privileged to attend the real, as well as the enacted, *imbalu* ceremony. As a welcomed outsider, the American student was selected by the local elders to stand next to the young honoree celebrating his passage into manhood. Dick says, “I saw the circumcision ceremony up close. It was a very graphic encounter with someone else’s culture.”

Part of Dick’s studies required that he assist with setting up the recording equipment left by Barz and Clark to document traditional musical culture. Dick traveled with Centurio Balikoowa, a respected traditional musician and composer who is directing the Ugandan end of the Vanderbilt initiative, to a remote Eastern Uganda village several hours from Kampala. They first took a long taxi ride, caught a second taxi, and finally were transported along dirt paths with their heavy recording equipment by *boda boda*, a bicycle with a jump-seat for passengers.

Once at the village they recorded men performing music on the *embaire* xylophone, a large percussive instrument played over a pit in the ground. At the end of the session, a man emerged from the group and presented Dick with a goat. “It is very rare that someone from the United States would visit Kampala, much less that you would make the effort to travel from Kampala all the way out here,” the man announced. “So we’d like to offer you this goat.”

The student stood dumbstruck until Balikoowa elbowed him and hissed, “You have to say *something!*”

Collecting his wits, Dick replied, “Thank you for this gift. I’ll accept it, and I’ll take a picture of it—but the goat should stay here.” Everyone seemed pleased with his graciousness.

After eight weeks it was time for Dick to return to Nashville and begin his senior year. He worried about those he was leaving behind. In order to attend school, Ugandan children must pay for books, uniforms, eating utensils and school fees—which adds up to about \$180 American dollars a year, a price far beyond the financial capacity of many families. Before he left, Dick arranged to sponsor both Jowe and Aidah, guaranteeing that they can attend school and have all their supplies for a full school year. The children found out about his sponsorship only after he had departed Katwe.

“I felt that [sponsoring them] was the least I could do,” Dick shrugs. “I think Jowe will be very excited about that. And it gives me a way to stay in touch with them.”

Although Dick journeyed to Uganda to find adventure, to follow a research interest, and to pursue his academic career, ultimately, he says, those were not the most meaningful aspects of his experience. “I remember crying on the plane as I was leaving,” he says. “I thought, ‘When will I ever see these people again? How old will Jowe be when I get a chance to return to Katwe?’ It was the personal, the humanitarian part that meant the most. These people were so open to my being there, and open to sharing with me what they do and who they are. It was very touching to be a part of their community for that period of time—and to know that it meant something similar to them.”

If you are interested in finding out more, you can visit KAYDA’s Web site at www.kayda.4t.com. —LISA A. DUBOIS

The Arts

“I like to draw the viewer in *with a believable situation,*

“Centaur Pursued” by Max Klinger



VISUAL ARTS:

Vanderbilt Fine Arts

Gallery concluded its yearlong exploration of the graphic arts this summer with “**Max Klinger: The Intermezzi Print Cycle,**” which ran through Aug. 14. Klinger, a German painter, sculptor and graphic artist, was celebrated at the turn of the century for his print cycles, which exhibited both technical virtuosity and fantastic imagery. The 12 plates of “Intermezzi” (1881), drawn from the collections of the Roland Gibson Gallery at the State University of New York–Potsdam, comprise one of Klinger’s 14 major series. “Intermezzi” included etchings depicting mythological

scenes involving centaurs as well as four etchings devoted to the German baroque novel *Simplicius Simplicissimus*. A separate etching by Klinger from the Fine Arts Gallery’s permanent collection known as “The Artist in the Attic,” a kind of self-portrait of the artist at work, also was exhibited.

The fall exhibition season kicked off with “**A Year in the Life of Andy Warhol: Photographs by David McCabe.**” In 1964, David McCabe, a young fashion photographer, was commissioned by Andy Warhol to document his life for one year. The result was a unique

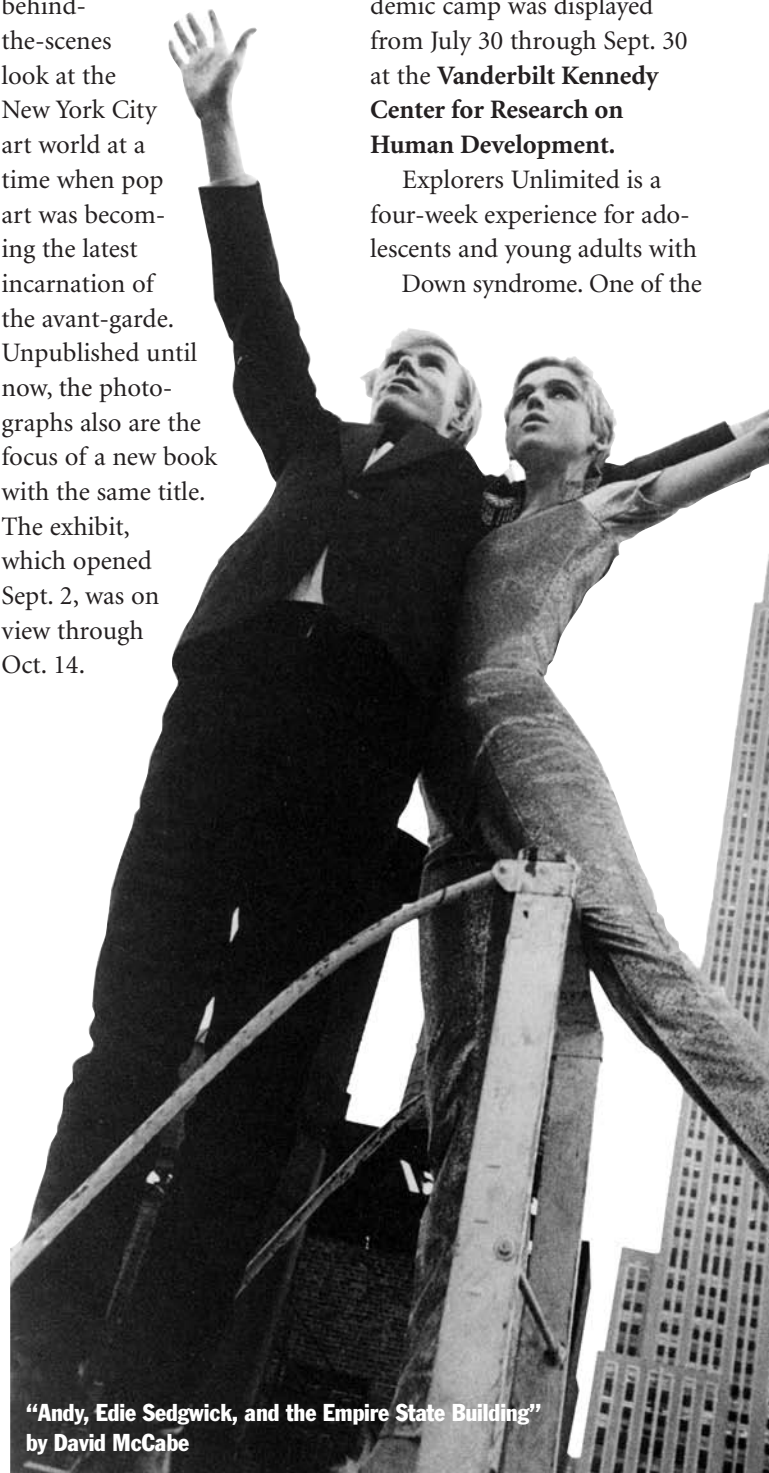
portrait of one of the most influential artists of the 20th century and a compelling behind-the-scenes look at the New York City art world at a time when pop art was becoming the latest incarnation of the avant-garde. Unpublished until now, the photographs also are the focus of a new book with the same title. The exhibit, which opened Sept. 2, was on view through Oct. 14.

Artwork by students participating in the **Explorers Unlimited III** summer academic camp was displayed from July 30 through Sept. 30 at the **Vanderbilt Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development.**

Explorers Unlimited is a four-week experience for adolescents and young adults with Down syndrome. One of the

ACCOLADES

“**American Backroads,**” photographs by **Rod Daniel, BA’65,** were featured in August at Leiper’s Creek Gallery in Leiper’s Fork, Tenn., near Nashville. A former Hollywood director of film and TV shows for more than two decades, Daniel, who recently moved back to Middle Tennessee, showed black-and-white images of American backroads taken while riding his Harley Davidson throughout the country.



“**Andy, Edie Sedgwick, and the Empire State Building**” by David McCabe

Culture

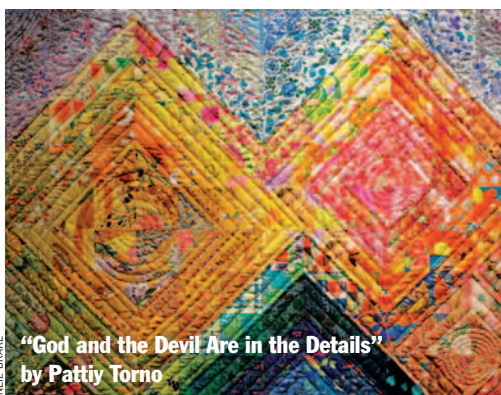
and then put a little surprise in there. ” —MARILYN MURPHY

first summer academic camps for students with Down syndrome to be offered in the United States, it provides an academic enrichment program that builds on individual strengths in reading, math and social awareness. The camp is the product of a community collaboration involving the

Vanderbilt Kennedy Center, the Down Syndrome Association of Middle Tennessee, Peabody College's Department of Special Education, the Frist Center for the Visual Arts,

and the University School of Nashville. This summer's arts-education programming centered around the Red Grooms exhibit on display at the Frist Center.

The **Sarratt Gallery** summer exhibit showcased work by North Carolina-based quilter **Pattiy Torno** in "A Change of Heart." Torno's tradition of quilting is a color-driven interplay of mass-produced fabric patterning. Both beautiful and functional, her quilts are a vehicle for the simple joy of playing with fabric and exploring the possibilities in color.



NEIL BRADKE
"God and the Devil Are in the Details"
by Pattiy Torno

Drawing from a wide range of cotton fabrics from Japan, Switzerland and England, Torno's quilts depict color sense, workmanship and perfection. For more than 35 years, she has integrated fabrics, old clothes, dresses, aprons, and even cut-up ties to use like paint on a 12-by-12-foot design wall.



"A Need to Nurture #3"
by Jonathan Fenske

Work by Atlanta artist **Jonathan Fenske** opened the fall exhibit schedule for Sarratt. The artist, who surrounds himself with toys—from prized Fisher-Price collector pieces to brand-new molded plastic dinosaurs and ducks—has a craving for things bright and playful. Quite deliberately, his acrylic paintings explore this happy world and the messages that might lurk underneath. Fenske, an avid hymn composer, born in Florida and raised in Greenville, S.C., is something of a renaissance man whose writing received the 2000 South Carolina Fiction Award.

MUSIC:

Jim Foglesong, adjunct professor of music business at Vanderbilt's Blair School of Music, will be inducted into the **Country Music Hall of Fame** this fall. The Country Music Association recently released its new hall of fame

inductees—Foglesong and singer/songwriter/actor Kris Kristofferson—both of whom officially will be inducted Nov. 9 during the 38th Annual CMA Awards on CBS television. Foglesong's career stretches back to the 1950s, when he worked as a recording-studio singer backing acts including Dion & the Belmonts and Neil Sedaka. In the 1970s and 1980s, he was president of the Nashville divisions of Dot, ABC, MCA and Capitol records. He has worked with Garth Brooks, the Oak Ridge Boys, Reba McEntire, George Strait, Tanya Tucker, and many other notable country music artists.

This fall the Blair School of Music co-sponsored **Interplay: the Nashville Symphony Dvorak Festival**, two concerts focusing on Dvorak's American influences. September's concert, "Dvorak and Plantation Song," was a collaborative effort featuring the symphony with the Fisk Jubilee Singers and Blair faculty members (**Amy Jarman**, soprano; **Jonathan Retzlaff**, baritone; **Karen Krieger**, piano; and **Melissa Rose**, piano), along with the **Vanderbilt Opera Theatre** with Director **Gayle Shay**, and commentary by **Dale Cockrell**, professor of musicology and professor of American and Southern studies. The program also included



Children's Cello Choir of Nashville

DANIEL DUBOIS

commentary by Joe Horowitz (New Jersey Symphony) and Thomas Riis (University of Colorado). In October "Dvorak's American Accent" was presented, featuring the Nashville Symphony Orchestra with the **Blair String Quartet**, **Melissa Rose**, **Linnaea Brophy**, commentary by **Dale Cockrell**, Joe Horowitz and **Cecelia Tichi**, the William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English. The concerts were presented at the Martha Rivers Ingram Center for the Performing Arts at the Blair School.

Vanderbilt's Blair School of Music had a number of student ensembles touring Europe this summer, including the **Van-**

derbilt Wind Ensemble. The undergraduate musicians were invited to perform at the July 2004 Conference of the International Society for Music Education in Tenerife, Canary Islands. The group's itinerary also included a tour of Spain with performances in both the Madrid and Valencia areas. A group of 12 musicians ranging in age from 11 to 15 form the **Children's Cello Choir of Nashville** at the Blair School of Music. They toured Germany in June, playing four concerts in the cities of Magdeburg (Nashville's sister city), Eisenach and Leipzig. Also in June the **Blair Children's Chorus** gave concerts in Magdeburg, Wernigerode and

Leipzig, Germany; in Prague, Czech Republic; and at what was formerly the Terezin Concentration Camp.

Songwriters Gary Burr, Hugh Prestwood and Mike Reid performed at "**A Stellar Songwriters Evening: Music on the Mountain,**" presented by the Bluebird Cafe and the Vanderbilt Dyer Observatory in June. Burr, Prestwood and Reid are regulars at the Bluebird Cafe, Nashville's premier venue for songwriters. Hit songs by the trio include "Stranger in My House" by Ronnie Milsap and "I Can't Make You Love Me" by Bonnie Raitt (Reid), "Hard Times for Lovers" by Judy Collins and "The Song Remembers When" by Trisha Yearwood (Prestwood), and "I Would Be Stronger Than That" by Faith Hill and "Nobody Wants to Be Lonely" by Ricky Martin and Christina Aguilera (Burr).

At Vanderbilt, summer camps in music were offered for students ranging in age from birth to adulthood. Blair School of Music offered the nationally acclaimed **Kindermusik** program for newborn children through age 6 to discover the joy of music, movement, dance, drama and craft-making in Kindermusik Village. For three days in August, the Blair

Children's Chorus program offered a camp for area children to sing, explore the voice and learn about movement at the **Blair Children's Chorus Camp**. They celebrated their music-making in concert Aug. 5 in the Blair School's Ingram Performance Hall. **Crystal Plohman**, artist teacher of fiddle, coordinated the third annual **International Fiddle School**, which offered intensive class instruction for small



DANIEL DUBOIS

Kindermusik

groups in bluegrass, Celtic, western swing, old-time, jazz and rock, and world music for players of all ages and levels.

In celebration of the Blair School's 40th anniversary, distinguished alumnus and award-winning composer **Daniel Bernard Roumain**, BMus'93, returned as Blair opened its 2004 anniversary concert season Oct. 13 with a rare joint concert appearance featuring the composer and a number of the School's ensembles. Described as a combination of Mozart, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Prince, the Blair alumnus and New York-based composer/performer is one of the few African-American

ACCOLADES

"**Flight Dreams**," the new album by **Joe Rea Phillips**, senior artist teacher of guitar, and his duo partner Stan Lassiter, was an editor's pick-of-the-month in the July issue of *Guitar Player Magazine*. On Oct. 1 the Phillips-Lassiter Guitar Duo played in recital at the Steve and Judy Turner Recital Hall at the Blair School of Music.



composers to have worked with artists such as choreographer Bill T. Jones, composer Philip Glass, and conceptual artist, writer and musician DJ Spooky. Roumain's classical/hip-hop style has been embraced by orchestras and chamber ensembles throughout the United States, and he has quickly developed new, diverse audiences for his music.

THEATRE AND FILM:

"In Loco Amicis," a short film directed by **Sam Girgus**, professor of English, was screened as part of the **Nashville Film Festival** in late April. The film featured Vanderbilt students and Chancellor Gordon Gee as it described the movement toward diversity, renewal and change at Vanderbilt. The phrase "in loco amicis," coined by Chancellor Gee, advocates a philosophy of friendship and trust that generates debate, new ideas and growth. The annual weeklong film festival took place at the Regal Green Hills 16 Cinemas in Nashville.

The launch of a **film studies major** this fall at Vanderbilt marks the beginning of a "film culture" designed to enrich life throughout campus, says **Paul Young**, an assistant professor of English who is directing the program, which was shepherded into existence by **Sam Girgus**. The program grew out of courses already being taught by Young, Girgus, and a wide range of Vanderbilt professors drawing from theatre, communications, philosophy, history,

French, German, art history and other disciplines. **Will Akers**, senior lecturer in communications studies, teaches most of Vanderbilt's courses in film production, an area that may be expanded as the film studies program grows. Young is planning a film festival and several visiting speakers for 2004–05, including scholars and film-industry leaders. Thanks to the efforts of **Peter Lorge**, senior lecturer in history, the **Chinese Film Showcase** is scheduled to visit the Vanderbilt campus in November.

Agamemnon, leader of the Greek forces at Troy, sent his daughter, Iphigenia, to be sacrificed in order to appease Artemis, the virgin goddess of the hunt, after Agamemnon offended her. **Vanderbilt University Theatre's** staging of this prelude to the Trojan War opened the 2004–05 theatre season on campus in October. **"Iphigenia"** is Euripides'



DAVID GRENSHAW

"Iphigenia"

stinging indictment of war and the powerful men who wage it at the cost of innocence betrayed in this new adaptation by acclaimed Irish storyteller Edna O'Brien.

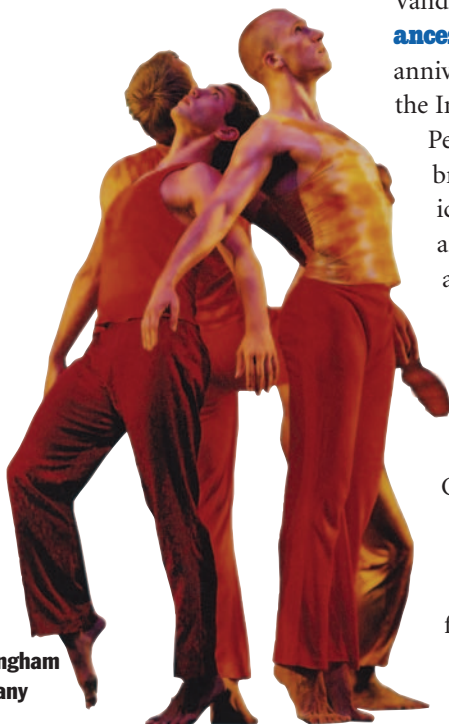
DANCE:

Vanderbilt's **Great Performances Series** kicked off its 30th anniversary year on Sept. 14 in the Ingram Center for the Performing Arts by celebrating American dance icon **Merce Cunningham** and his extraordinary achievements during more than half a century of creation and performance. Acclaimed since his first collaboration with composer John Cage in 1944, the choreographer's company presented the repertoire's cornerstone work, "Suite for Five," along with

"Sounddance" and "Fluid Canvas." A master class with the company took place the day before the performance.

BOOKS & WRITERS:

Frye Gaillard, BA'68, puts a human face on the story of the black American struggle for equality in Alabama during the 1960s in **Cradle of Freedom: Alabama and the Movement That Changed America** (University of Alabama Press). The book details the Civil Rights Movement through the stories of ordinary people and civil-rights icons as it follows the chronology of pivotal events that occurred in Alabama—the Montgomery bus boycott, the Freedom Rides, the letter from the Birmingham jail, the bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church, Bloody Sunday, and



Merce Cunningham Dance Company

the Black Power movement in the Black Belt. How ordinary people rose to the challenge of an unfair system with will and determination makes for a story that unfolds with the flow of a novel, though based on meticulous research.

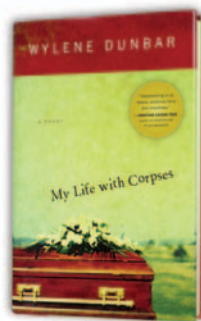
In a time when it is all right for poetry to be “spiritual,” and

seemingly wrong for a poem to be “religious,” Vanderbilt Professor of English **Mark Jarman**’s eighth collection, *To the Green Man* (Sarabande Books), continues his indifference to this contemporary taboo, exploring the dangerous intersections where poetry and religion meet. In reviewing the book, poet Alan Shapiro wrote,

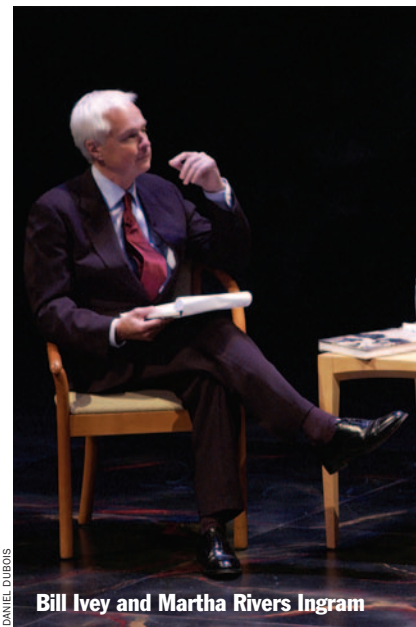
“Beyond the wonderful music of his lines, the formal poise, the mix of narrative and lyric modes, what makes *To the Green Man* such an important and memorable book is its enactment of a spiritual struggle to be at once at home in the world and astonished by it.”

My Life with Corpses

(Harcourt), a new novel by **Wylene Dunbar**, MA’72, PhD’73, features a Kansas farm girl named Oz and her strange family life: She is raised by a family of corpses. After surviving this ordeal, she returns as an adult to her hometown when the man who had rescued her as a child dies and his body mysteriously disappears. While waiting to uncover the message that she feels her rescuer is trying to tell her, even in death, she reflects on her childhood and her hard-won experience in learning to live life truly alive, rather than falling victim to limitations that are taught.



The Darkness That Comes Before (Overlook Press), the first book in Vanderbilt graduate student **R. Scott Bakker**’s *Prince of Nothing* series, creates a world from whole cloth, much as Tolkien and Herbert



DANIEL DUBOIS

Bill Ivey and Martha Rivers Ingram

created unforgettably in the epic fantasies *The Lord of the Rings* and *Dune*. In this all-embracing universe, a world scarred by an apocalyptic past, thousands gather for a crusade. Among them are two men and two women who are ensnared by a mysterious traveler who is part warrior, part philosopher, part sorcerer and charismatic presence—from a land long thought dead. *The Darkness That Comes Before* is a history of this crusade as written by its survivors.

In *Pushkin and the Queen of Spades*, the latest novel by Nashville author **Alice Randall**, the narrator is Windsor Armstrong, a black professor of Russian literature—at Vanderbilt. Her football-playing son, Pushkin X, is about to marry a white Russian. The novel has been described as “a testy, multi-faceted meditation on interracial interaction.”

HUMANITIES:

Members of the media were invited to witness a “**Conversation on the Arts**” between **Martha Rivers**

UPCOMING

VISUAL ART

In “**Morality Tales**,” at **Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery** Oct. 21 through Dec. 12, five of the most important sets of engravings by **William Hogarth**, one of the leading figures in British art during the first half of the 18th century, will be presented.



“Beer Street,” State 3

MUSIC

Once again the incomparable voice of soprano **Dawn Upshaw** will grace Ingram Hall on Jan. 26, 2005, at 8 p.m. as the Blair Concert Series presents “The Intimate Dawn Upshaw.”



Dawn Upshaw

THEATRE

Vanderbilt University Theatre will explore the benefits and burdens of love and marriage in its production of Stephen Sondheim and George Furth’s Tony Award-winning musical “**Company**” Nov. 4–7 and 11–13.



Ingram and Bill Ivey on June 25 at Ingram Hall. The program was closed to the public except for invited guests. Ingram, chairman of the Vanderbilt Board of Trust, chairman of Ingram Industries Inc., and a longtime leader in the Nashville arts community, wrote *Apollo's Struggle: A Performing Arts Odyssey in the Athens of the South, Nashville, Tennessee* with D.B. Kellogg. The book traces the performing arts in the city back to the early 1800s. Ivey is director of the Curb Center for Art, Enterprise and Public Policy at Vanderbilt and was chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1998 to 2001.

Fifteen Vanderbilt students attended the **57th Cannes Film Festival**, where they embarked on a most unusual field trip that was the culmination of Vanderbilt's Maymester class "Contemporary World Cinema." For the third year, Professor of Art and Art History **David B. Hinton**, who teaches the class, and his wife, documentary filmmaker Dolly Carlisle, accompanied a group

of students to the renowned festival to explore world cinema and the art of filmmaking. Through Carlisle's film connections, the group was able to gain access to this industry-only event, which includes not only the world's most famous—and glamorous—film festival, but the Cannes Market, where hundreds of films are bought and sold each spring. Students were required to attend 7:45 a.m. breakfast meetings, see at least two films a day, conduct in-depth interviews with industry professionals, research and write a paper on a foreign film market and a non-American director, and keep a daily journal of their experiences.

John Seigenthaler, eminent journalist, author, civil rights leader, and founder of the First Amendment Center at Vanderbilt, has announced that he will **donate his papers** to Vanderbilt's Heard Library. The prized papers contain correspondence, book manuscripts and photographic material spanning Seigenthaler's life, including correspondence from his 43 years at the *Tennessean* newspaper, his tenure at *USA Today*, and his service as a special aide to Robert Kennedy during the Civil Rights Movement. In addition, there are research materials, and drafts and proofs from his latest book, *James K. Polk*. Seigenthaler also will donate materials from his recent work as chair of the panel that investigated former *USA Today* reporter Jack Kelley.



Exhibit Showcases Faculty Artist's Career Work

"Suspended Animation: Works by Marilyn Murphy," which spans the Vanderbilt art professor's 25-year career, is on view at the Frist Center for the Visual Arts in Nashville.

Murphy tells the story with relish. She was speaking about her painting "Home Cooking" at a gallery in St. Louis, and someone in the audience didn't like the message.

"To me, the woman in the painting is cooking up a house," says Murphy, who was inspired to create the painting by her desire to move out of her apartment and into a home of her own. "But this woman in the audience didn't see it that way. She said, 'Oh no, she's not! She's sick of doing housework for the family and picking up after her kids. She's putting that house in the oven, and she's going to slam the door and turn it on and burn it up!'"

"Home Cooking" is one of 40 paintings, drawings and prints by Murphy that is sparking conversation through Nov. 28 at the Frist Center. A show of her new work in October at Nashville's Cumberland Gallery joined the Frist career survey, which is curated by Mark Scala.

"It's huge to me," Murphy says of the show. "It's pretty rare for an artist to be invited to have this kind of show during their lifetime. It's a celebration of work done. It will be very interesting to go in [to the gallery] on a quiet day to really look at the work, and think about where I've been and what I'm doing now."

Murphy's work can be surreal, mysterious, funny and slightly sinister—many times all in the same piece. "I love the old black-and-white films, especially film noir, the way they use light and shadow," she says. "I like to draw the viewer in with a believable situation, and then put a little surprise in there."

Murphy began teaching in the Department of Art and Art History at Vanderbilt in 1980, and chaired the department from 1997 to 1999. She says teaching has enriched her own work. "I love teaching. To give assignments that really let students find their own voice is so exciting, and it's also valuable to me to articulate my own process to them, which makes me more aware."

—Jim Patterson



DANIEL DUBOIS

S.P.O.V. *

* Student Point of View

The Search for Something More

Eighty days, two neophyte bikers, and 1,700 miles of peaks and valleys.

By KEVIN M. ELIAS

ON MAY 8, 2004, I STOOD in the 125-degree desert along the U.S.–Mexico border, all my worldly needs strapped to my back, with one persistent thought pestering my mind: “What am I doing out here?” Only 48 hours earlier, I had been taking my physiology final, and now I found myself in the middle of nowhere, alone with a classmate on an empty dirt road. Facing 1,700 miles of unknown challenges, I pondered how we got there.

Like most of my Vanderbilt Medical School classmates, I chose a medical career to make something more of my life. Deep in my psyche I felt a void that I hoped a life of service could fill. But with the start of medical school, anatomical dissections, biochemical pathways and professionalism discussions failed to deliver the fulfillment I sought. I felt a restless, churning ambition for something ... more.

Then I found a compatriot. My classmate Joshua Bress had the same sensation—the feeling of having learned so much, but done so little. Josh had just spoken with Nashville CARES, Middle Tennessee’s leading provider of outreach services to persons living with AIDS and HIV. The organization’s annual AIDS Walk had been

the previous weekend, and Josh arrived looking for a way to get involved with HIV issues. What he found surprised us both. HIV had fallen off the radar of Middle Tennessee. Even as local infection rates continued to rise, no one seemed to notice the walk. No stories appeared in the major newspapers. No television reporters devoted coverage to the event. The HIV/AIDS community, an alarmingly expanding circle with Nashville CARES at its center, had been left to fend for itself.

Josh and I knew increasing education and

public discussion about HIV presented a way for us to do something meaningful. Unlike most diseases, AIDS takes primary aim at our peer group, youth, and its shot is getting better: 50 percent of new HIV infections occur in patients under the age of 25. Moreover, the South is the only region of the coun-

try where infection rates continue to rise. We wondered what two freshman medical students, not even finished with anatomy courses, could do to change this trend. How could we take the message of the Nashville AIDS Walk (i.e., community-wide involvement for HIV/AIDS) to a new level?



JOSHUA BRESS

We came to Nashville CARES with a proposal: a super-sized AIDS Walk sure to attract attention for the cause. We called it Hike for HIV, a strenuous hike across the vertical length of eastern California, from Mexico to Oregon—1,700 miles along the Pacific Crest Trail. The hike would promote discussion about HIV/AIDS, raise funds for Nashville CARES, and encourage others to join the Nashville AIDS Walk the following year. Most important, it would establish a new partnership between Vanderbilt Medical School and the HIV/AIDS community—a step toward mobilizing youth to address HIV.

We had eight months to get ready. While laboring our way through the first year of medical school, Josh and I worked feverishly with Nashville CARES to make the hike a reality. We created a business proposal, wrote promotional materials, and solicited donations for Nashville CARES. Fittingly, the Vanderbilt Medical Center became our first official sponsor, followed by Lightning 100.1 FM, Cumberland Transit and Planned Parenthood. At 6 each morning, we trained at the Rec Center. As often as possible, we gave radio, newspaper and television interviews. We recruited a team of graduate, professional and undergraduate students to help us. Soon, Hike for HIV grew beyond the hike itself to include an interactive Web site, documentary film, panel discussion, community service, and a trade fair—all about HIV in Middle Tennessee. As the spring semester came to a close, the conversation about HIV and AIDS



JON KRAUSE

I hiked to gain the opportunity to help someone my age protect himself or herself from HIV, to know that I was helping someone back at Nashville CARES.

seemed to be advancing. Now our feet needed to live up to our words.

Talking hurt less than walking. Desert dominated our first 700 miles. Drought conditions forced us to carry two to three gallons of water each for distances up to 30 miles. Entire weeks went by without any shade. The unforgiving chaparral tore into our legs, and the hot sands blistered our feet. We saw no one for five days. Our second week, a bear raided our camp and ate a week's worth of food. This marked my first hiking trip longer than a weekend, and life was tough.

Rather than face defeat, we began to adapt. Our pace increased from 18 to 20 to 23 miles a day. As we crossed arid expanses, climbed several thousand feet up into the mountains, and then climbed down into the desert once again, we ticked off one mountain range after another: the Lagunas, the San Jacintos, the San Bernadinos, the San Gabriels and the Tehachapis. We studied the habits of other hikers, shed gear (including all of our cooking implements), and started hiking before dawn.

Eventually, the hardships of trail life took

a backseat to the wonder of nature. Lizards scurried underfoot among the blossoming cacti and desert wildflowers. Dawn erupted into the canyons in a color wheel of crimson and ochre. Joshua trees guided us through the Mojave, and jackrabbits hid among us from the hawks overhead.

In a month we reached Kennedy Meadows, the gateway to the hike's highlight, the Sierra Nevada. Whereas the southern mountain ranges, alternating with low deserts, averaged 6,000 to 8,000 feet, the Sierras maintained

continued on page 86

A.P.O.V. *

*Alumni Point of View

Distress Signal

A momentary driving lapse throws a maligned era into sharp relief.

By RAY WADDLE, MA'81

RECENTLY, I BECAME ONE OF those people—a driver who leaves his turn signal blinking for miles and miles on the interstate without knowing it.

I'd been uncharitable about such motorists for years.

They were a public menace, a plague of the clueless, a symbol of things gone wrong in the new millennium.

And now I've become one of them. On Thursday I drove 18 miles before realizing my left blinker was still going. It didn't cause a car wreck or a hazmat spill, but still I added to the national deficit—the deficit of attention and alertness to the bigger world beyond my bleating little dashboard.

When I finally noticed it, I did the adult thing: I blamed others. Blamed the manufacturer for making turn signals you can barely hear anymore. Blamed 21st-century life for releasing toxic levels of stress into my day and causing such unseemly road-weary self-absorption. I was ready to sue.

Maybe I should admit I had a hand in this automotive autism. I had the CD player turned up too loud to hear the turn signal. The music was from 30 years ago—Frank Zappa, Lynyrd

Skynyrd, Pink Floyd, Jethro Tull, a stash of bands I hadn't visited since gasoline was 79.9 cents a gallon.

The truth is, I neglected the blinker because I was distracted by an alarming new feeling: I was nostalgic for the '70s.

I hated the '70s when they were happening. They were unambitious, tacky, under-achieving. Everybody knew that, even at the time. It was odd to realize in 1973 that your decade already could be summed up

and dismissed as a garish mistake, a 10-year maximum-insecurity prison term with no parole. It seemed the '70s were a post-'60s hangover with no Excedrin in the cupboard.

Now, on a crowded highway in 2004, my millennial mind was merging onto unfamiliar ground: forgiveness. Yes, the '70s were burdened with disco, stagflation, Haldeman-Erlichman,

Chuck Barris, Pintos, Vegas, Bobby Riggs, and entirely too much Chablis. But the decade also was innocently free of corporate sponsorship, spam, Hummers, chads, postmodernism, junk mail, Lewinsky, global warming, reality TV, baseball free agency, O.J. in the Bronco, and anthrax in the mail. There were no cell-phone numbers to memorize. Paris

Hilton was a ritzy building, not a glitzy blonde. The only terrorists were a half-dozen hairy, left-wing Europeans. CEO salaries and food portions were human scale. Muhammad Ali was still stylishly rope-a-doping to victory. President Carter's press-conference mastery of technical details was a pleasure to watch. No one was buying "the complete idiot's guide" to anything yet.

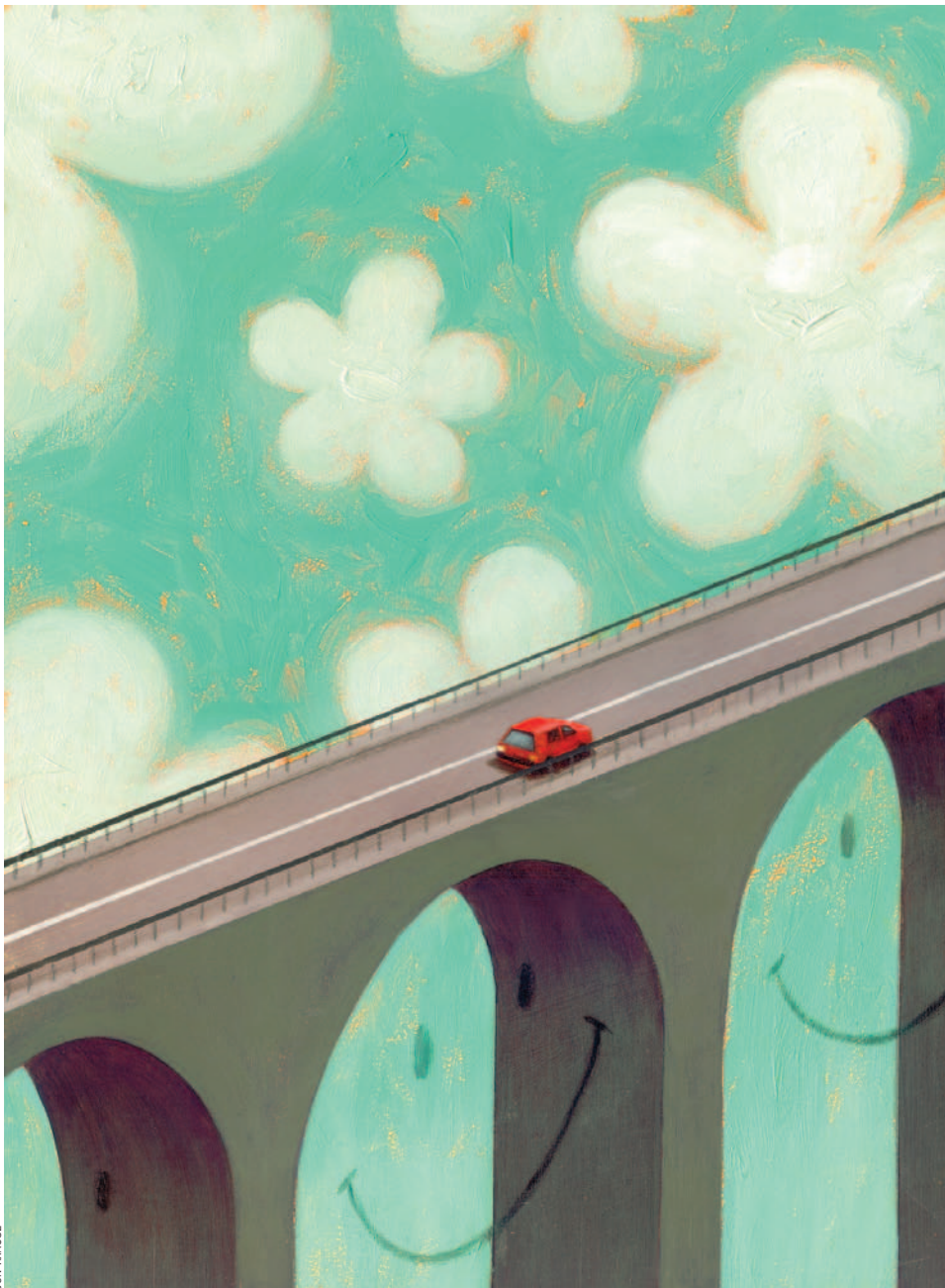
I recall no random, pointless blinking turn signals on the American turnpikes of the 1970s. We wore indestructible perma-press shirts and knew the sedated lyrics of Leo Sayer, but we had our wits about us: We maintained dashboard control. Road rage and murderous SUVs would become proud symbols of the enlightened future, not the '70s. Public life, even after Watergate, was still a place approximating etiquette and purpose—no swearing on the airwaves, no S&L swindles, no culture wars, no TV roundtable left-right smackdowns, no Super Bowl half-time wardrobe malfunctions, or other exotic fruits of deregulated capitalism.

People in the '70s actually talked about solar energy, oil conservation and clean air. We had to. The decade's two big energy scares kept reality well within view. Our dependence on imported oil was 33 percent in 1975. That seemed like a lot. It triggered new thinking about windmill technology and mass transit. Now it's 60 percent.

This is what I was thinking about when I neglected my blinking left-turn signal for 18 miles along the city's interstate route



DANIEL DUBOIS



JON IRAUSE

I hated the '70s when they were happening. They were unambitious, tacky, underachieving. Everybody knew that. Now my millennial mind was wandering onto unfamiliar ground: forgiveness.

on an ordinary weekday, listening to the guitar intricacies of Zappa and recalling with fondness the stumbling decencies of President Gerald Ford.

I see now I was sending out an SOS with my errant blinker, warning other motorists of my helpless fog of cultural dissonance, asking for a little time to myself, at 55 mph, until the moment could pass and I could rejoin our furious shock-and-awe century, where we are more dependent on hostile foreign oil than ever before and no one asks why.

The '70s now seem wise and sane, even saintly, a gadgetless era of regular savings

accounts and regular churchgoing. The '70s will surely one day be canonized by some sanctified world court of calendars, cited as the last moment of measurable calm before the dawning noisy era of faxes, junk bonds, MTV, hostile takeovers, McLaughlin Group and tall desserts — that is, the '80s.

Alas, it's not so simple. Nostalgia won't do. It never works. It's a scam. For one thing, nostalgia is committed to negating the splendors of the present moment — the Internet, Saturday college football on 20 cable channels, coffeehouses, DVDs, pay-at-the-pump gas, telecommuting, zinc lozenges,

“Prairie Home Companion,” and the mute button on the remote. Did I mention the Internet?

Worse, nostalgia dulls the brain to the urgencies of what needs tending now — things like Mideast justice, literacy, affordable health insurance and, yes, fuel efficiency. Ignore these matters, and 30 years from now the burning mess will make us pine in stunned nostalgia even for the unpromising lost decade of the 2000s.

So I acknowledge my extreme makeover of the '70s shouldn't fool anyone for long.

continued on page 87

TheClasses

“Edward A. “Monk” Malloy, PhD’75, is stepping down as president of the University of Notre Dame after 17 years.”

Please note: Class Notes only appear in the printed version of this publication.



Marilyn
Justman
Kaman,
BA’70

ROB LEVINE

Crime and Punishment

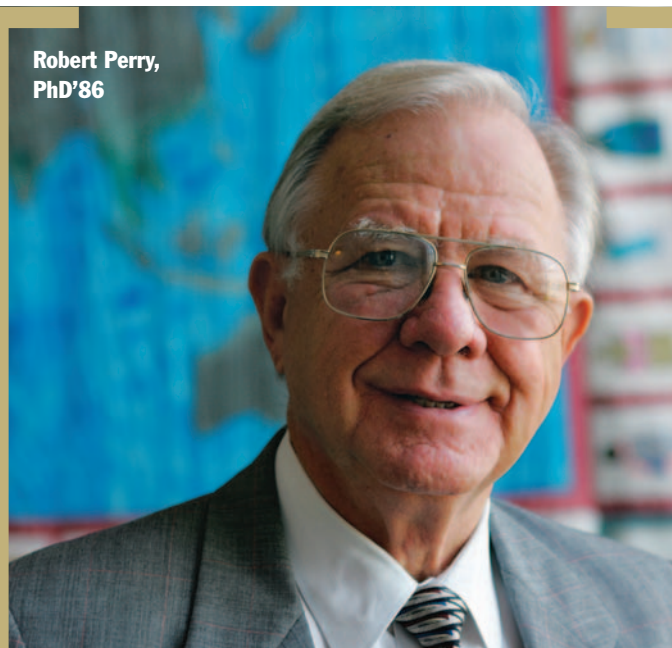
A combination of endurance and flexibility sustained Judge Marilyn Justman Kaman while she served as a member of a five-judge international panel on war crimes in Kosovo.

On the bench in Hennepin County District Court in Minneapolis since 2000, Kaman says her six months in the Balkans in 2003–04 under the auspices of the United Nations gave her a new perspective.

“The intersection of law and culture was intriguing and played itself out in court in ways I didn’t expect,” says Kaman in describing the absence of juries, proceedings in which the judges decide verdicts, and the role of traditions that predetermine acceptable behavior, punishment, and relationships among different Balkan ethnic groups. “Part of the learning experience was how cultural values and norms play an important part in determination of guilt or innocence.”

When not in the courtroom, Kaman was under guard for her own safety. She found the isolation ultimately valuable. “It gave me the opportunity to hone my values. I feel different, grateful for my family and friends who support me and for our justice system,” says Kaman. “For me, this experience has created an appreciation for diversity, of personal and ethnic differences.”

“ Jay Perry, BE’85, is a NASA aerospace engineer specializing in environmental control for the International Space Station. ”



Robert Perry,
PhD’86

NEIL BRAKE

Man with a Mission

The past is always present for Robert Perry. A missionary in Africa for 30 years, Perry established a museum for the Church of the Nazarene in Johannesburg, South Africa.

The museum contains letters, pictures, official mission records and other materials. These include books in African languages, diaries of early missionaries, and an extensive pictorial display of the church’s century-long work in the fields of medicine, education and church activities. It is only the second missions museum in Africa; the other features the work of pioneer explorer and missionary David Livingstone.

Perry’s personal link to the denomination’s work is teaching. He returns to Africa to teach every two years. The museum speaks to his early years as a history teacher and to his admiration for his missionary forebears. “I feel a real connection to them,” he says. “We have cars, computers and so many things. Our early pioneers were limited in resources, but not in their passion for their work.”

Perry grew up in the cotton-mill town of Alabama City, Ala., and came to Nashville to study at Trevecca Nazarene University. He later earned a master’s from the University of Alabama and a doctorate in history from Vanderbilt.

Nowadays, he and his wife, Peggy, live most of their time in Florida among some 200 retired missionaries at Bradenton Missionary Village, and Perry also does literary work among the Spanish-speaking residents of Bradenton.



Petro Kacur,
BA’90

Olympic Luminary

The lighting of the Olympic flame at the 2004 Summer Olympics in Greece was the culmination of a yearlong endeavor and personal journey for Petro Kacur, director of public relations for the Coca-Cola Co.’s sponsorship of the Olympic Torch Relay.

“It’s been the opportunity of a lifetime to be involved in something so close to my heritage,” says Kacur, the son of Greek immigrants who is fluent in Greek.

Kacur and his team escorted the flame, lit in a March ceremony at Olympia, Greece, and safeguarded in a miner’s lantern, through 34 cities and 27 countries. At each stop he assisted with celebrations that included a relay of local people carrying torches lit by the flame Kacur and his team shepherded. Worldwide, there were 11,000 torchbearers representing the unity and inspiration of the Olympics.

To his surprise, the torchbearer selection committee in Greece tapped Kacur to carry the torch in one leg of the relay in his father’s home village of Argos. “It was very moving to be a Greek-American and have the opportunity to do this on Greek soil,” he says. “Thinking of how this honored my family brought tears to my eyes.”

“ **M.J. Garrett, BS’97, is a cast member** on the current season of MTV’s *The Real World*, taped last spring in Philadelphia. ”

Alumni Association News

Do We Have Your Current E-mail Address?

Make sure you’re receiving the most up-to-date information about your alma mater and enjoying access to online features. **Dore2Dore**, Vanderbilt’s online community, is continually adding new and enhanced goodies for alumni. Keep in touch with your classmates, find out about Vanderbilt events in your area, and more. You’ll help Vanderbilt reduce the costs of communicating by snail mail. It only takes a minute to update your address. Go to www.dore2dore.net.

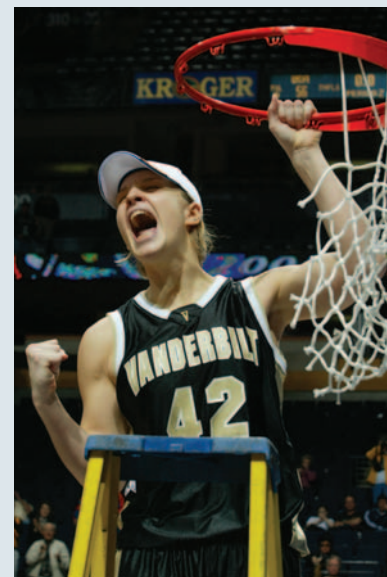
Honoring the Real Heroes

Send in your nomination by March 1, 2005, for the Alumni Association of Vanderbilt University **Distinguished Alumnus Award**. It’s a great way not only to honor the life’s work of some incredible thinkers and doers, but also to inspire students and alumni. You’ll find a mail-in form in this issue, along with more information about the award and this year’s amazing recipient, medical pioneer **Dr. Mildred Stahlman**, on page 1.

Alumni Events from All Over

During the past year the Alumni Association has sponsored **hundreds of events** worldwide—admitted-student receptions and summer “send-off parties” for the Class of 2008, alumni education events, community service projects, happy hours, athletic-related events, and visits from Chancellor Gee and other administrators. Here are a few highlights:

Alumni gathered all over the country to cheer on our basketball teams to the **NCAA Sweet Sixteen tournaments**. There were pre-game alumni parties in **Atlanta** for the SEC tournament, and NCAA men’s basketball tournament events in **Orlando** (Fla.) and **Phoenix**. After the women’s team won the SEC tournament in Nashville, alumni clubs in **Chattanooga** (Tenn.) and **Oklahoma City** hosted events for the women’s NCAA tournament.



NEIL BRAKE

Alumni Association News

Alumni Events continued

The **Chattanooga Alumni Club** and friends took charge of their health—mind, body and soul—during a program featuring Clif Cleaveland, H0’64, FE’70; Larry Churchill, the Ann Geddes Stahlman Chair in Medical Ethics at Vanderbilt Medical Center; Ira Long, BA’45, MD’48; Alec Taylor, JD’78; and Tom White, MBA’82. The panel discussed the importance of having a living will and durable power of attorney.

The **Los Angeles Alumni Club** gathered for the “Hey Jude: the Ninth Symphony & Sonnet VIII” presentation by Blair Professor Michael Alec Rose, who also made presentations to the **San Francisco Vanderbilt Club** preceding a San Francisco Symphony concert and to the **Chicago Vanderbilt Club** preceding a Chicago Symphony concert.

The **Washington, D.C., Alumni Club** enjoyed a lecture by Professor John Lachs, Centennial Professor of Philosophy, on “The Enemies of Life,” focusing on a positive outlook and appreciating the right things.



The **Nashville Vanderbilt Club** and the Alumni Association Board of Directors enjoyed an evening at the Frist Center for the Visual Arts. Robert Mode, associate professor and chair of the Department of Art and Art History, gave a presentation about the exhibit “From El Greco to Picasso: European Masterworks from the Phillips Collection” before an exhibit tour. Mode also spoke to the **Memphis Vanderbilt Club** about the “Masters of Florence: Glory & Genius at the Court of Medici” exhibit, followed by a tour of the exhibit at the Pyramid.

“**Heidi Lauren Duke, BMus’01**, is pursuing a master of fine arts degree in opera stage directing on a full scholarship.”

Alumni Association News

Alumni Events continued

The **Atlanta Alumni Club** enjoyed a discussion with Bruce Lynskey, clinical professor of management in entrepreneurship at the Owen Graduate School of Management. Lynskey discussed the challenges and rewards of coming from the business world and teaching entrepreneurship.

The **Dallas Vanderbilt Club** enjoyed an evening at the Nasher Sculpture Center in May. Michael Aurbach, professor of art, gave a presentation about the collection and two special exhibitions, “Picasso: The Cubist Portraits of Fernande Olivier” and “Medardo Rosso: Second Impressions,” before a tour.

The **Metro New York Vanderbilt Club** and alumni from surrounding areas enjoyed a day in Hyde Park, N.Y., at the Culinary Institute of America. John Poindexter, BA’46, MA’48, shared his knowledge about Vanderbilt history and the Vanderbilt family as the group toured the Vanderbilt Mansion in Hyde Park.



This election year the Alumni Relations Office showcased **history and political science professors**, many of whom turned up frequently in local and national media interviews. Professors Tom Schwartz, Bruce Oppenheimer, John Geer, Roy Neel and Mark Dahlhouse traveled and spoke to alumni clubs in Los Angeles, Washington (D.C.), Chicago, Raleigh-Durham (N.C.), Tampa (Fla.), New York and Charlotte (N.C.). Among the lectures were “Attacking Democracy: A Defense of Negative Advertising in Presidential Elections” and “Down to the Wire: Calling the 2004 Election.”

The Alumni Association hosted its inaugural **Almost Alumni Affair** for the newest alumni—the Class of 2004. More than 500 seniors enjoyed great food, drinks, a hip DJ, and the chance to mix and mingle with alumni while obtaining information about Vanderbilt alumni programs and services. The Class of 2005 is already looking forward to next year’s event to usher them into the alumni ranks.

From the Reader *continued from page 8*

one professor's lectures where he questioned the nature of religion. I remember the furor when Allen Ginsberg used the word "vagina" in a poetry recitation. I remember classmates denouncing the civil rights leader by calling him "Martin Luther Nigger." But I also remember many discussions regarding issues like these with fellow students that often ended in an "agreement to disagree" and promises to continue the discussion.

I fear that the university professor and the very nature of higher education are under siege today, especially at places like Vanderbilt. I defend readers' rights to write and the magazine's right to print ravings about gun control or denouncement of Al Franken for expressing his opinion, but I also feel a university must defend its rights as an institution of learning, where minds should be opened, not closed, and everyone who has an opinion is welcome to express it for open discussion. Instructors, especially, should be allowed—no, encouraged—to incite the thought process of their students.

I have enough faith in the intellectual integrity of Vanderbilt to believe there is not a problem. I hope my faith is justified.

JAMES E. HAYES, BA'67
Fallbrook, Calif.

UPON RECEIVING THE MOST RECENT ISSUE OF the magazine, I felt compelled to express some of my feelings previously left unsaid.

When I read the article "Pride and Prejudice" [Winter 2003 issue, p. 30], I was disappointed with the direction our University has turned. I take particular issue with these statements in the magazine: "Opinions expressed in *Vanderbilt Magazine* are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Magazine or the University administration" and "Vanderbilt University is committed to the principles of equal opportunity and affirmative action."

I am distressed that every effort is being made to be "politically correct" rather than to show life as it actually exists. I am appalled at efforts to destroy the heritage of the South. Much as "intellectuals" would like to portray us as ignorant, bigoted red-necks, we consider ourselves to be decent citizens with just as much right to our heritage as the "more enlightened generation." I consider it an insult for the University to solicit funds on a regular basis to promote programs that I do not endorse.

The statement "all men are created equal" is a gross misrepresentation of the truth. All men should have the opportunity to obtain an education as a means to further their personal status, but the remainder should be self-responsibility. I consider myself to be a fairly well educated individual as well as a worthwhile citizen, having practiced medicine for many years. I came from a poverty-stricken background. Whether real or

imagined, I considered myself an outsider at Vanderbilt as an undergraduate as, due to financial status, I was a day student living at home. I was unable to participate in social activities due to lack of funds and having to work to help finance my education. Had I been created equal, someone else would have had to "foot the bill," and I could have functioned as a member of the "more enlightened group." I certainly believe in the right of everyone to have opinions different from my own, but I greatly resent being told what I have to believe and solicited for funds to finance that action.

The Old South is "Gone with the Wind," but it is history and my heritage of which I am proud. The University that provided my education is part of the Old South, and I resent "enlightenment" being force-fed in order to make Vanderbilt into a politically correct institution of worldwide status. I resent the changing of names of buildings with removal of any reference to heritage. Socialism and Communism by any other name are still the same.

CLOVIS H. PIERCE, BA'55, MD'58
Kinards, S.C.

Kind Words

PAUL KINGSBURY'S RECENT PROFILE OF Marshall Chapman was masterful [Summer 2004 issue, "The Girl Can't Help It," p. 50]. He captured her spirit, energy and profile about as well as it could be done. He rates a Music City "standing ovation" for his stellar performance. Thank you.

TANDY C. RICE, MLAS'97
Nashville

I JUST COULDN'T LET THE SUMMER ISSUE, which arrived today, pass without saying that *Vanderbilt Magazine* looks great! The graphics

are super! As a former newspaper publisher (the *Brussels Times*) and reporter, I stand in awe of the quality of the publication. You have much to be proud of within its 88 pages; national magazines with far greater budgets must reek with envy!

D. BRUCE SHINE, JD'64
Kingsport, Tenn.

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU GUYS THAT I THOUGHT the summer issue was quite good, with several interesting articles. I try really hard to toss as much of my mail as I can as quickly as I can, but the magazine kept hooking me in. First it was the Children's Hospital article, then the students spending spring break with the homeless, and then the endowed chair profiles. (Could I feel any less accomplished?)

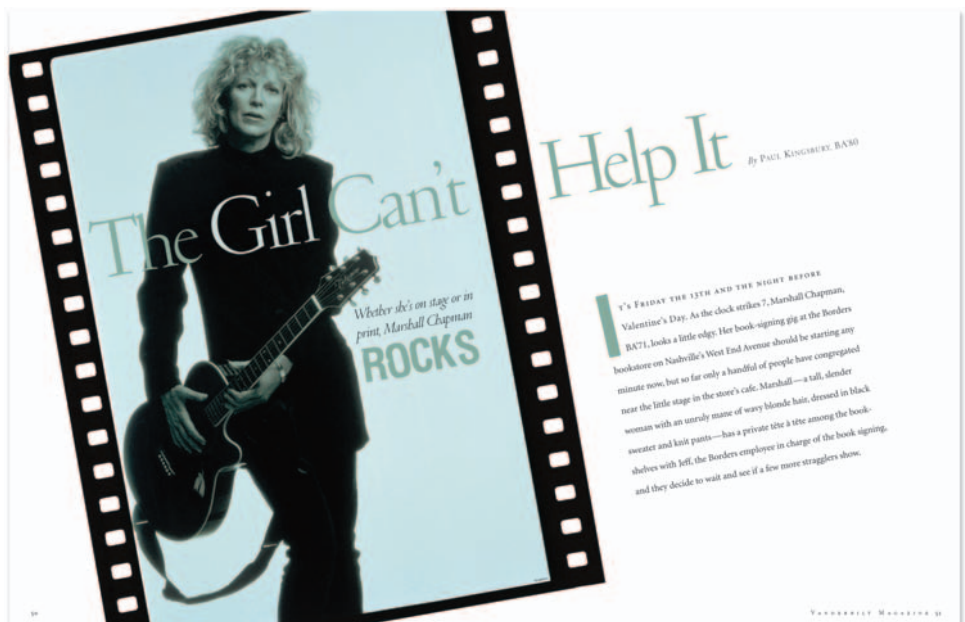
You have really produced a worthwhile magazine. Good job!

CARRIE K. GORDON, MSN'99
Belmont, Calif.

Correction

I GREATLY APPRECIATE RAY WADDLE'S STORY about the Zimmerman Judaica Collection in the Heard Library [Summer 2004 issue, *Vanderbilt Holdings*, "An Unlikely Home," p. 24]. There is a mistake, however, in the identification of one of the photographs on p. 25. The round portrait, identified as Franz Rosenzweig's father, is actually a photograph of Martin Buber, Rosenzweig's friend and collaborator on their German translation of the Hebrew Bible (a venture that Buber finished in 1961, many years after Rosenzweig's premature death in 1929).

KARL A. PLANK, MDIV'77, MA'80, PHD'83
Davidson, N.C.



VJournal *continued from page 9*

I finished my 12-hour shift ashamed and disgusted with myself for letting my professional mask slip. Never again, I promised. What must they have thought of me? A poor excuse for a nurse, I berated myself. As I was finishing up my charting and getting ready to go home, I was surprised to see the Collins family come back into the ER. Mrs. Collins' eyes sparked with recognition when she saw me, and the family walked purposefully across the room toward me. Dread iced my mind

and my heart. What could they want with me?

Mrs. Collins took both my hands and held them. She wanted me to know how much she appreciated seeing the tears in my eyes when I had talked about her husband. He never made it out of the OR, of course. She said her sons had waited for a couple of hours before the doctors had admitted defeat, and then there were phone calls and arrangements to be made, so six or eight hours had passed since she'd seen me. But she had been com-

forted during that time by knowing that he was being cared for by real people, people who cared, people who cried. I was deeply touched that she went so far out of her way on this horrible day, to come back and look me up, to thank me for caring for her husband. "For not being a robot," she said.

Mrs. Collins taught me my first and best lesson on How to Be a Nurse. She taught me that nurses do cry.

Sports *continued from page 16*

Off the field, Cutler is majoring in human and organizational development through Peabody College. "It's been a positive experience," he says. "It leaves so many doors open because you can do just about anything with it." He can graduate in May if he chooses, or stay around for his final year of eligibility. "A lot depends on how this year goes. I'm not sure what I want to do with my career yet. Right now I'm just worried about this football season, and I'll take it step by step."

In his first intercollegiate game, the job of starting quarterback was a unique experience. Vanderbilt had to rely on a number of freshmen and sophomores to carry the game. "It was crazy," he recalls of his first start at Georgia Tech. "There was so much stuff going on. You're so anxious, and before you know it the game is on. A lot of young guys were playing in that game, and it was a mess. We got pounded pretty good (3-45). But it was something we could learn from. We've only

gotten better since that day."

As one of the team's captains, Cutler leaves the locker room early during a game for the coin toss. "We give our parting words as we're leaving," he says. "They start getting amped up and a little rowdy in there." After the coin toss, it's all business. "It's time to go. We throw some balls and get warm again. The butterflies start hitting me about then. You get the kickoff, the first play, and we're off."

In Class *continued from page 26*

solid electrolysis cell for more breakdown, and the carbon monoxide is removed and stored. The oxygen can be used for fuel or breathing, while the carbon monoxide can be used for fuel or in the production of hydrocarbons and plastics.

This process to transform Martian atmosphere into oxygen for breathing and carbon monoxide for fuel has been the result of a research collaboration involving LeVan and his Ph.D. graduate student Krista Walton, the University of Arizona, and NASA's Ames Research Center in California. Vanderbilt's part of the work is the third stage, where carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide are separated using a process called "adsorption." In adsorption, the molecules of a gas or liquid are made to stick to the surface of a solid but porous material, causing a filtering effect. Using a crystalline aluminosilicate known as zeolite, LeVan and Walton have been able

to adsorb CO₂, allowing CO to pass through.

"We've been looking at a few different zeolites," he says. "They all work pretty well. But what we want is one that adsorbs CO₂ strongly and doesn't adsorb CO."

The Martian atmosphere work is only part of LeVan's ongoing research. For NASA he's also working on improving trace-contaminant control systems and carbon dioxide removal. "This is what keeps spacecraft-cabin air clean," he says. "If you saw the movie 'Apollo 13,' that was the problem those astronauts were having: CO₂ levels were getting too high in the Apollo capsule."

Currently, NASA funds about half of LeVan's research to the tune of about \$150,000 annually. In addition, he is doing basic research funded by the U.S. Department of Defense on adsorption of toxic industrial chemicals and trace-contaminant control for military and nonmilitary uses.

LeVan's research on adsorption processes began in graduate school at the University of California at Berkeley. Early in his career he focused on removing petroleum-based dry-cleaning solvents from the air with activated carbon. His work with NASA began in 1993 when he was still with the University of Virginia. "NASA found me," says LeVan. "I think they recognized that I knew a lot about what they were interested in, which was removing trace contaminants with carbon and humidity effects on those materials."

Hired as chair of the chemical engineering department, LeVan came to Vanderbilt with the idea of building on the department's strengths to create a department of truly national stature. It appears he has made substantial progress. Research funding for the department is now 14 times what it was before LeVan took over as chair. New faculty and increased numbers of graduate students have

come on board. In the latest *U.S. News & World Report* survey of graduate programs, Vanderbilt's chemical engineering department broke into the Top 50 for the first time.

"Without question, he's a national and international figure in adsorption research," says School of Engineering Dean Kenneth Galloway. "And Doug has simply been an exemplary leader. He has recruited exceptional young people into the department. He's breathed new life into that department. In many ways he leads by example."

"He's clearly a world-renowned leader in his research area," adds Kane Jennings, assistant professor of chemical engineering. "Also in line with that, he trains his graduate students exceptionally well. I've had the pleasure of sitting on a lot of his students' dissertation committees, and when they sign up to work with Doug, they become experts on adsorption as well during their time here at Vanderbilt. He's all about the total graduate experience for his graduate students. I think he's one of the best teachers in the School of Engineering. He teaches both undergraduate- and graduate-level courses, and all his students say very nice things about him. More often they talk about how hard his

courses are, but they never say anything bad about him—just how he's challenged them."

After our interview LeVan leads me down the hall to one of his lab rooms on the first floor of Olin Hall. On the day we stop in, five of his six graduate students are at work at their desks spread around the edges of the spacious, clean, brightly lit room, most of them peering into computer screens. Here and there on tables are various torpedo-shaped cylinders of gas feeding into narrow pipes and various pieces of boxy apparatus, some containing little tan-colored pellets that LeVan identifies as zeolite. After doing introductions LeVan points around the room at the various graduate students, indicating the source of their research funding: "Army, NASA, Vanderbilt University Discovery Grant, Army, NASA, and then one more new NASA student who we don't have a desk for in here yet."

We walk downstairs to another lab space on the basement floor, which is identical in size to the one above, though this one is filled with larger pieces of equipment and the room thrums with sounds of machinery. One piece of apparatus looks something like an oversized microwave oven. It's an environmental chamber, explains LeVan, capable of heating

or cooling what's inside to unearthly extremes. Inside is a metal canister the size and shape of a flashlight, which contains the zeolite that adsorbs CO₂ and allows CO to pass through. Various curlicues of metal tubing run into and out of it. This is the equipment that graduate student Krista Walton is using for LeVan's Mars atmosphere research.

"It's a test apparatus to show that the concept works," says LeVan. "And the concept works. We're getting beautiful results."

LeVan takes me around the room and patiently explains the functions of various other pieces of intricate-looking experimental equipment in the lab, such as a pressure-clean adsorber and a gravimetric adsorption equilibrium apparatus. It's clear that these complicated scientific devices are so central to his research that he's eager to have visitors understand them as fully as possible. And like all the best teachers, he apparently believes that if he's doing his job, eventually you *will* get it.

Some pupils, however, are not so apt. LeVan concludes our brief tour saying, "So that's basically what we do. It's pretty simple stuff." Seeing my look of uncomprehending disbelief, he adds a friendly, understated, "Well, it's simple to me."

After Death *continued from page 42*

Pope has overseen the day-to-day operations of VUMC's Anatomical Donation Program for more than 18 years. Over time she and Dalley have learned to anticipate the number of donor deaths during a given year and enroll only enough donors to meet the projected educational and research needs for the following year.

Unlike Vanderbilt's program, some medical schools around the country still rely on unclaimed bodies provided by medical examiners' offices and deceased wards of the state through a state's hospital or prison system, and they may reimburse the expenses of approved procurement agencies for bodies to be used for medical education.

The Anatomical Donation Program took sole possession of the Medical Center North

morgue, otherwise known as "the old morgue," in 1988, thus offering the program enhanced confidentiality and security. All bodies donated to VUMC for medical education and research are housed here and go through an elaborate preparation process by an anatomical donations specialist.

Jason Ridley, the current anatomical donations specialist, has a master's degree from the University of Tennessee in forensic anthropology. Ridley's expertise is necessary for proper preparation of the bodies. He also works with first-year medical students, providing expertise concerning osteology (the study of bones) during their anatomy lab work.

Earlier this year Dalley and Pope were shocked by allegations, which proved to be true, that the anatomical donations director

at the University of California–Los Angeles School of Medicine was caught selling body parts to commercial brokers supplying drug companies and medical-device manufacturers against the school's policy.

"I cringed when these stories came out," says Pope. "Certainly, we don't do anything like that at Vanderbilt."

Vanderbilt's Anatomical Donation Program never sells any bodies or body parts. It is a whole-body donor program that neither accepts nor provides body parts. All remains of each individual are identified and kept together, separate from the remains of others, up to and including the time of burial. Only in instances where there is a surplus of necessary bodies for VUMC's needs, and the donor has expressly given written permission

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to do so, are any bodies shared with regional medical schools (and never with any institution other than these). These institutions must sign a contract with VUMC stating the shared bodies will be used only for medical education and that all remains will be returned to VUMC for disposition. In such cases, Vanderbilt is reimbursed only for the cost of embalming and transportation.

"We're so fortunate here. We feel that being able to support the region's other medical schools, when possible, is the right thing to do," Pope says.

Each spring, on the same day the hospital admitting office holds its memorial service for the babies who died there, Vanderbilt's Anatomical Donation Program holds a similar service for those who have donated their bodies to medical science. Donors whose bodies were used by Meharry Medical College and the Belmont University School of Physical Therapy are interred at the same time.

Of Death and Dying *continued from page 43*

"I remember the shock of realizing that here I am, the student, having to go into the room and pronounce the patient. All the eyes in the room were boring their way into my back as I stood there at the bedside," says Milstone. "I had two difficulties: One was pronouncing a patient for the first time, and the second, which was much harder, was to say something to the family that would ease their grief and shock."

Typically, a physician goes through a physical exam to declare death—listening for sounds from the heart, trying to detect breath sounds, and listening for a carotid artery pulse.

"Over time I've modified how I go about declaring death. This was my first attempt. All the people in the patient's room were looking at me. I felt very awkward, very much under a microscope as I did this," Milstone says. "I took the stethoscope and placed it at the patient's mouth to listen for breath sounds. I'll always remember the patient's husband leaning over and saying, 'Dr. Milstone, you're not going to hear anything. She's dead.' And that's when my attention turned to the family."

Over time Milstone has learned how to comfort families. "I always tell a family that

This year the cremated remains of 45 donors were interred in the Medical Center's plot after a respectful ceremony celebrating the donors' generosity. Statements of gratitude, songs and prayers were offered by some of the medical and physical therapy students privileged to benefit from the donors during the past year, and by Medical Center pastoral staff. The remains of all 45 donors were contained in individual biodegradable boxes with each donor's name labeled on top. A yellow carnation was placed on top of each box.

The service was attended by approximately 100 family members, and the name of each donor was read aloud. Students from all three schools thanked family members through word and song for their loved ones' gifts to further medical science.

Perhaps the gravestone says it best: "In Memory of Those Who Gave the Ultimate Gift of Their Bodies for Medical Science."

death is typically not an event that involves suffering for the patient," he says. "It's not always the case, but certainly is in most instances. I also tell the family that death is a peaceful process. That life is like a book, that one chapter has now closed and a new chapter has opened."

Milstone says it takes the better part of a medical career to develop the ability to be comfortable enough to discuss death with patients and their families. He considers it an integral part of the care he provides. "Even after 14 years in medicine, I continue to work on these skills," he says. "It should never be rehearsed, and it should never be perfect. If it is, then you've gone too far."

A coping plan for death for those who face it every day is as important for health-care providers as it is for the grieving families. "The emotional burden of loss for the provider is not as great as it is for the family, but it's certainly significant," says Milstone. "It's important to develop a way to discuss death with patients and families, but also important to develop a care plan for yourself."

—John Howser

S.P.O.V. *continued from page 69*

an elevation of 9,000 to 11,000 feet, regularly topping 12,000. As our lungs adjusted to life two miles above sea level, the elevation brought other challenges. Instead of drought we faced raging rivers, mosquito-infested bogs and miles of snowfields. Thunderstorms brought hail and rain, and sent us fleeing down mountainsides to get below the timber line. We slept wearing our clothes to survive freezing nights. At times the trail became so obscure that our path morphed into sheer walls of snow and ice.

While exhausting, the Sierras pierced me with their beauty. From the mountain peaks, pristine lakes dotted the frozen landscape like water droplets on a bed of cotton. Galaxies of Milky Way performers played on the nighttime stage. Deer and marmots frolicked among us as we followed the trail several thousand feet up at a time, from one mountain pass to the next, only to come back down again and repeat the process.

Coming out of the highest Sierras, our pace increased to 25 miles a day, and often 30. In Yosemite National Park we took a "day off," hiking only 22 miles in a highlight tour of the park, including the mountains Half-Dome and Clouds Rest. On July 4 we reached Lake Tahoe. By this point our bodies had molded into hiking machines. We hiked 90 miles in less than three days.

Whereas other hikers would take layover days in town, we pushed ahead, bound by a tight schedule. Over the entire summer, we took only three days off. When we began in the desert, we were two weeks behind the main pack of long-distance hikers. Now climbing the volcanic ranges along the Northern California–Nevada border, we had passed 90 percent of the hikers left on the trail.

Many attributed our resolve to the work habits of medical school. While that certainly played a part, what really moved me was our cause. I hiked for something bigger than my immediate condition. I hiked to gain the opportunity to help someone my age protect himself or herself from HIV, to know that I was helping someone back at Nashville CARES.

After 78 days on the trail, our journey ended in the Trinity Alps near Etna, Calif., within sight of Oregon. Standing once again

at a remote, empty road, I faced south, beyond the horizon, where the desert winds had surely swept away our first timorous steps. Reflecting on all we had accomplished—1,700 miles of trail and more than \$10,000 in donations—I knew the real task still lay ahead. On Oct. 9, Josh and I will lead the 2005 Nashville AIDS Walk downtown at the Bicentennial Capitol Mall State Park. We showed how far we would go for HIV. Can we now get others to step forward, too?

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

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Well, enough already. Instead of highway high anxiety, it's better to recall one of the last big songs from the 1970s and counsel peace, love and understanding. I will from now on be gentler with my boneheaded brother-and-sister random-blinker cohort. Maybe they too are sending distress signals into the jittery new world, wondering how we got on this road we're on.

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I joined the Student YMCA/YWCA and found myself challenged by a faithful community to participate in the stand-ins and picket lines that in time changed these iron-clad customs. In those years I learned two important lessons: (1) faith without action is feckless, and (2) you can be right, or pretty sure you're right, and people can still hate you. Until then I thought that if you tried very hard to be good, people would like you.

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Imagination is also the gift that enables us to see more than one side of a question. The very faith of Christians rests on an ambiguity: Was Jesus human or divine? The stained-glass windows of Christ Church Cathedral in Nashville recently were taken out to be restored. One of the oldest, "The Ascension Window," had become so begrimed over the decades that the bottom portion was unrecognizable: All one could see was Jesus ascending to heaven from an opaque blur. When the window came back gleamingly restored, parishioners were astonished to see two footprints left behind on the green grass by the human Jesus as the divine Jesus ascended into heaven.

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be counted." "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." "Stand and deliver." "What is your standing in this case?" "To stand somewhere, for something." "Standing on promises."

To know where we stand in the present requires clarity about our past and imagination about our future. Walter Lippman writes that we must be at peace with the sources of our lives: "If we are ashamed of them, if we are at war with them, they will haunt us forever. They will rob us of our basis of assurance, they will leave us interlopers in the world." Because all institutions are human, they, like all human beings, are flawed. Will Campbell and James Holloway in *Up to Our Steeples in Politics* (1970) are prophetic in reminding us how sinful even the churchly institutions are. Once we recognize our own sins, we become less absolute in judging others as damned or saved.

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Standing on the Promises

Absolutes and imagination in Southern religion.

By SUSAN FORD WILTSHIRE

POET AND CRITIC ALLEN TATE, the only one of the Vanderbilt Agrarians I was in time to have met, wrote in his essay on religion, *I'll Take My Stand* (1930): "Abstraction is the death of religion as well as of everything else."

Tate identified the peril of absolutist religious beliefs. Absolutes are abstract. They have to be. Life actually lived is far too messy to be subject to human absolutes of any kind, particularly in matters of religion. Absolute premises exclude those who fail to "measure up" to predefined requirements.

This leaves two possibilities about the nature of God: a God who is exclusive or a God who is inclusive. For absolutists, God excludes from grace those who are defined as outside the kingdom. In the more ambiguous and hospitable notion of a loving, inclusive God, there is room in the kingdom for everybody: We are all sinners, and God loves us anyway.

Thomas Merton puts it this way: "A holy zeal for the cause of humanity in the abstract may sometimes be mere lovelessness and indifference for concrete and living human beings. When we appeal to the highest and most noble ideas, we are more easily tempted to hate and condemn those who, so we believe, are standing in the way of their realization."

These two strands have long co-existed in Southern religion. Both were shaped during the same years in the same part of my world: West Texas in the 1950s, '60s and '70s.

At a Lubbock, Texas, high school reunion, I found myself visiting with two friends from those long-ago days. After a while one man

explained to the other: "Susan became a liberal because she went to New York."

I smiled meekly and nodded. (Old habits are hard to break.)

No, I thought to myself. I became a liberal because I went to church.

The influence was indirect. In those years I never heard a prophetic word uttered from the pulpit about race or McCarthyism or the death penalty or nuclear war or anything else of the sort. For me its disciplines included reading the Bible through; memorizing Bible verses; attending Sunday School and church youth groups; and earnest projects of personal piety. On weekdays I attended Morning Watch, a Protestant worship service with hymns and prayers held in the public school auditorium each day before classes.

Church in all these forms instilled in me a sense of fairness, a passion for justice, and the faith and words to fuel them both. What I would not know until much later was that in the same time and place, representatives of my own denomination were propagating a very different kind of religion.

LONG BEFORE MY GENERATION KNEW what a "movement" was or even that there was a need for one, we learned our first movement song in Vacation Bible School:

"Jesus loves the little children,
All the children of the world.
Red and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in his sight.
Jesus loves the little children of the world."

The subversive truth was already there. It all seemed so simple.



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That these words took root in my consciousness was a result also of the home in which I was raised. When I was in the sixth grade, my mother invited the principal of my nearby elementary school together with Mae Simmons, the principal of the segregated African-American elementary school across town, to come to our house for tea. My mother had met Ms. Simmons in one of her volunteer activities and thought the two principals would have much in common and would enjoy meeting each other. The year was 1952. This may have been the first integrated social occasion in my town. As we drank our tea around the fireplace, three of us were having a very good time. The white principal sat mute and agitated.

In that moment I realized something was very wrong in our society.

By the time I went to the state university in Austin, many people knew something was wrong. In 1959 the few African-American students at the University of Texas could not participate in intercollegiate sports. They could not belong to the band or work in the library. They could not see a movie or buy a sandwich or get a haircut anywhere near the campus.

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