

VANDERBILT MAGAZINE

spring 2005

Contents

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Features:

■ [What Lies Beneath](#) ■ [40 Years Later](#)

■ [Signal Strength](#) ■ [A Match Made in Academic Heaven](#)

Departments:

- [DoreWays](#) ■ [In Class](#)
- [VJournal](#) ■ [The Arts & Culture](#)
- [1,000 Words](#) ■ [S.P.O.V.](#)
- [The Campus](#) ■ [A.P.O.V.](#)
- [Sports](#) ■ [The Classes](#)
- [Vanderbilt Holdings](#) ■ [Southern Journal](#)
- [Bright Ideas](#)



Dore Ways

A forum for exchanging ideas

From the Editor

Returning

IN JULY OF 1961, PROFESSOR FERNANDO F. SEGOVIA BOARDED A PLANE in La Habana, Cuba. His destination: the United States of America. For 41 years Cuba remained fixed in his memory, frozen in the chaos of revolution, with contemporary life in his former home experienced only through stories told by others or realities created through his own imagination. For Segovia, Cuba represented a complex mixture of sensory details and emotional turmoil.

Many, probably most, of us can only imagine his experience.

I'm grateful for Segovia's generosity in allowing *Vanderbilt Magazine* to help give voice to his story. For helping me understand—just a little bit—the experience of an individual exiled who, in returning to the country of his birth, rediscovers his past, who out of that rediscovery begins to hope that he can take part in what is to come. His story is at once a memorial to the people and the country he loved and a prayer for that country's future. It's a story of a life lost, and it's a story of a life found. It's a story of humanity.

"I walked through the city with full remembrance of things and places, people and events, dates and stories. I knew where to go and where to turn, what I would find and what had happened there. I was in my city and among my people, and my memory, physically triggered into action after a long hiatus, gushed abundantly and endlessly."

With these words, Segovia begins the process of coming to terms with the emotional and physical geography of returning to his native country. And with these words, Segovia gave me an entry into his struggle—and, I would argue, *our* struggle—to lift Cuba from the confines of perceptions based on a past defined by revolution, and allow it the opportunity to create a future.

"The living and the dead intermingled at will," Segovia writes of his experience in Cuba. "I was young and old at the same time. In this enchanted and enchanting world, I could not but think of the future."

KEN SCHEXNAYDER



Divinity Professor Fernando F. Segovia returned in 2003 to his homeland of Cuba for the first time since departing in 1961. Accompanying him was his wife, Elena Olazagasti-Segovia, senior lecturer in Spanish at Vanderbilt. Segovia's homecoming story begins on page 44.

From the Reader

Wrong Words

THE MAGAZINE IS NOW WONDERFUL, [with] great articles, and very informative—worth reading.

But why include that statement by Bush on page 14 [Fall 2004 issue]? Granted, it is an honor to have the president visit Vanderbilt, and he expressed some excellent thoughts about Vanderbilt which could have been included. However, that statement you included has very little evidence to support [it], and is probably incorrect. You should have checked with your medical school and law school faculty about "frivolous lawsuits running up the cost of medicine"—it is my impression from the literature that malpractice costs [make up] less than 1 percent of the cost of medical care and are insignificant in explaining the rapid increases in medical-care costs.

DR. G. OCTO BARNETT, BA'52
Newton, Mass.

The Right Perspective

I'M WRITING BECAUSE I'M DISTURBED by the tone of three letters ["From the Reader"; DeMain, Fall 2004 issue, and Conner and Smith, Summer 2004 issue] which, taken together, suggest that you and your magazine should do something to revise its ideological stance, specifically, to move it to the right.

Don't you dare do any such thing. And don't, for god's sake, try to be ideologically neutral. Because there is no such thing.

There are, however, important issues at stake. Allow me to state the important issues as I see them:

1. Whether all Americans and their institutions have the right of free speech, regardless of what they say, and regardless of when or how they say it;

2. Whether or not we must be compelled to support a war based on a false pretext, i.e., that Saddam Hussein threatened the securi-

ty of the United States. The people of Iraq, one of the oldest cultures on Earth, have the misfortune of living atop 13.5 billion barrels of oil reserves. In a world of rising oil demand and ever-shrinking reserves, I'm afraid they've only begun to suffer for it; and

3. Whether or not we will continue to have our personal freedoms put under attack on the pretext of national security. The actions of the 18 Saudi men who hijacked four airplanes cannot be undone. But we must resist being controlled by fear. In the last election, politicians on both sides used our fear in order to manipulate our opinions, and politicians on both sides today continue to do so. But fear puts our personal freedoms under direct attack.

Thanks also to the writers of the letters I referred to above. Their expression of thought moved me to write this letter. The struggle for truth continues.

PATRICK F. FEEHAN, BE'72
Columbia, Mo.

{ Featured Letter }



Confederate Hall

PLEASE POLL THE ALUMNI TO see how many think the famous Fugitives of Vanderbilt would take their stand for "Confederate Hall" to remain on the building in controversy. Thanks.

JACK D. WALKER, A'49
Antioch, Tenn.

Perry Wallace

AS A MEMBER OF THE FIRST GRADUATING class of a public high school in the South to be integrated (Oak Ridge, Tenn., 1956), the article about Perry Wallace brought back memories of a black high-school classmate. Fred was also a basketball player who played in home games and only those road games in which the opposition would allow him to play—one all season. He wasn't a great player, but a proud young man who had to suffer the same indignities of the times as did Perry Wallace in the '60s.

As Perry Wallace, student athlete, found a mentor in Ron Brown, the later secretary of commerce, it is only fitting to mention that, like Wallace, Brown's successor in the Clinton cabinet was also a native of Nashville, a Vanderbilt varsity athlete (baseball) and lawyer, Mickey Kantor (BA'61).

DR. ARTHUR E. DIAMOND, A'60
Melbourne, Fla

Gerald Holly

I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR THE wonderful article you had in *Vanderbilt Magazine* about my father, Gerald Holly [Fall 2004 issue, "The Eloquent Eye," p. 28]. My family and I are so glad that no one has forgotten him. He was a wonderful photographer, whom no one will ever forget. He was a wonderful husband, father and grandfather, and a wonderful friend. I hope the young people who want to be photographers will look at his pictures as signs of how hard work and determination can be an inspiration for life.

CAROL HOLLY
Grand Ridge, Fla.

Uganda

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING LISA DuBois' article "Singing for Survival: the Music of AIDS in Uganda" in your Fall 2004

continued on page 84

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

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A Civilized Greed

A bibliographer's shopping sprees require a certain forbearance for ferocious dogs, officious inspectors and Sputnik-era transportation.

By PAULA COVINGTON, MLS'71, MA'94

A COLLEAGUE OF MINE ONCE said that if the acquisition of books for a university research library were compared to military maneuvers, the acquisition of Latin American materials could be likened to guerrilla warfare. There have been many times when I thought that analogy was too close for comfort.

I've been collecting books for Vanderbilt since 1976. As Latin American and Iberian bibliographer for the Heard Library, my quest for books has taken me to Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, Cuba, and other Latin American countries. My colleagues are quick to say, "Never travel with Paula." It *does* seem my buying trips should be less eventful. In Guatemala I once boarded a plane that was a reject from 1950s Russia. In Nicaragua my plane ticket was stolen. In Costa Rica there was an earthquake and a bomb in front of my hotel. In Bogotá there was a riot while I was in the bookshop.

Then there was the time in the Yucatán when I wasn't allowed to board the ship because I had stupidly mailed my visa home with the books. My husband had already boarded and was in the ship's dining room enjoying salad for the first time in weeks, oblivious to my predicament. After pleading with intransigent local police, I was taken aside by one official who agreed to look the other way if I could persuade the Norwegian purser to take my name off the ship's passenger list. No problem, she said, and whipped

out her White-Out to blot out my name.

So, technically, I'm still in Mexico. Ah, well, it's a beautiful country, the people are so friendly, and the books can be such bargains.

VANDERBILT HAS A LONG HISTORY of collecting Latin Americana and a highly regarded program in Latin American Studies. At Chancellor Harvie Branscomb's behest, Vanderbilt in 1947 developed the first Brazilian center in the United States.

Trips to Latin America help us locate older materials not listed by any booksellers and identify potential library collections for sale. We also lay the groundwork for regular exchanges of publications between Vanderbilt and local research institutions, universities, banks, and government agencies and non-governmental organizations that publish materials not for sale. Discounts available on the spot (the result of low in-country costs of publication) often save us enough to offset most of the cost of the trip.

The Latin American book market is not geared for export. An average print run for some Latin American countries might be 125 copies. In the U.S., publishers supply the Library of Congress with copies of almost all new books; in many Latin American countries, books never make it into the national library and are often unavailable in any public library. In some fields, a university library in the U.S. has a more extensive collection than can be found in Latin America.

Buying trips are important in countries



where recent revolution has occurred. Once the dancing in the streets has ended, poetry, fiction, treatises, political propaganda, memoirs, and a profusion of other literature about the revolution emerge. And these are hard to get when publishing is erratic.

My first venture to an immediately post-revolutionary society was to Nicaragua after the Sandinista revolution. A group of U.S. librarians was invited to meet with the first professional librarians in the country, along with poets, writers and other notables. Little did we know one of the notables would be Comandante Tomás Borge, the only surviving founder of the FSLN (Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional), leader of the Sandinista Revolution and head of internal security forces. Borge materialized one night from a grove of trees, complete with armed entourage, as we were about to return to our Managua hotel. He kept our group of 10 up half the night to discuss our impressions of Sandinista Nicaragua, U.S.-Nicaragua relations, and his concerns for Nicaragua's security. Talk of invasions and bomb plots created

continued on page 84

1,000 Words

One image frozen in time

Legend of the Moon Goddess

Graduate student Yang Geng rehearses for a March 5–6 production of “Moon Goddess” at Vanderbilt’s Martha Rivers Ingram Center for the Performing Arts. Presented by the Chinese Arts Alliance of Nashville, the production featured 25 performers in modern and traditional Chinese dance. In the legend of the moon goddess, a mortal woman named Chang-e takes three pills that make her a goddess and transport her to heaven, where she can be seen sitting under a laurel tree in the face of the full moon. Lonely and remorseful for having taken the pills, she makes a wish that people on earth live in harmony. Photo by Neil Brake.



The Campus

“Some toddlers are consuming incredible amounts

When It's More Than Baby Fat

A NEW CHILDHOOD obesity clinic opened at Vanderbilt Children's Hospital in December, and not a moment too soon: A recent report by the American Heart Association states that 10 percent of children ages 2 to 5 are overweight, up from 7 percent in 1994.

Dr. Greg Plemmons, assistant professor of pediatrics, directs the clinic. “Several of our pediatricians had been seeing these kids in our consultation clinic,” says Plemmons. “Our endocrinology clinic also was being inundated because most families think it's a thyroid problem, but 99 percent of the time it's not.”

Parents don't know where to begin to help their children. “Adults try rapid weight-loss programs or even surgery, but we don't generally recommend either of those things for children because the science is not available to prove it's safe,” Plemmons says. “Our goal is to catch the weight problem early and stabilize it as they grow into their size or, if a child is truly obese, help them lose weight slowly while creating better habits that will last.”

Changes in lifestyle are fueling the obesity epidemic.



“Some toddlers are consuming incredible amounts of juices and milk,” says Plemmons. “For instance, on-the-go sippy cups are now the norm. Thirty years ago, when bottles were made of glass, parents never let kids walk around and drink out of them. We've seen 2-year-olds take in 60 or 70 ounces a day, just carrying those around.”

“No one walks to school anymore, and almost 85 percent of children now have TVs or computers in their bedrooms.”

Compounding the problem are cultural differences. “Weight is not viewed as negatively in some cultures as in others,” he says. “Each brings a separate set of challenges.”

Plemmons realizes he has an uphill battle. About 30 percent of families who come to childhood-obesity clinics never return. The rate of success in the best programs is about 30 percent.

“I try to help families come up with their own plan,” he says. “If

they make the choices, they are more likely to follow through. Most parents and children are already aware of the health risks and don't want to be lectured. We encourage the family to come up with simple goals.”

All Music, All the Time

VANDERBILT STUDENTS can now get and share their music safely and legally thanks to a University partnership with Napster, one of the largest providers of online

music with a library of more than 800,000 songs from major and independent record labels.

Last October the University launched VUMix, a comprehensive download service. A discounted price of \$16 per academic year gives students unlimited listening to full-length songs and a variety of other features. In addition, students can purchase songs and albums from Napster to burn or transfer to an MP3 player or CD for 99 cents a song, or as little as \$9.95 per album.

“VUMix is a continuation of our efforts to educate students about the very real problems of piracy and theft of intellectual property,” says Chancellor Gordon Gee. “As citizens and representatives of Music City, Vanderbilt students now have a way to be leaders in the music world through VUMix.”

In establishing the agreement with Napster, the University worked closely with the Campus Action Network (CAN), an initiative led by

Sony BMG Music

Entertainment and other record companies that are dedicated to facilitating the introduction of safe, legitimate digital

music services to the campus environment.



VUMIX

Spring 2005

of juices and milk. We've seen 2-year-olds take in 60 or 70 ounces a day. ” —PROFESSOR GREG PLEMMONS

\$10 Million Grant to Help Produce Practical Theology Teachers

A LANDMARK \$10 MILLION grant from the Lilly Endowment Inc.—the largest ever received by Vanderbilt Divinity School—marks the beginning of a move by the School and the Graduate Department of Religion to address a nationwide shortage of practical theology professors.

Vanderbilt will use the funding to create the Program in Theology and Practice, which is intended to produce more and better teachers for theological schools. “Graduate education in the United States is geared to the development of research knowledge and skills in isolated fields,” says James Hudnut-Beumler, dean of the Divinity School and Anne Potter Wilson

Distinguished Professor of American Religious History. “While this has produced tremendous advances in scientific knowledge, there’s a need for developing scholars to think through how their knowledge will be put to use.”

Beginning ministers face a variety of challenges—people who have little or no history with organized religion, homeless addicts who repeatedly seek money but don’t seek to change, and efforts to reach across congregations sharply divided over politics, among others.

The Program in Theology and Practice is designed to prepare future professors to help clergy respond wisely to unforeseen circumstances.



NEIL BRAKE

{Details}

New Life to an Old Building

The Bishop Joseph Johnson Black Cultural Center hosted a grand reopening in February after a \$2.5 million expansion that nearly doubled its size. Affectionately termed “The House” by students and faculty, the original structure, which includes this arched window, dates back to 1900. The center is named for Vanderbilt’s first African-American student, Joseph A. Johnson Jr., who later became a bishop of the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church.



KRY/ROBERTO GONZALEZ

“Through this project, Vanderbilt will play a crucial role in reshaping how future seminary professors are trained and have a powerful impact on the education of new generations of ministers,” says Craig Dykstra, the Lilly Endowment vice president for religion.

“The ultimate beneficiaries will be the congregations and members of religious communities whose leaders are shaped by a program that has no parallel in higher education today,” Hudnut-Beumler says.

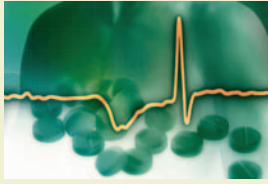
Plans call for the first class in the new program to begin in the fall of 2006. The program will add up to one year of study to the Ph.D. curriculum for students who participate. Goals for the program include attracting 50 new graduate students in teaching for the ministry, and involving 25 divinity-school faculty members and 20 area clergy in an innovative curriculum. Vanderbilt will partner with at least eight seminaries in the region as part of the program. >>>

{Inquiring Minds}**Treatment May Work Better Than Transplantation**

Up to 20 percent of heart-transplantation candidates die while waiting for a donor organ. Now a study comparing outcomes of patients from a decade ago to a more contemporary cohort suggests that many patients who meet the criteria for transplantation have outcomes comparable or even better with medical therapy than with transplantation.

Dr. Javed Butler, medical director of the heart transplant program at Vanderbilt University Medical Center, and colleagues evaluated the criteria used to assess eligibility of patients with heart failure for cardiac transplantation.

"A lot of patients currently listed for transplant could be safely managed with medical therapy if the criteria were changed and we only transplanted the sickest of patients," Butler says. The research was highlighted in the *Journal of the American College of Cardiology*.

**Increase in Novel Antipsychotics for Kids Questioned**

Researchers at Vanderbilt Children's Hospital report that—following concern about the overuse of the medication Ritalin—a new class of antipsychotic medications is being prescribed for an increasing number of children with attention deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) despite few studies of their benefits and risks when used in this fashion.

The study, published in the Aug. 3, 2004, issue of *Archives of Pediatric Adolescent Medicine*, revealed that between 1996 and 2001, the proportion of children on TennCare (Tennessee's managed care program) who were new users of powerful atypical antipsychotic medications almost doubled.

"We would like for physicians to think very carefully before prescribing these drugs to children," says Dr. William Cooper, associate professor of pediatrics.

Stimulating Nerves with Laser Precision

Biomedical engineers and physicians have brought the day closer when artificial limbs will be controlled directly by the brain by using laser light, rather than electricity, to stimulate and control nerve cells. The researchers discovered that low-intensity infrared laser light can spark specific nerves to life, exciting a leg or even individual toes without actually touching the nerve cells.

"Using lasers, we can simultaneously excite and record the responses of nerve fibers with much greater precision, accuracy and effectiveness," says Assistant Professor of Biomedical Engineering and Neurological Surgery Anita Mahadevan-Jansen.

The method was developed by Mahadevan-Jansen; Duco Jansen, associate professor of biomedical engineering and neurological surgery; Dr. Peter Konrad and Dr. Chris Kao, both assistant professors of neurological surgery; and biomedical engineering doctoral student Jonathon Wells.



DANIEL DUBOIS

Mahadevan-Jansen

Health Assessment Gives Schools a Blueprint for Action

NEARLY 72,000 SCHOOL children will be the beneficiaries of a new partnership between Vanderbilt and all 129 Metro Nashville Public Schools to provide health assessments based on the Centers for Disease Control's school health model.

Thomas H. Cook, assistant professor of nursing, has been appointed school health director for Vanderbilt Children's Hospital and is overseeing the effort.

Using the CDC instruments, each school will receive a description of the school's overall health. The assessments are scheduled for completion by April. Plans that capitalize on the schools' strengths and facilitate improvement of school-health needs will be developed with each of the schools.

"The Metro School System will have a comprehensive picture of the health of its system,"



KRT/CHARLES BERTRAM

Last August he, along with students in the School of Nursing, Vanderbilt Sports Medicine trainers and other Vanderbilt volunteers, began assessing each Metro Nashville school.

Each grade is being assessed using the CDC's guidelines of nine components that create a healthy school—health education, physical education, health services, nutrition services, counseling, psychological and social services, healthy school environment, health promotion for staff, and family/community involvement. Cook, working with Vanderbilt's child development program, also has added an assessment for pre-kindergarten development.

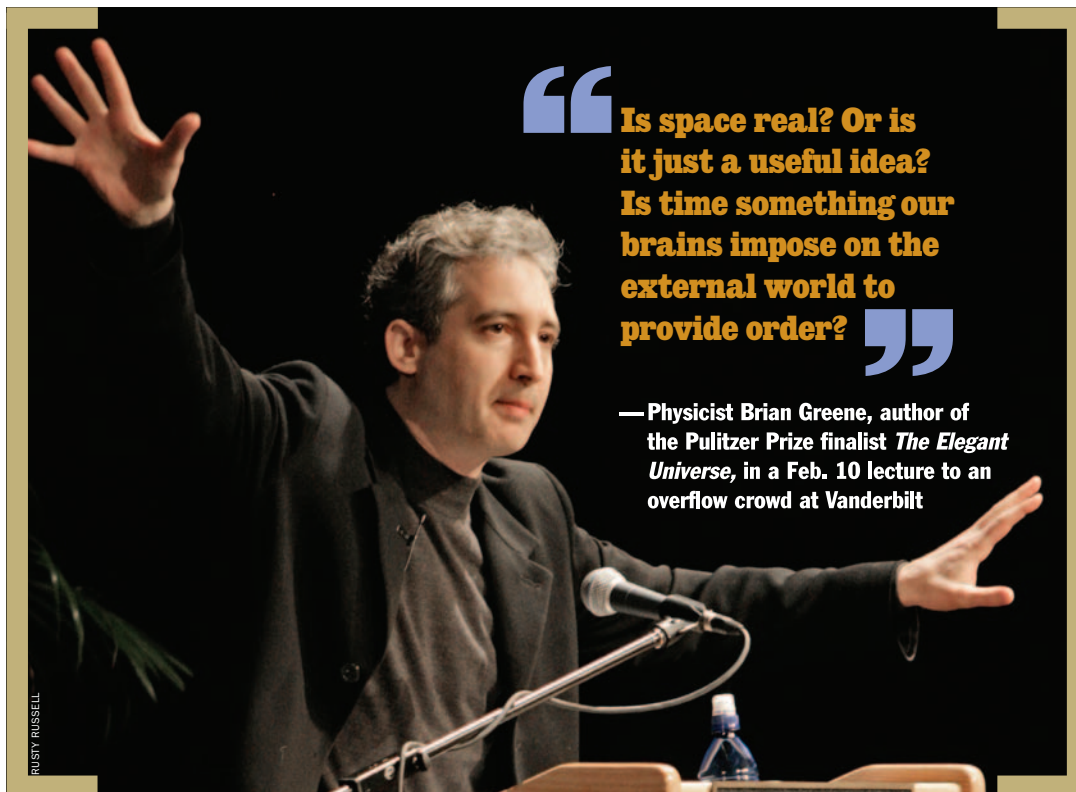
says Cook. "They'll have in their hands a blueprint for action." Cook, no stranger to Metro Schools and health initiatives, in 2002 received a National Institute of Health grant to study nutrition and physical activity in three Metro Nashville schools. It has been demonstrated that excess weight in children follows those children into adulthood and is a risk factor for cardiovascular disease, diabetes, arthritis and some cancers. He is still analyzing the data, but results to date indicate increased health knowledge and increased leisure activity time in the children who were in the study.





Ritual by Fire

Peabody student Rashidah Bowen (center) lights the candle of a fellow student during a Martin Luther King Jr. Candlelight Vigil on Jan. 17 in Benton Chapel. Part of the annual MLK Commemorative Series, the vigil this year honored tsunami disaster victims.



“Is space real? Or is it just a useful idea? Is time something our brains impose on the external world to provide order?”

— Physicist Brian Greene, author of the Pulitzer Prize finalist *The Elegant Universe*, in a Feb. 10 lecture to an overflow crowd at Vanderbilt

Business Savvy in Four Weeks

A NEW PROGRAM AT THE OWEN Graduate School of Management will help undergraduates and those who have just graduated to acquire business skills to help them succeed on the job.

Accelerator-Vanderbilt Summer Business Institute, open to students in any major, is designed to provide an immersion into business life. The four-week program will be offered for the first time May 28 through June 25. Taught by a team of Owen School faculty, it will include academic instruction, practical job-skills development, real project experience, and networking with the business community.

Faculty director Mike Sicard, former chief operating officer for a \$650-million com-

pany and a McKinsey & Company consultant, says the program was developed in concert with business leaders and recruiters to produce more marketable and productive employees from their first day on the job.

“In working with numerous companies, I noticed they shared a common challenge: No matter how bright and



determined the recent graduates they employed were, they weren't used to the business world and tended to slow the pace of the company,” Sicard

says. “Employers must have new hires who can accelerate quickly and become as productive as possible in a short time.”

Accelerator's curriculum focuses on strategy, financial accounting, managerial economics, marketing, finance, operations, human resources and organizational behavior, business ethics, problem solving, communication, teamwork

and career planning. Participants will develop a business plan for their own small business and apply all the lessons against that plan.

Graduates will leave the program with a portfolio of relevant work experience to present at interviews.

For information about the program, call 615/343-6291 or go to www.owen.vanderbilt.edu/vanderbilt/Programs/accelerator/index.cfm.

Medical Reserve Corps to Aid in Emergencies

VANDERBILT SCHOOL OF Nursing and the Department of Emergency Medicine at Vanderbilt are helping build a local Medical Reserve Corps of health-care professionals who could respond to a mass casualty or other community emergency.

The Medical Reserve Corps was established in conjunction with the Nashville-Davidson County Health Department and the Mayor's Office of Emergency Management after the events of Sept. 11, 2001.

“The Vanderbilt University School of Nursing received federal funding to begin work on building a Medical Reserve Corps program in Middle Tennessee, in part because of the School's creation of a National Center for Emergency Preparedness,” says Colleen Conway-Welch, professor and dean of the School of Nursing and founder and director of the International Nursing Coalition for Mass Casualty Education.

“We're looking for nurses, physicians, pharmacists, dentists, respiratory therapists, mental health specialists, emergency medical technicians, and other health-care and public-health professionals,” says Dr. Seth Wright, associate professor of emergency medicine and director of the Middle Tennessee Medical Reserve Corps (MTMRC).

“We are particularly interested in recruiting health-care workers who may be licensed but not working full time or are retired, or people who wish to learn how to become involved in building a plan to help our community in a disaster situa-

tion,” says Carmen Rich, director of recruiting for the MTMRC and a nurse in the pediatric and adult emergency departments at Vanderbilt University Medical Center.

The MTMRC will offer health-care assistance in the event of an emergency situation in Nashville or surrounding communities. Volunteers may be called on to staff vaccination clinics, provide educational support, and assist other health-care providers in Middle Tennessee.

The MTMRC will educate and credential volunteers to be a part of the local community response team. The required time commitment for most members will be minimal. To find out more, log on to www.mtmrc.org.

The process evaluates the entire program of human research-participant protection, of which the Institutional Review Board (IRB) is the largest part.

Since 1999, says Robin Ginn,



Human Research Program Receives National Recognition

EACH YEAR THOUSANDS OF patients, students and volunteers help advance our understanding of science and medicine by taking part in research studies at Vanderbilt. Recently, Vanderbilt’s program to protect human research participants was awarded full accreditation by the Association for the Accreditation of Human Research Protection Programs (AAHRPP).

Vanderbilt is only the 13th organization to achieve this status. The AAHRPP accreditation is voluntary and includes a self-assessment process and on-site evaluation by peer reviewers.

executive director of research informatics and regulatory affairs, “We have completely revamped the human research protections program here at Vanderbilt, and this accreditation is proof of what we have accomplished.”

“It’s external validation that our program meets high standards for human subject protection,” adds Gordon R. Bernard, medical director of the Institutional Review Board and assistant vice chancellor for research. “We’re among the first two or three major medical centers to achieve this accreditation.”

Vanderbilt will submit annual reports and must be re-accredited every three years. >>

{Top Picks}

Peabody Professor Leads Homelessness Taskforce



Douglas Perkins, associate professor of human and organizational development, has been selected by Nashville Mayor Bill Purcell, JD’79, to facilitate the Mayor’s Taskforce to End Chronic Homelessness.

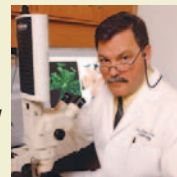
Sparked by a federal initiative under the National Alliance to End Homelessness, the taskforce has been working on developing a 10-year plan to end chronic homelessness in Nashville.

“It’s important to stress the word *chronic*,” says Perkins. “These are people who have been homeless for at least a year and who generally have some form of disability, typically a serious mental illness or substance-abuse issues. The reason we’re targeting that core group is because they take up the vast majority of resources.”

The problems of America’s homeless have consumed the greater part of Perkins’ professional career. He has worked with several grassroots volunteer organizations and local government agencies.

Award Aids Blindness Research

John S. Penn, professor and vice chairman of the Department of Ophthalmology and Visual Sciences, has received a Senior Scientific Investigator Award from the New York-based Research to Prevent Blindness Inc. (RPB). The award provides Penn a stipend to support his research efforts and is his third award from RPB.



Penn’s research focuses on angiogenesis in the eye, an important feature of diabetic retinopathy, macular degeneration, retinopathy of prematurity, sickle cell retinopathy and other conditions, and is the leading cause of blindness in developed countries. Two of the angiostatic compounds Penn investigated under industry contract in 2004 recently received FDA approval for use in the treatment of eye disease. Penn came to Vanderbilt in 1998.

Ivey to Head American Folklore Society

Bill Ivey, director of the Curb Center for Art, Enterprise and Public Policy at Vanderbilt University, is the new president-elect of the American Folklore Society. Ivey, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from May 1998 to September 2001, took office as AFS president-elect on Jan. 1.

Ivey was director of Nashville’s Country Music Foundation, which manages the Country Music Hall of Fame, before being appointed by President Clinton to head the NEA. At the Curb Center he directs cultural-policy research efforts toward programs that will nurture creativity and enhance understanding of America’s complex arts and media systems.



The center is funded by Vanderbilt, a \$2.5 million endowment from music-industry executive Mike Curb and the Curb Family Foundation, and multiple project grants from major foundations.

Based at Ohio State University, the American Folklore Society has more than 2,200 members.

Penn's Rubin Named Law School Dean

EDWARD RUBIN OF THE University of Pennsylvania Law School has been named the John Wade-Kent Syverud Professor of Law and dean of Vanderbilt University Law School effective July 1. Rubin is the Theodore K. Warner Jr. Professor of Law at Pennsylvania, teaching administrative law, commercial law, and seminars on topics ranging from administrative policy to law and technology, human rights and punishment theory.

“Ed Rubin is one of the most distinguished legal educators of his generation,” said Vanderbilt Provost and Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Nicholas Zepos in announcing the appointment. “He is an innovative and creative thinker, a preeminent scholar, and a widely respected teacher.”

Earlier in his career Rubin taught and was an associate dean at the University of California, Berkeley, School of Law (Boalt Hall). Prior to that he was an associate with the law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison in New York, where he practiced entertainment law. He holds a bachelor's degree in history and anthropology from Princeton University. After earning his law degree from Yale University, he clerked for Judge Jon O. Newman of the U.S. 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals.

He succeeds Kent Syverud, dean and Garner Anthony Professor of Law, who announced last year that he would step down as dean. Rubin will be the first to hold the John Wade-Kent Syverud Professorship, endowed

by alumnus Garner Anthony Jr. to honor Wade, who was dean from 1952 to 1971, and Syverud, dean since 1997.



STEVIE GREEN

Rubin

Rubin says he was drawn to Vanderbilt by the dynamic scholarship, teaching and research activity at the Law School, including a new program in law and business, a new international master of laws degree, and partnerships with other academic units.

Vanderbilt, he says, is in a position to move forward with a major reformulation of legal education for the 21st century: “In the 19th century, legal scholarship and education was self-contained. Now, in our complex modern world, it must reach out to other disciplines,

such as economics, sociology, political science and organization theory.”

He is author of numerous articles, chapters and books, including two volumes forthcoming this year—*Beyond Camelot: Rethinking Politics and Law for the Modern State* and *Federalism: A Theoretical Inquiry*, which he co-authored with Malcolm Feeley.

Vanderbilt 25th in Federal Research and Development Funding

AN INCREASE IN FUNDING OF nearly 100 percent in four years has put Vanderbilt among the top 25 U.S. universities for the first time in recent history in terms of the amount of federally supported research and development projects it conducts.

The national rankings of the

federal research and development dollars that institutions receive are compiled annually by the National Science Foundation (NSF). These statistics do more than allow the nation's universities to compare their success in obtaining federal funding; they also are considered one of the more objective measures of research quality.

“It's a landmark accomplishment,” says Dennis Hall, associate provost for research and graduate education, of Vanderbilt's rise to 25th from 31st in the latest ranking. “It reflects an institutional desire to make more of an impact on the world by means of research.”

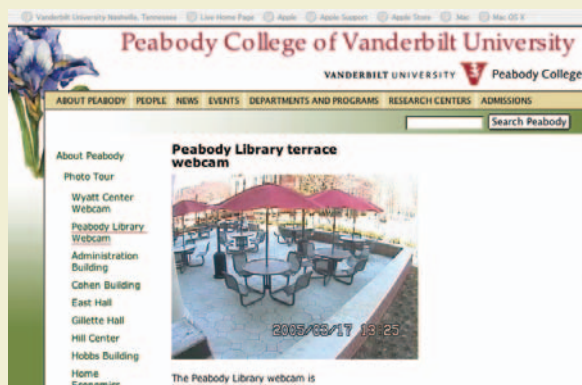
Federal support for research projects at Vanderbilt nearly doubled to \$215.5 million from \$108.3 million between fiscal years 1998 and 2002 (the latest year for which national statistics are available). Among the top 40 ranked institutions, Vanderbilt's 99-percent increase was second only to the 131-percent gain by the Baylor College of Medicine.

During this period, 77 percent of the total increase in federal research and development funding occurred in health and human services, driven by a doubling in funding at the National Institutes of Health mandated by Congress.

Vanderbilt Medical Center's associate vice chancellor for research, Jeff Balsler, attributes Vanderbilt's growth in part to the University's investment in recruiting science superstars. “We now have a substantial number of faculty capable of pulling in large-scale extramural research programs, such as NIH-funded centers, which dramatically impacts our rankings,” he says.

Virtual Vanderbilt

<http://www.vanderbilt.edu/webcam/>



Students hurrying to class cast long shadows in the late afternoon sun. A squirrel sprints across outdoor tables in search of cast-off sandwich crusts. On Vanderbilt's slightly voyeuristic, oddly addictive webcams, you can peek in on campus life from the vantage point of half a dozen sites: the Sarratt Student Center Gallery, the Rand Wall, Rand Terrace, Featheringill Hall Atrium, the lobby of the Faye and Joe Wyatt Center for Education on the Peabody Campus, and the Peabody Library Terrace.

From 1999 to 2003, Vanderbilt's ranking as a recipient of National Institutes of Health funding rose to 17th from 21st. This rise was powered by a 22.4-percent annual increase in funding, the highest of any university medical center in the country.

Although the Medical Center accounted for the lion's share of the increase, research activity on the part of the central campus also increased substantially, Hall says. "The funding level on the central campus is approaching the same level as that of the entire University, including the Medical Center, just five or six years ago."

reform bills, and we'll have to follow them all until we figure out which ones have legs. In the end, we'll probably end up testifying or trying to persuade people on 50 to 100 bills a year."

Because of the magnitude of bills proposed every year, Nixon and her team have studied almost every issue imaginable, from child-restraint legislation to the viability of chelation therapy, a treatment for cleaning the blood. One of the most pressing current issues involves TennCare, specifically the proposal to slash 323,000 adults from its rolls. As the largest single provider of TennCare in the state, Vander-

versities were to receive only half that of students attending public universities.

"We're very strategic about what we sponsor," Nixon says. "We've never lost a major bill. We try to lay the groundwork and build a big support system for what we want to do, and we only take issues that are really important to Vanderbilt."

Institute of Imaging Science to Include Powerful Research Magnet

CONSTRUCTION BEGAN THIS spring on a \$26.7 million Vanderbilt University Institute of Imaging Science (VUIIS). The four-floor, 40,000-square-foot facility will occupy space formerly taken by the old emergency room parking lot between two wings of Medical Center North.

Seven million dollars of that cost will purchase one of the world's most powerful research magnets. The 7 tesla magnet will be installed, with 400 metric tons of steel shielding around it, on the ground floor.

"Vanderbilt University Medical Center is making this investment now to assure that it captures the best opportunity to attract top-notch scientists and government research grants," says Jeffrey R. Balsler, associate vice chancellor for research. "If you delay for six months, it really limits the opportunity in this fast-paced field of science."

A tesla is a unit of magnetic field strength. One tesla is roughly 20,000 times the strength of the magnetic field of the earth. The 7 tesla magnet, one of only about seven or eight in the United States, will enable researchers to generate

images down to the molecular level and will ensure VUIIS remains at the forefront of research in magnetic resonance imaging (MRI).

"One reason we're getting a 7 tesla magnet is to perform more advanced magnetic resonance spectroscopy," adds institute director John Gore. "MR spectroscopy uses the same technology as magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) and functional MRI, but it produces ... biochemical information from small volumes within the body. For example, in the brain you can measure the levels of certain neurotransmitters. ... You can get a very precise assay of each of these molecules."

That's important not only for studying brain disorders such as addiction, but also for determining the effects of some drugs in the brain.

Another MRI technique already being tested at Vanderbilt is dynamic contrast imaging, which uses a contrast agent to generate images that provide information on angiogenesis, new blood-vessel formation required for tumor growth. This method one day may provide a way of determining the effectiveness of potential new cancer drugs.

The facility will provide research space for 18 faculty members and more than 40 graduate students and post-doctoral fellows in biomedical science, engineering and physics.

Three existing research magnets and other imaging systems used in animal studies will be moved to the second floor. A new facility also will be provided for imaging non-human primates, and a new 3 tesla human MRI scanner will be placed adjacent to the 7 tesla system.



Vanderbilt representatives at the state capitol in downtown Nashville

DANIEL DUBOIS

Pressing Issues: Vanderbilt Lobbies the State

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY HAS a vested interest in many of the 4,000-plus pieces of legislation proposed at the Tennessee State Capitol every year. It is the job of Betty Nixon, assistant vice chancellor for community, neighborhood and government relations, and her department to determine which of the proposed bills affect Vanderbilt and then garner support from local and national organizations.

"We're usually following several hundred bills at a time," Nixon says. "Right now there are around 50 proposed insurance

bills has an enormous interest in the outcome. "If this change goes through, it will have a tremendously negative financial impact on the institution and an even greater problem for the patients," says Nixon.

The Tennessee Lottery scholarships represent another area of concern. Vanderbilt has already had some success in this area, working with the Tennessee Independent Colleges and Universities Association to win equity for students attending private and independent institutions when the Hope Scholarships were first drawn up. Originally, students who planned to attend private uni-

Sports

A look at Vanderbilt athletics

Measuring Up

Josie Hahn, All-American, is every inch a winner. By NELSON BRYAN

FRESH PAIR OF SOCKS? CHECK. Ponytail adjusted? Check. Shoes tied tight? Check. All systems are go. Ignition. Thrusters engaged, Josie Hahn hurtles off the launching pad, soars skyward and, for a brief moment, slips the surly bonds of Earth. Vanderbilt, we have liftoff. As she settles back to Earth on touchdown, the All-American has broken the Vanderbilt high-jump record—her own—clearing the bar at 6 feet.

Hahn, who stands less than 5 feet 6 inches tall, has distinguished herself as a high jumper and multi-event standout. In 2004 she broke Commodore high-jump marks in five separate competitions, extending both indoor and outdoor school records to 6 feet. She also set new records in the multi-event pentathlon and heptathlon, and used a fifth school record in the javelin to earn the SEC individual heptathlon title.

“Josie is remarkably talented, but quite unique size-wise in her premier events,” says Lori Shepard, Vanderbilt’s track and field coach. “But what she lacks in size, she makes up in heart.”

In the process, she earned NCAA All-American honors indoors in the pentathlon and outdoors in the heptathlon and earned a tryout

for the U.S. Olympic team. She was named Vanderbilt’s Female Athlete of the Year and was chosen the Female Amateur Athlete of the Year by the Tennessee Sports Hall of Fame. “My goal last year had been just to make it to the Olympic trials,” she says. “It was a very emotional roller coaster just trying to get there. It was an awesome experience to be around such great athletes. I didn’t perform as well as I’d hoped”—she placed 20th overall in the heptathlon—“but my goal was to make it there, so I was really excited to be there.”

Hahn sees the high jump, javelin and 800-meter run as her best events but is careful not



Coach Shepard's persistence paid off with Hahn's performance.

to think ahead in multi-event competition. “I try to take each event individually because if you think of the 800, at the very end of the heptathlon, you’re going to psych yourself out for the rest of it,” she says. “I think about how every inch counts. Even if you do mess up in the high jump, you have so many other events to make it up in.

You have to approach each event individually. You don’t want to give up any points by missing half an inch in high jump or a fourth of an inch in long jump. It’s more like maximizing everything you can get out of each event.”

As part of her regimen, Hahn goes for a

morning jog before settling in for breakfast. “When I’m running, I have a fast song stuck in my head, just any random song, at a fast speed, as fast as my legs will go.” She says she’s not superstitious, but admits that she does change her socks before each event. “I redo my ponytail before each high jump. I don’t know why. But I do it even if it’s not messed up. I tighten my shoes. I keep retightening my shoes all the time in the high jump, too. I jump as high as I can. If I miss, I’m thinking, ‘It’s the shoes, gotta tighten the shoes.’”

Hahn, a senior from Clinton, Tenn., chose Vanderbilt over Clemson, Auburn, Colorado, and other more track-specific schools.

“At first, the only thing I knew about Vanderbilt was that it was a really good academic school,” she says. “My high school coach kept telling me, ‘The Vanderbilt coach is calling me. She’s really persistent. She really wants you to come for a visit.’ I was pretty convinced I wanted to go to Colorado, but my mom kept dropping hints that she didn’t want me to go far away. She’d leave notes around the house—‘Somebody told me that Vanderbilt has a really good premedical program’—little things like that. I thought about it, prayed about it, and decided this would be the best place for me, academically and athletically.”

Her major is interdisciplinary neuroscience with a biology bias. Her intention is to become an orthodontist or pediatric dentist. “I worked for a pediatric dentist in Clarksville [Tenn.] a couple of summers ago and really enjoyed it,”

continued on page 84



UCS VANDERBILT  COMMODORES

Vandy in the NFL: Chavous and Winborn Win Courage Awards

Former Commodores Corey Chavous and Jamie Winborn have been selected as recipients of the prestigious Ed Block Courage Award. Each was chosen for the award by his teammates.

Chavous is a safety in his third season with the Minnesota Vikings. He was an All-Pro pick last year and two-time Pro Bowler for the Vikings. Off the field, he is the Vikings' team spokesman for the Ronald McDonald House and "Kids Voting Minnesota" campaign. He also participates in quarterback Daunte Culpepper's African-American Adoption Agency Holiday Party.

Winborn is a linebacker with the San Francisco 49ers and ranks among the team's leaders in tackles and sacks. Off the field he has made the community of the Bay Area a priority. In December 2003 he underwent sur-

gery for a neck injury and returned to the team after six months of rehabilitation.

Proceeds from the awards banquet after the season benefit the Ed Block Courage Award Foundation's Courage House National Support Network. A Courage House is a facility that provides support and quality care for abused children and their families. Ed Block was the former head athletic trainer for the Baltimore Colts and a respected humanitarian.

Ex-Vandy Stars Qualify for LPGA

Former Vanderbilt All-American golfers Nicki Cutler and Courtney Wood have earned non-exempt status at the LPGA's Qualifying School in Daytona Beach, Fla. Non-exempt players are eligible for the LPGA tour if open slots are available in a given event's field and they make the first-round cut.

They played their way into the "Q School" after performing well on the Futures Tour. "I

am very proud of Nicki and Courtney as they are the first representatives of our program to make the LPGA Tour," says women's golf coach Martha Freitag.

The pair likely will split their playing time in 2005 between the LPGA Tour and the Futures Tour. "The top five members of the Futures Tour automatically receive an LPGA card," Cutler explains, "so it will take some thought to determine how to divide our time between the two tours."

Cutler resides in Phoenix while Wood returns to Nashville in the off season.

In Memorium: Kwane Doster

Kwane Doster, a junior running back and kick-return specialist on the football team, died Dec. 26, 2004, of injuries sustained in a shooting in his hometown of Tampa, Fla. One of the team's most popular players, the 21-year-old was a three-year letter winner and recipient of the 2002 South-eastern Conference Freshman of the Year Award.

"We are shocked and heartbroken," said Coach Bobby Johnson in a prepared statement. "Kwane's death is a terrible and tragic loss to our Vanderbilt family."

A contingent of Vanderbilt athletes, coaches and friends flew to Tampa for a memorial service Dec. 31. The same day, a suspect was arrested and charged with first-degree murder for Doster's death and two counts of attempted murder against Doster's companions.

Doster was the first Vanderbilt player recognized as SEC Freshman of the Year, after setting a team record of 798 rushing yards. He also earned Freshman All-America honors from various publications. A human and organizational development major, he had 1,621 career rushing yards and ranked third all-time at Vanderbilt with 1,759 kick-return yards.

He is survived by his mother, a brother, a sister, an aunt and numerous other relatives.

A memorial fund has been set up for the Doster family by the fathers of three members of the Vanderbilt football squad. Contributions can be made to the Kwane Doster Memorial Fund c/o Cumberland Bank, 5120 Maryland Way, Brentwood, TN 37027.



Doster



Beth Tallent, BS'93, MEd'95, still holds the Vanderbilt record in women's track for the 3,000-meter run (indoors and outdoors) and the indoor mile. These days, Beth Tallent Sheridan holds the hands of her sons, Brennen, 4, and Brooks, 2, in Franklin, Tenn.

After earning her master's degree in health promotion and education at Peabody, Sheridan ran student leadership programs sponsored by the Tennessee Secondary Schools Athletics Association (TSSAA) and the Baptist Sports Medicine Center. That yielded a job at Nashville's Christ Presbyterian Academy (CPA) teaching sixth-grade grammar and coaching girls' cross country and track.

"I left that job after the first of my two sons was born," she says, "but I continued coaching a family at home." She has now returned to the CPA middle school to teach life wellness.

Her husband, Seth Sheridan, is the track coach at Belmont University. They met through running during college. "I got kind of burned out after college," she says of her running. However, she still manages to run 20 to 40 miles per week and has competed in several marathons.

{Sports Roundup}

Baseball: High Marks in Preseason Polls

Vanderbilt baseball has been recognized as a top-25 team in preseason polls, and two returning players have been named preseason All-Americans. The recognition comes in the wake of last year's remarkable performance, the best in Vanderbilt baseball history.

Baseball America magazine ranked the Commodores as the No. 17 team in the nation in its preseason poll, which marked the first time in the school's history to make the poll. The team also was ranked No. 18 by SEBaseball.com and No. 38 by *Collegiate*



Baseball magazine. Junior second baseman Warner Jones and junior pitcher Ryan Mullins were named to *Baseball America's* Preseason All-America Team, selected by major league scouts.

Vanderbilt finished the 2004 season with the best record in school history, logging a 45-19 overall record (16-14 SEC) on the way to its first-ever appearance in the NCAA Super Regional.

Women's Golf: Brady Wins Third Collegiate Tournament

Sophomore Chris Brady shot a 4-under-par 68 to win the Landfall Tradition Tournament in Wilmington, N.C., last October, her third collegiate-medalist finish. "I have been very pleased

with the play of Chris all fall," says Coach Martha Freitag of the victory. "It was great to see Chris finish her fall with such an outstanding performance."

Brady had won the Texas Betsy Rawls Longhorn Classic and was co-medalist at the Kentucky Wildcat Invitational as a freshman.

Women's Soccer: Players Win SEC Honors

Four members of the women's soccer team were named to the All-SEC team last November. Sophomore goalkeeper Tyler Griffin was named First-Team All-SEC. This was her first season with Vanderbilt after transferring from the University of North Carolina in 2003.

Junior midfielder Meghan Hagib was named All-SEC Second Team, and freshmen Sarah Dennis (forward) and Meredith Kohn (midfielder) were named to the All-Freshman SEC Team.

The women finished the season with a 7-7-5 record.

Men's Soccer: MVC Honors

Two men's soccer players received Missouri Valley Conference honors last November. John



Krause, a junior forward, was named to the MVC All-Conference Second Team. This was his first year with the Commodores, having transferred from Boston College.

Freshman forward Joe Germanese was named Freshman of the Year while being named to the All-Freshman Team.

The Commodores finished the season with a 7-9-1 record, 3-7 in the MVC.

Football: Two Named Freshman All-SEC

Two Vandy newcomers who worked their way into the starting lineup were named to the

fifth annual Southeastern Conference All-Freshman Team following a vote of the conference's 12 coaches.

Jonathan Goff, a red-shirt freshman from Lynn, Mass., was one of five linebackers named to the defensive unit. Hamilton Holliday of Marietta, Ga., was one of five offensive linemen named on the coaches' ballots.



Ashley Eckles, a sophomore on Vanderbilt's equestrian team, practices the jumps aboard Sugar at Hunter's Court Farm in Murfreesboro.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRAVE

Vanderbilt Holdings

Collections and collectibles



Girl Power in the Victorian Age

Peabody's Bert Roller Collection preserves the life and times of an American icon. By MICHELLE JONES

JANE ROLLER SIGHTS, BS'41, WAS always happy at Peabody. Her father, Bert Anderson Roller, was a professor of children's literature at the College from 1922 until his death in 1934, and Sights attended Peabody Demonstration School. Before that the elder Roller met his future wife, Helen, when he took a psychology class at Peabody while enrolled as a part-time student at Vanderbilt. Given her family's long connection to the College, it is no surprise that Sights chose to entrust Peabody with her collection of early children's literature. Known as the Bert Roller Collection, the 200-plus books include works by such famed illustrators as Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott. The true highlights of this collection, however, are the many books by respected children's author Louisa May Alcott (1832–1888) and the relationship that developed between the Roller and Alcott families over the years.

In 1927 Professor Roller moved his wife and three daughters to Cambridge, Mass., where he was to spend a year studying at Harvard. The experience made a lasting impression upon young Jane Roller, who talks of the adventure as though it all happened last week. Not long after the family settled into their new quarters, Frederika Wendte, daughter of one of Louisa May Alcott's cousins, came to call. Sights describes her as "a prop-



er Bostonian" and explains that her family's minister in Nashville, a native New Englander, had written ahead to friends, asking them to look in on the Rollers.

A bond quickly formed between the families, with Mrs. Roller and Miss Wendte attending plays together and the elderly Mrs. Wendte sharing stories about her famous relative. "She was so happy to have someone interested, who knew something about it," Sights explains. "So the dear old lady told my father a whole lot of things ... little things that nobody would have known about." Bert Roller incorporated those tidbits into a series of articles he wrote about Alcott.

In addition to visiting the Wendte household, the Roller family spent their weekends making excursions in the area, visiting neighboring towns and significant places such as Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, burial site of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Alcott, and other luminaries of American literature. "I was only 6 or so, and mother and I had just read *Little Women* and were beginning *Little Men*," Sights says. The family visited the home of Emerson and toured Orchard House, where Louisa May Alcott wrote and set many of her books, including the seminal *Little Women* (1868).

"She was really the most significant author, woman author, in a time when we had the turn towards adventure stories for children," says Peabody College's Ann Neely, associate professor of the practice of education, about Alcott. "Previously, books for children had been mainly didactic. In the late 1800s we

began to see a lot more books that would entertain children." This was when Alcott's publishers approached her about writing a book for girls, something, explains Neely, that would counter the types of books—the Horatio Alger books, for example—being written for boys. "*Little Women* was a very big success because girls were seen as capable of doing things that they had not been seen as doing in past books for children."

Though Alcott died more than a century ago, her popularity continues. Fans delight in adaptations of *Little Women*, ranging from the 1933 film starring Katharine Hepburn to the more recent Winona Ryder version. The characters also show up in modern fiction, in Katherine Weber's *The Little Women* (2003), which transports the March sisters to modern-day New York City and New Haven, Conn., and in Geraldine Brooks' *March* (2005), a novel about Mr. March's experiences fighting the Civil War. Time and time again, Jo emerges as the all-time favorite character.

A young Jane Roller also connected with the book's heroine. "I liked the fact that she was a tomboy and I was, too," Sights says. "I thought that was something that hardly anybody at that time ever wrote about. They were trying to be little ladies, and she liked to run and climb and ride. She didn't care a thing about being in a ball gown or dressing up."

While in New England, the Roller family frequented bookstores as Professor Roller indulged his passion for rare children's books.

“Father was always darting into bookstores,” Sights says. Many of the purchases he made that year are now in the collection at Peabody.

Most intriguing, however, are the books he didn’t have to purchase—the Alcott books. “Mrs. Wendte’s daughter continued writing to us after we came back to Nashville,” Sights says. “She would send us little things for Christmas, and then she would send poems [by Alcott] that had never been published. It was such a good friendship because nobody up there at that time particularly cared about [collecting works by Alcott], and we were fresh to the thing and were just so excited about it.”

These items—the books, some of the letters and the poems—will be incorporated into a new display in the recently renovated Peabody Library. There had been a display on the third floor of the library, but some changes were necessary. For one thing, the books hadn’t been catalogued, explains Sharon Gray Weiner, director of the library, so the staff spent nearly two years entering the books into the Online Computer Library Center’s (OCLC) WorldCat database. “If anyone is searching for materials about Louisa May Alcott and they go into this database,” says Weiner, “they will find the materials that we own here.”

Among those likely to seek out the collection are scholars, researchers and aficionados of Alcott’s work. Neely says she likes to share the collection with her graduate students as they study the history of children’s literature. Those who do seek out the collection will find *Flower Fables* (1855), a two-part edition of *Little Women*, and an edition of *Little Men* from 1875. There are also several books featuring perennial favorite Jo, including *Aunt Jo’s Scrap Bag, v. 2: Shawl Straps* (1872) and *Aunt Jo’s Scrap Bag, v. 5: An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving* (1882). Various collected letters, journals and short stories round out the 17 Alcott books in the Roller Collection.

Along with the desire to make the books accessible, their preservation was another concern in the recent overhaul and was one of the reasons Sights donated the books to the library in the first place. On the day of her graduation from Peabody, Jane Roller married Air Force pilot Pete Sights and began a life of world travel. She left her beloved books with her mother in Nashville. “It was safer for her to keep them,” Sights says. When Sights finally moved back to the area, she became concerned about protecting the books. At first she considered giving them to the University of Virginia and even went to Charlottesville to discuss the matter. “I came home and talked to the family and decided we could see them here [at Vanderbilt], whereas we’d have to make a trip if they were in Virginia.”

The collection came to Peabody in 1983, but things did not get off to a promising start; in fact, not much happened for several years. When Sights learned about this, she “borrowed” the books until they could be properly cared for. “When I got here a couple of years ago, I saw in the files that this had happened, and I called Mrs. Sights,” Weiner says.

Top: 19th-century books from the Roller Collection include antique editions by British author/illustrators Randolph Caldicott, Beatrix Potter and Kate Greenaway.

Bottom: A signed photo of Louisa May Alcott, a gift card from Alcott that accompanied a copy of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* for her young cousin, a bonnet-shaped pin cushion made by Alcott, and an 1869 edition of *Little Women*.

Digging through boxes filled with books still in protective plastic bags, Weiner pulls out some for show. “Here’s one from 1859,” she says. “That’s 1827,” she says, holding up another, “but you can see, this book is in awfully good shape for 1827.” Some of the Bert Roller Collection books needed special boxes, and covers in charcoal or deep wine colors were made for especially fragile books. Those showing signs of deterioration got special treatment. New bookplates were added, with Sights joining Weiner and library assistant Lara Beth Lehman to place them.

The next step is to install the books in one of the new archival-quality display cases—recent gifts from Charles Kurz II of Philadelphia, father of a current Peabody student—in Peabody Library’s ground-floor reading room. Weiner stresses that the entire collection, all 200-plus books, will be kept together in the case. How is it possible to fit all those books in one case? “Some of the books

are very tiny, only about one-inch square, so they don’t take up that much space,” Weiner explains. The display case also will hold paper dolls contemporary to Alcott’s time and a bonnet-shaped pin cushion, one of the last items Alcott sent to her cousins. “She was confined to a nursing home for a long time before she died, and she sewed all the time,” Sights says. “What a sweet thing.”



MiChelle Jones is an assistant editor at BookPage and a freelance arts writer. She earned her bachelor’s degree from Carnegie Mellon University and a master’s degree from Northwestern’s Medill School of Journalism. She lives in Nashville.

Bright Ideas

“The frogs were so loud I couldn’t sleep.”

How Good Is Your Biological Clock?

1 A TRAVELER experiences jet lag when his or her internal clock becomes out-of-synch with the environment. Seasonal Affective Disorder, some types of depression, sleep disorders, and problems adjusting to changes in work cycles all can occur when an individual’s biological clocks act up. Recent studies have even found links between these molecular timepieces and cancer.

Microscopic pacemakers—also known as circadian clocks—are found in everything from pond scum to human beings and appear to help organize a dizzying array of biochemical processes. Despite the important role they play, scientists are just beginning to understand the benefits that these internal pacemakers provide when they work and the problems they cause when they malfunction.

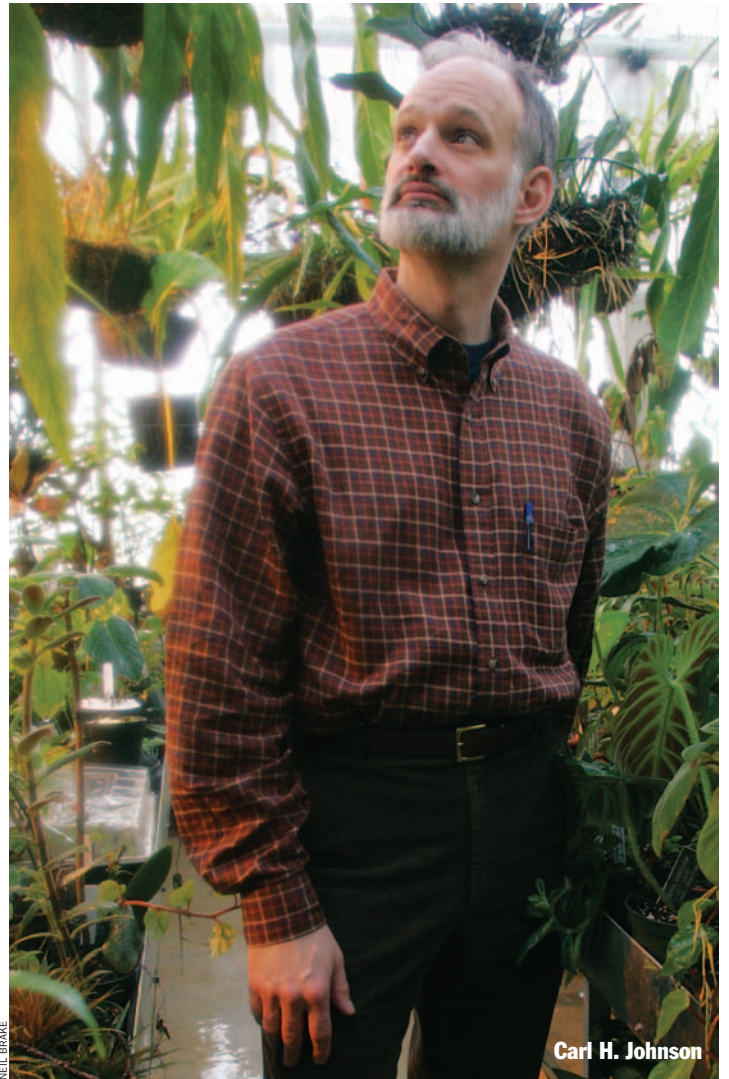
A study performed by researchers at Vanderbilt University and published in the Aug. 24 issue of the journal *Current Biology* sheds new light on this issue. Using blue-green algae—the simplest organism known to possess these mechanisms—the researchers report that the benefits of biological clocks are directly linked to

environments with regular day/night cycle and totally disappear in conditions of constant illumination.

“Circadian clocks are so widespread that we think they must enhance the fitness of organisms by improving their ability to adapt to environmental influences, specifically daily changes in light, temperature and humidity,” says Carl H. Johnson, professor of biological sciences and Vanderbilt Kennedy Center investigator, who directed the study. “Some people have even suggested that, once invented, these clocks are such a powerful organizational tool that their benefits go beyond responding to external cycles. However, there have been practically no rigorous tests of either proposition.”

To test these ideas directly, Johnson’s research team used genetic engineering techniques to completely disrupt the biological clocks in one group of algae and to damp the frequency of the clocks in a second group. The researchers were careful to employ “point” mutations in the clock genes that didn’t stunt the growth of the microscopic plants.

They then mixed the algae possessing disrupted clocks with algae possessing normally functioning clocks. When the mixture was placed in an environment with a 24-hour



Carl H. Johnson

day/night cycle, the normal algae grew dramatically faster than those that lacked functional internal timers. The normal algae also outperformed the algae with the damped clocks, but by a smaller margin.

The result was presaged by a series of experiments Johnson conducted in 1998 with Susan S. Golden from Texas A&M

University and Takao Kondo from Nagoya University. In the previous experiments the researchers created two new algae strains with clocks of 22 hours and 30 hours. (The frequency of the biological clocks in normal blue-green algae is 25 hours.) They created mixed colonies by combining the strains in pairs: wild type and

I was fascinated by how the synchronized calling moved around. ” —KENNETH D. FRAMPTON

22 hour; wild type and 30 hour; 22 hour and 30 hour. Then they put these mixed cultures into incubators with three different light-dark cycles—22 hours, 24 hours and 30 hours—and monitored them for about a month.

When they pulled the cultures out, the researchers found that the strain whose internal clock most closely matched the light-dark cycle invariably outgrew the competing strain. In fact, they found that the selective advantage of having the correctly tuned biological clock was surprisingly strong: The strains with matching frequencies grew 20 to 30 percent faster than the out-of-synch strains.

The second part of the current experiment was designed to test whether the biological clocks also provide an intrinsic advantage, a hypothesis advanced by the late Colin Pittendrigh of Stanford. He suggested that circadian clocks might be beneficial even in an unchanging environment. There was some indirect support for this proposition. In one experiment, for example, populations of the fruit fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*) were raised in constant illumination for hundreds of generations. Nevertheless, their biological clocks continued to function, suggesting that they continued to have adaptive value.

When the algae strains were

placed in a chamber with constant light, however, the researchers were surprised to discover that the shoe was on the other foot: The algae with the disrupted internal clock divided and grew at a slightly faster rate than their clock-watching cousins, both those with natural biological clocks and those whose clocks were damped.

“This was the most surprising result of our study,” says Johnson. “Under constant conditions, the circadian clock system is of no benefit and, in fact, might even be bad for the algae.”

The scientist doesn’t know for certain why this happens, but he has some ideas. The microscopic plants use their biological clocks to turn their photosynthesis system on and off. In a normal 24-hour day/night cycle, this allows the microscopic plant to maximize the amount of chemical energy it can extract during daylight.

“In constant illumination, however, the biological clocks may keep shutting down photosynthesis in expectation of the darkness that never comes,” says Johnson.

Co-authors of the study are post-doctoral fellows Mark A. Woelfle and Yan Ouyang and graduate student Kittiporn Phanvijhitsiri. The research was supported by the National Institutes of Health.

Sensor Network Mimics the Synchronized Calling of Frogs, Cicadas

2 THE MODERN world resonates with the uncoordinated beeping and buzzing of countless electronic devices, so it was only a matter of time before someone designed an electronic network with the ability to synchronize dozens of tiny buzzers in much the same way that frogs and cicadas coordinate their nighttime choruses.

“Several years ago I was on a camping trip, and we pitched our tent in an area that was filled with hundreds of tree frogs,” says Vanderbilt’s Kenneth D. Frampton, assistant professor of mechanical engineering, who dreamed up the project. “The frogs were so loud that I couldn’t get to sleep. So I began listening to the chorus and was fascinated by how the pattern of synchronized calling moved around: Frogs in one area would croak all together for a while, then gradually one group would develop a different rhythm and drift off on its own.”

Last summer’s emergence of cicada brood X brought back that memory and prompted Frampton to assign undergraduates Efosa Ojomo and Praveen Mudindi—working under the supervision of graduate student



Isaac Amundson—with the task of simulating this complex natural behavior using a wireless distributed sensor network. They presented the results of their project Nov. 16, 2004, at the annual meeting of the American Acoustical Society in San Diego.

Consulting literature about animal vocalizations, the engineers discovered that a number of different theories have been advanced to explain such naturally occurring synchronized behaviors. They may have evolved cooperatively in order to maximize signal loudness, to confuse predators, or to improve call features that attract potential mates. Or they may have evolved competitively in order to mask or jam the calls of nearby animals.

“Whichever theory is true, it is clear that these behavior patterns are complex and offer an interesting inspiration for group behaviors,” says Frampton.

Kenneth D. Frampton



One thing these behaviors have in common is that they are produced by groups of animals who are in communication with each other but who are acting on their own. Networks consisting of nodes that communicate with each other but act independently according to simple rules are becoming increasingly popular and were the obvious system to use.

“There is a great deal that we do not yet know about the group behavior of such systems,” says Frampton. “So, in addition to being a lot of fun, the synchronized calling experiment is adding to our understanding of the behavior of this kind of network.”

The engineers began with a

wireless network of 15 to 20 “Motes,” a wireless network designed by computer scientists at the University of California–Berkeley and manufactured commercially by Crossbow Inc. These are small microprocessors equipped with wireless communications. The researchers added a microphone and a buzzer to each node.

To mimic synchronized calling behaviors, the researchers first programmed a single leader, dubbed the “alpha node,” to begin calling (buzzing) with an arbitrary duration and frequency. The alpha node was set so it called at this rate regardless of any other calling in its vicinity. The remainder of the devices, referred to as “beta nodes,” were

programmed differently. They were instructed to listen with their microphones for a call that was sufficiently loud, to estimate its duration and frequency, and then begin calling in synch with the detected call.

“Although this behavioral algorithm is quite simple, it produces some interesting group behaviors,” Frampton reports.

When all is quiet and an alpha node begins calling, at first only those beta nodes nearby hear the call and respond. Then, as more betas swell the chorus, nodes farther away hear the call and join in. In this fashion, synchronized calling gradually spreads concentrically out from the alpha node until all the nodes are synchronized.

A second interesting behavior occurs when a beta node “hiccups” and starts buzzing out of synch with its neighbors. Such hiccups can be caused by measurement noise, operating-system jitter and other factors. Occasionally, when such a hiccup occurs, neighboring nodes resynchronize to the errant node. Normally, these transients quickly disappear as the wayward group resynchronizes with the larger group.

The most interesting behavior pattern appeared when the researchers introduced a third kind of node that they labeled “omega.” This node was programmed identically to an alpha node but set to a different duration and frequency. When introduced into the array, an omega node begins to attract neighboring nodes to its call cycle. Unlike the hiccup case, however, the omega group does

not resynchronize with the original group. Rather, the omega node eventually recruits a growing number of nodes to its calling cycle until a “balance of power” is reached with the alpha node. The eventual balance between the two groups depends strongly on the initial arrangement of the sensors.

“While this is a rather whimsical application of a sensor network, it demonstrates the unique system behaviors that can arise in truly distributed processing,” says Frampton. Even when nodes follow very simple rules, the behavior of the group can be quite complex. Although this project is not likely to improve knowledge about synchronized calling in nature, Frampton says it does demonstrate the types of complex behavior patterns that will be important for future developments in sensor networks.

A Nose for Fast Food

3 THE STAR-NOSED mole gives a whole new meaning to the term “fast food.” A study published in the Feb. 3 issue of the scientific journal *Nature* reveals that this energetic burrower can detect prey and gulp them down with a speed too fast for the human eye to follow.

It takes a driver about 650 milliseconds to hit the brake after seeing the traffic light ahead turn red. In half that time, the star-nosed mole, in the Stygian darkness of its burrow, can detect the presence of a tasty tidbit, determine that it is edible and gulp it down.

For more information

“Most predators take times ranging from minutes to seconds to handle their prey,” says Kenneth C. Catania, assistant professor of biological sciences, who directed the study of the mole’s foraging speed. “The only things I’ve found that even come close are some species of fish.”

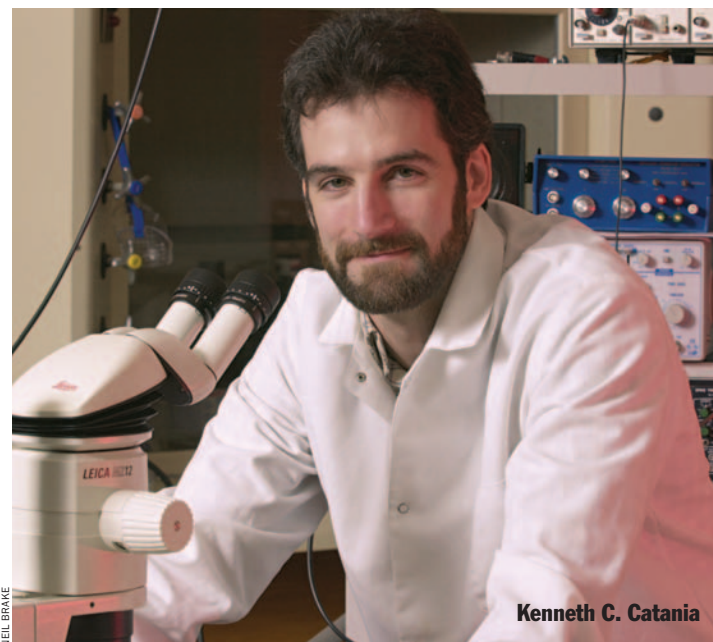
The secret to the star-nosed mole’s impressive ability is the star-shaped set of appendages that ring its nose. Its fleshy star makes the mole one of the oddest looking members of the mammal kingdom.

Star-nosed moles range from Canada, down through the Eastern United States as far as Georgia, but are rarely seen because they live in marshes and wetlands. Because they live in darkness, the moles have very poor eyesight. They continually survey their environment by touching their surroundings with their star appendages.

Catania, working with laboratory assistant Fiona E. Remple, captured the moles’ feeding behavior with a high-

speed video. After touching a small piece of food, it took the moles only 230 milliseconds to identify and eat it. The researchers discovered that the unusual mole is moving almost at the speed limit set by its brain and nervous system. The star-nosed mole takes about 25 milliseconds to decide whether an object is edible, then about 12 milliseconds for a signal to travel from the mole’s star appendages to its brain, and another five milliseconds for the muscles to respond to signals from the brain. This leaves only eight milliseconds for the mole’s brain to make an identification. Given the split millisecond timing, it is not surprising that it frequently makes mistakes. When researchers set out worm sushi for the moles, they found that one-third of the time moles started to move in the wrong direction and had to suddenly reverse themselves.

Researchers in behavioral ecology invest considerable time and thought studying how different animals eat. The



NEIL BRANE

Kenneth C. Catania

ability to handle prey so quickly and efficiently appears to provide the star-nosed mole with a real competitive advantage. By reducing its handling time to a fraction of a second, the star-nosed mole gains energy from chowing down small insect larvae, tiny worms and other food. Predators that take a few seconds to handle each prey animal, on the other hand, use more energy catching and eating small prey than they

gain from eating it.

The insight that the star-nosed mole has specialized in minimizing handling time for small prey helps clear up a number of the mysteries that have surrounded this unusual mammal, Catania says. For years, scientists advanced different theories about the mole’s star-shaped appendages. It wasn’t until 1995 that studies performed by Catania and others led scientists to agree that the star appendages were super-sensitive touch organs.

Now Catania thinks he knows why the star appendages are so large: The 22 appendages that ring its nose have a surface area eight times greater than the nose of its close cousin, the eastern mole. Its flexible fingers also allow the star-nose to tap objects at a faster rate. Taken together, these advantages mean the star-nosed mole can find 14 times the number of small snacks its close cousin can in a given amount of time.



The unusual star-nosed mole eats its prey at lightning-fast speed.

KENNETH CATANIA

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

InClass

A spotlight on faculty and their work

Voice of Reason

Before the camera and behind the scenes, Dr. William Schaffner strives to improve public health. By LISA A. DUBOIS

IT WAS OCT. 5, AND MEMBERS OF the National Vaccine Advisory Committee, who were gathered at a meeting in Washington, D.C., had hardly finished their first cup of morning coffee when someone walked into the room with the news. British regulators had shut down Chiron Corp. because of poor manufacturing practices, and the 46 to 48 million doses of this year's influenza vaccine the United States was expecting to receive would not be coming. That meant the U.S. was short about half its needed annual supply.

Soon afterwards the phone rang in the office of Clinton Colmenares, senior information officer and national news director for Vanderbilt University Medical Center. It was Dr. William Schaffner, speaking in hurried, hushed tones, "Clinton, you've got a story here. This is big time. Huge." Schaffner told him what was happening with the flu vaccine.

"OK," Colmenares responded. "When are you going to be available for interviews?"

By that evening Schaffner, chairman of Vanderbilt's Department of Preventive Medicine, had already conducted a number of television, radio, print and online interviews, assessing the problem and explaining strategies for addressing the vaccine shortage. Aware of the potential for a national panic attack, he tried to be balanced and optimistic, but he also chose to shoot straight about the seriousness of the situation. Later that night in a CBS interview, Schaffner was the first pub-

lic health professional to admit there may be deaths because of the flu-vaccine shortage.

"Bill is not a government employee, but as a senior spokesman for the communicable-disease sector, he can be as frank and as honest as he wants to be," says longtime friend and colleague Dr. Allen Kaiser, chief of staff at Vanderbilt Hospital. "He's a world authority on vaccines. And the social, ethical, moral

Vanderbilt. National reporters respect him and know he'll deliver a message that's on target and timely."

As a result, Schaffner is constantly called upon for insight and advice about an astonishing range of public health concerns. He has either authored papers on or been quoted in scientific journals and in the public media on such topics as influenza; smallpox vaccine; Hepatitis A, B and E; emerging diseases; water-quality investigations; tuberculosis outbreaks; SARS; HIV/AIDS; meningitis; streptococcus; tick-borne diseases; rabies; bioterrorism; food-borne illnesses; and the perceived relationship of childhood immunizations to SIDS and autism.

"The usual mode is for investigators to pick a narrow area and to become evermore expert," says Schaffner. "I've done the exact opposite. I've taken a discipline—epidemiology [the study of the causes and transmission of diseases within a population]—and I've applied it broadly and almost exclusively to issues of communicable diseases and how they occur in the community or among patients in our hospital. Also, the prevention of those communicable diseases, particularly through the use of vaccines, has evolved into another preoccupation of mine."



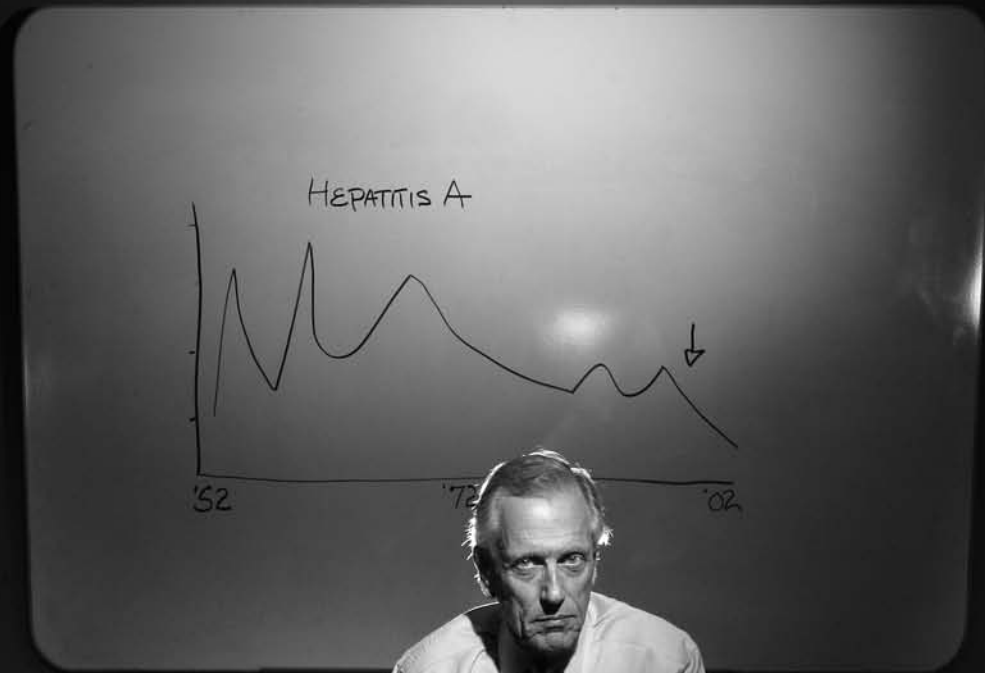
and economical issues surrounding vaccines are enormous."

Since 1962, when Schaffner first arrived at Vanderbilt as an intern, he has worked on honing his skills, not only as an expert in communicable diseases and international public health policy, but also in articulating complicated health matters in a way that is understandable to the lay public. "He knows that by talking to one reporter, he can deliver a public health message and patient education to the entire country," Colmenares says. "In the eyes of the media, Bill legitimizes

Right: A world authority on vaccines, Dr. William Schaffner articulates complicated health matters in a way that is understandable to the lay public.

MARY ORVILLE MYERS

DAVID JOHNSON



“In public health we’re always making decisions based on inadequate information. But there’s one difference: When we make those decisions, we’re on camera. As soon as you make a decision in public health, somebody sticks a microphone in front of you and asks, *‘Why did you make that decision?’* I’ve always considered that a challenge and great fun.”

The seeds for this preoccupation were planted during Schaffner's only departure from Vanderbilt—a two-year period, from 1966 to 1968, during which time he fulfilled his selective-service obligation as a commissioned officer in the U.S. Public Health Service and was assigned to the state health department in Rhode Island. There he developed a determination to “bring the public health sector in this country closer to the academic structure.” In other words, he was going to come back to Vanderbilt and establish close ties between the Medical Center and the Tennessee Department of Health (TDH).

At the time this concept of bridging the gap between public health and academia was more radical than it may now seem. Public health, after all, has little to do with the diagnosis and treatment of patients, so crucial to medical education. Instead it focuses on preventing illness in whole populations.

“I thought assisting, collaborating and cooperating with state health providers would bring added value to our school of medicine,” Schaffner says. “Rather than having bits of excellence, rather than being insular, I wanted Vanderbilt to reach out and be part of the warp and woof of the community. So I developed a relationship with the people at TDH. And I like to say I have a foot in each camp.”

In fact, Schaffner has become a pillar of the local, regional and statewide public health infrastructure. Starting in 1971 he began mentoring public health physicians who had been assigned by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) to carry out their two-year tours of duty in Tennessee, just as Schaffner had been assigned to Rhode Island.

In 1995, Schaffner scored a major breakthrough on this front. After training at the TDH, Dr. Allen Craig decided to stay on and is now Tennessee's state epidemiologist and director of its Communicable and Environmental Disease Services section. Craig was the department's first epidemiologist. Today there are five, and Schaffner has been involved in training four of them.

“The collaboration between the state health department and Vanderbilt University is outstanding and is probably unique in the country,” Craig says, adding that through the strength of Schaffner's support, the TDH was award-

ed a grant to begin an emerging diseases program. “The Medical School's infectious disease division has offered us tremendous lab support. We're partnering with the University to address major public health issues like emerging diseases.”

In addition to Craig, other Schaffner protégés who chose to stay in Nashville are Dr. Timothy Jones; Dr. Connie Hadley, now directing the state tuberculosis control program; and Dr. Kelly Moore, who runs the state immunization program. Although Dr. David Kirschke left Nashville, he is now working in the North-eastern Tennessee regional public health office.

“We bring great talent into the state, and we keep it!” crows Schaffner. “Our state health department's communicable disease control division is now, in terms of talent, second to none in the country.”

Medical practitioners, he says, have always been referred to by two terms. One is “physician,” from the Greek *physic*, meaning “medicine” and referring to those who diagnose and treat. But more commonly, they are known as “doctor,” from the Latin term for “teacher.” “The teaching is as much a part of the practice of medicine as the *physic*,” Schaffner says.

Back at Vanderbilt, in his role as chairman of preventive medicine, Schaffner has overseen the development of two training programs: the master's program in public health, created by faculty members Wayne Ray and Dr. Marie Griffin, and a biostatistics training program, which has grown so large that it has spun off into its own department chaired by Dr. Frank E. Harrell Jr. Since 1970, Schaffner also has headed VUMC's Infection Control Committee.

“Bill's forte has been in reading all the information from around the globe and being a leader in containment strategies for communicable diseases,” says Dr. Allen Kaiser. “Probably more than anybody else, he knows what happens when germs are spread within a community. He represents Vanderbilt, and as a fellow member of Vanderbilt, I am more respected around the country because of what he's done.”

Schaffner, in fact, is profoundly aware of his responsibility as one of the Medical Center's more visible ambassadors. “Believe me, every time I open my mouth I am mindful

of that,” he says.

When the National Vaccine Advisory Committee advisers heard about the flu-vaccine shortage, they first experienced a wave of shock, then depression. However, they soon took a collective breath and switched into coping mode. “That's what we do in public health,” Schaffner says. “We're always given lemons, but boy, do we know how to make lemonade.”

Immediately, representatives of the CDC convened an emergency teleconference with members of the National Vaccine Advisory Committee and others to plan the steps necessary for addressing the problem. They were able to clarify how many flu shots were contaminated and therefore missing; how many would be coming from the other manufacturer, Aventis; and how many doses of the non-injectable FluMist vaccine its manufacturer, MedImmune, could provide. They then began to adjust the national recommendations for who should have access to the limited supply. And, in order to reduce public confusion, they had to make certain that everyone who would be quoted in the press or on television would be trilling the same tune.

By noon Schaffner and others were ready for their cue to go on. Looking distinguished and reassuring with his silver hair and white lab coat, he began speaking to the major news outlets. “Supplies are a little tight right now,” Schaffner said to CNN's Wolf Blitzer. “We have to realize that the era of dirt-cheap vaccines is over,” he told the *New York Times*. “If you want some redundancy in the system to help you deal with glitches that will occur from time to time, you need more [vaccine] manufacturers,” he said to the *Los Angeles Times*. And on he went over the next several weeks, providing informed analysis to a wide spectrum of news sources.

Schaffner compares this aspect of his job to a physician caring for patients in an intensive care unit, having to make quick decisions based on inadequate information. He says, “In public health we're always making decisions based on inadequate information. But there's one difference: When we make those decisions, we're on camera. As soon as you make a decision in public health, somebody sticks a micro-

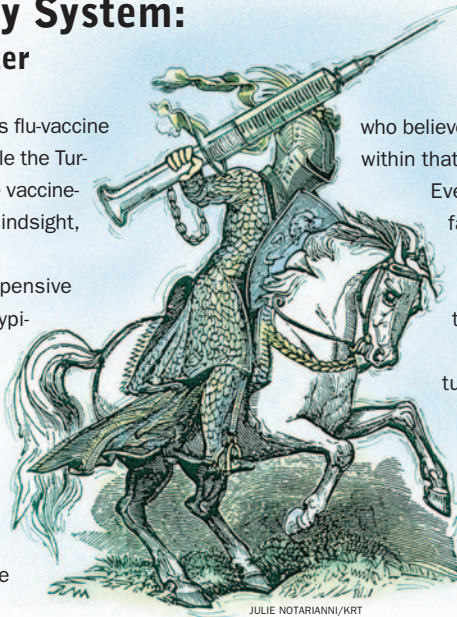
The Flu Vaccine Delivery System: Tottering on the Edge of Disaster

The October surprise concerning this year's flu-vaccine shortage was like the final burp from Yertle the Turtle, creating a domino effect that sent the vaccine-delivery kingdom tumbling into the mud. Yet, in hindsight, what happened was hardly a surprise at all.

First, vaccines have become increasingly expensive to manufacture and deliver. Influenza viruses typically originate each year in the Far East, often in chickens and other fowl before being transferred to humans. Because flu strains mutate quickly, one strain that appears one year will not necessarily emerge the following flu season. As a result, influenza experts gather annually in Geneva to determine which strains are on the horizon and will cause the most disease worldwide.

Manufacturers then spend the next six months growing up those strains in chicken eggs—typically one egg per dose of vaccine. That translates to thousands of chickens that produce the 100 million doses of vaccine required by the United States each year. Once a vaccine is mixed into pharmaceutical form, it still must be delivered—and at a price affordable to the average citizen.

In the 1980s and early '90s, vaccine manufacturers began to exit the business. The FDA was ramping up costly safeguards to protect against contamination, pharmaceutical companies were merging into massive conglomerates that considered vaccine production a low priority, and suppliers grew increasingly fearful of liability litigation if patients suffered side effects. To stem the exodus, the United States implemented the National Vaccine Compensation program, placing a small surcharge on each dose of vaccine sold. Now, rather than sue the vaccine maker, those



who believe they've had a bad reaction must file a complaint within that program.

Even with that protection in place, vaccine manufacturers have continued to drop out, lured away by the prospects of giant profits from so-called blockbuster drugs—medicines that people must take on a regular basis for a long period of time.

Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, recently explained to the Associated Press that a year's supply of Lipitor costs \$1,608, and the equivalent supply of Viagra, \$3,500. Compare that to the \$7 to \$10 drug companies earn from flu vaccine. Plus, because the flu vaccine is reconstituted each year, any doses not used in a given season must be discarded. Past suppliers

have been forced to destroy millions of unused dosages—literally watching their profits go up in smoke.

In light of this history, the U.S. was down to two manufacturers, Chiron and Aventis Pasteur, for the flu shot deemed safe for the general public, and one manufacturer, MedImmune, for the inhaled FluMist vaccine, recommended for healthy people ages 5 to 49. It's no wonder, then, that when Chiron was shut down because it failed to meet quality-assurance standards, America's public health officials, lacking a backup supplier, suddenly began scrambling.

Ironically, many of these same public-health officials have long warned that the nation's current vaccine-delivery system is a house of cards. "Perhaps," Vanderbilt's Dr. William Schaffner told the *New York Times*, "this event will be like the drunk who has to bottom out before [he] seeks therapy."
—LISA A. DUBOIS

phone in front of you and asks, 'Why did you make that decision?' I've always considered that a challenge and great fun."

This attitude that embraces both good and bad press coverage has made Schaffner somewhat of an anomaly in academic medicine—a part of Vanderbilt, but also apart from it. In a field of work that requires attention to the minutest of details, he has made a career out of stepping back and assessing the big picture.

In the *New York Times*, he recently noted that the Bush administration promised to dedicate \$5.6 billion for developing vaccines against anthrax and other biological agents—for diseases that don't exist anywhere in the world. "What we need,"

Schaffner insisted, "is an adult immunization program for diseases that kill tens of thousands every year."

Perhaps government officials should pay attention to his argument. For 42 years he has been crusading on behalf of public health initiatives, and again stepping back to get the global view, he sees the payoffs starting to roll in.

"We just built a new Vanderbilt Children's Hospital," he says. "What ward didn't we put in it? We didn't put in a polio ward. Why? Vaccine! We're now on the lip of eliminating polio from the world. Tell me that prevention is not the highest goal of medicine!"

While other physicians gain immediate gratification from interacting with patients

and families, public health doctors have to get their kicks out of implementing programs and looking at curves on graphs that show a reduction in disease, he says. "It's an interesting and curious way to get satisfaction," Schaffner admits. "But I feel it's the greatest kind of achievement when you don't have to build a children's hospital with a polio ward."

Lisa A. DuBois has been a freelance writer since 1985, penning stories for newspapers, magazines, radio and video. She has worked as a regular contributor to several Nashville publications, including the Tennessean newspaper. Her husband, Ray, is on the faculty at Vanderbilt University Medical Center.

*The truth about a steamy campus underworld
your Vuceptor never showed you.*

By CLAIRE VERNON SUDDATH, BA'04

Vanderbilt—a vibrant university full of students, professors, deans, assistant deans, associate deans, vice chancellors, assistant vice chancellors, and the people who make smoothies at Rand—has been one of Nashville’s most prominent landmarks since 1875. But there’s much more to the school than freshly cut lawns and well kept buildings. There’s also a reliably unlucky football team. But underneath the football team’s stadium—underneath the entire Vanderbilt campus, actually—runs an extraordinary series of underground tunnels that carry electricity, steam, telecommunications lines, and the occasional sneaky undergraduate.



**WHAT
LIES**

BENEATH

Like most Vanderbilt students, I had heard many rumors about the infamous tunnels. I believed that one could use the tunnels to travel anywhere on campus without venturing outside. I was told that a student caught in the steam tunnels earned immediate expulsion, and I even heard the completely unfounded rumor that some people had once become trapped inside the tunnels and had never escaped. They resided underground, much like Danny DeVito's Penguin character in "Batman Returns."

In truth, there are no giant, mutated penguin-people underneath Vanderbilt. There are, however, two types of tunnels: pedestrian tunnels that connect Stevenson Center buildings to the Vanderbilt University Medical Center, and the deep, dirty utility tunnels that run between 60 and 110 feet underground. The steam tunnels can reach temperatures of 120 degrees and require passengers to travel in an uncomfortable crouching position. The folks at *Vanderbilt Magazine* asked me to explore this often ignored side of the University and find out what life among the tunnels is really like. Needless to say, as a journalist, I decided to explore the spacious, air-conditioned pedestrian tunnels first.

Vanderbilt Greenhouse Manager Jonathan Ertelt, who once had an office near a tunnel entrance, volunteered to take me through the pedestrian tunnels underneath Stevenson Center. An amiable man with a gray beard and an almost fantastical adoration of plants, Ertelt spends most of his days in the brightly lit, climate-controlled greenhouse rooms atop the molecular biology building. But today he and I would travel underground to a darker area of Vanderbilt. Or rather, one with bad fluorescent lighting.

"They're not that exciting," Ertelt warned me as we took an elevator to the basement of the molecular biology building. "I mean, the tunnels are a lot of fun, but you're not going to be surprised or anything." The elevator doors opened, and we walked down a bleak hallway with yellow fluorescent lights. Ertelt led me through a pair of swinging doors, and suddenly the basement turned into one long, narrow tunnel. The tunnel twisted, turned and formed various offshoots, preventing me



from discerning either my location or direction within its system. At one point we wandered through one of the tunnel's offshoots and ended up in a hallway full of classrooms. "Hey, I had a health economics class in that room!" I exclaimed, pointing to a locked classroom on my left. "But that means we're in the Math Building, which is on the other side of Stevenson Center. How did we get over here?" Ertelt smiled at my confusion.

The Stevenson Center tunnels have cream-colored cinderblock walls and speckled tiled floors—the same materials out of which every elementary and middle school in America is made. Because the tunnels lead to the Medical Center, travelers encounter that distinct hospital smell of disinfectant and illness. Unused gurneys and dumpster-shaped containers that bear the words "Hospital Linens" line the walls.

During the day, busy commuters flutter through these pedestrian tunnels, traveling to and from the Medical Center like businesspeople on a downtown city sidewalk. Nurses with clipboards take notes in front of broken or excess inventory; people in hospital scrubs—doctors? med students?—run by in a hurry; and maintenance men ride around

I wondered what I had gotten myself into. The tunnels were hot and dirty, and I was standing in a shallow puddle of an unidentifiable liquid. I was starting to sweat. This was not my idea of fun.

on miniature versions of airport courtesy carts, beeping at people to move out of the way. An occasional undergrad may be found walking through the tunnels, but the population is almost entirely professors, maintenance workers and hospital employees.

At one point, Ertelt and I passed an open closet filled with clear plastic tubes and complicated medical appliances. “What do you think those are?” he asked me. I stared at the hospital supplies and shrugged like the ignorant English major that I was. I never enjoyed science in school and avoided it as much as possible during my undergraduate career at Vanderbilt, choosing instead to focus on writing and literature. I spent four years poring over term papers about Hemingway and Chaucer while someone else at the University learned how to attach the clear plastic tubes to lifesaving machines. I had no interest in these machines, but knew that one day I might need one. There was more to this University, to Vanderbilt, than I would ever know.

We continued along the tunnels, walking among nurses and medical technicians. Ertelt showed me a few more passageways and shortcuts, but my mind stayed with the machines and the thought that the same University that taught me about T.S. Eliot’s *The Wasteland* could also save my life.

Ertelt knew everything there was to know about the pedestrian tunnels underneath Stevenson, but he couldn’t tell me much about the deeper, mysterious utility tunnels. For that information I had to go to Mark Petty, director of buildings and utilities in Plant Operations.

I found Petty in his office during lunchtime. He sat at a round wooden table in his first-floor office of the Bryan Building. A Diet Coke and a poster-sized map of Vanderbilt sat in front of him. Four large lines and many smaller ones had been drawn on the map. Petty explained that these lines represented the utility tunnels, round passageways lined with cement, just small enough to require pedestrians to crouch in an uncomfortable position. More than two miles of tunnels lie underneath Vanderbilt, most of them stretching diagonally across buildings in a seemingly haphazard fashion. The largest

tunnel runs continuously from Sports Club Field at the corner of 25th Avenue and Children’s Way, past the Mayfield apartments, underneath Branscomb Quadrangle, and ends nearly half a mile away, just short of the power plant. The Peabody College campus and main Vanderbilt campus are joined by a tunnel running beneath 21st Avenue.

The oldest tunnel dates back to the early 1920s, and Vanderbilt continuously constructs and repairs its utility system every year. Petty explained that to build deep, underground tunnels, a crew must first dig out the space. “Then they pour concrete over the sides and floor. Once it dries, they lay the steam and electrical lines and pour more concrete to cover it up.” The process is tedious and disrupts Vanderbilt’s aesthetics, but without the tunnels the University could not function.

I asked if students entered the tunnels on a regular basis. “Not anymore,” Petty replied. “A few years ago we found a Web site by a group called the Urban Explorers. They travel around the country and hike or spelunk through manmade buildings. They had a page about the Vanderbilt tunnels. They actually went in the tunnels and took pictures, and we didn’t even know about it.” Vanderbilt subsequently installed an alarm system and locked all the entranceways to the tunnels.

I knew that students occasionally entered the utility tunnels, and I was curious to see if I still could. Armed with a digital camera and a vague notion that the Stevenson Center pedestrian tunnels somehow connected to the utility tunnels, I resolved to enter the underground world of Vanderbilt. I brought along my boyfriend, Paul, for protection. I told him it would be an exciting adventure, but I really just wanted someone to keep me company if I got arrested.

Paul and I entered Stevenson Center around 5 p.m. one Wednesday, after classes had ended but before the buildings were locked for the night. I led the way through the basement of Stevenson, Paul following hesitantly behind. “Are you sure we should do this?” he asked. “The tunnels probably won’t even be interesting.” After wandering around aimlessly, opening doors and peering down hallways, we located the pedestrian tunnels Jonathan

Ertelt had shown me. From there we found a small, unlocked door that led to the utility tunnels. I cannot divulge the exact location of this door—Vanderbilt doesn’t need hundreds of people running around underground, but, more important, I’m not entirely sure where the door actually is.

The door was heavy, and although both sides had handles, I worried that it would lock behind us. A thick metal tube lay on the ground near the door, so I propped it up and used it as a doorstep. Once Paul and I were sufficiently satisfied that we wouldn’t get trapped inside the tunnels, we passed through the door and into the dark. “Oh, this is awesome!” Paul cried. He ran off in front of me while I looked around and wondered what I had gotten myself into. The utility tunnels were hot and dirty, and I was standing in a shallow puddle of an unidentifiable liquid that I hoped was just water. I had only been here for a minute, but already I was starting to sweat. This was not my idea of fun.

“Maybe we should go back,” I shouted to Paul, who was already yards ahead of me, ducking under pipes and running around corners to see where the tunnel led. I followed after him slowly, watching where I walked. I stepped around puddles, a dead cockroach, and an empty soda can. Paul and I moved down a passageway, past humming steam pipes and electrical lines. A thermometer hanging from the tunnel ceiling indicated a temperature of 95 degrees. The further we explored, the sweatier we became. The tunnels were exciting, but only because the act of visiting them felt daring and subversive. Aside from the initial thrill that came with breaking the rules, they were humid and sticky and gross and I didn’t feel the need to ever visit them again.

Vanderbilt students would never use the tunnels to travel across campus; they’d arrive at class drenched in sweat and grime. The tunnels would probably make a good hazing test for fraternity pledges—not that hazing occurs at Vanderbilt, no, definitely not—but a large group of people would make too much noise and almost certainly be discovered. No, the utility tunnels are best left to the workers at Plant Operations—people who know what

I passed an open closet filled with clear plastic tubes and complicated medical appliances. My mind stayed with the machines and the thought that the same university that taught me about T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* could also save my life.

each wire and pipe is for, and whether or not it's safe to touch anything. The occasional student or sneaky *Vanderbilt Magazine* journalist might climb down there every once in a while, but conditions are uncomfortable and they probably wouldn't stay very long.

After 10 minutes or so, Paul and I turned around and retraced our steps to the heavy metal door. We left the underground tunnels and closed the door behind us, returning the doorstep to its original location. But instead of going home, we decided to explore the pedestrian tunnels once more.

Paul and I walked down the linoleum hallways of the Stevenson Center tunnels, happy to be away from the steam lines and high temperatures. We entered the Medical Center and looked at the unused gurneys and surgical equipment. Paul noticed a pair of double doors and wanted to see where they led, so we opened them and peeked inside. The doors opened onto a Vanderbilt Medical Center loading dock. A shipment of some kind had just arrived, and teams of workers were unloading enormous metal tanks with the word "Nitrogen" printed on the front. To the side, other workers were rolling yellow bar-

rels onto a truck. A van pulled up to the loading dock as another one drove off. People moved to and fro, hauling this and moving that, working to make Vanderbilt run as smoothly as possible.

Paul and I stood off to the side, watching the spectacle. "I've never seen this side of Vanderbilt before," he whispered to me as a man walked by with a large wooden crate. I was about to reply in kind, but the men rolled the nitrogen tanks toward the doors and we jumped out of the way to let them pass. "I think we're in the way," I said. "We should probably go back."

We walked back through the tunnels, past doctors and dockworkers and people in uniforms I couldn't identify. This was not the Vanderbilt with which I was familiar. When I graduated last May, I told myself that it was time to go; I had seen and done all this University had to offer. But in reality, the University had a whole other side I had yet to explore. Professors and students take most of the credit for Vanderbilt's accomplishments—scientific breakthroughs make the local and national newspapers, alumni magazines publish the achievements of notable graduates—but nothing would be possible without the employees to lug the nitrogen or the underground tunnels to carry hot water and telephone lines to the dormitories. Underneath the green, manicured lawns at Vanderbilt lies a system of filthy steam pipes and electrical lines. Behind every beautiful building is a loading dock with unsightly tanks, barrels, crates, and workers who never went to college yet still work to make this one great. They are rarely recognized and almost never thanked, but they contribute more to Vanderbilt than I did with my term papers on Jane Austen or the football team with its occasional touchdown.

Next time you're at Vanderbilt for an alumni reunion or event, walk around campus and explore the areas you rarely ever see. Take time to appreciate the people and products that made your college experience possible. But don't run around the utility tunnels or you'll get me in trouble. ▼

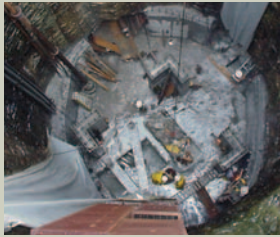


How to Build a Tunnel Underneath Vanderbilt in 12 Easy Steps

(as explained by Jim Galbreath, mechanical engineer, Vanderbilt Department of Campus Planning and Construction)

Step 1: Figure out where you want the tunnels to go. You may want to run steam tunnels to the site of the new Vanderbilt Children's Hospital, but you have to know where exactly to put them. Keep in mind that the tunnel construction site is very large and very, very deep underground.

Step 2: Decide on the path you want the tunnels to take. Will they run in a straight line or curve around the buildings? Tunnels can only be drilled through solid rock, so you'll probably want to design your path around that fact.



Step 3: Dig a huge hole. To do this, you must first dig small holes with rock drills, then use explosives to blast the rock. Dig more small holes, blast more rock, dig, blast, and so on until you have achieved your large hole, 100 feet deep with a diameter of 60 feet. This may take awhile.

Step 4: Back on ground level, dig small holes along the path you want the tunnel to take, to make sure you will be drilling through solid rock. If you encounter something that isn't solid, return to step 2 and try again.

Step 5: Lower the drilling equipment into the hole. Before you can do this, you must begin digging into the sides of the giant hole in the areas where you want the tunnels to go. This must be done with rock drills. Dig a few feet on either side of the hole, so that when you bring the drill down the hole, you have extra room to back it up and position it just right.

Step 6: The machine that makes the tunnels is an oversized drill called a "rock boring machine," with a drill head that's 8.5 inches in diameter. As it turns, it fractures the rock into fist-sized bits that are carried away by little train cars, similar to the ones coal miners used to carry their coal away. Like real trains, these cars run on train tracks, so you will need to lay down a few feet of track to get the drill going. This is the same type of drill that was used to build the Chunnel, the rail tunnel that runs underneath the English Channel and connects England to France. The Chunnel drill, however, had a drill head that was 25 feet in diameter. Vanderbilt's drill is tiny in comparison.



Step 7: The drill stations itself with little metal feet that press against the rock as it drills. To begin drilling, pour concrete along the sides of the tunnel so the drill can get a good grip.

Step 8: Start drilling! The drill is driven by electrical power and can only move four to five feet at one time. After that, it retracts its legs, moves up and repeats the process. It moves very slowly. As it drills, you'll need to continue laying train tracks and hauling fractured rock to the vertical hole. The train cars are then hoisted to the surface by crane and hauled off by truck. The old drills used a laser to help the operator steer them in the right direction, but now a Global

Positioning System (GPS) is used. All the rock drilling is uphill so that if the tunnel floods—you're 100 feet underground, beneath the water table, after all—the water will drain away instead of drowning your workers and equipment.

Step 9: When your tunnel is drilled and you want to stop, you'll need a way to get the drill out of the tunnel. You're nowhere near the 100-foot hole anymore, so you'll need to make a new hole on the other side. Use a caisson rig auger to "core drill" to the end of the tunnel.

Step 10: Pull out the drilling equipment, and remove the train tracks.

Step 11: Lay your steam lines, electric and fiber-optic cables, and anything else you want to put in the tunnel.

Step 12: Erect buildings on top of the vertical holes, with stairways that lead to the tunnels. This is how you'll get into the tunnels for maintenance and repair work.

You're done!



Interesting fact: Every tunnel underneath Vanderbilt has water running along its floor. Vanderbilt has tried several things to stop it, but nothing seems to work. Instead, they just pump the water out. A quarter million gallons of water are pumped out of the tunnels every day. This water is used to irrigate the Student Recreation Center's playing fields.

Problems you may encounter during the drilling process:

Scenario 1: Sometimes the rock is not drillable, but you won't realize it until you try to drill it. This happened north of Olin Hall during the recent Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital tunnel construction. Vanderbilt hired an independent company to pump concrete in front of the drill. Then it drilled through the concrete instead of the rock. This added an extra \$180,000 to the total cost of the project.

Scenario 2: Your tunnel could flood. This happened underneath Morgan Hall. Water gushed out and, as with a normal pipe leak, the engineers plugged it up. A metal plate was placed over the leak to act as the plug. The plate had a pipe with a pressure gauge to show how much water was pushing down on the tunnel. It turned out they were drilling 40 feet below the water level, so the engineers laid some pipe and ran the water back to the power plant, where it was used to make steam.

Scenario 3: The tunnel could collapse. The rock may start to crumble, in which case you can cover it with a thick wire mesh to keep it in place.

Does this sound like fun to you? For the low price of \$7.65 million, you too can build tunnels exactly like the ones underneath the new Children's Hospital.

—CLAIRE SUDDATH

A portrait of Mark Mays, a man with dark hair and a slight smile, wearing a blue button-down shirt and a grey textured blazer. The background is a bright blue sky with a blurred structure on the right.

Signal Strength

*Mark Mays has helped build Clear Channel
into America's leading radio corporation.*

AS

Mark Mays, BA'85, was approaching graduation at Vanderbilt, he was at an age-old crossroads: Would he join the family business?

His father, Lowry Mays, had founded and headed a small but successful group of radio stations headquartered in San Antonio. In 1984 the elder Mays took the company public and expanded to 12 stations. Signs looked good for the company's future. There was never any pressure to join his father's company, Mark says, but still it was something he wrestled with. "You know, you have those thoughts: What do I want to do? Do I always want to live in my father's shadow? Or do I want to do my own thing?"

Mark decided to go his own way. He graduated with a degree in economics and went into investment banking in Dallas, then earned an M.B.A. at Columbia University in 1989. The spring he was finishing up at Columbia, he was weighing offers from Wall Street investment firms when his father phoned and asked if Mark would consider joining the family business as company treasurer and head of finance.

"Dad had just lost his finance guy that spring," Mark recalls, "and he said, 'If you want to come, now is a good opportunity.' I thought, OK, I'll try it for a couple of years."

When Mark joined, Clear Channel Communications had 16 radio stations and a tel-

evision station. The company also had developed a dependable business model for growth: "Find a station in debt, buy it, and turn it around," as a 2003 *Fortune* article succinctly put it. Part of Mark's job was to build relationships with banks to finance that growth. He did his job very well, and the company continued to prosper. In 1993, Mark persuaded his younger brother Randall, who had an M.B.A. from Harvard and was working in mergers and acquisitions for Goldman Sachs, to join the company as treasurer and chief financial officer, while Mark moved up to president and chief operating officer and dad remained CEO.

"Mark called me one day," says Randall of

his brother's recruiting pitch, "and said, 'Look, the rules have changed; we're going to start growing.'"

The "rules" were the Federal Communications Commission's longstanding limits on radio-station ownership by single companies. In the '90s, a rising tide of media deregulation swept through Washington. No one was more poised for explosive growth than Clear Channel and the Mays triumvirate, though few people outside the company had any clue at the time.

When the dust cleared in 2002, Clear Channel had grown from 16 radio stations to more than 1,200 and had become America's largest single owner of radio stations by far. (Its closest competitors, Cumulus and Citadel, own just over 200 apiece.) But that's just the tip of the iceberg; today Clear Channel is a diversified media company with 39 TV stations, more than 770,000 billboards and outdoor ad displays worldwide (they're No. 1 in China), and more than 100 U.S. concert-performance venues, and the company is America's leading concert-booking firm. In addition to being the top radio-station owner, arguably Clear Channel also has the most bankable stable of syndicated radio talent in the country through its Premiere Radio Networks subsidiary, which brings listeners such well known radio celebrities as Rush Limbaugh, Dr. Laura

Schlessinger, Casey Kasem and Glenn Beck. Add it all up, and in 2003 Clear Channel's revenues were nearly \$9 billion; as of late 2004 its market value was \$19 billion.

This past October, after 10 years as chief operating officer and 15 years overall with the company, Mark Mays, aged 41, was confirmed as CEO of Clear Channel by the 10-member corporate board of directors. He had been serving as interim CEO since May 2004, when his father eased into the role of chairman of the board for health reasons.

In this age of internal corporate power struggles (Walt Disney, Viacom) and family dysfunction, one of America's most successful media companies is essentially run by one family in a harmonious, low-profile way. How do they make it work so well? And yet why have they encountered flak from the media along the way?

Clear Channel owns seven radio stations in San Antonio (in addition to an NBC-affiliate TV station and a concert amphitheater). The radio stations are all housed in an unobtrusive, two-story gray building with blue awnings, located on an access road just off a busy interstate about a 20-minute drive from headquarters. It's the kind of boxy, suburban building that could easily hold a bakery and a dentist's office—as it did before Clear Channel expanded and filled the building in the past few years. You might not know that this was a radio beehive if not for the large radio tower rising over the roof from the back of the building.

Tom Glade gave me a quick tour of the facility. Glade is the San Antonio market manager, the man in charge of all seven radio stations. He presides over a staff of just over 100 full-time employees and numerous part-timers. A friendly, energetic guy in his 50s with a Midwestern accent and wire-rim glasses, he tells me he's been in radio for 30 years and with Clear Channel for the last three.

"When I started my career," he says, "you could only own 12 stations in 12 different markets. Deregulation has altered it more than any other single change. And Clear Channel and the Mayses took the greatest advantage of that opportunity."

The ground floor houses the sales, promotion and business functions. Upstairs is

No one was more poised
for explosive growth than
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where the DJs, news staff and program directors handle the broadcasting. I remark that the operation is surprisingly compact considering that seven stations are broadcasting out of it. "Well, that's the world of deregulation and consolidation," says Glade. "We've really functionalized everything." Housing stations together is a cost-saving hallmark of Clear Channel.

We walk upstairs to see where the broadcasting happens. There are 11 small studios upstairs: one each for the seven stations and four production studios. They ring the perimeter of the building, each with windows on one side that look out on the world and weather, and windows looking into the interior hallway. As we walk around, of the seven stations that are on the air, four of them have DJs working in them. The other three are empty, but they're on the air. Through the miracle of satellite feeds and DSL lines, they are carrying prerecorded programming from elsewhere. In the radio trade, this phenomenon is called "voice tracking." With voice tracking, a radio personality can record a program in advance—perfectly synchronized with the music and ads—which is then available to stations near and far, including the home station. Today Rush Limbaugh is going out over WOAI-AM through syndicated satellite feed. Over on Soft Rock 101.9, a Clear Channel jock in Atlanta handles the

midday shift for San Antonio. Thanks to technology, he can run the program just as if he were in San Antonio.

"Our guy out of Atlanta gets information via the Internet on what the station's involved with and what we're doing," says Glade. "He is a weather guy, so when he is sure of the weather patterns, he'll talk about it being sunny and bright and in the 90s today. He is really good at what he does and very effective. The quality of this guy out of Atlanta is far better than what we could afford if [we had to add this person to our staff]. And that's our goal: to bring the best possible voice or host to make it as great a station as we possibly can. You can actually get 56 signals in San Antonio—and obviously we're fighting to get as many of those ears as we can."

Welcome to radio in the 21st century. These days Clear Channel's program directors put together a menu from a smorgasbord that includes prepackaged, nationally famous syndicated programs (Rush Limbaugh, Casey Kasem's Countdown), voice-tracked DJs from anywhere in the Clear Channel family, and staff employees who are "live and local." The goal is to deliver the most compelling programs at lowest cost because compelling programs deliver good ratings, which deliver good-paying advertisers.

Critics of today's radio have complained that the sheer size of Clear Channel and other large radio groups—coupled with the use of voice tracking and syndication—has led to a homogenization of radio and a one-size-fits-all series of playlists. But Randall Mays, the company CFO, vehemently disagrees. He says each station's programming is tailored specifically to its local market. "I think probably the most fundamental misconception today is that radio is becoming a homogenized medium, that every station plays the same songs. That just couldn't be farther from the truth. At the end of the day, a radio station only exists to serve its listeners. Without listeners we don't have a business model. Our product is one of the very few products in the world that someone gets for free. As long as we can attract listeners, we can then sell advertising. But if we can't attract an audience, we have nothing. We spend hundreds of millions of dollars every year in research and billions of dollars on pro-

gramming [over the long term] to figure out what our listeners want to hear. And we play what they want to hear.”

Lowry Mays got into the radio business quite by accident in 1972. He was an established San Antonio investment banker when he loaned a friend \$125,000 to buy a struggling local FM station. When the friend was unable to repay the debt, Lowry was stuck with a radio station. Mays asked another friend, a used-car dealer, to help him run the station, and they made it work.

Three years later Lowry Mays bought another San Antonio station, this one an AM talk station, WOAI, with a license to broadcast at the FCC maximum of 50,000 watts. It was a “clear channel” station, one of only a few with its own nationwide frequency. And from that station a company name was born, and perhaps also a long-term vision.

Though it’s now an international company with a presence in 65 countries, Clear Channel is still based in San Antonio, about five miles north of the city center in suburban Alamo Heights. The company headquarters is tucked into a cozy spot with a golf course immediately behind and the well-heeled and sprawling Alamo Quarry Market shopping center just across the street in front. The Clear Channel building is handsome, a tasteful blend of the rustic Southwest and high-tech polish. It is modestly sized for a multibillion-dollar media company, with nothing about it that remotely suggests the power and reach of this company.

On a rainy Monday morning in November, Mark Mays welcomed me into his roomy, well-lit second-floor office that overlooks the golf course and is adjacent to his father’s almost identical space. On the wall above Mark’s classic banker’s wooden desk hung snapshots of his wife and children.

Mark was dressed casually in short sleeves, light slacks and tasseled loafers befitting the warm south Texas weather. Trim and youthful with an easy smile and a strong handshake, he comes across as relaxed, patient with others and comfortable with himself, the sort of person who puts you immediately at ease. Definitely not your classic monomaniacal, Type-A-personality CEO.

You could say that Mark Mays started out

on the ground floor in radio. His introduction to working in radio was a summer job at one of his father’s San Antonio stations. So what sort of cushy, glamorous music gig did the teenager score? Construction work. Hammering. Putting up dry wall. Hauling materials. “I was the schlepper and the construction guy,” Mark recalls with a laugh, “building out a radio station with a hammer and nails. You get those jobs for a summer, and you realize why you want to go to Vanderbilt.”

Lowry Mays was the founder, CEO and public face of Clear Channel for more than 30 years, until a blood leakage in his brain, and subsequent surgery and convalescence, required the 69-year-old patriarch to turn over the reins. (At press time, Lowry Mays was back visiting the office twice a week.) I asked Mark if he had been prepared to succeed his father as CEO so soon.



“I already had the title of president and chief operating officer,” says Mark, “and all the reports reported in to me. So I’m not sure it’s a whole lot different today than it was a year ago. We still have his guidance and wisdom. And we’ve always talked about succession planning. I don’t think it was a shock to many people.”

Though Mark is the first to admit his father deserves much of the credit for the company’s expansion, he sees himself and his brother as equal partners. “He definitely had the drive

to build and to be aggressive,” says Mark of his father, “but I think he would tell you that he didn’t feel like he’d built it, and then turned it over to me. I think he would tell you that Randall and I were partners along the way.”

In this day and age, though, it’s highly unusual for a multimedia entertainment corporation of Clear Channel’s size to be managed essentially as a family business. Lowry, Mark and Randall Mays have worked together running Clear Channel since 1993, and they’ve presided over its remarkable growth. (In addition, Mark and Randall’s older sister, Kathryn Johnson, is vice president of communications for the company.) Many families find they can hardly get along during holiday get-togethers. How do the Mayses manage to run a successful Fortune 500 company together?

“I think the reason you see so many different families fall apart is because everybody’s got a different agenda,” says Mark. “Randall and I have a similar agenda. We not only respect each other’s point of view but also each other’s goals in life. Luckily, our goals have been pretty similar.”

“We can be absolutely honest with each other because we know there are no hidden agendas,” adds Randall in a separate interview. “Mark and I are comfortable in our own abilities. We’re not trying to prove anything. We’re just trying to run a good company. We’re both hypercompetitive, but we’re not competitive remotely toward each other. And so we channel that competitiveness externally rather than internally.”

The Mays family certainly was ready to compete in the ’90s. When Mark joined Clear Channel as treasurer in 1989, the FCC had a strict ceiling on radio ownership: a maximum of 24 radio stations nationally and no more than two in any single city (one FM and one AM). Such caps on broadcast ownership date back to the 1940s with Franklin Roosevelt’s administration; initially, owners were limited to just one station. The FCC’s original intent was to encourage business competition and to discourage monopolies of the public airwaves because of radio’s power to influence mass opinion. But the landscape of media and communication changed dramatically with the rise of broadcast television in the 1950s, cable television in the ’70s and ’80s, and the Internet in the ’90s. In

response, the FCC loosened media ownership restrictions over the years. Beginning in the '80s the FCC took an increasingly free-market approach, reasoning that the proliferation of media platforms meant that it would be increasingly difficult for a few companies to monopolize media voices and that radio stations that served listeners would be rewarded with high ratings, while those that had unappealing programming would lose ratings and, as a result, the ad dollars that are radio's lifeblood.

In 1992 the FCC loosened ownership restrictions to 36 radio stations nationally, and then to 40 stations in 1994. But the big transformation came in 1996, when President Clinton signed the Telecommunications Act, which had been overwhelmingly passed by both houses of Congress. The nationwide limit on stations was completely removed, with restrictions only on the number of stations a company may own in a single market (eight being the absolute maximum in the largest markets).

"I would suspect," says Lon Helton, Nashville bureau chief for the trade magazine *Radio & Records*, "if you had asked in March of 1996 when the Telecom Bill was passed who was going to emerge as the biggest player, most radio professionals would not have said Clear Channel."

Through a series of bold acquisitions, Clear Channel quickly leapfrogged over the competition. In 1996 Clear Channel went from 43 radio stations to 101. In the next three years, they grew to 557 stations and more than 500,000 billboards. In 2000 they completed two huge deals, adding 443 more stations by acquiring rival company AMFM for \$23.5 billion and then diversifying into concert promotion, performance venues and talent management when they acquired SFX Entertainment for another \$4.4 billion.

"They built a very large, profitable company," says media consultant Robert Unmacht of in3Partners. "I mean, look what they put together. They have consolidated this thing very quickly and efficiently and without too many missteps. Made some people mad, but so has every other big company. I think Lowry is very good—he knows Wall Street. If you go back over the history of the company, you'll see that he used debt when debt

was what you did, he used Wall Street money and high leverage when that was what you did to grow, and now that conservative balance and dividends are back in, that's what he steered it to. ... And he was always very good at managing the company to make the best returns and the fastest growth and highest growth possible."

"When you link good operations with desire and access to capital, it enables you to grow quickly," says Mark. "Everybody had the same opportunities as us. It's just the focus and desire. And as I always say, it doesn't hurt being in the right place at the right time."



Mark's wife, Patti Sullivan Mays, BS'86 (Peabody), has been watching the growth of Clear Channel and Mark's growth as an executive for a long time. She and Mark began dating at Vanderbilt when she was a freshman and he was a sophomore. At that time, Clear Channel had, she thinks, "maybe seven stations. So it's been amazing to see the growth of the company. I've had a front-row seat."

Patti says that even though it wasn't certain Mark would go to work for his father, it seemed clear early on that he had the drive and focus to be a top corporate executive. "One of the first things I noticed when I met him is that he was energized. And he always had an agenda, whether it was socially or academically. I saw right away that he was able to balance a lot, and his friends would tease him about that. They would say, 'Mays is the one we're going to be reading about.' He was very

driven but always balanced. Academically, he would be doing great"—to which she adds with a laugh, "but he didn't spare any fun."

Patti double-majored in elementary and special education ("graduated No. 2 in her class," Mark says), then went on to teach fifth grade for three years in a public school in her hometown of St. Louis. All the while, she and Mark kept the relationship going long distance while he was in Dallas and New York. In 1989 they married, and Mark took the job with his father. Slim and spirited, Patti Mays comes across as a very good match for her husband. No longer a schoolteacher, today she is a full-time homemaker and mother of five boys and a baby girl: Ryan (13), Patrick (11), Daniel (9), Andrew (6), Matthew (2) and Maggie (1).

Asked about the perks of being in the media business, Patti notes the regular opportunities to take the older kids to selected concerts at Clear Channel's San Antonio amphitheater and for occasional family travel with Mark. Mostly, though, she appreciates the balance that Mark has struck between business and family, despite the corporate demands. She points out Mark's involvement with coaching his sons' basketball and soccer teams, church and school events, and regular outings with the boys to hike, fish and camp. "I can definitely sense that our children look at him as a dad who's there for them, who's around," she says.

Music is a big part of their lives. Patti and some of the boys are taking piano lessons; another son plays percussion in the school band. Mark confesses to having had piano lessons that didn't really take, and just enough guitar to learn four chords—enough to get him through most country songs, he laughs, as country star Vince Gill once told him onstage.

Asked to name his favorite artists, Mark recalls a recent weekend drive with the boys as a good example and reels off the CDs that were in the player: the Rolling Stones, Brooks & Dunn, Van Morrison, Willie Nelson. On the radio, Patti tends to tune in soft rock, while Mark's No. 1 choice is talk radio ("I'm a news/talk junkie"), followed by country and soft rock. The kids listen mostly to current hits. "I try to listen to my kids' music," says Mark, "except the kids now want to listen to hip-hop, and I can only take that for so

long.” He chuckles as if to say, “Hey, you know how it is: I stick it out as long as I can.” Through Clear Channel technology, the family has piped-in access to the entire company’s radio library of thousands of songs, which they play around the house regularly, sampling different stations around the company. Mark says there’s no rule requiring the family to listen only to Clear Channel stations, though he happily sticks to his company’s lineup in his own listening.

Typically, Mark says he works from about 8 to 6:30 weekdays at the office, plus another hour or two of late-night computer work after his children have gone to bed. He travels regularly, about five or six days a month. “Time management is by far the most challenging aspect of everything I do,” he says. “You just have to prioritize which things you need to get done.” It helps that he lives just five to 10 minutes from the office. “Two stoplights,” he says with the knowing chuckle of someone who’s won the commuting lottery.

Today Clear Channel is a diversified media company, with a revenue mix of 65 percent from radio, 20 percent from outdoor advertising, 5 to 6 percent from concert business, and 3 percent from television. “Most of our businesses are advertising driven,” Mark points out. Since they have acquired television stations, billboards and live entertainment businesses in addition to their radio stations, the Mayses have made cross-promotions a key part of their business, linking radio-station promotions to concerts to billboard advertising. A rock singer booked, for example, by Clear Channel into Clear Channel venues also can be promoted on Clear Channel radio and TV stations and on Clear Channel billboards nationwide. Similarly, in those cities like San Antonio, where the company owns TV as well as radio stations, Clear Channel utilizes air talent on both to reinforce air-personality familiarity and the station brand.

Clear Channel has bought and is working on technological innovations that improve the delivery of information and entertainment. The company’s Instant Live technology offers concert-goers live CD recordings of Clear Channel concerts immediately after the show. On the horizon are so-called “magic

inks,” which would allow Clear Channel to change billboard displays inexpensively at different hours. Imagine, says Mark: “Starbucks in the morning going in and Seagram’s in the evening as you’re going home.” Clear Channel has already installed changing LCD advertising displays at high-traffic locations in New York.

Investors and Wall Street have been big fans of Clear Channel’s management and growth. In 1999 the *Wall Street Journal* named Clear Channel the fifth-best-performing stock of the ’90s. Anyone who had invested \$1,000 in the company when its stock was first offered for sale in 1984 and held on to it would have made \$132,000. In 2004 *Fortune* named Clear Channel the fifth-most-admired entertainment company in its list of “Most Admired Companies,” an annual poll of 10,000 business executives and stock analysts; this is the third straight year Clear Channel has made the list.

For nearly 30 years Clear Channel operated underneath the media’s radar while it grew large and successful, and it didn’t devote much time to public relations. But since its emergence as the giant of radio, Clear Channel has been questioned and sometimes criticized by news organizations, public-interest groups, Web sites, the FCC, even a Senate Commerce Committee investigation on radio consolidation—many voicing concern about the concentration of media power within the hands of fewer corporate owners and sometimes suggesting that Clear Channel’s very size is threatening. This past fall both *Forbes* and *Rolling Stone* did major stories that revisited old complaints. Then in November, David Letterman used a guest appearance by shock jock Howard Stern to bring up the *Rolling Stone* article and toss a few barbs Clear Channel’s way.

To be fair, says media consultant Robert Unmacht, Clear Channel “did what they were allowed to do by the Telecommunications Act of 1996. . . . And that spurred a giant consolidation—all approved by Congress—and Clear Channel shouldn’t be faulted for taking advantage of what the law said it could do. But guess what, it made people unhappy! So now they’re horrible for doing what the law said they could do.”

“Whenever you’re the biggest in any business, you get the most attention and the most arrows,” adds *Radio & Records*’ Lon Helton.

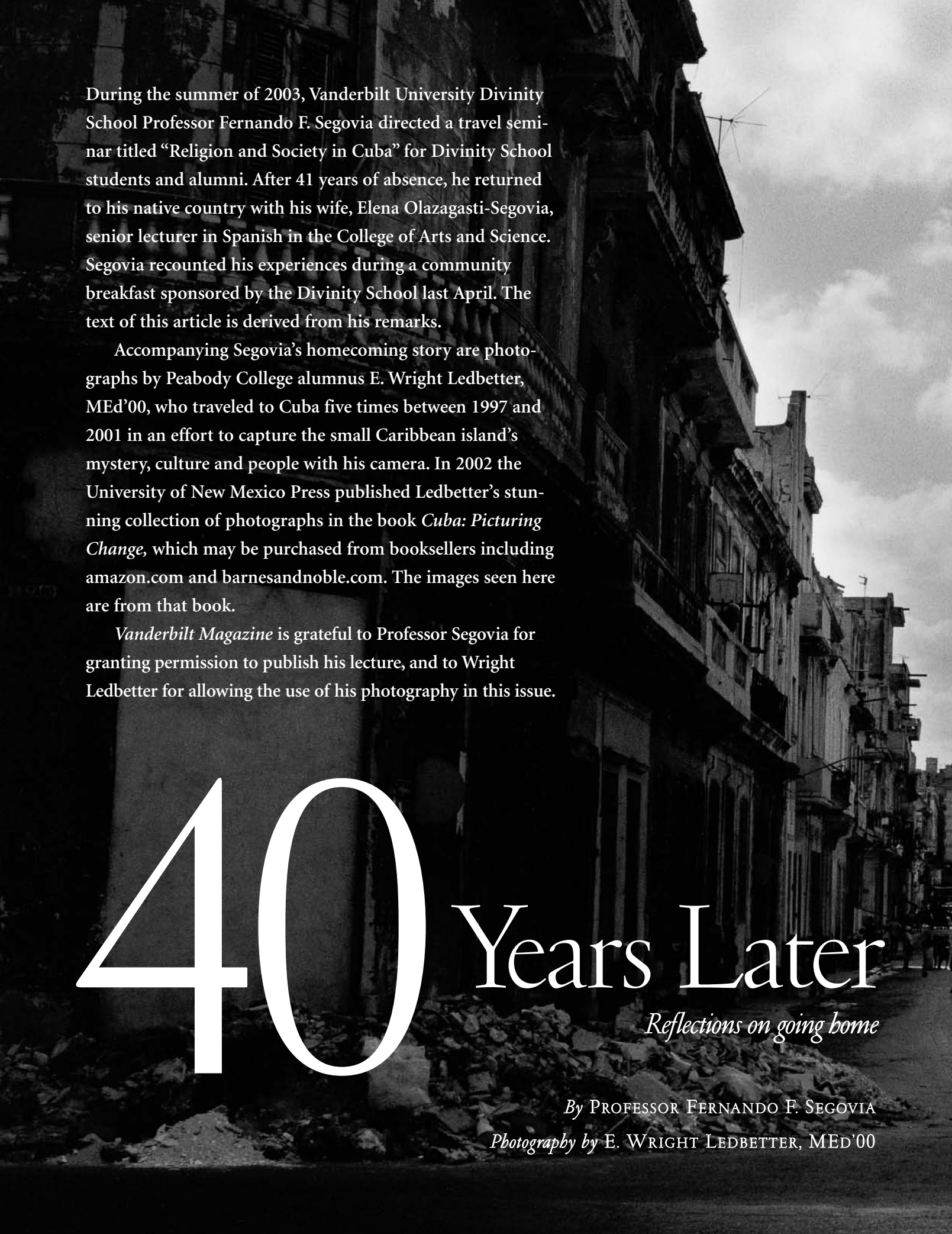
Clear Channel operated underneath the radar while it grew large and successful. But since its emergence as the giant, Clear Channel has been questioned by many about the concentration of media power.

“Hackers attack Microsoft because it’s Microsoft. A lot of it has to do with sheer size. Like anything else, the 2,000-pound gorilla gets the most attention.”

Some of the very things Clear Channel has done to grow its business and improve its bottom line so successfully have also drawn the criticisms of media. Take, for example, its use of voice tracking and syndication. Mark Mays notes that, on average, only about 8 percent of Clear Channel programming is voice tracked and that voice-tracking DJs never pretend to be somewhere they’re not. Yet, Clear Channel is often held up as the poster child for bland, deceptive, non-local corporate radio.

Clear Channel’s synergy between its radio and concert divisions has also come under fire. There have been allegations that Clear Channel unfairly withholds airplay from musical artists who don’t tour with Clear Channel and denies competing concert promoters choice advertising slots on Clear Channel stations. Clear Channel has stated repeatedly that these charges are untrue. Mark Mays notes, for example, that when pop singer Britney Spears complained about reduced airplay when she didn’t tour with Clear Channel, the company pulled out their logbooks and was able to show that they had actually played her more than when she had toured with the company. And though the charges of anti-

continued on page 86



During the summer of 2003, Vanderbilt University Divinity School Professor Fernando F. Segovia directed a travel seminar titled “Religion and Society in Cuba” for Divinity School students and alumni. After 41 years of absence, he returned to his native country with his wife, Elena Olazagasti-Segovia, senior lecturer in Spanish in the College of Arts and Science. Segovia recounted his experiences during a community breakfast sponsored by the Divinity School last April. The text of this article is derived from his remarks.

Accompanying Segovia’s homecoming story are photographs by Peabody College alumnus E. Wright Ledbetter, MED’00, who traveled to Cuba five times between 1997 and 2001 in an effort to capture the small Caribbean island’s mystery, culture and people with his camera. In 2002 the University of New Mexico Press published Ledbetter’s stunning collection of photographs in the book *Cuba: Picturing Change*, which may be purchased from booksellers including amazon.com and barnesandnoble.com. The images seen here are from that book.

Vanderbilt Magazine is grateful to Professor Segovia for granting permission to publish his lecture, and to Wright Ledbetter for allowing the use of his photography in this issue.

40 Years Later

Reflections on going home

By PROFESSOR FERNANDO F. SEGOVIA

Photography by E. WRIGHT LEDBETTER, MED’00





"Parked Car," 1999

Given my still-raw memories of our departure, our characterization and treatment as the dregs of society, I had come prepared for the worst.

Forty years later, I returned. On July 10, 1961, I boarded a KLM flight from La Habana, Cuba, to Miami, U.S.A. It was the height of the Cold War, indeed one of its hottest moments: Three months earlier, in April, the Bay of Pigs invasion had taken place; a month later, in August, the building of the Berlin Wall would begin. Mine was to have been a temporary absence—a period of brief exile in *el Norte*. On June 4, 2003, I boarded an Aeroméxico flight from Cancún, Mexico, to La Habana. The Cold War was by now a distant memory, frozen in time. More than a decade had elapsed since the demolition of the Berlin Wall (1989) and the dissolution of the U.S.S.R. (1991). The socialist block of

European nations, formerly members of the Warsaw Pact and the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (COMECON), were to be found at various stages in the process of joining the European Community and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). Russia itself was but a specter of its former imperial presence and power. My envisioned sojourn in the North had by then become a lifetime.

Why did I return at this point? From a historico-political perspective, the time was ideal. With the myths and stereotypes of Cuban reality and experience in swift collapse, both on the island and in the diaspora, the sense of a forthcoming and inevitable transition was unmistakable. This would be a chance to observe and analyze the transition at work

before the Transition itself. From a personal point of view, such a trip was both overdue and imperative. Way overdue, because I had long wanted to share my Cuba with my wife, just as she had shared her Puerto Rico with me, bringing me back to the magic and tragedy of the Caribbean after years of absence. Highly imperative, because not only was my own life beginning what I can only hope will be a broad turn toward fulfillment, but also because the death of my father in the spring of 2001 had awakened in me a profound desire, a deeply felt need, to go back—to resume the beginning of my life, to see where we had lived, and to walk where we had walked.

Indeed, this was a return haunted by spirits. Spirits of the past, to be sure, but also spir-

its of the present and of the future. The sightings weaved in and out at will and without fail. These were insistent spirits—forcing their way upon me, claiming my attention, pointing the way. I should like to share a few of these encounters with you.

From the moment I set foot on the tarmac in Cuba to the moment I boarded my flight out, I was met with nothing but warmth and hospitality from the people of Cuba. Given my still-raw memories of our departure, our characterization and treatment as the dregs of society, I had come prepared for the worst. Not once, however, did I receive or hear a challenge or an insult, neither from the people on the streets nor from governmental authorities. Going through customs upon arrival, I was asked how long ago I had left the country and then greeted with a word of welcome. Going through customs for departure, I was asked whether the trip had been fulfilling for me and then invited to return. In between: openness, helpfulness, friendliness. Such was the Cuba I remembered. I was overjoyed to see and feel such sentiments again, despite all the conflicts and the travails, though I would readily confess to a touch of sadness as well, for a people too kind for its own good—the mark and scourge of the Caribbean in general.

Throughout, not only did I feel Cuban again, in a way that I had not in decades—not even in Miami, the capital of the diaspora—but also I was acknowledged as Cuban everywhere and by everybody. From the hotel porter who brought our bags to the room on the very night of our arrival, to all sorts of individuals with whom I had dealings, to people on the streets with whom I would exchange pleasantries or have a chat. All, without fail, would remark, “But, you are from here” and, similarly without fail, would proceed to ask me how long I had been away. Then, upon learning of the circumstances of my visit, my long absence and first return, they would express profound sympathy for the emotions surmised at work within me—many pointing to their own hearts, with a palpitating gesture, as they spoke—and welcomed me back. Such identification was not simply a matter of language. It was that, to be sure, but far more as well. Indeed, I walked through the city with full remembrance of things and places, people

and events, dates and stories. I knew where to go and where to turn, what I would find and what had happened there. I was in my city and among my people, and my memory, physically triggered into action after a long hiatus, gushed abundantly and endlessly.

As I wandered around La Habana, an *habanero* re-found, I was struck by the unreal combination of magnificence and deterioration of the city. The city finds itself, at present, in an advanced and advancing state of decay. Aside from the outstanding project of renovation and reconstruction at work in the Old Quarter, *La Habana Vieja*, and away from the well-kept areas of tourist accom-

modations and attractions, conditions in the city are desolate indeed. There was little new construction, none of note, since the 1950s; the existing construction, much of it dating from the first half of the 20th century, was in a state of thorough abandonment and severe disrepair. Buildings and houses collapsed and close to collapse; overcrowded homes and precarious living arrangements; worn-out paint, condemned balconies and doors, boarded-up windows. Yet, behind such signs of moribund neglect, still very much a glorious city, even in ruins. Its distinguished perch on the sea; its broad and elegant avenues; its magnificent street por-



“Boris y Anicia,” 2001



“Liliasne, Santiago de Cuba,” 2000

I distinctly recall the early tirades against the exploitation of women, most concretely in terms of prostitution, and the social and cultural conditions responsible for such practices. All would be equal, women and men, with full access and full dignity.

tals for blocks on end, providing shelter from the furious rain and the merciless sun of the Tropics; its striking architecture, from the colonial to the modernist, all thrown together in delirious mixture. From across the bay, taking in such splendor and degradation at once from the ramparts of the old fortress of La Cabaña, I could not but intone a solemn hymn of praise and lamentation.

Despite undeniable achievements in the social realm, such as education and medicine, I found the contradictions at the heart of the system overwhelming, beyond all expectations.

I well remember the early denunciations against the virtual system of separation at work in society and culture, with access to certain properties and spaces reserved for the upper classes and denied to the lower classes. All would belong to all. During this visit, though, I witnessed ongoing separation in

culture and society. Access to certain facilities and spaces reserved for foreigners and denied to locals.

I distinctly recall the early tirades against the exploitation of women, most concretely in terms of prostitution, and the social and cultural conditions responsible for such practices. All would be equal, women and men, with full access and full dignity. But I heard many stories of ongoing machismo and saw few women among the circles of the elite. I also witnessed the trade of sexual tourism at work, openly. Mostly, local women courting foreign men—strikingly attractive young women and strikingly repulsive older men—in search of a few dollars for themselves and their families.

I well remember the early denunciations against racial discrimination in society and culture at large. All would be equal, black and

white and all shades in between. But I experienced racial discrimination everywhere. I visited tourist facilities with not one person of color on the staff and where persons of color were denied access, creating difficult situations for foreigners of darker skin. I also observed a preponderance of people of color in the poorer neighborhoods of the city and their absence from the circles of the elite.

I well recall the tirades against the excesses of wealth and the presence and consequences of poverty. All would share all. But I encountered signs of poverty everywhere: people begging for anything in the streets; stores with next to nothing on the shelves; clinics and pharmacies almost entirely devoid of medicines; a measure of homelessness; sharp unemployment and underemployment. I also encountered signs of wealth, none more lacrating than the abundance of goods in phar-

macies and stores trading in foreign currencies, both the dollar and the euro.

Such a house—a house that has created so many well trained men and women in so many fields, some of whom we had the privilege of meeting—I reflected to myself, cannot stand, not given its principles and commitments.

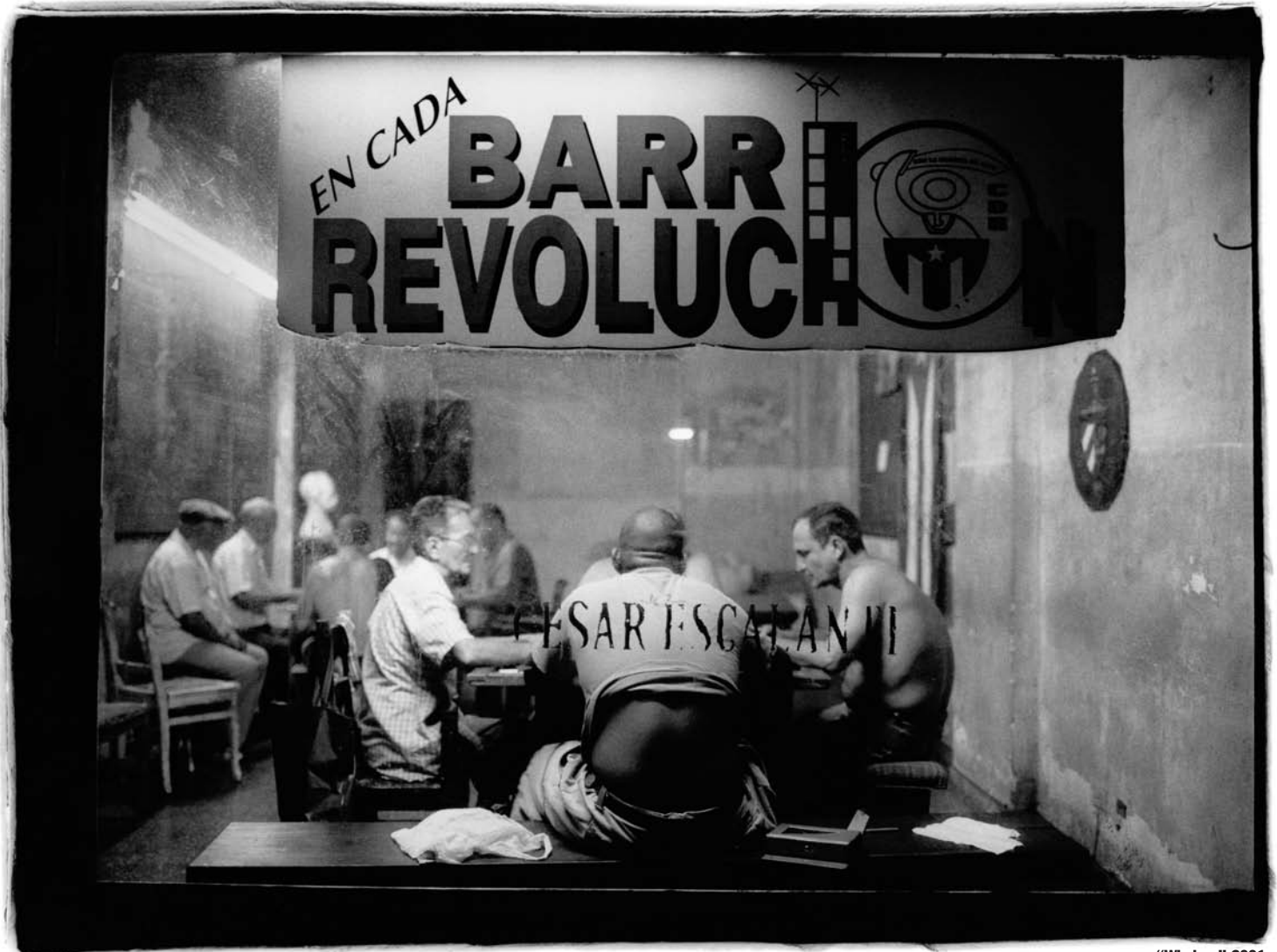
As I made my way around the city, with the group in tow, I was fascinated by the number of people who would come up to us. Everywhere—in parks and plazas, churches and monuments—individuals, young and old and in-between, would approach. Some would do so in order to sell something, from drawings to peanuts; to ask for something, money or other items; or to offer something, services ranging from music ensembles to home restaurants. Most simply wanted to strike a conversation. They sought to find out where we were from and what we were doing; to inquire about life outside the island; to

exchange views on any subject. This they did in the open, without any palpable sense of fear, even when there were authorities round about. With me in particular, once identified as Cuban and further established as born in the island but living abroad, the lines of inquiry were broad, rapid, endless.

Through such exchanges I learned much about the situation and concerns of the people in general: how many had relatives living in exile, everywhere and for any number of years; the great thirst for information or news of any kind, beyond official government channels; the open desire to talk about those who had left and the phenomenon of exile as such; the conditions of everyday existence and the hopes for the future. In these exchanges I learned much about myself as well: I had left the country as an adolescent in bloom, younger than most, taught to show respect for and to learn from those older than myself;

I came back as a man in full maturity, older than most, a fountain of information and an object of deference. I, unlike so many others now, had known the times prior to, of, and following the Revolution. I, unlike all, had known the world of Cuba and the world outside Cuba. I was a window on history, an informant on the world, and an invaluable one as well. The years weighed upon me, but lightly so. Such curiosity, I thought, would stand us all in good stead for the future.

These conversations on the street further revealed, quite often and to my utter stupefaction, not only scant devotion to the ideals of the system but also open criticism of it. Nowhere did I come across—aside from the official media, its outlets and spokespersons—the kind of consuming commitment to the faith of the Revolution, passionate apologetic for its creeds and practices, and rapturous exercise of its rituals that I remembered from



“Window,” 2001

the formative years. Not among the young; not among the old; not among anyone in-between. The Revolution—once a driving faith and organized religion, with its pantheon of deities, foreign and local, its dogmas and codes, its liturgical ceremonies—no longer appeared to be a subject of impact, a subject of relevance, a subject for conversation. It seemed displaced, and utterly so.

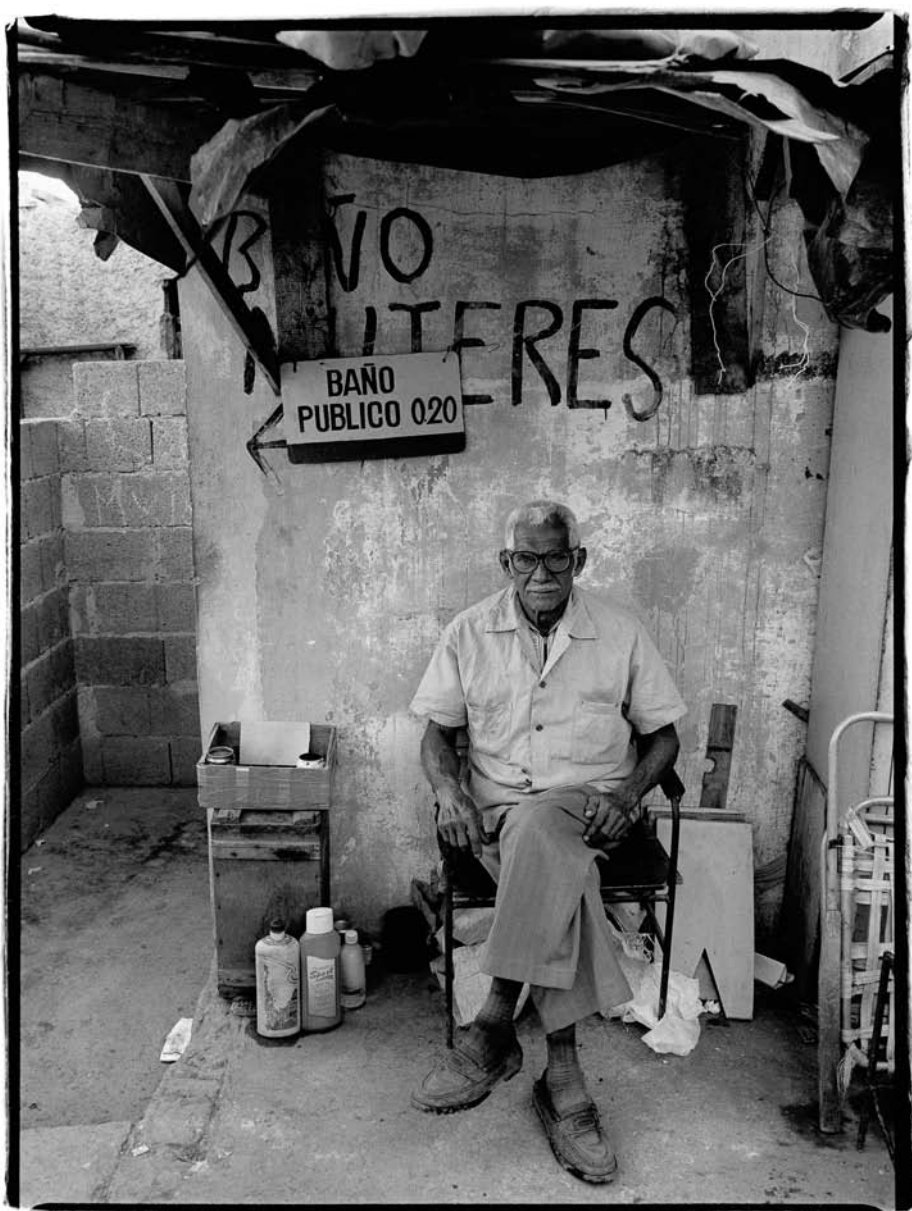
Other topics prevailed: the harsh demands of life in general; the way of life on the outside, at any level, from the political to the musical; the life of exile and the relationship between those outside and those inside. More than occasionally, I also ran into critique, from the mild to the severe: dissatisfaction with the legacy of the revolutionary experi-

ment; rejection of paternalism on the part of the leadership and its maximum leader in particular, often painted in terms of senility or madness; discontent with the lack of options across the whole of society.

Not uncommonly, such critique emerged from religious circles and in religious language, across the spectrum: from predictions of a forthcoming transcendent event of supernatural character, to appeals to the Bible as the ultimate source of all power and authority, to devotions to Mary as the queen of Cuba. In other words, batteries of religious beliefs and practices, once dismissed as retrograde and superannuated, hammering away at the ideological ramparts of the Revolution. To me this was a supremely tired people, ideologically devastated, looking

for exits, from the informational to the symbolic to the supernatural. A people, I observed, ready to move onward.

Throughout, I had the intense feeling of being observed, followed, even directed. Not by the populace as such, constant and curious witnesses of our presence and movements—always forthcoming and inquisitive; nor by the security apparatus, mostly in evidence around hotels and points of interest—courteous and helpful at all times. It seemed, rather, as if I had entered, through a deployment of magical realism, a world where various temporal and spatial dimensions intersected and interacted with one another, a world where vigorous presences long vanished and active spirits long departed were juxtaposed along-



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"Irmel," 1999

side and consorted with present-day actors and realities.

This I sensed all around the city, as events and faces manifested themselves as if still unfinished, ongoing. Posing for pictures at the corner of Carlos III and Marqués González, I saw the leaders of the Revolution, arm in arm, leading a march after the sabotage explosion of a freighter, *La Coubre*, in the harbor; standing before my old school, the Colegio de La Salle in El Vedado, I felt my father's hand as he rushed me out of the building and home, having just learned of the attack on the Presidential Palace and having just witnessed the assassination of José Antonio Echevarría, a foremost student leader. Sitting by the waterfront, across from the Parque de las Misiones and looking towards the Morro Castle, I heard my parents' call, after a full Sunday afternoon of play, that it was time to go home.

I sensed it keenly in the streets of La Habana Vieja, the old center of town, where so many of my relatives had lived—grandparents and great-grandparents; great-aunts and great-uncles—and where a maternal great-grandfather had owned a hat store on Obispo Street in the 1920s. I saw their silhouettes as I looked at the buildings where they had lived and the balconies where they had once stood—places where I had visited as a child; balconies where they had waved greetings or goodbyes; individuals on whom I could always count for a drink or a snack.

I sensed it as well in my old neighborhoods, where old friends of the family had lived—people who had held me as a baby in their arms, who had looked after me while playing in the streets or at the park, who had shared life with us through so many personal and national events. There was Ester Ponsada, our next-door neighbor, now in her 90s and confined to her bed. As I embraced her, I heard her making music with her husband, both members of the Philharmonic, and leading a slide show in the open patio after one of their many travels abroad. And Daisy López, from around the corner, in her 80s and ever so thin. As I opened my arms, I felt her kiss upon my cheek as she met my mother and me on the way to the Aguirre Park, right across from her house.

I sensed it deeply at the Colón Cemetery, that magnificent necropolis where more than



"Denia," 1999

2 million *habaneros* lie buried. There, in front of the tomb where so many of my relatives continue their daily chats and repasts, I stood, as I had done many times as a child. Always on Sundays, as flowers were laid upon the tomb. As I read the inscriptions, I saw their smiles and felt their caresses as I bore greetings from afar, from exile—from the living, for the dead had already, no doubt, paid their visit.

I sensed it most acutely perhaps at the top of the esplanade where sits the majestic old campus of the University of La Habana, there where the conscience of the nation has always resided and where the statue of the Alma Mater extends its arms wide open to city and population alike. I cringed at the encounter:

the idealist students coming down the steps, locked in arms and bearing political banners; the repressive guards coming up the steps, bearing wooden sticks and water cannons. I heard my grandmother open the street door, ready to take students, now in retreat, through the adjacent streets, seeking a place to hide; I smelled the *café con leche* she always prepared for them, as we all waited for the tumult to die down. Next to the Alma Mater, I heard my father, both a graduate and a faculty member of the university, speaking of his ideals for the country, as I felt the touch of his hand upon my right shoulder.

Not only did I feel watched and accompanied, I also felt driven. Places where I had

lived opened their doors to me. Someone just happened to be there and bid me in. I took in rooms and walls, patios and porches, of long ago. Old friends were found and hugged. Someone just happened to be nearby and pointed the way. I continued conversations interrupted many a year ago. A place of burial disclosed itself forthwith. Someone just happened to know where to look for the old registry card. I nipped a wildflower from the ground and set it upon the tomb, for the first time in decades. I felt here and there. Past and present had come together, indeed pushed together, in a magical world of (un)real fusion. The living and the dead intermingled at will. I was young and old at the same time. In this enchanted and enchanting world, I could not but think of the future.

What will the future bring for Cuba? To be sure, such a future is already here, its traces all about. I saw it and I see it. Beyond all doubt, the transition has begun, both within the island and in the diaspora, among Cubans as well as in the eyes of the world. The tropical experiment in real socialism is in its final throes, kept afloat by a leadership elite whose devotion to *caudillismo*—that oh-so-traditional mixture of authoritarianism and paternalism—remains unflinching, indeed growingly defiant, driven by sheer panic in the face of implosion and annihilation. This experiment has been severely compromised from within and has lost its luster from without. In body and face, its supreme leader reflects the exhaustion and the madness of the system. For this future, only the Transition remains, inevitable and ever closer. At the same time, the future is not yet, its ultimate configuration(s) beyond precision at this point. What follows the Transition is not at all clear. This future I did not see as such. On this score, I am afraid, the spirits were silent, much too terrified perhaps, and the living reticent, just trying to survive. Still, on the basis of what has transpired both in Cuba and elsewhere, it does not take a visionary to conjure up the various options possible, and by no means mutually exclusive.

Cuba could easily go the way of Russia and other post-Soviet states. From within, individuals and factions among the elite will make every attempt to remain in power, officially or unofficially. Rapidly discarding their previous identities and loyalties, with loud renun-

ciations of *fidelista* intransigence and appeals to a Nuremberg-like defense, they shall try to hang on to political leadership. If need be, they shall bury the knife deep into castroite entrails, and thus one another as well. It will not work; it never does. The alternative may very well be the development of a powerful mafia, in control behind the scenes, relying on an extensive client network and wielding vast sums of money. This option is not only feasible, but it will happen, to one degree or another; already corruption reaches into the highest levels of the leadership elite.

Just as easily Cuba could follow the path of many countries in the Caribbean Basin and

Central America. From without, individuals and companies will seek to exploit the dire conditions of the population by bringing the country under the aegis of globalization, singing the glories of the world economy and the virtues of free-market capitalism. This shall be done through the establishment of a *maquiladora*-style economy, with low wages and no benefits for the workers, whose entire social apparatus would be brought down. This social net is already beyond the breaking point. This shall be done as well through the promotion of a tourism industry based on resorts and casinos and sexuality. Such industry is already very much at work and advertised as

Cuba could easily go the way of Russia and other post-Soviet states. Individuals and factions among the elite will make every attempt to remain in power. If need be, they shall bury the knife deep into castroite entrails, and thus one another as well.



"Cleudis and Osmel," 1999

such. This option is not just theoretical; it too shall happen, to one degree or another: The social net has been largely replaced by remittances from abroad, and the sensuous image of the island has replaced, with official sanction, the virtuous image once cultivated by the Revolution. Workers by the tens of thousands, if not the hundreds of thousands, will seek to go north, in search of jobs and food; barred from doing so, absolute poverty and rampant criminality will go through the roof.

Among Cubans themselves, a bloodbath, actual or metaphorical, may ensue. The use of Manichean discourse and practices for so many years and in such unrelenting fashion cannot but create problems for the future. Everyone, whether with the Revolution or in the opposition, fell under its trance, to one degree or another. Such raw exercise in inclusion and exclusion cannot but engender, as it has, a poisonous atmosphere of mutual rejection, mutual abuse and mutual hatred—a spirit of repudiation alongside a spirit of revanchism. Those whom the authorities have taken pleasure in calling “worms” have always retorted that, in the end, it is the “worms” that devour the “corpses.”

Those who were forced to abandon everything, in a circus-like atmosphere, remember who it was who shouted slogans against them, who took inventory of each and every one of their belongings, who moved into their apartments and houses. Those who have experienced years of banishment from education or work or public life on account of real or suspected dissident beliefs, who have undergone the unremitting surveillance of the security apparatus, down to the local Committees for the Defense of the Revolution in each and every block, who have endured years of imprisonment in conditions beyond human imagination—they too remember, and they have faces and names and addresses to go with such memories. This option, I regret to say, is also unavoidable: Long-standing and recent scores will be settled on the perpetrators, perhaps their children, and perhaps even their children’s children.

The future, therefore, will, in all likelihood, involve all of these options at once—absolute chaos. Desperate hanging on to power, alongside powerful and violent cartels; utter financial collapse leading to massive exploitation,



“Honor Cuba,” 1997

massive poverty and massive emigration; severe rupture in the body politic at all levels of society and culture. A chaos, in other words, of apocalyptic proportions.

Against all hope, my own hope is for a different option altogether. It is the hope of a reconciliation based on truth and justice. A hope based on the best instincts already in evidence within a transition already at work, where mutual myths and stereotypes continue to give way to visions of understanding and solidarity. A hope grounded in a fundamental respect for human dignity and, thus, with eyes set undeviatingly on human and social rights. A hope that all religious groups and all Christian churches will raise in loud

accord. A hope that perhaps all spirits on both sides of the Florida Straits—surely reconciled by now and shaking their heads in horror as they look back, around and ahead—will finally push us all beyond that hurricane out of the Cold War that ensnared us, beat us mercilessly about, and left us in tatters.

A hopeless hope, I readily admit, but a hope to which I have no option but to devote the rest of my life, for the spirits will have it no other way. ▼

Professor Segovia’s recollections of his Cuban homecoming originally appeared in The Spire, the alumni publication of Vanderbilt Divinity School.



Cornelius Vanderbilt



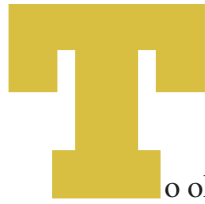
George Peabody

A

MATCH
MADE IN
ACADEMIC
HEAVEN

The Vanderbilt-Peabody merger 25 years later

By RAY WADDLE, MA'81



o old-timers on the scene, it's still an unusual sight: Since 2002 a footbridge has spanned 21st Avenue South at the Edgehill intersection, connecting the Vanderbilt and Peabody campuses. This sturdy overpass structure does more than convey book-toting University students across a busy street.

It carries some heavy symbolism, too.

Today the bridge is the most physical, public declaration of the official merger of the two institutions. It happened in 1979—a decision that startled alumni on both sides, outraged many, and caused a Nashville sensation.

For nearly a century the very idea of a bridge linking the two institutions had been unthinkable. Twenty-first Avenue served as a necessary divide, a political frontier separating two worlds that defied each other—Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College for Teachers. Both were proudly private institutions with national reputations, but their missions, styles of learning and institutional loyalties were never quite in sync.

When they finally overcame their mutual reluctance, the merger launched the University, along with the new Peabody College of Vanderbilt University, on a new adventure in national identity and ambition.

The merger of Vanderbilt University and Peabody (actually, Peabody was annexed into Vanderbilt) was ambitious, contentious and risky. Some said it was inevitable and long overdue; others complained it was a hostile takeover by Vanderbilt made possible by Peabody's poor and declining financial health. Either way, it posed a culture clash—the ancient tensions between liberal arts and education—that still lingers today.

Some veterans of the merger still find it too emotional to talk about on the record: “We at Peabody struggled to be accepted,” says a former Peabody student who now teaches at Vanderbilt, speaking anonymously. “Peabody always rejected elitism, and still does. Twenty-first Avenue is still a big gulf.”

Nevertheless, a quarter century later, by common consent the merger has strengthened both institutions remarkably. Vanderbilt saved Peabody from financial doom. Peabody gave Vanderbilt an added dimension of public service and renown—Peabody's passion for improving public education and solving problems of human development and community life. Each institution has enhanced the prestige of the other.

The vast merger project began amid anxieties and hard feelings, especially on the Peabody side. The positions of some 40 Peabody professors (a third of the faculty) were eliminated. Some well regarded Peabody departments were shut down to avoid duplication with Vanderbilt's. And Peabody students ultimately had to pay Vanderbilt's higher tuition costs.

Eventually, though, a changing world took the new relationship in surprising directions. By the 1980s, education had become a national priority again, and Vanderbilt-Peabody was positioned to join the national conversation and lead it. The turbulent first years of merger soon yielded to a clearer focus and division of labor. Vanderbilt administrators and opinion-makers—on both sides of the street—now call Peabody, with its top-ranking programs in education and its research-driven faculty, a crown jewel of the University.

“Its value to Vanderbilt is immeasurable—the quality of the faculty, the quality of students, the national visibility it gives to us, the leadership it gives to issues of public education,” says Chancellor Gordon Gee. “Peabody is at the center of our life.”

In 1979 few dared to hope this much for Peabody's new relationship with Vanderbilt. It wasn't clear at the time of merger that Vanderbilt-Peabody was a match made in academic heaven. But circumstances pushed the two suitors into marriage, ready or not.

For decades their destinies had been very different. Vanderbilt, much the larger and richer, was a preeminent Southern enclave of liberal arts and conservative instincts, aiming to join the elite universities of the nation. Peabody, meanwhile, as Nashville's oldest educational institution, had had a spectacularly complex history of transformations going back to 1785. Since 1914, when the College moved from its original downtown site

“At the time of the merger, we weren't for it,” says Peabody alumna Melody Engle, BS, who graduated in 1980. For 25 years she has been a special education teacher, now working in the Wilson County, Tenn., school system. “Vanderbilt students tended to snub their noses at Peabody students. It was painful. So we did little things to protest. We boycotted the Vanderbilt yearbook, for instance. But we knew the merger was the only way to save Peabody. Vanderbilt has tried really hard to make the merger a success. And Peabody still has its good name.”

Why did Peabody and Vanderbilt merge? What's the verdict 25 years later?

Last fall the ironic twists and turns of merger were rehashed by a panel of Peabody

Strong emotions among older alumni still flare: Did Peabody and Vanderbilt have to merge at all? Alliance had been rumored for nearly a hundred years. Events in 1979 made it a matter of urgency.

and reopened at its current location, it had solidified an identity of community service, earning national acclaim for its commitment to public school teaching, social betterment, pragmatic education philosophies, improving the lives of people with mental disabilities—an egalitarian spirit of collegiality and mutual support housed in its orderly, dramatically pillared quad.

If Vanderbilt was classical and traditional in its philosophy, looking back to European models of rigorous learning, Peabody was entrepreneurial, empirical, people-oriented, service-minded and “applied,” springing from pragmatic, reformist American thinkers like John Dewey.

When it finally and suddenly happened, the Vanderbilt-Peabody merger was an exercise in mutual discovery, an institutional gamble, a kind of cultural exchange, a bold lunge into the future. For years after, both parties worked hard on the necessary details of consolidation. They also eyed each other warily. The past's emotional baggage weighed heavily.

faculty who witnessed the tumult of '79. Two emotions rang clear as they spoke to a roomful of Peabody alums: pride in Peabody's post-merger achievements, and relief that Peabody managed to keep an identity intact through the last 25 years of quickened evolution.

“People were afraid we'd become ‘just like Vanderbilt,’” says Robert Innes, Peabody associate professor of psychology, who was a Peabody teacher at the time of merger and stayed on to become one of the shapers of the new Peabody. “We've benefited enormously from Vanderbilt. Yet somehow we maintained our character. It's a real feat to have moved Peabody to its current intellectual level and dramatically change the intellectual climate, and still keep the soul of the place.”

Others recalled the dread and grief of the time—also the disdain of Vanderbilt loyalists who perceived a school of education's curricula to be less rigorous than other academic disciplines.

Peabody protesters of the merger draped black crepe paper across their beloved build-

ings. Forty tombstones were planted on the Peabody lawn to honor the faculty who lost their jobs (23 had tenure). Bitterness was palpable; Vanderbilt, after all, suffered no job losses in the bargain.

“I remember the merger vividly,” says Janet Eyer, Peabody professor of the practice of education. She was teaching at Peabody but survived the merger. “When they start putting little numbers on the furniture, it’s time to dust off the résumé.”

Peabodians mourned. Their school could claim a unique heritage as the nation’s only private, independent college devoted to teaching. Now, they feared, it would be swallowed up and vanish.

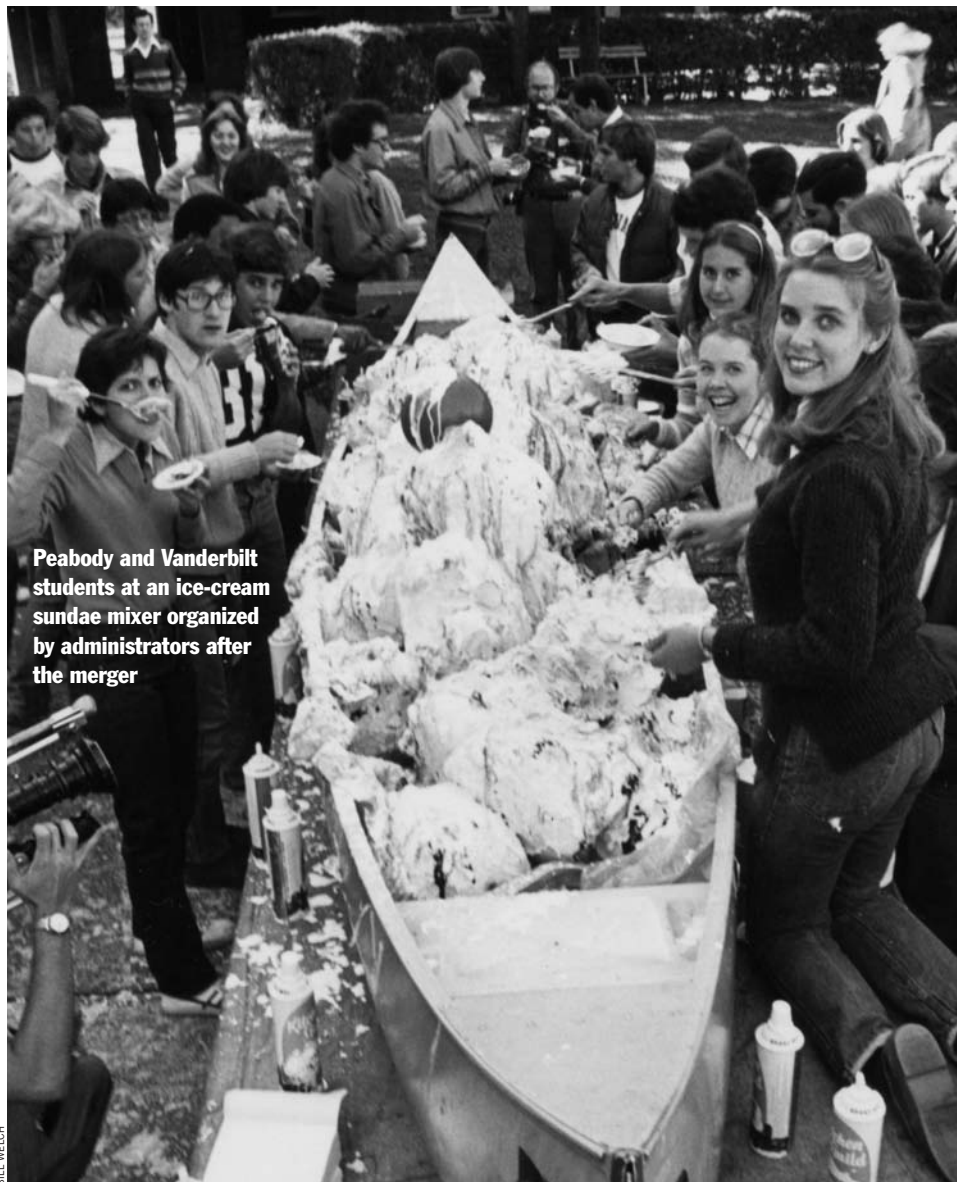
“There was an assumption that Peabody would become a small institution like VIPPS [the Vanderbilt Institute for Public Policy Studies],” Eyer recalls, “and the rest of the buildings would be taken over by Vanderbilt.”

Merger came, but such doomsday scenarios did not arrive with it. Peabody dipped into its own legacy of adaptability and changed with the times. Coordinating with Kirkland Hall, Peabody did a handful of things that won it a place as a glittering equal among the nine other colleges and schools of Vanderbilt University.

As a new college of an ambitious University aiming for world-class distinction, Peabody was mandated to maintain prestige in education instruction, attract new students, be intellectually rigorous, and operate in the black. For the first decade after merger, Vanderbilt committed \$750,000 annually to Peabody to help shore up the college and pursue these aims.

Under a new dean, Willis Hawley, Peabody aggressively recruited a more research-oriented faculty. It made tough decisions to delete departments that were not bringing in sufficient revenue—for instance, the small but prestigious library science program, an action in the 1980s that outraged many alumni. But the College received sympathetic nurture from pro-Peabody leaders at Vanderbilt early on, notably Chancellor Joe B. Wyatt.

A few years later the second dean, cognitive psychologist James Pellegrino, perceived the importance of using technology to enhance education in the classroom. Through his work and that of other colleagues with national funding, the College’s Learning Technology



Peabody and Vanderbilt students at an ice-cream sundae mixer organized by administrators after the merger

BILL WELCH

Center came to national prominence as a place to find innovative ideas designed to use applied technology for public education.

Not least, Peabody created an undergraduate degree program that became a huge success—the human and organizational development (HOD) program, which generated needed tuition income and resurrected a Peabody spirit of hands-on, community-oriented study and focus.

Peabody had found momentum.

“A lot of colleagues went through distressing life changes, as I almost did,” says Elizabeth Goldman, whose mathematics education position at Peabody was reduced to half-time tenure after merger. She eventually returned to full-time teaching and administration, retiring in 1999.

“It was a difficult balance,” she explains.

“Those of us who stayed were very much committed to Peabody and wanted it to thrive, but most felt Vanderbilt was acting from expediency. We very much wanted Vanderbilt to understand what a treasure they had—beyond the real estate. And we needed to work hard to make that happen. Schools of education sometimes have a reputation as fluff, no substance. But Vanderbilt has always valued teaching. Once they understood that there’s truly an academic dimension to teaching, the relationship improved. We made a lot of progress on the ‘them-versus-us’ issue.”

Today Peabody has Vanderbilt’s highest-rated programs in the annual *U.S. News & World Report* magazine evaluation of America’s graduate schools: Peabody ranks fifth overall among the nation’s 249 doctorate-granting education schools (Harvard is first,

UCLA is second, Stanford is third, and Teacher's College at Columbia is fourth). Peabody's special education program is ranked first in the nation.

Peabody is now home to high-profile scholars whose research attracted some \$17 million in grants in fiscal 2004. The College carries on deeply rooted community work in Nashville and beyond through the transinstitutional Vanderbilt Kennedy Center for Research on

nations, starting in pre-statehood 1785, when Davidson Academy was established in Nashville by the North Carolina legislature. Conkin's earlier history of Vanderbilt, *Gone with the Ivy: A Biography of Vanderbilt University* (University of Tennessee Press, 1984), includes much of Peabody's story as well.

It's plausible to say the merger of 1979 was set in motion some 80 years before, when Vanderbilt Chancellor James Kirkland started

Avenue. That normal school unit was renamed Peabody Normal College in 1888.

By the turn of the century, trustees of the Peabody Education Fund, with a fresh infusion of Peabody money, were eager to start a full-fledged George Peabody College for Teachers to replace Peabody Normal. After much debate, the trustees voted in 1909 to build it near Vanderbilt. Kirkland had hoped for this; his lobbying had paid off, it seems. The decision was mutually beneficial. Peabody could save money by drawing on some of Vanderbilt's liberal arts departments, and Vanderbilt could draw on Peabody's education emphasis. Nevertheless, this created no official connection with Vanderbilt. Peabody stressed its own independence. When it opened in 1914 on its present-day site, with 1,108 students and 78 teachers, it was in no mood to merge. It was a private college on its own. It had a mission to raise public education in the South.

Peabody's first president, Bruce Payne, enacted this autonomy in all sorts of ways. Peabody even looked different. The new Peabody campus' Greek and Roman-inspired architecture paid homage to Payne's beloved University of Virginia, not Vanderbilt University. More crucially, Payne brought an enthusiasm for the procedures of education philosopher John Dewey, his former teacher. It caused strains with Kirkland.

"Payne's education philosophy, his concern for mass education and new teaching techniques, placed him at an opposite pole from the classical educational elitism of Kirkland," Conkin writes in *Gone with the Ivy*. "Payne's more egalitarian social outlook also contrasted with Kirkland's staunch advocacy of law and order and of highly nuanced southern racial and class relationships. Payne proved to be as much an educational entrepreneur as Kirkland, and for a time he seemed even more successful. ... Payne very much wanted to be his own man and Peabody to be a distinct and separate institution."

Vanderbilt-Peabody relations eventually thawed, and cooperatives emerged, involving course sharing, student exchanges and sports teams. By 1936 Peabody and Vanderbilt (along with Scarritt College) created the Joint University Libraries (JUL). In 1952 Vanderbilt and Peabody jointly created

Peabody protesters draped black crepe paper across buildings. Tombstones were planted on the lawn to honor faculty who lost jobs. Bitterness was palpable: Vanderbilt suffered no job losses in the bargain.

Human Development and the Learning Sciences Institute, and through the Susan Gray School, the Leadership Development Center, the National Research and Development Center on School Choice, and other entities. "We now have six academic programs with top-10 status and strong indicators from several others that are right on the verge of breaking through," Peabody Dean Camilla Benbow declared in the *Peabody Reflector* alumni magazine last summer.

Did Peabody and Vanderbilt have to merge at all? Strong emotions among older alumni still flare. At the time, the merger picture was clouded by public speculation, misconceptions, secret initiatives, mutual coyness and frustration. Murmured rumors of alliance had been part of the landscape, part of the Vanderbilt-Peabody ecology, for nearly a hundred years. Events in 1979 conspired to make it a matter of urgency once and for all.

The whole unfolding drama—at least one authoritative version of it, told with narrative verve and candor—is found in Paul Conkin's 2002 book, *Peabody College: From a Frontier Academy to the Frontiers of Teaching and Learning* (Vanderbilt University Press). Conkin, Vanderbilt Distinguished Professor of History, emeritus, chronicles Peabody's successive incar-

lobbying hard to get a new Peabody College built near Vanderbilt.

Kirkland wanted to create a great university center in a South still stricken by defeat in the Civil War. He saw Peabody's commitment to public education as a vital component of that redemptive vision. As early as 1898, Kirkland was dreaming of somehow affiliating Vanderbilt with Peabody, Conkin reports. Vanderbilt was only two decades old, but Kirkland had ambitions to strengthen its work, broaden its influence, and attract support from national foundations. Drawing Peabody into the fold would help.

His model of affiliation was the Teacher's College at Columbia University. But this would be no easy feat. A new Peabody was already on the drawing board, poised to replace its forerunners to become a high-profile college in its own right, with its own dreams.

Peabody's antecedents had started a century before—first as Davidson Academy, which became Cumberland College in 1806, then the University of Nashville in 1826. George Peabody, the Massachusetts-born financier, entered the picture in 1867, transforming the story. He made a \$1 million gift to improve education in the postwar South. As a result, in 1875 a State Normal College to train teachers was added to the University of Nashville, located downtown on Second

a master's-degree program in teaching, though it only lasted three years as a joint entity.

In 1961 the idea of greater cooperation surfaced again, with more discussion of a formal affiliation but still short of merger. However, talks eventually collapsed. The only result, Conkin notes, included a combined Vanderbilt-Peabody band and continued sharing of course work.

The 1970s changed everything. Peabody's enrollment started falling—and so did its fortunes, as Peabody's finances were tied heavily to tuition. The decade was a low ebb for schools of education nationally, says Conkin. The baby boom had ended; the number of children entering grade school was declining. The nation suddenly had a teacher surplus. Prospects and morale were dismal. "Teaching jobs were scarce, particularly in secondary schools, so fewer young people chose teaching as a career," Conkin writes in *Peabody College*. "This meant that education schools lost favor, often ran deficits, and were a financial burden in most of their

host universities. The image of professional educators was never lower."

Following a lackluster fund-raising campaign, the Peabody board decided in 1978 to take the big dreaded step: Seek a merger with Vanderbilt. Secret talks ensued between Peabody President John Dunworth and Vanderbilt officials, notably Chancellor Alexander Heard and President Emmett Fields. But negotiations faltered by early 1979.

"It all came up at a very poor time," recalls Fields, who retired as Vanderbilt president in 1982. "We were in a period when we were trying to cut down on expenditures—it was a time of high inflation." Under the circumstances, Vanderbilt balked at Peabody's faltering financial profile. "The board of trust decided to stop talking [about merger prospects]," Fields says.

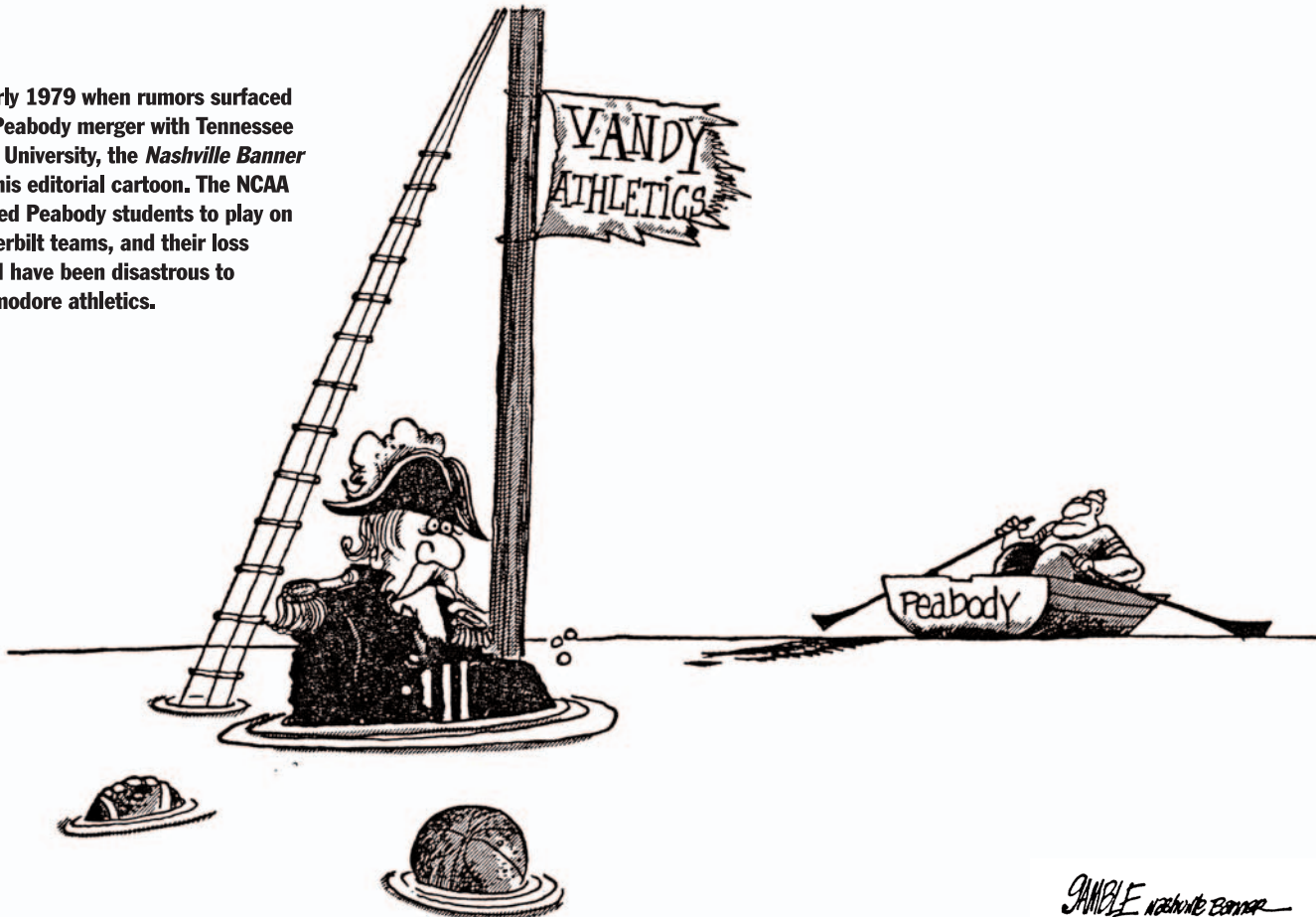
Peabody started looking elsewhere. It had to move fast. Its reputation was large, but its deficits were growing and its endowment evaporating, along with its bargaining position. The school explored possible relationships with both Duke and George Washington

universities, to no avail.

Then came electrifying news. Tennessee State University, the traditionally African-American public university based in Nashville, was interested in merging with Peabody. TSU hoped to start doctoral programs in education, and Peabody reportedly was willing to oblige. A merger agreement was quickly and secretly outlined. But secrets ended when the story broke in the *Tennessean* newspaper on Feb. 13, 1979. The news distracted the whole campus and Nashville, too. The secrecy of the plan alienated Peabody faculty, but one poll nevertheless showed Peabody professors strongly favoring a merger with TSU if faculty could keep their jobs.

Influential Vanderbilt supporters were alarmed. Race likely played a role in the reactions of many, but Conkin says a more emotional issue took the fore: football. Since the early 1970s the NCAA had allowed Peabody students to play on Vanderbilt's football team and other athletic squads. A TSU merger with Peabody would likely kill Vanderbilt's athletic cooperation with Peabody. Some 50

In early 1979 when rumors surfaced of a Peabody merger with Tennessee State University, the *Nashville Banner* ran this editorial cartoon. The NCAA allowed Peabody students to play on Vanderbilt teams, and their loss would have been disastrous to Commodore athletics.



Peabody students played on the football team in 1979. They would no longer be allowed if a TSU-Peabody merger carried the day. The immediate result would be disaster at Dudley Field:

“Vanderbilt might have difficulty fielding football and basketball teams in the fall of 1979, for most of the Peabody athletes could not meet Vanderbilt’s admission requirements, were majoring in subjects not taught at Vanderbilt (primarily physical education), and cost Vanderbilt \$1,000 less than if they were Vanderbilt students,” Conkin writes. “If any prospect stunned the local Vanderbilt board members, this was it.” Fields disputes this assessment about the urgency of athletics. “I never heard even one board member mention the subject,” Fields says.

Nevertheless, the TSU wrinkle did galvanize Vanderbilt and “get us to look at the merger possibilities again,” he says. “I can’t say it made the difference. We decided we’d better swallow the financial numbers and do it. It was a risky thing to do, but I think it was mandated by history. . . . I always thought fate was written into the land assignment of Peabody settling near Vanderbilt.”

Vanderbilt officials now made new entreaties to Peabody. The sudden prospect of losing Peabody altogether threatened other existing, durable Vanderbilt-Peabody arrangements—the JUL library agreement, Vanderbilt’s rental use of two Peabody dorms, the enrollment of hundreds of Vanderbilt students in Peabody courses, and scores of joint scholarly projects.

By April a firm offer from Vanderbilt was on the table. Peabody would be a professional school at Vanderbilt comparable with others at the University. A number of Peabody trustees would join the Vanderbilt board. Peabody would keep its endowment for support of the College. Vanderbilt would get the 50-plus-acre campus.

The TSU proposal was left behind. In any case, would a TSU-Peabody merger actually have been accomplished? Not likely in 1979, Conkin speculates. The state legislature would have had to approve it, and opposition was already mounting, especially from Murfreesboro, home of rival Middle Tennessee State University. It faced resistance on the Peabody board as well.

So the Vanderbilt-Peabody marriage was

done by July 1, 1979: George Peabody College for Teachers became the Peabody College of Education and Human Development of Vanderbilt University.

There was excitement and giddiness, but also pain and anger—the loss of beloved professors (severance packages for the older ones), the nixing of entire departments (art, liberal arts and music), and the annexation of the College to Vanderbilt after nearly two centuries of tradition as an independent institution. “We hoped there could be another way,” recalls Elizabeth Goldman. “But Vanderbilt made things possible that Peabody didn’t have. To survive, any institution must evolve.”

Looking back on the event in a 1999 interview, Chancellor Alexander Heard, who was deeply involved in the negotiations, said he was grateful it succeeded. “A great many people over there understood the potential for all this,” he recalled. “They loved Peabody and were trying to save it for its own sake, but also the functions of Peabody, the education functions. They thought they would be enormously

Merger came, but doomsday scenarios did not arrive with it. Peabody dipped into its own legacy of adaptability and won a place as a glittering equal among the colleges and schools of Vanderbilt.

enhanced, and they thought they would improve Vanderbilt in the course of it. A lot of us shared that. I think there were a lot of common feelings, common beliefs, common attitudes and values, on both sides of campus.

“Not everybody was happy, but there was enough bedrock view to make the thing. I didn’t even think it was a risk. There were inevitable problems, and frankly there were fewer than I was prepared to say that we should address.”

Current Peabody Dean Camilla Benbow says a knack for adaptation is a Peabody quality that has been pivotal to the school’s survival. “Peabody has always been here to help humankind and build human capital,” she says. “And those values are still here. But we’re entre-

preneurial. We keep redefining ourselves to fit the time, and we’ve survived. That’s very Peabodian, and it’s been the key to our success.”

One of the most visible signs of this entrepreneurial success is the human and organizational development curriculum (the HOD degree program), which currently enrolls some 700 undergraduates—one in nine Vanderbilt students. (It’s the most popular undergraduate major on campus. Next is biomedical engineering, with 392 students; then economics, with 346 students; and mechanical engineering, with 238.)

HOD is not always easy to describe, as some of its own supporters admit. It’s been called an applied social-sciences degree, an applied liberal-arts program. Its aim is to help students understand human behavior in groups and organizations, teaching them how to solve problems (managerial or interpersonal) in a business or nonprofit setting. Students encounter ideas and experiences through a battery of methods—seminars, role playing, case studies, group projects, field exper-

ience and interaction with professionals. It requires a semester-long internship in the corporate or nonprofit world. HOD values experiential learning, hoping to ready students for real-world problems, workplace dynamics, and interaction with co-workers, bosses and employees.

HOD has been a source of criticism and misunderstanding from the start. It was accused of having a lack of theoretical rigor and too much jargon. In the early post-merger days, HOD was known to some as the football degree because it attracted various University athletes. (It still does. In fall 2004, for example, 37 students on the 94-man Vanderbilt football roster were HOD majors). But administrators stress HOD’s standards

A Snapshot of Today's Peabody College

A quarter century after the stormy events of '79, Vanderbilt administrators can check off a long list of Peabody accomplishments and initiatives:

- Peabody now has its largest post-merger faculty ever—about 130.
- Peabody ranks No. 5 among the nation's 249 graduate schools of education by *U.S. News & World Report*, just behind Harvard, UCLA, Stanford and Teachers College–Columbia. Peabody's program in special education ranks No. 1.
- Enrollment is about 1,200 undergraduates; in 1979 it was 600. In graduate studies, 459 are pursuing master's and professional degrees; another 200 are enrolled in Ph.D. work.
- The fall 2004 freshman class at Peabody had mean SAT scores exceeding 1300 for the first time. Mean GRE scores for graduate students currently rank third highest among the nation's graduate schools of education.
- The Vanderbilt Kennedy Center for Research on Human Development, involving many Peabody faculty researchers and still housed on the Peabody campus, thrives now as a transinstitutional entity with University-wide support. It is one of 14 national research centers devoted to understanding mental retardation and human development, preventing or solving developmental problems, and helping individuals with developmental disabilities lead fuller lives.
- The Learning Sciences Institute, another transinstitutional Vanderbilt unit involving Peabody, focuses on new K–12 teaching methods, curriculum development, assessment and other learning tools.
- The Leadership Development Center is a Peabody-led partnership with Metro Nashville Public Schools, the State of Tennessee and other agencies that aims to better prepare school leaders in areas of learning theory, leadership skills, organizational development, and the political context of public school life.
- Peabody's Susan Gray School for Children carries on its long-standing education program for young children (those with and without disabilities). The School's mission is to provide services to children and their families; train students who want to be teachers, health-care providers, therapists and researchers; demonstrate education practices; and assist in education research.
- Peabody researchers working with 36 preschool classrooms in seven Tennessee school districts are part of a landmark national study that, for the first time, will help determine which preschool programs work best for which children.
- A \$10 million federal grant was awarded recently to Professor Kenneth Wong in Peabody's Department of Leadership, Policy and Organizations to establish the National Research and Development Center on School Choice.
- A \$5 million grant from the Institute for Education Science was awarded recently to Professor David Cordray in Peabody's Department of Psychology and Human Development to fund pre-doctoral training for a new cadre of education scientists charged with determining which kinds of K–12 programs work and which ones don't.

have been beefed up considerably under Dean Benbow, who arrived in 1998.

One undergraduate says the criticism is unfair. "It's different from other degrees, but that doesn't make it less valuable," says Brittany Oakes of Ohio. "It's practical. It's teaching you how to work with people in a business setting. You can't say HOD is an easy major. We have to take Arts and Science courses to be in HOD. But the culture here [at Peabody] is more relaxed, more welcoming, less stressful."

By now, Peabodians are accustomed to going against the current in the name of public service—and accustomed to scrutiny and misapprehensions. And Vanderbilt officials say the lingering emotions of the merger are overshadowed by a larger and more important drama, the forward trajectory of Vanderbilt–Peabody into an anx-

ious world that needs education, compassion, and humane solutions to its problems.

"The world in which we live is recognizing with increasing urgency that education is central to political, economic and social success," says Vanderbilt Provost Nicholas Zeppos. "The integration of Peabody into Vanderbilt, and Vanderbilt into Peabody, has been a tremendous success. Peabody certainly has made Vanderbilt greater, and Vanderbilt, I believe, has made Peabody greater."

The two erstwhile rivals are now knitting an even closer connection. The Peabody campus will be the site for phase one of Vanderbilt's historic new residential colleges concept for undergraduate life—"Freshman Commons"—where the entire freshman class will live together, starting in 2008. The goal is to promote a strong intellectual and social experience and sense of community among

Vanderbilt's newcomers. A massive construction project accompanies the plan, and groundbreaking is proposed for this year.

These plans call for a practical detail that deepens the symbolic link: A second bridge will be built one day across 21st Avenue South, probably south of the current bridge, to carry freshmen back and forth across this one University called Vanderbilt.

"Imagine 1,500 kids walking across the bridge to Blair, to physics, to English, and walking back to Peabody," Zeppos says. "In that traffic pattern there's no greater symbol and witness to the fusing of the University." ▼

Ray Waddle, MA'81, is an author and columnist who teaches a writing seminar at Vanderbilt Divinity School. His latest book is called A Turbulent Peace: The Psalms for Our Time (Upper Room Books).

The Arts

“Carter’s Piano Concerto is a kind of metaphor ... *with the piano*”

VISUAL ARTS:

At the **Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery**, “Morality Tales: Engravings by William Hogarth” was exhibited through early December. Considered to be a leading figure in British art of the first half of the 18th century, Hogarth is best remembered for his satirical engravings, particularly pointed critiques that revealed a number of the less-than-savory aspects of English society of the time. This exhibition presented five of his most important sets of engravings, all based on paintings he himself created. Included in the exhibit were “A Harlot’s Progress” (1732), “A Rake’s Progress” (1735), “Before and After” (1736), “The Four Times of Day” (1738), and two new acquisitions, lifetime impres-



DANIEL DUROIS

Jan-ru Wan

sions of the companion engravings “Beer Street” and “Gin Lane” (1751), and an insightful self-portrait, “The Painter and His Pug,” engraved by Benjamin Smith in 1795 after a painting by the artist of the same title.

Throughout October, Vanderbilt’s **Sarratt Gallery** exhibited works by sculptor and fiber artist **Jan-ru Wan** in “Everyone Looking for Good Life.” Influenced by Taoism and Buddhism, her central theme is the human longing for a life of fortune. Using a multiplicity of small images, details and objects symbolic of both the individual and the universal, Jan-ru employs repetition of form and the discrepancy between materials to produce a balance between the chaotic, the sublime and the beautiful.

The Fine Arts Gallery launched its spring program in January with “**Gestation: Recent Works by Nicole Pietrantoni.**”

Pietrantoni is the recipient of the 2003 Margaret Stonewall Wooldridge Hamblet Award in studio art. She earned her B.S., magna cum laude, in both art history and human and organizational development in 2003, traveling extensively after graduation to Iceland, England, and throughout the United States. The pieces in “Gestation” were created in 2004 using a combination of printmaking, painting and collage that incorporates whimsical characters from damsels in distress to bees, crows and nesting birds. Pietrantoni described the pieces in the exhibit as “a series of maps and records from my



past 18 months of travel, work and the everyday.”

“**The Fat Cat**” was the unifying theme for an art exhibit on view through March at the **Vanderbilt Kennedy Center.** Developed by Pacesetters Inc.,

ACCOLADES

Susan DeMay, senior lecturer in art, participated in “**Primary Colors: A Survey of Contemporary Craft in Red, Yellow and Blue**” at the Virginia Artisans Center in Waynesboro. A wall platter titled “Pathways” was selected by the Tennessee State Museum for its permanent collection. In November a two-person exhibit at the Heydel Fine Arts Center at Cumberland University featuring DeMay and textile artist Diane Apple was supported in part by grants from the Tennessee Arts Commission.



Culture

being the individual and the orchestra representing the state. ” —BLAIR SCHOOL DEAN MARK WAIT



“She’s going to run away” by Nicole Pietrantoni

the art is based on a Danish folk tale about a cat that was so fat and greedy he consumed everything in his path. The exhibit featured two-dimensional artwork in a variety of media. Pacesetter’s art program is designed to enhance verbal and visual com-

munication skills as well as the self-esteem of the adults who participate in the program, which is one of the largest community-based day-training and residential programs serving people with developmental disabilities in Tennessee.

Memphis, Tenn., artist **Jed Jackson** showed paintings at Sarratt in his November show, “C.E.O.” Placing the viewer in the position of voyeur, Jackson exposes slick characters from society’s underbelly who “call less for a review than for an exorcism.” Showing influences as diverse as French culture, traditional landscape painting, urban genre and popular culture, his images contrast with implied metaphors that are expressed in cartoon thought balloons and movie iris shots.

It has been 20 years since the first Margaret Stonewall Wooldridge Hamblet Award was presented by Vanderbilt’s Department of Art and Art History. Works by some of the former recipients were gathered for the **Hamblet Anniversary Show** at Sarratt in January and February.

BOOKS & WRITERS:

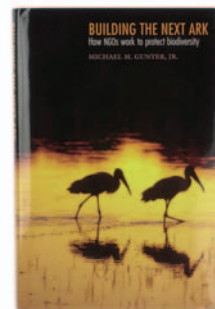
David Sedaris entertained a sold-out audience in Langford Auditorium in October as part of the Great Performances Series at Vanderbilt. Author of the current best-seller *Dress Your Family in Corduroy and*



“Eat Caviar” by Jed Jackson

Denim: Essays, Sedaris is best known for the strange-but-true tales of his job as a Macy’s elf in the “Santaland Diaries” on National Public Radio’s “Morning Edition.” Sedaris’ sardonic humor and incisive social critique earned him *Time* magazine’s “Humorist of the Year” recognition in 2001.

A new ark is needed. With the extinction of perhaps 50,000 species per year, mankind is at a critical juncture in history, according to a book by alumnus **Michael Gunter**, BA’91. Ominous storm clouds have gathered, he argues, to threaten humanity’s most basic resource of all, the diversity of life on earth. In his book *Building the Next Ark: How NGOs Work to Protect Biodiversity*, the Rollins College professor concludes that nongovernmental organ-



izations (NGOs) are the best and perhaps only actors situated to negotiate the powerful array of political and economic interests involved in species loss as well as species preservation.

Elizabeth Brack Flock's (BA'87) novel *Me and Emma* is narrated by 8-year-old Carrie Parker, a precocious child whose daydreams and hiding places cannot veil the violent reality of her life with her abusive, alcoholic stepfather. When

he begins to take a special interest in her 5-year-old sister, Emma, Carrie realizes that keeping Emma by her side won't shield her sister for very long. *Kirkus*

Reviews characterizes this second novel from former print journalist and CBS correspondent Flock as "captur[ing] Carrie's powerlessness and



resourcefulness beautifully... tremendously touching."

Novelist **Julie Otsuka** read from her debut novel, *When the Emperor Was Divine*, in November. Her critically acclaimed novel is the story of a Japanese-American family separated and interned by the U.S. government during World War II. Otsuka graduated magna cum laude from Yale University and received her M.F.A. in creative writing from Columbia University. She is a 2004 Guggenheim Fellow. The event was sponsored by the English department and the Gertrude and Harold S. Vanderbilt Visiting Writers Series.

THEATRE AND DANCE:

Performance artist **Will Power** conducted a master class at Vanderbilt in November. A pioneer in hip-hop theatre, Power explores race, HIV and violence by fusing original music, rhymed language and intense choreography. Power performed "Flow," a b-boy fairy tale about the quest for survival in urban America, in Blair's Ingram Hall as part of the University's Great Performances Series.

UPCOMING



ART

"Diverse Visions" highlights a broad range of work in various media by faculty of the Vanderbilt Department of Art and Art History. The exhibit runs through May at the Vanderbilt Fine Arts Gallery.

"The Visionary" by Marilyn Murphy

THEATRE

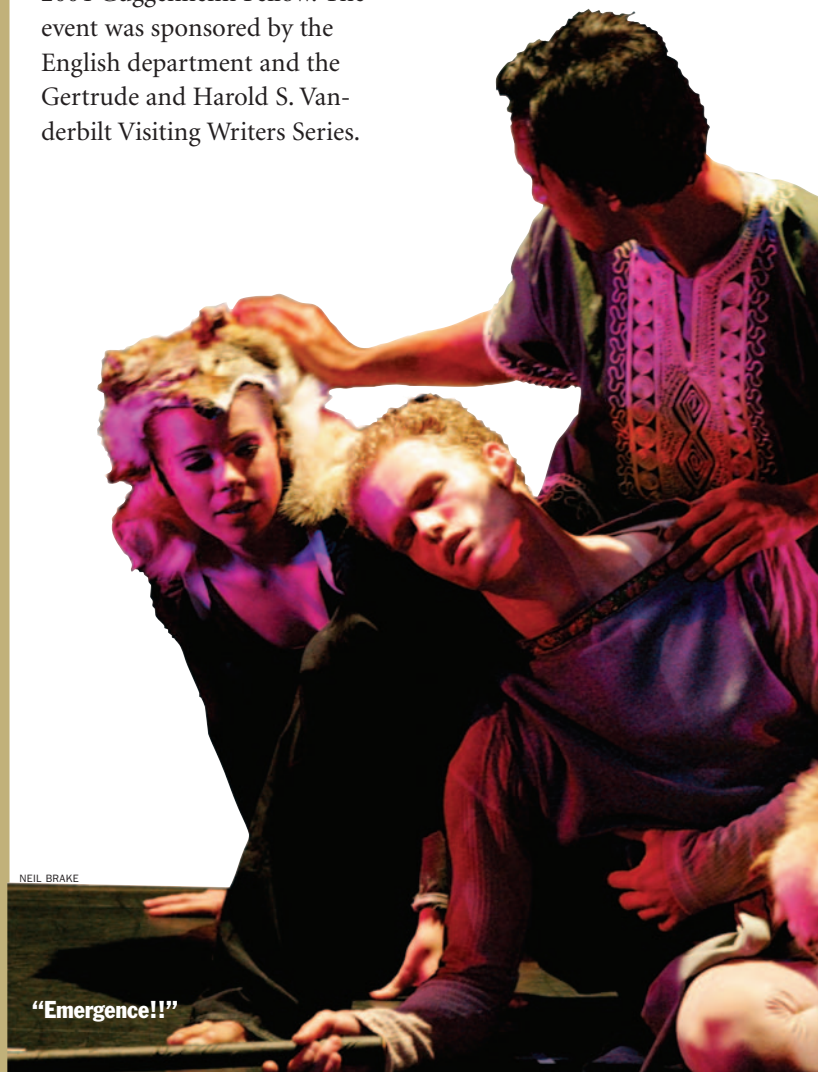
Actors Bridge Ensemble, a professional, nonprofit theatre company formerly based at St. Augustine's Chapel at Vanderbilt, presents "Jesus Hopped the A Train" by Steven Adly Guirgis April 22-24 and April 28-May 1 at the company's Neuhoff site in the Germantown area of Nashville.

MUSIC

The Curb Youth Symphony, Nashville's pre-collegiate symphony based at the Blair School of Music, plays a free concert Monday, May 9, in Ingram Hall, with Benedict Broy as the featured violinist.



DANIEL DUBOIS



NEIL BRAKE

"Emergence!!"



PHILLIP FRANK

During Vanderbilt's Homecoming/Reunion weekend in November, Nashvillians and Vanderbilt alumni alike witnessed **"Emergence!"** Four new works by up-and-coming choreographers merged with music by Blair composers—performed by Blair musicians and danced by members of the Nashville Ballet—to

give the audience the opportunity to see works in progress performed in an informal, workshop style, with commentary from the artists.

Are love and marriage actually necessary? Is getting married today more important than finding happiness in a relationship? Stephen Sondheim, the acclaimed genius of American musical theatre, asked these questions in his landmark show **"Company,"** performed by **Vanderbilt University Theatre** last November. The Tony Award-winning work explores the benefits and burdens of being single in modern society as we strive to find love and companionship.

In February, VUT produced **"The Barber of Seville,"** the first installment of the famous "Figaro" trilogy by French playwright Pierre Augustin de Beaumarchais. Full of slapstick and wit, the deceptively simple

plot follows the antics of Figaro, the barber, as he aids Count Almaviva in wooing—and ultimately kidnapping—the beautiful and feisty Rosine from her guardian, Dr. Bartholo. Bernard Sahlin's new adaptation and translation bring Beaumarchais' classic tale of the poor valet who beats the odds and outwits everyone, including his own master, into the 21st century.



DAVID GREENSHAW

HUMANITIES:

One week before election day in November, **Joe Klein**, political columnist for *Time* magazine and the author of *Primary Colors*, discussed on campus the issues at stake in the 2004 presidential election. A political journalist for 35 years, Klein highlighted the importance of issues such as Iraq, the impending Social Security and Medicare burden for the baby-boom generation, and massive trade and budget deficits, then led these issues back to his own profession, seeing this time as a revolutionary moment for political journalism. The lecture was sponsored by the Robert Penn Warren Center for the Humanities. Klein's *Primary Colors* often is compared to, and was clearly influenced by, Warren's political novel *All the King's Men*.

The longest continuously held Holocaust lecture series at an American university began its

27th year last October at Vanderbilt and expanded to consider genocides beyond those perpetrated by the Nazis.

The series was renamed the **Vanderbilt Lecture Series on the Holocaust and Other Genocides.**

Included this year were discussions of the Sudan, Rwanda, the former Yu-

goslavia, and present-day anti-Semitism in France.

"We think it's entirely consistent to the spirit of the series to take a hard look at genocide wherever it occurs or may occur," said Robert Barsky, director of the 2004 lecture series and a professor of French and comparative litera-



DANIEL DUBOIS

ture in Vanderbilt's Department of French and Italian. The theme of the 2004 series was "The Fragility of Democracy."

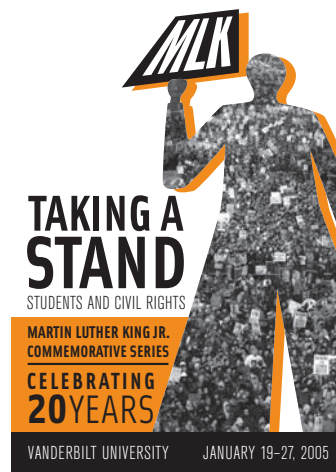


Bernice Johnson Reagon, a renowned scholar and artist in African-American cultural music and history, delivered the keynote address for Vanderbilt University's **2005 Martin Luther King Commemorative Series**, which took place Jan. 17–27. This year's events, which marked the 20th anniversary of the series, kicked off with a candle-light vigil at Vanderbilt's Benton Chapel, sponsored by the Organization of Black Graduate and Professional Students. The vigil featured a talk by Bishop Joseph W. Walker III of Nashville's Mount Zion Baptist Church and a performance by the University's Voices of Praise gospel choir.

Reagon's keynote address, "Over My Head I See Freedom in the Air: A College Student Steps Across the Line of Safety and ...," on Jan. 19, highlighted the 2005 series theme, "Taking a Stand: Students and Civil Rights," and explored the important role students played

in the Civil Rights Movement.

A singer and composer, Reagon recently retired after 30 years of performing with Sweet Honey in the Rock, the internationally renowned a-cappella ensemble she founded in 1973. Reagon produced most of the group's recordings, including the Grammy-nominated "Still



the Same Me." She is the Cosby Chair and Professor of Fine Arts at Spelman College in Atlanta, professor emerita of history at American University, and curator emerita at the

Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C.

Other events during the Martin Luther King Commemorative Series included an exhibit of the **Harold Lowe Civil Rights Photograph Collection** at the Schulman Center for Jewish Life Gallery. The collection of black-and-white photographs documents the Civil Rights Movement in Nashville and was exhibited courtesy of the Nashville Public Library's Special Collections Division and Nashville Room.

MUSIC:

Last October at the Ingram Center for the Performing Arts on campus, **Ethel**, the hippest quartet since Kronos, took the stage for what was a passionate and entertaining example of musicianship at its finest. The night before, Ethel kicked off the Vanderbilt Great Performances Series' first "Performance



on the Move" event of the season at Zeitgeist Gallery in Hillsboro Village, sponsored by Fugitive Art Center. In addition, the Blair School of Music sponsored a master class with the quartet prior to the evening performance.

"Extreme Strings," a concert by the entire string faculty of the Blair School of Music, took place in November at Ingram Hall. The event featured **Kathryn Plummer**, associate professor of viola and chair of the string department, who celebrates 30 years with the School this year. This was one of several concerts celebrating Blair's 40th anniversary.

ACCOLADES



Georgia Stitt, BMus'94, served as production music coordinator for a remake of "Once Upon a Mattress" for a "Wonderful World of Disney" episode to be aired this year on ABC television. She was vocal coach to the production's stars, including Tracey Ullman, Denis O'Hare, Tommy Smothers, Brooke Shields and Carol Burnett. "Sing Me a Happy Song" by Stitt was included on Broadway star Susan Egan's new solo album. The University of Michigan is producing "The Water," with music by Stitt, lyrics by Jeff Hylton, and book by Jeff Hylton and Tim Werenko.



Works by BMI Composer-in-Residence **Michael Torke** were heard in a November concert in the Steve and Judy Turner Recital Hall at

the Blair School of Music. Best known as a post-minimalist who cut short his graduate study at the age of 23 to begin his professional career, Torke became an exclusive recording artist with Argo/Decca records and began a five-year collaboration with Peter Martins and the New York City Ballet. His composition “Adjustable Wrench” also was featured in a new dance piece by Nashville Ballet artistic director Paul Vasterling in “Emergence!!” earlier that weekend.

In January composer **Joan Tower** came to Blair as BMI Composer-in Residence. Her visit culminated in a concert in Ingram Hall featuring the Vanderbilt Wind Symphony and Chamber Winds, the Blair String Quartet, and the Vanderbilt University Orchestra featuring Blair School Dean Mark Wait as piano soloist. Tower’s compositions are a standard against which many contemporary works are measured, and have been performed by hundreds of major symphonies around the world.

Hailed around the world for her extraordinary grace and flawless voice, soprano **Dawn Upshaw** returned to Ingram Hall in January for a much-anticipated reprise of her 2002 concert. The *Los Angeles Times*



Michael Torke

says of Upshaw, “All the world, it would seem, loves Dawn Upshaw. And there is simply no reason not to succumb to her versatility, her ingenuity, her questing mind, her exquisite tone, her dazzling technique or—best of all—her emotional directness.”

Upshaw also conducted a voice master class at Blair as part of her visit.

The Blakemore Trio is the newest signature ensemble at the Blair School of Music. Performing in their second season, they already are being praised by critics as one of the area’s best chamber-music ensembles. With Amy Dorfman on piano, Carolyn Huebl on violin, and Felix Wang on cello, the Trio performed works by Beethoven, Schnittke and Dvorak in a January program at Ingram Hall.



DANIEL DUBOIS

The Blakemore Trio

Q&A

Mark Wait, dean of the Blair School of Music and holder of the Ingram Dean’s Chair, received two Grammy nominations in December as piano soloist on an album recorded at Blair’s Ingram Hall. He was nominated along with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Kenneth Schermerhorn, in the Best Classical Album category for “Elliott Carter: Symphony No. 1, Piano Concerto, Holiday Overture,” released on Naxos. He also was nominated for Best Instrumental Soloist Performance (with Orchestra) for the same album for his work on the Piano Concerto.



DANIEL DUBOIS

Q: *What is the background of the Piano Concerto?*

A: Carter composed this piece in Berlin in 1964 and 1965 at the height of the Cold War. The Berlin Wall was up, and Carter, in fact, was living near an American military base, where he could hear machine-gun fire regularly. Carter has said that the Piano Concerto is a kind of metaphor for the struggle of the individual against the state, with the piano being the individual and the orchestra representing the state. So when it’s seen in those terms, the conflict in the piece makes a good deal of sense.

Q: *It strikes one as more a mathematical composition than a melodic one. How did you prepare for playing it?*

A: It’s ferociously difficult; learning it had to be a very methodical process. I started about six months before and worked quite intensively on it.

[Wait played the piece with the Nashville Symphony at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center as part of the Symphony’s “Piano Extravaganza” on Oct. 25 and 26, 2002, then recorded it with the Symphony at Ingram Hall on Oct. 27]. Just getting it up to tempo, up to the speed it’s supposed to go, was a real challenge. The Orchestra was magnificent. Kenneth [Schermerhorn] had actually conducted it before, and he knew the piece quite well, but the orchestra had never played anything like that.

Q: *What was it like recording the piece in Ingram?*

A: It’s a dream. The acoustics are wonderful. Because I know Ingram Hall well, I felt very comfortable during the recording process. Naxos had everything miked very clearly, and I really enjoyed it. We recorded the whole thing in about three and a half hours.

S.P.O.V. *

* Student Point of View

Truth and Consequences

Does America have a fundamental misunderstanding of the function of a newspaper? By EVAN MAYOR, BA'05

“IT’S THE BEST THING I NEVER WANT to do again” is the most appropriate cliché to sum up my editorship of the *Vanderbilt Hustler*. Don’t get me wrong: Running the student newspaper at Vanderbilt was an incredibly rewarding experience, but after time the criticism gets to you.

Angry readers have cussed me out on numerous occasions. One reader asked me if I had a soul, and another reader wanted to know how I could live with myself. (Coverage receiving the harshest response included our decision to print the name and mug shot of a student involved in a DUI-related accident on campus last year, our coverage of athletes who were arrested, and the controversy surrounding the name change of “Confederate Memorial Hall” to “Memorial Hall.”)

I am sure a number of journalists out there would tell me it’s part of the job, and that I shouldn’t take it personally. When I received these calls and e-mails, I kept telling myself that we were doing something important; we were informing the University community about the news, good and bad.

But just as the First Amendment gives the press the right to print what it wants, it also gives the public the right to criticize.

Sometimes the criticism helped us make the paper better, and I took each suggestion seriously. I enjoyed receiving letters to the editor, and we printed all the letters we received, even when they were critical of our work.

Although I attempted to deal with the criticism in a professional manner, it always bothered me when people questioned our reasoning for printing an article or a column. I am of the opinion that people should not go to college and step immediately into



their comfort zones. College is a place where beliefs are questioned and reinforced or redefined; it’s a time when students learn how to defend what they believe in. And I believe the role of the student newspaper is to facilitate this discussion, however imperfect the process may be.

The *Hustler* is a student-run newspaper with a \$300,000 budget. We do not receive any student activity-fee money, but instead are completely self-sufficient through ad sales and subscriptions. Unlike many for-profit newspapers, the *Hustler* doesn’t have to worry about appeasing readers. Student newspapers are in a unique position to inform the community about issues they don’t necessarily

want to read about or discuss—something I think for-profit dailies should attempt to do more often.

In the past year the *Hustler* news section contained a number of stories about drugs, rape, eating disorders and racism on campus. Some students said we were just looking for ways to start controversy, calling much of our reporting sensationalistic. We did attempt to capture peoples’ attention. We revealed the process a woman goes through to report a rape on campus, and we talked with women who suffered from anorexia and bulimia and printed their stories. Many of these news pieces were followed by candid dialogue in the opinion section through guest columns and letters to the editor, discussing solutions to the problems college students face. Witnessing and facilitating this exchange of ideas was the most rewarding part of my job.

During the recent presidential election campaign, students criticized the *Hustler* for being either too liberal or too conservative. As I sat in the *Hustler*’s windowless office in the basement of Sarratt attempting to respond to the influx of criticism, I realized that there seemed to be a fundamental misunderstanding within the campus community about the function of a newspaper. And I don’t think this problem is unique to Vanderbilt, or even to college newspapers. Many people don’t understand the difference between news and opinion content. I can’t tell you how many letters I received from students criticizing

opinion columns for being biased. News articles are stories told through sources, and a reporter's beliefs or opinions should not be evident in the writing. News articles contain opinions, but they are the opinions of the sources involved. Opinion pieces, however, are supposed to be biased. Columns are supposed to take a side on an issue and convince the reader why that side is best. News reporters present the facts of a given topic and the opinions of those sources who have knowledge about the topic, and columnists interpret this information and advocate a position.

Although newspapers have clearly defined news and opinion sections, the line between these two types of journalism is less clear in the broadcast-media world. Many television news programs meld opinion with news, and some shows are correctly labeled as ideologically liberal or conservative. In my opinion this type of journalism is bad for

democracy, and these labels can be found in reference to the newspaper business as well. The credibility of a newspaper is harmed severely by these labels, and newspapers are slowly losing their ability to be effective watchdogs.

So many of my classes at Vanderbilt have focused on this ideological bias—teaching students how to pick out bad journalism—but what about good journalism? If a network like Fox News or CNN reported objectively on something, would we be able to recognize it? It seems that nowadays if a negative report comes out in a newspaper or on television and a person quoted in it doesn't like the story, he/she simply can say, "Well, that's a liberal newspaper anyway. They took my quote out of context." Since many critics regard Fox News as a conservative net-

work, any objective reporting they do will be placed in the conservative category. Politicians can downplay a news report as slanted, which takes away the media's ability to hold the government accountable.

Journalists have a responsibility to present

derbilt, which facilitated our transition to publishing three times a week this year (a first in the paper's 117-year history). I think Vandy students now are more passionate, intelligent and motivated than they were four years ago, which is a testament to Chancellor Gordon Gee's vision for the University and the hard work of the admissions office.

Informed criticism is healthy, and I am by no means saying that the *Hustler* is beyond reproach. We made our fair share of embarrassing mistakes during my tenure as editor of the paper. Students are shying away from entering the profession because of the dismal picture media critics paint of the press today (a picture reinforced by many classes at Vanderbilt). Most students who work on the *Hustler* staff don't want to be journalists; they are simply building their résumés. Because Vanderbilt doesn't offer a major in journalism, staffers don't receive any



NATALIE COX MEAD

all the facts objectively, and they shouldn't take this responsibility lightly. *Hustler* reporters and editors don't work for countless hours every week to figure out new ways to slant news pieces along ideological lines. From the limited number of conversations I have had with professional journalists, this doesn't seem to be happening in the nation's newsrooms either.

That being said, the *Hustler* had a liberal opinion section [during my tenure as editor] in the sense that we printed most of the pieces students submitted to us. This policy had as much to do with my belief that college is a time to challenge beliefs as it had to do with the fact that we needed to fill our opinion pages. I will say, however, that there has been a noticeable increase in opinion submissions since my freshman year at Van-

credit for their work and there are little or no opportunities for training. It is truly on-the-job training, and we learn from reading other papers and from our mistakes.

Americans shouldn't take freedom of the press for granted. Each story, report or critique should be examined on a case-by-case basis. Labeling entire media outlets as conservative or liberal serves no purpose but to diminish the credibility of the news media as a whole. This country needs more good journalists who are dedicated to objective reporting and—dare I say it?—fewer media critics. As for me, I am currently looking for a job in journalism that will help me pay off my student loans. But who knows? I could be off to law school in a year.

A.P.O.V. *

*Alumni Point of View

The Power of Stories

It's an interesting notion: Stories are easy; sentences are hard.

By JAMES PATTERSON, MA'70

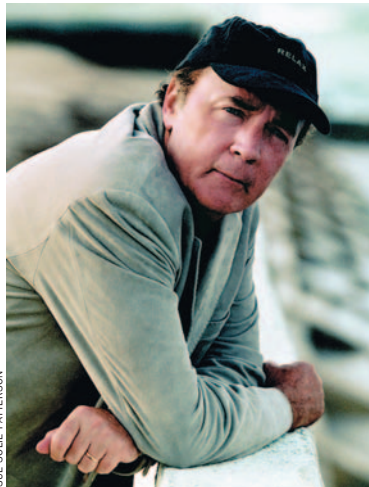
MY SO-CALLED WRITING career started like this: I'm working my way through college as a psych aide in a mental hospital outside Cambridge, Mass. James Taylor is a patient, also his brother Livingston and his sister Kate. Robert Lowell is a patient. Ray Charles is a patient. After his drug conviction, the deal was that every time Ray came to Boston he had to check in at McLean Hospital for two or three days before he could do a concert. Which was great if you worked there.

There was a story every day. One day I notice they'd just put in Plexiglass windows on the hall where I worked. A patient—John C., we'll call him—is walking down the hall and he's on double specials, which means there has to be an aide on both sides within arm's length, and all of a sudden he takes off in his bathrobe, bare feet, pajamas, and goes running down the hallway. He gets about 10 feet from the nurse's station, launches himself at the window—boom!—and clunks against the new Plexiglass windows. He knocks himself out. I run up to him and he says, "When the hell did they put those in?"

I say to myself, I've got to start writing this stuff down.

I got my first criticism as an undergraduate. I was told that I wrote OK but should stay away from fiction. It was good advice which I didn't take.

When I came to Vanderbilt to graduate school, I was a little bit hippyish. I befriended a guy named Walter Sullivan who was a very conservative professor, but he loved me and I loved him. And he said, "Write fiction." That's what I wanted to do, so I listened to him instead of the undergraduate guy.



SUE SOLIE PATTERSON

I wrote a novel, and 31 publishers turned it down with extreme prejudice. Then that same novel won the Edgar Award as the best first mystery of the year in America. If you get turned down by any New York publisher, take it as a good sign.

For the last few years, I've been the biggest-selling novelist in the United States. I have this wonderful day job—I write about 355 days a year because I love it. Somebody said you're lucky if you find something you like to do, and it's a miracle if someone will pay you to do it. That's my situation.

I write in longhand. I don't use a computer. The day it started to be fun, the day everything clicked for me, the day that it

changed for the better, was the day I stopped writing sentences and started writing stories.

Sentences are really hard. But if you write a story, it just flows out of you. It's an interesting notion: Stories are easy; sentences are hard.

I wrote a love story, a little maudlin but with some nice things in it, called *Suzanne's Diary for Nicholas*. The second day I was on tour for the book, I was on TV and the host said that the night before, he had given *Suzanne's Diary* to his wife to read, and that she was still reading it when he went off to bed. At 2 o'clock in the morning, she came in and woke him up. And she said, "I just finished that book and I'm sorry to wake you up, but I had to hug you."

I've had experiences like that thousands of times. There's really nothing like the feeling you get from something you've done—a book, a painting, a poem, a newspaper column, cooking dinner for your wife. Whatever it is, it's exhilarating.

When I was on tour in Lexington, Ky., a well-dressed lady told me, "Before I read *Along Came a Spider*, I never read. Now I've read several of your books, and reading is such a huge part of my life that I read every day."

People have told me, "My husband is reading again," "My wife is reading again," "My kids read." This past year I did a children's book for Christmas, which was fun to do. In April I have a young adult series starting.

Oprah has a different approach. She has the world reading classics like *Anna Karenina*

na. I question that, to be honest. My approach is that we'll all read something we're going to love, especially kids. Some of us are going to get Tolstoy and some of us aren't. But all of us are going to have passion for this wonderful thing called books and reading, rather than being turned off about it, which has happened to so many people.

I was in Marrakesh once, the location of the summer palace of the sultan. According to Koranic law, the sultan has to meet with his subjects every day to hear their complaints. Because of this custom they have built a public square outside the palace, and every night this square fills with people.

One night I was there sipping a pastis and watching all this amazing stuff, bartering for monkeys and perfumes and all sorts of things. Suddenly, the crowd parted and a very large guy in indigo and saffron robes showed up. Some of the dye had

actually tinted his skin. He opened a large wicker basket, and people started throwing money into it.

I asked the waiter at our table, "Who is this guy?" and he said, "He's the greatest storyteller. When he gets a sufficient number of coins, he begins to tell his stories."

This guy was a magnificent dancer and a great gesticulator. He shouted to the heavens at times, and then he would whisper lovingly to the women and to the men. I must have watched him for an hour and a half. I was mesmerized. I couldn't turn away. I didn't understand a single word he said, but I loved his stories.

The power of stories in our lives is incredible. We don't think about it as much as we should. We all have stories—just a couple of lines—and that's how we're seen in our fam-

ilies. Our parents have a story about us, and it's never going to change no matter what we do. We have stories that were known at school and stories at work.

Cities have stories. Neighborhoods have stories. Vanderbilt has a story. When I came

which at the time had a very bad story. Ford had become known for its acronyms: Found On Road Dead. Fix Or Repair Daily. But Ford started improving its car lines. They redid the Thunderbird and came out with the Taurus, which at the time was moderately revolutionary. With Ford's help we changed their story, and for a while they were known as the highest-quality American car maker. It was a new story.

The power of stories is unbelievable. During the 1992 primary, Bill Clinton's story was: A slick Southern yuppie, educated in silver-spoon schools, a draft dodger who smoked pot and cheated on his wife.

Not a good story.

Research by a group in New York called the Manhattan Project uncovered another story: Bill Clinton is the middle-class son of a single mother who worked his way up to the Arkansas governorship, where he made remarkable progress in his poor state by focusing on job

creation and education.

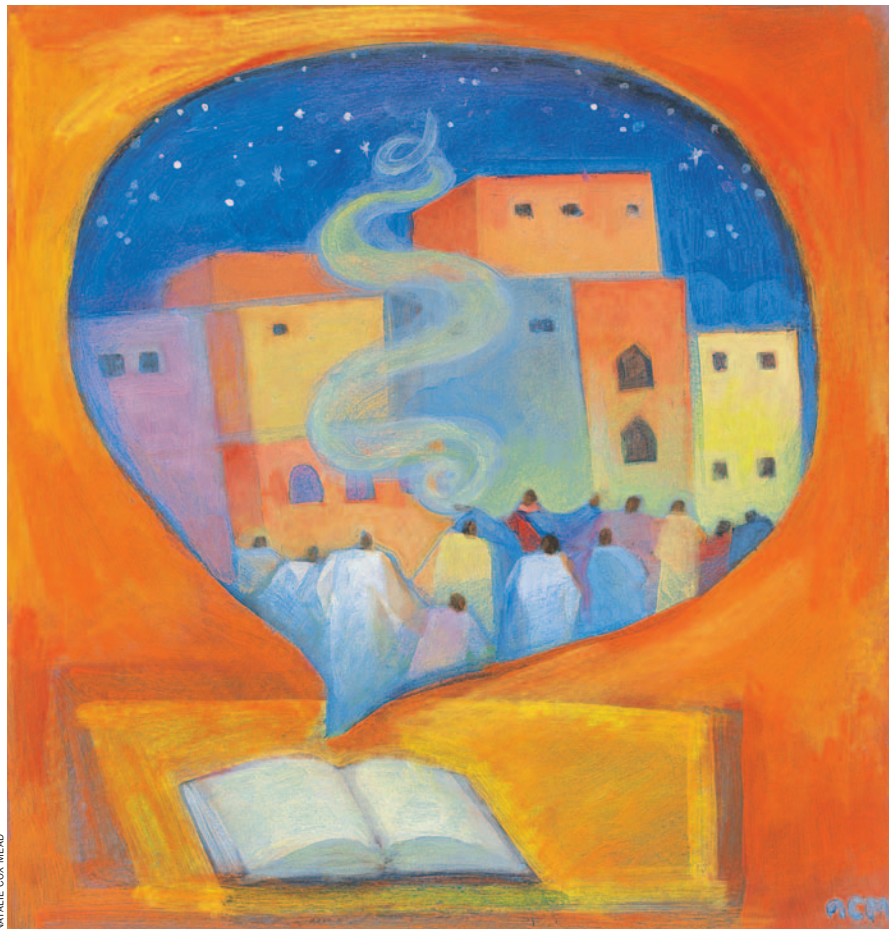
A much better story, and it helped elect him president.

My own opinion of Bill Clinton shifted radically the day he was to be questioned about Monica Lewinsky by House prosecutors. On that Monday a photograph of Clinton appeared in thousands of newspapers. In that photograph he was saluting a Marine as he stepped off a helicopter from Camp David. And under his other arm, plainly visible, was a copy of my latest book.

My respect for the president, his intelligence, his taste in literature, soared.

I got out of advertising. I've been clean for about 10 years now. And I'm lucky enough to write fiction—not great fiction but good escapism. I don't like this "guilty pleasure"

continued on page 87



here they used to talk about Vanderbilt as the "Harvard of the South." At the time it was probably an effective story. Now it may be condescending to say that.

These stories about us can either push us forward or hold us back. Sometimes people have to leave a job because they need to change their stories, especially young people. Sometimes people have to move away from their families just because they need to change their stories.

Storytelling has been a part of my life for a long time. In the beginning I made a good living telling stories to and for business people. What are frequently called brands or corporate images are really just stories.

I worked for J. Walter Thompson, which was the world's largest advertising agency. One of our clients was the Ford Motor Co.,

The Classes

“**Andy Baker Darlington, BA’62, has been named National Educator of the Year** by the Christian Educators Association International.”

Please note: Class Notes only appear in the print edition of this publication.

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A Record Reunion/Homecoming

Record attendance and giving highlighted Reunion/Homecoming Weekend last November. Attendance totaled 5,465—a 50-percent increase over 2003. The weekend included educational events, class parties, a Brad Paisley concert and Vanderbilt pep rally, tailgating, the Vanderbilt-Florida game, and “Dynamite Blast,” a family-friendly party.

Giving by all reuniting classes totaled \$41.4 million. If you missed out, it’s not too late to catch up. Update your information online with Dore2Dore at www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni/onlineserv.htm and join your class’s discussion group.

Mark your calendar now for Reunion/Homecoming 2005, set for Oct. 14–15.

PHOTOS BY NEIL BRAKE, DANIEL DUBOIS AND PEYTON HOGG

“ Donald Quinton Cochran Jr., BA’80, JD’92, has been awarded for his successful prosecution of Bobby Frank Cherry for the 1963 bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Ala. ”



Nora Wingfield Tyson,
BA’79

CASEY L. JAMES/U.S. NAVY

Front and Center

When Nora Wingfield Tyson speaks, more than 1,200 sailors and Marines listen. As commander of the USS *Bataan*, a Wasp-class naval amphibious assault ship, she and her crew have made two trips to Kuwait to transport personnel, equipment, and Harrier jets that use the *Bataan*'s 844-foot deck as a runway for the Iraq War.

The Memphis, Tenn., native and Vanderbilt English major finds it rewarding to help those serving under her to grow into the demands of military life, take responsibility, and learn to make good decisions. “The majority realize they are a part of something bigger than themselves and give everything to preserve the freedoms we hold dear,” says Captain Tyson. “I’m entrusted with the care of these folks, and the decisions I make affect their lives.”

In civilian life, Tyson, an avid golfer, lives in Williamsburg, Va., with her husband, Wayne.

“I’ve been well prepared,” says the 24-year U.S. Navy veteran. “Even so, you have to reflect on what you’ve learned and count on your gut to guide you. For me, it’s paramount that when I look in the mirror, I can honestly say, ‘I did the right thing.’”



Barbara Brooks,
EMBA’85

GREG EMENS

Horsing Around

It’s spring, and the verdant pastures and rolling hills of Painted Springs Farm glisten with life. But Barbara Brooks has eyes only for the colts cavorting with their mothers on the Middle Tennessee farm she owns with her husband, Kix Brooks, half of the country-music duo Brooks & Dunn.

“For my 40th birthday, Kix gave me a painted thoroughbred mare,” says Barbara. “We got another horse for him with the idea of breeding them.” But at an auction she saw a cutting horse work, and the dream of riding competitively and a passion for building a business around breeding, training and selling horses were born. “I’m a firm believer in the saying that the outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man,” she jokes.

It’s a conviction that draws her most days to the stables where she works beside her staff of nine, caring for and training horses. While she finds satisfaction in the growing success of the stock bred at Painted Springs, her deepest pleasure is a simple one, she says. “When I look at what we’ve accomplished here and see my little buddies out in the field, nothing makes me happier.”

“**Leanne West, BA’91, has been named among the “Top 40 Under 40”** in the state of Georgia by Georgia Trend magazine.”



Keith Alberstadt, BA’95

NEIL BRAKE

Enter Laughing

Laughter is Keith Alberstadt’s business. “When I was 16, a friend dared me to go to open-mike night at a comedy club,” says Alberstadt, an emerging stand-up comic. “I’ve been hooked ever since.”

On the road four days a week doing gigs around the country, he finds his material in life’s little ironies. “My mom keeps sending me newspaper clips about my high-school friends who are getting married,” he says. “So I send her nursing home brochures.”

On his days off, Alberstadt, who was an interdisciplinary communications major at Vanderbilt, works on his routines. When he thinks he has a nascent joke, he tries it on another comic for feedback. He believes the work is paying off. XM Satellite Radio has broadcast some of his material, and he was a regional finalist for NBC television’s “Last Comic Standing” competition in 2004.

“Comedy is like golf,” he says. “You can watch it on TV and go to the driving range, but you’ll never be good unless you play and play.” Fundamentally, Alberstadt says, his work is about good material, engaging the audience and honing his craft.

“Making people laugh is a rush,” he says. “I’m hooked on that rush.”

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“ **Ingrid Schuster Tighe, BA’98, an Army captain and Signal Corps officer** *-serving in Baghdad, Iraq, has worked with the first group of Iraqi women to join the country’s military.* ”

**VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
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For a complete roster of board members and club liaisons, go to <http://www.vanderbilt.edu/alumni/alumassoc.htm>

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Jeffrey Kudlata, BA’85, EMBA’96

School of Engineering: James Johnson, BE’63, PhD’72

School of Medicine: Joseph Little III, BA’72, MD’77

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From the Reader *continued from page 6*
issue [p. 52]. It captured the difficulties as well as the innovative approaches used in the struggle against the HIV/AIDS epidemic in Uganda. Regrettably, however, the article gives the erroneous impression of slow delivery of anti-retroviral medicines to Uganda through President Bush's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief.

In fact, the U.S. Mission team is quite proud that within five weeks of the appropriation passing Congress, we were delivering anti-retroviral medications (ARVs) to some of Uganda's poorest and sickest residents in March 2004.

Since then we have built on our speedy response—really an unprecedented performance—to accelerate the delivery of drugs and expand the number of recipients. Over the past year the number of Ugandans receiving anti-retroviral therapy (ART) has tripled, with more than 35,000 Ugandans receiving

ART. Among these, more than 26,000 are direct beneficiaries of the president's Emergency Plan. By October 2005, we estimate that our efforts will result in more than 43,000 Ugandans treated. These medications are not only reaching the urban minority, but are being delivered through more than 50 health facilities throughout the country. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention has pioneered a home-based AIDS-care strategy [that is] delivering ARVs to rural homes, now adopted as a model by other organizations to reach Africans most in need.

The struggle to address AIDS in Uganda remains massive, but efforts are in full swing and expanding constantly. We are proud of our efforts and will work to build upon them in the future to help Uganda turn back the tide against this killer disease.

MICHAEL C. GONZALES
*Deputy Public Affairs Officer
Embassy of the U.S.A., Uganda*

VJournal *continued from page 7*
tense undercurrents, but Vanderbilt now has a sampling of books, political pamphlets, papers and posters from that early Sandinista era. Our students and scholars can glean a sense of those turbulent times.

Some of my best finds have been on personal trips. A bookseller in a remote Vermont farmhouse sold me one of the best early Latin American travel accounts we have in Special Collections. A driving trip to the village of bookshops in Hay-on-Wye in the Welsh countryside yielded a collection of 19th-century Mexican materials belonging to a Benedictine monk. Not yet thoroughly unboxed or priced, it was a steal. Several small public library book sales in New England have turned up other early travel accounts. These lucky finds, however, are no substitute for trips to Latin American countries.

Archaeological discoveries at Maya sites in Guatemala and digs by members of Vanderbilt's anthropology faculty have inspired us to work toward becoming a national resource in Mesoamerican anthropology and archaeology. Stretching the library budget to aim for such strength has required creativity and resourcefulness. I was in Guatemala when a noted archaeologist was selling his private library, and the Friends of the Library (Vanderbilt's donor society that supports the University library system) gave us funds to buy a portion of it. Over tea in his lovely colonial

Sports *continued from page 18*

she says. "I've always wanted to work with kids, so that's a big part of it." She volunteers two hours a week rocking premature infants in Vanderbilt Children's Hospital's neonatal unit.

Hahn's success has translated into success for the University's overall athletics standing as well. Thanks in large measure to her performances on the national stage, Vanderbilt's

overall sports program ranked 28th in the nation out of 278 institutions, a rise from 54th place the year before. "If anything we do as athletes helps promote the school in general, I think it's great," Hahn says. "I love being here, and I want everyone else to enjoy this as much as I do."

mansion in Antigua, the man regaled me with stories of his explorations. When I returned that evening to make my final selections, I was greeted by a male servant holding a lunging Doberman. Books were spread around a patio, and the servant chained the growling dog to a post. I spent a nerve-wracking evening selecting books and praying the chain wouldn't break.

Last year, when a frustrated Ph.D. student from Spain said she was going to Cuba to find the books and journals she needed since Vanderbilt and other U.S. libraries did not have a number of recent writers' works, I realized I had put off too long the problem of obtaining Cuban materials. A profusion of new Cuban writers has generated research by students and faculty in the Spanish department at Vanderbilt. An NEH-funded international collaborative project to digitize decaying colonial documents in Cuban archives is being directed by Vanderbilt historian Jane Landers, and the library is supporting this effort.

As I headed to Cuba last May, I reflected on parallels between that trip and the one to Nicaragua. From the plane the long, thin island I had peered at with curiosity so many times en route to Latin America came into view. As we prepared to land, most passengers made the sign of the cross followed by thunderous applause and cheering. It was 9 p.m. when I arrived at the Havana airport with \$4,000 in cash in a money belt. U.S. banks cannot do business with Cuba, and U.S. credit cards are not accepted. The Cuban crime rate is reportedly very low, but such a sum must be a powerful temptation in a country where the average monthly income hovers around \$20. The night before my arrival, the student from Spain had sent me a cryptic e-mail from Cuba warning me to "take care—all is in upheaval."

After a lengthy search of my baggage, I was relieved to find an official had come to meet me, and I was taken through a crowd to a locked van and driven to the city. We passed the dwindling crowds of a May Day protest—more than a million people organized by Castro to protest President Bush's announcement of a nearly \$60-million appropriation for anti-Castro efforts to liberate Cuba. Tension continued during my trip with the rhetoric

escalating. Several Cubans expressed concern that Bush might invade their homeland.

Newly announced restrictions on travel to Cuba and on dollars sent to families caused hardship for many Cubans. Several times people asked me to buy milk for their babies. Food was scarce, and the people were experiencing the worst drought in 40 years. Economic hardships mean private libraries are being broken up for resale, and stolen books are not uncommon.

Hardships notwithstanding, the government promotes a profusion of publishing and cultural events. UNEAC, the writers' and artists' union, is a busy and exciting spot filled with authors, students and lecturers. The government subsidizes publishing, so books can be amazingly cheap (three to five books per dollar). Bargaining and buying of antiquarian books in the plazas and from other places can be the opposite, however, and one must obtain a *comprobante* to be able to take pre-1940 imprints out of Cuba.

Despite the lack of resources, Cubans are upbeat and vibrant. When I arrived at the national library to visit librarians I had met at a conference in Cartagena last year, the electricity was out, so I was unable to see their duplicate exchange collections. They closed the national library that afternoon because they could not serve employees a meal. On a return visit, I noted computers were so old they lacked virtually any memory—only after three tries were they able to type a letter giving me permission to take a duplicate collection of a Cuban literary journal. The box of floppies and pens I brought them were carefully parceled out to staff. Despite their problems the librarians took the time to help an American research library fill in journals and books we lacked. The Vanderbilt graduate student from Spain put me in touch with a professor of Cuban literature who spent several days helping me locate new writers' works. People in the plazas wanted to give directions and talk about the U.S. Despite protests in the square, they were friendly, separating U.S. politics from individual North Americans.

I acquired so many books and journals that I began to worry about getting them out of the country. I had considered parceling them out to Vanderbilt students in Cuba for

a Maymester course, but now there were too many for their 70-pound limit. I located a cargo company that would ship to Canada and spent half a day in a high-security area of the airport making the arrangements. The office walls were covered with photographs of El Presidente Castro and reverent quotations. The agent sported a Tommy Hilfiger shirt, a new fax machine, and a computer the likes of which no one else owned in Havana. After endless paperwork I was taken to a loading dock with my many bags of books. A young but intimidating customs official looked at every book and pored over the pages. We were accompanied by the desperate squawks of thousands of tiny parakeets stuffed into open pallets bound for Spain. The promised boxes to pack my books were nowhere to be found. When the severe customs official finished, he smiled and pitched in as agents scoured the airport for gunny sacks and boxes and packed.

I left Cuba knowing the new acquisitions would help students and faculty at Vanderbilt and from other parts of the world with their research, whether they were looking for a single fact or for a range of sources on a theme. Acquiring the right resources is vital to good research, and it's rewarding to see students become independent researchers and learn something they can put to use in their careers.

Two students wrote recently to thank my co-teacher in Latin American research methods and me and to say they are using these research skills from the class. Let's hope they truly learned them since one is in the White House and both are working on counterterrorism.

I'm not sure where my next opportunity to strengthen the collection may take me. So many other great finds are waiting to be discovered ... and in so little time ... but what wonderful places and people to get to know along the way.

In addition to her work as Latin American and Iberian bibliographer for the Jean and Alexander Heard Library, Paula Covington also co-teaches an interdisciplinary course in Latin American research methods and helps students and faculty with research.

Signal Strength *continued from page 43*

competitive practices toward concert promoters did result in a lawsuit by a Denver firm, that has been settled.

Then there's the scrutiny from the FCC. Clear Channel has a longstanding policy, states Mark Mays, of letting individual stations determine their own programming. It worked well for years until 2004, when the FCC cracked down on broadcasting indecency in the wake of the Janet Jackson Super Bowl incident. Suddenly, its DJs had too much freedom: Clear Channel found itself hit with hundreds of thousands of dollars in fines for the freewheeling chatter of Bubba the Love Sponge (whom Clear Channel fired) and other on-air talent. Clear Channel responded quickly with a company-wide Responsible Broadcasting Initiative to give on-air talent decency guidelines, and in June 2004 the company settled the FCC's indecency claims against its stations by agreeing to a one-time \$1.75 million payment to cover all its fines.

Ironically, Clear Channel also has been charged with too much control of its stations: Allegations surfaced in 2003 of politically motivated censorship in regards to airplay of the Dixie Chicks, following their lead singer's criticism of President Bush in 2003, as well as rumors of a Clear Channel edict against playing certain songs company-wide.

As Mark and Randall Mays both point out, the charges of censorship simply don't stick. It was a Clear Channel rival, Cumulus, that issued a company-wide ban on the Dixie Chicks in 2003; Clear Channel never did. Similarly, a fall 2001 *New York Times* story reported rumors that in the wake of the 9/11 terrorist attacks, Clear Channel had issued a company-wide ban on certain songs. Says Randall Mays, "It never happened. But especially in this day and age, with the Internet, sometimes these things take on lives of their own. And it's difficult to get the truth out."

As for the FCC crackdown, Mark Mays says he is happy to comply with the government's more stringent position on indecency, but it has taken some work company-wide. "It was a change for us," he says. "We've always had decentralized operations, and we've said [to our programmers], 'Run whatever you think, as long as it's within FCC guidelines.'

For the first time earlier this year, we said, 'You can run whatever you want, but you can't run *this* because the FCC has come out and said that's illegal.' So we had to set a company-wide line that the FCC set for us. And it is something we still struggle with internally. Where does indecency stop, and where do First Amendment rights come in? I empathize with our talent who are trying to be innovative and fresh and creative every day. There's no bright-line test of where indecency standards are set, and that's a challenge for me."

In response to the media flak, Clear Channel has increased its public relations and Washington lobbying efforts. The company's large, well-stocked Web site offers pages such as "Know the Facts," which takes on Clear Channel's critics point by point, and dispenses online copies of recent letters Mark Mays has written to *Forbes* and *Rolling Stone*, which refute many of those magazines' derogatory claims about Clear Channel. Overall Mark Mays seems more disappointed than perturbed over accusations that persist in the media.

"I think we've done a good job over the last couple of years of getting out there with the facts and saying, 'Come on, guys,'" says Mark. "Yes, we are capitalists. And yes, we do try to improve the bottom line, and we're out there to improve cashflow for shareholders. But a lot of claims people have made are absolutely false."

What's in store for Clear Channel? *Forbes* and others have suggested that Clear Channel's days of massive growth through radio acquisitions are over. But with the bulk of its business in radio, TV and billboards—all advertising-dollar magnets—Clear Channel has a business model that generates very steady cashflow in the billions, so there are always opportunities for other kinds of growth.

Naturally, Mark Mays plays his cards close to his vest when asked what those opportunities might be. Some financial pundits have speculated that TV-station growth may be next. Others note the recent hiring of Evan Harrison, former head of America Online's music efforts, to spearhead Clear Channel's move into Internet radio, which remains largely virgin territory for advertising. Regardless,

Mark Mays seems bullish on radio's continued viability, however that may play out in future technologies.

"People have enormous passion for their particular radio station," Mays says. "So how do we take that passion and move it into the digital world of tomorrow? There's going to be more competition in the future. There already is with satellite radio. There are going to be more people listening online, more people downloading.

"But, you know, over time people will come continually back to radio as the stalwart. It's got the local news, local information, local weather, local sports teams. That's still going to be a compelling mixture. I think radio has a tremendously bright future. It's just going to have to adapt. . . . We're out there looking at technology and trying to figure out ways to use current technology to further enhance our distribution platform. How can we take our content and deliver it in other ways—whether that's over the Internet, whether that's through wireless technologies?"

Today Mark Mays seems right at home at the helm of Clear Channel, the family business and the multibillion-dollar public corporation. "The great thing about what we do is that there's something new and different every day," he says, reflecting on what motivates him. "The opportunities excite me, whether that's outdoor, entertainment or radio or television. Just coming in and having the opportunity to help shape and mold is exciting."

As I walk down the corridor on my way out of Mark Mays' office, Randall Mays passes me, says a quick goodbye, and greets Mark with some information that is just out of my earshot. Then there's a big, double-barreled brotherly whoop of celebration behind me. I have no idea what went down, but if I were a betting man, I'd have my money on the Mays boys. ▼

An English major when at Vanderbilt and now a Nashville freelancer, Paul Kingsbury, BA'80, is the author of books about the Grand Ole Opry and Nashville's historic Hatch Show Print poster shop. His articles have appeared in Entertainment Weekly, US, Nashville Life and other magazines.

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

thing—I wish everyone would stop that. It’s OK to read an escapist book. It’s OK to go to the movies.

Earlier this year I came across something Flaubert said that captured the way I feel when I sit down to write stories. It’s part of the reason I get so excited to do this so many days of the year:

“It is a delicious thing to write . . . to be no longer yourself, but to move an entire universe of your own creating. Today, for instance, as both man and woman, both lover and mistress, I rode in a forest on an autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves, and I was also the horses, the wind, the words my people uttered, even the red sun that almost made them close their love-drowned eyes.”

Go write a book. It’s fun.

On the other hand, sportswriter Red Smith once said, “Writing is easy. All you do is sit staring at the blank piece of paper until the drops of blood form on your forehead.”

...

Here’s a great sports story: When I was at Vanderbilt as a graduate student, Vanderbilt beat Alabama in football.

...

When I was in my early 30s, I was very much in love with a woman in New York City. One Saturday morning we went out to get breakfast and stopped in the post office on Broadway, and she fell over in the post office. We both thought she was dying. It turned out that she was having a seizure. And it ultimately turned out that she had a brain tumor and a very limited amount of time to live.

People react to situations like this in a lot of different ways. Some people will spend the rest of their time together shaking their fists at the sky and saying, “Why us?” Some people will weep and weep and weep.

What we did was to tell each other a story. The story and the point of view we took was: Isn’t it lucky that we have this time? Isn’t it lucky that you didn’t die in the post office and we have this day to take this walk? Isn’t it lucky that you didn’t die in the post office and we have today to spend with our friends? That story, that point of view, made that year and a half the most precious of my life.

...

One last story: When I was a boy, I grew up in a farm town on the Hudson River. In the summer my grandfather used to take me on his truck route once a week. He delivered ice

cream and frozen food. At 4 o’clock in the morning, we would get up and pack up his truck. By around 5 o’clock we’d be going over Storm King Mountain in the direction of West Point. That’s not the most glamorous thing to be doing six days a week—packing the truck at 4 in the morning, getting home at 6:30 at night, delivering frozen food.

My grandfather was a joyful guy who’d lived through the Depression, and virtually every day I was with him he would go over Storm King Mountain singing at the top of his lungs. He had a terrible voice. He’d sing all those old songs—“Oh! Susanna,” “Put Another Nickel In,” “She’ll Be Coming ’Round the Mountain”—and he said to me, “Jim, I don’t care what you do when you grow up. I don’t care if you become a truck driver or a surgeon or the president. Just remember, when you go over the mountain to work in the morning, you have to be singing.”

And I do. I hope you do, too.

Best-selling author James Patterson, MA’70, has nearly 30 books in print encompassing the mystery, suspense, science fiction, romance and children’s genres. This essay was adapted from his address as part of the Chancellor’s Lecture Series.

Southern Journal *continued from page 88*

a stick and it scattered in a hunnert pieces. Later on, they’d come back together.

Well, when we come back to the river it come up a cloud, and me and Will run and got in a hollow oak tree there by the river. Biggest tree I ever did see. So big in there I took a 16-foot fence-rail and held it out level and I could turn plum around in there. And if you don’t believe it, you can ask your Uncle Will.

HAMPTON

I jes’ barely remember Ol’ Ebb Hampton. He was a old, old man when I was a little girl. Him and his daughter Rosey and his daughter Lindie used to go around, sing at churches. They was awful religious folks. Old Ebb died with a cancer on his face. They had put him up in a screen-wire cage to keep the flies from a-blowing him, ’fore he died.

Lim and Abe was his boys—they was

both of them so ’fraid of women, woman was to come to their house, they’d fight each other to see who could get up the chimbley first. Well, after Lim married, Abe bought him a house there in Buena Vista; place was hainted. One day he was out in the stable and he heard the ghost a-mumblin something—mumblin and mumblin. Well, Abe said to it, “In the name of Jesus, speak to me,” and he said that three times and the ghost had to answer him—told him to go over there in the south corner of the stable and dig there—and sure ’nough there was a iron dinner kettle full of gold money.

LILLIE LOREEN

We named her Lillie Loreen—Lillie after Pa’s sister, but we called her Digs ’cause of the way she walked, her toes diggin’ in the ground.

We thought she was going to die that first winter. The deathwatches ticked in the wall

and there was a mourning noise under the house; we thought it was a sign, but come to look, it was just dogs fightin’.

Then spring come and Digs got well. One day she run in the house with mud on her hands and left a handprint on the screen door there. That summer we put her out in the sunshine with Little Roy and had her picture made. Digs pulled up the blanket in her mouth just as they made the picture—that’s the only picture we have of her.

When Christmas come, Opp give us a hoop of cheese out of the store. Little Digs never had had any before and she ate so much it give her the colic. They called Dr. Massey from Buena, but he couldn’t do nothing.

When we moved away from there, we throwed the broom back in the house because it’s bad luck to move a broom. But we took down the screen door and moved it with us—there’s the print of her hand on it in mud.

Southern Journal

Reflections on the South

Simple Annals

Stories from an American family

By ROBERT HOWARD ALLEN, MA'85, PHD'90

These stories are based on family legends and folk tales that Robert Allen heard as a child in rural West Tennessee. They form part of his collection *Simple Annals: 200 Years of an American Family*, published in 1997 by *Four Walls Eight Windows*.

AUNT IDA'S HAIR

It's getting grey now and that's the third color it's been. They say, though, you'll never be whiteheaded if you's ever redheaded and I was redheaded as a pecker-wood when I was a girl. One time Aunt Calline Bateman come to stay with us. She was Granma Thomas' sister—married Henry Bateman—he died right after the War and Aunt Calline stayed around with her folks after that. She's a big, fat woman, like Granma and nasty! She never would change her dress—she wore one dress over the other and when one of 'em got too dirty she'd just pull it off and there was another dress under that. She dipped snuff and there was always a ring of snuff around her mouth—never did wash nor nothing.

Well, she slept on my bed. I had a little old trundle bed—rolled back under Pa and Ma's big bed during the day. That was that big old bed of theirs Pa made when they first got married, called it the Horny Bed. Aunt Calline stayed with us sev'l weeks and I slept on a pallet on the floor.

Well, after that Aunt Calline went to stay with Uncle Zer—heh! She didn't stay long, though, cause Aunt Mary couldn't put up with her—poor old thing!—Aunt Mary was

awfully curious—she had her ways. So I went back to sleeping on my little trundle bed, and first thing I knowed I had head lice. Aunt Calline had left 'em in the bed you see. Well I done ever'thing I knowed to get rid of them head lice—washed my head with lye soap and ever'thing. Finally somebody told me to wash my head with coal oil and that would kill 'em off. Well, I took a quart of coal oil and I went down to the spring and I done it. And shore enough ever' hair on my head fell out. I'se as baldheaded as a watermelon there, but it was in the summer time. Come to grow back, it growed in black—just as black as a crow and I'd had the prettiest red hair 'fore that—took after Pa's folks, they was all redheaded. An' that's how come me to be getting the third color of hair now. They say, though, that you'll never be whiteheaded if you'se ever redheaded, and that's why it's coming in in streaks. Killed them lice, though.

JIM A-COURTING

I went over to Ben Gooch's for Sunday dinner one time—that was when I'se courting Mandy and come to set down to eat, her old mammy tuck the biscuits and put 'em in a basket, kept 'em in her lap—anybody wanted a biscuit she'd reach down there and pass 'em one. I didn't know what to think of them.

Well, I'd 'bout decided to marry Mandy and I bought her a set a' vases and bowl of the prettiest Carnival glass—give nearly fifty cents for 'em at Opp's store. I'se gonna ride over and propose to her that Sunday. Well, come Friday I got a letter from Mandy—said her Daddy had promised to buy her a parlor



JIM HSIEH

organ if she wouldn't have nothing to do with me. She always wanted a parlor organ and she'd tuck him up on it. Give them vases to Zade when I married her. They was curious people, them Gooches was, cur—riss, I tell you.

PA BUYS SALT

One time me and Will drove over to Perryville to buy salt—that was right after the War and salt 'us scarce—people used to dig up the dirt under their smokehouses, boil it in a washpot, then pour off the water, and boil that down to get back the salt that had been spilled.

We bored a hole up in the underside of the wagon tongue, put our money up in there and put a stopper in it, so if there was any bushwhackers stopped us, they couldn't find our money. We crossed Tennessee River there at the Puryear Ferry, and got our salt. There was hoop snakes over there in Perry County—we'se coming downhill one time and one of them took out after us—put its tail in its mouth and rolled down that hill like the rim of a wagon wheel—went right past us, on down the hill. I seed a joint snake too—put together in joints, like cane. I hit at it with

continued on page 87