

THE ACORN Chronicle

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Teaching with technology

Library holds workshops for faculty

Imagine college courses in which students

- create Web pages instead of term papers, weaving text with video, animation, and sound, and providing links to other electronic resources in their subjects.

- use their professor's home page to access homework assignments, the course syllabus, other students' Web pages, and links to electronic information in their subject.
- communicate with faculty members from their homes or dormitory rooms at any time of the day or night by electronic mail.
- engage in stimulating discussions with classmates outside of class via course chat groups.

Such scenarios are no longer the stuff of futurist day-dreams; Vanderbilt students are already using electronic media in these ways thanks, in part, to faculty workshops sponsored by the Jean and Alexander Heard Library. University Librarian Paul Gherman encouraged the development of the workshops, titled "Using Technology in the Curriculum." Gherman was familiar with similar seminars at Kenyon College, where he served as director of libraries before coming to Vanderbilt.

Some faculty members are skeptical about the pedagogical value of the new technology, but studies show that students benefit when faculty incorporate technology into their teaching, if it is done well, says Sherre Harrington, director of the Sarah Shannon Stevenson Science and Engineering Library and chair of the committee that planned and implemented the workshops.

Library leads the way

The four-day workshop was held for the second straight year in May at the Central Library's classroom and training room in the General Library Building. Approximately 20 faculty members who teach undergraduate courses participated, and many others expressed an interest in attending future workshops.

"That the library took the lead in this area reflects Paul Gherman's commitment to the library being more than a stationary provider of information," Harrington says. "We're uniquely positioned to provide a bridge between technology and academics that is mindful of the concerns academics have about using technology in the classroom."

All participants in the 1998 workshops attended the opening session on "Technology and Teaching," which



gave them the "big picture." During the four-day course they could choose among several two-hour modules on "Class Communication," "Electronic Tools for Classroom Presentations," "Library Information Resources," "Using the World Wide Web," "The Basics of Web Authoring," "Creating Digital Media," and "Designing a Web Page."

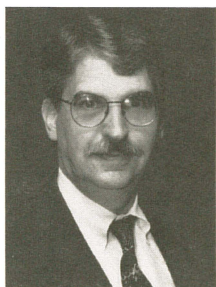
"Each workshop was planned so that a faculty member using that particular technology in their classes did an introduction, and a library staff member did the actual teaching," Harrington says. As a result of the workshops, several faculty participants are now acting as role models for their colleagues, helping them learn to use the new electronic tools in their courses.

One of those role models is Cynthia Cyrus, assistant professor of musicology at Blair School of Music, who uses information gleaned from the 1997 workshops to incorporate technology extensively in her classes.

"It was interesting to see the variety of approaches to teaching that the various faculty members participating in the workshop used," Cyrus says. "It was also a wonderful opportunity to network with other faculty members who are using technology in their classes. It was a really interesting workshop, and I find I keep going back to the materials they provided and sharing them with

Anne Womack, Divinity librarian, shows Gisela Mosig, professor of molecular biology, the finer points of developing a Web page at the library's faculty development workshop.

continued on page 2



Paul M. Gherman

In December, I had the opportunity to speak to the Board of Trust regarding developments in libraries, both those at Vanderbilt and those in the wider scholarly community. I was pleased to be able to provide information about both the level of services the libraries currently provide and the new types of services that technology makes possible and that our patrons will demand.

A few statistics from that talk will help illuminate the issues:

- The libraries in the Heard system currently have 2.3 million volumes, and the collection grows at the rate of 50,000 volumes per year, consuming 4,000 linear feet of new shelving.
- We currently subscribe to 17,450 journals, and the cost of subscriptions has increased 11 percent a year over the past 14 years.
- Our budget is currently \$14.6 million, a 69 percent increase over expenditures ten years ago, but enough to rank us only 52nd in the 109-member Association of Research Libraries.

Technology offers promising responses to many of these concerns by replacing the principle of ownership with that of access to materials. That access is increasingly electronic, thus reducing the pressure to continue to expand our physical facilities. But access is not without costs of its own, and determining how to balance our patrons' needs for the most current information, increasingly in electronic format, with the need to maintain and continue to build print collections is a substantial challenge.

Cooperative efforts save costs

Libraries across the country and around the world are facing these same challenges. The costs and capabilities of technology are making it necessary to share the costs of these valuable services with other institutions. In the last issue of the *ACORN CHRONICLE*, I told you about the

Nashville Area Library Alliance and its Project Athena, a shared electronic catalog of several local libraries. In this issue, you will read about IRIS, a new joint effort of the libraries at Vanderbilt, the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, and the University of Kentucky. Both of these consortia promise to expand the range of materials available to our patrons.

Helping us develop our financial strengths and identify new sources of funding to support these activities is a significant part of my efforts as University Librarian. In this task, I am aided by the library development officer, Holly McCall, who joined the library in October. I hope you will enjoy reading the article about her on page 4. The Friends of the Library contribute to the financial stability of the library and make it possible for us to fund projects and purchases outside the scope of the regular library budget. I hope you will consider joining the Friends.

I am pleased that so many library friends were able to attend Robert Drake's gallery talk last May. We are delighted that he has agreed to allow us to publish his remarks as the second of our "Gallery Talks" series in this issue. Our next issue will feature Charles Wolfe's talk on the work of George Worley Boswell and his collection of Tennessee folk songs.

Finally, I want to report the results of a recent administrative reorganization. In January, I assumed the additional responsibilities of director of the Central Library. The Central Library is the largest of the Heard Library's divisions, containing the collection in the social sciences and humanities and located in the General Library Building. The Central Library and the Sarah Shannon Stevenson Library for Science and Engineering had previously been jointly administered by a separate director.

Three current library staff members have changed roles as a result of this reorganization:

- Sherre Harrington, previously assistant director of the Central Library, was named director of Science and Engineering, which was established as a separate division and is the third largest in the system.
- John Haar, assistant director of the Central Library, assumes the additional title of assistant university librarian for collection development. In his new role, he will shape overall collection policy and serve as the licensing officer for electronic databases.
- Bill Hook, director of the Divinity Library, retains that assignment but has also taken on additional duties as associate director of the Central Library, responsible for the daily operations of Central.

I believe this new organization will serve the library and its patrons well by creating closer links between my office and the largest of the library divisions. Finding ways to provide the services that users of new library technology need, while continuing core services for traditional library materials, remains one of my highest priorities. 🐾

PAUL M. GHERMAN

Technology *continued from page 1*

my colleagues."

Cyrus teaches her students how to use the World Wide Web for research and how to evaluate the information available on the Internet. She offers students in her upper-level courses the opportunity to create Web pages instead of writing traditional reports. About two-thirds of her students opt for that innovative approach to writing and research.

For more information about the workshops and for access to "Resources for Further Learning," a guide to Web sites on related topics, visit the workshop's home page at www.library.vanderbilt.edu/science/workshop.htm 🐾

THE WRITER AS OBSERVER, THE WRITER AS OUTSIDER

BY ROBERT DRAKE
Vanderbilt University • May 24, 1997

Robert Drake, BA'52, MA'53, presented the following talk during his 45th Reunion at Vanderbilt last May. Drake donated his papers to the library in 1997. They are housed in Special Collections.

My old friend, John Noble Wilford, distinguished science writer for the *New York Times* and winner of two Pulitzer Prizes, once told me that being the son of a Methodist preacher had had a great deal to do with his becoming a writer and, in particular, a journalist.

In those days the annual conference, when the Bishop announced the "appointments" for the next year, was held in the fall, usually in November, I believe. (I think this all had something to do with the agrarian economy of those times: you couldn't get your budget in order until the crops came in and the parishioners had paid their pledges for that year.) And so, if his father, who was our preacher (according to my father, the most beloved pastor in the parsonage since "Brother Brooks," father of the distinguished literary critic) got moved to another church for the coming year, John would have to pull up stakes and enter a new school somewhere else in the Memphis Conference, where of course everybody had paired off and already made his friends for that year and there often seemed no place for him. And he began to think of himself as always something of an outsider or, as he put it, an *observer*. And thus the seeds of his future career may have been sown accordingly.

Well, my own story is not unlike that. I, too, was always something of a loner, an only child born into my parents' middle age; and I am older now than three of my grandparents were when they died. But the fourth, very much still alive then, was a Confederate veteran, a Virginian who had served in Hardaway's battery in the Army of Northern Virginia and had been at Spottsylvania Court House and Appomattox. (I still have his "parole" papers, signed at Appomattox, framed and hanging on my living room wall today.) So there was history quite literally in the house, and I never had to learn to respect it then or later.

I also was fat, wore braces on my teeth, and took piano lessons, which my grandfather began by paying for out of the meager Confederate pension granted him by the state of Tennessee. So you may imagine that I sometimes didn't really know where I belonged—or in what century; but I did feel as a rule very much alone.

My father was one of five brothers, all living there in that one West Tennessee county, all extremely fond of one another; so at Christmas we didn't have just one big family Christmas dinner, we had five. But fortunately, they were an *inclusive* family, not an *exclusive* one, and seemed always to want to share their happiness with others, never excluding them from their own blessings and joys. (My oldest uncle, a Methodist preacher and also a very fine photographer, who left us a family archive of 60 years' accumulation, naturally insisted on taking a "group picture" of the family on any and all occasions; and if there weren't enough of us on hand, he would call the neighbors to come join us because, perhaps like the Biblical host, he wanted his picture, like his house, to be full.)

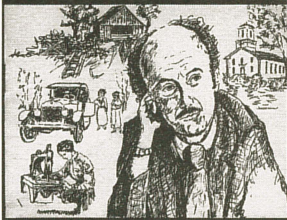
And that's the kind of people they were, never "excluders," but always "includers." But perhaps the most valuable thing they gave me was an appreciation of narrative. They all were excellent tale-tellers and, I now know, had a splendid sense of what *makes* a good story, usually of course taken from the family memories. Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton would have called it a very highly developed "communal discipline of taste," a set of criteria which they had imbibed without thought all their lives which made them recognize a good narrative and excel in the performance thereof—though of course they could never have explained such knowledge.

And I now know that the perennial repetition of these narratives at all the family get-togethers, all of them thoroughly familiar to all the group, was not motivated by any desire to tell the *news* (everybody there had already learned them by heart but of course at that stage they often bored me to death) but a delight in the performance



Drake in the 1930s

Hearing and understanding the voices of
West Tennessee



The Country of ROBERT DRAKE

itself. It was their native art, undergirding their culture and their lives; and in giving voice to it they shared a common celebration, a common joy.

And all those years, I was unconsciously listening, never dreaming that I would some day try to write such things down for other people to read. For early in the day, I had somehow blessedly come to believe that I had been *called* to teach: no other profession had ever entered my mind. Also, I somehow knew that I wanted to teach English and I wanted to teach it in a college or university. And thus my decisions about a career were all made before I left high school.

And so I came to Vanderbilt, then went on to Yale for my doctorate, and began my teaching career at the University of Michigan. But never in all those years did I consider writing as a profession: I thought it was fine if you had the talent but it never occurred to me that I might have any.

And for what it's worth, I had read little of what we now think of as Southern literature. Faulkner I had heard discredited as the author of a "dirty" book, *Sanctuary*; so I did read that but found it dull. Robert Penn Warren I had heard of as "the man who wrote the book about Huey Long." Also, that he was one of the members of the group of poets calling themselves Fugitives—I never knew why—who flourished at Vanderbilt "before my time."

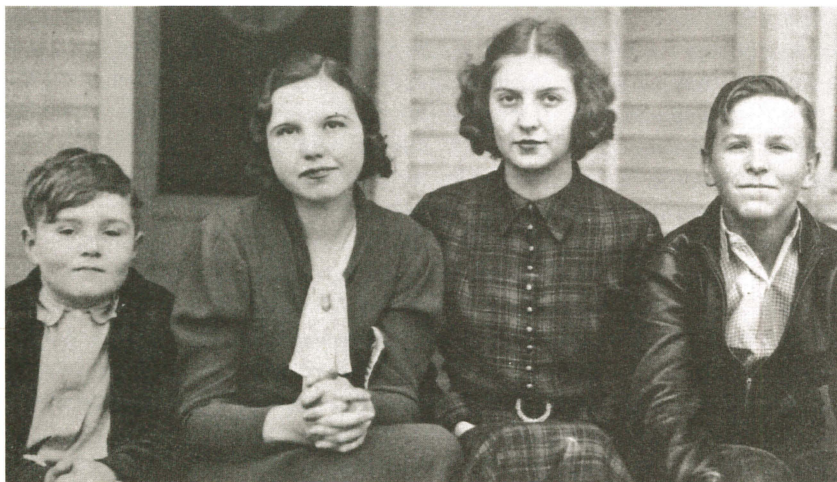
And I knew that most of them were very much concerned with history and its significance, especially for Southerners. But then that was no particular news to me: I had grown up, as I've said, with history literally in the house. And it was more or less like your skin: you were born with it and couldn't get rid of it so there was no use to try. And I still feel pretty much that way today; I certainly never had the feeling, like some people of my time

and place, that it was some sort of private property on which I had a strangle hold. In fact, just the reverse: somehow, I thought, history didn't like to be used, whether for individual or social aggrandizement. As in Henry James' fiction, it didn't like to be meddled with. So you ended up with a respect for it but no idolatry.

But as for the then less celebrated Southern writers—Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, and, later on, Flannery O'Connor and, much later, Peter Taylor and Walker Percy come immediately to mind—I simply knew *of* them. (Yes, I had read *Gone With the Wind* and thought highly of it as both narrative and novel, indeed would later publish the first essay on it—now reprinted three times—ever to appear in an academic journal; but I've told all about that elsewhere.) What mattered then, I thought, was that I *had* done a bold, perhaps even brazen doctoral dissertation on Keats, under the supervision of Frederick Pottle at Yale, and I had also taken a wonderful course there on the poetry of the Renaissance taught by Louis Martz. (And for the record, I should like to add here that it was Professor Martz who taught me how to read *Paradise Lost*—no mean achievement then or now.)

Surely, it must be something like that which I proposed to do with my life—writing the usual academic books and essays, always of course, in conjunction with my teaching. And yes, you *could* do both at the same time, with each discipline complementing and enriching the other—a belief I've held fast to all my career. But I never wanted to become a specialist, a "period" man: I preferred to be what you might call, in medicine, a "general practitioner." Some of this was simply inherent in the way I felt about all the arts (why did you have to *choose*?); some of it I got of course from my "role models," as we now call them: Donald Davidson, Cleanth Brooks, and Austin Warren. Those latter two didn't practice the "creative" arts, but they ranged widely over most of the fields in English and American literature. And they were all of them first-rate teachers. Yes, that was what I wanted to do with my life.

And then, out of the blue, something happened. One day, near the end of my first year of teaching, at the University of Michigan, I was standing outside the English office examining the contents of my afternoon mail which I had just taken from the mail boxes beside the door, when my chairman, Professor Warner G. Rice, greeted me and, among other things, asked what I intended doing with my summer vacation. I replied that I was planning to go back to New Haven and work in the Yale Library on several small critical projects which had begun to interest me during my teaching. But then—and I've never been more startled—he said, "Have you never thought of trying your hand at fiction? You're full of fine tales about your family and your home town and such things. Think about it." And that's the way it all began. (Professor Rice, I'm sorry to report, only recently passed on—though in his 98th year; but I never let him forget



Many of Drake's stories are accompanied by photographs taken by his uncle, the Rev. W.L. Drake. This one features Robert Drake, left, with some of his first cousins at one of the Drake family Christmas dinners in the thirties.

that it was he who "started all this.")

So later, when I was in New Haven, I found myself, day after day, sitting at one of the tables in the English Graduate Study on the second floor of the Sterling Library (from where you could always on Monday nights hear the Whiffenpoofs singing at Mory's just across the street) setting down just the bald memories of my childhood and adolescence in West Tennessee with no attempt of course at shaping them into fictional form. Like Sergeant Friday on *Dragnet*, I just, at that point, wanted the facts.

And thus began my first book of stories, *Amazing Grace*, published nearly ten years later in 1965, then issued again, in paperback in 1980, and finally reprinted in a splendid 25th anniversary edition in 1990, with a Foreword by Professor James Justus of Indiana University and a Preface by myself, along with some of my uncle's fine photographs. And my cup did indeed run over. (It was simply one of the few things *ever* in my

life in which I could find no fault!)

And now I have published six books of short stories and also what I call a "cultural memoir" of my father's family. And all this along with something close to 200 essays and reviews in the appropriate academic journals. And no one could be more surprised than I have been: as Juliet responds when her nurse



asks what she thinks of getting married, it has all been an honor I dreamed not of!

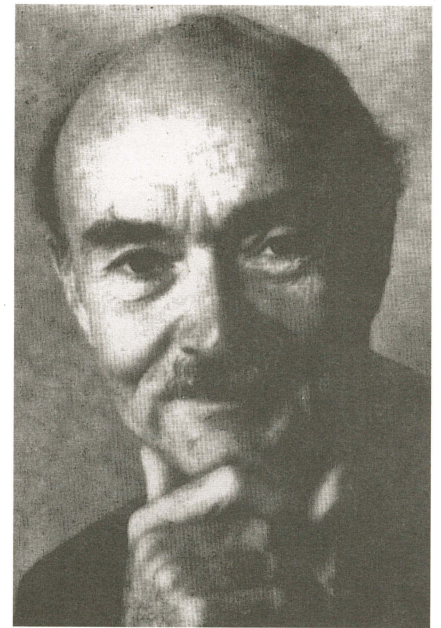
It's been a lonely road in many ways. I haven't done any of the "right" things either, which is to say I've never written—or thought of writing—a novel; I've never had a book reviewed in the *New York Times*; and, though I've appeared in many of the respectable periodicals, I've hardly ever appeared in any of the first-rate *literary* magazines. For example, from the very beginning, substantial parts of all my books have first appeared in the *Christian Century* and *Modern Age* before being collected, which I sometimes think my father would have viewed as he did ordering soup in a restaurant: he said he would never do it because none of it was actually *made* on the premises, just *accumulated* there!

Whatever the case, the *Christian Century* was usually regarded as simply a "religious" magazine—and somewhat far to the left too; on the other hand, *Modern Age*, a quarterly founded by Russell Kirk and originally subtitled "A Conservative Review," was probably too far to the right for some readers. (Well, I used to think, at least I was betraying no partisan bias in the company I kept!)

But of course neither of these periodicals was considered primarily "literary." Nevertheless, I was still glad to appear whenever and wherever I could, for the most part, and hoped my readers would have the good sense to sort out my stories from some of the *ideas* with which, unfortunately, they sometimes kept company. (For the record, I should like to note here that the only instance when I've ever appeared in a first-rate *literary* journal occurred in the *Southern Review* some years ago during the editorship of Fred Hobson and Lewis Simpson, who published four of my stories and, for what it's worth, never changed a single word in any of them.)

And as for my writing a novel, I tell all the demurrers (not altogether in jest either) that I have a short attention span but mainly write what I *have* to, not what they think I ought. Yes, my stories are all pretty short and most of them are told in the first person: obviously, like the tales told by my father and his brothers, they owe something to the *tale* of folk tradition. But as for what one very exalted editor—not unknown in these hallowed halls right here—told me (in returning some of my work, which, as usual, he never let get cold on his desk) he didn't have space for "anecdotes" and "short short" stories, only for fiction of greater length and complexity than mine. I replied that, well, he was giving mighty short shrift to Chekhov! And of course I quickly went on to place them elsewhere. (Like the Wife of Bath, I hold a mouse's heart not worth a leek/ That has but one hole to start to!)

To conclude this list of anomalies, I may as well say here, to the scandal of my audience and everybody else, I don't think of myself as a "literary" person at all; I don't really *like* writers and, like Donald Davidson, don't even think much of "writing programs," which every school of higher education in the country now believes essential but which, speaking only for myself, I often find very sad and very "American" because of course we think there's nothing in this world you can't master by taking a course in it. But Shelley himself observed, in "A Defense of Poetry," that a man cannot say, "I will compose poetry"; and Keats in one of his memorable letters a few years earlier had already noted that if poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to the tree, it had better not come at all. When you come right down to it, I've found that what



Robert Drake, a Vanderbilt alumnus who has been on the English faculty at the University of Tennessee for 30 years, made a gift of his papers to the Jean and Alexander Heard Library in the spring of 1997. Drake is the author of six short story collections, among them *Amazing Grace*, his first group of tales set in a small West Tennessee town in the 1930s and 1940s. It was reissued by Mercer University Press in a 25th anniversary edition. A native of Ripley, Tennessee, Drake earned a B.A. and an M.A. at Vanderbilt and a Ph.D. at Yale, then taught at Michigan, Northwestern, and Texas.

you usually get from the literary crowd is mostly all *talk*; and as Hemingway observed in quite another context, if you talk about it, you'll lose it. And usually, I've found, the more talk, the less talent.

Well, you see my liabilities; I'm sure some people would say I'm only an impostor. But then, as Robert Penn Warren once wrote me, I don't write "at the height of fashion," which I took, as I believed it was intended, as a compliment. And just for the record let me tell you that that same gentleman once paid me what is perhaps the greatest compliment I've ever had about my work. And as with Professor Rice and his initial suggestion, it came completely out of the blue. About six or seven years after the publication of *Amazing Grace*, he wrote me that he had happened to pick it up again, almost by accident, and had begun to read it again and like it again, even, he said, "to like it very much" and concluded that it was "a very veracious recreation of a world." And I've sometimes wondered why I didn't die right then: it was bound to be downhill all the way after that.

As for the kind of stories I write, they're all pretty much the same thing—what an English doctor, in telling you to continue taking a prescription he has already given you, would call the mixture as before. But I see no harm in that. Many writers never have: obsession is no bad thing in the arts, you know. Ernest Hemingway and Thomas Hardy perhaps never really wrote but one story; but every time they did, it was good—sometimes told this way, sometimes that.

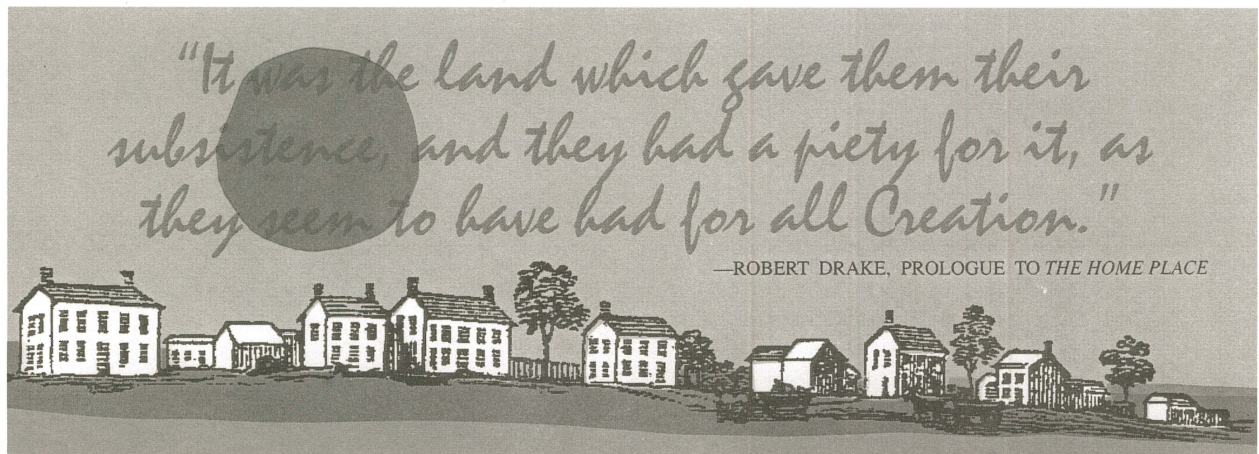
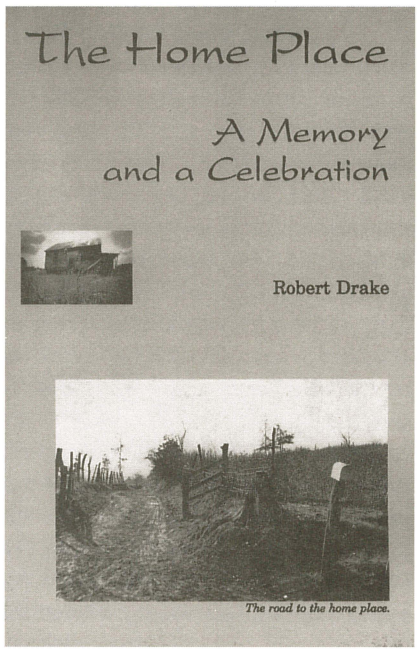
Flannery O'Connor herself was perhaps even more limited. Indeed, the one time I met her—on the day which was, ironically, exactly a year before she died—she expressed a feeling of frustration at what seemed her inability to do anything else but "one thing." But I asked her what it mattered as long as she kept doing it well, and I would say the same thing now—not only about her own work but also my own. And it was she, as some of you know, who gave me my first real encouragement from a writer of distinction, even recommending me to her agent as somebody whose stories might make, as she

observed to the delight of all my students, a "book of limited popular appeal."

Then of course there's Eudora Welty, who told me, from the beginning, that nobody could teach me the things I could teach myself and from whom I learned what my world had given me all along and was giving me still—an ear to listen with, to the talk that was going on all around me and had been doing so all my life, leading to my continual fascination with the spoken word and how, more often than not, it can tell you things the speakers don't realize they're telling—things not always to their own credit either. And the "whole" story is thus created by a sort of counterpoint established between the "surface" story and the subterranean one. And in what I regard as her most distinguished work Miss Welty took it and made it work dramatically, not in the sense of picturesque regionalism or local color but in the province of high art—to make us see the greatness in the little things, the truth in the remotest parts of life, to make us finally understand that it's all of it every bit outside our own doorsteps—maybe the greatest gift of all, if we but have the ears and eyes to catch it. And thus "the whole wide world," as Miss Welty might say herself, becomes ours.

As a footnote, let me add that, because of my very time and, in due course, my place, I have always been doing—and still do—a lot of listening—first as the lonely little boy sitting in the corner, with no other contemporaries to play with at the family gatherings, then later on with no permanent home of my own, spending a great deal of time as a guest under other people's roofs—always on the edge of the group but not in it.

All these people—the noted writers I've mentioned, the others relatives and friends—all of them have taught



me much, and often they have taught me things I already knew but didn't realize that I did, perhaps somewhat like the old snob in Molière who was delighted to discover that all his life, without knowing it, he had been speaking in *prose*! And some of what I've learned has been a wonderful discovery, that I, my own life, my own country and all its "furniture," all its inhabitants were not inconsequential and in no way ineligible for being made the very substance of art—universally true now and always.

And then there have been the blessed "encouragers," as we might call them—the friends who always stood behind me, urging me on but never blind to my faults. (The "discouragers," whose name of course is legion, are always with us too: that goes without saying. And one's only defense against them is to develop a very thick skin and a very hard head.) But among my own supporters one of the staunchest of all was Austin Warren, my senior colleague at Michigan, who out of nothing but the kindness of his great heart, told me he wanted me to bring him a new story to read every Monday. What an act of grace that was, and what a catalyst he himself was! In all my experience, whether as scholar or teacher or writer, I've never seen his equal.

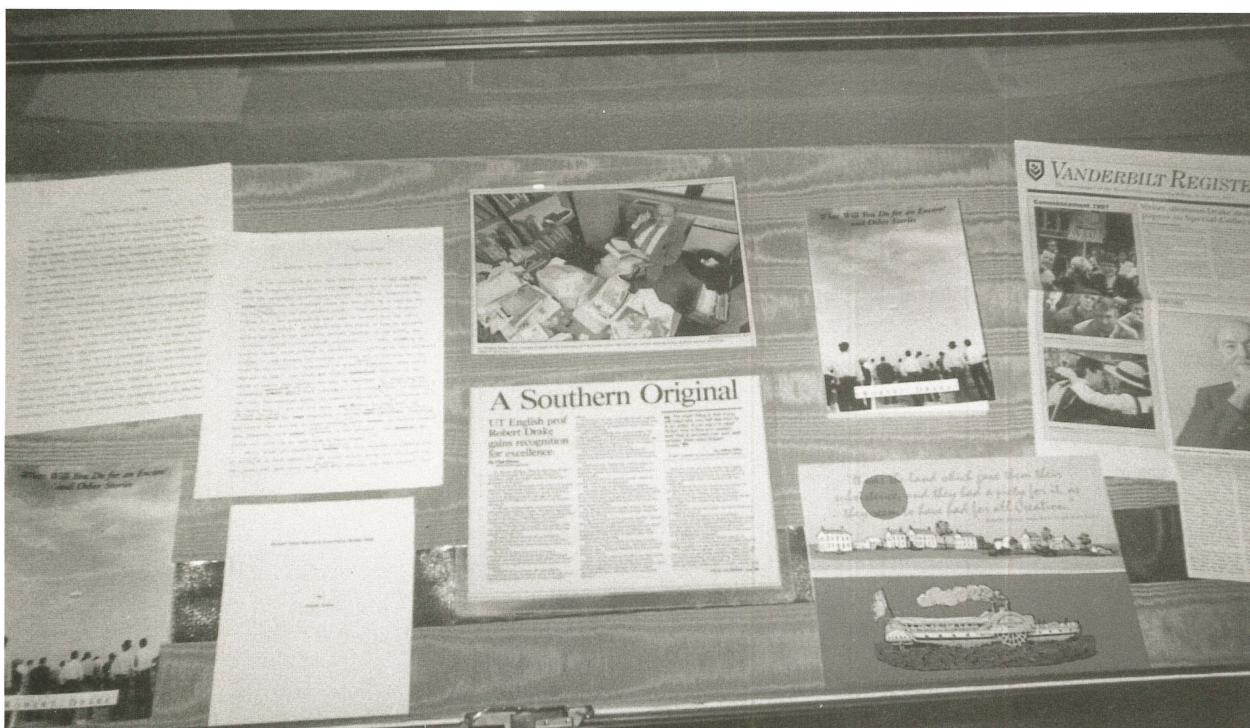
There was Donald Davidson, who wrote the best prose of any of the Fugitives and who was the first to praise my critical essays. And always of course beside me stood Cleanth Brooks, the beloved son of a beloved father, full of wisdom and grace yet always quick to assess a difficult situation for what it was, for all that he



Chancellor Emeritus Alexander Heard congratulates Drake at a reception following the latter's gallery talk in May 1997.

could see more sides to any conflict than almost anyone I've ever known. And surely one of the sanest men on earth and one who *loved* literature, not as a substitute for something else but *for what it really was*, and passed this love on to generations of students. (Is there one such still alive and at large today? Certainly not in many of our graduate English departments or even that exalted body, the Modern Language Association.)

And now it's finally all come to this. It's been almost 50 years since I graduated from Vanderbilt—years when I was teaching all over the country—after Michigan then Northwestern and the University of Texas before coming to rest in Tennessee. But only rarely did I return to this



An exhibit of some of Robert Drake's papers accompanied his gallery talk during his 45th Reunion in May 1997.

campus here—usually it was only for some social function or a happy reunion with my dear friend and former teacher, Ed Duncan, whom I would take to lunch before proceeding on to Knoxville or else, if going the other way, my old home in West Tennessee. But since his death in 1980 I've hardly even done anything like that, mainly just *looked* at Kirkland Tower as I drove past to have lunch somewhere else, adjusted my watch by the time on the tower clock, then nodded my head as if in recognition—of what I wasn't quite sure—and quietly said, under my breath, "Well, there it is."

And I must tell you frankly that for a good many years it all held few attractions for me. They had taken no notice of me since I left the campus after getting my M.A. degree in 1953. I had never been invited back to speak or in any other official academic capacity. And of course the old ones were dying off—in some cases, I thought, providing some fresh air up and down the halls. There wasn't even



anybody left to have lunch with, and the only time I ever heard from the University came toward the end of the year when I got their annual solicitation for whatever worthy cause was being touted at the moment. I did, for reasons known only to God, come back for my 30th reunion, which I concluded was a dreadful mistake until I discovered that all the people I

had formerly disliked were still disagreeable, and, *mirabile dictu*, I was now the youngest and thinnest looking one there! And *that* was a kind of vindication, maybe even revenge!

But then, you see, I had never really felt I *belonged* at Vanderbilt. I had never belonged to a fraternity and, in consequence, belonged to very little else. My friends were mostly a faithful band of Nashvillians, all of them bright and amusing; but they were not "members" of anything much either. And somehow I felt I was missing out on what I might have learned from a wider, more cosmopolitan acquaintance which one expects at a *university*. All this, of course, I was later to find at Yale, but I couldn't know that then.

And so I continued feeling like the observer, the outsider, pretty much as I have felt all my life. Being alone—yes, I was used to that. And I can think of no lonelier profession than that of the writer's. But this was something that went deeper; it wasn't just a question of lacking somebody to talk with about what Yeats called the supreme theme of art and song. Always I

came back, like Keats, to my sole self and wondered what other choices there were before me, and I came to the conclusion that there were none. If I were to get what I had always felt my appointed work in the world done, I had to live the way I did. That was the bargain I had made years ago. And I could not go back on it now. Nor did I really want to.

But the years have been drawing nigh, as it says in Ecclesiastes, and more and more I have longed for something like a home—not as a place to live but as a place to feel I belonged. And I had been many places in my time—New England, the Midwest, the Southwest, and always of course Europe, then finally back to my own home state. But I need hardly remind you that we've always said Tennessee was "three states in one." And I had never felt the least bit at home in East Tennessee. It was the place where I *worked*, not the place where I *lived*. And though it had many scenic wonders to offer, there was little else, I felt, in the way of the "inclusiveness" I've already cited and certainly little in the way of civility. But it had given me a job when I needed one, and I believed I had given them their money's worth. I had no real grievance there.

But I do appreciate your kindness now in asking me to turn over my "literary remains" to your library. It does make me feel that, after all this wandering, there is finally some sort of place where both they and, in a sense, the observer and the outsider may also come to rest. Not, in Robert Frost's sense, of your having to take me in when there was nowhere else for me to go, but in giving me hospitality and house-room back among something like my own kind, some place where I can once more feel I *belong*, some place where I can still hear, from time to time, the voices of kinsmen and the laughter of friends.



A rapt audience enjoyed listening to Drake, called "Master of the Short Story," at a gallery talk celebrating the gift of his papers to the library last spring.

Not just a pretty flower

IRIS brings more books to Vanderbilt Library patrons

The iris, symbol of Peabody College and state flower of Tennessee, is also the name of an innovative collaboration among the three largest research libraries in Tennessee and Kentucky. The IRIS project, a new, joint initiative by the Jean and Alexander Heard Library and the libraries of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, and the University of Kentucky, makes more than six million volumes available to students and faculty at these universities via the Internet.

IRIS (Information Resources for Interinstitutional Sharing) was announced in April during the dedication of the William T. Young Library at the University of Kentucky. The initiative establishes a World Wide Web-based system for seeking, identifying, and ordering books for interlibrary loan that speeds the delivery of those volumes to students, faculty, and staff at the three universities.

IRIS will foster broad cooperation in collection development and access by the three institutions, according to Paul Gherman. "Now faculty and students can search simultaneously the catalogs of all three libraries and receive requested material through expedited interlibrary loan," Gherman says. "By the fall, patrons will be able to request books directly through their local library system from all three libraries, without needing to contact their interlibrary loan office."

Paula Kaufman, dean of libraries at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, said that each library's collection brings unique strengths that make the IRIS collection an important resource for scholars. "For example, the University of Tennessee Library possesses outstanding holdings in English and American literature, materials science, and civil engineering," Kaufman says.

"The University of Kentucky Library collects broadly in Southern history, architecture, and agriculture, while the Vanderbilt University Library has extensive resources in Latin American studies, education, and religion."

IRIS and cooperative license agreements among the universities will help reduce the cost of databases. The universities' libraries also plan joint purchases of expensive but infrequently used materials. They will also cooperate in archiving and preserving less-used books

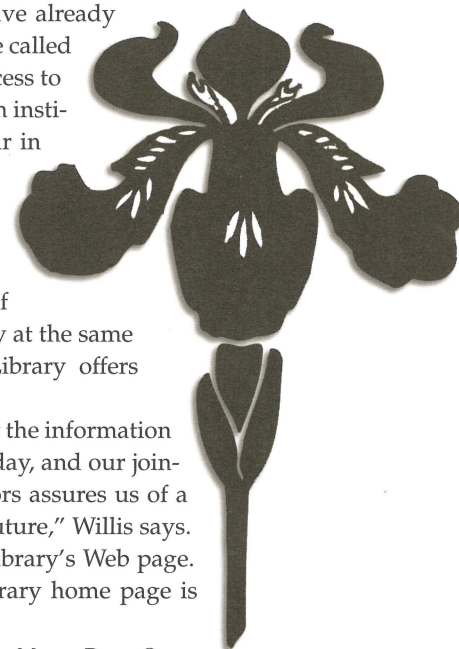
and journals. The three libraries have already signed a joint contract for a database called PsycINFO, which increases their access to psychology literature and saves each institution thousands of dollars per year in subscription costs.

Paul Willis, University of Kentucky librarian, says Project IRIS will significantly enrich UK's access to books at the University of Tennessee and Vanderbilt University at the same time that the William T. Young Library offers improved resources.

"No one library can hope to meet the information needs of its students and faculty today, and our joining with our two strongest neighbors assures us of a rich information resource into the future," Willis says.

IRIS is accessible through each library's Web page. The address for the Vanderbilt Library home page is www.library.vanderbilt.edu/

ANN MARIE DEER OWENS



Project PEAK piques library interest

This spring, the library agreed to join with the University of Michigan and several other libraries in a yearlong study called PEAK (Pricing Electronic Access to Knowledge). The study seeks to determine how faculty and students use electronic information and to test new pricing models for electronic journals.

As participants in the study, Vanderbilt students and faculty will have electronic access to the articles in all 1,100 journals published by Elsevier Publishers. (Currently, the library has print subscriptions to 400 of these journals at a total annual cost of \$700,000.)

Elsevier is a major publisher of journals in the physical, life, and social sciences. The PEAK database includes the complete text of articles in journals published between 1996 and the end of 1998. Authorized users can browse the tables of contents or search by keyword for specific articles. Since patrons can access the database at any time of day, the contents of these journals are now available 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

According to John Haar, assistant university librarian for collection development, the library's participation in Project PEAK has already shown benefits. "We recently had a request from a faculty member to subscribe to a journal with a subscription price of \$3,000 per year. Since it was one of the Elsevier journals in Project PEAK, we were able to make the journal available to him immediately, and we will pay only for the articles he reads. If we subscribed to the journal separately, we would pay for all the articles in the journal whether anyone at Vanderbilt read them or not."

ELAINE GOLESKI

THE ACORN CHRONICLE is published by the Jean and Alexander Heard Library, Vanderbilt University. Address inquiries to the Library, 419 Twenty-first Avenue South, Nashville, Tennessee 37240, or call (615) 322-7102.

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Vanderbilt University is committed to principles of equal opportunity and affirmative action.

FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Friends organization supports collections

Over the nearly 25 years of its existence, the Friends of the Library organization has provided financial support to supplement the library's regular materials budget. Support by the Friends has helped the library build collections of national and international importance, of a depth and quality to attract and sustain outstanding faculty and students.

Since the first disbursement of Friends collections funds in 1976, the Friends organization has provided \$355,370 for special purchases. The Heard Library Society, the leadership giving level of the Friends, has contributed an additional \$250,064 since 1990. This fund enables the library to acquire special and rare items as they come on the market. Recent purchases include the manuscript and author's corrected galley proofs of Andrew Lytle's *A Wake for the Living* and *Nicaraguan Antiquities* by Carl Bovallius, small folio, first edition 1886. Both acquisitions complement the library's strong collections and add support for the University's curricular programs.

The library does receive funds each year from the schools and colleges of the University for purchase of materials. However, additional support, like that from the Friends, is still essential in making possible significant purchases of rare and expensive items like the Lytle and Bovallius materials.

For their membership, Friends receive a subscription to the ACORN CHRONICLE and invitations to social events like the annual membership dinner, receptions, and gallery talks. Because expenses for these activities are taken from the library's regular budget, funds provided by the Friends can be used to enhance the library's collections, providing a rich environment for Vanderbilt's academic community.

House of information

New development director says Heard Library more than a collection of books



Holly McCall

Holly McCall's blood may run orange, but she's happy to be working for Vanderbilt. "I love it here," says the University of Tennessee graduate who is the new director of development for the Jean and Alexander Heard Library. "Vanderbilt is a great university, and we have such a positive message to sell."

Her development goals are twofold: to build corporate support for the library and to increase membership in the Friends of the Library, particularly at the Heard Library Society level of giving.

"The library is not just a group of buildings that hold books," she says. "It is a house of information. Gifts to the library provide learning resources for students and research resources for faculty. And our Special Collections is a jewel in the community."

A native of Franklin, Tennessee, McCall has worked for U.S. Representative Bob Clement and managed the mayoral campaign of Betty Nixon, Vanderbilt's special assistant for University Relations. She has also used her fund-raising skills at the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

In addition to building support for the Heard Library, McCall is responsible for raising funds for the Graduate School, Vanderbilt University Press, and the Vanderbilt Institute for Public Policy Studies (VIPPS). She can be reached at her VIPPS office, 1207 18th Avenue South, Room 134, Nashville, TN 37212, or by calling 615/343-0779. 🐾

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