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July 4, 1991

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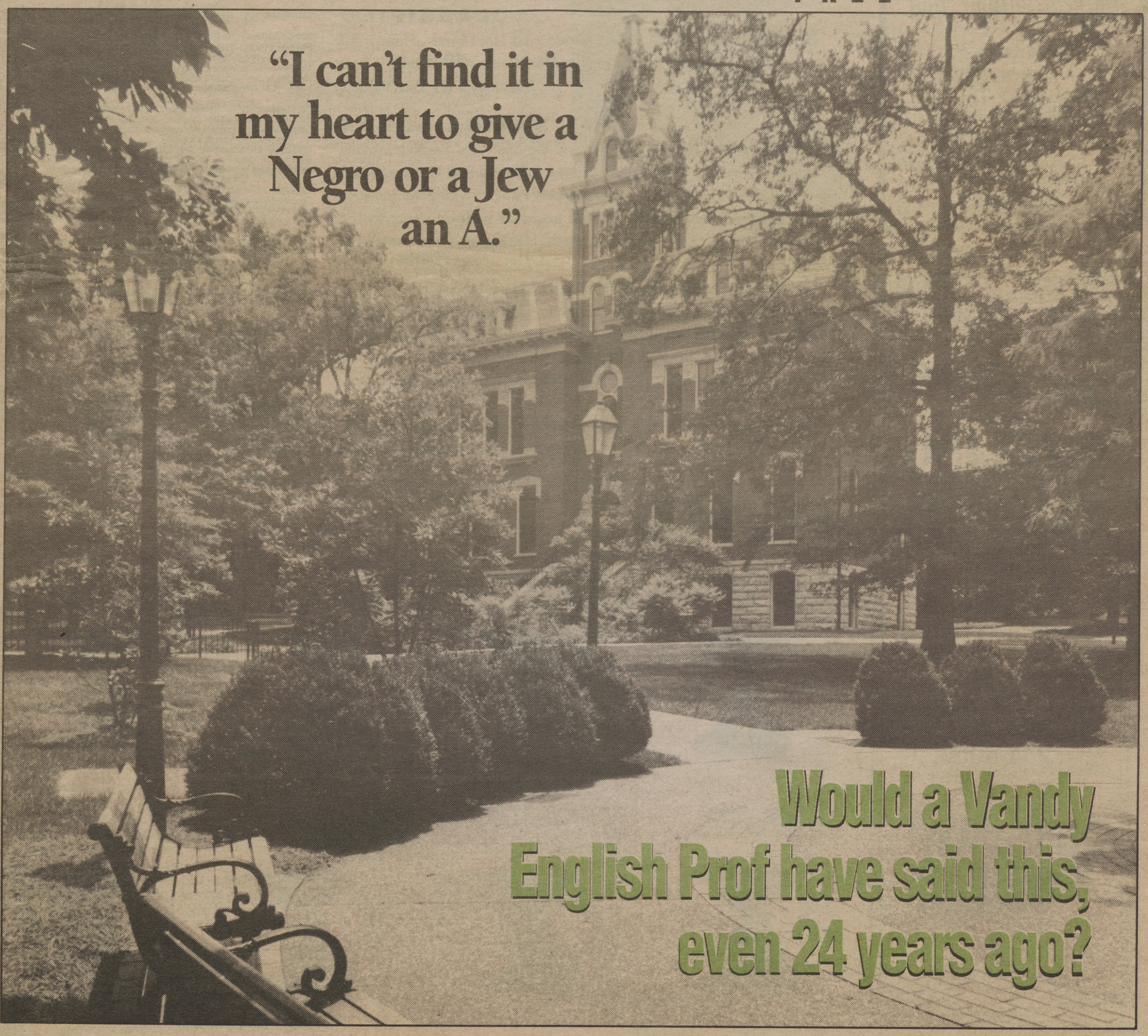

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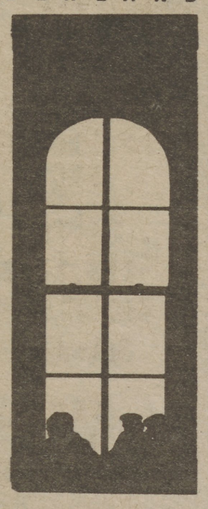
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FEATURE ALERT: Ballots for the world-famous "You Are So Nashville If..." contest are pouring in!!! Winners in the contest, which is described on page 5, will be announced in the July 25 *Scene*. Pull out your pens and start cranking out entries.....**JAZZ & BLUES** freaks are invited to listen to The Thomas Cain band, July 7, at the Belle Meade Mansion. The *Scene* is a co-sponsor. Check out the ad in this issue for more info..... **BIATHLON** animals should block out some time in September for the *Scene's* Biathlon. Gentlemen, start your workouts!!!.....Carmike Cinemas has complimentary **MOVIE PASSES** to a movie sneak this week. Check out the ad in this week's movie section for details.....Stay tuned for the *Scene's* July 18 political issue. It promises the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.....

On the Cover: Benson Hall, home of Vanderbilt's English Department. Photographed by John McDonough.

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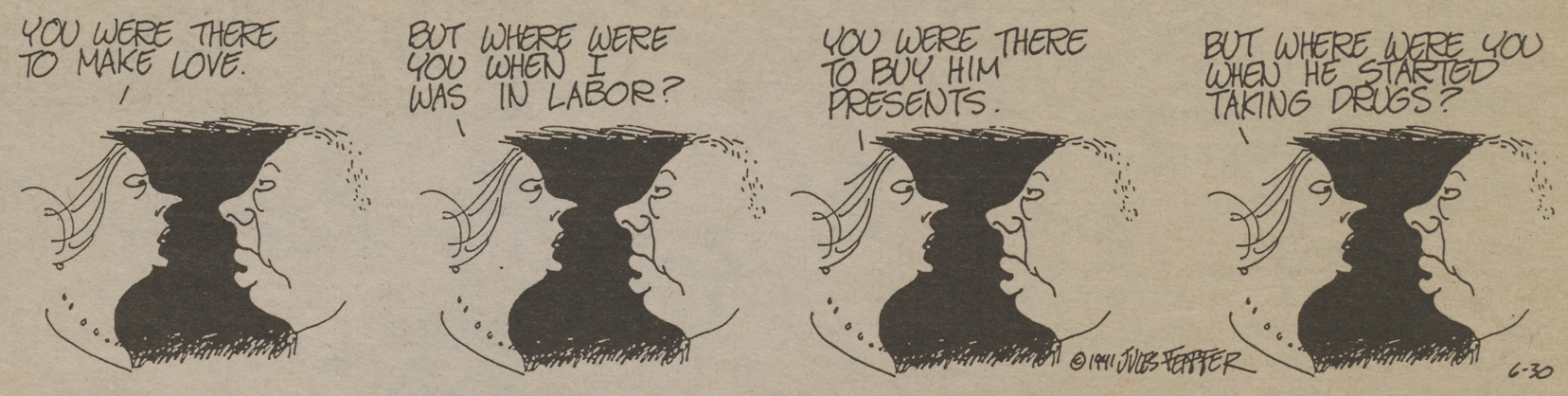

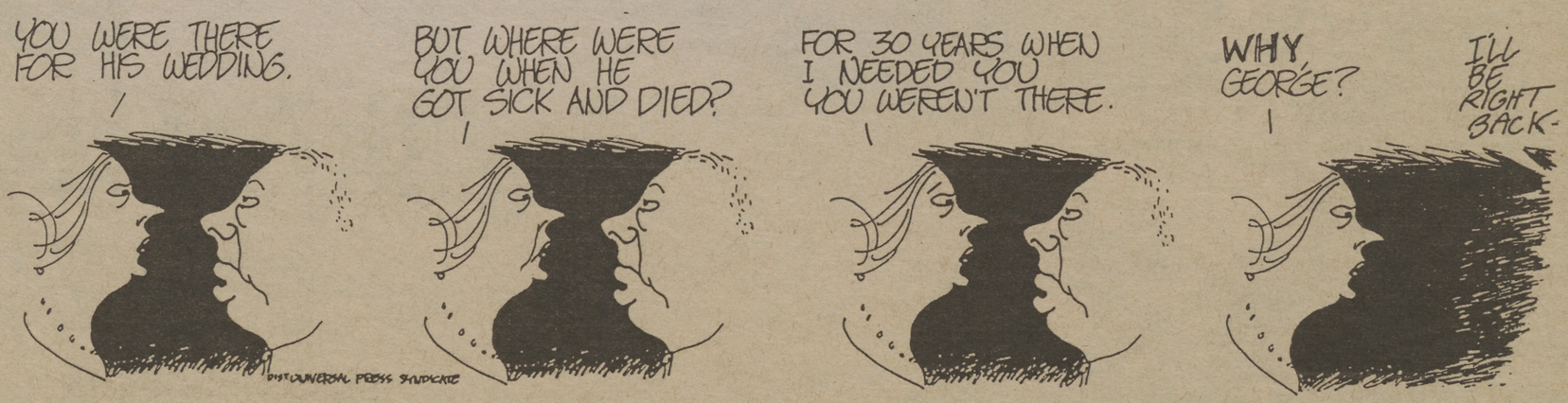

KEEPING UP

Starting Out

BY JOHN BRIDGES

I do not know anyone who is not pregnant. I do not exaggerate when I say this. Even the lesbians I know are pregnant. I know this is true because I have been invited to their baby showers—showers where nobody gives anybody anything that is even remotely pink or blue.

I am determined to try very hard to feel that—no matter whether they are boys or girls, no matter how gender-symmetrical their parents—I can have An Active Part in the Lives of each one of these babies. However—no matter how many times I list them as the beneficiary of a lifetime annuity, no matter how many times I waste a perfectly worthwhile Saturday night reading them yet another round of *This Is What Fuzzy Feels Like* while their parents are out watching a Julia Roberts movie and having a bottle of Australian Chardonnay—I know full well that none of these babies will be named after me. This is because I am not named Ashley.

While there is a slight chance that a few of the lesbians will try to name their children after medicinal herbs or small oppressed countries in North Africa, for the most part,

PARENTS WILL TELL ONE ANOTHER THAT ASHLEY IS A NAME THEY HAVE CHOSEN BECAUSE IT IS DIFFERENT. THEY WILL HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT IT IS A NAME THEY HAVE MADE UP, COMPLETELY AND ABSOLUTELY AND ALL BY THEMSELVES.

Ashley is the only name any of these children will have. Some of their parents will burden them for life with original, vendetta-like spellings such as "Ashlee" and "Ashlie" and "Ashleigh." But "Ashley" is what they will mean. They will not be able to remember where they first heard it. They will swear it has nothing to do with TV. They will claim they have never met anyone named Ashley at any point before in their lives. They will tell one another that it is a name they have chosen Because It Is Different. They will honestly believe that it is a name they have made up, completely and absolutely and all by themselves.

When they stand in front of the plate-glass window in the maternity ward and see 18 little boy-and/or-girl bundles labeled "Ashley," rolled up side-by-side in little matching plastic pushcarts with matching rubber-duckie print disposable mattresses, they will look at one another and be amazed. They will wonder if "Ashley" was such a good idea. They will wonder if, maybe, they should have gone with "Brittany" instead.

Within weeks, they will forget who ever thought anyone would want to be named "Ashley." They will have decided that the world is practically littered with too many Ashleys. They will decide that "Ashley" is a tedious and all-boring name. They will decide now that their baby will not be lost in the all-"Ashley" masses. They will decide now that they will call their baby "Pinky" instead.

Years later, large beefy men named "Pinky" will be laughed at in locker-room showers. Women attorneys named "Pinky" will spend hundreds of dollars on navy-blue worksuits and still never win even one case in court. They will all consider weekly appointments for therapy, but they will never be able to find a therapist in whom they can believe. When they look in the Yellow Pages, they will not be able to find a therapist who is not named Ashley. When they show up the first time for therapy, they will discover that their therapist is called "Pinky" too. They will choose not to keep the appointment. They will walk out the door and pay the $35 no-show fee instead.

Their parents will sit beside the phone on Sunday evenings, wondering why no one ever calls. Beside them on an end table they will have a picture of a baby in a plastic hospital pushcart. It is a baby they have chosen to call "Little Pinky." The very first time they saw this very baby picture, in fact, they said, "Why he looks just like a Little Pinky. We are going to call him our Little Pinky, and a sweet Little Pinky is just what he's going to be." They will hear somebody popping ice out of ice trays. They will hear somebody pouring Scotch in a glass. Somebody will then take a couple of valium and say, "MOTHER, WE ARE CALLING THE BABY BRUCE."

The mothers who once called their children Ashley will then say, "But Bruce is no name for a sweet little baby. Little Pinky is what cute little babies are called. It didn't hurt when we called you our first little Pinky. I can't see how it's done one little bit of harm to your life." In the driveway they will hear someone cranking up a Volvo, and their telephones will never ring on any Sunday night ever again.

All of these problems could be prevented, of course, if all babies in the world were merely named Jane. I figure Jane would solve nearly all baby-naming problems. I figure, if there are instances in which Jane did not seem exactly appropriate, once in a while there could be a baby called Frank.

I do not really see why any other sort of name is necessary. I figure one syllable is quite enough name for any child. I realize full well that Jane is never a cute name. I also realize that it is never dumb. It can be stretched out a little bit longer into a "Janie," but it still snaps back, fresh and taut, to its size. It is a name never heard on soap operas. It does not sound like a jug of cheap wine. Because it has never bubbled, it can never go flat.

When children named Jane have been naughty, they develop a middle name, which is always Louise. It is "Jane Louise" who must sit in the corner; it is "Jane Louise" who gets grounded for days. If, on the other hand, a Jane has been notably clever—if she has danced a perfect pirouette or won the broad jump or won a blue ribbon for dissecting a frog—she can become, in a moment, "*Miss* Jane." She can be a two-syllable princess—not precisely grand, but, by the lilt of her head, nobly born.

A name like Jane has some room to grow into. It is perfect for mothers and grandmas and aunts. It is just the thing for lawyers and licensed therapists and friends of straight-thinking, one-syllabled people named Frank. It is the sort of name no one would ever feel the need to trade in for a "Pinky"; in any one maternity-ward window, there will never be more than one Jane. It is the sort of name too few people think of at the same time. It is a name for children who plan to be grown-ups—the only sort of children there ever should be. ■

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"I can't find it in my heart to give a Negro or a Jew an A." Would a Vandy English Prof have said this, even 24 years ago?

BY TOM WOOD

Bards are often cryptic. But Vanderbilt professor Walter Sullivan knew something strange was afoot when he got a one-sentence postcard from poet Ruth Fainlight, who lives in England: "I just want to let you know that not everybody feels the way Kingsley does about Nashville."

Other odd signals had recently reached Sullivan from abroad. Another British friend had promised months ago to send him a copy of the newly published *Memoirs* of Sir Kingsley Amis, one of England's best-known literary figures. The book will not appear in the U.S. until this fall. There were passages in it that Sullivan ought to see, this friend intimated. But the book never arrived.

Since 1949, Sullivan has taught fiction writing and English literature at Vanderbilt, long wielding a dominant influence over what has traditionally been seen as the university's flagship department. Sullivan had known Kingsley Amis when the writer spent a semester at Vanderbilt in late 1967, and he had his suspicions about this book. Following that visit, Amis's wife Elizabeth Jane Howard published an unflattering account of her Nashville experiences in a London newspaper. From the veiled comments of his acquaintances in the U.K., Sullivan inferred that Amis himself had focused his dyspeptic attention on the city in his memoir.

This possibility didn't much concern Sullivan. After all, nearly a quarter century has passed since Amis was in town. How bitter could he be? And how relevant would his reflections be after all this time?

I can't find it in my heart to give a Negro or a Jew an A." I am speaking these words over the telephone to Walter Sullivan. Kingsley Amis, I inform him, has quoted Sullivan as making this statement, with the assent of unnamed colleagues. When the professor speaks, after a long pause, I hear no trace of the jovial, avuncular tone I remember from my years as an English major at Vanderbilt.

"You know I didn't say that," Sullivan says, or asks, it's impossible to tell which. He emits a tremulous laugh. "But there are people who are perfectly willing to believe that sort of thing, you know. What do you do? I don't know.

"I'm outraged by this, and I really don't have much recourse, you know? Somebody is gonna believe this. No matter how much I deny it, somebody is going to believe this.

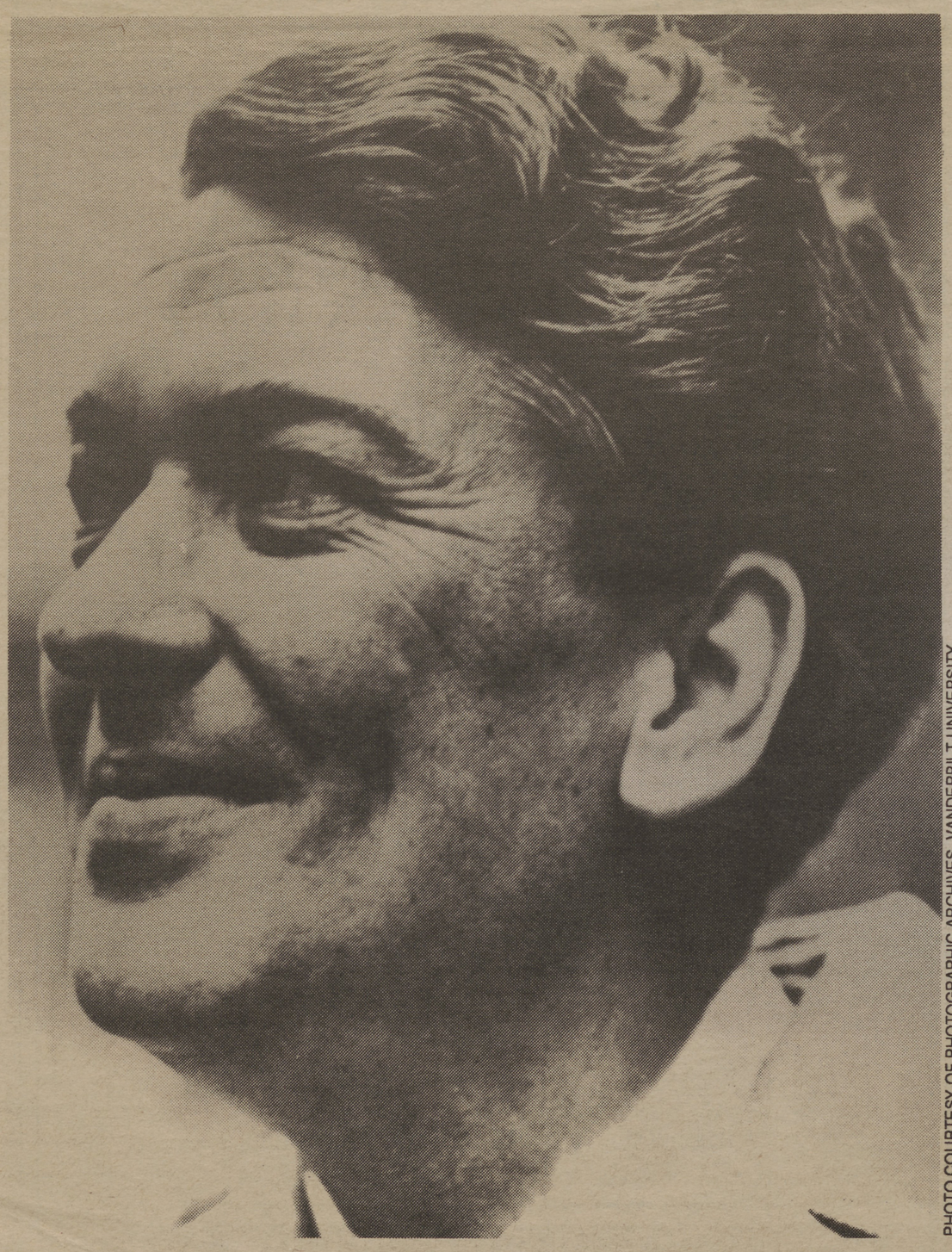
"Who in his right mind would have said that, if he had thought it?" Sullivan chortles. "I don't know how to figure all this out at all. Oh dear."

I'm not surprised that someone would say that," says Monica Peek. Having served as president of Vanderbilt's Black Student Alliance last year, she has become something of an expert on disputes involving racist speech.

Peek helped mobilize campus outrage over the Hall Thompson affair. VU trustee Thompson, who founded a Birmingham country club, revealed in an interview last summer that he didn't see any reason to allow black people to become members. When Monica Peek graduated in May, the BSA and other groups at Vanderbilt were still calling for Thompson's ouster from the board. The university's response was to study the matter. "It has been committeed to death," says Peek.

Never mind 1967—incidents of bigoted classroom treatment happen today, "and a lot of students complain about them," according to Peek. "A lot of times it will occur outside the classroom, when a student will go to talk with a professor," she says. "The professor will make some comment or somehow let the student know that the professor already has certain ideas about the potential of the student."

Peek's organization has had its eye on Walter Sullivan and others of his generation for some time. "One of the things the Black Student Alliance was pushing for last year was to have mandatory racial sensitivity workshops for the faculty," says Peek, "because they need them. Some of them, like this guy, have been there forever, and were here when Vanderbilt didn't allow black students. Racism is an integral part of almost every institution at Vanderbilt, including its faculty. Something needs to be done to make sure students don't feel like they're being discriminated against in the classroom."



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Kingsley Amis, in a September, 1967 photograph. His *Memoirs* paints a highly unflattering portrait of the Vandy English Department. He very well may be wrong.

Kingsley Amis has written a strange book. A literary celebrity for 40 years, he recounts what sounds like a fascinating life in a tone of overarching bitterness. He makes a point of savaging not just his well-known literary enemies but also many unfamous people who had the misfortune to cross his path. Thus, for instance, he invokes the name of an otherwise anonymous graduate assistant at Vanderbilt just to inform us that the man was "dough-faced and inept but willing and efficient enough." He does leaven the opprobrium by making a buffoon of himself as well as his victims: Amis tells all about his (ineffectual) role in an orgy that also featured George Orwell's widow and theologian Malcom Muggeridge, and he reveals his romantic fantasies about Margaret Thatcher. ("She has replaced the Queen as my dream-girl.")

When he focuses on Nashville, Amis criticizes the boorishness and backwardness of the city he found when he arrived. He complains about the prohibition (lifted late in 1967) on liquor-by-the-drink, noting that while no establishment in town would serve him a martini, "there were bars where you could drink glasses of gnat's-piss beer to your heart's content." There seemed to be only two restaurants in town, he writes, "one providing bad, the other very bad food and service, but united in accepting no bookings."

The writer even manages a venomous comment on the city's history. Noting the prevalence of Battle of Nashville historical markers, he recalls having felt "some satisfaction" when he learned that the Southern forces had been "almost annihilated." Amis concludes his chapter on Nashville: "Apparently it was one of the decisive battles of the Civil War, or the War Between the States, as semi-moronic descendants of the original rebels no doubt still call it."

Amis is not alone among visiting writers in taking a jaundiced view of the city. British writer Stephen Spender, who taught at Vanderbilt in 1979, later published an unfavorable account of his stay. Spender found the company of one "very rich" local couple so objectionable that he abruptly got up from dinner and walked out of their house. A writer from closer to home, Robert Penn Warren, pilloried the Belle Meade Country Club set of the 1930s in his last novel, *A Place To Come To* (1977).

Amis introduces Sullivan by making fun of the fact that he was not spending his yearlong academic leave doing research in "Tokyo, Lima, Sydney, London," or some other glamorous locale. "Walter's sabbatical trip had been all of 20 miles cross-state to where he lived the rest of the year," the writer taunts, "there to continue work or his current novel or piece of academic shi or, for all I knew, to shoot bears."

The novelist uses Sullivan as a representative Nashvillian, a stock figure in the social scene he encountered here. Describing a typical party, Amis writes that "at about the stage of the second highball after dinner, as always, we got on to the staple subject. They, or some of them, started making remarks about the mental, moral, social qualities of black people.... Walter and his mates went on about it all the time."

After Sullivan made his proclamation regarding Negroes and Jews, writes Amis, other partygoers chimed in their support. "They were saying it was real good to hear that said, time people faced facts, they wouldn't stand for being pushed any further, *thank you* for saying that, Walter. The feeling in the air was reverential as well as tough, loyal, united, etc., rather as if an

Englishman among friends had said he thought we hadn't made such a bad shot at running the jolly old Empire after all."

I remember it as a magic time," says Brigitte Porter. "Kingsley and Jane would read what they had written during the day, and it was interesting to see their literary minds at work. Most of the talk was about food—because Jane was a wonderful cook—and literature."

Brigitte Porter, a German-born artist, and her husband, VU professor of Russian Richard N. Porter, are among the few locals to emerge unscathed from Amis's reminiscences. The novelist cites the Porters, "quite a few of the students" and Seagram's gin among the few "good bits" he encountered in Nashville.

Yet these "good bits," too, are subject to his barbs. Ridiculing the locally preferred form of the second person plural—"you-all, pronounced yawl by yobboes of this stripe"—Amis reports that "even Dick Porter, as civilized and unaffected a man as I have ever met, used to kick off a conversation with 'How you-all bin?' "

"In some cases I think he may have misunderstood people," Brigitte Porter says, with audible sadness in her voice. "Dick, for instance, would say that deliberately—tongue-in-cheek. Kingsley must have taken it all to be very serious."

Seeing the visitors off at the train station at the conclusion of their stay, the Porters detected no bad feelings on their part. "At that point, they could have said, 'We kind of like you all, but on the whole it was a disaster,'" Porter observes. "And they didn't express anything of the kind."

Her tone, no longer wistful, becomes stern. "They did not come clean about this resentment," she says. "One has to fault the Amises for accepting hospitality the way they did.

"What he has written is almost unaccountably vicious," says Porter. "What does he have to gain by doing this?"

Godfrey Dillard's memories of Vanderbilt in 1967 are anything but pleasant. Formerly a U.S. diplomat in Africa and now a Detroit lawyer, Dillard holds advanced degrees in law and international relations. He came to Vanderbilt as one of its first black enrollees, having been an honor student and won writing awards in high school.

Coming from Detroit, Dillard didn't know quite what to expect from Vanderbilt. But he never expected to flunk freshman English.

"That was my introduction to Southern-style racism," Dillard says. He can't remember who gave him the F. (It wasn't Sullivan.) But he cites this perceived injustice as the beginning of a downward spiral that led to his eventual withdrawal from the university.

Several white people interviewed for this article remember Vanderbilt circa 1967 as a place where real strides were being made in racial relations. They cite the popularity of black basketball hero Perry Wallace, the enthusiastic reception given Martin Luther King when he spoke at Memorial Gym in March, 1967, and the toleration extended to controversial speaker Stokely Carmichael at the 1968 Impact symposium. Godfrey Dillard remembers things differently.

"Most of the black students hung out in a lounge on the 11th floor of one of the dorms," he recalls. The newcomers had good reason to stick together, says Dillard: not only were they frozen out of most Vanderbilt social activities, but going out anywhere else on campus meant risking harassment. "Particularly on weekend nights, when fraternity people were drunk, walking around on campus could be an unpleasant experience," Dillard recalls.

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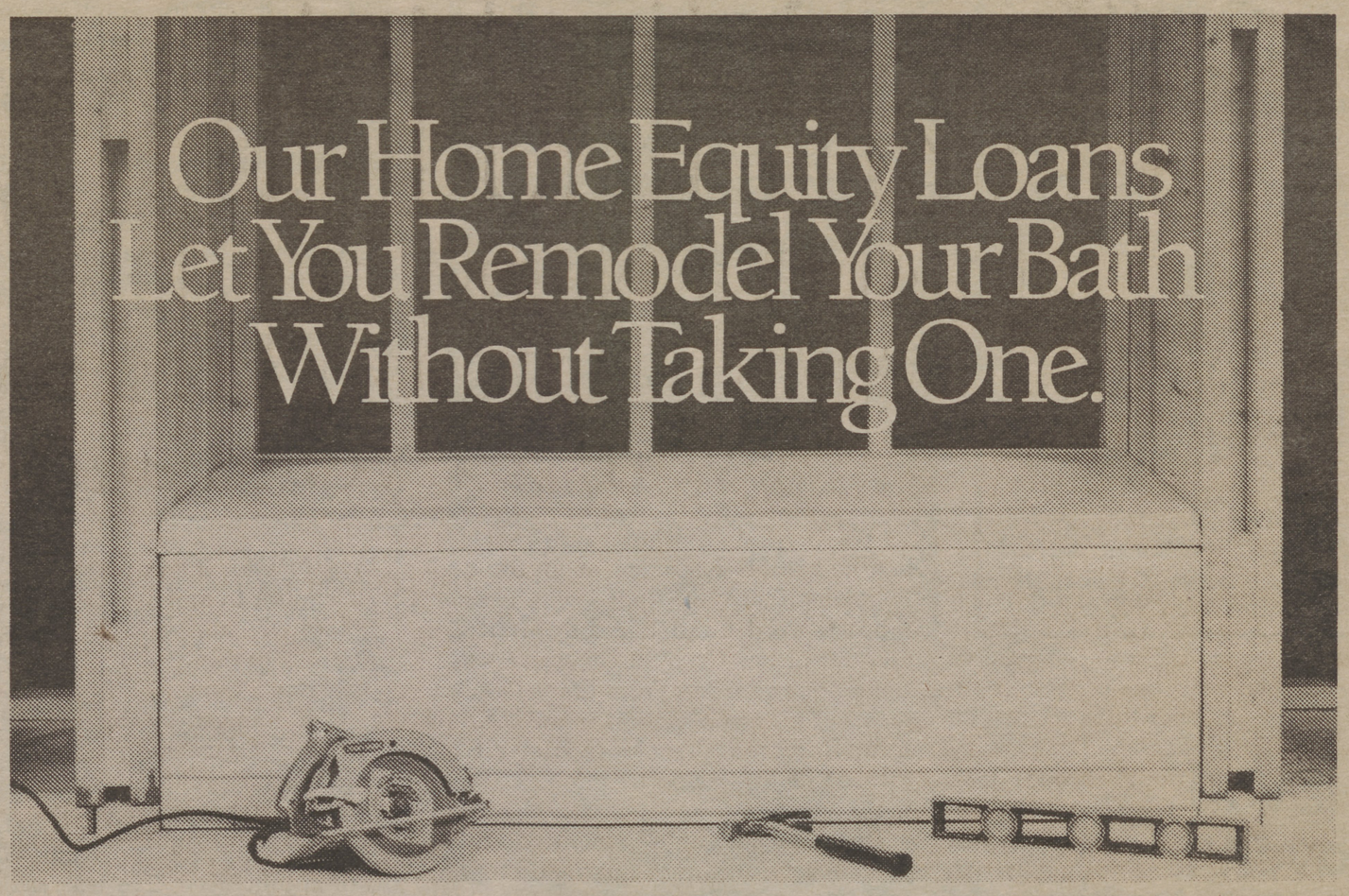

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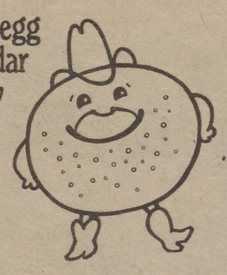

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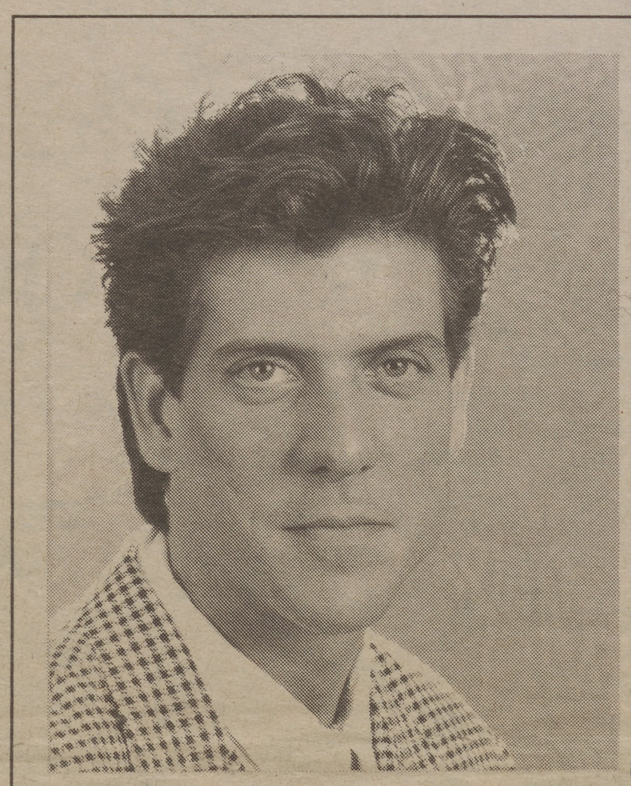

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In trying to meet these goals we've had our share of problems and setbacks to deal with . . . for we are only human . . . not a giant corporate machine. However, we believe it is because we are people . . . local people, that we have succeeded and grown during these times of rampant business failures.

My staff has worked hard to bring about many exciting changes at Ultra Violet recently. Judging from the response from our loyal patrons, I think you will be pleasantly surprised . . . if you haven't been to Ultra Violet lately, you haven't been to Ultra Violet!

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Sincerely, Ken Melton, General Manager

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Continued from previous page

"They all felt, for good reason, beleaguered," remembers professor Vereen Bell, who was new to the English faculty in 1967. Several of VU's early black students cite Bell, a Georgia native with strong liberal credentials, as a positive force in the racial environment of that era. He is one of the few caucasians interviewed for this article who didn't dwell on the supposed progress that Vanderbilt was making on racial issues in the late '60s. Confronted with Dillard's grievance regarding the F in English, Bell says simply: "I wouldn't be surprised if that had happened."

Although his recollections seem to support Amis's view of Vanderbilt, Bell is repelled by the Nashville chapter of *Memoirs*. "I know what his experience here was really like," says Bell, "and the highly selective and manipulative way he presents it is, in its way, as racist as anything I've ever experienced at Vanderbilt. It's just that white Southerners turn out to be the people he's directing his racism toward."

Leonard Nathanson, who became the English department's first Jewish professor in 1966, finds the author's allegation of anti-Semitism a little curious. Nathanson had reason to wonder about Amis's own attitudes about Jews. "He was sitting right where you are, on that same couch, and he began to talk about how, in Prague, three families would be living in a room this size," recalls Nathanson, a specialist in 17th-century literature. "I wondered: Is he telling me how tough life is in eastern Europe, or is he telling me my life is too soft?"

"I felt that I was getting a certain kind of needle from a certain kind of resentment that certain people feel against the Jewish bourgeoisie," says Nathanson. "He was always letting me know, in his arch and subterranean way, that he recognized me as a Jewish liberal, a leftie, someone who collected art and had cosmopolitan taste. And he used that as sort of a rebuke."

Nathanson remembers Amis as "a strange man," a man who "really wasn't comfortable with anyone who seemed to have a strongly centered identity, whether it was a high-churchman and Tory like Walter Sullivan or someone like me. He's an angry man. He's angry at everybody."

What he says about me is simply not true. Flat out not true. I never said such things; I never thought the things I'm accused of saying. And I know my record at Vanderbilt will bear them out. If I had such principles, they certainly would have surfaced by now."

Four days after our first interview, Walter Sullivan has not only adopted a more combative tone—he has also found an alibi.

Sullivan's defense is intertwined with the byzantine politics of Vanderbilt's English department—a subject on which the uninitiated will require some background info. College departments, bringing together diverse groups of strong-willed intellectuals, are often contentious places. But among VU's English faculty, intense political conflict is a particularly deep-rooted tradition.

In the 1920s, the young faculty members who started *The Fugitive*, a groundbreaking poetry journal, found their efforts scorned by older professors. Two of the poets, John Crowe Ransom and Robert Penn Warren, later left their positions at the university, having been more or less run off by more established forces. Generations later, the department's convulsions over the issues of granting tenure to feminist scholar Elizabeth Langland became public during the 1984 trial of a lawsuit brought by Langland. Department members had voted 15-5 in favor of making Langland the first tenured woman to teach English at Vanderbilt, but college of arts and sciences dean Jacque Voegeli had overturned this recommendation. Langland lost her suit.

Sullivan dedicated his most recent book of essays, *In Praise of Blood Sports*, to fellow English professors John Aden (now retired) and Harold Weatherby, "my colleagues in many losing battles." Since this conservative triumvirate came out on top in the Landland skirmish, the reference to losing battles probably alludes more to struggles over the English curriculum.

These professors, along with a few others, made up the "old guard" within the department—a defense regiment dedicated to carrying on the traditions of the Fugitive and Agrarian literary groups that had flowered on campus in the 1920s and '30s. Gen-

"I know what [Amis's] experience here was really like, and the highly selective way he presents it is, in its way, as racist as anything I've ever experienced at Vanderbilt."
—Vereen Bell

erally, the Vanderbilt writers had been devoted to the preservation of a distinct Southern cultural identity in the face of rampant urbanization and the facelessness of modern mass-marketing. At their best, they offered a trenchant critique of the new value-system that was overtaking the South in the 20th century. At their worst, some of them served up racist platitudes that would have made a Klansman blush, and one of them (Donald Davidson, who remained on the faculty until 1964) was involved in the local white citizens council.

The battle that was brewing when Kingsley Amis came to town ultimately revolved around the extent to which the department would remain dedicated to its old ways. A new chairman had arrived from the north; his name was Russell Fraser. Some sources claim that Vanderbilt's progressive new chancellor, Alexander Heard, engineered Fraser's arrival as a means of reshaping the department. Sullivan says Fraser was hired before he and his colleagues had been adequately consulted; Fraser (now head of the University of Michigan's English faculty) disputes this interpretation. Either way, it's clear that within days of Fraser's arrival in 1965, gauntlets were on the ground.

"Nobody fought harder against Russell Fraser than I did," says Sullivan. "Nobody." Everything was kept hush-hush at the time, but today he tells the story with gusto: "Jack Aden and I fought Russell with everything we had."

The issues at stake covered a wide range of topics. James Kilroy, then an Irish literature specialist at VU and now provost at Tulane, recalls that "the department was divided over what the curriculum should be." Sullivan remembers squabbles over tenure decisions. There were arguments over how the department would go about voting on issues. There were often conflicts over the expenses Fraser racked up on recruiting trips. "It was a very, very messy business," Sullivan says, "and I don't think you can overstate the turmoil."

Fraser, who had found a friend in Amis when the writer taught at Princeton in 1958, was responsible for luring him to Vanderbilt. Amis speaks highly of Fraser in his reminiscences, and he mentions the turmoil that surrounded the chairman within his department. Sullivan's alibi, however, revolves around the notion that Russell Fraser had more to do with this chapter of Amis's book than meets the eye.

"I'm certain that Kingsley heard the remark he said he heard me utter from Russell Fraser," Sullivan now says, having dredged his memory for a few days. "And I think there is a good chance that Fraser attributed it to me, because I heard Fraser attribute it to somebody else. It was a story he was telling. I remember sitting at his dinner table and hearing him attribute this remark to someone else," says Sullivan.

Corroborating Sullivan's theory is an observation made by Leonard Nathanson. Nathanson, who has not generally been an ally of Sullivan within the department and who told me during our interview that he had not spoken with Sullivan since the end of the school year, came to the same conclusion as Sullivan: that Fraser's hidden hand is behind what Amis has written.

Nathanson recalls that Fraser, who had hired him and thus assumed that Nathanson was on his side, began to develop "a paranoid sense of being constantly undercut." One of the chairman's consistent themes, Nathanson says, involved the fact that Sullivan and others were doing battle with him even though they were on leave from Vanderbilt. "I don't understand these people!" he quotes Fraser as complaining. "They get leave, but they don't leave! They stay right here in Nashville, they come to the department every day, as though they're surveilling things. It's so strange. If you're an academic and you get leave, the whole point is that you go someplace."

Nathanson cites the similarity between Fraser's statements and Amis's snide introduction of Sullivan in his chapter on Vanderbilt as evidence that "Kingsley is carrying water for Russ."

Sullivan convincingly refutes another of Amis's calumnies, one that could only have come to the writer through hearsay. Amis reports that Sullivan "had like many of his neighbors thrown a party when Kennedy was shot." According to Sullivan, what really happened was that he hosted a small reception on the evening of November 22, 1963 in honor of a Ph.D. candidate who had worked under Sullivan's direction. The student had come in from Georgia to defend his dissertation that day, and Sullivan saw no reason to cancel the scheduled reception. Leonard Nathanson says Russell Fraser was fond of telling the story about the Kennedy-assassination party as evidence of the brutality of his enemies—another possible example of Fraser's influence on Amis.

Russell Fraser, reached at his summer home in Hawaii, disputes much of Sullivan's account of his tenure and says he doesn't remember having told the "Negro or Jew" story at any dinner party. Beyond these statements, he doesn't want to talk about the issue. "This is an ancient scenario that you have undertaken to describe here," Fraser says, "and unless you were a participant in it you'd miss all kinds of nuance." He professes no interest in the matter: "If some people there are rancorous and would like to denigrate me, well, let them to do so. It doesn't touch me."

Fraser left Vanderbilt after the fall semester of 1968. The Fraser battle, like the Langland battle, ended in victory for the old guard. Wounds from this battle, however, continue to be felt.

Times have changed. The Vanderbilt English department is transformed beyond any resemblance to its former self. Of the militant old guard, only Sullivan and Weatherby remain, and their ability to influence departmental policy is limited.

"I am aware of the fact that there are a few people who were opposed to adding African-American lit to the curriculum—opposed to that and to all that I as a black female represent," says Margaret Bass, one of many new voices in the department. "However, even those people, I think, have made a special effort to be as unoffensive as they can possibly be." A Fulbright scholar whose field is Caribbean literature, Bass has just returned from a conference in Cuba. Twenty years ago her trip would have represented a bold political statement, no doubt inviting protests from the old guard. Today, it's just another academic junket.

Given this new environment, as well as the amount of time that has passed since Amis supposedly encountered a racist cabal in the English department, is there any reason for the revelations in Amis's book to become a campus issue now?

"Oh, absolutely," says Ray Winbush, head of VU's black cultural center. "What if we found out, when we looked at the records to see how Sullivan has graded black students over the past 15 or 20 years, that indeed none of them have gotten A's?"

Asked whether he expects black students to demand such an inquiry, Winbush is noncommital. "The thing is, I'm a strong advocate of the First Amendment," he says. "I think you should have unabashed, total freedom of speech. I'm also 43 years old. I can imagine that a 19 or 20-year-old black student would say, 'We better talk about these people.' But I would try to put this in a historical context," says Winbush.

"Do we hold these folks accountable now for something they said 20 years ago?" he asks. "It's a judgment call." Winbush compares this situation to Jesse Jackson's admission, in his autobiography, that as a young waiter he would spit in the salads of white patrons. "When he was confronted with that in the 1988 campaign, he said it was something that you had to write off, that he did at a bad time," says Winbush. "Those same arguments could be used for these white faculty members who may have said something like this 20 years ago.

"I did stuff in the '60s," Winbush adds, "that I wouldn't do right now."

Sullivan counters that he has had very few black students in his classes. "I don't know why they don't come in," says the professor.

This is really going to hurt Vanderbilt a great deal, unless we find some way to keep it from doing so," Sullivan frets. His concern for the university's stature, not just his own, is characteristic.

"You must understand," one member of the English department has told me, "that Walter's devotion to Vanderbilt goes well beyond the usual sense of professional loyalty one would feel toward the place where one teaches. He was born in Nashville, he went here as an undergraduate and graduate student, and he has spent his entire teaching career on this campus. Amis hasn't just attacked him personally—he has used Walter to attack the institution he loves."

Sullivan wonders aloud about his and the university's legal options, but he has no interest in litigation. "I'm an old man, and this is going to hurt me," he says. "But I have some other things I want to do, and I do not want to get involved in a lawsuit. It takes up your time and energy.

"There are things I hope to do before I die—things I want to write and so forth," Sullivan says. "I have pretty much made up my mind that I'm simply going to have to live with this." ■

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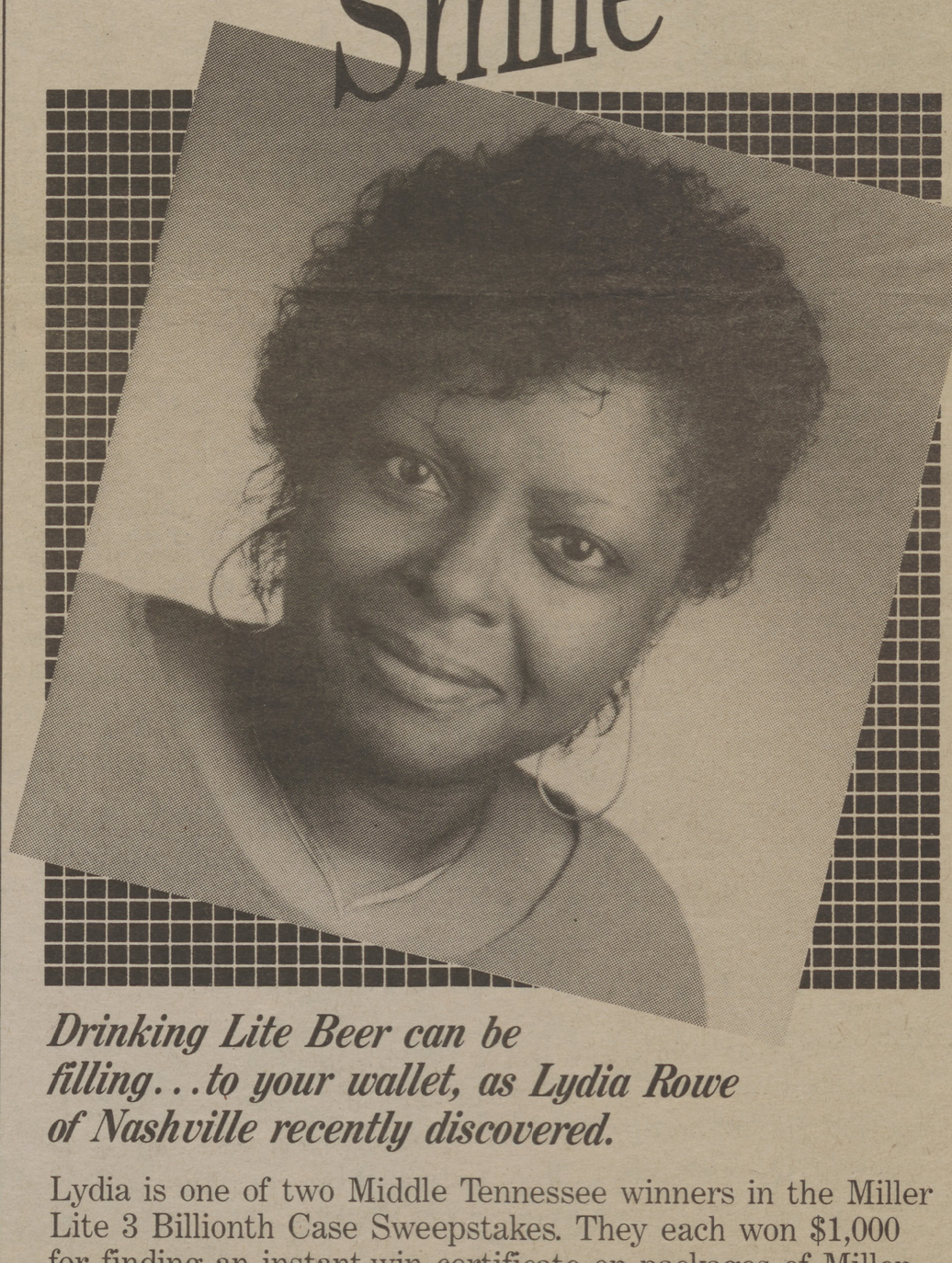

Drinking Lite Beer can be filling...to your wallet, as Lydia Rowe of Nashville recently discovered.

Lydia is one of two Middle Tennessee winners in the Miller Lite 3 Billionth Case Sweepstakes. They each won $1,000 for finding an instant-win certificate on packages of Miller Lite cans. Miller is awarding a total of $350,000 in cash and prizes to celebrate the sale of the 3 billionth case of Miller Lite – the best-selling low-calorie beer in America.

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8 DAYS A WEEK

THE SCENE CALENDAR

JULY 4-11

Hank Flamingo, July 6, Mainstreet

Jett Williams, July 8 & 9, Willie Nelson's Nashville Nightlife

Queensryche & Suicidal Tendencies, July 9, Municipal Auditorium

Planet Rockers, July 10, Midnight at the Oasis

COMING SOON

U.K. Subs, July 21

Don Henley & Susanna Hoffs, July 28

SATURDAY

Knoxville band HyperTribe plays Pan's Starship on July 6. The band plays metal and thrash tempered by funk music and college radio, but the members see themselves as definitively rock 'n' roll musicians. They've got a conscience too. What more do they need?

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

Finding good used books in Nashville is not easy. The only books for sale in thrift stores are cheapo Danielle Steele paperbacks and weird religious books. Specialty bookstores carry first-edition Faulkner hardbacks for 50 bucks a pop—probably more. It's frustrating. But on July 5 and 6, book junkies will have another place to look for something interesting *and* affordable. The *huge* book sale this weekend at 3621 Westbrook Ave. (off West End Ave.) will benefit Progressive Education, a non-profit educational organization. Shell out a quarter for paperbacks and 50 to 75 cents for hardbacks, keep your eyes peeled for Gunter Grass or Eudora Welty or Milan Kundera, and remember the money spent goes to help educate someone else.

THURSDAY

What do you get when you mix the music of Parliament, Metallica, Fishbone, Living Color & Bad Brains? Five records playing at the same time. Somewhere in the midst of that ferocious clamor is where the music of Atlanta's Follow For Now originates. The race-unconscious band plays the Ace of Clubs on July 11.

THE *NASHVILLE SCENE* CALENDAR covers an 8-day period beginning with the Thursday of publication. The *Scene* is thrilled to accept your listings. All notices should reach our office by noon 7 days before our publication date. Information may be mailed, hand-delivered or faxed (244-8578); listings aren't taken by phone. Please include location, phone number & any costs involved. We like to get black-&-white photos but cannot guarantee their return. Ongoing events must be resubmitted monthly. Listings are subject to editorial discretion & available space.

MUSIC

THURSDAY, 4TH

BLAIR BROTHERS, 8:30 p.m., Club Mere Bulles, 151 1st Ave. N. $5. 256-CLUB.
CHARLIE DANIELS, 6 & 8 p.m., Chevrolet/Geo Celebrity Theater, Opryland, 2802 Opryland Dr. $23.65 adults, $11.80 children, 3 & under free. 889-6600.
EAZY TO PLEAZ, 9 p.m., Pan's Starship, 406 Demonbreun St. $5. 242-4679.
FABULOUS FERGIE'S FLYING CIRCUS, 4th of July Party & Birthday Celebration w/spec. guests, 9 p.m., Club 1000, 1000 5th Ave. N. $5. 255-6220.
FOURTH OF JULY TALENT EXPLOSION hosted by Scat Springs and feat. live music competitions by local urban contemporary bands, 10 p.m., Creative Edge, 1205 Church St. at I-40. $5. 256-1403.
JANE HIS WIFE, 9 p.m., Ace of Clubs, 114 2nd Ave. S. $5. 254-ACES.
BOBBY KEYS & THE GROOVE OF DOOM All-Star Blues Jam, 10 p.m., Grapevine Cafe, 2206 Elliston Pl. ($4). Also: Eric Fiedor, 7 p.m. ($2). 327-3222.
NASHVILLE SYMPHONY, conducted by Kay George Roberts, performs an Independence Day Celebration, 7 p.m., Riverfront Park. Free. 329-3033.
RAMER & SPICER ACOUSTIC BLUES DUO, 8 p.m., Mulligan's Pub, 117 2nd Ave. S. 242-8010.
ROCK THE RIVER, feat. No One You Know, Strangers & Phil Vassar, noon, Crawdaddy's, 14 Oldham St. $5, free for active military & children under 5. 255-5434.
JOHNNY RUSSELL, Willie Nelson's Nashville Night Life, 2620 Music Valley Dr. $8. 885-5701.
THIRD TYME OUT, 9 p.m., Station Inn, 401 12th Ave. S. $5. 255-3307.
VALENTINE SALOON w/11:59, 9:30 p.m., Mainstreet, 527 Main St., Murfreesboro. ($5 21+, $7 18-20). Outside: Scott & Bruce, 9:30 p.m. ($5). 890-7820.

FRIDAY, 5TH

AASHID & THE NEW DREAM, 9 p.m., 328 Performance Hall, 328 4th Ave. S. $5 adv., $7 door. 259-3288.
BLAIR BROTHERS, 9 p.m., Club Mere Bulles, 151 1st Ave. N. $5. 256-CLUB.
CITY STREETS, 10 p.m., Midnight at the Oasis, 2200 MetroCenter Blvd. $5. 254-1818.
CYCLONE TEMPLE & Slave Jacket play an all-ages show, 9 p.m., Pan's Starship, 406 Demonbreun St. $5. 242-4679.
CHARLIE DANIELS, 6 & 8 p.m., Chevrolet/Geo Celebrity Theater, Opryland, 2802 Opryland Dr. $23.65 adults, $11.80 children, 3 & under free. 889-6600.
FLOATING MEN, Douglas Corner, 2106-A 8th Ave. S. 298-1688.
GOSPEL MUSICAL PERFORMANCE feat. John McNeil & Co., The New Metropolitan Singers, Demetrius Alexander, The Joy of Nashville & more, 7 p.m., New Metropolitan Baptist Church, 1700 9th Ave. N. 256-5955.
BOBBY KEYS & THE GROOVE OF DOOM All-Star Blues Jam, 10 p.m., Grapevine Cafe, 2206 Elliston Pl. ($4). Also: The Blues Daddies, 7 p.m. ($2). 327-3222.
JOHN KILZER w/Gayla, 9:30 p.m., Bluebird Cafe, 4104 Hillsboro Rd. ($6). Also: Jamie Newell, 7 p.m.; Daniel Market, 8 p.m. 383-1461.
METROPOLITAN WOODWIND CHAMBER PLAYERS, 7 p.m., Centennial Park Art Center Courtyard. 862-8424.
LYNN MORRIS BAND, 9 p.m., Station Inn, 401 12th Ave. S. $5. 255-3307.
PEACE CRY w/Rough Justice & The Regulators, 10 p.m. Club 1000, 1000 5th Ave. N. $5. 255-6220.
THE RIB BAND w/Randy Singer, 8 p.m., The Merchants, downstairs, 401 Broadway. 254-1892.
WALK THE WEST w/Lark Watts & The Laughing Storm Dogs, 9:30 p.m., Mainstreet, 527 Main St., Murfreesboro. ($5 21+, $7 18-20). Outside: Bobby Gray, 9:30 p.m. ($5). 890-7820.
WARM DARK POCKET w/HyperTribe & Day-Glo Gods, 9 p.m., Taj Mahal, 2308 West End Ave. 329-4721.

Continued on next page

THE SCENE CLASSIFIEDS

BIOLOGICAL CLOCK TICKING?

DWM, 6'2", eyes of blue, great gene pool, seeks WF 25-35 for romance/commitment. Parenting a possibility. Reply with picture (please) or call.
✎ ☎ 25357

HANDSOME SWM, 40, desires highly sensuous female for monogamous relationship. ☎ 25358

SWM, 23, LARGE, seeks SWF 20-30 for friendship, fun, & possible relationship. ☎ 25356

SWM, 40'S. ATTRACTIVE, financially secure, generous, avid horseman, seeks WF between 30 and 40 who is very liberated and loves horses. ✎ 007-0468

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WM, 44, SEEKS brilliant woman for intimate friendship. I like baseball, detective stories, California, exploring old cemeteries, Wendell Berry's essays, Scorsese films, the New Yorker, and secret adventures. Let's provide a scandal for our biographers! ✎ 007-1880

HANDSOME ARTIST SEEKS DAKOTA GIRL

International artist looking for a face that could inspire Leonardo with a body by Rodin. This masterwork should be a non-smoker 24 to 34 years old and financially independent without a need to control. If your intellect matches your beauty and sensitivity is your greatest strength, I want to be your friend. Send photo and comments and will be pleasantly impressed. Take a chance. No disco maniacs or relationship abusers.
✎ ☎ 25354

SWM, 45, 5'11", attractive, slim, non-smoker, educated, romantic, sensitive and humorous, seeks an educated, slim SWF to share interests in the Fine Arts, Antiquity, History, Travel, Environment, Dining Out, Movies, and most of all companionship, trust, romance, and the possibility of a future commitment.
✎ 007-1877

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SWM, 31, 5'8", 130#, brown hair, sexy blue eyes, sexy mouth, physically fit. Looking for a pretty, physically fit, intellectual woman (under 40) to spend lots of time together. ✎ ☎ 25349

SWM, 36, MUSCULAR, seeks SWF 20s or 30s. Interests: walks, nature.
☎ 25351

ATTRACTIVE, SUBMISSIVE WM seeks lovely dominant female. Age immaterial. Discreet. ✎ ☎ 25280

CUTE SWM, 25 seeks attractive, uninhibited WF for fun relationship without commitment. ☎ 25322

TENNIS SUMMER ANYONE?

GBM, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs, professional, seeks serious tennis partner GM 25-35. In days of past-perfect, you remember great summers of playing till you dropped, but now there's something called responsibility. If you hit all the strokes, well somedays, let's bridle responsibility and work to imrpove. Remember, practice makes present-perfect. ✎ ☎ 25350

TALL, MASCULINE GWM, 35, seeks smooth, masculine GW/AM, 23-35, non-smoker, for committed relationship.
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PROFESSIONAL GWM SEEKS SAME

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✎ ☎ 25355

MUSCLE SEEKS MUSCLE

GWM seeks others into working out, sparring & fun. 36, 160, 5'9", built.
✎ ☎ 25362

GWM, VERY STRAIGHT acting, 34, 150 lbs. Like swimming, jetskiing, outdoor activities. Would like to meet same, similar interests not important. Send name, phone # and brief letter. All replies answered. One time listing only!
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FACE VALUE

IN THE RAW

What Arnold's is to meat-and-three, Koto is to uncooked squid. "People come here because it is kind of a mystery place," says Hajime Keruma, who opened the minuscule 4th Avenue sushi bar/beer joint six years ago. "I meant to get East Nashville traffic over the bridge," Haji explains. "I was wrong." Instead, he gets the pick of the Music Row transplants, who feast on gizzard shad and cuttlefish while *Sound of Music* excerpts blare on the karaoke machine. Outside, an off-kilter red lamp hangs beside the door. "The other night four guys in cowboy hats came in," says Haji. "Sushi is not what they wanted to find."—*J.B.*

Photographed for the *Nashville Scene* by Mark Tucker.
Hair and make-up styling by Michele Probst.

NASHVILLE SCENE

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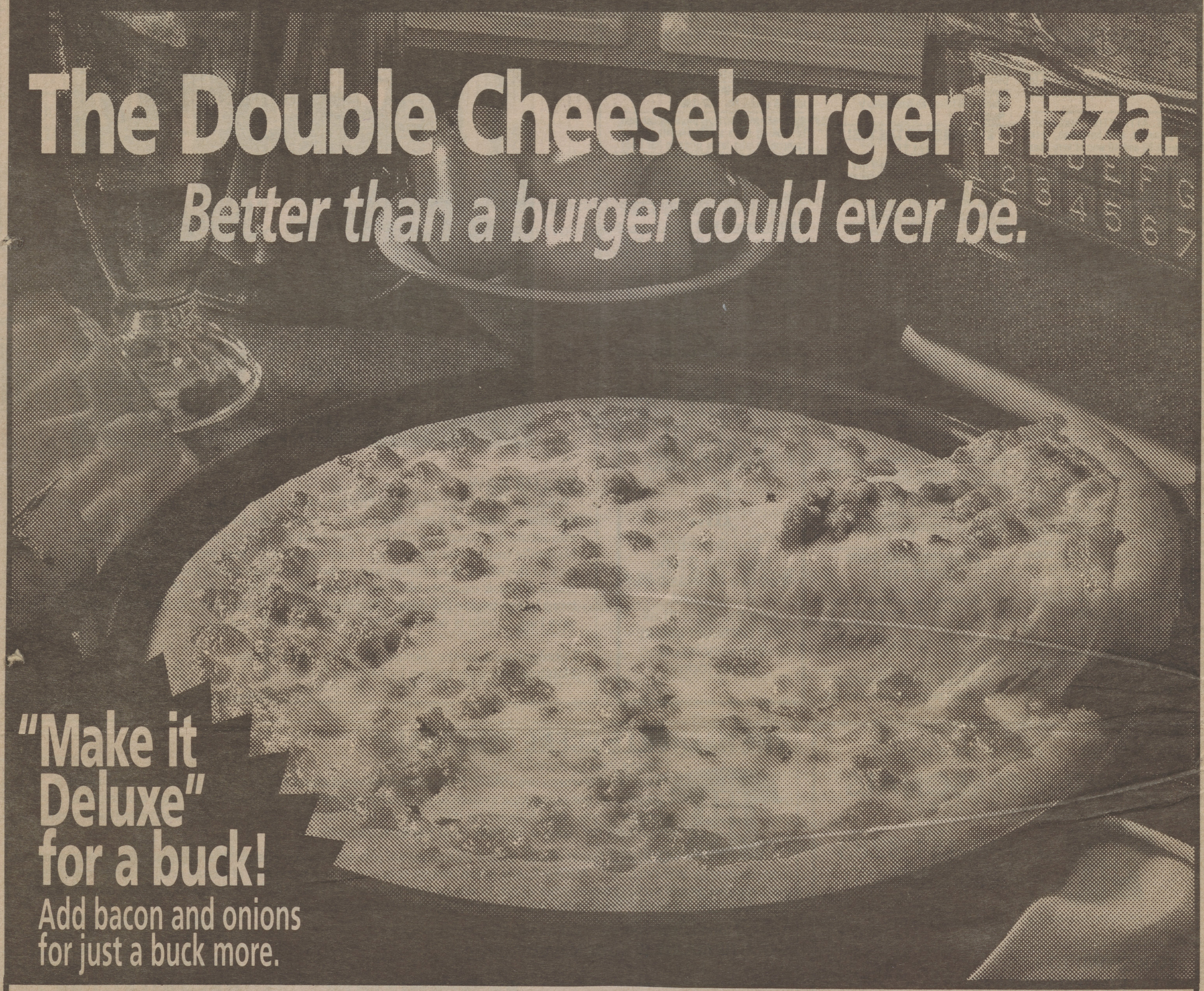
PIZZA HUT® DELIVERS

The Double Cheeseburger Pizza.

Better than a burger could ever be.



"Make it Deluxe" for a buck!

Add bacon and onions for just a buck more.

One medium delivered for $8.99 and a second's just $4 more!

Pizza Hut® DELIVERY

"MAKE THE CHANGE FOR GOOD."

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DINE-IN/CARRYOUT/DELIVERY

MEDIUM SUPREME PIZZA & MEDIUM ONE-TOPPING PIZZA

$11.99

Offer expires 8/8/91. Valid at participating Pizza Hut® outlets. Not valid with any other offer. Limited delivery area. 1/20¢ cash redemption value © 1991 Pizza Hut, Inc.

DINE-IN/CARRYOUT/DELIVERY

MEDIUM DOUBLE CHEESEBURGER PIZZA

$8.99 FOR ONE

GET THE 2ND FOR $4 MORE

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Pizza Hut® DELIVERY

"MAKE THE CHANGE FOR GOOD."