A Scholar and a Gentleman by Jim Stewart  
As author, scholar and mentor, George Tindall has made a major contribution to the study of American history.

Catch a Rising Star by Jim Stewart  
Davidson College professor David Shi seems to operate at a different speed than the rest of us.

The Fall the Wall Came Down by Eric Bax  
While studying in Eastern Europe last fall, Furman senior Eric Bax witnessed the dissolution of the Communist party and the collapse of the Berlin Wall.

A Man of Many Parts by Marguerite Hays  
As one who loves music, drama, literature and teaching, John Crabtree has found the perfect kind of life.

A Radical Reunion  
Four 1969 graduates met at Furman last fall to discuss the issues that have shaped their lives. One of them, writer/professor Jack Sullivan, looks back at Furman in the sixties.

COVER: Working in his garden gives Vice President and Dean John Crabtree almost as much pleasure as teaching Shakespeare. See article on page 20. Photo by David Crosby.
George Brown Tindall likes to use the word "serendipity" when referring to the chance events or twists of fate that often shape one's destiny.

The term seems to apply to various moments in his life — or perhaps he has just been well-prepared to step through the doors that have opened. Whatever the case, fortune certainly was on his side one spring day in 1946 when, fresh from a lengthy stint in the Air Force, he was a somewhat discontented graduate student in English at the University of North Carolina. Tindall had majored in English at Furman, but his brief experience in graduate school, where he found himself more interested in current events than literature, had made him realize that his true calling might lie elsewhere.

In the midst of his restlessness he happened to run into Isaac Copeland, who had been a librarian at Furman during Tindall's undergraduate days and was now also a graduate student. Copeland, who later became director of the Southern Historical Collection at North Carolina, listened to Tindall's concerns and took him to meet Fletcher Green of the UNC history department.

When Tindall returned to Chapel Hill for the second semester of summer school, his new bride and Furman classmate, Blossom McGarrity, was enrolled in the English program — and he was a graduate student in history. "I barely qualified for admission in history, but the dean was sympathetic because he had changed his major, too," he says.

Tindall's meeting with Copeland proved to be far more than a chance encounter with an old friend. It wound up launching the career of one of the nation's most distinguished historians.

As author, scholar and mentor, George Tindall has made a major contribution to the study of American history, and especially Southern history. He may have retired this spring as Kenan Professor of History at North Carolina, but his legacy will live on in his writings and in his former students, many of whom now teach history in colleges throughout the country.

Tindall's impact is evident on a more personal level as well. Among friends and colleagues his name is synonymous with charm, warmth and Southern gentility, and he is known for taking a deep interest in all aspects of his students' lives. Says A.V. Huff of the Furman history department, "George has always been a kind of perfect illustration of the gentleman scholar. He's very open, approachable, helpful and encouraging — almost a perfect model for a graduate teacher."

Huff's perceptions are echoed by Tindall's former students. Gary Freeze, a professor at Erskine College, calls Tindall "a grand personal figure" and tells of his own excitement when, as an undergraduate at UNC, he enrolled in one of many Tindall courses. Into the classroom marched the bow-tied president of the Southern Historical Association — and eager young Mr. Freeze promptly knocked the master's pipe off a desk, scattering debris everywhere. "I was mortified," says Freeze, "but that was when I first came face-to-face with his graciousness and humanity. It's stuck with me."

And when Tindall says of his graduate students, "You sort of take them on for life," his words ring true. Says Dan Carter, who earned his Ph.D. under Tindall and now teaches at Emory University, "Almost anyone who worked with him will tell you that he was..."
extremely conscientious and supportive. Even after I completed my doctorate, he continued to support and take an interest in my career. I'm sure that, both consciously and unconsciously, I incorporated many of his ideas into my work."

Certainly, part of Tindall's success as an author is his ability to apply this personal style to the printed word. Too often, it seems, historians write to please only themselves or to impress their colleagues, leaving the average reader to flounder through pages of academic jargon and wooden prose. With Tindall, though, the method has always been as important as the message, and colleagues and readers alike respond not just to the scope and depth of his work but to its narrative grace as well.

Tindall is a meticulous craftsman. It took him 11 years to write his best-known work, The Emergence of the New South 1913-1945, and almost 13 to complete America: A Narrative History, a critically acclaimed textbook. His is a careful, measured approach that is anchored in a thorough attention to detail and the obvious respect he has for his audience.

The latter trait may well date from his days as an English major at Furman, when he studied under some of the university's legendary teachers. Tindall says, "If you take writing at all seriously, the old adage from Meta Gilpatrick keeps coming back: 'The writer must take pains in order that the reader need not.'"

In the extensive Tindall canon, three works stand out because of their impact and because they illustrate so effectively his approach to writing and to history. South Carolina Negroes 1877-1900, his first book, was adapted from his doctoral dissertation; Emergence of the New South is a masterful examination of a turbulent time in the region's history; and America has been one of the two dominant texts in the field since its release in 1984.

Born and raised in Greenville, George Brown Tindall grew up an only child. Whether this could be considered serendipity is debatable, but in looking back Tindall has said, "There have been times when it didn't seem like the best of fortune to be an only child, but writing is a lonely occupation, and having that background, I think, has helped me tolerate long hours in communion with the typewriter better than a lot of people." He did enjoy the benefits of a large extended family, and at one point during his early years four generations of his family shared a house.

By the time he got to Greenville High, Tindall says, "I had become a newspaper junkie and a current-events buff" — just the type, he suggests, to become a historian. So he was clearly primed to come under the influence of J.M. Lesesne, a history teacher who would later be president of Erskine College. Lesesne, an enthusiastic instructor, introduced Tindall to the world of scholarship and spurred his interest in Southern history. And as things turned out, a discussion from Lesesne's class about the South Carolina Constitutional Convention of 1895 provided the impetus for Tindall's master's thesis, his dissertation and, ultimately, his first book.

When he got to Furman, Tindall somehow went astray and became an English major. Actually, he says he more or less majored in the Gilsutch — Meta in English and Delbert in history. He would later acknowledge their influence and that of Lesesne by dedicating to them a collection of his essays titled The Ethnic Southerners.

During his undergraduate days he found time to co-edit the Echo with his future wife and to write a column on world events for the school newspaper ("a clue that my interest was more in history than literature"). He had planned to go on to graduate school, but his draft notice arrived just before his graduation from Furman in 1942. "One place I was offered a little fellowship was Louisiana State," he says, "and if it hadn't been for World War II I might have gone there and still be a frustrated assistant professor of English grading freshman themes."

Instead he was off to the Air Force, serving in the Pacific and later in officer candidate school, before returning to student life at Chapel Hill. There, in trying to decide on a topic for his master's thesis, he recalled Lesesne's lecture on the 1895 convention. Once again, serendipity played a role, for in the South of the 1930s few high school teachers would have been bold enough to bring up such a topic. But Lesesne did, and years later Tindall remembered it.

Tindall may even have had a predisposition to write about race relations. He recalls how, growing up in the segregated South of the twenties and thirties, he was keenly aware of the inequities between blacks and whites. His interest in the issue may have been influenced by his ties to Greenville's First Baptist Church, or possibly by an innate sense of the unfairness of the "separate but equal" doctrine. As early as his senior year in high school he had written a paper on "Negro Education."

Whatever the reason, his choice of a thesis topic proved to be inspired. The 1895 convention, staged to disfranchise black voters, featured consideration of a motion to change the legal definition of Negro from anyone with one-eighth black ancestry to anyone with any black ancestry. This sparked a discussion in which it was suggested that no one on the floor of the convention could claim to have pure Caucasian blood, and that many prominent families with a trace of black blood would be affected by the change. Such a shocking assertion prompted heated debate, after which the convention voted to keep the one-eighth rule.

While Tindall developed his thesis, another young historian, Vernon Wharton, published The Negro in Mississippi 1865-1890, a book distinguished not just for its scholarship but for its use of first-person accounts from people who lived through the era. Tindall realized that, for his doctoral dissertation, he could do a similar study of South Carolina that would incorporate his master's thesis. The resulting work, South Carolina Negroes 1877-1900, was published by the University of South Carolina Press in 1952.

Segregation had been the rule in South Carolina since the post-Reconstruction era. Blacks had been methodically disfranchised and virtually forced into a state of economic dependency that, in many ways, still held true. For Tindall, the project was especially rewarding because he was dealing with relevant issues that were coming to the forefront of public consciousness. "There was a sense of excitement and new discovery about the first book that I don't think I've quite had about anything else," he says.

South Carolina Negroes, with its comprehensive account of black life in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, was well received in the scholarly community. The subject matter even prompted an older historian to tell Tindall, "You took a pretty liberal position in that book, but you weren't offensive about it."

Others offered more perceptive evaluations. Historian Kenneth M. Stampp said in the American Historical Review,
received substantial praise, it was hardly a best seller. It took 17 years to sell out its initial printing of 1,500, and it actually sold better in the 1960s when the issue of civil rights came to a head.

If South Carolina Negroes established Tindall's reputation, The Emergence of the New South 1913-1945 is recognized as his signature work. It is a massive compilation — over 700 pages about the South's struggle to adapt to a changing world.

Tindall began the exhausting project in 1956 while an assistant professor at Louisiana State University. Again, the opportunity came along as a chance thing, a serendipity. At the time, the LSU press was in the process of publishing a 10-part series on the history of the South. Sociologist Rupert Vance of the University of North Carolina had agreed to write a volume on The Present South, but other projects began to impinge on Vance's time.

Wendell Stephenson, one of the editors of the series, was teaching at LSU in the summer of 1956 and had seen an essay Tindall wrote on "The Central Theme Revisited" — the South's central theme being white supremacy. Stephenson apparently had a high opinion of the piece and began making inquiries about Tindall, who at the time was growing bored with his work on a biography of Wade Hampton. "I already had it in my head that I would jump at the opportunity to do this project," Tindall says, and when Vance decided to withdraw, the young historian was ready to step in. As a result, the Hampton biography was never written.

In looking back on Emergence, Tindall says, "I didn't realize how monumental a task it would be.

This, after all, was recent history, and it called for a tremendous amount of primary research; the book's almost encyclopedic detail is testimony to Tindall's dedication to the task. It might have been less draining had he been able to devote himself to it full time, but he also had to maintain a teaching load and other professional duties at LSU and then, from mid-1958 on, at North Carolina. He says, "There were people who were convinced I was never going to finish it."

Upon its release, Emergence was praised for its thorough, spirited discussion of the South in the first half of this century. The period from World War I through World War II was one of discomforting but unavoidable change for the region. The old agrarian order was being challenged by insurgent industrialism; unions threatened Southerners' long-held faith in individual initiative; and blacks were beginning to assert themselves, leading to a white backlash embodied in the Ku Klux Klan. The rest of the country, influenced by such South-baiting writers as H.L. Mencken, tended to see the region as backwards and ignorant.

Tindall weaves these and many other themes into a beautifully coherent text. He also indulges his interest in literature with discussions of the Southern Renaissance and the rise and impact of such
regional voices as William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, and Robert Penn Warren and the Vanderbilt University "Fugitives." His is the only volume in the History of the South series that devotes two chapters to literature.

Emergence received a number of honors, including the 1968 Charles Sydnor Award from the Southern Historical Association as the year's best book on Southern history. A few, however, questioned its "matter-of-fact approach," to use Stampp's term. They probably expected a work along the lines of the previous volume in the series, Woodward's Origins of the New South, which took a more critical, interpretive approach to the period 1877-1914.

But as Dan Carter points out, "George has a tremendous respect for the facts. To him, you can't base understanding on theories. They must always be tested against the factual context."

Gary Freeze says that Tindall's method is a calculated one. "George aspires to write history that tells the story; the story is the real teacher. He sees himself as the storyteller, and it's essential that the truth comes out in the storytelling."

Then Freeze adds an eloquent corollary: "George sees the dialogue of the South as having many voices, and he is the convener of the voices, not the translator. He's there to inspire the debate."

There is no doubt about the book's influence. Yet another of Tindall's ex-students, David Parker of Southwest Missouri State University, sums it up best when he says, "You can tell how important Emergence is by looking at the footnotes in other books on Southern history. It's always one of the first books cited, especially with anything on the South between the World Wars."

For Tindall, a discussion of Emergence leads to musings on writing in general.

"Trying to write felicitously is hard work," he says, "and people who haven't tried don't realize the kind of agony you go through when it just won't come."

Research, he says, can be more fun and provide a pleasant diversion; if there's some fact you're unsure of, it's often easier to return to the stacks than to sit and stare at the typewriter. "Sometimes you do anything to stay away from the blank sheet of paper," he says. "There's no length to which people will not go to avoid the labor of thinking."

He credits fellow historian Arthur Link, biographer of Woodrow Wilson, with a good rule of thumb: "If you think about the enormity of a project, it will defeat you, but if you get up in the morning and say, 'I'm going to write a few pages today' — or even just one page — it helps."

Link's rule probably came into play in 1971 when, about the time Furman presented Tindall an honorary degree, he signed on to write an introductory survey of American history for W.W. Norton & Company. Tindall jokes — then again, maybe he's serious — that greed was the motivation; after all, he did have a wife and two children to support.

Although it took almost 13 years to complete America ("I told them I was slow"). it was not quite as difficult a project as Emergence. "With the text, you have a lot of monographic work out there to rely on," he says. "And if you've taught the survey for some years, you've got the overall picture pretty much in mind before you start."

For Tindall, America also proved to be a good learning experience. "I came to have much more respect than I used to have for this type of work," he says. "I had thought that writing a textbook was just a crass commercial project, almost a little bit demeaning. But if I've made any contribution to education, the textbook may be it, more than anything else."

America: A Narrative History marks a return to a more traditional approach to history. Before its arrival, the trend in historical surveys was to take a narrower view, to appeal to special interests. As a result, the texts tended to emphasize specific areas at the expense of the overall story. Many relied on flashy graphics and color photos, and the glossy look was often accompanied by a glossy price. The words didn't seem to matter; the presumption was that students weren't interested in reading anyway. The books were usually written by committee, so there was little sense of
"There's no length to which people will not go to avoid the labor of thinking."

continuity.

Norton and Tindall agreed that there was a better way. America is just what its title says — a narrative — with one big advantage: the Tindall touch. He bucks the trend, taking his cue not from the newer, supposedly innovative texts but from the more traditional ones, and provides an improved version. His survey is thorough, energetic, elegantly written and filled with punchy quotes and colorful anecdotes that bring the story to life. It is designed to kindle student interest and promote further study — all in an accessible, affordable package.

Colleges have rushed to adopt America in its one-volume, two-volume or brief-edition formats, and other publishers are looking into producing Tindall-like texts. The brief edition, a third shorter than the other volumes and designed for use in single-term courses, is co-authored with another Furman graduate, David Shi of Davidson College. (See next article.)

Once again, Tindall's work has had a major impact. Says Parker, "The text provides a lot of details and information that others don't. He tells the story and makes it fascinating, and the jokes, anecdotes and other trivia keep student interest high." Freeze agrees, adding, "George wrote a book that went against the tide, and he came out on top."

To recognize Tindall's contributions to the profession, his former students are compiling a Fest­schrift, or volume of essays, in his honor. The book, which Louisiana State University plans to publish in 1991, will undoubtedly provide tangible evidence as to how deeply Tindall has influenced those who have worked most closely with him.

And now that six years have passed since completion of his last monumental work, surely it's time for Tindall to take on yet another massive project. Blossom suggests he already has one lined up: "Breathing." (Perhaps it should also be noted that a few years back, when her husband was invited to become an alumnus member of Furman's chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Blossom reacted by saying, "Oh, you're going to become a posthumous member.")

Given Tindall's talent and his understanding of the South's myriad myths and traditions, one might think he would try his hand at the great Southern novel. But he demurs, saying, "If I could be a Faulkner or a Flannery O'Connor... well, Meta Gilpatrick taught me a lot, but not creative literature. I do think, though, that people who can write successful fiction, that's the pinnacle of writing."

Although officially "retired," Tindall is likely to remain busy lecturing and writing, and he is considering various projects, one of which involves a look at immigration patterns. The South, Tindall says, has traditionally been a "seedbed of population" for the nation; now, however, there is a substantial increase of immigrants into the South, especially among Asians and Hispanics. He thinks the trend could lend itself to further examination.

He also admits to an interest in Lyndon Johnson. Although he has little praise for current biographies of LBJ, he suspects he'll "show enough sense" not to do his own book. He does, however, believe the Johnson era would lend itself to a study similar to Arthur M. Schlesinger's The Age of Roosevelt. "So many of the vital issues of the late second millennium came to a head in the 1960s," says Tindall. "You have the Woodstock generation, hippies, the New Left, Viet Nam, the Great Society, and the war on poverty, which was not so much lost as never fought.

"I'm already older than Lyndon Johnson ever was," he adds, "so it's probably a little late to be starting on that, but..." And the voice trails off as he contemplates the possibilities. □

Tindall keeps fit by biking to his office and other places on the UNC campus.
CATCH A RISING STAR

BY JIM STEWART

Still shy of his 40th birthday, David Shi is on the fast track in higher education.

David Shi's first book, adapted from his doctoral dissertation, was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize.

His second, a critical and commercial success, fully established his credentials and earned him a national reputation.

His most recent effort, on which he joined forces with one of the nation's most respected historians, has in less than two years become a leading textbook in the field of American history.

What we have here are the ingredients for a Jack Armstrong story: football hero (Shi) marries homecoming queen (Susan Thomson '71), establishes thriving career, fathers two attractive children (Jason and Jessica), coaches Little League, gardens a bit (he plants, then Susan takes over) and shares his home with a friendly dog and a varying number of cats, depending on the day. Is it too soon to remake "Everybody's All-American?"

Well, maybe we should wait a little longer. After all, Shi hardly seems ready to sit back and take a deep breath. Currently working on a study of the changes in American thought and culture in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, he is also gathering material for another book that will discuss the themes of loneliness and alienation in the post-World War II era. Then there's the collection of essays he may publish, revisions on the textbook, assorted teaching and administrative duties . . .

But we're getting a bit ahead of ourselves. Some historical perspective is in order.

In Davidson College, David Shi has found a school where his talents as teacher and scholar can flourish.

It's the spring of 1972 at Furman. Dogwoods are blooming, pollen fills the air, and junior David Shi, all-Southern Conference defensive end and political science major, has enrolled in Bill Leverette's course in modern American history. This might not seem especially unusual, except when you consider Leverette's well-known distaste for the sport of football.

"You see Bill as a challenge," says Shi. "You want to say, 'I'm not the stereotype; there's more under here than a helmet might hide.' And I think he, consciously or unconsciously, devised that as a strategy. If you accept the challenge, you tend to develop a close rapport."

Which is just what happened. In Leverette's provocative lectures, Shi found a spark that transformed his academic life. Introduced to new thoughts and concepts, he discovered an abiding interest in intellectual history, in the way historical forces and ideas mix and collide and, ultimately, shape the world.

Leverette's critical eye also challenged Shi to develop his writing skills. Shi had edited his high school newspaper in Atlanta and, although he had always thought of himself as a natural writer, he eventually became the student he was always, practicing his craft in the classroom of this critically acclaimed professor.

Shi is chair of Davidson's department of history and the Frontis W. Johnston Professor of History.
says he wasn’t a “conscious” writer. “Bill really drilled into me the rudiments of effective narrative prose,” he says.

Perhaps most important was the impact Leverette made outside the classroom. “He was the first professor I came to know as a person,” says Shi. “That is, he shared himself with me as well as his knowledge.”

Leverette’s influence and, subsequently, that of other members of the Furman history department may well have cost the world an accomplished attorney; Shi initially planned to go to law school. As for football, a severe ankle injury senior year ended any thoughts of a professional career. But his new academic interests filled the void, and the legal and athletic world’s loss was academia’s gain.

Today, almost 20 years later, Shi is chair of the history department at Davidson College, where he is the Frontis W. Johnston Professor of History. Moreover, his success as an author has catapulted him into the ranks of rising stars among American historians.

And he’s still a year shy of his 40th birthday.

David Shi seems to operate at a different speed than the rest of us. He published all four of his books during the 1980s — a heady pace for any writer, let alone one with teaching and administrative obligations. Yet he clearly thrives on this up-tempo existence. Behind his laid-back, easy-going personality is an intense side characterized by a strong desire to achieve. “He seems very relaxed, but he’s actually driving like a bulldozer,” says Leverette. “He has the capacity to set goals and go after them in the most direct way and with the least wasted effort. I don’t know anyone so concentrated in his drive.”

At Davidson, where he has taught for 14 years, Shi evidently has found the right place to pursue his interests. The school has done much to encourage and promote his career, and the small college town apparently provides a wonderful environment in which to raise a family.

It may have been providential that Shi, a 1973 alumnus, would wind up at the Furman of North Carolina, considering his previous close encounters with the school. He almost enrolled there as an undergraduate but decided that the Furman football program had more potential. Maybe he felt a sense of obligation; after all, he wooed and won his wife from a Davidson football player.

Whatever the reason, the opportunity came along at a fortuitous time. As a doctoral candidate at the University of Virginia, he was preparing to face a panel of inquisitors for that most dreaded event, the oral examination, when his advisor informed him that Davidson had called and was looking for someone with expertise in American diplomatic and intellectual history. “Here I was getting ready to take my orals, and he was talking about a job,” says Shi. “It was somewhat reassuring.”

The result has been an excellent match, for Shi embodies, in word and deed, the skills that a liberal arts college stresses and nurtures — the ability to see relationships, to think critically and creatively, to synthesize information and, in the process, to awaken in students a true love of learning.

Consider his current project, which looks at the shift in American cultural thought from romantic idealism to a more realistic perspective in the second half of the nineteenth century. To understand fully the impact on the arts of such forces as Darwinism or the industrial revolution, and to explain their pervasive effect, Shi has had to educate himself in a variety of fields, from art and architecture to literature, music and drama.

“Literary and art historians have talked about the emergence of realism, but I’m trying to put together a synthesis, to see the big picture,” he says. “It’s been a fascinating study, but its scope and shape are so large. No sooner do I finish a chapter than three new books dealing with the same material are published.”

It is at those times, when a task looks as if it may never end, that Shi believes his athletic background serves him well. “Playing competitive athletics on the college level teaches you persistence. It helps you develop a sense of confidence and a willingness to attack a problem rather than be paralyzed by it,” he says. “It also instills a certain tenacity, because
one of the things you discover about the scholarly life is that it's a wearying regimen."

In his case, though, it is also invigorating. Leverette, now retired from teaching, has worked with Shi on a number of projects. He describes his student-turned-colleague's typical approach: "You should see him in a library. I'll have my third note taken and he's piling more books on the desk. He's just roaring around the place. Then he spends most of the night sorting through his notes. He'll have Xeroxes all over everywhere."

One study the two conducted, on a rather eccentric character named Ralph Borsodi, resulted in a published article — and helped inspire two of Shi's books. Borsodi was a marketing specialist at Macy's of New York in the 1920s who grew tired of the congestion of the big city and the demands of society. His reaction was to quit his job, buy a tract of land in the country and become a self-sufficient farmer. He went on to write "how to" books and even opened a "School for Living" to teach urban dwellers to simplify their lives and become more self-reliant.

Borsodi provided the germ of an idea; Jimmy Carter was the catalyst. In the summer of 1979, as his administration tried to cope with inflation, the energy crisis and other problems, Carter went into isolation at Camp David to contemplate his options. He emerged to deliver his famous (or infamous) "malaise" address, in which he tried to convince the American people that things would have to change, that sacrifices were needed for the country to overcome its woes.

The televised appeal probably hurt Carter more than it helped, but it touched a chord in Shi. "As I listened, I realized he was drawing upon the same ideals, values and even phrases that so many other statesmen, preachers and moralists in the American tradition had used," he says. "He was saying we faced a crisis that was going to require plainer living and higher thinking. And I said, 'There's a book in this.'"

The result, published in 1985, was The Simple Life: Plain Living and High Thinking in American Culture. In tracing the history and impact of the idea from colonial days to the present, it focuses on the efforts of different groups and individuals, from Quakers to Thoreau and Emerson, from planned communities to hippie communes, to follow a lifestyle that emphasizes the spiritual and moral over

the material. Borsodi's story became a third of a chapter.

Shi's study shows that the idea of the simple life is hard to grasp, primarily because it is such a relative term. Individuals define simplicity in different ways. Compared to Donald Trump, most of us live quite simply. But from the perspective of the homeless, our lives almost certainly appear extravagant.

Furthermore, simple living works against the grain of human nature. We are an acquisitive sort, tempted every day by our consumer-oriented society with its "more is better" philosophy. Where is the happy medium? Clearly, the "middle way between excess and deprivation" can be an elusive path.

Shi finds that those who have practiced a life of enlightened restraint usually have a strong spiritual commitment as a base. He also shows that the simple life has always been a minority viewpoint whose popularity has fluctuated based on the state of society. During times of war or national stress, Americans rally around the idea of making do with less as a symbol of their patriotism. Once things return to normal, though, the practice is largely forgotten. When threatened, we see its value; otherwise, interest wanes.

But however difficult it is to define or sustain, the concept of simple living endures. "Perhaps that attests to its nobility," says Shi. "If it came easily it might not have as much significance or elevation. The closer you get to it, the more elusive it becomes. It's a continual process of making decisions and weighing

Shi doesn't let his busy schedule interfere with the time he spends with family. Last year, he coached his son's Little League team.
First attracted to intellectual history by Bill Leverette's provocative lectures, Shi has worked with Leverette on a number of projects.

factors, of trying to be both a conscious and conscientious consumer of things and of time.”

Shi admits to being caught up in the struggle. He recalls, in particular, how impressed he was by the virtuous, “saintly” figures he was writing about. “I was becoming a little bit sanctimonious, beginning to sort of transform the family environment,” he says.

Then he heard from his parents, who wanted to give Jessica a Cabbage Patch doll for Christmas but feared he would object, given his state of mind and the consumer frenzy the doll had stirred. He faced a difficult choice: he could be “pure and sanctimonious” and say no because it was a gift he would not buy for his child himself, or he could say yes because it would make her and his parents happy. In the end, Jessica got the doll. “It’s not as if the choices are always clear cut,” Shi says. “You frequently choose between lesser evils.”

The Simple Life, dedicated to Leverette, was well-received. Psychology Today, the New York Times, Los Angeles Times and other notable publications reviewed it favorably, and the book’s impact was heightened because its emphasis on the ideas of control and moderation provided a sharp contrast to the self-indulgence exemplified by those emerging villains of the eighties—yuppies. Says Shi, “It was unusual to find a historical topic that was becoming a little bit sanctimonious, beginning to sort of transform the family environment,” he says.

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Shi’s first book, a biography of Matthew Josephson, a twentieth-century historian and social critic, had received positive attention plus the Pulitzer nomination by Yale University Press. But The Simple Life and its sequel, an illustrated anthology called In Search of the Simple Life: American Voices, Past and Present, found a much broader market. They were imaginative, intriguing efforts that made people think.

One who noticed was Steve Forman, history editor at the W.W. Norton & Co. publishing firm. Impressed by Shi’s scholarship and writing ability, and encouraged by a company salesman’s high opinion of the young professor, Forman asked him to help prepare a condensed version of George Brown Tindall’s already popular textbook America: A Narrative History. The brief edition compresses Tindall’s two-volume work into a single volume primarily for use in one-semester survey courses.

Shi had already been collecting material for a text of his own and had even begun preliminary talks with another company. But the offer from Norton had several advantages. He would be working with an established book and a respected publisher, and by sharing writing duties he would still have time to pursue his other research interests. Another key factor was the chance to work with Tindall, the University of North Carolina professor — and 1942 Furman graduate — long recognized as one of the nation’s leading historians. (See article on page 2.)

Some might consider this mix of elder statesman and young Turk an odd pairing. But it proved a natural combination, and not because they coincidentally have the same alma mater. More important was that they shared a similar philosophy about their craft and their audience. Each is a conscious stylist and accomplished wordsmith, firmly committed to bringing history to life by giving the reader more than just a dry series of dates and events.

Their compatibility serves the brief edition well. Shi added some material, particularly in social and intellectual history, and condensed in other areas while maintaining Tindall’s smooth narrative. The finished product is remarkably consistent; Forman even told Shi that people who have read both versions of the text are surprised at how little they differ. Says Shi, “I think there was a natural affinity between George and me in terms of selection, focus and style so that few could perceive where I stepped in.” The Tindall/Shi brief edition has proven exceptionally popular at schools throughout the country. Norton is now trumpeting it as the best-selling text in its field.

Finding time to work on such major projects is not always easy for a professor at a liberal arts college, where the issue of
commitment to teaching vs. research can be a matter for debate. But Shi considers the two areas highly complementary. "With research, you do so much work alone, feeling almost isolated at times," he says. "Once you've finished, the result is out there before the world. You can feel so vulnerable. You've spent so much time and energy on a project and it can be shot down by that first review."

On the other hand, he sees teaching as a collective, human-centered endeavor that provides much more immediate feedback. "You know right away whether that lecture or point has come across. And you can spend a day teaching and meeting individually with students, then come home, sit at your desk and still be productive in two hours of lonely work. It's a nice mesh."

He blends the two areas skillfully. For example, the idea for his book on loneliness and alienation grew out of a course he teaches on American thought and culture since World War II. "I increasingly found myself structuring the course around this theme," he says, "so why not put it all together in a book?"

And one reason the America text was such an exciting opportunity was that it would be directly relevant to his work in the classroom, where he could get "immediate feedback" about what worked and what needed improving.

Shi, named teacher of the year at Davidson in 1982, also sees the value of humanizing the material he teaches. Last spring, during his course on modern American thought, he realized his students were particularly intrigued by the music of the 1960s. So he arranged a special concert complete with guest artist: himself. Clad in period attire, he harkened back to his days as a Furman student, when he occasionally sang at campus coffeehouses, and entertained the class with his versions of tunes by Buffalo Springfield, Crosby, Stills and Nash, and others. Reviews of his latest performance were unavailable, but there were no reports that students ran screaming into the night.

While developing a work routine that has, for him, the proper mix of research and teaching, Shi has established a similar balance between his personal and professional lives. Busy as he is, family time isn't something he has to schedule; it's all part of a natural flow. And he points out that his children "have reached an age where it's almost as much fun for me to do what they're doing as it is for them."

One major project the Shis have begun with two other families is building a mountain home near Tryon, N.C. When completed, it will likely serve as a quiet retreat for rest and relaxation — even though Shi hardly acts as if he needs a place to get away.

There are now two doctors in the Shi household, which includes Jason, almost 12, and Jessica, 10. Susan Thomson Shi '71, a member of Furman's Alumni Board of Directors, recently earned her doctorate in educational administration from the University of North Carolina.

But it's probably a well-timed project. Based on his accomplishments so far, it's a safe bet that his work will continue to attract attention and his reputation — and the demands on his time — will continue to grow. Says Leverette, "He has risen so far so fast because he uses his talent and doesn't fritter it away. It's almost as if he's got it all and is willing to use it all. He doesn't rest on his laurels. He expects a lot of himself, and he expects to get it."

Where all of this might lead is a bit more difficult to predict, but for now, Shi seems perfectly content with his situation. To him, the academic life is an almost ideal existence. "You're more or less in control of your own time, and you're always around young people which keeps you alive, youthful and vital," he says. Then, echoing the words of historian Henry Adams, Shi adds, "You have the possibility of affecting their minds forever. And in some respects, a teacher's influence never ends."

He should know.
When my transatlantic flight landed in Frankfurt, West Germany, last August, the plane was met by guards with rifles — a precaution against terrorism, I was told. At the Frankfurt airport, I went to the Hungarian Airlines ticket counter, where a long line was waiting. The people in front of me said they had been there 40 minutes. "Oh no," I thought, "this is what Eastern Europe is like. I'm going to be doing nothing but waiting in lines for the next three months of my life!"

Five minutes later the line started to move. Twenty minutes later I was on the plane. A few hours later we touched down at Ferihegy International Airport in Budapest. I peered out my window, looking for the armed guards. There were none to be seen. We deplaned and went into the terminal. The reception area was nice and modern, and I could not see anyone with guns.

Behind the counter at passport control was an officer who was about my age. He wore an army uniform, but he certainly did not seem battle-hardened. He reminded me of my brother, who wears a similar uniform in the National Guard. Nonetheless, I waited nervously as he checked my passport photo against pictures of the 20 or so most-wanted criminals in Europe, and then I proceeded to customs to check my baggage.

The officer there was a bit older, a career man. He spoke better English than I do. He asked me whether or not I had anything to declare. I had been warned about this sort of thing, so I immediately started to recite my list: camera, calculator, fountain pen. He smiled, then laughed at me. He asked if I planned to sell any of these items. "No," I replied. "Well, then you don't declare them to customs," he said. He asked me how long I planned to stay in Budapest. Then he smiled and said, "Have a good time!"

A mathematics and computer science major at Furman, I was coming to spend the fall term at the Technical University in Budapest. I would be studying in the Budapest Semesters in Mathematics program, which is run by St. Olaf College in Minnesota and features classes taught in English by Hungarian professors. Dr. Doug Rall, one of my Furman professors, had told me about the program. Since Hungarians have an excellent reputation in mathematics all over the world and I could attend this program, finish my math major and graduate on time, I couldn't resist coming. Besides, I thought it would be an adventure.

Before leaving the United States, I had heard conflicting stories about Eastern Europe. Someone who had visited Budapest the previous year warned me that consumer goods would be scarce. A friend who had left Romania several years ago described Eastern Europe as bleak and oppressive. Other friends who had traveled to East Germany said I should expect my bags to be searched and my flight to be greeted by battle-hardened guards armed with automatic rifles. However, several Hungarian students who were studying law at the University of South Carolina assured me that there were plenty of consumer goods, even "Levis," in Budapest. Hungary is not Romania, they reminded me.

Because of these contradictions, I really did not know what to expect when I arrived in Hungary. But I would soon learn that 15 million tourists visit Hungary each year, so I need not have worried about encountering a closed and xenophobic society. In fact, the officials in Hungary seemed more accustomed to dealing with tourism than terrorism.

On the day I arrived, a young lady from the Budapest Semesters program met me...
at the airport to take me to my apartment. As we rode through the city, I noticed that many buildings had red stars on their roofs. I asked if they represented communism or the Soviets. She said that most people associated them with the Soviets, not with socialism. She assured me that they would begin coming down very soon, and a few weeks later workers did begin to remove them.

After we got to the apartment, my landlord took me to the local police station because all visitors must register with the police within 48 hours of arrival. He said that I probably did not visit police stations too often in America, and he seemed embarrassed about having to take me there. However, he said that this regulation would probably be changed within the year. (Living in Budapest for the next several months, I encountered several more of these outdated laws. For example, the program office was required by law to keep a copy of all faxes that I sent or received, and mail entering the country was searched on a regular basis.)

On the way back to the apartment I asked my landlord how people made money in Hungary. I thought perhaps he would be the right person to ask since we were riding in his Peugeot. He told me that as yet private companies were not allowed to have more than 500 employees, but many of the newly wealthy people in Budapest were taxi drivers and successful owners of small shops.

He said that many people in Budapest hold two jobs and that someone who works by day in a factory can easily make more than double his salary by moonlighting as a taxi driver, because his salary is based on commission. Of course, this bodes ill for worker productivity in the factories. Later I heard of people actually going to work in the morning simply to punch in, going home to rest during the day, then returning to punch out just before beginning their night jobs.

Capitalism was definitely taking root. Because price controls on all but the most basic goods had recently been removed, small-shop owners were making sure that consumer goods were widely available in the city. Almost every kind of fresh fruit and vegetable that can be found in the United States was widely available in Budapest. There were M&M's, candy bars, Levis, Top 40 music, Mercedes and Porsches. There were also canned peaches from China, tiny, dirty East German cars called Trabants and Russian Ladas, Czechoslovakian beer, and paprikas and wine from the Hungarian countryside.

During my first few weeks in Budapest, I asked several people their opinions about the presence of the Soviet military in Eastern Europe. One teacher said simply that the Soviet forces were an army of occupation. A student told me that they were necessary to guard against the Romanian army. She asked me why the United States and the U.S.S.R. felt the need to fight each other. I told her that we believed it was Russian doctrine to force
communism on the world, and most of us just didn't want to be communists. She said that no one wanted to be socialist anymore, and she certainly agreed that capitalism was better. On the other hand, she told me, her grandmother, and many other people of her age, say that socialism rebuilt Hungary after the war and that it is not all bad. Later, when we saw a Soviet officer in the metro she said, "Look, it is your bitter enemy!" and she laughed.

A few weeks later we saw a Hungarian movie which consisted of interviews with Hungarian men who had done forced labor in Russia under Stalin after World War II, and with their wives who were left behind. My friend translated some of it. The Hungarians were told that all men ages 18 to 50 would have to register with the occupying Soviets and that it would take three days. When the men reported, they were marched off with inadequate clothing and food to do labor in Siberia. One man spoke of eating the grease that was to be used in the railroad cars on which he worked. Another said that guards shot and killed those who tried to eat snow because they were given too little food and water. The translation into words was not really necessary. The horror and disbelief of these men and women at the cruelty of their fellow human beings was evident in their eyes.

I asked my friend how she could keep from hating the Soviets and why she thought it would be wrong for me to worry about them. She said only that Hungarians did not want revenge, they wanted peace. They wished to put the past behind them. I admired the strength of a people who can show such forgiveness, but at the same time I was perplexed by their ability as a society to forget.

After I had been in Hungary about two and a half months, there was a student holiday on October 29. On that date in 1956 Hungary had proclaimed itself free of communism, and then several days later Soviet troops had crushed the uprising. Until the mid-1980s those who had participated in the uprising were considered criminals. In 1989 they were considered heroes. Wreaths were hung at important historical sites, and a march was held along the streets where students had marched more than 30 years before.

I talked with several people about what they had seen and experienced in 1956. A teacher, who had been a child in an upper-middle-class family at the time, said I should remember that people saw the uprising in different ways. She said the main worry in her neighborhood was that the unrest would spread from downtown to the wealthier areas of the city. The people in her apartment building reacted to the crisis by stocking up on food and

taking turns standing guard at the front of the building.

A man, who had been only nine years old in 1956, told me that by the first night the government and the police were no longer functioning. Most army commanders emptied their barracks by giving their troops leave until the crisis was over. Soviet troops stationed just outside of Budapest entered the city, then left. It was not until troops arrived from the U.S.S.R. that the military action began in earnest. After the shooting was over, he said, bullet casings were piled up almost knee-high to a nine-year-old.

Later, on my return flight to the United States, I met a man who had been a student in 1956 and had participated in the uprising. Now living in Calgary, he sported gold jewelry and talked about companies, employees and racehorses. He told me how he and five friends, armed with assault rifles, had eluded Soviet border patrols to cross into Austria. He said he had come back to visit his parents, but his children really did not enjoy Hungary. He said he thought it would be a wonderful place to live in ten years. He also said it felt very strange to be regarded as a criminal one moment and a hero the next.

On October 29, 1989, with much fanfare, the Hungarian government proclaimed a huge crowd at the Parliament Building grounds that Hungary was no longer a "People's Republic," a phrase associated with communism. It was now simply the Republic of Hungary. Because the Communist party and the government had been in the process of disbanding for nearly a month, the gesture was largely symbolic. The main reaction by Hungarians was to worry that their money, which bore the name "People's Republic," would be considered worthless. "Sure," they said, "we can mark out the word 'People's' on our bills, but what about our coins?"

What did the people on the street think about all of the economic changes? Older people worried that the changes would bring instability and that capitalism would rob them of financial security. They have fixed incomes, and inflation will hit them the hardest. Working-age people were concerned about the changes, but many sensed opportunity. Younger people seemed almost to take the changes for granted. And politics? I never met a single person who thought that the Communist party would be good for Hungary's future. I never met anyone who claimed to be a proud member of the Communist party, although it had 800,000 members when I arrived. Almost everyone wanted peace and capitalism, but many people were tired of seeing politics on television all of the time; it interrupted normal program schedules.

By this time, things in Czechoslovakia were just beginning to heat up. I went to Prague for a weekend with six other American students two weeks before the protests began there. The Czech, or rather Slovak, border guards were noticeably more stiff than the Hungarians. After our train arrived in Prague, we tried to arrange lodging through the Czechoslovakian travel agency. In the office we found three workers who seemed to be on an infinite coffee break.

"Excuse me, does anyone here speak English?" I asked. A moment. Several seconds. At last, a woman looked up from her coffee.

"Could you tell us where the youth hostels are?" my friend asked.

"Open only in the summer," we were told.

"Well, then could we get a hotel room?"

Silence. We repeated our question. More silence. Hmm....

"There are no free rooms in the city. Try again tomorrow, please," the woman snapped. Then back to her coffee.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"You mean that there is not one free hotel room in this entire city?" my friend chimed in.

"That's impossible," I said.

"Hey, what's the problem here?" he asked.

At last she spoke. "No rooms. I said no rooms. Now go."

Outside, a taxi driver had overheard our plight. He found us hotel rooms, for a fee. Strangely enough, our hotel seemed to be more than half empty. So much for the effectiveness of a planned economy.

In Prague we met a young lady named Magdela. She showed us the night life and the museums, and she also talked some about politics. She said that Czechoslovakia felt it had borne an unreasonable heavy burden among the Eastern European countries. Unlike most of the other countries in the area, Czechoslovakia experienced little destruction as a re-
sult of World War II. The Czechs felt they had been forced to bankroll the rebuilding of other socialist countries, including the U.S.S.R., at the expense of their own advancement. Once these countries could finally begin to support themselves, they wanted independence instead of sharing.

After hearing speculation in the United States that the U.S.S.R. was allowing East European nations to have more economic independence simply because they were a drain on the Soviet economy, I was surprised to learn that many East Europeans think just the opposite is true. I was inclined to agree with the East Europeans on this issue because at present and historically they have had a higher standard of living than the Soviets.

Two weeks later the demonstrations in Prague began. There was violence the first weekend, arrests the next. A few weeks later the police were acting only as observers; the tide had turned in favor of the people. Within two months after our visit, I am sure it would have been just as hard to find a devoted Communist in Prague as it was to find one in Budapest.

But then there was East Germany. During my first few months in Budapest, many East Germans were fleeing across the Hungarian border into Austria. Many came through Budapest, and I had the opportunity to meet two of them. One said that he was touring Hungary on his vacation. He seemed nervous about talking to me, so I avoided any talk of politics.

I met the other while riding on a city bus. We introduced ourselves; he said he was from the D.D.R. (Deutsche Demokratische Republik). He said the government there was completely unwilling to participate in any sort of dialogue with activists or organizations of any kind, even church-related, environmental or human rights groups that had no political aspirations. He was a young man, in his late twenties or early thirties, and to me he represented an entire generation of East Germans who were skilled, educated and articulate and who felt that their government not only had no popular foundation or support, but not even a
In late October a few other American students and I started to plan a weekend trip to Moscow. However, when we learned that it would take about 24 hours by train just to get there, we decided to visit a closer city and chose Berlin. We planned to take the train through Czechoslovakia and then to East Berlin. From there we would walk across the border and be back in the West for the first time in several months. We decided to leave Budapest on Friday afternoon, November 9. I knew there was growing unrest in East Berlin, but when I got to class on Friday morning and someone told me that the people of Berlin were tearing down the Wall, I thought he was joking. I could hardly believe it even when I saw the newspaper!

Because we could not reserve sleeping accommodations on the train, the eight of us sat up through the night in a single compartment, talking, eating and drinking. When the train made a stop somewhere in East Germany the next morning a crowd of people packed themselves on. They were going to Berlin. At last, they were going to see the West.

We arrived at the East Berlin station after about 20 hours, having slept little. Then the confusion began. Of the eight of us, only one spoke German. We spent about an hour and a half in the train station, some of us sitting with our baggage among families who were doing the same. In many cases these families had brought more than just suitcases for the weekend; they had brought all they could carry, and they had no plans to return to the D.D.R.

Some of my companions waited in various lines to try to reserve seats on the train returning to Budapest on Sunday. Still others went in search of information. Where could we trade money? Where could we buy tickets for the metro? Where were we in Berlin and how could we get to the West?

The baggage sitters were successful; none of our bags was stolen. Those who were trying to make train reservations were successful; they had the German speaker with them. The information seekers, however, found mostly confusion. There did not seem to be much of a black market for U.S. dollars. In both Budapest and Prague money-changers were the first people to greet us when we stepped off the train. A Hungarian friend had told me that even the Hungarian forint was hard currency in East Germany, meaning that it could be exchanged on the black market for D.D.R. marks. But I had also been warned not to trade in public places in East Germany because I could just as likely be dealing with the secret police as street, all walking in the same direction. Of course, we followed, joining a fast-moving line of people walking through one of the newly created openings in the Wall. They were quiet; some smiled as they shuffled along the street. Most seemed a little befuddled, almost disbelieving. There was a pervasive sense of unreality. These thousands of people shared a strange calmness — as though any sudden movement or unrest might shatter this fragile dream that at last was occurring in real life. I never imagined that so many could share the same emotion, with such intensity, all at once. If you can believe in a tide of history that usually lies hidden behind everyday events, here I felt its movement and saw its force exposed. It was overpowering.

When we reached the head of the line, we found that East Germans were being allowed to cross into West Berlin just by showing their passports. But when a D.D.R. official saw that we were Americans, he told us we would have to cross at Checkpoint Charlie.

After a bit of wandering the streets, and with a little help from some off-duty U.S. Marines, we found Checkpoint Charlie. The passage through was smooth. We all snapped pictures, and it was nice to be back in the West. However, it was getting late in the afternoon. We were all very tired from the long train ride, and we did not have a place to stay for the night. We knew of a youth hostel but didn’t really know how to get there. We had no Deutsche marks, and we soon found out that the banks were crowded beyond capacity with visiting D.D.R. citizens who were claiming the 100 marks that the German government provided for each of them. In fact, when bankers found out that we had not come for that purpose, they told us to leave, explaining that normal banking hours were already over.

Hoping for the best, we started walking toward the center of Berlin. With sketchy instructions from several pedestrians, we managed to find the youth hostel. It was full. We were told to try again the following morning. We tried several hotels. Some of them would accept dollars, but they were simply too expensive. So we split up. Three people went off in search of another youth hostel while the rest of us tried to find a way to change money.

When we got to the heart of the city,
the streets were flooded with people. It was so crowded that there could be no vehicle traffic. There was a carnival atmosphere; there were already "I Saw It Fall" T-shirts for sale. We learned that we could change dollars for marks at McDonald's and Burger King, both of which were crowded with visiting East Germans. Just as darkness was beginning to settle in, we reunited with the other three students. They told us there was no place for us to stay that night.

As we were eating in an Italian restaurant, we decided that we would just bar hop all night and then get some sleep the following morning at the youth hostel. We visited about a dozen establishments, but finally at about two in the morning most of us were too weary to go on. We went to Burger King, hoping to get a table where we could sit and rest for a while. No luck. There were no vacancies. All tables were already taken by East Germans. Finally, at McDonald's we found a free table. We stayed through the night, doing as all the visitors from the D.D.R. were doing — sleeping fitfully with our heads on the tables, getting up from time to time to stretch our legs or to take our turn standing because there were not enough chairs for everyone.

At six in the morning, McDonald's closed. We went across the street to a subway station to get out of the cold and to rest. When we left McDonald's, there were already workers on the streets cleaning up the huge mess of fast-food bags, containers and miscellaneous paper produced by this influx of neighbors from across the Wall. Two hours later, when we left the crowded metro station where many other visitors had spent the night, the streets downtown were already clean.

That day we got rooms at the hostel. We visited museums and parks and bookstores, and we slept. The following day we went to see the Wall. On the western side, several people were already taking pieces from it as souvenirs although every once in a while the police would come by and tell them to stop. We met an American artist who was there with his hammer and chisel, talking into a hand-held tape recorder about himself and what he was doing. He proclaimed that the Wall was a work of art; meanwhile he was taking his tools to it to get pieces, which he said he would use for an important work of his own. In exchange for a few pieces, we agreed to keep an eye out for the police as he worked. Then, we wandered along the Wall looking at the graffiti and taking photographs.

Our return trip to Hungary went smoothly. A few weeks later, I noticed black flags hung out of apartment windows along several streets in Budapest. I was told that they were put there to display solidarity with the people of Romania. The Romanian police had come to forcibly relocate a clergyman living in a town near the Hungarian border. People of the community had surrounded his house to protect him. No one knew exactly what was going on. Americans were being turned back at the Romanian border. The spirit of popular protest had at last shown itself in Romania.

Just before I returned to the United States, I asked several Hungarians what they thought of the situation in Romania. They said that Ceausescu did not have a friend in the world. He could trust only his immediate family; everyone else in his country feared him, hated him and wanted to kill him. He had destroyed the resources of a good country and had cheated his people. He knew this, and the people did too. He was not mentally stable. Fearing some sort of poisoning, he wore each of his suits only once, then had it destroyed. Someone told me he was so ill that his blood had to be completely replenished every day. They called him "the vampire."

A few weeks later, this dictator who had instituted the death penalty in Romania was shot to death by a firing squad that did not even wait for the order to fire.

When I left Hungary in December, Eastern Europe was much different than when I had arrived in August. Totalitarian communism was either defeated or losing ground throughout the region, but in its wake each of the countries faced new problems. Hungary and Poland were trying to reorder their economies to compete in the capitalist world market, while at the same time both had developed huge foreign debts. The people of East Germany had to decide how quickly they wished to be unified with their much wealthier neighbor. Doubtless, the combined Germany — with the world's strongest banks in West Germany and the resources of East Germany — would be a power in Europe and in the world, but how much of a voice would the poorer people from across the Wall have in this new nation? Czechoslovakia would have to decide how to balance the policies of socialism and capitalism, and Romania, with no history of democracy, would have to set about the formidable task of constructing such a government for the first time.

As for me, I was heading off to Vienna for a short vacation and then home in time for Christmas. Since leaving the United States, I had lived in a city rebuilt from the rubble of World War II by socialist workers. I had met people from several different countries and listened to their stories. I had found friends I will never forget. I had traveled and I had seen history in the making. I had had an unforgettable adventure. 

Eric Bax received the Bradshaw-Feaster Medal for General Excellence at Furman's commencement exercises in June. He is now teaching mathematics in Botswana as a Peace Corps volunteer.
John Crabtree decided to become a college professor one day as he sat looking out over the Pacific Ocean from a catwalk on the U.S.S. Monterey. It was a brilliant summer day in 1945, and everywhere he looked he saw flying fish and sun reflected off the water.

Only 19 years old at the time, he had not even started college but had gone directly into the Navy after finishing high school. As quartermaster he stood watches in the pilot house of the aircraft carrier as it steamed through Pacific waters. When not on duty, he entertained himself by reading books from the ship’s library.

“I liked to sit on the catwalk between the hangar deck and the flight deck and read and look out over the ocean,” he recalls. “That day I had been reading a biography of Queen Victoria, and it got me thinking about what I was going to do with myself. Most of us felt that the war was coming to an end and we had very much on our minds what we were going to do. I thought to myself, ‘You really can’t be what you dream of being—an opera singer—because you don’t have the background, you don’t have the musical training and you really don’t know whether you have the vocal instrument.’

“Then I started thinking about going to college, about living in a college environment, which I thought I would enjoy very much, and it just led me to say to myself in effect, ‘When I get out of the Navy, I will go to college, I will major in English, I will get a Ph.D., and I will become an English professor. And I will live happily ever after.’”

Everything John Crabtree planned that day in the Pacific has come true. And much more. Not only did he attend college and earn a Ph.D. in English, not only did he become a college teacher, but he has held a number of positions in Furman’s administration and now serves as vice president for academic affairs and dean, the university’s highest academic officer. He is also a Shakespeare scholar, a talented musician and actor, a gifted writer and speaker, and an extraordinary gardener.

Looking back almost 45 years later, Crabtree says his decision to pursue an academic career was exactly the right one for him, one that has allowed him to do the things he enjoys most. As he sits in his office at Furman, surrounded by books and paintings and drawings of Shakespearean actors, he seems to belong in that setting. A handsome man with piercing brown eyes and white hair, he is charming, urbane and extremely articulate, one might even assume the son of an aristocratic family who gravitated naturally to an intellectual life. But nothing could be farther from the truth.

It is true, Crabtree says, that he acquired his love of learning from his father, not because the elder Crabtree was a well-educated man, but because he wanted his son to have the education he never had. The youngest son in a large family, Crabtree’s father was forced by the death of his parents to drop out of school during third grade and go to work in a mill.

“He was one of the most intelligent men I have ever known,” says his son, “yet he felt limited in what he could read and what he could write. He felt stifled in his efforts to say what he was thinking. He felt crippled by his inability to use algebra.

“So he was an absolute fanatic on the subject of education. As far back as I can remember, I can hear him telling me that I must get an education, I must honor my teachers and do what they told me to do, I must learn everything they tried to teach me. As teacher, scholar and connoisseur of the arts, John Crabtree leads a graceful kind of life.
teach me and I must never be satisfied with anything less than the best possible results. Usually that meant no grade below an A."

Encouraged by both parents to read, he developed an enormous appetite for books and walked to the county library at least once or twice a week, coming home with an armful of books. He attended an elementary school near his home in Raleigh, N.C., where he excelled as a student.

"I don't know why but that school had wonderful teachers that emphasized extraordinary things," says Crabtree. "One was reading. The other was painting and drawing. We had annual art exhibitions and we did a lot of plays. We would write, produce and act in plays. All of that creates in a child a literary interest."

In high school he continued to act in plays and was often given leading roles. Much to his surprise and pleasure — since he had always liked to sing — he discovered that he had a good voice, and he enrolled in music classes and joined the glee club. By the time he was 16, churches were paying him to sing in their choirs.

At UNC he received a number of important honors, including election to Phi Beta Kappa. In Chapel Hill he took up music again, singing in the men's glee club and as a soloist in several church choirs.

Majoring in English, Crabtree completed his B.A. degree early in his senior year and received his M.A. the following year. At UNC he received a number of academic honors, including election to Phi Beta Kappa. In Chapel Hill he took up music again, singing in the men's glee club and as a soloist in several church choirs.

Acting on the advice of a professor to try out college teaching before he began work on a doctorate, he accepted a job at Presbyterian Junior College in Maxton, N.C. "I was lucky. I just loved teaching," says Crabtree. "The first time I taught the first class — or did what I thought was teaching — and walked out, I was just drunk with exhilaration. I knew that teaching was exactly right for me."

The years in Maxton were especially happy ones for Crabtree and his wife Anne, whom he had married after his sophomore year at UNC. For the first time they had a home of their own, and their first child was born there. Although he did not feel adequately trained, he agreed to take a job as minister of music in a local church on the condition that Anne, who was an accomplished musician, would be hired as accompanist to assist him.

After three years in Maxton, certain he wanted to teach, Crabtree returned to UNC to begin work on his Ph.D. Although he was primarily interested in Shakespeare, he chose the comedies of Philip Massinger, a Jacobean playwright, as the subject of his dissertation because so much had already been written about Shakespeare.

He intended to stay in Chapel Hill until he finished his dissertation, but he was persuaded by Dean Francis Bonner to visit Furman and consider a position on the English faculty. He drove to Greenville in February of 1957. Bonner gave him a brief tour of the old campus and a much longer tour of the new campus, where several buildings were under construction.

"It was a cold, windy, rainy day, but I was impressed," Crabtree says. "When I got back to Chapel Hill, Anne asked me what I was going to do. I said, 'Well, I think I have to take it because it's exactly what you and I have said we wanted.'"

"One reason I took the job was that I wanted to be a part of something that was beginning. I don't think I knew it then, but I know now that a new institution was coming into existence."

Crabtree began teaching at Furman the following September, the last fall classes were held on the men's campus. Besides teaching the usual freshman and sophomore English courses, he developed within a few years courses in eighteenth century literature, English drama and American drama.

The Crabtrees became active in the Greenville community. Both sang in church choirs; John was once again hired as a soloist. He was often invited to entertain at meetings of literary and other cultural organizations with talks about literature, poetry readings and voice recitals accompanied by Anne. He also acted in several Greenville Little Theatre productions, winning in 1962 an "Oscar" for best male lead for his performance in "A Majority of One."
On the Furman campus his presence was noticed almost immediately. He was well liked by fellow faculty members, and the administration regarded him as a bright young man with a promising future. To many students he seemed a romantic figure who inspired in them the same sort of admiration that his UNC professors had inspired in him a few years earlier.

"I have very vivid memories of him as a teacher," says James C. Edwards, class of 1965, who is now chairman of Furman's philosophy department and chairman of the faculty. "He is a splendid lecturer. He tended to teach by reading a lot of poems and then talking about them. He has a very pleasing voice and a sense of rhythm, which I'm sure is connected to his musicality.

"One of the things I remember is that he would frequently integrate into his teaching remarks about other kinds of cultural events that were going on on campus. I remember one day he talked about an organ concert in a way that indicated to me that it was part of my responsibility to think about everything, to be open and sensitive to everything the world's got to offer. He was very good at encouraging students to broaden their horizons."

Another one of Crabtree's students in the early sixties remembers the impression Crabtree made on him and a group of his friends. "He seemed extremely knowledgeable for a man his age," says John Block, who now serves as chairman of the history department. "He was very confident, an attractive man with a lot of energy and a great voice. He was just a very imposing figure to all of us. He could have been intimidating, but he used his ability and charm for very positive effects. I think all of us would agree that John Crabtree had a very big impact on us. He not only challenged us to excellence, but he made us believe that you can really be what you want to be."

After several years at Furman, Crabtree was given his first opportunity to teach a course in Shakespearean drama, the field of his greatest interest. With his background in Renaissance drama and his love of the subject, he soon became "the Shakespeare man" in the English department, and he has taught courses in Shakespeare ever since.

When the first fall term in England was being set up, it was only natural that he should be asked to direct the five-week segment in Stratford. He accompanied the first group of students to Stratford in 1969 and worked out the basic details of the program that year. Since then he has returned more than a dozen times to supervise the program and to teach classes in Stratford.

Through the years he has become well acquainted with the scholars and staff members of the Shakespeare Institute and the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. He has met many actors, directors and designers with the Royal Shakespeare Company, and many of them have lectured to Furman classes.

"We have had a galaxy of actors come to our classes," says Crabtree. "Jeremy Irons, who starred in Brideshead Revisited on 'Masterpiece Theatre,' taught my class. So did Judi Dench, who is not famous in this country but belongs in the Pantheon of British actors. Roger Rees, who became so famous as Nicholas Nickleby, entertained at a party for us. At the RSC we've seen Alan Howard, Glenda Jackson, Peggy Ashcroft, Janet Suzman, Patrick Stewart..."

During the past 20 years Crabtree has seen every play Shakespeare is known to have written and every play he is believed to have had a hand in, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. "I never thought I'd see King John," he says. "I never thought I'd see the Henry the Sixth plays. I never thought I'd see Two Gentlemen of Verona. I knew I'd never see Two Noble Kinsmen, but I have. I've seen them all."

"It's been an unbelievable experience for me. It has had the most extraordinarily profound effect upon my life as a teacher — and as a person. When you teach dramatic literature, I think your first concern must be to bring the plays to
life as theatre. And that's extremely difficult to do if you've never seen them. I feel that seeing these productions has opened doors and windows that have enabled me to go into the plays much more creatively and explore them and teach them more effectively to my students."

Most of his students would say that the next best thing to seeing a play is to watch Crabtree teaching it. As he reads the play aloud, he speaks the lines as actors would, giving them meaning and an air of reality.

Dr. Carey Crantford, professor of modern languages and a longtime Furman colleague, tells about finding Benton Sellers, who taught accounting at Furman for many years, sitting one day in the hall outside Crabtree's Shakespeare class, sort of leaning in the door. "I just come here sometimes to hear Crabtree teach," he explained to Crantford.

Crabtree admits that almost 40 years after he taught his first class, teaching still gives him pleasure. "I'll have to confess," he says, "whether it's an admirable trait or not, I'm one of those people who like to perform, and teachers perform. I like the physical act of teaching, and I like what I'm teaching. I really do love literature and believe people ought to be led to love it or seduced into loving it, however it can be done."

As he thinks back now to the plans he made on the U.S.S. Monterey, Crabtree says it never occurred to him then that he might become a college administrator, so his career as a dean has come as a surprise. But Dean Bonner recognized Crabtree's leadership qualities early on and began giving him additional responsibilities. In the early sixties Bonner asked him to develop the College Teaching Honors Program, a program aimed at encouraging bright students to go into college teaching, and also tend to my administrative duties. Also I have a theory that if you are truly competent in a job, you ought to manage it so that it doesn't consume all your time."

Whatever the demands on his time may be, Crabtree always makes time for music. He and his wife Anne have been making music together since they began attending high school chorus rehearsals in Raleigh. Wherever they have lived since then, they have always sung in church choirs. Now they are members of the First Baptist Church choir in Greenville, which means attending rehearsals every Wednesday night and singing at services on Sunday morning.

A talented musician who received a B.A. in music from UNC, Anne Crabtree taught piano for many years and often accompanies her husband on the piano. Crabtree credits his wife with teaching him much of what he knows about music.

John Crabtree has always taken pride in the high quality of Furman's music department, and the Crabtrees attend most music performances on campus. As a member of the board of the Furman-Greenville Fine Arts Series (which was dissolved this year), Crabtree was instrumental in bringing some of the world's foremost musicians and symphony orchestras to the Furman campus.

The Crabtrees also share a love of gardening, which began when they planted flowers around their little house in Maxton, N.C. After moving to Greenville, they built a two-story house on a sloping, wooded lot a few miles from campus and later acquired half of an adjacent lot. Crabtree landscaped the yard himself, laying out flower beds along the natural contours of the land and planting azaleas in the wooded areas. Through the years he has planted thousands of flowers and shrubs and each year adds new plants, including hundreds of pansies and tulips.

In spring the Crabtrees' yard is ablaze with red, white, yellow and pink tulips, azaleas in every shade of pink and red, and white dogwood. In summer large beds of Shasta daisies, tall phlox, dahlias, Gloriosa daisies, and salvias, and whole hillsides of pink impatiens create beautiful views in every direction.

The Crabtrees are great admirers of English gardens and always visit the public gardens when they go to England in the summer. "Ever since we discovered Regents Park," Crabtree says, "we have gotten off the train in London, gone to the hotel and been told we couldn't get in our room for two or three hours, checked our luggage and walked to Regents Park. We go there to see the Grand Promenade, which has some of the world's most splendid herbaceous borders, and the rose garden, which is just a sea of roses, and Queen Mary's Garden, which is a garden with a waterfall and pools and all kinds of flowering shrubs and lilies."
Although some have described the Crabtrees' yard as an English garden, John Crabtree says it really is not. For one thing, he explains, English gardens are enclosed by walls to protect plants from the wind, and theirs is not. Also he says that he does not have the time and strength and tools to do everything properly, but when he retires he will have a proper garden.

Crabtree enjoys gardening because it gives him a chance to work off tension and release a lot of physical energy. And because it is a creative process. "You take an area of land that is basically disorder," he says, "and you turn it into a place of beauty."

John and Anne Crabtree have always spent a lot of time together because they share so many interests. Now Anne also depends on John's assistance on shopping trips and other errands because of eyesight problems. Their four children, John, Roy, Cynthia and Ralph, have graduated from Furman, and all except Ralph are married, with children of their own. Although Roy and Ralph live out of town, John and Anne are usually surrounded at home by children and grandchildren, and John's mother, who still lives in Raleigh, visits often.

When John spoke recently about "What Really Matters" in the L.D. Johnson Lecture Series, he said that his family, and their love for each other, mattered more to him than anything else. But besides his family, he listed several other things that mean a great deal to him. One of those things is a sense of belonging to a community. Describing the community in which he grew up, he said:

I had the good fortune to grow up in a real neighborhood. One of those old-fashioned neighborhoods that one sometimes sees in a movie set in the 1930s and 1940s. Our street was lined on both sides by single-family houses with just enough space between them to provide a driveway and a three-foot strip of grass or swept dirt. Front yards were small, but most of them attempted to be decorative. There were shrubs and flowers. Front porches with swings, rocking chairs, and pots of ferns and begonias were where the family gathered after supper. Backyards were larger; they were places where children played, where mothers hung their clothes to dry, and fathers cultivated small gardens in the summer and collard and turnip-green patches in the fall. In most of these single-family houses, one would find an assortment of aunts, uncles and other relatives who sought refuge from the Depression or from other unfortunate family circumstances. My family, my friends, my teachers, my role models, some of my aunts, uncles and cousins, people whom I loved, whom I feared, and some of whom I strongly disliked, they were all there. I felt secure, I felt that I was a part of a place... Ever since I first read any of his poetry, I have felt that Wordsworth was right: the child is father of the man and that community (a complex of working-class, uneducated people struggling against or submitting to poverty, ignorance and a hundred and one different prejudices) played a major role in fathering me.

For the past 33 years, Furman has provided the community in which Crabtree has flourished personally and professionally. "Furman has given me every opportunity to do whatever I can do," says Crabtree. "If I have any sense of lack of fulfillment, it is my own fault because Furman has given me every opportunity to be what I want to be."
On the Saturday morning of Homecoming last fall, four 1969 graduates—a lawyer, a college professor and writer, a high school teacher and an investment portfolio manager—met at Furman for an unusual kind of reunion. Dressed casually and smiling affably, they looked much like other alumni who strolled about the campus greeting old friends and swapping stories about their college days. Nothing about the four suggested that they had once been student "radicals."

The reason John Duggan, Jack Sullivan, Marsha Hobson Johnson and Fran Jackson met during Homecoming was to look back at the issues they had felt so strongly about 20 years ago and compare their attitudes then to their current attitudes. Had they become more liberal or more conservative? If they had known then what they know now, would they have behaved differently? Would they have made different choices in their lives since then? These were some of the subjects they discussed that morning for about an hour and a half.

As students, all of them had been outspoken in their opposition to a number of university policies, including compulsory chapel, the speaker policy and certain restrictions on campus. Like other students at Furman and across the country in the late sixties, Duggan, Jackson and Sullivan were also concerned about many national issues and opposed the war in Vietnam, the draft and many of the federal government's domestic and foreign policies. They were critical of existing institutions, including the university, church and federal government, and wanted drastic changes. While none of them advocated violence or campus disruption, they were active in trying to change the policies with which they disagreed.

One of the issues that stirred the strongest passions at Furman in the late sixties was a policy that required students to attend a worship service once a week. Some students objected to this policy on the grounds that it denied their freedom to worship and violated Christian and Baptist principles. The Furman chapter of the Southern Student Organizing Committee, a pacifist organization headed by Jack Sullivan, led a movement to end compulsory chapel and circulated a petition among students. This action precipitated a strong reaction from the administration and other students in defense of compulsory chapel.

Another issue that provoked both student and faculty reaction was the speaker policy that was adopted by the administration and the board of trustees in 1968. Set up by President Gordon Blackwell to allow people with different viewpoints to speak on campus and to prevent violent confrontations between the radical left and the radical right, the policy affirmed a "free campus platform," but barred from campus any speakers "who, on the basis of past record and stated views, may be expected to indulge in obscenity, condone immorality or advocate overt disobedience of law and the use of violence."

By the spring of 1969, a number of faculty and students had come to the conclusion that this policy could not be enforced and that any sort of restriction on campus speakers, other than those imposed by state and federal laws, was a violation of freedom of inquiry. A student committee, composed of incoming student body president Ron McKinney, Fran Jackson, Marsha Hobson and several others, suggested a revised policy that received wide student and faculty support.

On May 23, about 150 students and faculty members assembled on the lawn in front of the administration building to hear speeches in support of the revision by two professors and several students, including McKinney, Hobson and Jack Sullivan. After the rally, a petition urging the trustees to accept the revised policy, signed by about 600 students and 20 faculty members, was delivered to the president's office.
Although Duggan, Jackson, Hobson and Sullivan graduated before significant changes in campus policies had occurred, the administration lifted a number of restrictions and inaugurated voluntary worship services in the fall of 1969. In 1970 the board of trustees revised the speaker policy to bring it more in line with policies at other colleges.

After graduation, the four alumni went their separate ways and only Sullivan and Duggan kept in touch.

John Duggan attended the University of South Carolina Law School and returned to Greenville to set up a general legal practice. A specialist in the area of social security disability, he is co-author of a four-volume guide to social security practice and lectures frequently on that and other subjects in Continuing Legal Education seminars throughout the United States. He has served as a cooperating attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union and continues to serve as a volunteer attorney handling cases pro bono for indigents. A musician, he played in the Greenville Symphony Orchestra and the Furman-Greenville Civic Band for a number of years and is a founding member of the International Chamber Music Series in Greenville. He lives with his wife, Nancy, and two daughters who attend Travelers Rest High School.

Jack Sullivan, who received a Ph.D. in English from Columbia University, teaches English at Rider College in New Jersey and lives with his wife, Robin, in New York City. Both a writer and an editor, he edited the Penguin Encyclopedia of Horror and the Supernatural, which won a "Best Books" award from the American Library Association. He is the author of Elegant Nightmares and the editor of Lost Souls: A Collection of English Ghost Stories, both in their second printing from Ohio University Press. His short story titled "Which One's Humphrey Bogart?" has been nominated for a Pushcart Press Award for 1990. He also contributes frequently to the New York Times Book Review, the Washington Post Book World, USA Today and other publications, and is a program annotator for Carnegie Hall. His new book, Words on Music, was published in June.

Marsha Hobson married George Johnson, class of 1967, soon after graduation and received a master's degree in German at the University of Tennessee while her husband worked on his Ph.D. In 1971 the couple moved to Columbia, S. C., where Dr. Johnson joined the mathematics faculty at the University of South Carolina. While staying home to raise their two daughters, she did volunteer work and led Precept upon Precept Bible Studies for several years. Returning to school after 15 years to earn teacher certification at the University of South Carolina, she now teaches at Lexington High School where she is developing a four-year program in German. Always an avid exerciser and a former Furman Singer, she enjoys sports and singing in the church choir. Her daughter Emily will enter Furman as a freshman this fall.

After teaching briefly, Fran Jackson became education coordinator for the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees in Albany, N.Y., and Washington, D.C., and for four years developed training programs for union employees. Next she supervised a team of legislative analysts and monitored labor and civil service legislation as an executive assistant in the Office of the Minority Leader in the New York State Senate. During the Carter Administration, she worked in the White House as an executive assistant in the Office of Women's Concerns, managing relationships with national women's organizations and arranging briefings for national leaders with senior White House officials. Leaving government service in 1981, she joined Paine Webber Investment Management in New York City, where as senior portfolio assistant she administered accounts for 80 clients with assets totaling $200 million. A Chartered Financial Analyst, she now serves as vice president and assistant portfolio manager of Lehman Management in New York City.

In the spring of 1969 the editor of the Furman Magazine interviewed these four people and Ron McKinney to find out about their concerns. The resulting article appeared in the August 1969 issue of the magazine, along with an article explaining the controversy about the speaker policy. The two articles that follow in this issue, an edited version of the conversation that took place at Furman last fall and a remembrance by Jack Sullivan, provide a new perspective on the lives and attitudes of four alumni who were caught up in the unrest and idealism of the late sixties. –Marguerite Hays
CONVERSATION:
OLD ATTITUDES,
NEW PERSPECTIVES

Question: Have your attitudes changed much in the last 20 years?

Sullivan: Everybody changes. I'm more progressive in some of my views and more conservative in others, but I don't think my basic values have altered that much. When people say it's interesting how much more conservative we've all become, I want to say, "Speak for yourself."

There was a period in the mid-seventies, when Carter was president, when I was becoming more moderate or more conservative. I felt very good about him. As much as he screwed up, I felt he was intelligent and honest... one of the few honest presidents we've had, and I liked him. I liked being part of that whole enterprise, but since Reagan took office I have felt more radical than ever. I felt more like I felt 20 years ago. The Willie Horton campaign that Bush ran was the most racist campaign I've ever seen. Being a political addict, I've always loved watching campaigns, including all the campaigns I saw in the South, so I feel sort of angry all over again.

I think my basic attitudes toward issues like civil rights or sexual equality or war and peace haven't changed so much. In fact, the incredible kind of yuppiefism I've seen in New York makes me feel even more strongly that being addicted to money and material objects is not what it's about.

Johnson: In the original article I was described as a moderate, and I still am. I definitely have opinions, and when somebody asks me, I'm glad to give my opinions. But I am not a demonstrator or activist in the sense of pushing to get something passed. I now teach in a public school, and there are things that just get to me in the bureaucracy — all of the paper work and all of the things we have to do that I consider trivial. But my way of dealing with them is a traditional way. I go to my department chairman with suggestions; I say, "Couldn't we try it this way?" I've gone to the principal about things I think are very important. That's my way, rather than going on strike or getting a petition circulated. I prefer to work through the institution rather than to make some bold statement.

But things happen that way. For ex- ample, I really have pushed to get a third level of German in our school because young people who are looking ahead — bright ones who might want to go into international business — are not going to want to start a foreign language if they can't continue to take it. Just by quietly pressing, I have persuaded the administration to allow me to have a class with only nine students this year. That's a change for a big institution that sometimes does not look at the individual. So I'd say I'm still moderate.

Jackson: I guess I feel basically the same as I did before, except I have an appreciation for institutions that I probably didn't have then. I think then I would have put more emphasis on the individual and was sort of annoyed with institutions. Now I think that there is definitely a place for institutions. There's something about tradition or history or the ways that people have organized themselves, and also you don't have to spend a lot of time reinventing the wheel. It's already there, so you are free to spend time enjoying whatever institution was organized for.

The institutions I'm referring to are church, school and government because 20 years ago we were raising issues in all of those realms. We wanted to do things differently. We were saying that institutions weren't fulfilling needs, they weren't providing services they should have because they were all wrong. Now I accept that life is not just black or white.

Duggan: I don't find that my attitudes have changed very much either. I still have a healthy skepticism about institutions in general, although I accept the fact that they are necessary. I do think institutions carry a baggage that I don't like. I have always been very individualistic. I think institutions tend to exclude the exploration of the human spirit and individual ideas and those sorts of things. But I am less serious about it all, so that is something of a change. I'm more at peace and I enjoy myself more now than I did then.

I am deeply concerned about what I still believe is the fundamental problem in our society and in Western Civilization in general, and that is alienation. I think people have a general sense that things are not well, but they still don't know why. I recently read a book, The Reenchantment of the World by Morris Burman, that makes more sense on this issue than anything I've read. Essentially I think science has split man away from his world because of the way we have accepted science. Science is mechanistic; it asks how things work. It is not ethical in nature. We have become the observer.
of our world — the so-called disinterested observer — as opposed to being a participant who is involved in the world.

I think part of what we mean by alienation is the sense we all have of being separated from our world in an emotional way, as well as intellectual. I think man is far more driven by his emotions than his intellect, which is something I did not realize before. I think our consciousness has been disrupted by the scientific way we perceive the world. Associated with that is the industrial revolution, which told us that modern man — more so than any other man in history — must be productive. Now, because of the slipping standard of living and economic competition in the world, we are told we have to be even more productive materially speaking, so that we define ourselves too much by what we do. I think the drug problem, the problem of increasing violence, the loss of values, the sense of drifting and the increase in mental illness are all manifestations of the fact that we are creating a world that is incredibly oppressive and repressive and it is not a fun place to live in. The responsibility — the feeling that we must be productive to such an extreme — is still here and perhaps even worse than before, and I think the illnesses and threats to our society may be even greater because of that. So I think my basic concerns have not changed. The world we live in has some fundamental problems that we must come to terms with.

Sullivan: I had a student — a really good student — in a class in the early eighties. I asked her what she wanted to do in life. She said by the time she was a junior she wanted to have a certain amount of money in the bank, she wanted to have a certain kind of car and she wanted to be engaged to a guy who had a certain amount of money. I kept track of her all four years, and at the end, hoping she would have come to her senses, I asked if she felt the same way. She said, “Oh yes, I’m engaged to this guy — an investment banker, who doesn’t have quite the income I planned on, but he will in three years. I have two cars and one house and so forth....” I said, “Great, you’ll never have a mid-life crisis. You will have never been young.” We laughed and walked away.

I’m afraid a lot of students’ materialism comes directly from their parents. When I talk to them, it’s very clear where it comes from. Their parents are sort of empty-headed, paranoid parents who pressure students into doing things they don’t want to do career-wise. All sorts of students come back when they’re 26 or 27 or 28 who always wanted to be English majors, teachers or whatever but they have been accountants and they are absolutely miserable. My advice to students is to do what you want to do because it’s going to rebound on you sooner or later.

Jackson: When John was talking about being separated from nature, I was thinking that at least in that area there has been a turnaround. People don’t want landfills or they don’t want a nuclear power plant or whatever. At least there’s some kind of local commitment and local participation and local involvement in some facet of their lives. At least it’s moving environmental issues to a broader arena.

I heard the president of Wal-Mart speak a couple of weeks ago, and he said that as a company they’re now talking to their suppliers and demanding that packaging be biodegradable, and McDonald’s is re-evaluating how they separate their trash. Each of us will be impacted by some things like that. If our locality says you have to separate your trash, you are becoming more active in your world and in your environment. I think I have read studies that say that more political issues are being solved now on the local level rather than leaving it up to Washington totally. I think that is a healthy development.

Question: Compared to 20 years ago, do you see a change in the government’s capacity to deal with societal problems?

Jackson: It seems to me that at least on the federal level, government has become more of an arena for discussion than an arena for action. The articles I’ve read about what’s happening at the local level have impressed me and given me a ray of hope that people are going to say, “Well, in our neighborhood, city or state, this is what we want to do and we’re not going to wait for Washington to do it.”

Johnson: There have been a number of articles in educational journals about school children getting involved in those types of issues. Rather than writing their congressman for another law to be passed, they’re cleaning up the stream in their area. They’re talking to the chemical plant that has been dumping into it.

Johnson: I think what Marsha is talking about is really our salvation, because people have to feel a sense of control over their destiny.

Question: If you were Democrats to begin with, have any of you become Republicans?
Johnson: Absolutely not. Democrat with a capital D. Liberal with capital letters.

Johnson: In high school I was a Goldwater Girl. I remember going to meet Goldwater at the airport in my white cowgirl hat. Politically I'm still very conservative, but I get out and vote. I'm not a party person. I vote for the person, so I usually vote a split ticket.

Sullivan: I'm still a Democrat, but I try to be very objective as a teacher. I don't tell students who to vote for, but I do try to encourage them to ask the right questions.

When we were at Furman it was fashionable to say you didn't vote because the whole system was corrupt. I'll always be grateful to John for dragging me out of bed and driving me to Clemson to vote, because I do think you should vote. If people don't vote, they have less to say about the outcome...less context to be critical or supportive or anything. I think it is a terrible commentary on our political process that the numbers of people who vote are going down with every presidential election.

Johnson: And it starts before people are old enough to vote. If you look at high schools, you will see that the number of students who vote for student body president are very low...not even half of the student body.

Sullivan: Looking at national politics, one of the things that has been so hard to deal with, at least personally speaking, is that we were brought up on John Kennedy, who as far as I'm concerned was the only really inspiring national leader we've ever had. In terms of inspiration and charisma and intelligence, it's been downhill ever since. I think there was a great deal of idealism in our generation that was sparked by the Camelot days and the whole civil rights movement. I'm in my forties now and it's kind of disappointing to be in my forties in the Reagan/Bush era. My personal life has been going very well. I still have wonderful friends. I have a wonderful wife. I enjoy my job. I enjoy my writing. But on the bigger level—the national level—it seems that things have become extremely dismal. It's an odd juxtaposition. I think a lot of people I've talked to feel that way.

Duggan: I think the national government has done a good job in providing for the elderly at retirement age in terms of health care and social security benefits adequate enough to cover basic needs, which we did not have 20 years ago. I also think we've made a lot of progress in civil rights and the government was the vehicle to get that done through legislation and enforcement of the Civil Rights Act. But I am disappointed in the present government's abandonment of civil rights.

I think the government has not done much to deal with issues that have emerged since the sixties, including the federal deficit. The inability of our political leaders to deal with tough issues is a reflection of the fact that we have lost statesmanship among our political leadership. I think we have mediocrity personified in both political parties on the national level. I think there's a shift toward local government because people are abandoning any real belief that the federal government will come to terms with these problems.

Jackson: I think it's on a level a little deeper than that—I think it's on the level of values. As a society as a whole we haven't dealt real well with establishing and passing on values to the younger generation, whether it concerns not using drugs and alcohol or whatever.

Skipping to another topic, I read somewhere that in schools with a population of more than 400 students the incidence of vandalism increases proportionately as that population goes up. I think the idea of smallness, the idea of doing something at the local level, one family helping another family, one individual helping another individual, is something ignored for too long. We've tried to put the burden on the federal government, but I think a lot of it needs to come back to the local level.

There was a school superintendent in New York who wore a tape recorder to a lot of district meetings, and the graft and scandals he documented were unbelievable. He suffered a lot because of this. He's been a schoolteacher all his career and he has sent something like six children other than his own to college. I think heroes like that are the people we should be seeing on the evening news. More of us ought to use people like that as a model. There is more that we can do individually than we are doing.

Sullivan: Looking back at the original article, I see that I'm quoted as saying a lot about national issues, but what's interesting to me now is that we were very focused on a few local issues that were really important to people — compulsory worship, dorm hours and the speaker ban. Those were not abstract issues. They were real issues. Everything we were doing at the time seemed very spontaneous and unfocused. But it seems to me now that we were fairly disciplined
and in every one of those things we prevailed eventually.

One thing the radical movement at Furman showed me was that you can do something for yourself in this world. You can create a community of people who are not alienated and who share common values in a very intense way even though the values of the larger structure are quite different. In the very beginning — in 1967, I believe — just about three people were involved, but there were a lot of people around who shared these values. Once the spark was ignited, it grew very rapidly. By 1968 we had a lot of support. We had a lot of faculty support.

Duggan: Dr. Gilpatrick was the first person who signed our petition opposing our involvement in Vietnam.

Sullivan: I think by 1968 in a funny way the SSOC group was a mainstream group here. We had as many people as the Baptist Student Union at one point. The speaker ban policy really mobilized support.

Duggan: While most students weren’t willing to be the point man — out front and demonstrating — 80 percent of the students signed the petition opposing mandatory worship, and the same thing was true on the speaker ban issue. Most students clearly opposed that. Although most students weren’t willing to be as outspoken as we were, the vast majority supported the positions we took on those issues.

Sullivan: I think on national issues we were a minority — and maybe we still would be—but in terms of campus issues, which seems to be the important thing we did here, we were amazed at how mainstream we were.

Question: Looking back 20 years later, is there anything you would have changed in terms of your own life or when you were here as students?

Jackson: I’m really glad to see the people who were in class with us and hear about their lives and what they’ve done. But I’m so glad I’m me and I did what I did and they did what they did. I don’t think there is a lot that I would want to change.

There was a time when I used to think I was sorry I wasn’t alive to be in a covered wagon going across the West. But I just look at what we’ve lived through, and I think it’s been a terrifically exciting time.

Sullivan: When I see the “me” generation of the late seventies and the yuppy generation in the eighties, I feel really good about my generation. I feel good about what I did and I don’t have any regrets. I feel proud of it.

I always felt basically positive about Furman. I always felt I got a superb education here. I had all sorts of disagreements with troglodyte social attitudes and restrictions on people’s freedom of speech and women having to go to bed at eleven o’clock or whatever, but I loved Furman as an educational institution.

Duggan: For me personally, I would say that the change is my own personal comfort. When I was at Furman, I was different and people perceived me that way. Superficial judgments were made about me that interfered with my capacity to have relationships with other people, and that bothered me. But at the same time I was too judgmental in response to that. I think I’m much more open now to other people and their points of view.

Jackson: Are we mellowing?

Duggan: Yes. I think it’s really healthy to be able to disagree very strongly and fundamentally with someone and yet on a personal level to really like that person and not have to reject him and be very judgmental of him in moral terms. I think that 20 years have given us more of a tolerance and acceptance of things.

Johnson: That is true. That has triggered a thought in my mind. In high school I was smart, and I was also athletic and in those days girls weren’t supposed to be either. Now I have two daughters who are excellent students, but people think that’s neat. The younger one is quite an athlete, and people think that’s neat. There is more tolerance for that kind of thing than there was 20 years ago.

Sullivan: I think a lot of things we fought for are now taken for granted.

Duggan: Both here at Furman specifically and in society in general.

Sullivan: Getting back to the business of being more open to other points of view, it seems to me that even back when we were at Furman we were pretty good at realizing that Dr. Blackwell, for instance, was under all sorts of pressure. I can remember discussions with him even though we were locked in combat over some issues.

Duggan: I think you’re right. In radical terms we were very moderate in that we did consider other points of view. But personally, I made certain moral judgments that were clearly inappropriate, and there was too much self-righteousness about my point of view. I guess I’m a lot more humble now and I’m glad of it.
ack in the early eighties during one of my trips from New York down to visit the Furman campus, I was accosted by Dr. L.D. Johnson in the student center.

“Jack,” he yelled, waving his arms in a gesture of mock-hysteria, “I wish you and John Duggan and Joe Vaughn and all the rest of your cohorts were back here again.”

“You’re kidding,” I answered, recalling the controversy over compulsory chapel that had pitted Furman’s “radicals” against the chaplain’s office.

“No, I mean it. Nobody around here talks about anything important anymore. It’s all just born-again Christians testifying and getting saved. It’s all so boring.”

I was so touched by this outburst that I don’t believe I said anything in response. A deeply religious man, L.D. was not being irreligious. He was not even being clever or paradoxical. He was simply commenting on the disappearance of a certain intensity that swept through Furman in the late sixties, a period when people cared deeply about social and moral issues, so much so that they were willing almost as a matter of course to put themselves on the line, so much so that by late 1968 every day at Furman was an intensively educational experience, both in and out of the classroom.

We had, I am convinced, the ideal education, the kind the ancient Greeks talked about, where a student is continually stunned into new kinds of awareness.

The faculty was always, of course, an intrinsic part of it. I recall Al Reid, Tony Arrington, Theron Price, John Crabtree, Jay Walters, David Gibson and many others — all first-rate educators — who were involved in those tumultuous days, taking stands that were sometimes supportive, sometimes oppositional, sometimes outright hostile to those of myself and my new left comrades in arms.

The configurations were never simple or predictable. L.D., for example, was on the opposite side in the chapel dispute, but took passionately progressive stands on peace, civil rights, poverty and other issues. President Gordon Blackwell often supported us but could rarely say so in public. Al Reid, our faculty adviser, continually surprised us by being more radical than we were. (It is to this day a source of dismay to me that we were labeled “radical” for supporting such things as free speech, freedom of worship, sexual equality, and dancing on campus; Al, a Henry Wallace supporter, was a real radical.)

For me, the late sixties at Furman are a flood of memories, some painful, some exhilarating, all piercingly clear: the tense demonstration in front of the Greenville court house following the “Orangeburg massacre,” where we suddenly realized that the local FBI really did have nothing better to do than take down the names of student demonstrators; the dreadful anxiety in the mailroom as students awaited word of their draft status; the sweetness and strangeness of ecumenical worship services organized by Father Gene Kelly and others; the tension and trauma in the air the day that George Ware of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee spoke in the student center, with threats both mortal and immortal issuing for two days from the Ku Klux Klan, Bob Jones University and other quarters. (Two Bob Jones students, Bibles in hand, actually tracked down John Duggan and myself in our dorm rooms.)

Some memories are almost unbearable, such as the sad night journey to Atlanta for the funeral of Martin Luther King, whose assassination was — and continues to be — an event with truly terrible consequences and implications. Others are simply wonderful, in particular the pride and strange elation we all felt watching the struggle against the administration’s speaker ban blossom from a few disgruntled free-speech petitioners to a campus-wide demonstration so huge that the powers that be — the very powers that established the ban — were squirming to turn it into a PR event on their own behalf. (In my mind, this is the earliest forerunner of what commentators now call “spin control”; in sixties lingo, it was “co-optation.”)

But what I mainly remember, since it was most recent, is the profound sense of emptiness in the air just after graduation in 1969, when we realized it was all over. And it really was over, not that year perhaps, but soon after in the early seventies, at Furman and everywhere else.

Of course, it isn’t really over. The memories are too vivid to ever dissolve, and the legacy of the sixties does survive in everything from the environmentalist and women’s movements to the dress and social codes of the students — many of whom are not the “conservatives” the media makes them out to be — I now teach. In fact, as I write this, some of these students, after the great snooze of the Reagan era, seem to be awakening to a new social consciousness.

I was chatting with one of them the other day in my office about a Rolling Stones concert we had both attended in New York — an event that briefly melted away all generational barriers — and it all suddenly came back: the crackling intensity, the life-and-death urgency, of a time when the whole world seemed young and every moment carried an electric charge.
MEMORIES OF JAPAN

Your beautiful article about Furman foreign study brought tears to my eyes. I was one of those first three Furman students who traveled to Japan in 1973, as mentioned in your article. It did not take long for me to realize that because of my Japanese experience, I would never be the same person again.

Through the encouragement of the faculty at Kansai Gaidai, as well as the positive attitude of most Japanese towards all things that are their own, I became immersed in Japanese culture to the extent that at one point I almost felt "Japanese." Because I enthusiastically embraced all daily experiences the Japanese responded at equally enthusiastic levels, and did I learn many things from them! At school I learned the language structure and other academic subjects. After class I had Shorinji Kempo (a type of karate) practice every evening and Shodo (Japanese calligraphy) a few times a week. I recall being given one word: "HIKARI" — meaning "light" — which I was to practice over and over again until I mastered it. I wrote "HIKARI" in Japanese characters for my entire stay in Japan, never graduating to any other word.

On Saturdays and mid-week I had Nihon Buyo class — classical Japanese dance. I fared better in dance and performed in a local theater for a community festival with my teacher. Halfway through the dance performance, my dance teacher vanished, leaving me alone on stage to finish the dance. The auditorium resounded with applause when I finished. The Japanese people are generous in praise, and they rewarded me ten-fold for my bravery — never mind talent — in going up on that stage and exposing myself to the possibility of ridicule.

Two months into my stay, I orchestrated a "solo" trip to a monastery up in the mountains, aided by the faculty who arranged for a monk to meet me at the other end. I changed trains three times, took a monorail and two buses to get there. I hardly spoke Japanese, but who cared? I had three pocket Japanese dictionaries: one of phrases, another of words, etc. I happily "chatted," or I should say "amused," my train companions, traded my apples and other goodies for their traveling snacks, and had a wonderful trip.

My Japanese home family was perfectly suited for me. It just so happened I fell into the same family "position" — the "eldest" of the children — as in my own family. My Japanese sister was the same age as my own second sister. Our relationship was very comfortable. The only time she signaled her disapproval was one afternoon when we bought some pastries in a store. While we waited for the train to take us home, I casually opened the pastry box and started to munch my sweets. She and everyone else within sight stared at me as if I had just committed the biggest faux pas. You just don't do that in Japan, I learned fast.

When I returned from Japan, my sister Kyoko wrote the next fall: "Dear Sister: It is now fall in Japan. The trees are falling from the leaves...."

We have corresponded for 16 years, my Japanese family and I. Although I have sent flowers to my mother, cards for every major American holiday, countless letters and photos and Christmas gifts and made an occasional awkward overseas phone call, I feel I will never be able to repay my Japanese family for making me feel like one of their own. And none of this could have been possible without the visionary efforts of Francis Bonner and Furman University.

Stephanie Pringhipakis Neal '75
Saluda, N.C.

P.S. My first daughter, Suni Hana, is in part named after my Japanese family's last name, "Hanabusa." "Hana" means "flower" in Japanese.

"LIGHT SHINING" TIME

The article about foreign study and travel in the recent Furman Magazine was quite relevant to me. I was in that first group in 1969 to be chosen to go to England. What a treat for me! My parents would declare that the experience was the "light shining" time of my college career at Furman. Indeed Dr. Crabtree and Dr. Jones and his wife were nurturing in all manner of ways to and for me. I still have the list of places we visited and toured to give to people for the best two-week tour of England they could plan anywhere. Museums, art, Shakespeare have never been the same since. Everything grew in my perspective after that fall in England.

Just last May 1989 I finished my Ph.D. at Rutgers. I suspect my persistence had its start or, at least, help from my days at Furman. The well-organized semester abroad in England didn't hurt any, I know. Thank you for writing about that experience and including so much of the history of foreign study at Furman. I felt I had a small part in helping make it work.

Furman continues to serve me well in most things I attempt. I'm never hesitant about telling someone where I went to undergraduate school. What a pleasure! Your efforts show in the quality of the magazine Furman produces.

Minna H. McIver '71
McLean, Va.

GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE

"Traveling toward a Global Perspective" in the Fall 1989 magazine was especially interesting to me because two of my daughters have benefitted from this exceptional cultural experience while students at Furman — Sharon Lewis King '85 and Cindy Lewis, currently a junior. The story of the development of the scope of this program was fascinating; Dr. Bonner is to be praised.

At the next meeting of my study club I plan to present this exciting, inspiring story, as well as the Furman story. These ladies are keenly interested in the college selection of their children and grandchildren.

Thank you for an excellent magazine that informs alumni and parents. Our already deep appreciation of Furman is enhanced by it.

Sara C. Lewis
Monroe, Ga.

Editor's note: We invite your letters of comment, which will be published in future issues of the Furman Magazine.
ALL SHADES OF AZALEAS dazzle the eye in the Crabtrees' garden.