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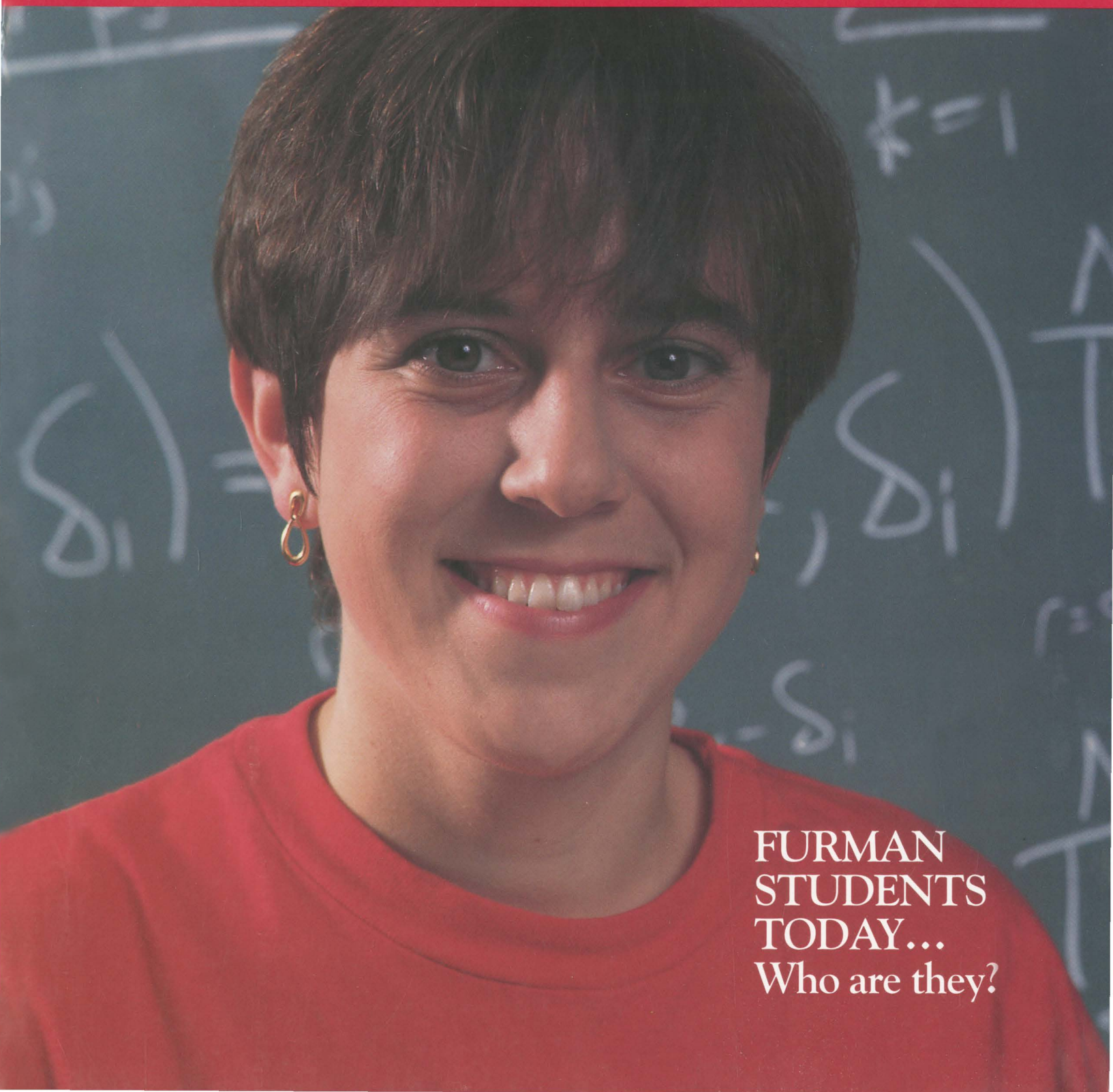
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FURMAN

M A G A Z I N E

SUMMER 1993



FURMAN
STUDENTS
TODAY...
Who are they?

FURMAN

MAGAZINE

SUMMER 1993
VOLUME 37, NUMBER 1

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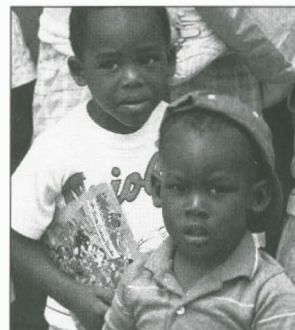
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FRONT COVER: A math major and
treasurer of the Association of Furman
Students, Kara Finley is especially inter-
ested in issues affecting women. See article
about Furman students on page 25.
Photograph by Charlie Register.

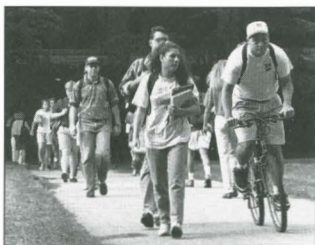
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Center, Dr. Roger Stevenson has devoted
his career to exploring the complexities of
human genetics. *By Terry Walters*



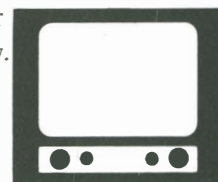
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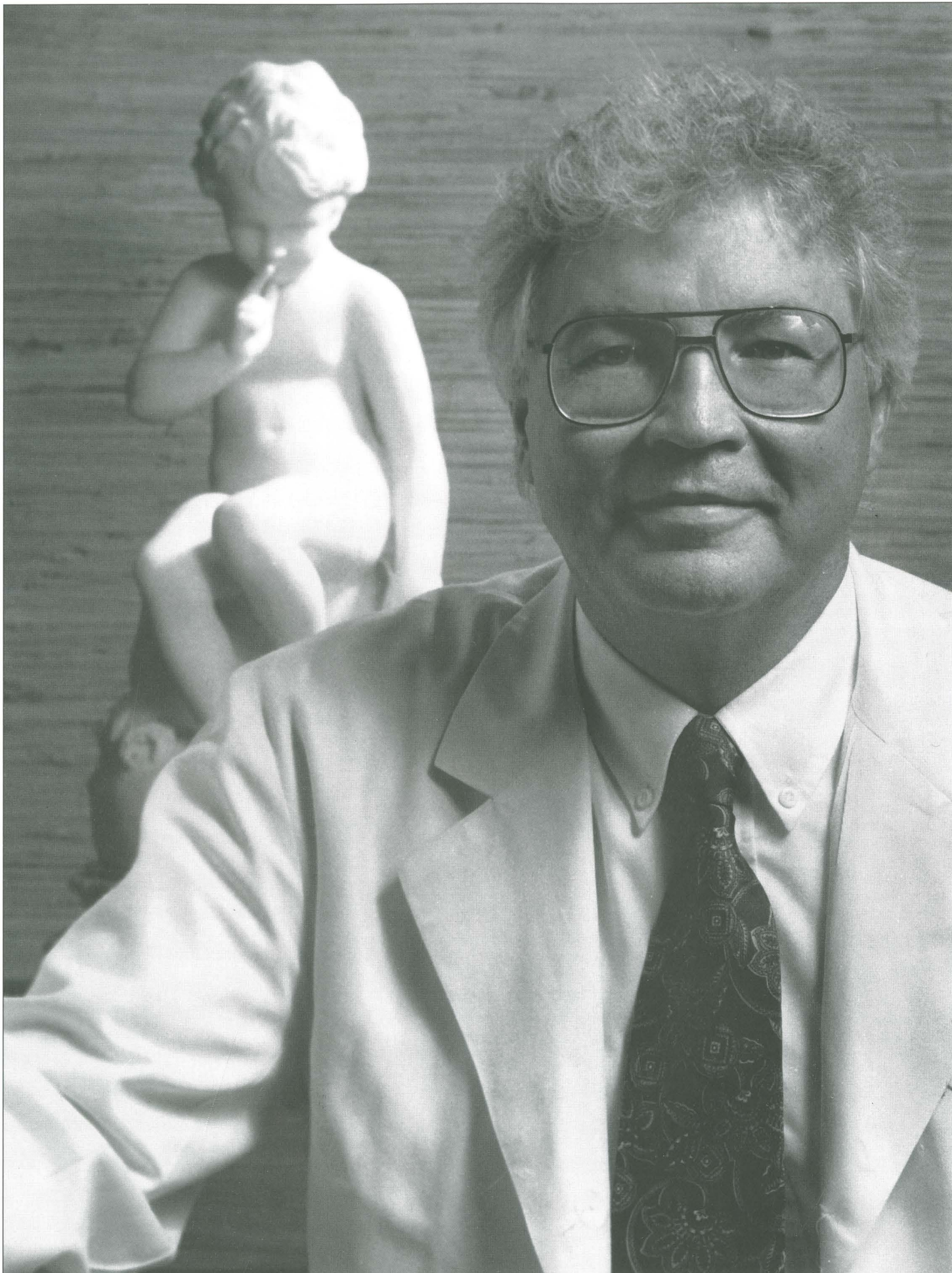
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IN

SEARCH

OF

PERFECTION

BY TERRY WALTERS

One of the first things you notice when you enter the conference room of the Greenwood Genetic Center is a marble statue of a little boy, a perfectly formed child. The captivating “Hushababy” is a prized possession of Dr. Roger Stevenson, and not just because of its classic beauty. It’s more symbolic than that: Stevenson and the center he founded are dedicated to the principle that all babies should be born as perfect as possible. As he puts it, “Our goal is to have all babies born healthy and free of physical and mental handicaps.”

Today a highly respected physician-geneticist and authority on birth defects and mental retardation, Stevenson knew from his childhood he wanted to be a doctor. He says, “There was never any other option.” He even considered becoming a medical missionary. But it was a course taken as a pre-med student at Furman that pointed him in the specific direction of his life’s work and thus to the major contributions he has made to the field of genetics.

After devoting his career to exploring the complexities of human genetics, Stevenson continues to be in awe of “the miracle that puts us together and gets us here safely.” He says, “We’re fairly complex organisms, and the fact that we can replicate ourselves with such consistency says something for the master plan.”

This plan, scientists now know, involves an estimated 100,000 genes that determine each individual’s heredity, coded by the DNA molecule. The information carried in DNA determines our mental and physical capabilities and susceptibilities, our growth and maturation. DNA explains why we are like our parents and grandparents, yet different from them and everyone else.

Most of the time, Stevenson points out, the genetic plan works well, to “get us here in fairly acceptable shape.” But in one case out of eight, an abnormality occurs that may cause birth defects, mental retardation or some other form of genetic disease. Abnormalities may be minor, such as color blindness, or devastating, causing great suffering for the afflicted individuals and their families.

DR. ROGER STEVENSON
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Directly or indirectly, all the activities of the Greenwood Genetic Center are focused on preventing or alleviating this suffering. To that end, each year the clinic offers genetic testing and evaluation to over 10,000 families from South Carolina and neighboring states. From its beginnings in 1974, the clinic has also provided educational programs in genetics for physicians, medical students, other graduate and undergraduate students, and the general public.

Research has been important to the center all along, but now it is gaining new emphasis with the establishment of a research institute. On April 28, ground was broken for the J. C. Self Research Institute of Human Genetics. The 30,000-square-foot facility, which will cost some \$5 million to build and equip, will house a center for anatomical studies and a center for molecular studies. Stevenson, who was director of the Greenwood Center for its first 15 years, will direct the new institute.

He says, "The field of genetic research has greatly expanded in the past 20 years." He believes the new research institute can

play a major role in future research. "This center intends to take a lead in research in two specific areas — birth defects and mental retardation."

In the 100 years since Gregor Mendel outlined the basic mechanisms of heredity, the rate of discovery in genetics has been remarkable. So much progress has been made in recent years that geneticists believe they will soon be able to locate all human genes on their chromosomes and identify their functions. Scientists in many countries are cooperating on the Human Genome Project, as this massive effort to map all human genes is called.

To date, only some 6,000 of the 100,000 possible genes have been identified, but it is hoped that by the year 2005, the gene map will be complete. With such knowledge should come ways to prevent or treat most genetic abnormalities.

According to Stevenson, researchers at the Greenwood Center are already contributing to the effort to map human genes. During the past three years, they have identified six genes located on chromosome X that cause mental retardation.

Although the number of genes that have been mapped so far may seem small, Stevenson finds it "very impressive for someone who grew up in an era when the gene map was blank." And he is optimistic

about the prospects for preventing birth defects once the gene map is complete.

There is more immediate hope for preventing two genetic conditions the clinic has worked on extensively. One is the problem of birth defects of the spine and brain, which are twice as prevalent in South Carolina and nearby states as in other regions of the country. South Carolina alone averages 60 babies a year born with these defects, which result in paralysis of various parts of the body, lack of bowel and bladder control, or even death.

But now there is good news. As Stevenson reports with nothing short of elation, these defects may soon virtually disappear. "That," he beams, "is a marvelous prospect!"

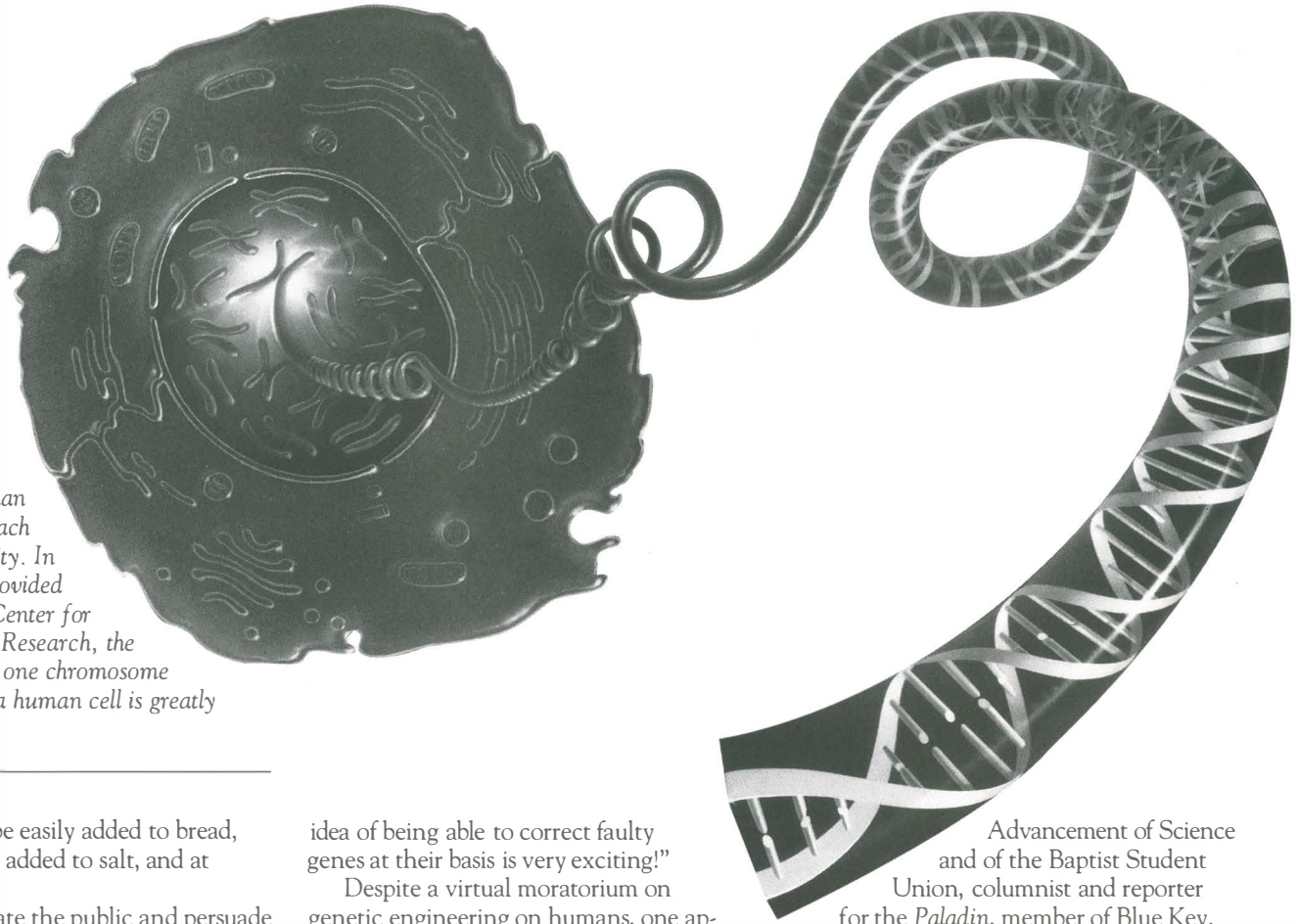
The discovery that may wipe out spinal birth defects was made by Dick Smithells, an English pediatrician, who determined that they were the result of a deficiency of the B vitamin folic acid. It has taken the scientific community 11 years, Stevenson says with some exasperation, but it has finally confirmed Smithells' findings.

"We know now," he says, "that if a woman can begin folic acid supplements prior to becoming pregnant, the risk of spinal birth defects is dramatically decreased." Rather than try to deal with the deficiency case by case, Stevenson and others hope to have folic acid added to the food chain.

Trying to determine the cause of one type of mental retardation, Stevenson and molecular technologist Melanie May analyze the genes of a family with a history of this problem.



The DNA in human cells determines each individual's heredity. In this illustration provided by the National Center for Human Genome Research, the DNA chain from one chromosome in the nucleus of a human cell is greatly enlarged.



He says it could be easily added to bread, much as iodine is added to salt, and at almost no cost.

To help educate the public and persuade governmental agencies to act on this recommendation, Stevenson traveled to England to film an interview with Smithells. It will air on South Carolina Educational Television in October.

The second area that shows promise is the problem of the fragile X chromosome, the second leading genetic cause of mental retardation. This form of retardation shows up mainly in boys, although unaffected mothers may silently carry a broken X chromosome.

Until recently, women from families with histories of fragile X mental retardation had no way of knowing if they carried the defective gene. Deciding whether or not to have children was for them a blind risk.

Now, thanks to a diagnostic technique developed in France, women can learn if they carry the fragile X and make an informed decision. Since the center adopted the test, it has analyzed more than 1,000 blood samples for this condition, and research is continuing on how it passes from one generation to another.

What gives Stevenson the greatest hope for the future is genetic engineering, which he calls "the most powerful technology to come along since the harnessing of atomic energy." He says, "It will benefit medicine, agriculture and industry. And, while there may be some edges of the technology we may want to monitor for adverse effects, the whole

idea of being able to correct faulty genes at their basis is very exciting!"

Despite a virtual moratorium on genetic engineering on humans, one application has been allowed and has proven successful. Through gene therapy, children born with a particular immune disorder have had their immunity restored. Stevenson expects a second application will be permitted soon whereby putting in a "correct gene" will essentially cure a disease affecting the bones.

These are just the beginning. Stevenson says, "The prospect for preventing mental retardation and curing genetic diseases through genetic engineering is just tremendous. We anticipate that over the next 20 to 30 years the effort toward genetic correction will be very fertile."

As he embarks on an exciting new phase of his career with the establishment of the research institute, Roger Stevenson has already been widely recognized. Among the honors he has received are the Order of the Palmetto (1985), South Carolina's highest civilian award, and Furman's Distinguished Alumnus Award (1989).

But you won't hear about these or other accomplishments from Stevenson. Getting him to talk about himself is almost impossible. When asked, for instance, what he did as a Furman undergraduate, he just smiles and says quietly, "study ... study science night and day."

A check of the 1962 *Bonhomie* reveals more of the truth. Stevenson was a campus leader — president of the Association for

Advancement of Science and of the Baptist Student Union, columnist and reporter for the *Paladin*, member of Blue Key, active in intramurals and SAE, named to *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*.

Of course, he was also "a splendid student." That from the scarcely effusive Jim Stewart, professor emeritus of English, who says he was a "number one, first-class student in every way."

Says Keith Walker, Stevenson's Furman roommate who is now an oral surgeon in Greenville, "Studying came easy for Roger. He had such an inquisitive mind, he could just read the textbook and work problems without even going to the lectures. He missed all but a couple of lectures of one math course, then took the exam and made something like a 94. When we couldn't get started with our own studies, Fred Williams and I would go watch Roger study and hope some of his aura or vibes would rub off on us."

Although he was always a good student, Stevenson admits sheepishly that he chose Furman "for a pretty superficial reason — because Frank Selvy played basketball there!"

Superficial or not, it proved to be a pivotal choice. It was a Furman course in embryology under the late Dayton Riddle that captured Stevenson's imagination and led to his career in genetics. He says, "Dr. Riddle could make embryonic development just come to life. After that course I knew I wanted to work in something that had to do with development. Pediatrics is about



as close as you can come to that within medicine, and genetics is the closest thing within pediatrics.”

Having become fascinated by the wonders of human development, Stevenson went on to obtain an M.D. from Bowman Gray School of Medicine and, in the process, captured two of the school’s seven top awards. After a residency in pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, he served for several years as an Air Force doctor in Alaska. He then returned to Johns Hopkins as a research fellow, first in metabolism, then in genetics.

When his chief at Johns Hopkins accepted the chairmanship of the pediatrics department at the University of Texas Medical School at Houston, Stevenson went, too, as an assistant professor. “He took me along to be his slave,” Stevenson says, although he admits to having had a marvelous time teaching. Stevenson doesn’t mention it, but he excelled as a teacher, winning the medical school’s teaching award his second year.

In 1974, after just two years in Houston, Stevenson returned to his native South Carolina. He says, “I would not have cut my time at Houston so short except for the opportunity to start the genetic center.” The center had been a dream of Stevenson’s since his days at Johns Hopkins, when he and fellow genetic researcher Harold Taylor had talked about what a genetic center should be and what it should do.

They wanted a center to have three main functions: clinical evaluation of patients and families about genetic disorders or diseases, education for health professionals and the public about genetics, and research. The two Southerners (Taylor is from Virginia) wanted it to be located in the South, where the need was great, and they wanted it to be easily accessible to families.

During a visit with his Furman classmate Fred Williams, who had absorbed enough of Stevenson’s “vibes” to become an orthopedic surgeon in Greenwood, Stevenson talked about his dream, and found ready ears. Enlisting the support of other community leaders, Williams and Stevenson approached the Self Foundation and the state Department of Mental Retardation for financial backing. They received a major grant from the Self Foundation, which had been founded by textile pioneer and philanthropist James Cuthbert Self. And the Department of Mental Retardation, recognizing how much a genetic center would help in preventing mental retar-

ation, began major support that has continued to this day.

So the Greenwood Genetic Center was founded, with Stevenson as director and his friend and fellow dreamer Harold Taylor as director of laboratories. Almost 20 years later, it remains the major genetic center in the state and, to Stevenson’s knowledge, the nation’s only private, nonprofit genetic center not affiliated with a university.

Stevenson knew there was a need in the state for a genetic center, but he had no idea how great the demand would be for its services. He says, “We built our first clinic to serve for 20 years, but we outgrew it in six.” The present center, with a laboratory complex, clinics, offices, library and conference areas, was completed in 1984.

Not only has the original Greenwood facility been replaced by one more than triple its size, but 14 satellite clinics have been set up around the state where patients can be evaluated. The clinical staff now comprises seven geneticists and eight genetic caseworkers; the laboratories are staffed by four Ph.D. medical geneticists and 25 technologists.

In addition, the center collaborates with the University of South Carolina and the Medical University of South Carolina in a consortium to share clinical and laboratory expertise, provide educational programs and arrange for delivery of genetic services.

Although his present focus is research, Stevenson still works actively with families. He explains, “Most of my research involves families. As we search for the genes responsible for birth defects or mental retardation, large families help us track them down.” When you observe Stevenson with young patients in the clinic, you see the kindly concern of the pediatrician he was at the beginning.

Then, too, there is Stevenson the professor. He is clinical professor of pediatrics at the University of South Carolina School of Medicine and clinical professor of family medicine at the Medical University of South Carolina and also teaches Clemson graduate students pursuing Ph.D.s at the center. He is an author, too, with at least 50 articles and four textbooks to his credit.

Stevenson has contributed a portion of the royalties from several of his books to the Tom Flowers Fund in the Furman art department, in appreciation for the art courses he took his senior year. He says, “That was my first chance to experience anything beyond simply illustrative art and it opened my eyes to unlimited horizons for expression.”

Stevenson’s interest in art is evident throughout the clinic. Besides “Hushababy,” you’ll find framed paintings by many of the center’s small patients, and a magnifi-

cent sculpture of Gregor Mendel by Czech artist Kovanick greets visitors to the laboratory wing.

He may be reticent about himself, but Stevenson opens up when the subject turns to his family. As he talks, it’s obvious that he, Leslie and their four daughters are a close-knit family, although the girls have diverse interests.

Caroline, the eldest, earned a degree in architecture from Clemson and plans to pursue graduate study in furniture design. Angie is a junior studying math at the College of Charleston, planning to be a teacher, and Bess studies music at Presbyterian College. Ericka is still in high school, but her father says she might just study agriculture, because she loves farm life. So far, it doesn’t appear that any of the girls will pursue their father’s interest in science.

However, Caroline is maintaining the family’s Furman connection. This year she took courses in art and drama at Furman before going on to graduate school. A striking blonde who inherited her father’s broad smile and curly hair, Caroline starred in two major Furman Theatre Guild productions and received good reviews.

According to Stevenson, the family enjoys doing things together, especially out-of-doors things. For years, they used to vacation in a log cabin in the hills of western Virginia that Stevenson and his friend Williams built back in 1968 as a wedding gift for Leslie.

Stevenson is “always building something,” according to Caroline. These may be small pieces of furniture or quilt racks for Leslie, or more ambitious works, like a building. After the family moved to a new home on acreage outside of Greenwood, he even held a barn-raising. Caroline says her father likes to think of their place as a farm, because he was raised on a farm, although there are no livestock or crops.

Even his daughters notice Stevenson’s reticence in talking about his accomplishments. Caroline says that when they attended the presentation of the Distinguished Alumnus Award, they were surprised. “We had no idea of all he had done.”

She continues, “It’s wonderful he can be so passionate about his work. Whenever there is a new development in genetics, you can see it in his eyes.”

Now, with the establishment of the Self Research Institute, Stevenson and his colleagues can look forward to sharing in new and exciting genetic discoveries. Most importantly, they will be making progress toward the day they dream of, the time when all children can be born with sound minds and bodies. □

Stevenson entertains young Hayden Stephens, whose mother has brought him to the center for testing.

FACE TO FACE WITH POVERTY

BY MILLIE BROBSTON

As an intern at Martha's Table in Washington, D.C., Millie Brobston worked with the poor and the homeless and recorded their lives in photographs.



DAVID CROSBY

It has been said that a college education opens the doors to the past and the future. For me, Furman University opened my eyes to the present — and to the aching poverty in our nation.

Young and enthusiastic, I entered Furman planning to become a psychologist. Interestingly enough, I didn't take a psychology class until my senior year. Fall term of my freshman year, I took a political science class and became fascinated with how politics affects our lives. As I continued my education, I began to see that politics does not affect all of us equally.

Perhaps that fact became most evident in Professor Bart Dredge's class titled "Social Problems," in which I discovered that many people live in desperate poverty right in our backyards — right in Greenville's backyards. Somehow the political system had failed those who did not grow up white, middle-class and Protestant, as I did.

I had to know more — if this was true everywhere. So in early 1990, when I participated in the Spring Term in Washington Program, I chose to intern



with Martha's Table, a non-profit organization that works with inner-city families and the homeless in the nation's capital. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I quickly discovered that my small-town Georgia background had done little to prepare me for the astonishing conditions I found.

Situated at 14th and U streets, Martha's Table serves as an anchor for the neighborhood. Next door sits "Reverend Kenny's Swap Shop," notable more for the crack addicts that attend the doorway than for the merchandise. On the opposite side is the "Soul Liquor" store, and behind are rows of buildings, seemingly on the brink of collapse, that are home to the neighborhood families. The building that actually houses Martha's Table is old and leaky, with holes in the plaster. But nothing slows the work. There is too much to do.

Martha's Table operates two major programs — a mobile soup kitchen for the homeless, and after-school activities for the children of the neighborhood. In this setting, poverty took on a human face.

Angel was a child who did not exactly live up to her name. Yet she would run up and hug my legs each day after school. One day I looked into her face and noticed her teeth were decaying. She was only five or six years old and already in poor health. The same was true for other children — when I reached to return their hugs, I heard the wheeze of congested lungs.

These problems could be helped through better health care. But where is this care to come from? The poor have few options. A visit to the doctor would be too expensive, and government assistance, such as Medicaid, covers emergency situations only. What to do? Hope the problem simply goes away? Or wait until it gets really bad, then go to the emergency room, where you can't be turned away?

Residents of the Martha's Table area face other difficulties as well. Jimmy was the middle child from a large family. He was in second grade when I met him, and we developed an interesting friendship. On his good days, he read and drew elaborate pictures for me. But on his bad days, he would curse and say, "Get out of my face! I hate you!"

"She was only five or six years old and already in poor health."

Jimmy was emotionally disturbed. A life of poverty had already exhausted him.

I saw Jimmy as a symbol of larger problems. There are many children like him in our schools, needing individual attention or professional help. Unable to get that help, they make teaching that much harder for the teacher and learning that much harder for their fellow students. Once again, the question arises: What to do? Each year politicians and school officials try to address the issues, but they usually end up with

little more than a bloated bureaucracy and fewer teachers.

Even though many of the programs at Martha's Table focus on children, there are also efforts to reach adults. A young woman who came by about once a week, quietly picking up bread and milk, stopped one day and told me her story. She had two small children and was existing on social welfare. Unable to afford decent housing, she rented a cramped room in a home. Each month, after she received her assistance check, money disappeared from her room. Despairing, she saw no way to get ahead. Without training, education or child care, she could not get a job.

Another example of the problems I witnessed at Martha's Table: Each day, volunteers prepare sandwiches and soup for the homeless in the area. On occasion I would help serve the food, and at first I tried to learn faces and names. But over time, the numbers were too great, the lines too long and the food too scarce.

Perhaps these people and their stories stand out because, in each case, I felt

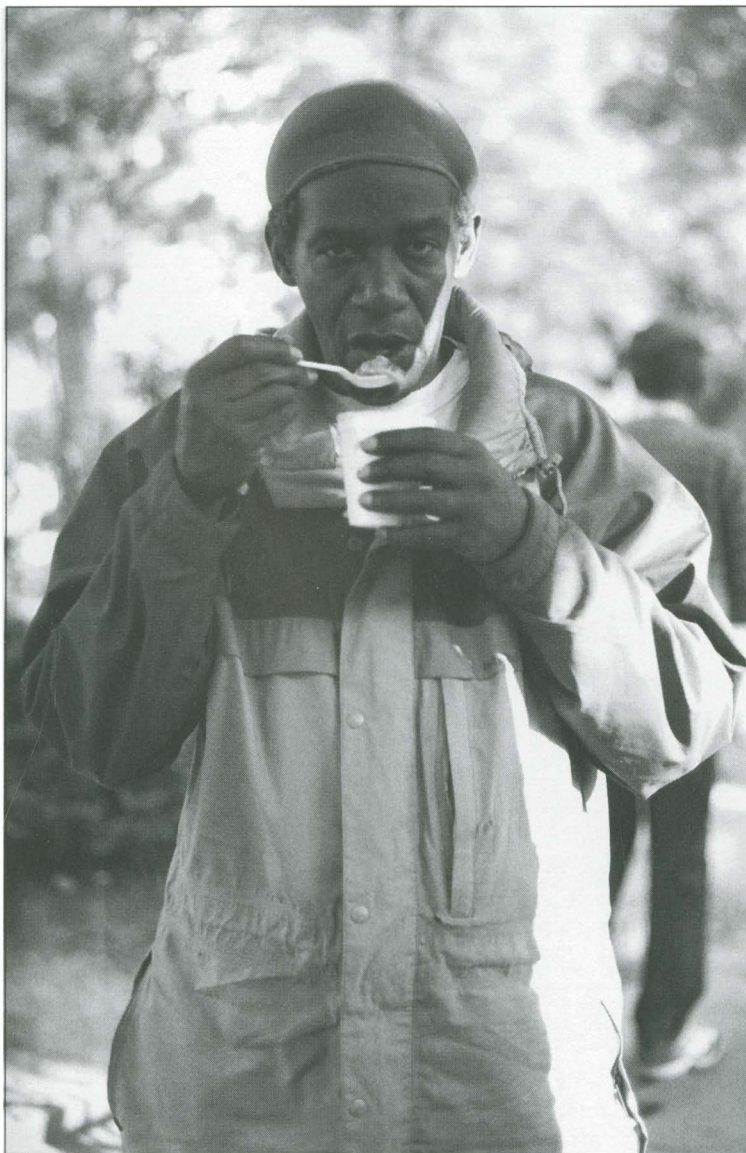
powerless to help. Martha's Table does not offer health care for Angel, counseling for Jimmy, or housing for the homeless. Its programs of after-school care, tutoring and food distribution can do only so much.

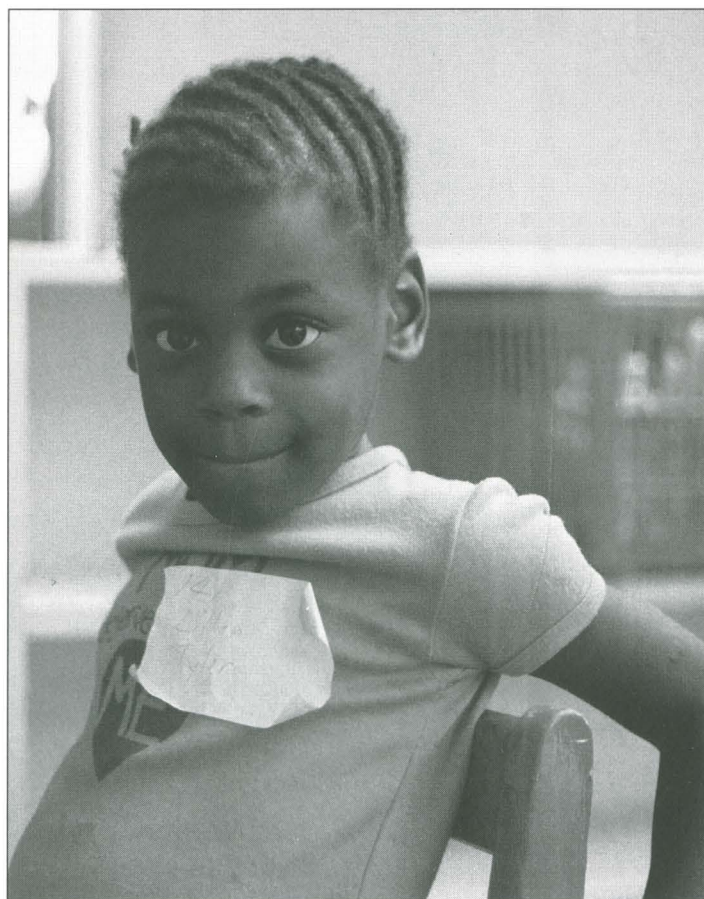
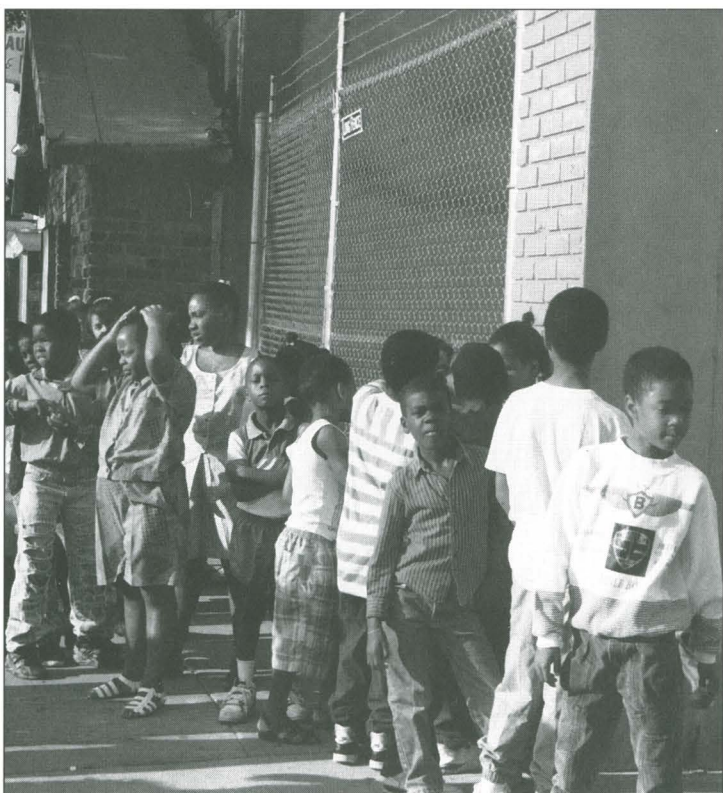
My work at Martha's Table influenced me to learn more. I am currently studying social policy at George Washington University and am just beginning to understand some of the factors that have shaped and will continue to shape poverty in America.

Through my studies and experiences, however, one thing has become clear: When the quality of life diminishes for an Angel or a Jimmy or anyone else, it diminishes for me as well.

There are no easy solutions to the problems of poverty in our country. But as our nation moves rapidly toward the twenty-first century, we must realize that its dwindling resources must be shared by a greater number of people. Clearly, our survival depends not solely on our president and elected officials, but on each of us.

And our individual success depends on the fate of the least of those among us. □





Martha's Table serves the victims of poverty, including women who wait for clothing to be distributed (top), children who line up to attend "summer camp" (above) and a child who needs a safe place to play (right).

MIN

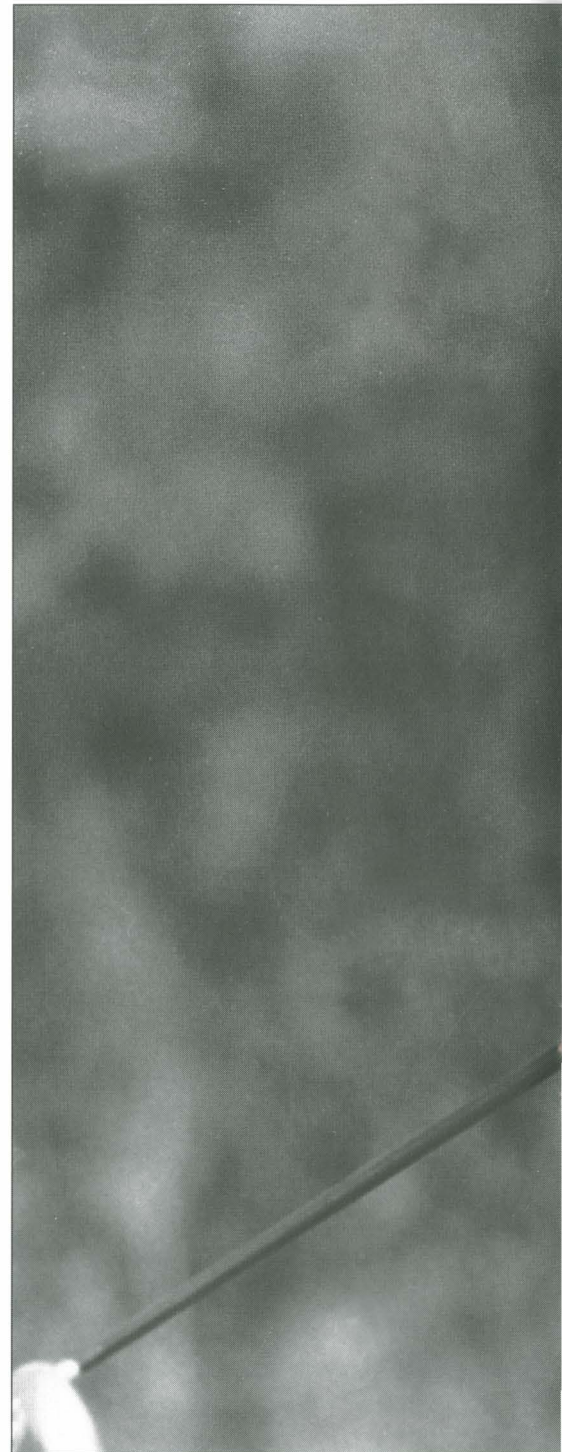
Her competitive spirit and determination to succeed have helped Dottie Mochrie become the latest Furman star on the LPGA tour.

BY VINCE MOORE

Just how confident is Dottie Mochrie, the young woman who has become the latest Furman graduate to storm the LPGA tour? Well, consider this. She named her dog Shank. Now that may not seem so outrageous to some, but golfers everywhere realize what a display of fearlessness that is. A shank, you see, is the ugliest, most wretched shot in golf, an unpredictable and inexplicable result that goes dead sideways while never rising more than a foot off the ground. A golfer naming a dog Shank would be like an automobile racer naming a pet Flat Tire in the Final Turn. Most golfers won't even say the word. They see no reason to tempt the golf gods with anything that might be mistaken for defiance.

Mochrie, however, just laughs when she is asked about such a brazen display of self-assurance. She admits that she could be inviting disaster by naming a dog after golf's most errant shot, but she'll take her chances. Besides, this is the Mochrie way. She is direct if nothing else, and if the shortest distance between two points is a straight line then it is there you will find Mochrie gritting her teeth and meeting her LPGA competition head on. And not many golfers keep to the straight and narrow path of determined behavior better than Mochrie, who was named the LPGA's Player of the Year in 1992.

In just five full years as a professional, Mochrie has developed a reputation as one of golf's fiercest competitors, a woman who marches through a golf course in much the same way that Sherman made his way to Atlanta. She plays with an intensity that threatens to consume everything in the immediate vicinity, which means that she often looks as if she could stare a hole through an oak tree at 20 feet. And while she is not the only player on the LPGA tour who gives orders to a golf ball already in flight, it has been said that she is the only one who expects it to listen.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE REGISTER

ND GAME





Whether she is displaying her trademark finish to a perfect swing (left) or making one of her many public appearances (right), Mochrie's self-confidence shows through.

In fact, in every story written anywhere, anytime, about Mochrie, there is always a reference to her manic intensity. Pat Bradley, a member of the LPGA Hall of Fame, has called Mochrie's single-mindedness "scary." LPGA commissioner Charles Mechem said that if Mochrie and Jack Nicklaus, perhaps golf's all-time greatest intimidator, ever got into a staring match, "somebody's head [would] shrivel." In an informal poll taken recently by a golf magazine, the majority of the LPGA players picked Mochrie as the most intimidating player on tour.

But is she really that intense? Look at her. She has that smile, those blue eyes, that pretty face that has made her something of a cover girl for the tour's publications. Off the course, she is friendly and outgoing and funny, willing to help in any way she can. Surely there must be some exaggeration about her fervent desire to win. People don't really understand, do they?

"Yeah, it's true," Mochrie says of the reports about her intensity, sighing just a bit. "I wish the media wouldn't harp on it so much, but, yeah, I guess I'd have to say it's true."

Mochrie would have to say that it's always been true, from the time she began hitting golf balls as a youngster at a driving range in Saratoga Springs, New York, to winning the New York State Amateur, to showing up on the Furman campus in 1983 to join the Lady Paladin golf team. Her reputation in college, in fact, preceded her to the LPGA tour. When Mochrie was playing at Furman, women's golf coach Mic Potter said it was not unusual to be at a tournament and hear his star player's agonizing shouts of failure come drifting to him from five holes away.

Actually, it must have been fate that brought Mochrie to Furman. When it came time for her to choose a college, she was looking to come South. She didn't really care where, as long as the weather was warm. She sent applications all over, to places like Clemson, Tulane and Georgia. But not to Furman, a school she said she had never heard of, even though it had such famous golfing alumnae as Betsy King and Beth Daniel. When Clemson, which didn't have a women's golf program, received her letter of interest, school officials forwarded it to Furman. The rest, as they say, is history.

"When I came for my visit, it didn't take me long to like what I saw," Mochrie said. "In fact, before I got in my car to go home, I told the coaches I would be coming to Furman."



Mochrie was a very good student, graduating in four years with a 3.2 average. She was also a very good player. She won five tournaments, was named All-America three times, and anchored a team that very nearly won Furman's first NCAA championship in 1987. The Lady Paladins finished second to San Jose State in that year's NCAA tournament, one shot back. It was the sort of performance that made her Furman's Athlete of the Year in 1987 and, five years later, the Southern Conference's Female Athlete of the Decade.

Mochrie says she remembers her final NCAA tournament well since it was the most disappointing moment of her amateur career. She was playing in the last group on the last day and when she arrived on the 18th green to face a 10-foot birdie putt, she looked over at Potter and the rest of her teammates who were waiting by the green.

She asked them where the team stood and they let her know that she would have to make the putt to force a playoff. So she willed the ball into the hole, but when she looked up to celebrate there were all these long faces.

"While I was lining up the putt, they learned that they had miscalculated by one shot," she says. "We still finished second. You never saw six people cry as much as we did after that tournament."

But something else was evident. Mochrie could make a putt when she had to. As Potter says, if you told Mochrie that she had to hit a shot close to the hole or make a certain putt, she almost always did it. It seemed the more pressure you put on her, the better she performed.

Even when Mochrie was still two years from graduating and was just one of many good, strong players in women's college



golf, Potter predicted that she would not only be successful on the LPGA tour, but that she would one day be a star of the caliber of Betsy King and Beth Daniel. He said that while Mochrie's physical gifts were not vastly different from those of most of the good golfers she played against, her intensity and will to succeed were unlike anything he had ever seen.

Mochrie joined the LPGA in 1987 to much fanfare, but she did not set the tour on fire right away. She did win more than \$135,000 in her first full year and established herself as one of the tour's rising young stars, but she lost the Rookie of the Year race to Sweden's Liselotte Neumann. She managed to win her first tournament in 1989 and her second the next year, but Mochrie says she still wasn't playing well at all. And to make things worse, she wasn't having much fun.

For one thing, her husband, Doug, whom she had married before her senior year at Furman, was home while she was on the road. A golf professional, Doug was tending to the pro shop at the Saratoga Golf & Polo Club, and she missed him. For another, her fiery temperament wasn't doing any favors for her nervous system. She developed a variety of gastrointestinal ailments during her first few years on tour and her health was not good.

"It was difficult being out there alone," Mochrie says. "Even though I won my first tournament, I wasn't playing very well. I was an unhappy camper because I felt like every two or three weeks I needed to go home. It was hard to concentrate."

At the beginning of the 1990 season, the Mochries had an idea. Doug would travel with her and serve as her caddy. They would no longer be separated. If her swing needed work, he would be there to fix it. The two could even bring Shank, their beloved chow, to the tournaments, which meant the whole family would be together. It would be like home on the road.

The new arrangement worked. Mochrie won her second tournament in 1990 and, even though she could do no better than finish second three times, won a career-high \$477,000 in 1991. She, of course, had her breakthrough year in 1992, winning four times, earning the Vare Trophy for lowest scoring average (70.80), leading the money list with more than \$693,000, and being named Rolex Player of the Year.

The Mochries never expected their on-course partnership to be a permanent thing, however, and Doug will soon go back to working as a club pro, which means he'll no

As her competitors will attest, Mochrie has no trouble concentrating when she is on the golf course.



longer be her full-time caddy. Still, Mochrie is grateful for the time they had together on the golf course.

"Having Doug out on tour with me at that time made all the difference," Mochrie says. "It made things as normal as possible in a very abnormal situation."

Now that Mochrie has achieved the stardom that so many predicted for her, it only remains to be seen how she will handle it. The demands on her time have increased so greatly that she recently contracted to have Jack Nicklaus' new company, Golden Bear Sports Management, handle her affairs.

Her life has certainly been something of a whirlwind so far in 1993. In addition to her playing schedule, she is required to attend special press functions at the four tournaments where she is defending champion. Since the press events are usually held about a month before the tournaments, it makes for a lot of additional traveling. She was also in New York earlier in the year, where she attended ESPN's version of the Academy Awards and won an ESPY for her performance as the best golfer on the LPGA tour in 1992.

Mochrie says it is too early to know how she will handle the fame and fortune, although she hopes she will enjoy it. She doesn't even mind the incessant media interviews, where she is required to answer the same questions over and over.

"I've found out that I've learned more about myself," she says. "Sometimes, people will ask you questions about things you haven't thought about before. That's good, I think. It makes you do some soul searching."

And, believe it or not, Mochrie has mellowed a bit in the last few years. She doesn't talk to the ball quite as much, isn't quite as hard on herself, and doesn't treat every shot as if the result is a matter of life and death. And when she and Doug recently adopted another chow puppy, they didn't name it Slice or Hook or Out-of-Bounds but, rather, Furman, a name chosen in honor of her alma mater rather than in defiance of the golf gods.

This is not to say, however, that she has become a pussycat. Remember that it was the new, mellower Mochrie that the LPGA players voted as the most intimidating player on tour. Still, she is a much happier camper these days.

"Maturity has helped me," Mochrie said. "I did some things I wish I hadn't done when I first got on tour, but it's tough to grow up in front of television cameras like I did for five years. I made some mistakes. I screwed up. But I like to think I did some good things, too. Unfortunately, people don't let you live down the negative stuff."

If there is any question that Mochrie has calmed down in the past few years, she believes that her behavior at last year's Nabisco Dinah Shore tournament proved

With four victories in 1992 and her husband, Doug, at her side, Mochrie has plenty of reason to smile.

it. Mochrie was trailing Juli Inkster by one stroke in the final round and had a makeable birdie putt on the 17th hole to tie Inkster. When the putt did not fall, somebody from the gallery yelled "Loser!"

Although Mochrie says she could not actually see who the villain was, she stared a hole into the general area of the outburst for good measure. Then she went on to birdie the par-5 18th to force a playoff with Inkster, a playoff she won on the first extra hole.

"That was the ultimate point where I realized that maybe I do have things under control," Mochrie says. "Because in the past, while I might not have said anything, I wouldn't have handled it in a positive manner. It would have gotten me fired up all right, but it wouldn't have gotten me fired up in the right way."

She says that the old Mochrie would have seethed inside and been consumed with the idea that somebody would say something like that. The new Mochrie was just more determined to go ahead and birdie the next hole.

"I suppose that's a good sign," she says, having to smile at the notion of a new and improved Dottie Mochrie. "Times are changing." □

CAN **JOURNALISM**



REALLY TELL THE TRUTH?

BY MARSHALL FRADY

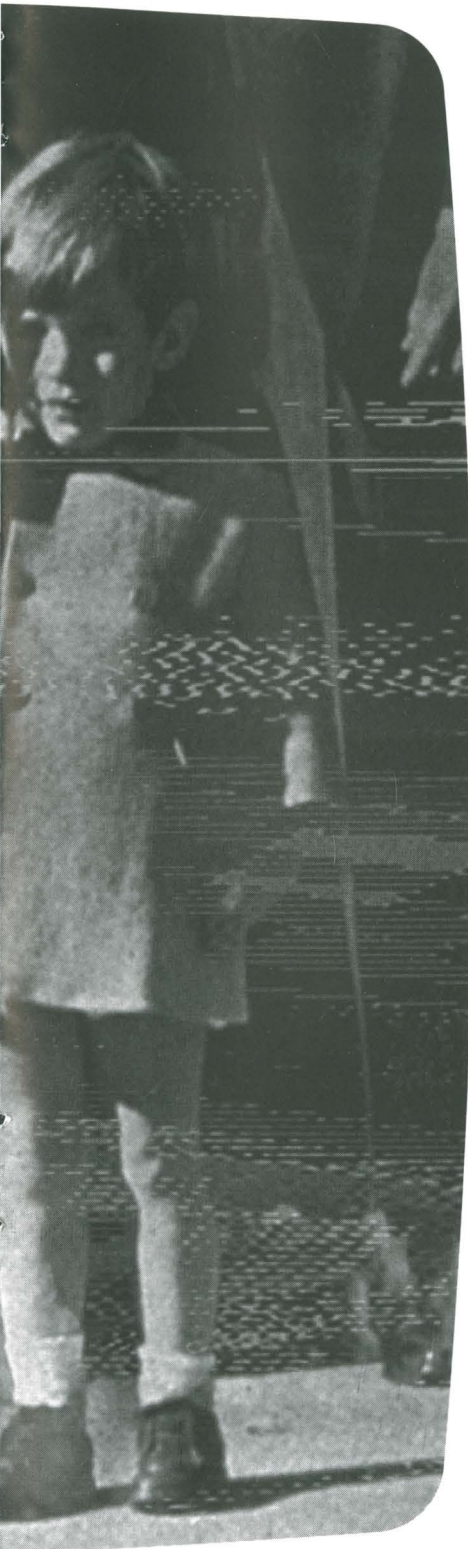
*Television's one clear, indisputable worth
has been as a live witness to large happenings
in our public life.*

Can journalism really tell the truth? Not simply does it, but *can* it tell us the truth about what is happening with us?

This is no idle question, because I suspect we have come into a relatively new age. After the age of faith, followed by what might be called the age of romance, we are living now in the age of the journalistic reality. Through technology's electronic communalization of humankind, we are now so immediately and continuously involved in the actual — real ordeals, real disasters, real struggles and triumphs, real heroes and heels — that our understanding of our own tragedy and comedy might come to us almost exclusively through the medium of the journalistic reality. It is of no little import the degree to which it is actually telling us the truth, because what any democracy has most to fear is illusion in its sense of its main players and its conditions.

Simple, mass statistics tell us that journalistic reality principally comes to us through the small, bright window of television. We have all come to be gathered around its glow as around a single oracular fire, divining in it the images of who we are and what's happening to us.

But for all its pervasiveness and power in our collective lives, television remains finally a total world of air, a mere gusting of loud light, endlessly evanescent and curiously slight in itself. Yet, like some explosion everywhere in the atmosphere, television's glow is watched in 95 percent of America's households an average of seven hours every day, 1,200 hours a year by the average citizen. Only work and sleep occupy more of the population's time.



From that attention there has emerged what could rightly be regarded as a new form of mass consciousness, a kind of electronic mass sensory system that is something truly different under the sun in the race's long experience.

But it's as if the very nature of television holds its own built-in protective system against any concerted thought about it. The more ambitiously analytical and researched the print studies of air, the more they seem to take on its essential ephemerality. They turn out rather like ponderous commentaries on passing weather. What most stuns in many of these accounts, particularly the accounts of the interior heavings of the industry — the hierarchical grapplings, the feverish counter-deployments and programs in seasonal ratings offensives, the salary star wars for "talent" — is how it amounts to so much vast and militant institutional commotion about a final slightness, a colored shadow. They are rather like intramural sagas of the venal in titanic pursuit of the banal.

Television's one clear, indisputable worth has been as a live witness to large happenings in our public life: the space missions, the funeral of John Kennedy, the Watergate and Anita Hill hearings, the upheavals in Tiananmen Square and Eastern Europe and Moscow. Those extraordinary events in our collective experience, because they are watched by such massive audiences as they are actually taking place, assume an almost mythological folk dimension.

Why moments like these seem particularly alive, though, is precisely because they are occurring outside of the usual designs and machineries of the medium. They are, in fact, interruptions of television's prevailing journalistic conventions, its stylistic ceremoniousness. Even at the multiple remove of a reflection contained within a glass pane in the privacy of one's den or living room, still it is what comes closest to an actual direct experience of the event. Even so, even these best moments in television journalism are finally and inescapably qualified by the essential nature of the me-

di-um itself. As Marshall McLuhan pointed out, the meaning of what television carries never lies so much in its content as in the form and nature of the medium itself.

While television may be the closest simulation yet to actually experiencing the happening, still it is not, of course, the actual thing itself — although it has come to serve for many as a substitute for it. People now live not so much in the world outside as in its image in the shining mirror of television. It's a kind of Muzak of reality, and in that sense, the occasions that it televises become something like ersatz experiences. It is, in other words, by nature counterfeit, really a wholly different occurrence. Indeed, one study found that "these great events may have their primary effect and



certainly their place in the collective memory not in the form in which they originally unfolded but in the form in which they were broadcast, which is often unrecognizable to people who attended them in person." Television's very form acts to diminish what it is watching, acts in a way to trivialize the most extraordinary moments it witnesses. Another critic has said, "The very framing of these events on that familiar small screen qualifies the reality by miniaturizing them." If television's live witness to great events has come to form much of our communal memory, to the degree that it contracts those happenings, it has come in some fundamentally critical sense, I feel, to alter that collective memory.

There's the popular supposition that, beginning with the Vietnam War, television has made war more immediately real to the populace of any democracy prosecuting it, therefore a recourse far more difficult for a democracy to pursue. But absent from television's small mirror is the true roar, the chaos, the colossal shattering and wildness of the actual experience. Moreover, one analyst who reviewed over a thousand nightly newscasts and documentaries found that up to the Tet Offensive in 1968 television coverage was "lopsidedly favorable" to American policy. Michael Arlen pointed out "a nearly total absence on the nightly newscasts of any explicit reality of the war, certainly of any blood and gore, even in the path of combat." Instead, contrary to the general assumptions, it became evident as early as the Korean War that a democracy will support a limited war only a limited time, and that support begins rapidly dwindling with the rise in casualty count for a purpose that becomes increasingly unclear.

Nevertheless, the illusion that television produced the popular backfire on the war in Vietnam meant that television, in a sense, wound up designing the Gulf War: designing it to be quick, massive and largely conducted on the ground and selectively in the air, in a general privacy. The *New York Times* television critic Walter Goodman has observed, "The Pentagon won ground superiority over the press before it achieved air superiority over the Iraqis." The television mirage of the war that emerged was mostly a proud military pageantry, immaculate of the havoc on the ground. Peter Arnett's reports from Baghdad on the Cable News Network provided only a quick squint at the mayhem that was befalling the population. Responsible estimates of deaths there now range into the hundreds of thousands. Whether this carefully crafted cosmetic image of what we were actually doing over there was necessary or not is another and quite valid question. But it was not the truth.

It's impossible, I think, to detach the question of the truth of television journalism from the general environment of television itself. And it happens to be, consummately, an extra-verbal idiom of reality. Reuven Frank, formerly president of NBC News, said, with some celebration, it's "a totally new dimension" for the "transmission of experience." It is a form of apprehension in which sensation is the substance. Although it was assumed at first that television news reports would be only supplemental to print coverage, the visual soon became its own initiator of television news. Words were often added as the last step, simply as an accessory.

"What about those in the culture of print who cross into the land of television?" asks one commentator. "How then can a citizen of that country [of print] explain a sometime foray into television?" Well, having once made that crossing myself into television's iridescent firmament, I did come by one view from within that other world.

What had originally lured was the prospect of an instant audience in the magnitude of millions, along with a fancy that the medium possessed possibilities for imparting conflict, character and the look and sense of things that were beyond the reach of prose alone. That's what I thought then.

But the actual passage into television became an experience not unlike spilling through some black hole into a totally altered field of time and reality. My initial sense was that of having landed in the ferocious aliveness of some center of measureless energies continuously re-creating the world around it. Large events out in the dim vast reaches beyond television's immediate cluster of production compounds seemed no more than remote shadows that only took on reality when filtering into television's inner editorial hives and being telecast.

My first undertaking was a documentary on the long chain reaction of suspicion between the United States and the Soviet Union that had culminated in their apocalyptic game of escalating nuclear threat. The effort to tell all of that within the contractions of a television hour I found not unlike trying to inhale a half-century of history and then re-utter it in one breath. Simply for the opening I produced a script of some dozen pages, an impossibility of operatic proportions, I soon learned, that occasioned much hilarity and disbelief around the office. But I was caught from that point on in a kind of protracted guerilla skirmishing of words against television's ruling vernacular of simple visual impression. I persisted in these little, rear-guard sallies of prose even after I had recog-

nized the ultimate superfluousness of language in the medium.

In fact, it did not take long to realize that working in television's apparitional dimension of air was a matter of writing on wind — in a ceaseless, bright, electronic gale blowing away all memory of what it touched and what briefly formed within it. One could toil away on a documentary for four or five months — along with researchers, field reporters, directors, camera and sound crews, editors and executive producers — to deliver at last a story that could be not a little moving, occasionally even of no little import. But after the flare of its broadcast, blooming for its intense hour of life on one evening, all of it then instantly blinked away. At the most, among the mammoth number of people over the country who had watched it, there might linger the next day some scattered afterglimmers of memory of a few of its moments. But a week later it was altogether gone, as if it never had been,

The illusion that television produced the popular backfire on the war in Vietnam meant that television, in a sense, wound up designing the Gulf War.

disappearing tracelessly back into television's succession of indistinguishably urgent, unconnected moments forever clamoring by in a petty daily storm of forgetting.

The result of this endless pandemonium of programming is that nothing finally really counts in itself. The importance of all things is depleted. We come to be acquainted with much, while understanding it all very little. It is a kind of existential bedlam, in which each line of thought is instantly replaced by another of apparently equal emphasis. At the same time, the biggest stories of our time — the long, massive decay of the planet's environment and the world's consolidation by international corporations into one global business community — tend to be reported by television only in generalized glimpses lacking the life and authenticity of the particular and personal. Such megastories tend to elude television's flash-strobe attentions.

There is, accordingly, little sense in television of true beginnings. Here in America, for instance, however familiar and even tiresomely repeated by now, it

remains the case that the fundamental crisis of our time is that of race. At least as early as Jefferson, the recognition was emerging that the American political adventure, conceived in such largeness of spirit and possibility, may have also conceived its undoing when the first black man in chains set his foot on this continent's shore. That aboriginal crime has been with us ever since, its legacy accounting for continuing travails, the Civil War being merely the most seismic and bloody. But its effects have proliferated down through succeeding generations, not only in both black and white society, but more, in the black and white psyche, to such an extent that those effects no longer seem to have any direct connection to the primal crime that began them. So we, and particularly those of us who are white, have no sense of how we continue to be implicated in its legacy.

Since the transformations worked by the King phase of the civil rights movement, the crisis has evolved into a more elusive and subtle complex of tensions. While most of our laws and institutions of racism have been nominally abolished, and our popular culture, from beauty pageants to television sitcoms, would seem substantially integrated now, the fact remains that virtually every social duress in this country — poverty, hunger, crime, drugs, family disintegration, generational imprisonment in the underclass — still carries a racial complexion. Who can seriously question that in this short span of only 30 years, after 350 of slavery and its sequel of segregation, the lingering legacy of racism is still acting to lock masses of blacks into those conditions? And so we remain largely divided into two Americas, racially drawn and estranged from each other.

Most critically, in our inner cities there steadily expands a kind of Third World society, a population of inner exiles, like our own Palestinians. Empty of any sense of possibilities or connection to the rest of the country, millions of those James Baldwin once described as "the most dangerous creation of any society, that man who has nothing to lose," have an enormous revolutionary potential. It is, in fact, fearful to ponder what might ensue if the distraction and anesthesia of drugs were ever actually removed from those combustible masses of unhoping black youths.

But the distance of most whites from any sense of source for the consequences they now behold was revealed by a local, white newscaster during the upheavals in Los Angeles last spring. With a pale, blank peer into the camera, he kept insisting, "Now, people, remember, what you're watching, this is not about civil rights. Let's remember, this is about hoodlums and lawlessness."

Thus has the scale of the legacy of slavery continued to escape the periscope notice of television journalism.

While television's kingdom of air is filled with a huge and everlasting turbulence of competition, it all constitutes in the end a colossal turmoil over nuances. According to James B. Twitchell in *Carnival Culture*, four-fifths of the news stories covered by all three major networks have very little variation in presentation. Although CNN has provided an occasionally more serviceable sort of immediate news fare, ultimately all networks behave as one, as do all shows within a genre — whether newscasts or sitcoms or talk shows or drama series. What produces this sameness is, finally, the mass market mentality of all commercial television. "The product of commercial television is not programs," says Reuven Frank. "Programs are not what [advertisers] buy. What they buy, what they pay for, is audience. . . . The programs are the machinery that makes the product."

The annexation of the three major networks by corporate interests in the mid-eighties simply brought to a climactic resolution the drift of mass television from its old concept as a public trust to a final, open consolidation as a commercial operation. For instance, the corporate theology at GE, which bought NBC, frankly held the idea of any overriding public trust in network broadcasting to be "a romanticized notion." GE's chairman Jack Welch said, "The public trust required in the consumer business is often greater anyway. What if one of our refrigerators blows up?" The man Welch installed as NBC president, Bob Wright, brought with him the sensibilities of a long executive career in financial services, plastics marketing and housewares. His initial approach on taking over direction of one the nation's three main networks was, according to a GE adviser, to look for analogies to other businesses, one inspiration that came to him being a department store. It's all, in short, simply another field of merchandising.

One effect of this corporate merchant mentality of the networks was the final evolution of television journalism into a consumer industry. Actually, a commercial instinct had all along informed evaluations of its on-air figures, like the relentlessly mild Hugh Downs. Downs, says Frank, "had few pretensions to journalism as a trade," having originally served as a pluckily long-suffering straight man to twits of Jack Paar on the "Tonight Show." When Downs some years later indicated an inclination to cease hosting the "Today Show," the network's accountants "added up what Downs' exit would cost in lost revenue and

pronounced it a black day for journalism. Downs was popular. Downs did commercials."

Whenever the new corporate custodians talk about "quality," one NBC news producer told author Ken Auletta, "they are talking about the 'quality' of the payoff to the network." What journalists mean by quality and calling and credibility is glossolalia to the corporate mind. This compulsion for quantity accounting was sublimely expressed once by CBS's proprietor Larry Tisch when he fumed that the CBS News budget had tripled in less than a decade "with no additional news."

As a result of this bookkeepers' approach, news soon began to be measured against the profit performance of entertainment programs. And from that calculation it was only a short distance to the final closing of the old, supposedly sacrosanct divide in television between news broadcasts, presumably presentations of the important realities of the times, and entertainment productions. Bill Moyers, who was then at CBS, later reflected, "Our center of gravity shifted to show business. In meeting after meeting 'Entertainment Tonight' was touted as the model: breezy, entertaining, undemanding."

One consequence was that the traditional documentary form, which had been an effort to bring to the daily din and clutter of television newscasting some fuller understanding, was largely turned into the confetti of what is called "infotainment." With tabloid television already booming in syndication — interview pieces on child molesters, racists, satan worshipers, priestesses of prostitution, freaks of the week — something similar began to infiltrate network television as well, and to similar swells in ratings. Also displacing the documentary were the short form, snack news magazine shows like "Prime Time Live" and "reality programming," like "Forty-Eight Hours," with a SWAT team of correspondents dispatched to swarm all over a story for two days in a kind of car-crash journalism.

Taken all together, there seems to be emerging an uncanny fulfillment of the surreal vision of the film "Network." At NBC Welch urged "a boundariless" blending of news and entertainment. Other executives complain of the news's detachment from other divisions "as if it were somehow special" and insist that sales and entertainment become more closely involved in major news productions. Wright even once exuberantly proposed that Don Johnson of "Miami Vice" host a documentary on AIDS and that Bill Cosby anchor another one on schoolteachers. That would, he enthused, "attract a 40 share."

Fundamentally at work in these various manifestations of the corporate marketing

mentality, of course, has been an obsession with the minimal mass common denominator. Beyond consulting Hollywood psychics (a past president of ABC retained a Hollywood psychic for regular consultations on scheduling and scripts), networks began regularly resorting to the famed "focus groups" of market research. Miscellaneous assortments of citizens were assembled to react to a program by turning an opinion dial, a kind of electrocardiogram of a show, with wires running from the dials to an elevated computer that graphed the pulses of sentiment below. From these technological seances, "audience manipulation consultants gauged what interested the biggest possible number," Frank says, and advised even news producers "how to cover those subjects and thus attract a larger audience and charge more for commercials."

It's as if, James Twitchell observes in his book, "Homer does not know what to tell except by checking the electric scorecard." But as it happens, such audience soundings have merely measured reactions to the choices supplied them by the networks themselves out of their own general assumption about the essential puerility of viewers' mentality. The problem is that the actual brightness of television audiences is probably underestimated by television programmers. While I worked at ABC, one news executive was constantly admonishing us to never forget to temper our documentaries to "that mechanic in Akron, watching with a six-pack of Pabst while his kids are yelling around him." But the circular effect of such minimal-based suppositions about the mind of the audience is that they become self-fulfilling, self-confirming. It all then becomes the basest mass television for the basest mass audience, thereby producing a general degradation of the sensibility of the national viewership — and so proving its cynicism.

That is finally the serious matter — how television's little trick mirror is refiguring the world, forming it after its peculiar electronic mirage of reality. And surely this is nowhere more evident than in politics. The original hope for television was, of course, that it would serve as a reinvigoration of our democracy. It seemed that television might work as a kind of X-ray to the very center of public figures' souls, however that center might be disguised, whether they be Henry Kissinger or Edward Kennedy or a televangelist. But its dubious effect before long was merely to condition politicians to refine their arts for shamming. They simply, like Nixon, began to sedulously style themselves to the medium's artificialities. And television's supposed power to discern a candidate's true nature was hardly the case with Jack Kennedy, as we now know.

Kennedy was so successful simply because others like Nixon had not his nimbleness, his impermeable sheen for television. Ronald Reagan probably constituted the consummate personification of the television reality, a kind of Max Headroom president. With Reagan performing himself, his presidency became almost totally television theater, and the actuality was organized around him to annotate, to illustrate his image.

To a certain extent, television journalism has even begun to restyle print journalism after its own electronic nature. The ultimate case of this mutant printed television would be *USA Today*, with its quick, little eyeblink features designed for the concentration span of a sparrow. But in time, even the *New York Times* began resorting to snazzier and flashier headlines, while the news magazines have moved toward more summary snack pieces.

To be sure, there have been within television, as even in Sodom, those few relatively righteous to be found. Among them should probably be counted the ponderously earnest Bill Moyers, who over the years has become every middlebrow's favorite highbrow. Too, there have abided, wit and spirit and dignity somewhat worn but persevering, Charles Kuralt and the redoubtably astute and droll David Brinkley. But for the most part, even those individuals of some apparent gravity who enter the great electronic philistia of television begin sooner or later to partake of the medium — or rather it begins to partake of them.

Yet one can, though dimly sensing this is happening, continue to hang in the daze of television's hectic, dazzling void, still somehow entranced by that old whimsy about its possibilities. But suddenly realizing at some point that I had been milling away in the glittering airy tumults of television for over seven years, I took a look back over my shoulder and — ghostly discovery —

there were no footprints back there. No trace whatsoever of my having traveled through that expanse of time. That unsettling recognition, coinciding as it serendipitously did with other circumstances, served to loose me at last from television's shimmering thrall to try to resume simply writing again. What I found over the succeeding months, though, was for those once wandering in the great blowing brilliant haze of television, there is no easy return passage.

Although print journalism happens to be free of the constrictions and permutations imposed by the technology of television, it is still largely subject, as a means of telling the truth, to the quick everyday vernacular. For example, shortly after Iraq invaded Kuwait, Hussein took in hand all foreign nationals that were in his country,

Computer illustrations created by Zeb Maxz Morton. Image of Jesse Jackson provided by Owen Riley, Jr.



a huge number of hostages. Jesse Jackson set out to Baghdad to secure their release, and I went with him because I was then writing an article about him for the *New Yorker*. Over the course of four or five days Jackson negotiated with Saddam, mostly indirectly but on two occasions directly. Hussein was likely already disposed to release some of the foreign nationals and Jackson provided the means for him to do that without seeming to comply with U.S. and Allied demands.

Toward the end of their second meeting, he told Jackson, "In honor of my respect for you as a man, I'm going to release seven of the alleged sick Americans." Jackson said, "Well, thank you, Mr. President. What about the women and children?" Saddam said, "How many are you talking about?" Jackson said, "All of them, Mr. President," and he proceeded to bargain Saddam up from the original handful that he was prepared to release.

The next day we flew to Kuwait City to pick up some of the hostages, many of whom had been hiding but had been called into the Embassy once the deal began to develop. By this time, there were hostages waiting at the Baghdad airport, and two or three additional planes were scheduled to fly out in what had amplified now into a wholesale exodus of the foreign nationals.

We were at a hotel in Kuwait City, about to pick up the hostages at the Embassy across the street, and Jackson continued to negotiate, still increasing the numbers. With the lobby swarming with Iraqi security agents, Jackson called me over and said he had heard there was a woman upstairs on the third floor who also wanted to leave. He said, "Go up as unobtrusively as you can so those chaps do not discern anything happening and knock on the door. See if she has an American passport and if she does, tell her that she can come with us."

As things turned out, she insisted that Jackson come up to assure her that everything would be all right with the Iraqis, and he did so. By this time, this unusual activity had caught the attention of the security agents and they followed Jackson to the room. When the woman saw them, her face glazed over with a look of doom. The agents said she could not leave because she had been hiding in this room. Jackson said, "Well, let's go back downstairs and talk about this." As we headed for the elevator to go downstairs and begin these negotiations, he said, "Have you ever heard the parable of the ninety-nine and one? The ninety-nine gathered into the fold, but there is still that one lost. She's the one. All the others are gathered in now. They're waiting at the Baghdad Airport and across the street at the Embassy. They're safe. They're getting out. She is still stranded. She's still lost."

There were telephone calls to Baghdad from the manager's office in the lobby, trying to reach Saddam, all to no avail. Then Jackson motioned over the men in charge of the security agents and Saddam's interpreter, who had come with us, and he told the interpreter, "Tell these fellows, if she doesn't go, I don't go. Tell them I had a very productive talk with the President last night and we worked out this arrangement and it has continued to expand. There are these good feelings and good spirits now. If it all goes amiss with this technicality, I don't think he's going to be very happy. But if she doesn't go, I'm not going." She was released and we shortly began the long flight with them all — over a thousand — out of Iraq.

It was a feat, if I've ever beheld one, of tact, diplomacy, energy, imagination, moral adventure, moral imagination. It was just absolutely extraordinary. And yet it was dismissed by the press, if noted at all. I think it was partly because, after Jackson's long, obsessive skirmishing over the years to somehow transfigure himself into a public moral hero, there has set in almost an allergy in the press to his ceaseless eagerness for their recognition. One journalist remarked afterward, "It was just Jackson showboating and grandstanding again."

But mostly, I think the press's treatment of Jackson is caused by the difficulty of daily journalism to reflect fully a character of Jackson's deeply contradictory complications. Although Jackson's notion about it is that "they're just moral midgets," I think that daily journalism is almost by its nature necessarily superficial and, thus, a caricature. What was reported about Jackson was factual, but it wasn't all, it was hardly the truth about what happened.

Which is to say that the sort of truth we are talking about is not one simply of facts. You can't have the whole truth without an integrity of facts, but facts do not necessarily make up the final, the whole, the fullest truth we are talking about, the whole truth about a character, a conflict, a tragedy, an irony — the whole truth about life that we come closest to actually in Flaubert and Tolstoy and Graham Greene, Hawthorne, Faulkner, Shakespeare. That's one reason I maintain that the natural habitat for that possibility for truth remains print.

The first inklings I had about this possibility came to me when I read what Truman Capote called his "nonfiction novel," *In Cold Blood*. Later, around 1965 at the University of Iowa, someone observed that Norman Mailer was probably this nation's greatest journalist, and for the first time I began considering the larger pos-

sibilities of journalism. It was the first rumor that the novel, or literature, and journalism might manage, and sensationally so, to take up with each other, to keep house together. The idea was to narrate the events and the passions of our times with all the full-throttle dramatic and perceptual energy and language that a novelist and playwright would bring to bear — that is, to tell the truth wholly about a man or a woman or a matter as, ideally, Tolstoy or Chekhov or Ibsen might if he were telling it.

As I was later to find, there are deep and myriad problems lurking in this fancy — this by now long-running, hybrid experiment which has come to be called high journalism, new journalism, total journalism, participatory or experiential journalism. That it goes by so many names may be one indication of its profound dubiousness, this unchurched coupling of two literary genres. Yet I think some have come close to its possibilities. Tom Wolfe, for instance, in *The Right Stuff*, and of course Mailer, especially in *Armies of the Night*.

Faulkner mentioned something once about trying "to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before." Why should not journalism, no less than fiction, try to discover in the old truths of the human heart something in a personality or conflict never quite realized and told before? It's been that possibility that, however dimly and unevenly, I have really been after in journalism, beginning on the Furman campus.

Nothing else would have been worth it than that possibility. And to draw close to it — no, not even to draw close to it necessarily, but just simply to try — I've found the best of all striving. □

This article was adapted from a speech delivered by Marshall Frady at Furman last October as part of the Alfred Sandlin Reid Lectures in the Humanities series. A noted author and journalist who graduated from Furman in 1963, Frady has returned to print journalism after working for ABC News as a correspondent for "Nightline" and as chief writer and correspondent for "Closeup." While at ABC, he won a number of awards for his documentaries, including two Emmys. Before going to ABC, he had worked for Newsweek, the Saturday Evening Post and Harper's and his articles have appeared in many other publications. Now living in Sherman Oaks, Calif., he is a staff writer for the New Yorker. He is the author of several books, and his latest work, a biography of Jesse Jackson, will be published soon by Random House.

FURMAN STUDENTS

1 • 9 • 9 • 3

Who are they?

Although today's students are more concerned with matters that affect them directly than students in the seventies, there is some resurgence of interest in the welfare of others.

Are Furman students today much different from those you knew when you were here? Maybe not, if you look below the surface. First, consider these statistics about current students:

- The 2,474 undergraduates and 465 graduate students represent 40 states and 21 foreign countries. The majority come from the Southeast, with about 45 percent from South Carolina and 40 percent from Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia combined.
- Approximately 93 percent are Caucasian. Nearly 4 percent are African-American, about 2 percent are Asian, and less than 1 percent are Hispanic.
- The largest number of students are Baptist, and the next largest numbers are Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic.
- The majority have family incomes

of \$60,000 or more. A third have family incomes of over \$100,000.

- The most popular majors, including intended majors of freshmen and sophomores, are in this order: economics and business administration, biology, education, political science, psychology, English,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE REGISTER

music, history and chemistry.

Politically, almost 40 percent of freshmen describe themselves as conservative and 37 percent as middle-of-the-road. Their most important life objectives are to raise a family, help others in difficulty and become an authority in their field.

Vice President for Student Services Harry Shucker, who has been working with students for 25 years, says that today's students are more concerned with matters that affect them directly, such as jobs and career advancement, than students in the seventies. However, he does see a resurgence of interest in the welfare of others and in causes such as diversity, women's awareness and the environment.

While facts and trends don't tell you much about individuals, the following profiles of seven students will give you an idea of what some current students are like.

AN INTERNATIONAL PERSPECTIVE

Kristie Prinz

Having grown up in Knoxville, Tenn., where the University of Tennessee dominates the educational scene, Kristie Prinz knew what the term “big-school atmosphere” meant.

So when it came time to think about college, she figured small was better — at least for her. “In high school, I had a 4.0 grade-point average — but all I did was study,” she says. “I was determined not to follow that pattern in college, and I thought I would participate in more activities at a smaller school.”

Furman entered the picture when she was named a Furman Scholar. Besides its academic reputation, Prinz was attracted to its small classes and foreign study offerings. “I decided that I would get more out of school here, that I could get involved and still keep my studies up,” she says.

So far, her expectations have been confirmed. She heads into her junior year as news editor of the *Paladin*, the student newspaper, but she’ll delay that assignment until she returns from Fall Term in Spain. She’s a

member of the Spanish and German clubs, has volunteered with Collegiate Educational Service Corps, and has participated in the Organization of African Unity program.

She also surprised herself, she says, by joining a sorority. She admits she arrived at Furman with a “negative image” of sororities, believing they were too interested in extra-curricular activities and not concerned enough with academics. But in Theta sorority, she discovered the right group for her.

Prinz was one of 26 pledges who helped revitalize Theta last year after its membership had dwindled to only nine. “I liked that it was small, that it wasn’t a hard-partying crowd,” she says. “It was clearly a group that I could do something with and yet it wouldn’t be so demanding of my time.” Then she adds with a smile, “My attitude about sororities has really improved.”

A political science major with a strong interest in languages, especially Spanish and German, Prinz plans to pursue a career with an international flavor. She has already looked into Georgetown University’s graduate program in international law, a four-year program that, she says, would give her more career options because she would earn degrees in both law and international affairs.

For now, Prinz is determined to profit as much as she can from her undergraduate years. She sees her work with the *Paladin*, for example, as more than just an opportunity to improve her writing ability; it’s a chance, she says, “to meet and talk to a lot of different people, to develop my interviewing technique, and to handle responsibility.” Clearly, she expects to use these skills again someday.

And given her interest in languages — and her various pen pals throughout the world — it’s not surprising that she chose to live with Kasia Hagemajer, a native of Poland, this year. Discussing this experience and the chance it provided to meet other foreign students and hear their perspectives leads Prinz to comment on diversity in general at Furman.

“Under the surface, there’s more diversity here than people think, although not everyone makes the effort to find it,” she says. “But if you get involved, you meet a lot of different people and come face to face with many different ideas.”

The result, she says, is that she is constantly re-evaluating her own opinions and beliefs. For a serious student like Kristie Prinz, that may be the best education of all.

—Jim Stewart



Kristie Prinz says that she first became interested in political science during her freshman year, when she took a class in World Politics with Dr. Don Gordon.

THE BEST USE OF HIS GIFTS

Bobby Rampey

Standing more than six feet tall, fully bearded and given to wearing plaid shirts, Bobby Rampey looks less like a Furman student than a woodsman...or a poet. Yet he has just finished his senior year and earned the distinction of winning a prestigious Andrew W. Mellon Fellowship in Humanistic Studies.

Although he planned to major in computer science-mathematics when he entered Furman as a junior in 1991, he discovered that he could not schedule enough course work in that field to graduate in two years, so he decided to major in English instead.

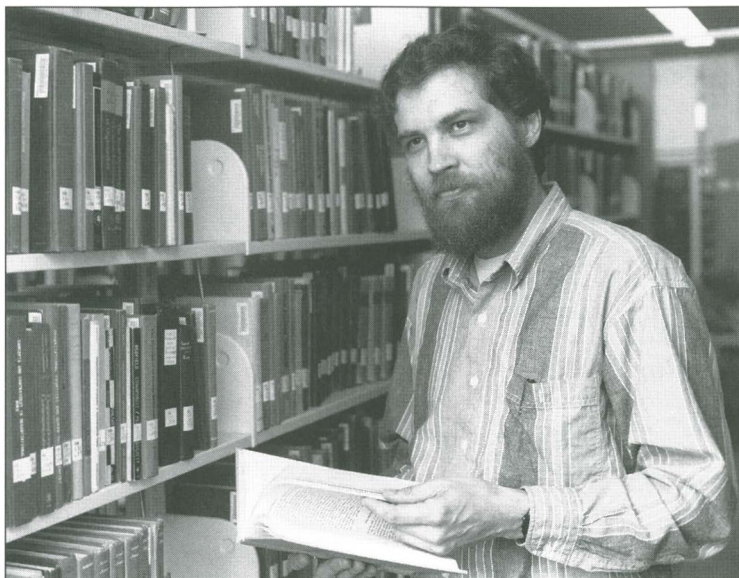
This last-minute change in majors did not bother him at all.

"I was always interested in English and literature and mathematics," he says. "At one point I thought I wanted to do just mathematics, because I really like working on problems where you see complex patterns and put them together. But I think that's valid in studies of literature, too. You can use a lot of mathematical-type thinking to look at texts. Balance between phrases is really a geometrical idea. Repetition, rhyme and rhythm all have mathematical elements."

During the past 16 years, Rampey's life has taken a number of unexpected turns, which he explains carefully. Although he made high grades at Carolina High School in Greenville and attended the first Governor's School of South Carolina in 1976, he dropped out of school just six weeks before graduation.

"I got really frustrated with school in my senior year," he says. "My best friend got involved in drugs pretty heavily, and I guess I became pretty much a loner. I was really withdrawn and kind of angry and ended up dropping out. It was a big mistake. I'm sure I hurt my family."

For the next few years, he read a lot and worked at odd jobs, such as installing insulation and cleaning office buildings. In 1982, he started doing volunteer work at the Marshall I. Pickens psychiatric hospital because a friend taught there in the Children's Program. At first he headed a basketball program for children aged 10 to 13, and eventually he was offered a job as a teacher's aide and an athletic counselor.



An avid reader since childhood, Bobby Rampey is interested in language in general because he believes it affects how people relate to each other.

At Marshall Pickens he met Judy Hanna, who also taught there, and they were married in 1986. Explaining how his life began to change, he says, "My wife was a Christian, but I was not. I was really angry and anti-Christian. But I did the dutiful husband thing and took her to church, and I was saved the winter after we were married. That took away a lot of my stubbornness about going back to school. I realized I was not using the gifts that I had been given."

Having received his High School Equivalency Certificate a few years earlier, he decided to investigate the possibility of coming to Furman and made an appointment with Carey Thompson, then assistant director of admissions. Thompson advised him to go to Greenville Tech and then transfer to Furman. Rampey entered the college transfer program at Tech in 1988, received his associate's degree in 1991 and entered Furman on an Alden Scholarship, which paid his full tuition.

"I really had no idea how I could pay to come to Furman," he says. "If I hadn't gotten a scholarship, I wouldn't have come because I couldn't afford it at all."

In spite of some anxiety at first, Rampey soon began to feel at home at Furman and made very good grades. "I think what I've learned is to seek out professors and establish personal relationships with them," he says. "That's a scary thing to do, but otherwise I would have continued to be very intimidated here."

After taking two courses with Dr. John Crabtree, Rampey decided to study Renaissance literature in graduate school and to teach in college. This fall he will enter the Ph.D. program in English at Rutgers University, where all of his first-year expenses will be paid by the Mellon Fellowship.

Ever since he started to work at Marshall Pickens, Rampey has known that he wanted to teach, although he assumed then that he would probably teach in high school. Now he believes he can learn from all of his experiences to be a better teacher.

"Working with emotionally handicapped kids at Marshall Pickens trained me to think in

a certain way," he says. "We always tried to catch them doing something good. I think that's just as important with advanced kids because there's always the tension between performance and potential. I think tapping their potential is what we're called to do. It's exciting and meaningful work."

He believes one way students can be taught to succeed is through the use of language. "I will urge students to read carefully and pay attention to details. Students need to learn to write a sentence. My job will be to bring specimens of great sentences to class and talk about what would happen if we moved a word here or took out a phrase there. At the end of the year I will want my students to give me samples of their own work that I can share with the next class. I can say, 'Look at this. It has a nice tonal quality or it makes a really compact statement or it creates a nice image.'"

Bobby Rampey's own writing has impressed others, especially those who have read his essay for the Mellon competition. He also writes poetry but prefers not to talk about it, saying only that he hopes one day to publish the poems he has been working on for the past 10 years.

Although he dreads leaving Greenville and his church, as well as the people he works with as a volunteer, he believes he can use his gifts best by attending Rutgers and preparing to teach. And who knows what new direction his life may take next?

—Marguerite Hays

ON THE ROAD TO MED SCHOOL

Herbert Myles, Jr.

Ask most Furman students what they do to escape from the books, and they're likely to offer a pretty standard set of responses: "Head to the gym." "Hang out." "Sleep."

Ask Herbert Myles, Jr. (or "June," from the Jr.), and you'll also get what at first sounds like a stock answer: "I go to McDonald's." The twist is, he's not there to eat. He's there to cook.

"I do it mainly to take a break," says Myles, who this year worked 15 or so hours a week at the University Square branch of the fast-food champion. "People ask me why, and I just say I like to keep busy." Besides, the extra money doesn't hurt, and he has met some nice people there.

His grill work certainly hasn't affected his studies. A biology major, Myles was one of 12 members of the junior class elected to Phi Beta Kappa during spring term. Such credentials won't exactly hurt his plans to attend medical school. For now, the Medical University of South Carolina and Duke are high on his list, and he's leaning toward anesthesiology as a specialty.

This summer, Myles is in Washington, D.C., conducting research in immunology at the United States Naval Research Laboratory. Dr. Lew Stratton of the biology department, who has worked in the research lab for several summers, helped him arrange the position.

Myles says he chose Furman primarily because of its academic reputation. And being from Rock Hill, S.C., 100 miles or so down the road, he says Furman was "not too far away from home, but just far enough."

His home at Furman has been the biology department, for which he has nothing but the highest praise. He says, "When I came here I was interested in the sciences, but at first I was undecided between biology and chemistry. I chose biology because the faculty was so encouraging, personable and willing to help."

Myles is active in Beta Chi (the biology club), the Carolinas & Ohio Science Education Network, and intramural sports. He also sings with the university's gospel choir, which presents programs both on campus and in the Greenville community.

As for other aspects of university life, he voices similar concerns to those that African-American students, past and present, have expressed for years. He says that although the university offers much in the classroom, it needs to pay more attention to minority interests and perspectives.

One way to improve the climate for black

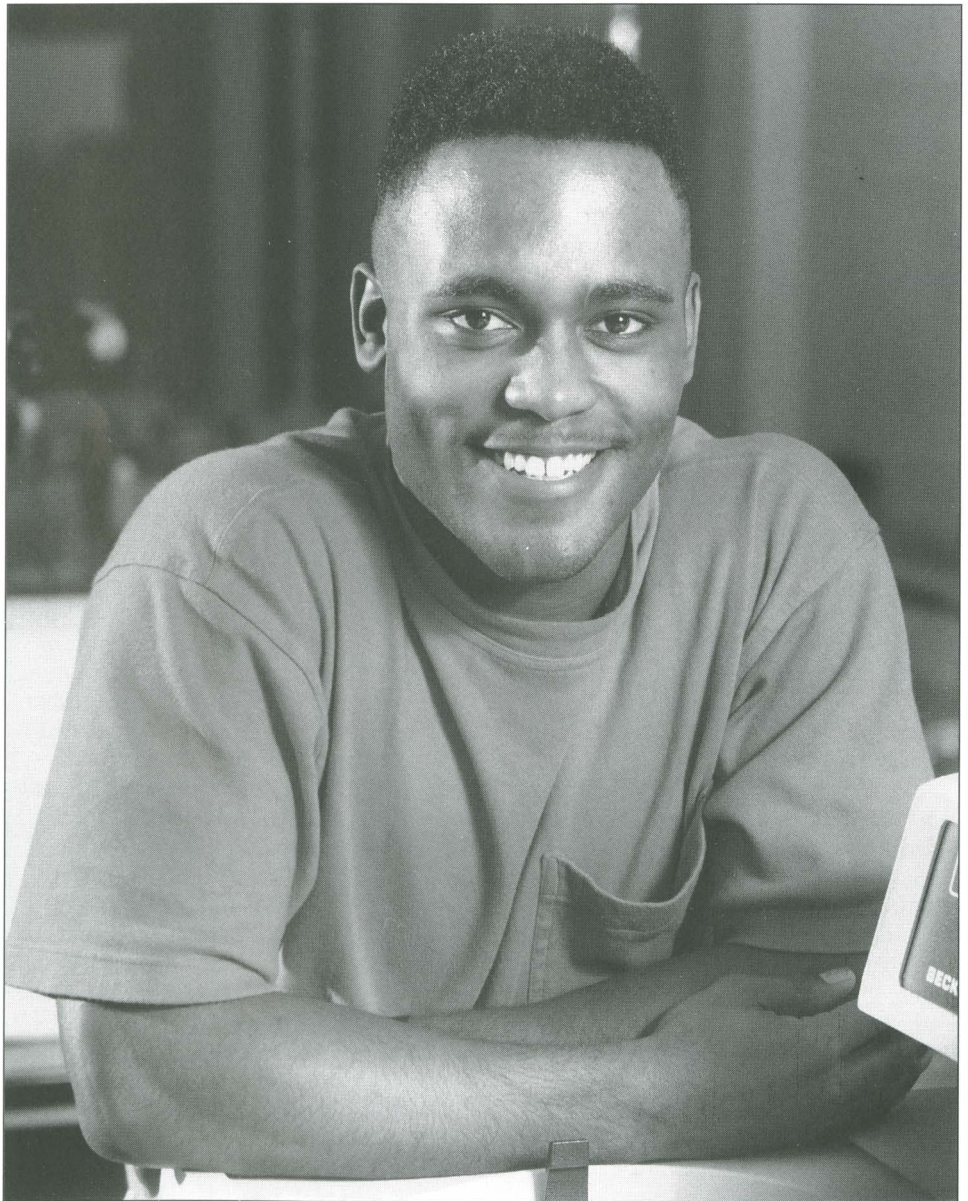
students, he suggests, is by reaching out to local minorities. The isolation blacks tend to feel on campus is heightened, he believes, by the estrangement he senses between the university and minorities in Greenville. "There is a perception [among local African-Americans] that Furman is not a place for minorities," he says.

This breach in town-gown relations is evident, he says, in the reaction the gospel choir, a predominantly black group, evokes when it performs at an African-American church. "The look on people's faces says, 'You mean Furman has a gospel ensemble?'"

Then when as many as 20 of us show up to sing, they seem shocked that we're that big a group." Strengthening relations with the community, he reasons, would help to raise the comfort level for minorities on campus.

Although he believes Furman has some work to do outside the gates, he has seen progress among his fellow students. "There is more diversity in the student body than when I came three years ago," he says. "There are more minorities, more organizations, and more of a willingness among students to change."

—Jim Stewart



Although Herbert Myles spends most of his time in science classes, he enjoyed the chance to take a course in African literature this spring with Dr. Cherie Maiden.

TEACHER AT HEART

Alex Ohrel

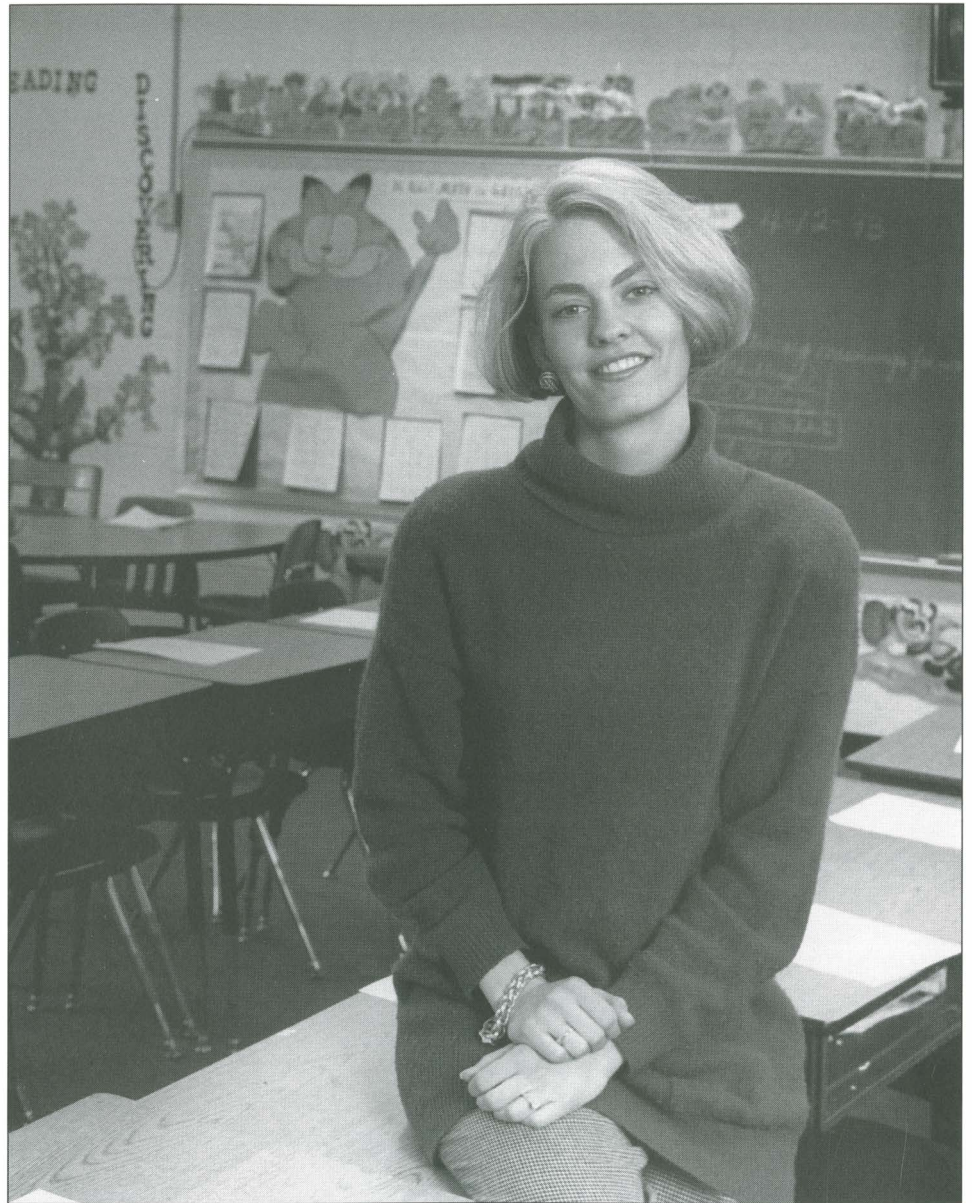
When Alex Ohrel entered Furman, she knew she wanted to be a teacher and she even knew the fields she wanted to be certified in. But she had no idea that four years later she would want to teach in a low-income neighborhood.

Like so many Furman students who come from middle-class backgrounds, she knew nothing about low-income neighborhoods and the children who live there. Just since coming to Furman — by working as a Collegiate Educational Service Corps volunteer and by studying about social problems — has she become aware of the great needs of children who grow up in poverty. And when she began to think about looking for a job this spring, she decided to apply to schools in inner-city neighborhoods, where she might be needed most.

A tall blonde, with a soft voice and a lovely smile, she seems to be the kind of teacher students would adore. But if student teaching is any indication, she says, she will have to be firm because some students try to see how much they can get away with. “I don’t know if my fifth graders liked me very much after I put my foot down,” she says, smiling.

Ohrel came to Furman from Columbia, Pa., because she wanted to get away from familiar surroundings and she had seen the campus while visiting a friend in Greenville. From the day she arrived, she felt at home because people were so friendly. “I told myself I was going to get involved right away and I did — to the point where I called my mother one time and told her I’d joined something else and she said, ‘If you join one more thing, I’m coming to get you. You’re supposed to be there to study!’”

During her four years at Furman, she was a Freshman Adviser and a member of numerous organizations, including the University Chorus, Delphian Society, Student Alumni Council, Council for Exceptional Children and Senior Order. With CESC, she tutored in an elementary school, served as coordinator of a program for low-income children and was co-chairperson of the entire program during her junior year. As chairperson of Speakers Bureau her senior year, she and a committee of students put together a symposium, titled “Schools in Crisis: Blueprint for Change,” that included a series of lectures and panel discussions and brought to campus well-known author Jonathon Kozol and Dr. Ernest Boyer, president of the American Council on Education.



Alex Ohrel is hoping to teach this fall in an inner-city neighborhood in Birmingham, Ala.

Also during her senior year, she did student teaching in both elementary and special education and accompanied a group of high school students to England for *Parade* magazine. And she was on the dean’s list.

Heading the symposium and serving as co-chairperson of CESC were the highlights of her college years, she says. She enjoyed working on the symposium because it gave her the opportunity to organize an event that students had never held before. But CESC had a much more profound effect.

“CESC really changed my whole perspective on life,” she says. “I had never seen

the things you see when you get involved in CESC. After my freshman year, I went home and called the United Way and joined the Big Brother-Big Sister Program. Before I came to Furman, I didn’t know you could do that or that there is such a great need.”

Engaged to Furman graduate Mason Kocher, who works in Birmingham, Ala., she hopes to teach children in an inner-city neighborhood in Birmingham next fall. She says she hopes to be able to continue serving others the rest of her life.

— Marguerite Hays

MORE THAN MATH ON HER MIND

Kara Finley

Kara Finley talks fast, as a mathematician would. She speaks of Item Response Theory and psychometrics as if they were everyday terms.

When she tries to explain a complicated math problem, she smiles and her brown eyes sparkle. Yes, she replies politely to an inane question, she seldom uses numbers exclusively.

A rising senior from Marietta, Ga., Finley will study discrete probability this summer at Michigan Technological University in Houghton, and at Duke University last summer she helped to evaluate a new way of teaching calculus. Yet math is just one of her many interests.

Active in student government, she has represented her junior class and the Residence Hall Council in the Association of Furman Students, and she will be treasurer of AFS next year. She has been a tour guide for the Admissions Office, head resident in

Townes Residence Hall and a volunteer in the Collegiate Educational Service Corps. She plays on Furman's women's soccer team and enjoys intramural sports.

During her freshman year, she pledged a sorority. "The Delphians were a group I really enjoyed and fit into," she says. "I liked their diversity. A lot of them are interested in issues and what's going on at Furman. And then there's service. Once a month we go to a nursing home and put on a party for people who have birthdays that month. We adopt a highway. We work in mini-parks.

"The reason I like the sorority system at Furman is that it can be very important in someone's life, but it doesn't have to be their entire life. I have a lot of friends who are not in sororities and a lot of friends who are in other sororities."

Finley is the kind of student who takes full advantage of the opportunities at Fur-

man. Through COSEN, the Carolinas & Ohio Science Education Network which promotes science and mathematics among minorities and women, she was chosen to do research in the Institute of Statistics and Decision Sciences at Duke last summer. She was also one of 37 Furman students selected to present papers at the National Conference on Undergraduate Research in Salt Lake City this spring. With the help of Dr. Robert Fray, chair of the mathematics department, she received a grant from the National Science Foundation to do research at Michigan Tech this summer.

At Furman she has become interested in women's issues. She served as a teaching assistant in a women's studies course, and she is co-chair of Students for Women's Awareness. During Women's History Month, this organization sponsored a series of events on a variety of topics, including career opportunities and health concerns.

Finley came to Furman partly because she had heard good things about the math department and partly because she was offered several scholarships, including a Wylie Scholarship in Mathematics. But the main reason she picked Furman was that she liked it best. "I came to spend a weekend at Furman and I realized I enjoyed the students here most," she says. "I was offered a full scholarship to another college, but I decided I would rather come to Furman."

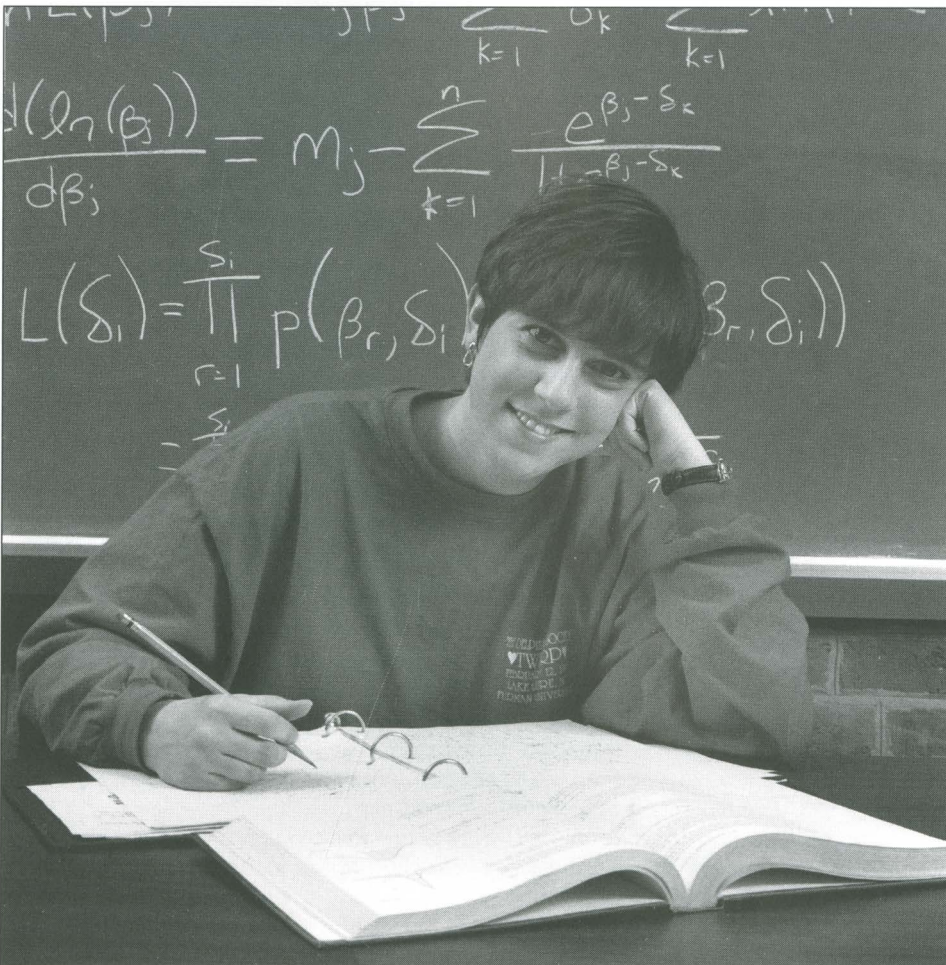
After three years, she has high praise for Furman's math department. She hopes to teach mathematics or statistics, probably on the college level.

Besides math, she has most enjoyed courses in religion, psychology, sociology, philosophy and other subjects that involve class discussion. "Although I'm probably much better at science and mathematics than writing, I really enjoyed my English 11 course because we had such interesting discussions," she says.

As she listens to discussions of ideas and issues, she tries to be open-minded and pay attention to what other people have to say. Although she may not agree with their ideas, she respects their right to hold opinions that may be entirely different from her own. In fact, she thinks getting to know people with different points of view has been an important part of her education.

After three years, she still believes "the best thing about Furman is the people."

—Marguerite Hays



Kara Finley will decide next year whether to specialize in statistics or some other field of mathematics.

A NEED TO BE HEARD

Erik Neely

Plenty of students come to Furman and “get involved” in campus life. But few embrace as broad a range of activities as Erik Neely has.

In his first two years of college, Neely’s eclectic interests have extended to student publications (*Echo* staff, *Paladin* guest columnist), debating (award-winning member of debate squad), Collegiate Educational Service Corps, athletics (football), and any number of other committees and organizations.

There is one small problem here: given that he has limited time to pursue his seemingly unlimited interests, Neely must make choices. One such choice was to give up football after his freshman year, even though he enjoyed the sport and praises the program.

“I decided it was too much of a time burden — not in terms of grades or getting work done, because those are compatible at Furman, but because I thought it was important to be involved in other activities,” says Neely, who played on the defensive line. “I am able to do many things now that I couldn’t do last year.”

He has not, however, allowed his extracurricular pursuits to interfere with his school work; he tackles academics with equal enthusiasm. He says, “One of the wonderful things about Furman is that the departments are so strong and the courses so well-taught, you become engrossed in subjects that are outside your real interests.” He has decided to major in history, and he may add English as a double major.

And the more he learns, the more he hopes to share with others. He says, “I want to talk to people. I have a need to have my voice heard.” That much is apparent from his career interests: professor, journalist, novelist.

His writing skills are already well-developed, as his contributions to the *Paladin* reveal. He moves easily from light-hearted fare, such as a tale of a snowbound weekend in Virginia, to more serious commentaries on such issues as freedom of expression and trial by media. His columns are typically laced with humor and sarcasm, and his opinions tend to place him to the left of center.

“I think I am less conservative than the majority of the Furman population,” he says, “but I don’t think there are irreconcilable differences.”

His most controversial *Paladin* piece focused on the “Diamond Girls,” a group organized to support the baseball team. In a biting column, Neely argued that the name and the purpose of the organization made it unfairly exclusive, inherently sexist and demeaning to women. In heated responses, the



A Spartanburg resident, Erik Neely is the fourth member of his immediate family to attend Furman. His parents Kirk and Clare both graduated in 1966, and his brother, Kirk, Jr., finished this year.

group’s organizer (a female member of the athletic staff) countered that it actually allowed women to be included in an all-male sport, and a member of the baseball team attacked Neely’s reasoning and logic.

As things turned out, the group’s name was changed to “Diamond Boosters” and its membership opened to all students. Since then Neely says that a similar group, dubbed “Furman’s Finest” and also open to all, has been established for the football team. “I’d like to think I may have had something to

do with that group’s name,” he says.

Of the criticism, he realizes it’s part of the game, although he admits he doesn’t always like it. “I understand that I’m going to be criticized at times, and that if I go first, someone else gets the last word,” he says. “So I try to be accepting of other opinions — and if necessary, to agree to disagree.”

Although he doesn’t say so, he may even have welcomed the spirited exchange over the Diamond Girls. As he says, “One thing

I really enjoy about university life is that living on a dorm hall with a lot of other people gives you a chance to have a discussion at almost any time.”

This appreciation for diverse viewpoints has led him to join such less-than-mainstream groups as the Student League for Black Culture (SLBC) and Students for Women’s Awareness. These organizations have an identity problem, Neely says, because students often consider them too restrictive in terms of membership or purpose.

“It’s a misconception that they’re exclusive or that the only reason you join is because you’re ‘one of them,’” he says. “People seem to think that ‘their problem is not mine.’ I want to show that it’s OK to support them, even if you’re not ‘one of them.’ Many people would actually agree with their ideals.”

Of SLBC in particular, he says, “I’ve learned how hard it is to be a minority student here,” referring to meetings where he was the only white student present. “That’s comparable to black students’ experience in class, only they have to face it for four years.” To solve the

problem, he says, Furman must become more racially diverse, and the first step toward that goal is to make the campus more welcoming to minorities. He also supports affirmative action for minority applicants.

“I guess I’m a liberal — but more than that, a humanitarian,” he says. “I care about people who are not receiving equal rights or are not as privileged as I am, or as most Furman students are. That leads me to become involved.”

—Jim Stewart

EDITOR IN CHIEF—ONE MORE TIME

Matt Hennie

At first, Matt Hennie thought he would not sign on to edit the *Paladin* again.

The 1992-93 year was an exciting one for the student newspaper, with such stories as a tuition increase, budgetary priorities, a new academic dean, and the student government's recognition of an organization called FLAG (Friends of Lesbians and Gays) requiring extensive coverage and critical evaluation. He had learned a lot as editor, and he had grown in the job.

He had also fulfilled many of the goals he set at the start of the year. The staff, mostly new and inexperienced, developed into a strong unit capable of producing lengthy special reports, such as one devoted to the athletic program. The paper stepped up its scrutiny of the work and, more pointedly, the decision-making processes of both the administration and the student government. And in the spring, the *Paladin* was named "best overall" paper of 1992 among South Carolina colleges with enrollments under 10,000.

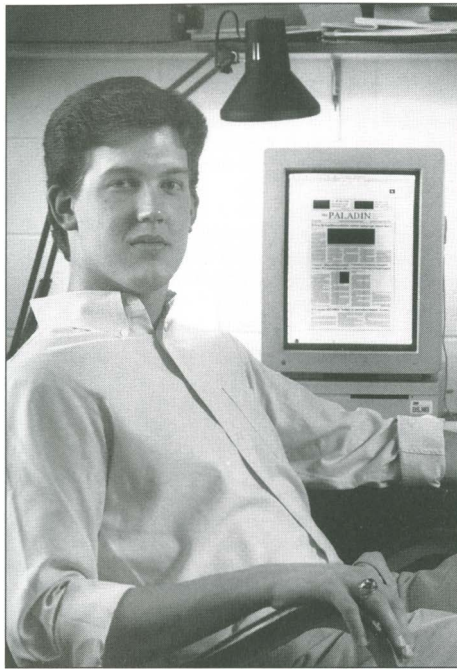
In recounting these achievements, Hennie leaves one out: The *Paladin* was better than it had been in years. By producing such a consistent product each week, Hennie and Co. capped the paper's resurgence that began when Christina Littlejohn became editor in 1989 and continued under the subsequent direction of Randall Cook and Courtney Sullivan.

After accomplishing so much, Hennie says, he had to wonder: Is there any point in doing this again? After some vacillation, he finally decided there was. "I considered how much experience I had gained, and how with the exception of two people we would have the whole staff back next year. In the end, I decided that I couldn't NOT do it."

So what are his aspirations for 1993-94, his senior year? "We need to recruit more reporters," he says. "For a staff our size, it's a stretch to do special reports and to cover everyday news." A larger staff, he says, would mean greater flexibility in assignments and more time to do in-depth stories.

On the production side, he believes a bigger circulation staff would lead to an increase in advertising sales and space, which in turn would result in added revenue — and more editorial space. Hennie would also like to see the paper use more spot color, which it began using in the final issue this year.

One thing that makes his job easier, Hennie believes, is the paper's autonomy. He says editors at other college papers are envious of the freedom the *Paladin* is given.



Matt Hennie believes a college newspaper should cover day-to-day events on campus, provide a forum for students to express their opinions, and look beyond simple answers to complex problems.

"We get two-thirds of our funds from the university, and you would think there would be conditions with that in terms of what we should and shouldn't cover," he says. "But President Johns is much more hands-off than a lot of publishers. What we can dig up and prove, we can print. That sort of freedom is a great benefit."

Under Hennie's guidance, the *Paladin* has maintained a college newspaper's traditional role as university gadfly by promoting students' interests, taking provocative positions and demanding accountability of everyone — faculty, administration and students. It has derided what it calls the university's country-club mentality, blasted administrative secrecy over tuition increases and budgeting, and questioned why the proposed convocation center for basketball (which it dubbed the "Dribble Dome") should receive funding priority when other areas of the university, such as the library and student center, are in need of improvement.

In taking these stands, the *Paladin* hasn't always endeared itself to the administration. But its harshest critics have actually been students. "The main criticism is that we're too liberal and one-sided," says Hennie. "For some reason, people have trouble distinguish-

ing between opinion and news, even though our news stories are always objective and balanced." He has tried to alleviate the problem, he says, by identifying opinion pages and pieces as just that, and by clearly labeling guest columns and editorials.

He also diffused, at least for now, calls for the creation of an "alternative" paper. Conservative students, who sponsor a two-hour weekly show ("The Right Perspective") on the campus radio station that includes a critique of the *Paladin*, felt the paper was ignoring their views. Their irritation grew when Hennie decided not to run opinion pieces by one of the show's hosts because, Hennie said, the student already had a forum.

In retrospect, Hennie acknowledges that the criticism "was somewhat valid"; he eventually changed his decision ("a bad one") and made other concerted efforts to ease tensions. "I think we've gotten past that impasse, and they realize we're open to what they submit," he says. "If something is readable and accurate, we'll print it."

Hennie admits that it was difficult to find the right balance between his *Paladin* duties and his studies in political science, although as the year passed he was able to cut his newspaper load in half from an estimated 40 to 50 hours in the fall. To relax, he turns to an unusual hobby — officiating youth league and high school soccer matches. It's a practice he started at age 12 in his hometown of Savannah, Ga., where he joined his father on the field.

With the Greenville area a hotbed for soccer, and with experienced officials at a premium, he has found steady work since coming to Furman. And although abuse from fans is an occasional problem, he hasn't faced it too often. At 6-8, he says nonchalantly, "My size helps."

Besides, the benefits outweigh the negatives. "Between reffing and editing the paper, I've been humbled — and developed a pretty thick skin," he says. "I know that my decisions won't make everybody happy, and I've learned how to work better with people and to communicate better."

Responsibility also breeds confidence. "Sometimes you just have to go ahead, knowing you've done your best. You can't let things slow you down," he says. "At the same time, with officiating or editing, I find myself doing a lot of self-criticism. It's important to look inward and make sure you're going the right way."

—Jim Stewart



Two inner-city children, accompanied by Millie Brobston, enjoy a rare weekend outside Washington, D.C.