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THE SPORTING LIFE

From the Olympics to the Kentucky Derby, Atlanta sportswriter Furman Bisher has covered almost every important sports event in the past 50 years.

BY VINCE MOORE

Long before he became one of America's best sportswriters and one of Atlanta's best-known citizens, Furman Bisher was a 15-year-old high school senior in search of a college. And since he was still a little young to be exposed to the various iniquities that could be found on a big college campus and because he had lived a relatively sheltered life in the small town of Denton, N.C., his father decided that Bisher wasn't quite ready for the bright lights of a school like the University of North Carolina.

"My dad said I had to find a smaller school than the one located in Chapel Hill," Bisher says with a laugh. "I was just too young and naive to be going off to a school like that."

So if your name is Furman and you're looking for a small school and there is one some 180 miles to the south that bears your very name, then what other choice do you have?

"Because of the name, I had been following Furman University for some time and I had a bunch of sports heroes I had never met," Bisher says. "They were football players like Dan Wood, who was a great end at Furman, and Lyles Alley. So I just wrote Furman and asked about how to get in and they sent me back an application."
During his time on the beat Bisher has seen a lot of sports history, and souvenirs of his experiences fill his basement.

A few months later, Bisher's father loaded up the family's Pontiac and they drove to Greenville for Bisher's freshman year.

"The first day I ever saw the campus was the day I matriculated," he says. "My Dad left me in front of the dorm, turned the car around, and I stood on the corner where old Geer was located and waved goodbye."

Like most freshmen, young Bisher began to ask himself the larger questions of life. For instance, how did McGee Hall stay open in spite of public health laws? And who were those lovely girls from the Greenville Woman's College, better known as The Zoo, who came to the Furman campus each day to take classes?

"I had never seen such beautiful women in my life," Bisher says, smiling at the memory. "I thought Greenville, South Carolina, had cornered the market on beautiful women. And these girls came to the campus in taxis. I never did figure out how they could afford that."

Perhaps it was fortuitous that Bisher, who would spend his lifetime writing about sports, came to Furman during a time when the football program was in its glory. When he enrolled in 1934, Dizzy McLeod was the head coach, Bob King was an All-America end and Rhoten Shetley was a freshman running back. The previous year, Furman had finished 8-1 with victories over Wake Forest, South Carolina and Clemson.

Bisher has achieved both fame and fortune as a sportswriter, or at least as much fortune as one can expect working in the newspaper business.

"I always tell people that when I was at Furman we never lost to Clemson," Bisher says. "Well, actually, I always lie a little. We got beat at Clemson my freshman year. But in my second year, Bob [King] blocked a punt on a sloppy, rainy day and we beat them 8-6. The
next year, I drove all the way from Chapel Hill to Clemson to watch the game and Furman beat them 12-0."

Bisher had to drive from Chapel Hill because he had transferred to the University of North Carolina after spending just two years at Furman. He had intended to finish his college career at Furman, but he was thrown a curve ball at the beginning of his junior year.

"I was really looking forward to my junior year," Bisher says. "I was manager of the football team and Dizzy McLeod had given me a scholarship. That meant I was living in Mcgee Hall, which was a choice location because it was the athletic dorm and that made you somewhat special, even though it was actually a slum. I was also going to be sports editor of the Hornet, the school newspaper."

But two weeks after Bisher came back to campus, he learned that the university would not be offering any journalism classes that year. After talking to his father, Bisher decided to transfer to North Carolina.

"I didn’t want to leave Furman," he says, "but journalism was the only thing I was interested in. I felt like I had to go somewhere I could take some journalism courses."

And so while the Atlanta Journal-Constitution’s official biography of Bisher states that he graduated from the University of North Carolina with a degree in journalism, it also explains that he spent two years at Furman. Even after some 50 years that have taken him around the world, Bisher will tell you that some of his fondest memories go back to that time at Furman. In fact, after hearing that Bob King was in failing health a few years ago, he wrote a moving column recalling how King was one of his earliest heroes.

"I made a lot of good friends when I was in Greenville," says Bisher, who received Furman’s Distinguished Alumni Award in 1978. "And they are friends I have stayed in touch with over the years."

Bisher’s fondness for Furman became even more evident when he estab-

lished a $100,000 scholarship fund at the school a few years ago. The Furman Bisher Academic-Athletic Scholarship is awarded every two years to the junior student-athlete who has the highest grade-point average, regardless of sport. The fund is now worth about $130,000.

"My idea was to reward the good student who also happens to be a good athlete," Bisher says.

Bisher has certainly seen his share of sports over the years. In fact, at age 76 and well into his fifth decade as a daily columnist with one of the nation’s leading newspapers, Bisher has achieved both fame and fortune as a sportswriter, or at least as much fortune as one can expect working in the newspaper business. He has been a fixture in the Atlanta area since he became sports editor of the Atlanta Constitution in 1950, and he has written an incalculable number of award-winning stories as well as seven books on such legendary
sports figures as Henry Aaron, Ben Hogan and Arnold Palmer.

To list all of his accomplishments would be impossible. Some of the highlights, however, include being cited 18 times by the Georgia Associated Press; being honored by the Florida Thoroughbred Breeders Association in 1972 and 1974 for best column of the year; having written more than 1,000 stories for such magazines as Saturday Evening Post, Golf Digest and Sports Illustrated; being named by Time magazine in 1961 as one of the nation's five best columnists; and having his story "A Scholarship for Jackie" selected for publication in the Granatland Rice Prize Award for Sports Stories as one of the 25 greatest stories written since Rice's death.

In addition to playing golf with Bing Crosby and co-owning race horses with former National Football League great Sam Huff, Bisher has covered just about every important sports event that has occurred in the past 50 years. Each year he attends the four major men's golf tournaments, the World Series, the Super Bowl, the NBA championships and the Kentucky Derby. In fact, he has been to the Masters and the Derby, two of his favorite events, 46 consecutive times.

He was at Augusta National when Ben Hogan played his last competitive round at the Masters, and he was in the press box when the U.S. hockey team upset the Soviet Union and went on to win the gold medal in the 1980 Olympics at Lake Placid. He covered the very first NASCAR race, run on a dirt track outside of Charlotte in the 1940s, and he was rocking and rolling with 50,000 other folks when an earthquake shook San Francisco's Candlestick Park in the 1989 World Series.

It's been a pretty good life for someone who has done exactly what he wanted to do since he was a young boy in Denton, N.C.

"All I ever wanted to do was be a sportswriter," Bisher says. "I loved baseball more than anything when I was growing up. We had a good baseball team in Denton, and I worked as a bat boy for the team and, later, as a statistician. That was what got me all fired up about sportswriting. When I got out of school I would have worked free of charge. And I damned near did for a while."

"The Olympics is going to be one of the major events of all time in Atlanta."

Unable to find a newspaper job immediately after graduating from North Carolina in 1938, he went to work for the Federal Writers Project in Raleigh for $16.50 a week. At age 20, he got his first newspaper job when he was named editor of the weekly newspaper in Lumberton, N.C. His new job paid $20 a week.

"I got a big raise right off the bat," Bisher says. "Things were looking up."

Even though he worked for the High Point (N.C.) Enterprise in 1939 and joined the Charlotte News in 1940, Bisher didn't start writing sports until he returned from a three-year stint in the Navy in 1946. Prior to that, he worked as a general reporter, state editor, religion writer and obituary writer. He also worked on the copy desk, which meant he got to edit copy, write headlines and do "all sorts of thankless duties" after everybody else had gone home.

But instead of being discouraged, Bisher remembers being flattered. "I was thinking, gosh, if they think I can do all of this stuff I must be pretty good," he laughs.

Bisher began covering sports at the Charlotte News when he returned from the war in 1946. He covered anything and everything — college games, the Charlotte Hornets' baseball team, stock car racing. He even covered a few Furman football games during that time, including Bob Smith's last game as head coach in 1947.

Bisher's biggest move, however, came in 1950 when he went to Atlanta to
become sports editor of the Constitution. He had originally been hired as an editorial page columnist, but he was offered the sports editor position and a $15 raise before he actually showed up to work.

"I found out later it was a ruse," Bisher says. "The Journal was buying out the Constitution, and they were looking for a sports editor for the Constitution. But they wouldn't tell me that until about a month before I was to come to work. Since I was already a little worried about getting out of sports writing, I agreed."

It was certainly an Atlanta that nobody would recognize now. Bobby Dodd was the football coach at Georgia Tech and Dixie Walker was manager of the Atlanta Crackers, a minor league baseball team. There were no major league teams. Anybody who dreamed of suggesting that Atlanta would one day host the Olympic Games would have gotten some strange looks.

"Atlanta was a big, overgrown country town at that time," Bisher recalls. "There were trackless trolleys, and a big night on the town was going to Aunt Fanny's Cabin for dinner."

But the city grew, and Bisher's reputation grew with it. And there was certainly no shortage of quality athletic events in and around Atlanta for Bisher to follow. In addition to the Masters, which was just a few hours away, he was soon writing about major league baseball, football, basketball and hockey in Atlanta. He wrote about the University of Georgia winning the national football title in 1980, and he saw Georgia Tech follow suit 10 years later. But perhaps his biggest stories will be written in 1996 when Atlanta hosts the Olympic Games.

"The Olympics is going to be one of the major events of all time in Atlanta," Bisher says. "I just hope the city can live up to it. I think the committee members were as surprised as anyone when it was announced that Atlanta had been chosen as the site for the Olympics, and they were shocked when they finally realized they had a tiger by the tail. I just hope things work out for the best. The worst thing that could happen here is for Atlanta to fall on its face."

And since Bisher has covered all of the Olympic events since 1976, he will certainly know if Atlanta carries off the Games successfully.

Because downtown Atlanta will be even busier than usual during the Olympics, he does not regret having moved to the outskirts of town a few years ago. He and his wife, Lynda, live in a beautiful house in the country about 20 miles outside of Atlanta, near Fayetteville, on a piece of wooded land where the silence is interrupted occasionally by a jet headed for Hartsfield International Airport. Behind the house is a lake, and the yard is big enough to keep them both busy.

The house also serves as Bisher's base of operation. He writes most of his columns on the computer in his office and sends them to the newspaper through the magic of the modem. He goes into the office, he says, just long enough to reaffirm his interest in what is going on and to make a few obligatory complaints.

Although Bisher is at an age when he could easily retire and leave the late nights in the press box to the younger sportswriters, he has no inclination to do so.

"I have no immediate plans to retire," he says. "I still like doing what I'm doing. The idea of retirement doesn't appeal to me at all."

And when you have been around long enough to have walked the golf courses with Hogan and Palmer, watched Ted Williams hit a baseball, and known NASCAR legend Richard Petty when he was still just the son of Lee Petty, you have a leg up on your competition. In fact, Bisher proved that when he was the only sportswriter at Churchill Downs this year to pick Thunder Gulch as the Kentucky Derby winner.

"And, thank heavens," Bisher says, "I bet on him, too."
DESIGNS
BY

CHANCE

By thinking of his pots as he would a painting, Bob Chance creates beautiful and original works of art.

BY JIM STEWART

As a 7-year-old Air Force brat in Tokyo, Japan, Bob Chance had to take an hour-and-a-half bus ride each day to attend the base school. Because their home was located on a narrow street, Chance and his brothers walked over a mile to a major thoroughfare, where they would catch the bus.

Near the bus stop were two stores, one of which sold rice, grains and other produce. The other sold pots - decorative clay pots in many different forms, shapes and sizes.

They proved fascinating to the young American. "I used to look in there every day," Chance recalls. "That was where I first became aware of pottery." He couldn't have picked a better spot; the Japanese tradition of pottery dates back thousands of years.

But the Chances' stay in Japan was brief, as the Air Force soon required them to move on. Chance recalls living, in rapid succession, in Japan, Hawaii, Montgomery, Ala., Washington, D.C., Hawaii, Washington and Hawaii again - where in the 11th grade, he rediscovered the wonders of pottery.

For that he can thank Mr. Nishimora, his art teacher at Leilehua High School. Although Nishimora's primary interest was painting, he had a potter's wheel in his classroom. Chance remembers being intrigued by the process. "One day, he sat me down at the wheel, and I started working with clay," Chance says. "That was it. I was hooked."

Chance went on to earn the art award his senior year, but when he enrolled the next fall at the University of Hawaii, he was a pre-med major. Still, he couldn't stay away from art classes, and by the middle of his sophomore year he realized what his true calling was.

So he switched majors - and immediately had to deal with the concerns of his parents, who questioned the practicality of his decision. "We had some discussions," Chance says with a smile, "but I think I was finally able to convince them that I wouldn't be a burden."

If they weren't convinced then, they should be today. Chance, an associate professor of art at Furman, has established a strong reputation for his skill with clay. Says Sharon Campbell, a longtime friend and associate of Chance in the Greenville art community, "His work is extremely well known throughout the state and region. He would probably be even better known regionally if everyone around here didn't snap up his work so quickly. His pieces sell so well."

While Chance is noted for his art - in the last year alone, he has had six solo or joint exhibitions - he has also spent over 20 years teaching his specialty, first at the School District of Greenville County's Fine Arts Center and, since 1988, at Furman. "I've always considered myself both teacher and artist," says Chance, who realized he had an affinity for teaching when, during his undergraduate days, he was
essentially given the responsibility for a class of freshmen. As he says, "I found I liked teaching, I got immediate feedback from it, and I got paid for doing it."

He has struck a nice balance between the two worlds, and he enjoys sharing with his students what he discovers in the studio. He says, "I spend time in the studio every day, whether it's one hour or four hours."

The results are beautiful — and original. "The distinctiveness of my work comes more from my approach to the forms, combined with a personal sense of imagery and use of graphics on the surface," says Chance. "Working in a traditional area like clay, the lines are sometimes less distinctive than in a different area. After all, pieces are going to be round when they come off the wheel. So the things that differentiate my work can be subtle for people who don't know much about the technique or material."

One who understands the process is Elizabeth Keller '89. After doing an independent study under Chance, she decided to pursue a Master of Fine Arts degree at Clemson, emphasizing clay and ceramics. Now a professor at Coastal Carolina University in Conway, S.C., Keller says, "Bob's pots are known for their decorative surfaces, and he does a lot of experimenting with what I like to call textile, or geometric, patterns. He creates neat sculptural forms — his work shows a lot of versatility — and he is very attracted to bright colors. He has a polychromatic palette that is always appealing."

In recent years Chance has focused on raku, a pottery technique developed in Japan. The painstaking process of building, firing, decorating and refiring a raku piece can take up to a month, but Chance's stunning creations justify the time and effort expended.

Chance likes to work in a series consisting of anywhere from six to 12 pots, in varying shapes and sizes. At times he may have as many as 100 pieces in some stage of development. Before he begins a series, he looks at those he has just finished and decides what he likes or dislikes about their decoration, surface and shape. He follows with a series of sketches, from which he later designs stencils, for the new pieces. Then it's time to start throwing pots.

After the pots are made, they must become bone dry — a state known as "greenware" — before they can be "bisque fired" in a kiln. Bisque firing, at a temperature of 1900 degrees Fahrenheit, hardens the pot so that it will no longer melt when it comes in contact with moisture. Says Chance, "If you take a piece of greenware and put it in water, it will revert to a liquid state." Bisque firing transforms the clay into something permanent.

After bisque firing, Chance begins decorating. He transfers his sketches to the pots by using a heat gun to apply the stencils, which are made from adhesive shelf paper. The heat gun, he says, shrinks the shelf paper to the contour of the pot. Using tape or liquid wax to provide a crisp outline for some of the designs, he brushes on two coats of glaze. When he removes the stencils, he exposes large surface areas to work on directly. Often he'll use a glaze with a concentration of silver nitrate, which gives the surface a metallic, shiny luster.

Once a number of pots in a series are glazed, they're ready to fire in the kiln to about 1850 degrees. The process dries the glaze, fusing it to the pot and developing its color fully. After the glaze has dried, Chance turns off the kiln, lets it cool to a wintry 1650 degrees, then dons thick welder's gloves to move the pots to a reduction chamber — a fancy phrase for garbage can.

In the reduction chamber, Chance has built a nest of sawdust and newspapers. On contact, the hot pot ignites the material and creates an intense amount of smoke. At the same time, Chance says, "The glaze is cooling very rapidly, so it has a little crackle to it. It basically shatters, but it doesn't break off." Smoke gets into the crackles, creating a web-like pattern on the pot.

Chance says, "When you reduce the
pot, you starve oxygen from the fluid glazes so that the oxides in the glazes brighten. The metals in the paint are reduced to a more basic state, which makes them more lustrous. The colors may even change completely: "It takes heat to bring out the true color in the oxides."

And that, in essence, is raku, American style. The Japanese invented the procedure and employ similar techniques, says Chance, but they do not use reduction chambers in their work.

Chance's pots do have a distinct look. Keller says, "if I walk into a show and spot a pot with a large black bird on it, I know it's Bob's." The crow motif was inspired by certain noisy members of Furman's avian population. Chance also adorns his pots with other "critters" — fish, lizards, snakes — as well as bright geometric patterns and abstract areas of color. The idea is to create a form that has a natural flow and offers observers a different point of view as they examine it from different angles.

Raku, says Chance, is a surface-oriented art form, with the pot serving as a three-dimensional canvas that he approaches as he would a painting. While the process of decorating each piece is fulfilling, Chance says that at times it can become somewhat restrictive. When it does, he turns to other artistic outlets to provide a release and help rekindle his creative fire.

An example: during his sabbatical last fall and winter, he explored the possibilities of a different material, porcelain clay. Porcelain, he says, is challenging; the fine-bodied clay has a narrower working range and dries more quickly than raku clay, and when fired it may shrink as much as 20 percent from its original size. It is more difficult material to "throw large" and is more temperamental — "If it's stressed, it's not as forgiving as raku clay."

With the porcelain pieces, says Chance, shape and form become the primary focus. Color is used more to enhance than to define the piece, and the white surface of the porcelain amplifies the color of the glazes, helping them appear brighter than they do on stoneware. His recent exhibits have featured porcelain works.

"I've always tried to work in two directions at the same time just because it's a way to keep my sanity in the studio," says Chance. "Another reason is that students are interested in different

Students are often amazed by the ease with which Chance creates different forms and shapes.
methods. And if I'm working with a student on something, I'll often get interested and play around with that for a while."

Chance has spent his entire teaching career in Greenville, where he came in 1974 after earning his Master of Fine Arts degree in ceramics from Virginia Commonwealth University. While still green(ware) around the edges, he began teaching at the Fine Arts Center the year it opened. He would later be named the school's teacher of the year twice.

"It was great to be part of something new," he says of those early years at the magnet school. "Most of the faculty were just out of graduate school, and there was a lot of energy and vigor. My studio was next to the dance studio, which was next to the creative writing studio, so the influences were very direct. It was an interesting work environment, and we got involved in all school activities. I learned more about the arts at the Fine Arts Center than I have anywhere before or since."

Chance also dived into the Greenville art scene. Sharon Campbell, then head of the Greenville County Museum School of Art, points out that she showed "brilliant foresight in hiring Bob to teach" at the school. The job certainly proved fortuitous for Chance, who met his future wife, Vicki, when she enrolled in one of his classes. Meanwhile, he became an informal consultant in ceramics and sculpture for the school district, visiting schools and advising them on various problems. And he has been a fixture on the faculty of the South Carolina Governor's School for the Arts since it began at Furman in 1980.

In the summer of 1975 he made his first direct contact with Furman when he enrolled in a graduate class taught by Tom Flowers, then professor of art. "I remember that at the time Glen Howerton [ceramics professor] was building a new kiln in the basement.
of the science building," Chance says. That fall, Furman hosted Chance’s first solo exhibit in Greenville.

Thirteen years later, when Chance was looking to move to a new direction, Howerton was preparing to retire — and Furman had an opening for a ceramicist. To Chance, the Furman position was attractive; he was well aware of the university’s academic reputation, he appreciated its commitment to the liberal arts, and the new Thomas Anderson Roe Art Building was an inviting place to teach art. “Plus, at the Fine Arts Center, smaller classes were the norm,” he says. “You knew everyone and could do a lot of one-on-one work. Furman offered the chance to continue teaching in that way.” Given his choice of jobs at Elon College or Furman, he decided to stay in Greenville, where he has influenced many in their artistic efforts.

Says Elizabeth Keller, “Bob is just so personable, open to new ideas, encouraging and extremely supportive. He’s even willing to let students use his own material in their work, which to me is amazing.”

Campbell adds, “Bob is very inclusive and generous in his knowledge and his ability to share that knowledge. He has helped so many people get started, and he encourages artists to follow their own way. He offers such well thought-out observations about their work — he always remains a teacher, wherever he might be.”

He also remains a student of his art. In 1984 he traveled in Japan for a month, visiting potteries and kiln sites and watching the Japanese at work. “It was an inspiration to see how reverential people can be toward their art,” says Chance. “There, everyone has pots and uses them every day. It’s part of their tradition. They have explored so many different variations in technique, from different kinds of clays to glazes, overglazes, and different ways of manipulating the material. It was fascinating.” A few years later, with the help of a grant from Furman, he traveled to England, visiting potteries, factories and museums where many different styles of pots were on display.

Chance may have to wait a few years for his next trip abroad, but he hints that his next stop might be Africa. In the meantime, he will continue to refine his craft both at home, where Vicki (Furman class of ‘91) and his children, middle schoolers Cody and Anna, have allowed him to convert the garage into a studio, and at Furman, where he frequently introduces students to the wonders of clay.

“Most students come from a two-dimensional tradition, with teachers whose expertise is in painting, drawing, or design,” he says. “They usually lack experience in clay or sculpture, so it takes them a little longer to develop confidence at the potter’s wheel or with a hammer and chisel. They can be amazed at my ability to make different forms and shapes with a certain amount of ease.”

They tend to be even more amazed by the finished products. But they’re not alone. As Campbell says, “Bob’s work is unusual because it is perceived by almost everyone as being unabashedly beautiful. And he truly believes in the craftsman’s ethic — everything he makes is made extremely well, with classic forms and clean lines.”

“That sort of dedication is clear to everyone.”

Many of the “critters” that appear on Bob Chance’s pots have been inspired by Furman’s animal population.
Showered with honors and awards, Furman's 1995 graduates look forward to the next stage of their lives.


Then again, plenty of 1995 graduates have decided to join the work force immediately, with such companies as Michelin Tire Corporation, Arthur Andersen Consultants, KPMG Peat Marwick and Eli Lilly, to name a few. Others plan to travel or study abroad for a while — Japan seems a popular choice this year.

Clearly, Furman students continue to achieve and excel. The class of 1995 is just the latest to enjoy a banner year in terms of graduate awards and outside recognition. Among the highlights: Christina Wilson is the first Furman student to receive a fellowship from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, and Don Raber is the university's first political science major to earn a National Science Foundation Fellowship. Robert Johnson is Furman's first Rhodes Scholar since 1985, and Monica Rinkevich is headed for South Korea with the support of a J. William Fulbright Fellowship. For these and many other talented students, their undergraduate years have been a time of outstanding achievement.

The eight members of the class of 1995 profiled on the following pages have contributed much to the university both in and out of the classroom. As they head toward a new phase in their lives, Furman can take pride in their accomplishments and point to them as shining examples of the best the university has to offer.
Ancient interests

Kasia Hagemajer, General Excellence winner as the outstanding woman in the class of 1995, is moving on to study the ancient world with the help of a five-year fellowship, including full tuition and a yearly stipend, from Princeton University.

The Warsaw, Poland, native learned of Furman when, as a high school sophomore, she was one of 10 Eastern European students to earn a U.S. Information Agency-sponsored scholarship to spend a summer at the South Carolina Governor's School in Charleston. There she met political science professor Don Gordon, who was teaching at the school. His influence led her to apply.

She never actually saw Furman, though, until she arrived for freshman orientation. “But I remember thinking, as we drove on campus, that it really does look like the pictures,” she says.

At Furman, Hagemajer (pronounced Hog-ah-my-er) combined classes in history, art, philosophy, Greek and Latin to design her own major in classical studies. She says, “I like the options you have here. Furman fosters a certain amount of individualism; I was prompted to think for myself and form my own opinions. And I also learned how to write and do research, things I really enjoy.”

In both 1994 and 1995 the summa cum laude graduate earned the Meta Eppler Gippatrick Award for Scholarly Writing, given to the student who publishes the best paper in the Furman Humanities Review, an annual journal that features outstanding undergraduate writing. Says Spanish professor David Bost, editor of the Review, “Kasia considers large and complex topics and makes them intelligible to virtually anyone. And she turns in the best finished product; the journal board looks at her papers and wonders, ‘How can we make this any better?’ For someone who is not working in her native language, it is remarkable.”

Eventually Hagemajer hopes to return to Poland, where she plans to teach on the college level and pursue her research interests.

Back to Africa

When Lisa Couch was studying in Africa during her junior year at Furman, she wrote in her diary that she wanted to apply for a Peace Corps position in Kenya after graduation.

“The country intrigued me,” she says. “It was beautiful and the people were friendly. I knew right then that I wanted to come back.”

A little more than one year later, Couch learned that she would get her wish. The Peace Corps approved her application and assigned her to teach English in Kenya for two years. An English major from Simpsonville, S.C., she was among the small percentage of applicants (just 14 percent) who were approved to work in the Peace Corps. After a three-month training period, she left for the African continent on September 27.

Couch credits political science professor Don Gordon and religion professor David Rutledge for helping her decide to apply to the Peace Corps. Both were in charge of her Africa trip, and Rutledge’s wife, Dorothy, who had spent some time in the Peace Corps, was able to tell her what it is like to live and work in Africa.

“All my professors played a big role in my decision to work for the Peace Corps,” Couch says. “They were very cooperative and very supportive. But nobody pushed me in any direction. I made the decision myself.” Couch also became certified to teach during her last year at Furman and says she may go into some form of teaching after her two years in Kenya are up.

“I’ll probably go to graduate school,” she says. “I’m very interested in languages and how they work. I may end up teaching in college. Or it’s possible that I might continue to work with the Peace Corps as a recruiter.”
Fulbright Fellow

Monica Rinkevich thought she wanted to major in economics and business when she first arrived at Furman. That all changed, however, when she took Japanese the fall term of her freshman year under professor Shusuke Yagi.

"I learned a lot about a culture I knew nothing about," says Rinkevich, who came to Furman from St. Simons Island, Ga. "I became very interested in the course and really enjoyed it. I thought then that I might as well major in something that I enjoy studying."

So Rinkevich became an Asian studies major and enjoyed her studies so much that she decided to apply for a Fulbright Fellowship following graduation. She learned in April that she had been selected to spend a year in South Korea, where she will study and teach English.

"I knew I didn't want to get into a normal, nine-to-five job right after I got out of school," says Rinkevich, who graduated cum laude. "I wanted to travel and work, too. So the Fulbright seemed like a perfect opportunity, and I was fortunate enough to be selected."

Rinkevich will participate in a two-week Korean language program at Pacific Lutheran University in Washington state before leaving for Korea in the fall. She won't know where she will live or teach until she gets there.

She does know, however, that she will be staying with a Korean family that has at least one school-age child and that she will receive free room and board for helping the child with his or her English skills.

Rinkevich says she probably would not be going to Korea if it had not been for faculty members who encouraged her and a study abroad program that she called "incredible." One of her trips abroad was to Kansaigaidai University in Osaka, Japan.

"I think the best thing about Furman is the quality of the relationships between the professors and students," Rinkevich says. "The professors know who you are and care about what happens to you."

Harvard bound

As graduation approached Don Raber faced a choice any serious scholar would envy — graduate school at Harvard or at Yale? Courted by both and with virtually all expenses covered by scholarship offers, Raber visited the schools and decided.

In late summer, after his July wedding to classmate Kim Kelly of Lincolnton, Ga., he began classes at Harvard.

No one who knows Raber would be surprised at the academic success of this bright super-achiever. During junior high, he audited courses at East Tennessee State and as a ninth-grader began taking college courses for credit.

Throughout high school, he excelled in academics, most notably the Scholastic Bowl, where his high school finished among the top 100 teams in the nation all four years he participated.

Raber, who knew he wanted to major in political science, was attracted to Furman because of the quality of the faculty, the location 140 miles from his Kingsport, Tenn., home and the beauty of the campus. Being offered a Presidential Scholarship "iced the cake."

The highly focused young student has virtually lived in Furman's political science department, working as a student assistant and taking almost twice the courses required for the major. Prof. Jim Guth says he is probably better prepared for graduate school than any other student he has known. Guth praises Raber for his maturity and "enormous organizational skills" as well as superior scholarship.

Raber, who was among three who shared the Scholarship Cup at commencement, won a National Science Foundation Fellowship that pays tuition and $15,500 a year for three years. He is the first Furman political science major to be so honored as an undergraduate.

Raber would like eventually to teach at a liberal arts college. He says, "It's scary what my generation doesn't know. If I can one day give students what I got at Furman University, I would be more than happy."
Mr. Fix-It

When the Peace Corps accepted Martin McBrearty's application and assigned him to work with building projects in Cameroon, the organization may not have realized that it was getting a master builder.

Because one of McBrearty's greatest joys is building things out of materials that are destined for the scrap heap and giving them new life. His room at Furman was a haven for such oddities as chairs made of two-liter plastic bottles and lifesize sculptures constructed of empty soft drink cans.

"I like making something out of things that people no longer have any use for," says the classical studies major from Bradenton, Fla. "I like improving things and helping people. I thought the Peace Corps would be a good place for me to spend some time after I got out of school."

McBrearty discovered that he enjoyed helping others when he began working with the Collegiate Educational Service Corps. "When I first got to Furman, I had the freshman blues," he says. "I was far from home and a little nervous. Then I was introduced to CESC and I got involved in the Big Brother program. So I was playing kickball and four-square and all the stuff I used to love to do as a kid. It revitalized me and made me realize that helping other people made me feel good."

In addition to going to school and working in the dining hall and the Physical Activities Center during his four years at Furman, McBrearty spent one term in Greece through Boston University's archaeology program. "I enjoyed that foreign study experience very much," McBrearty says. "I might be interested in going to graduate school in archaeology once I get out of the Peace Corps. But, for right now, I just want to enjoy the experience of living in another country."

Role model

When you are Phi Beta Kappa in math, captain of the football team and president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, you tend to attract a certain amount of attention.

In Philly Jones's case, the Atlanta Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America took notice — and named him the 1995 winner of its Peach of an Athlete Role Model award in the men's amateur division. The award goes to an athlete from Georgia who gives his "personal best to society and sports." Jones, a Winder native, was nominated by Furman. Previous recipients include Charlie Ward, the former Florida State quarterback and Heisman Trophy winner, and Mark Price, the ex-Georgia Tech basketball star now with the Cleveland Cavaliers.

Among the Furman faithful, Jones's selection should have come as no surprise. While compiling an exemplary college record, he has become a familiar sight at schools and churches in the Greenville area, where he frequently speaks. The term role model fits.

Although he could have graduated this spring, he has decided to delay his departure until the end of fall term so he can enjoy one last season on the gridiron. Nineteen ninety-four should have been his final year, but he played in only three games before being knocked out by an injury. As a result, he was granted a fifth, medical redshirt year — if he chose to use it.

Why would such a good student want to hang around? One strong incentive was that his wife, Holly, whom he married this summer, still had her senior year to complete. And there was another compelling reason: "Since I got here, Furman football has gone through a gradual decline," Jones says. "I wanted to be part of helping to bring Furman football back."

After the season ends, Jones hopes to put his mathematical and analytical talents to work in the financial consulting field. In preparation, he spent the summer as an intern with a Greenville branch of Merrill Lynch.
Research oriented

Not every graduating senior has the luxury of turning down a fellowship offer from the National Science Foundation.

But Christina Wilson, a straight-A student and one of three Scholarship Cup recipients in the class of 1995, was fortunate enough to be able to say "No, thanks" to the NSF after becoming the first Furman student to receive a Pre-doctoral Fellowship in Biological Sciences from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute. The award, worth $14,500 a year, plus tuition, for three years (with likely continuation for two more), will support her work in pharmacology at the University of Pennsylvania as she prepares for a career in disease-related research.

The psychology major from Brockfield, Conn., describes the application process for the Hughes award as "two-pronged. The first part is just general information, but the second is almost like a grant proposal in which you are asked to discuss your graduate school interests." Hers include neurodegenerative disorders, such as Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases, and the effects of strokes on certain areas of the brain.

Her interest in neuroscience developed when she took a special introductory course on the subject taught by biology professor Bill Blaker and psychology professor John Bastin. Before then, she was leaning more toward the fields of international business and human resources, but the class led her to shift direction.

She has complemented her psychology studies with courses in biology and chemistry, and has done research in cognitive psychology at Duke University through the Carolinas & Ohio Science Education Network.

Based on her experiences at both schools, Wilson says that Furman stacks up well in comparison to Duke, especially in terms of student-faculty relationships. "It's wonderful to be able to interact so easily with your professors," she says. "Here you can talk to anyone about anything — everyone seems to have an open-door policy. I've gained so much on the interpersonal level."

Rhodes trip

Robert Johnson's theory about how one becomes a Rhodes Scholar is fairly simple. "I agree with what someone told me," he says. "It just sort of happens — like when lightning strikes."

Johnson, Furman's sixth Rhodes Scholar, says one reason he decided to enter this year's competition was because of the opportunity it afforded him to meet interesting people. As he says of both the scholarship judges and candidates, "It was fascinating to talk with people who know something about something obscure."

Along the way, Johnson and his fellow Rhodes Scholar candidates revealed themselves to be pretty typical college students. Extremely bright and capable students, but typical nonetheless.

For example: while they were waiting for a decision that could transform their lives, they discovered age-appropriate ways to cope with the inherent tension. They watched television ("How the Grinch Stole Christmas"), did crossword puzzles as a group, and found enough paper for everyone to practice their origami skills.

Johnson isn't sure if the Atlanta law offices where the judging was held will ever be the same.

This fall, as one of the select 32 from around the country, Johnson will make his first trip overseas and begin work in the hallowed halls of England's Oxford University, where he will pursue what Oxford dons call the "master of science by research" in theoretical physics. And maybe, inspired by the surroundings that influenced many of the great writers of the English language, he'll find time to work on his own poetic skills, which he says "matured greatly" after a class with Furman English professor Gil Allen.

Then again, maybe he'll locate a band to play bass with — or a rock wall on which to practice his climbing technique.

Whatever new experiences await him, Johnson says, "I'm sure I'll go through a lot of changes. I just hope — and expect — they'll be for the better."
The Inauguration of

David Emory Shi

as the Tenth President

of Furman University
The weatherman predicted rain, but the weather was perfect. The campus was at its best. Although not quite at their peak, the dogwoods and azaleas were still in bloom. Up to the very last minute, groundskeepers were pruning, planting, fertilizing, mowing, sweeping and blowing.

McAlister Auditorium had a fresh coat of paint and a new slate roof. The Funderburk Room, which opens off the foyer, was elegantly refurbished in shades of rose and green. In the foyer the chandeliers sparkled, and bronze busts of Furman's nine former presidents awaited the new president and his guests.

As visitors drove through the front gates, they could see a large white tent that served as the inaugural welcome center. Delegates from other colleges came by the tent to register and pick up campus maps. Alumni and other guests stopped by to enjoy refreshments and sit and talk. Student guides waited at the tent to conduct campus tours.

Thirteen major events were packed into the four-day inaugural week, April 17-20. From a prayer breakfast to a history symposium to a talent show, there was something for everyone. More than 3,000 people attended the various luncheons and dinners and the inaugural ceremony, and at least 2,500 others attended the events that were open to the public. As a whole, the week's activities reflected President David Shi's interests and Furman's strengths.

Beginning at noon on Monday, the Furman Pro-Am brought approximately 2,000 spectators to the Furman Golf Course to see their favorite women golfers in action. Each of the 30 professional golfers teamed with four amateurs to compete for the tournament championship. All proceeds from the event go to support the men's and women's golf programs.

Long before the tournament was over, David Shi hurried over to Daniel Recital Hall where the first session of a writers symposium was under way. A panel of writers, editors and literary agents was discussing "How to Get Published" with an audience composed largely of townspeople. Fiction writer and teacher Max Steele '43, editors Ashbel Green and Marshall De Bruhl, literary agent Virginia Barber and author Sandra Freeman Jones '65 addressed
subjects ranging from how to find an 
agent to the problems of finding a pub-
lisher for a second novel.

In his welcoming remarks before the 
evening session of the writers sympo-
sium, President Shi predicted that 
Furman will sponsor many other occa-
sions that celebrate the literary arts. 
“I sincerely feel that the arts are vital
not only to the quality of the individual
life, but to the life of an institution like
Furman as well,” he said.

Award-winning novelists Josephine
Humphreys and Randall Kenan then
read from their works and later au-
tographed copies of their books. Although
neither Humphreys nor Kenan had
attended Furman, both studied writing
with Furman alumni: Humphreys with
William Blackburn ’21 at Duke Univer-
sity and Kenan with Max Steele at the
University of North Carolina.

On Tuesday morning, David Shi
and others who would play principal
roles in the inaugural ceremony
rehearsed on the stage in McAllister
Auditorium. At noon he and his wife,
Susan, hosted a luncheon for dis-
tinguished alumni writers and historians.
After the meal, Bennie Lee Sinclair ’61,
Poet Laureate of South Carolina, read
three of her poems, and Steele read two
of his works.

After the luncheon most of the
guests walked over to Daniel Recital
Hall for a history symposium, titled
“Tell about the South.” This symposium
brought together five distinguished
scholars of Southern history and culture
to reflect on the nature of the Southern
experience from the perspective of their
own lives and work. Historians George
Brown Tindall ’42, John Hope Franklin
and Anne Firor Scott emphasized that
row, second from right) read three of her poems
and Max Steele read two of his works. Histori-
ans John Hope Franklin (middle row, far right),
George Brown Tindall (bottom row, far left)
and Anne Firor Scott (bottom row, far right)
presented three views of the South at the history
symposium. Dutch literary critic Dcbe
Westendorp (bottom row, second from left)
and sociologist John Shelton Reed (bottom row,
second from right) attempted to define the South
from their different perspectives.
“examiner our psyches in public,” as Scott put it, is a Southern characteristic. Whether discussing their own lives as products of the South or attempting to define this elusive region — as sociologist John Shelton Reed and Dutch literary critic Djebye Westendorp did — they provided listeners with new insights and interpretations.

The evening festivities began with a reception on the lawn beside the lake. At 7:30 approximately 750 guests entered Daniel Dining Hall, filling up the tables in the main dining room as well as those in the Hartness Pavilion. After dinner, President Shi welcomed everyone and introduced three friends whom he had asked to speak: John W. Kuykendall, president of Davidson College; Joab M. Lesesne, president of Wofford College; and Samuel R. Williamson, president of the University of the South. As seasoned college presidents, these men offered tongue-in-cheek advice on how to run a college and entertained the audience with a series of jokes and funny stories. The Furman Singers followed with several numbers and ended the evening with “Brown Eyes.”

Early the next morning University Chaplain James M. Pitts ’60 and Associate Chaplain Victor A. Greene, Jr. ’73, hosted a prayer breakfast in honor of the Shis. Representatives of the faculty, staff, students, alumni and trustees read scripture and offered short prayers. In his remarks, speaker William H. Willimon, dean of the Chapel and professor of Christian ministry at Duke University, noted that it is strange to read scripture at a modern university. “For modern people — who are conditioned to assume that we stand at the summit of

Guests met and mingled at a lakeside reception (top) and inaugural dinner in Daniel Dining Hall (middle) on Tuesday evening. After-dinner speakers (bottom, left to right) University of the South President Samuel Williamson, Davidson College President John Kuykendall and Wofford College President Joab Lesesne entertained the crowd with words of advice for President Shi. The evening ended with a rendition of “Brown Eyes” by the Furman Singers.
human development, privileged to sit in judgment on everyone who has preceded us — submission to the Bible is quite odd,” he said. “Furman, thank God, has chosen to take sides, to roam widely, counterculturally, to honor those who listen to scripture and attempt to align their lives accordingly. It takes a big university to allow such expansive thinking.”

At 11:30 that morning delegates and other special guests began boarding buses that would take them to the President’s Home for lunch. Greeted by the Shis and other Furman officials, guests enjoyed a buffet lunch at tables on the lawn and toured White Oaks. Sen. Strom Thurmond, accompanied by a SLED agent, stopped by to extend his good wishes and talk with acquaintances.

By the time these guests returned to campus, other people had begun to arrive for the inaugural ceremony. Delegates representing 100 colleges,
universities, foundations and learned societies donned their academic robes in Furman Hall. The Furman faculty also robed in Furman Hall, the Presidential Party assembled in the Board of Trustees Room, and the trustees gathered on the porch of the Administration Building. At 3:20, led by student marshals, the academic procession began to wind its way across the campus to McAlister Auditorium.

Inside the auditorium student leaders, trustees, faculty and delegates filed down the two center aisles to the strains of William Walton’s “Crown Imperial,” played by the Furman Symphony Orchestra. As University Marshal Carey S. Crantford led the Platform Party onto the stage, the audience stood and remained standing for the invocation. Following the prayer, the Furman Singers and the Orchestra performed a moving choral response composed especially for the occasion by music
professor Mark Kilstoerte. The words of the choral response were taken from John Drinkwater's poem "A Prayer."

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edge'd with steel, to strike the blow.
Knowledge we ask not, knowledge Thou has lent.
But the will, — there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed.

In his opening remarks, James L. Hamrick '50, chair of the Board of Trustees, reminded the audience of the significance of the occasion. "Those of you who are acquainted with Furman know that presidential inaugurations have not occurred very often in the life of this institution," he said. "Of the previous nine presidents, only two held office less than 11 years. So it is with a keen sense of the historic importance of this occasion that we gather today to celebrate the formal installation of the tenth president."

Ray C. Roberts, Jr., acting vice president for academic affairs and dean, introduced representatives of the students, faculty, staff, alumni, the Greenville community, the higher education community and the President of the United States, who brought greetings to President Shi.

John T. Casteen III, president of the University of Virginia, welcomed President Shi into the ranks of college presidents. He described several challenges that Shi will have to face: the obligation to sustain excellence in adverse times, the obligation to account fully and publicly for Furman's resources and the uses it makes of them in the public good, and the obligation to sustain the university's integrity, "to foster the moral growth of students and faculty and to keep faith with a state and a nation that look to Furman for leaders of great moral stature." He said that Shi also has an obligation "to speak out clearly and forcefully in our national dialogue about the nature and the role of colleges and universities in shaping our national culture and our common civilization."

Representing the President of the United States, Secretary of Education Richard W. Riley '54 brought congratulations and best wishes from Bill Clinton. Riley said that at a time when many Americans look at the future with pessimism "we need to offer our students hope. We need to back up this hope with tangible opportunities for them to achieve success and security. Quality education is the answer to all these issues. Education can provide security where there is insecurity, emancipation where there is despair and equity where there is poverty. Education can be the hope that creates opportunities and generates responsibility."

During the formal installation
ceremony, Hamrick issued the presidential charge. To the new president he said, “The Board of Trustees selected you to be the tenth president because we believe you are exceptionally well qualified to lead Furman into the 21st century. We are confident that you will accept your responsibilities without any mental reservations or any degree of self-interest.” Gordon R. Herring '65, vice chair of the Board, presented the University Charter to President Shi.

The two former Furman presidents who immediately preceded Shi, John Johns and Gordon Blackwell, presented him with the official symbols of his office: the Furman Mace and the Medallion. Hamrick administered the oath of office, and the new president received a standing ovation. Shi then delivered his address, “A Precious Inheritance,” which is printed on the following pages.

On Thursday, the Shis attended a luncheon in honor of members of Zetosophia, the academic honor society at the Woman’s College from 1922 to 1953. The Student Alumni Council sponsored two events mainly for students: a morning program, which included the film “Reflections” and a talk by history professor A.V. Huff, and an evening alumni talent show in McAlister Auditorium. President Shi was the emcee for the talent show, which featured actor-singer Jason Byce '66; Chris Richards '73, a singer/guitarist; and Greg Gardner '86, a jazz composer and pianist. Shi officially ended his inaugural week by singing and playing guitar with Richards.

In an editorial commentary about the week, the Greenville News praised Shi for generating “an exciting new sense of purpose in teaching and learning on the Furman campus” and praised his commitment “to prepare students for greater involvement in a more diverse world, motivated by liberal learning, civic virtue, spiritual reflection and social responsibility.”

“Furman is an enlightening influence on Greenville and South Carolina,” the editorial said. “It seems certain to become a more tangible presence under its new president.”
A Precious Inheritance

BY DAVID EMORY SHI

It is custom that brings us here today. It is tradition that binds us together. We have gathered to renew our covenant as a college dedicated to liberal learning and to begin a new era in Furman's long and distinguished history.

Like the stately trees that grace this campus, Furman has deep roots and extensive branches. It is now almost two centuries old. In this regard, today's ceremony involves much more than the investiture of a new president. It also reminds us that this university is a precious inheritance bequeathed to us to protect and nurture.

The legacy we inherit from generations past is amorphous yet still tangible; it embodies all the lives, energies and resources that have been devoted to the university over the last 169 years.

Today, therefore, we would do well to remember our anchoring principles and lofty intentions. From its inception, this institution has assumed that intellectual inquiry and spiritual reflection can thrive together.

The Latin motto on the university seal declares that Furman exists "for Christ and for learning." Over the years, Furman has broadened its mission and revised its programs — and it has been blessed by the presence of female students since its merger with Greenville Woman's College in 1933. Yet despite undergoing many changes since 1826, Furman has remained a college whose animating purpose is to fashion graduates quick of mind and generous of soul.

Four years ago, Furman and the South Carolina Baptist Convention entered into a tempestuous debate over the governance of the university. That debate ended a year later with a mutual agreement to sever all legal and financial ties. As a result, we are now in control of our own identity and have the opportunity to shape our own destiny.

Our newly independent status, however, does not mean that Furman is nowudderless in a secular sea. The ideals of liberal learning, civic virtue, spiritual reflection and social responsibility remain firmly in place and give direction to all that we do.

As the world careens toward the end of a century and the start of a new millennium, this university will continue to provide an ecumenical setting that encourages students, faculty and staff to grow in faith as they grow in knowledge.

Such a reaffirmation of our basic mission helps to focus our vision of Furman's future. While justifiably proud of the university's past accomplishments, we need to challenge ourselves to improve every aspect of what we do. In elevating our ambitions, however, we must avoid the temptation to imitate schools with more prestigious names and smaller hearts. Hear me well: we will continue to
traverse our own path to excellence.

Of course, excellence is one of those words so tarnished by overuse that it almost defies burnishing. Every college claims to be seeking excellence. For us, however, excellence is not a destination or a goal, not simply a higher ranking in U.S. News & World Report to be coveted, reached, celebrated and forgotten. Instead, excellence at Furman involves the very spirit in which we do things.

Several months ago, in preparing a speech for the New England Society, I read Henry David Thoreau's account of a trip that he and his brother took in a homemade boat down the Concord and Merrimac rivers in 1836. His observations bristle with revelations about the spirit of excellence.

At one point, Thoreau describes visiting Williams College, nestled among the Berkshires in western Massachusetts. "It would be no small advantage," he declares in passing, "if every college were thus located at the base of a mountain."

Thoreau did not explain what advantages a college would derive from such a location. But I think I know what he meant.

Furman, too, rests at the base of a noble mountain and in the shadow of an entire mountain range. Every day the imposing stature of the Blue Ridge admonishes us to strive for more than the merely adequate; it goads us to raise our sights, to stretch ourselves to the very limit of our potential.

Doing so will require wise and sometimes painful choices. Those choices will succeed to the extent that our facts are correct, our priorities clear and our convictions firm.

Where does Furman want to go from here? What will be our distinctive emphases and attributes? Where do we focus our attention and how do we best allocate our resources?

Our answers to these questions will help guide us into an uncertain future. Without attempting to pre-empt the new long-range planning process we have recently implemented, I can predict this much with almost celestial confidence: Furman will continue to be an inviting crossroads where character and characters, architecture and landscape intersect, a place of beauty and benevolence where young people are encouraged to develop a personal style and design a way of life, a college where history, civility, and concerns of the spirit and social justice still matter, a learning community where students are more intoxicated by ideas and relationships than by alcohol.

At the same time, Furman, like American society itself, is going to be more cosmopolitan in outlook, more diverse in its composition, more international in its interests and more sophisticated about the implications of technology than in the past.

Other significant changes are already in progress. The construction of the Daniel Memorial Chapel is finally under way, and we eagerly anticipate its completion.

In addition, we have recently selected the architect to design our next academic building, to be named John E. Johns Hall, and we hope to break ground for that important project before the end of the year.

We are also planning a series of initiatives to enhance the quality of student life. These are likely to include a new residential complex, an expanded student center, a reconfigured dining hall, an outdoor amphitheater and new intramural fields.

At the same time, we are going to focus additional resources on the library so as to restore its role as the fulcrum of our academic life. Perhaps the most exciting development at Furman in coming years will involve our approach to liberal learning itself.

Although people often talk about a liberal arts education as if it were a static enterprise unchanged since ancient times, its meaning and its structure have, in fact, evolved with a changing society. Over the years, new fields of study and new modes of learning have been admitted into the liberal arts curriculum with great benefit.

In this context Furman has become an exemplar of a new type of liberal arts college. While our curriculum remains grounded in the traditional humanities, arts and science disciplines, we also recognize that selected pre-professional programs can complement the liberal arts and be of great service to the larger community.

At the same time, Furman has become especially committed to active forms of learning, both inside and outside the classroom. An old proverb, variously attributed to the Chinese or the Sioux Indians, expresses the benefits of such engaged learning. It says: Tell me and I forget; Show me and I remember; Involve me and I understand.

Like this proverb, Furman stresses that liberal learning is not simply a spectator sport — nor is it limited to the conventional classroom. We want our students to do more than passively memorize facts and theories.

We encourage them to analyze, synthesize and evaluate information, to pose questions, challenge assumptions, form hypotheses, conduct their own research and experiments, and present their findings to others. This interactive approach to liberal learning is helping Furman breach the walls of the ivory tower stereotype. It also gives our students greater responsibility for their own education, sharpens their self-confidence and hones
their leadership and communication skills.

Furman’s ability to sustain such an innovative approach to learning is threatened by the same turbulent forces that are buffeting all colleges. The continuing decline in federal and state support for higher education and the soaring costs of new periodicals and books, computers and scientific equipment, increased financial aid, and expanded student services, are straining college budgets everywhere.

Because the next few years in our enterprise will be financially challenging, our fortitude in focusing on what really matters must be all the stronger if we hope to cement Furman’s place among the very best colleges in the United States.

Yet there are some encouraging developments that make me very optimistic about Furman’s future. The applications for this fall’s freshman class have set an all-time record in number and quality. We are also situated within a region that is experiencing phenomenal economic growth. Financial support from the Greenville community and from our extended alumni family is at record levels. We thus have the luxury of focusing on more than mere survival; our challenge is to determine at what level we will excel.

In talking with several visiting delegates, I heard many comments about the stunning beauty of Furman’s campus. To be sure, we take great pride in the quality of our grounds and facilities. But, in fact, this university’s greatest asset is its people.

Since returning to Furman two years ago, I have been amazed at the talent and the dedication of the folks populating this campus. The students have been wonderful to Susan and me. They continually lift our spirits and give us confidence in the future.

We feel fortunate to associate with them.

We feel equally fortunate to work with such a gifted faculty and staff who perform the real work of the university. They have repeatedly enlarged my vision and stimulated my imagination. As we begin this new journey together, I solicit the patience and cooperation of all the members of the Furman family.

Of course, I will make my share of mistakes, but I pledge that, mistakes or not, my actions will be undertaken with all the enthusiasm, honesty and dedication I can muster.

In 1977, Robert Penn Warren, one of this country’s most distinguished writers, published a novel titled A Place to Come To. Although it deals with Vanderbilt University, his alma mater, its essential theme is equally relevant to our purposes at Furman.

Warren uses evocative prose to describe the perennial human need for lasting relationships, for developing a sense of rootedness in a place of lasting significance. He recognizes that it takes a great deal of history to make a great university.

Like all colleges, Furman still has some history to overcome, but it has much more history to celebrate. Furman, you see, is not only a special place to come to, as Robert Penn Warren phrased it; it is a special place to come from as well.

I can testify to that fact. My own enduring experiences at this college are an indelible part of my life, my convictions, my view of the past and my hopes for the future.

Many of you, I am sure, feel the same sense of indebtedness to this university. We work, learn, play and occasionally struggle in this place — and a manifest sense of its spirit and texture dwells in our thoughts and memories for the rest of our lives. It is not only a campus where knowledge is shared; it is a common ground where our very sense of self and our need for community and for spiritual purpose are awakened and nourished.

In coming years I hope that we will continue to communicate honestly and humbly with one another, that our relationships with one another will go deeper than our mask of acquaintance, and that we will develop some significant commitment to rejoice together, struggle together and to delight in each other.

By doing so we can help ensure that Furman achieves its desire to be a university harmonious in its differences, just and compassionate in its transactions, steadfast and daring in its commitment to an education of the highest quality.

So as you leave this auditorium, please carry with you some of the excitement I feel for Furman’s present and its future. And take with you some of the appreciation for the proven ability of this university to liberate young people without casting them adrift. It is indeed a precious inheritance.
SONG OF Carolina

BY MAX STEELE

Although he lived in South Carolina for only 18 years, more than half of Max Steele's fiction is based on his memories of growing up in Greenville.

telling editors at Harper's about them, and the editors now wanted a story. From the air field where I was stationed I sent them one about a chow dog that lived on the curved porch of the Ottaray Hotel. They immediately bought that story and then another, and both were exaggerated, outlandish accounts of my childhood. It seemed only natural I should be writing about the South because at the age of 21 I knew nothing else.

It was with my third story that I began consciously to write about my South Carolina boyhood. I was by then in Trinidad working as a meteorologist at the edge of a tropical jungle. We were bringing the infantrymen from Europe and sending them, not home as they had been promised, but on to fight and perhaps to die in Asia. They had been killing for three years and were angry enough to kill anyone who crossed their paths. Their anger was so intense one was afraid to go to sleep in the same barracks. I was homesick not for a place but for those early years of childhood innocence.

Once, after a sleepless night, I stopped at the weather station and saw on the weather map that in the Piedmont town where I grew up there was a light snow. In that moment I could see the snow whirling about the top of the one tall skyscraper and the one tall hotel. I could even see people huddling under the marquee of the movie theater. And then it was, in an hour of intense tropical heat, that I wrote a story that happened in that town in a drugstore on that Main Street.
The story is called "Ah Love! Ah Me!" and deals with a 16-year-old boy who develops an uncomfortable crush on a girl in his class. Finally he must ask her for a date. Here are two scenes from it:

At home that night I went out into the hall where the phone was and shut the door behind me. I wrote Sara's number on the pad and then one sentence: "Sara, 'Jezebel' is on Friday night and I was just wondering if you'd like to see it with me."

That sounded casual and easy enough to say, but when I heard the phone ringing the number I got excited and crumpled the paper in my hand. For a second I considered hanging up, but then someone said, "Hello."

"Oh," I said. "May I speak to Sara Workman?"

When Sara answered the phone I blurted out, "Would you like to go to the show with me Friday night? This is Dave."

"Well, I don't know," Sara said very slowly and cooly. "What's on?"

"I don't know," I said. "I thought maybe we'd just go mess around uptown."

"What?" she asked.

"I mean I don't know," I said. "Lucy Belle or something like that. I really couldn't remember."

"Jezebel!" she was delighted. "Bette Davis! Yeah! I'd love to see it."

"Okay," I said. "Goodbye."

At the theater that Friday night we had to stand in line, and when finally we did get seats they were in the third row. My neck was hurting before the newsreel had finished. When the picture was almost over, she caught me looking at her.

"What's matter?" she whispered. On the screen Bette Davis was risking her life to be with her man and nurse him.

Sara was very quiet when we came out of the show. As we walked down Main Street, I said, "Do you think she should have stayed with him? She probably caught yellow fever too."

"It's not a matter of what you should or shouldn't do," Sara said. "For when you love a man, nothing can tear you away."

"Good gosh," I said. Above us a neon light flickered off and on and buzzed as though it would explode.

In the drugstore she ordered a chocolate milkshake and I wanted one too, but I thought it would look kind of sophisticated to order something for my headache. I couldn't remember ammonia and coke and so I asked the waiter what he had for a headache.

"Aspirin, Epsom salts, Alka Seltzer, anything you want," he said.

"All of the booths and tables were filling up.

The waiter brought the order. My coke was in one glass, two Alka Seltzer tablets were in the bottom of an empty glass, and there was a big glass of water. I'd never taken an Alka Seltzer and I didn't know that the tablets were supposed to be dropped into the water where they would fizzle while dissolving. I just shook the tablets out into my hand, popped them in my mouth, and swallowed them one at a time as though they were aspirin. Then I drank half the coke while Sara tasted her milkshake.

I drank the rest of the coke and tried to pretend that nothing was happening. Sara put down her glass and stared at me, terrified. I sounded like someone gargling under a barrel. "It always does this," I said bravely. But by then the rumbles from the mixture were too ominous to be ignored by me or the people in the other booths. Everyone was staring at my stomach.

"Everybody's looking at you," Sara whispered. She was so red I was afraid she was going to cry.

"Sounds like somebody churning buttermilk," John Bowman was coming around our booth.

"He's effervescing," the waiter announced to the astonished customers.

A dog fight couldn't have attracted more attention.

And so the story goes on to a wistful ending.

The crucial question to ask at this point is, Does Carolina know a song of mine?

We grow older, if not wiser. And the war ended and I was back in Chapel Hill to finish my college degree. And then to finish a novel, Debby. During that time I was also writing short stories about the South for a wide range of magazines. But because I was living again in the South the stories and the novel do not have that feeling of nostalgia that I like so much in the works of Joyce, Cather, Colette, Agee, in Katherine Mansfield's New Zealand stories and, of course, in the African chronicles of Isak Denisen.

So I finished and published my novel, and because of an unrelenting shyness I fled to Paris. One can be published but one cannot be unpublished. And so, trying to escape a bit of literary fame, I found myself in the midst of the most exciting literary world of that decade: working as an advisory editor with George Plimpton and Peter Matthiessen on the Paris Review. We were publishing in those early days such writers as E. M. Forster, Philip Roth, Italo Calvini, Moravia and Samuel Beckett.

American magazine editors, who before had wanted my Southern stories, now wanted stories about Americans in Paris, and these I sent to them. Only once, in a time of great nostalgia, did I hear again the song I knew about Carolina, and we will return to it later.

After five years, back in Chapel Hill, teaching, I heard no song of any place because I was discovering that for me the life of a teacher was far more rewarding than the highly public life of a writer or the totally absorbing life of an editor. And so to hear my own voice again I went to Florida, to New Orleans, to Mexico. The stories I wrote during that time were intensely personal and could have happened anywhere.

But now it was time to get married and so I got married. We spent our first months in Chicago and New England, from which distance I could hear again my song of Carolina, and I believe you can hear it in this story first published in the New Yorker about a kindergarten. In the story the ancient Southern lady is...
teaching the 5-year-olds how to read but more important perhaps how to enter a room, how to give one's true name and to people who did not need to know it, a false name, and how to drink coffee. She felt all young ladies and gentlemen should know how to sweep and to dust and to clean windows. But mainly when the cat
Mr. Thomas, which she and the children adore, is mortally wounded by dogs, she teaches them how to roll the cat up in a carpet, pour chloroform over its head and stuff it in a bag to die. She teaches them then the supreme meaning of death and dignity. Here is part of the last scene:

Back in the schoolhouse we tried to listen as she read without her usual excited tone, but we were all thinking about Mr. Thomas in the tool shed.

"Well," she finally said, "if you will excuse me a moment, I'll go see if my cat is dead."

We watched from the window as she walked with her cane through the garden to the tool shed. We could see her open the door and bend over the sack for a long time. At last she straightened up and locked the door again. She came back with the same unhalting gait and stood for a moment in the sun before the open door of the schoolhouse.

"When I dismiss you, you're to go straight home. And if they want to know why you're home early."

She stopped and studied the ground as though she had lost there her control or her words — "tell them the only thing Miss Effie had to teach you today was how to kill a cat."

Without waiting for us to leave, she walked in her usual dignified fashion down the brick walk and up the back steps and into her house, shutting the kitchen door firmly behind her.

And I heard the song some years later in San Francisco, and by then I knew the exact theme of the song would always be about the women of South Carolina who lived in those needy, barren times between the end of the Confederacy and the beginning of World War II. It seemed to me that they were the ones who kept alive the belief that it was manners and courage which would eventually see us through those years of desolation.

My mother had just died and we do grow older and, in spite of ourselves, wiser. The next story after her death is called "Where She Brushed Her Hair"; and in it is a scene in which a greatly overworked mother, Ardella Perry, is insisting on an hour a day alone to recoup her soul, because she hears as always the voice of her own mother, who was married during the last days of the Confederacy, saying that ladies and gentlemen need an hour each day to reflect on manners and on courage.

So during the hour alone which Ardella Perry has insisted upon she remembers a scene of courage from her childhood in Travelers Rest in which she tried to rescue a nest of eggs from a rattlesnake. Here is a scene from the story:

She is lying under the brush pile now and before her are the guinea eggs, a hundred of them, a thousand. Already she has filled her apron with the ones from the near edge but as far as she can see under the brush pile are eggs, eggs, and more eggs. Small brown guinea eggs. For each dozen her mother will give her a nickel and for twenty dozen a dollar. And for a dollar the Confederate doll will be hers to take out of the store window, to hold on the way home, sitting on her pillow on the back of the wagon.

"Mamma," she wants to scream, "Mamma,

I've found where the guinea hens are laying."

But her mother with her two baskets, one for wild strawberries, one for mushrooms, has long ago disappeared into the forest and young ladies do not scream. She tries to count the eggs but they come together, double, treble, she counts the same egg twice and pretends not to notice the hissing is growing stronger and stronger. First it is far away, then it is near. Now it is everywhere, as if each egg is singing a dry rattling song.

She knows the noise; she knows what it means. Yet by an order to herself, she does not look away from the eggs which she is reaching for as far as her ten-year-old summer-brown arms will reach. She crawls deeper under the brush. She follows her hands gathering the eggs as if her hands were kittens to be sneaked up on, caught, dragged back to her bosom. And all the time the silky sliding rattle which she orders herself not to hear.

She sees the doll in the store window; she sees herself holding it on the wagon; she cannot quite see herself with the doll at home, in the house. On the porch she sees herself.

In 1950, when Steele was only 27, his novel, Debby, was chosen from 666 entries to receive the $10,000 Harper Prize.
hiding there with the doll, waiting behind the boxwoods for the Yankees, the Cherokee, for all mortal enemies, she and the soldier protecting them all from evil.

Again she slides forward, dragging carefully the apron-bag by its neck. Now she is under the center of the brush pile and one way out is as short as another. Above the eggs, above the place where she sees the doll in the window, and on the porch a branch creaks heavily, something drops heavily to a lower branch, the pile shifts and seems all to move. The silkily drooping stems then starts again, moving slowly as the brush pile seems to slide. She is looking into the eyes of the snake itself, nearer, ever nearer, till death do us part. Her hands move out again, toward the eggs, obeying again the unvoiced command from that unknown part of her which will have the doll at any price. Two more eggs, two more. The head of the snake weaves from side to side. The thick body coils through the brush toward the nest. Now it is a moral battle: the eggs must be rescued, saved from the snake. Now the eggs have the love withdrawn from the soldier doll. Now she is a mother rescuing her young from all terror. Two more eggs and two more and the snake has reached the far edge of the nest and dangles its head over the eggs. Cautionously two more and she will crawl backward, and drag the apron-bundle of eggs after her, and place them safely near the spring and run to her mother, slowing to a ladylike walk, to where the mother is kneeling ladylike, bending at the knees, not from the waist, turning the perfect leaves, picking the wild berries which will be served with sugar tonight. Approaching softly, saying softly: "Mamma, I have found the guinea nest where the guinea hens are laying. Saturday when we go to town, I will have money...." No snake. No snake. No.

The darting tongue flickers, fast as a bee wing, the head holds still, the thick body begins its coil for strength and spring. Two more eggs. That is enough. That is enough. Twice more the hands go out and twice more back and are moving forward again when the snake strikes and misses, its thick body smashing the eggs, thrashing over the broken eggs, through the brush. No snake. No. She is out from under the brush. No snake. No. She is running toward her mother.

The story goes on for many pages and is a tribute to my grandmother, my mother, to her sisters and to that generation of South Carolina women who gave us the courage we needed during those barren Southern days and the days of the Great Depression to endure, indeed, as Faulkner said in his Nobel Prize speech, to flourish.

But to return to that time in Paris where I heard most urgently the song of Carolina. I remember being, not exactly homesick, but certainly preoccupied with home. I was sitting in the Café Tournon with Richard Wright and his wife, Ellen, who was my European agent. Wright had just returned from Africa where he had expected to feel for once at home but was treated as a stranger. Simone de Beauvoir had just left the café and Ellen was talking about her friend Sartre's introduction to the works of Genet, which Gallimard was publishing. Richard Wright and Ellen were mainly impressed that Sartre had seen that one can choose a path to Sainthhood that leads through debauchery and the worst of human degradation to redemption and Sainthood.

I was silent because in my preoccupation with things Southern I had remembered going in a car packed with Furman students to Clemson to hear Ben Robertson, whose book Travelers Rest I had read, impressed that someone so near to home had written a book. Robertson, who was the first published writer I ever saw, read pages that afternoon from what was to be his next book: Red Hills and Cotton.

In those pages he had predicated by a dozen years Sartre and his existentialist conclusions about the ways to Sainthhood. Robertson had written about the interperable Southern character, simply and honestly, as was his way: "There is no hope for the weak in our system unless they have the strength to move through the whole gamut of sin and finally through satiation arrive also at renunciation — arrive too at the foot of the cross. We travel round the great curve of a circle, and whether we move toward the right or the left we aim ultimately toward the foot of the cross. We flay and we persecute, but by paradox we forgive — that is the saving grace of our unforgiving, unrelenting religion. We know that in the end there is no difference between the great sinner and the pure saint." My preoccupation turned to a longing for that land of red hills and cotton which you may hear in the story I wrote that week.

Somerset Maugham says you can always write a story by taking a person you know and putting him in the situation he deserves. I do not know that I deserve the situation in which I try to warn and to rescue a Mary David Clark, a Southern woman in Paris. In the story (as in actual incident) I was trying to protect her from the violence of Kreer, an ex-Nazi who becomes truly paranoid and tries to kill the waiter in the cafe below the apartment he has been sharing with Mary David. The story has the rather unappealing title of "A Caracole in Paris." It begins:

Later, after the blood had been properly shed, I realized what I had always known: all it takes for melodrama is two Southerners.

The embassy estimated there were ten thousand Americans living that year on the Left Bank. But Mary David Clark was the only Southern woman I met in Paris; and so far as anyone seemed to know I was the only man there from the South.

In the story the narrator watches the violence developing but because of the mad Kreer, he and Mary David can only whisper in passing and exchange hurriedly written notes in secrecy. The day of the final scene the narrator has heard about Kreer's attempted murder of the waiter and he has received a note from Mary David to wait for her in her apartment while she goes out to have Kreer committed and deported. The final scene begins:

I have just turned on the light in the kitchen and the gas jets on the stove for heat when I hear Mary David come in the front door.

I call to her as to not to frighten her and her voice is surprisingly cheerful, almost girlish. "Honey, I'm so glad you're here." She is taking off her coat and gloves and scarf and is combing her hair with her fingers before the hall mirror.

At the door to the kitchen
“Miss Mary David’s Boarding House?”. 
She smiles. “Wouldn’t you know I’d come over here and end up taking in boarders? You think all Southerners are cursed forever with genteel poverty?” 
“You know what Kipling said.” I have been thinking about it all afternoon: “They change their skies above them; But not their dreams that roam.” 
The muscles in her face begin to play tricks on her and I want to look away while she regains control. . . . When I look up from the wine glass I see that she has won the struggle. Her face is smooth, as if she’s patted each betraying muscle back into place. “Isn’t that funny? That’s what Daddy wrote me last week. Only he was quoting Horace. He loves Horace. They change their climates not their dispositions who run beyond the seas.” . . . 
I nod in agreement and look up from the grits at the flowered tiles around the stove. So here we sit, I think, under a Gallic sky, in one of those ambiguous Southern relationships that will never be quite brother-sister and never quite lover.
She seems to know the nature of my thoughts and says: “Is it who run beyond the seas’ or ‘who roam beyond the seas?’”
Before I can say she is mixing the two quotations she raises her hand to stop me. 
“Listen,” she whispers.
From afar off through the Paris desk comes the cry of a street haggler on his way home. “Haaabee sheeefo . . . haaabee sheeefo!” He is begging to buy old clothes and rags, but his words are sung out on that plaintive rhythm of street merchants all over the world. It makes no difference be the cry for bones and hides or for the love of Allah.
“Haaabee sheeefo . . . haaabee sheeefo!” Mary David listens as if to the rhythm of her own blood and calls back in a voice as soft and far away as the rag merchant’s own: “Shwimpee wah wah . . . shwimpee wah wah!” And to her island chant of shrimp fresh out of water, I add my own mountain lullaby of young corn and fresh vegetables: “Roastpears green peas . . . roastpears green peas!”
In the candlelight with the dark sky at the windows, it is too lovely for Mary David to bear, and with the heel of her hand she brushes her cheeks dry and she sings out again in answer to the far-off rag man: “Shwimpee wah wah . . . shwimpee wah wah.”
And so on this plaintive note, with its echo of Dubose Heyward and his beloved Fordy and Bess, the story ends. Yes, I know a song of Carolina.
Keith Lockhart has won rave reviews in his first season as conductor of the Boston Pops.

BY TERRY WALTERS

It's a scene familiar to viewers of the PBS television series 'Evening at Pops' — the narrow rectangular concert hall, chairs arranged around tables on the ground level, balconies above, stage full of musicians. But there's one big difference today, as the maestro approaches the podium to begin rehearsing for the evening performance. He's not the dignified, white-haired Arthur Fiedler who presided over the Boston Pops for so many years, nor the familiar, bespectacled and middle-aged John Williams who succeeded Fiedler and was conductor for almost 15 years.

Instead, stepping briskly to the podium on this May morning is an athletic-looking young man, with a thick crop of brown hair and deep-set blue eyes, casually dressed in navy T-shirt, chinos and black moccasins. If anything, he looks even younger than his 35 years. After greeting the musicians, he turns to the 50 or so elderly patrons who have been invited to watch the morning's rehearsal and introduces himself: "Hi, I'm Keith Lockhart, and I'm conductor of the Boston Pops."

Just a few months ago, the reaction might have been, Keith who? In February, much of the music world was surprised by the announcement that Williams would turn the baton of the Pops over to Lockhart. After all, the Pops is the best-known, most recorded and probably the most popular symphony orchestra in the country, and Lockhart was a relative unknown.

But that was in February. Today, after press conferences, media inter-views, rave reviews, and a promotional campaign that put Lockhart's picture on the sides of buses throughout the city, there's hardly a soul in Boston who doesn't recognize Lockhart. As an article in the June 5 'People' magazine put it, "Boston is already swooning over its handsome music director."

Certainly, people at Symphony Hall are taken with him. The stage door attendant, a 24-year veteran with the symphony, says, "He's just too good to say!" The staff speaks of him as Keith, not Mr. Lockhart or Maestro, and the gift shop manager sums up the general sentiment: "Everyone loves him. He's got lots of charisma."

Even the members of the orchestra (and musicians are never an easy lot to please) "like him very much," according to David MacNeill, longtime host of the Dinner Classics series on radio station WCRB in Boston. "They appreciate his knowledge of music and how he works with them."

Watching Lockhart in rehearsal makes it easy to understand his popularity. The dignified patrons in the audience are charmed by his modesty and informality as he explains the reason for an enormous curtain that blocks off half the auditorium: "It's there to dampen the sound, because there are so few of you guys in the audience."

Then it's down to business, with Lockhart very much in charge, energetically yet sensitively moving through a program titled "Viva Italia.""
A new era begins as John Williams, conductor of the Boston Pops since 1980, passes the baton to Keith Lockhart.

Lockhart wins over his audiences through a combination of serious musicianship and an easygoing manner that suggests they're enjoying something wonderful together. While conducting Pomp and Circumstance at the concert I attended, Lockhart turned and beamed at the audience when the orchestra arrived at the familiar theme, as if to say, "I know what you’ve been waiting for." He bantered with the audience without detracting from the music, donned a subway conductor’s hat for a rendition of “Charlie on the M.T.A.,” and won four standing ovations.

The popular young conductor’s path to the Pops was uncertain to begin with, rocky until recent years. Although he says it would make a better story if he had picked up a rattle and started to conduct in his playpen, he actually didn't realize until late in college that conducting was for him.

Lockhart was born in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. His father was an electrical engineer with IBM, his mother a mathematician who gave up her career at IBM after Keith and his younger brother, Paul, were born.

The family enjoyed music, and Keith began piano lessons when he was seven. He was fortunate to have as teacher Gwendolyn Stevens, who had studied with the legendary Nadia Boulanger. Lockhart studied with Stevens for 11 years, and she found him "very bright, with a good ear and very musical."

During high school Lockhart also played clarinet in the band and conducted several student musicals. However, when it came time for college,

the winning format developed by Fiedler, the program begins with familiar classical pieces (the “Triumphal March” from Aida and Respighi’s Pines of Rome), followed by a middle section of more serious classical music (Grand Duo for Violin and Double Bass by Bottesini) and finally a rousing selection of popular works.

The Pines showcases the orchestra's great dynamic range, and for an aria from the Barber of Seville, Lockhart vocalizes the sound he wants to achieve. There’s a friendly dispute in the percussion section over a phrase in the march from Aida, and Lockhart defers to the musicians: “What’s the consensus? . . . I’m sure I’ll love it either way.”

Harry Ellis Dickson, the associate director emeritus who is observing the rehearsal, says, “Lockhart is amazingly mature for his age, articulate, a young philosopher. He knows what’s going on in the contemporary music scene, yet he understands the classics.” Dickson adds the ultimate compliment: “I’m glad he’ll be taking over the Youth Concerts, which I started years ago.”

At the time of Lockhart’s appointment, Kenneth Haas, managing director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had predicted, “He’s got the musical goods and personal attributes to win everybody over.”

Lockhart, whose clothes sometimes reflect his theatrical approach to music, dons a subway conductor’s cap to lead the orchestra in a new Pops arrangement of “Charlie on the M.T.A.”
Lockhart chose to apply to liberal arts colleges, rather than a conservatory. He says, "I didn’t want to be closeted that way." Having spent boyhood summers in Brevard, N.C., with his grandparents, and having later studied at the Brevard Music Center, he decided to look at nearby Furman. He liked what he found, and was persuaded when Furman "made it very, very attractive" with merit scholarships.

Lockhart, who started as a pre-law student, says, "Furman turned out to be the perfect background for what I have ended up becoming. As I look back, I've never regretted anything about Furman. The broad-based background with a solid, if not nose-to-the-grindstone, instrumental background was perfect for what I am doing."

"I discovered in graduate school that my technical background was as good as or better than that of anybody who’d gone to the Eastmans or the Juilliards. I flew through things — that’s because the Eastmans or Juilliards didn’t have [Professor of Music Emeritus] Charlotte Smith. She’s quite honestly the finest academic music teacher of all the people I’ve taught with and studied under since, with a better grasp of the subject matter and a better way of communicating it."

Smith returns the praise. She says, "Keith asked questions that were beyond what most students at that level ask. I realized that he had a tremendous amount of intelligent musicality and that he loved music open-mindedly."

"Furman turned out to be the perfect background for what I’ve ended up becoming."

Lockhart continues, "All you basically need in an undergraduate curriculum are good academics and a good teacher for the instrument you study, and I had both of those." His piano teacher was John Noel Roberts, who joined Furman’s music faculty in 1977, the year Lockhart entered, and "took infinite pains" teaching him. Lockhart also studied clarinet with Bob Chesebro, performed in the marching band under Dan Ellis, spent fall term in Vienna where he studied piano at the Hochschule fur Musik, and played with the Greenville Symphony, including the famous bass-clarinet solo from Grofé’s Grand Canyon Suite.

For several years, he also had a Top 40 band that played at proms and cocktail parties and even backed up an Elvis impersonator in performances around the region.

It wasn’t just the quality and breadth of his musical education that made Furman the "perfect background" for Lockhart. He says, "On top of that I was able to do almost half an English major (including John Crabtree’s Shakespeare — one of the high points of my college career) and a full German degree, including a full term in Vienna. And I took other things, computer science and ‘real’ chemistry (not chemistry for non-majors) and calculus. I was like a kid in a candy store. I loved the freedom to do that."

Still, he wasn’t sure what he wanted to do. "I was fairly sure I wasn’t the next Horowitz, and I didn’t want to teach." When Lockhart mentioned the possibility of conducting as a career, Roberts
A hit with Pops fans, Lockhart and the orchestra receive a standing ovation following the gala opening night concert.

suggested the conducting program at the summer Aspen Music Festival. Despite relatively little experience, Lockhart was accepted. While at Aspen he met people like Leonard Slatkin and Itzhak Perlman, professionals playing in the big venues he'd only heard about. He suddenly realized, "Gee, I want to do that," and says he proceeded to "put on the blinders and march in that direction."

The next step, after graduating from Furman in 1981 summa cum laude with two degrees, was to audition for the conducting program at Yale with the famed Otto-Werner Mueller. Mueller found Lockhart greatly talented but "still a baby"; he referred him to his student Istvan Jaray at Carnegie-Mellon.

Carnegie-Mellon proved to be another perfect background for Lockhart; as the only conducting student, he acquired the foundation of his technique and had opportunities to conduct everything from musical comedy to light opera and contemporary music.

Lockhart had married college sweetheart Ann Heatherington '80 soon after graduating from Furman, but during graduate school the marriage ended amicably. Heatherington, who went on to obtain a Ph.D. in geochemistry, now heads the graduate laboratories at the University of Florida in Gainesville. Lockhart says she sent a bouquet of flowers on opening night in Boston, "a very sweet thing to do."

Lockhart says he is reverent about music but sees nothing wrong with being irreverent in how it is presented.

After earning his master's degree, Lockhart was offered a junior faculty post at Carnegie-Mellon. For the next six years, while trying to break into the professional orchestral world, he conducted the wind ensemble, served as assistant conductor of the orchestra, coached and accompanied voice students, and taught a variety of courses. To supplement a meager salary, he also conducted local Equity productions of Broadway shows and Pittsburgh civic orchestra productions of American operas.

His first break came in 1988, when he was chosen assistant conductor of the Akron, Ohio, Symphony. In Akron, he began to exhibit the showmanship that
has become his trademark: for an educational concert performance of Peter and the Wolf, he had the players dress as the characters their instruments portray—the oboist as a dack, for instance.

In 1989 he became one of two conducting fellows at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Institute, where he performed so well he was asked to conduct three concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. It wasn’t long before he moved on to the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, as assistant conductor, and really came into his own. Besides some 50 concerts a year with that orchestra, he conducted Pops concerts and youth concerts and created a “Casual Classics” series to attract the Reeboks and Levis crowd that is often put off by classical music’s elitist image.

Lockhart, who says he is reverent about music but sees nothing wrong with being irreverent in how it is presented, once made an entrance at an outdoor concert dressed as Indiana Jones, riding on an elephant. For other concerts, he dropped on-stage in a spacesuit, marched in as a drum major and emerged from a smoky time machine. Audiences loved it. He was soon named associate conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony and Pops and music director of the smaller chamber orchestra.

As word spread about the colorful young conductor, Lockhart was asked to guest-conduct such ensembles as the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony. He made his first commercial recording with Mel Torme and went on tour as conductor for vocalist Mandy Patinkin.

In June 1993, Lockhart made his debut with the Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra. (There are actually two Pops orchestras. The Boston Pops is basically the Boston Symphony minus its first-chair players. After the Pops moves to the Tanglewood Music Festival in mid-May, the Pops Esplanade Orchestra is assembled from freelance musicians in the area.) Called back to conduct the Boston Pops and knowing Williams had announced plans to retire, Lockhart knew he was “under the microscope.” The reaction of the musicians and search committee was positive (“well-trained, good musical taste, knows how to make the music speak” wrote one player) and by October 1994, he was on the short list of finalists.

“We should remember that we’re an entertainment industry, and our job is to make the audience enjoy what we do....”

After a pivotal meeting with Seiji Ozawa, music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Lockhart was signed to a three-year contract and his appointment was announced in February. At that time, Ozawa said, “Keith has a musical spirit without boundaries. He knows and loves many, many types of music, and he has the rare gift of being able to share his joy with the orchestra and the audience.”

Since then, Lockhart’s days have been packed with over 60 interviews, appearances on the network morning shows, a photo session with celebrity photographer Christian Steimer, and plenty of music-making. He wound up his work with the Cincinnati Symphony, including a March performance of Stravinsky’s difficult Rite of Spring; programmed virtually the entire Pops season; lined up soloists, rehearsed and conducted what seemed like “tons of concerts” in Boston; and fulfilled a nine-concert commitment with the Naples, Fla., Philharmonic.

This summer, Lockhart and the Esplanade Orchestra went on the road, appearing at festivals in 10 cities. The pace was so demanding, he had little time for his vacation retreat in northern Maine. Lockhart, who has enjoyed camping and hiking since childhood, purchased the 47-acre tract a few years ago. Now that he can afford to build a vacation home on the site, Lockhart is so busy he has turned that project over to his folks.

His first season at Pops having won raves, Lockhart is full of ideas for the future. He has two main agendas: to diversify the orchestra’s offerings and to bring in a younger and more diverse audience. He says, “I think we need to be inventive in thinking about different types of concerts. We might consider the possibility of mixed-media concerts. We might present some other artists side-by-side with the Pops, in a ‘Lollapalooza’ approach. That way, we could show that these types of music can not only coexist peacefully but build off each other.”

Lockhart, whose musical taste runs the gamut from Dvorak and Mahler to the Grateful Dead, says he hopes to show that music at all of its levels is entertaining. “We should remember that we are an entertainment industry, and that our job is to make the audience enjoy what we do, or be moved by it, or be touched in some visceral way. Then we’ll be on the road to maintaining future audiences.”

Insisting that he wants to be known not as a Pops conductor but as a conductor, Lockhart remains conductor of the Cincinnati Chamber Players and music director of the young Naples Philharmonic. He is especially proud of the achievements of the chamber orchestra, which “is getting to be the equal of orchestras with 10 times our budget.”

Asked what he sees himself doing in 15 years, Lockhart beams and says, “Isn’t this good enough? I’ve always just wanted to be in a position where I was loving what I was doing and where I was getting to make music at a level that was high enough to keep me challenged. That’s certainly turned out in spades this time.”

After reflecting on the unexpected turns his career has taken over the past six years, Lockhart concludes, “This is a job with a lot of room for growth. So what I hope is that 15 years from now I’m still feeling the same way — challenged musically and loving what I do.”

Keith Lockhart will return to the Furman campus the week of February 12, 1996, to give master classes and conduct the Furman Symphony Orchestra in concert on February 18.
When author Pat Conroy spoke at graduation exercises in 1990, he recounted how Furman had almost played a major role in his 1980 novel *The Lords of Discipline*.

Conroy, a graduate of The Citadel who played baseball and basketball against Furman during his student days in the sixties, had included in *Lords* a section on the rivalry between the schools. Conroy’s tale of the kidnapping of Furman’s proud mascot, the horse, by a group of cadets, and the subsequent fallout when the mighty steed was accidentally blinded during the prank, was based on actual events from the early sixties.

But his editor called Conroy’s fictional account “nonsense” and “unbelievable.” Despite the author’s protests, the story was excised from *Lords*.

Of course, good writers never discard a good story; they just save it for another day. Conroy waited for the right time to give his horse tale a second chance, and he found it. There, on page 461 of his new novel, *Beach Music*, begins the Furman yarn originally penned for *The Lords of Discipline*.

The six-page section of *Beach Music* also describes a cadet caper gone awry. Plenty of Furman alumni can recall waking up on a crisp autumn morning to find the campus decorated in the most odious of shades — Citadel blue. The dastardly bellhops always seemed to elude detection with irritating ease, commit their unseemly acts of vandalism on the pristine Furman campus, and quietly escape into the night, laughing all the way back to Charleston. But Conroy writes of a less successful expedition in which the cadets were routed by a horde of outraged Furman men who have been tipped off to their imminent arrival. Again, Conroy bases his tale on real events.

To uncover the real stories that influenced Conroy, we turned to student newspapers of the time, the *Paladin* and the *Hornet*. In the fall of 1963, Citadel cadets did kidnap the Furman mascot, affectionately known to Furman students as “Waldo,” from the stables near the campus the week of the Furman-Citadel football game. Their plan, said the *Paladin*, was to return Waldo to Furman officials during the game in Charleston that Saturday. However, after the horse was accidentally blinded during the course of the prank, those responsible decided to limit further damage and return the horse early.

The *Paladin* reported that Waldo was “temporarily blinded” in the left eye and, for the time being, would not be seen on the sidelines at football games. In Conroy’s account, however, the horse is blinded and then, in a moment of panic, killed by the cadets, and the photograph of the dead horse appears on front pages of newspapers throughout the state.

As for the Furman men successfully outflanking The Citadel’s paint-bucket brigade, a similar event happened in 1961. According to the *Hornet* (it became the *Paladin* the following year), the “entire male population of the student body” turned out to meet a convoy of cadets. As in the book, the Furman students were tipped off, and the convoy was monitored all the way up the interstate and captured once it came inside the gates. The Furman rout of the Citadel raid was so complete, the *Hornet* reported, that Dean Francis Bonner allowed free cuts for Saturday classes.

Those are the facts. Still, we must remember that *Beach Music* is a work of fiction and, therefore, any account it contains of an actual event is subject to embellishment.

Conroy even told the *Greenville News* that he has heard “a zillion variations” of the Furman-Citadel tales — and he isn’t sure what the truth is. But we suspect that, deep down inside, Conroy may believe his version to be true.

Why do we think so? Strong evidence is provided by Mary Brown Ries ’79, director of the Alumni Association. She is the proud owner of an autographed copy of *The Lords of Discipline*, purchased at a book signing where she and Conroy bantered good-naturedly about the Furman-Citadel rivalry. The inscription reads: “To Mary Ries — We killed your horse. Pat Conroy.”

But all of this is not to quibble. It is to express appreciation to Pat Conroy for including Furman in his latest work, and for his remarkable writing that continues to bring honor to an institution of which he is an honorary alumnus. *Beach Music* plays all the better because of its Furman refrain.

Jim Stewart
Keith Lockhart ’81, new conductor of the Boston Pops.