

Furman Magazine

Volume 29
Issue 1 *Spring 1984*

Article 1

3-1-1984

Furman Magazine. Volume 29, Issue 1 - Full Issue

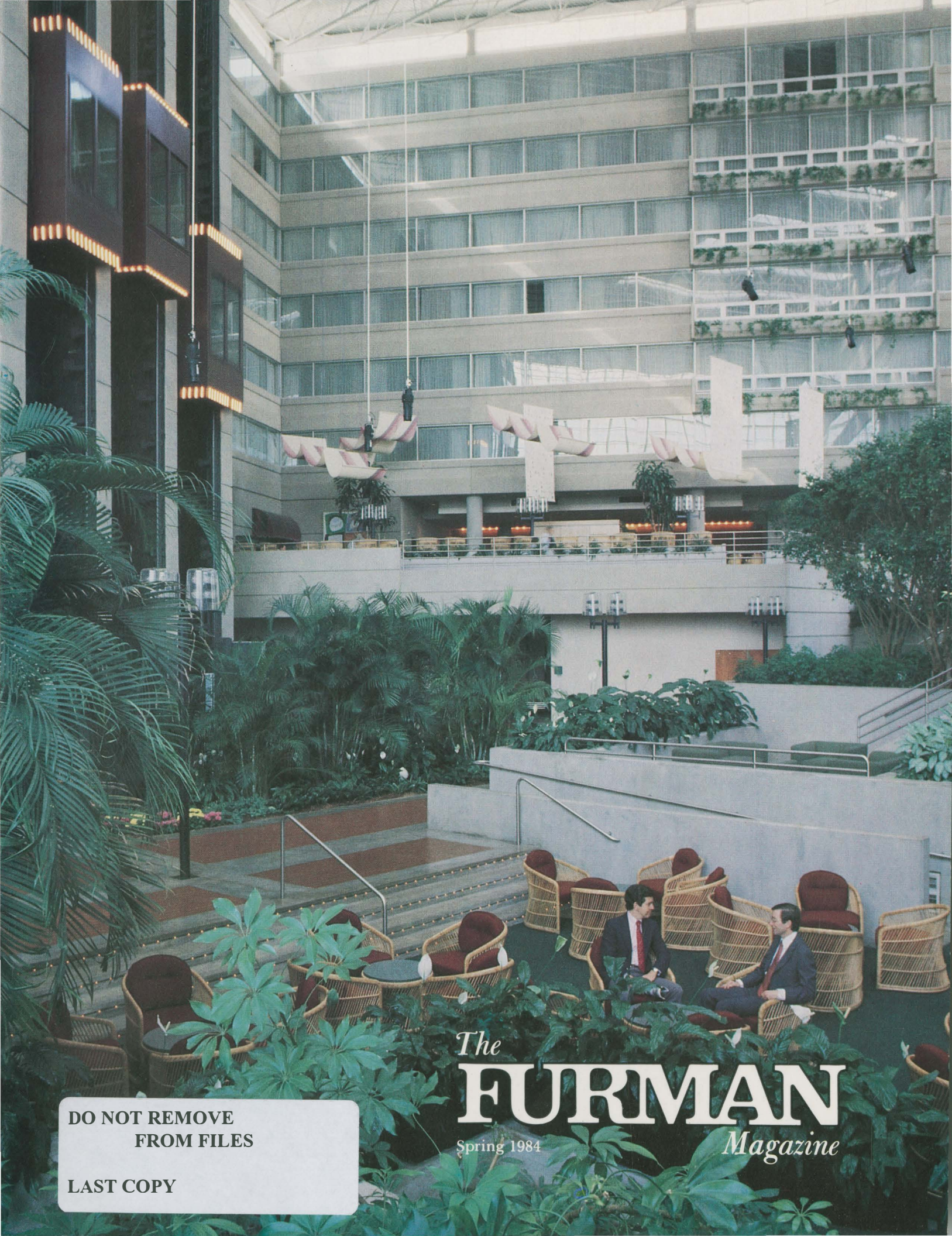
Furman University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/furman-magazine>

Recommended Citation

University, Furman (1984) "Furman Magazine. Volume 29, Issue 1 - Full Issue," *Furman Magazine*: Vol. 29 : Iss. 1 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/furman-magazine/vol29/iss1/1>

This Complete Volume is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Furman Magazine by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.



DO NOT REMOVE
FROM FILES

LAST COPY

The
FURMAN
Magazine

Spring 1984

The
FURMAN
Magazine

Spring 1984/Vol. 29 No.1

THE FURMAN MAGAZINE is published by Furman University, Greenville, S.C. 29613 and printed by Provence-Jarrard Printing, Inc. Copyright © Furman University 1984
Marguerite Hays/Editor
Blake Praytor/Photographer
Tom Hays/Consultant

CONTENTS

Turning a downtown around

by Marguerite Hays
page 2

Brad Faxon — a clear cut winner

by Vince Moore
page 12

Eclipse at Borabudur

by Guy Ottewell
page 16

An extraordinary woman

by Marguerite Hays
page 27

COVERS

Since its opening in January 1982, the Hyatt Regency Greenville, which is a part of the Greenville Commons project, has given a new look to the north end of Main Street. Larry D. Estridge, past president of the Furman Alumni Association, handled the complex real estate legal arrangements for the project. Estridge and Bob Bainbridge, executive director of the Greenville Central Area Partnership, meet for a quick conversation in the public atrium park, which serves as the lobby of the hotel. One Main Place, on the back cover, provides a downtown location for craftsmen and artists to sell their works. (See article on page 2.) Photographs by Blake Praytor.

Furman University offers equal opportunity in its employment, admissions and educational activities in compliance with Title IX and other civil rights laws.





Blake Praylor

The Greenville Commons project and the new Southern Bank building reflect a growing confidence in downtown Greenville.

Spring, 1984

Turning a downtown around

by Marguerite Hays

Downtown Greenville has come to life again thanks to the efforts of dozens of people.

The story goes that sometime during the 1950s Charles E. Daniel, president of Daniel Construction Company, and Roger C. Peace, publisher of the *Greenville News-Piedmont*, had a conversation about downtown Greenville. Both men were concerned. They knew there had been no significant growth in the area for many years and, in fact, some businesses were beginning to move to the outskirts of town. If this trend continued, as it had in so many other places, they were sure it would destroy the center of the city.

Daniel and Peace agreed that what the city really needed was some visible commitment to the downtown area. Daniel said he would build an office building to house his corporate headquarters at the north end of Main Street, and Peace promised that his company would construct a new building at the south end. Scarcely ten years later, Greenville's first "skyscraper," the 25-story Daniel Building, opened for occupancy. In 1968 the Greenville News-Piedmont Company moved into a new building

at the opposite end of the street. Daniel and Peace had done what they said they would do, and Main Street was anchored at both ends with impressive new buildings.

Whether or not this story is totally true, it is true in essence. Two men saw the need for revitalizing downtown Greenville, and they took action to improve it, using private resources. Twenty years later, in 1975, something of the same sort of thing happened again. Buck Mickel, who was named president of Daniel Construction Company after the death of Charles Daniel; C. Thomas Wyche, a partner in the law firm of Wyche, Burgess, Freeman and Parham; and Max Heller, then mayor of Greenville, had become alarmed about the condition of downtown Greenville.

By this time two of the four major department stores on Main Street had moved to McAlister Square, the state's first enclosed shopping mall. It was clear that the two other department stores would soon follow their example and move to new malls that were being planned for the east side of

the city near Interstate 85. Many of the small retail stores, which depended on the department stores to bring people to town, had moved or were considering moving to other locations.

Three financial institutions had built handsome office buildings downtown; however, they were having problems filling up all of this office space, and there was no prospect of any new construction. Despite the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce and the City of Greenville — including the conversion of Main Street into a mall with attractive landscaping and more parking space — retail businesses continued to leave downtown. As they moved away, many of the buildings

Right: Furman alumnus Larry Estridge is president of the Greenville Central Area Partnership, a nonprofit organization devoted to stimulating and coordinating the revitalization of downtown Greenville. Estridge stands on the balcony of his law firm that overlooks the Reedy River.



Blake Praytor



Blake Praytor

The Greenville Central Area Partnership plans to renovate the old C.F. Sauer building on the banks of the Reedy River.

they had occupied stood vacant, their plate glass windows revealing only the debris left behind.

Mickel, Wyche and Heller decided that something dramatic had to be done to restore public confidence in downtown. They knew that Greenville needed both a hotel and a convention facility, so they organized Greenville Community Corporation and set about to find private funds with which to build a hotel to match the city's investment in a convention center.

One of the worst-looking parts of town was the east side of the 200 block of North Main Street. This was the site of the long-vacant Paris Theater and a row of other empty buildings, owned mostly by absentee landlords. Because the block was such an eyesore, it was declared a "blighted block" and the city was able to acquire the whole block, except the old Ivey's building, with public funds.

About the same time, it occurred to Tommy Wyche, president of Community Corporation, to ask the Hyatt organization to put a luxury hotel in downtown Greenville and to join the corporation in ownership of the hotel. Although Hyatt had never before put a Regency-class hotel in a city as small as Greenville, Wyche received a favorable response. He, Mickel and others were then able to convince about 30 local businessmen to put together a \$4 million equity-pool to be invested in the project with little or no hope of any dollar return. Mayor Heller was also successful in acquiring some city and federal money.

Through the efforts of these people and organizations, the Greenville Commons began to take shape. As the project developed, the Hyatt Greenville Corporation and the Community Corporation agreed to finance the

construction of a hotel and an office building. The City of Greenville agreed to fund the construction of the convention center and a public atrium park that would serve as the lobby of the hotel.

Although the Commons was to be designed and built as one building, the investment of both public and private funds made legal arrangements extremely complex. In order for the city to use local and federal tax dollars, it had to own the land on which its part of the project would be built. Thus, the city would retain ownership of most of the land and sell air rights to Hyatt and the Community Corporation for the hotel and office buildings. The convention center would serve as the ground floor of the hotel and be leased to Hyatt to manage. However, in order for private corporations to secure adequate financial backing for the project, some

“If the real estate market just took off and developed downtown Greenville, we wouldn’t be needed.”

parts of the hotel also had to be built on ground owned by private interests.

In addition, the privately owned and publicly owned parts of the project had to be created as two separate legal entities, so that theoretically either one could survive should the other go out of business. This meant that the city and the private companies must legally own strips of each other’s air and land to allow people to get in and out and to be able to operate heating, air-conditioning, plumbing and electrical systems, should their property ever be forced to function separately.

All of these matters had to be worked out and set down in a legal document before construction could begin. In 1978 a young lawyer and partner in the Wyche firm was retained to handle the documentation and closing of the transaction. Larry Estridge, who graduated from Furman in 1966, had joined Wyche, Burgess, Freeman and Parham in 1972, after graduating from Harvard Law School and working for a law firm in Atlanta for a year. Estridge realized immediately that this was an unusual project, and he tried unsuccessfully to find another one like it in other cities to use as a guide.

Talking about the 24-page deed now, Estridge laughs. “It was a terrible thing. I wrote the whole thing and I don’t think anyone has ever read it except for a bevy of lawyers for the lending institutions and the guy who wrote the title insurance. We actually had to survey, carve out and describe the air. We put together a configuration of property ownership in which you can literally have one foot on public land and one foot on private land and take another step and have the reverse be true.”

Thanks to Estridge and many others, the \$34 million Greenville Commons opened in January 1982. It was immediately hailed nationally as a unique example of cooperation between the public and private sectors,

and since then it has won awards from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development and the International Downtown Executives Association.

Estridge, like all those who were involved, is extremely proud of the project. “There are very few places where you could cut a deal involving a city, a hotel corporation and 30 businesses with ownership interests, a national company as a tenant, a bank in another state that specializes in construction loans and a large life insurance company and put it all together and make it happen. Nobody could sit back and say, ‘I won’t do this until you do that.’ They had to say, ‘I’ll do this, if you will do that,’ and then do it altogether.”

Although the prospects for the north end of Main Street have been bright since the completion of the Commons project, until it actually opened in 1982 many doubted that it would ever become a reality. Most of the retail stores that had stayed downtown hoping for better days gradually closed their stores on Main Street and moved to the malls before the Commons project was finished. By 1980 sales in downtown Greenville accounted for only 2.7 percent of the retail sales in the county, compared to about 50 percent 20 years earlier.

The continuing deterioration of downtown caused renewed concern among those who were interested in Greenville. One of those people was Larry Estridge, who had begun to appreciate the possibilities in the downtown area as a result of his legal work for the Commons project and his association with Tommy Wyche. Estridge had become a member and then president of the Greenville Local Development Corporation, a nonprofit organization that coordinated loans to small businesses. The Development Corporation and the City of Greenville agreed to commission a study of downtown by Crane & Associates, a Boston-based urban planning and

architectural firm.

The Crane study recommended, among other things, that a nonprofit organization be formed that would bring together both the private sector (primarily businesses with an interest in downtown Greenville) and the public sector (city government staff and elected officials) in one organization whose function would be the stimulation and coordination of downtown. The Development Corporation worked out the details of the new organization and in October 1982 the Greenville Central Area Partnership Inc. was set up. Because of his experience with the Greenville Commons project and the fact that by then he was specializing in commercial real estate legal work, Larry Estridge was named president.

“The partnership is a unique organization,” says Estridge. “As best we can determine, there’s not one like it anywhere else. Most organizations of this type were set up before 1982 to take advantage of federal money that was available to cities. But because of Reagan’s posture on federal money for urban development and Greenville’s own history of being reluctant to take federal money except in rare circumstances, we decided to structure the organization in such a way that we would encourage private development, supplemented by local government money. When and if we qualified for a federal loan or grant and could match it with free monies, we would certainly accept it, but we wouldn’t depend on it.

“The basic purpose of our organization is to find ways to put together developments that otherwise wouldn’t come to pass with free market forces. If the real estate market just took off and developed downtown Greenville, we wouldn’t be needed. But, of course, downtown Greenville has been going downhill for the past 20 years, while commercial development in the suburbs has been booming.”

*“There are other cities
that may be as pleasant to
live in as Greenville, but
nothing’s happening there.”*

Estridge and his associates structured the first board of the partnership to consist of 24 members — 16 representatives of the business community and the mayor, city manager, director of economic development and five people appointed by the mayor. The business representatives were top executives from major businesses in town, including Daniel Construction Company, Liberty Life Insurance Company, several financial institutions and accounting firms and an architectural firm. Not only did they represent the most prosperous businesses in town, but among them the board members possessed the expertise that would be needed to carry out development projects without hiring expensive professional help. At the suggestion of Buck Mickel and Tommy Wyche, an effort was made to bring onto the board people who had not been involved before in the revitalization of downtown in order to broaden the base of support. Thus, the “third generation” of leadership to save downtown Greenville was born.

During the first year, about 50 businesses and individuals joined the partnership. The businesses were encouraged to make membership contributions commensurate with their size and interest in downtown, and the contributions ranged from \$15 to \$5,000.

With the funds provided by these contributions, the partnership hired Bob Bainbridge, who had worked on the study for Crane & Associates, to be executive director. Bainbridge, who holds a master’s degree in urban design from Rice University, was associate director of an organization in Houston somewhat similar to the partnership, before he joined Crane & Associates.

Of the 40 or 50 downtowns that Bainbridge saw while working for Crane & Associates, he says, “Greenville emerged as the place I thought had the best prospects for strong economic growth during the

1980s, combined with a positive quality of life. There are other cities that may be as pleasant to live in as Greenville, but nothing’s happening there. Also, I was impressed from my first visits to Greenville with the outstanding caliber of leadership among both private corporations and the city. Our city government in Greenville is the best that I have found anywhere in the country in terms of its ability to make commitments, follow through on them, maintain financial stability and provide quality services. And it’s a situation that’s involved a number of mayors and city councils. Greenville has a superbly managed government.”

After the partnership was formed and Bainbridge hired, the board set about to try to follow the recommendations of the Crane study. The study recommended both long-range and short-range goals. The long-range goals called for extensive residential development at various points downtown, several office building projects over a period of ten years, and stimulation of small retail shops and entertainment-oriented businesses, especially restaurants. Since there was a dearth of good housing in downtown, the study recommended that the organization focus on housing. But that would require changing the image of downtown and convincing developers that downtown was a viable housing market and potential residents that downtown would be a good place to live. This, the study warned, would be one of the toughest jobs the partnership would face.

As an organization with no official authority, the partnership should try in the beginning to establish credibility in the community by tackling two or three projects that would show immediate results, the study said. Following this advice, the partnership offered to take over the management of the Downtown Greenville Association, a rather

lethargic association of merchants. Now the partnership staff runs the Christmas parade and other downtown promotions and stays in close touch with downtown merchants.

The partnership’s most successful promotional effort by far has been “Fall for Greenville,” staged for the second time last year by the partnership staff and a host of volunteers. “Fall for Greenville” takes place on a Saturday in October and lures people downtown with the promise of food and entertainment. Last fall 30,000 people sampled delicacies from 23 restaurants and watched a variety of entertainers along the upper half of Main Street.

“‘Fall for Greenville’ was our idea,” says Estridge. “We put it together and we put together a very large staff of volunteers. Not only did we break even last year, but we actually made a little money and still charged a very nominal fee for restaurants to take part. But most important, it did what it was supposed to do. It brought thousands of people onto Main Street who would never have come otherwise, and they saw it in a pleasant, upbeat atmosphere that has given them a good feeling about downtown. We hope when they think about where to live, shop or even put up a business, downtown Greenville will be a prime candidate.”

In the meantime, the partnership board also began to work toward the study’s long-range goals. It designated two projects in the downtown area for multi-family development. During the first year of the organization’s existence the staff and volunteer board members spent a great deal of time trying to secure the land from many different owners and locate prospective developers.

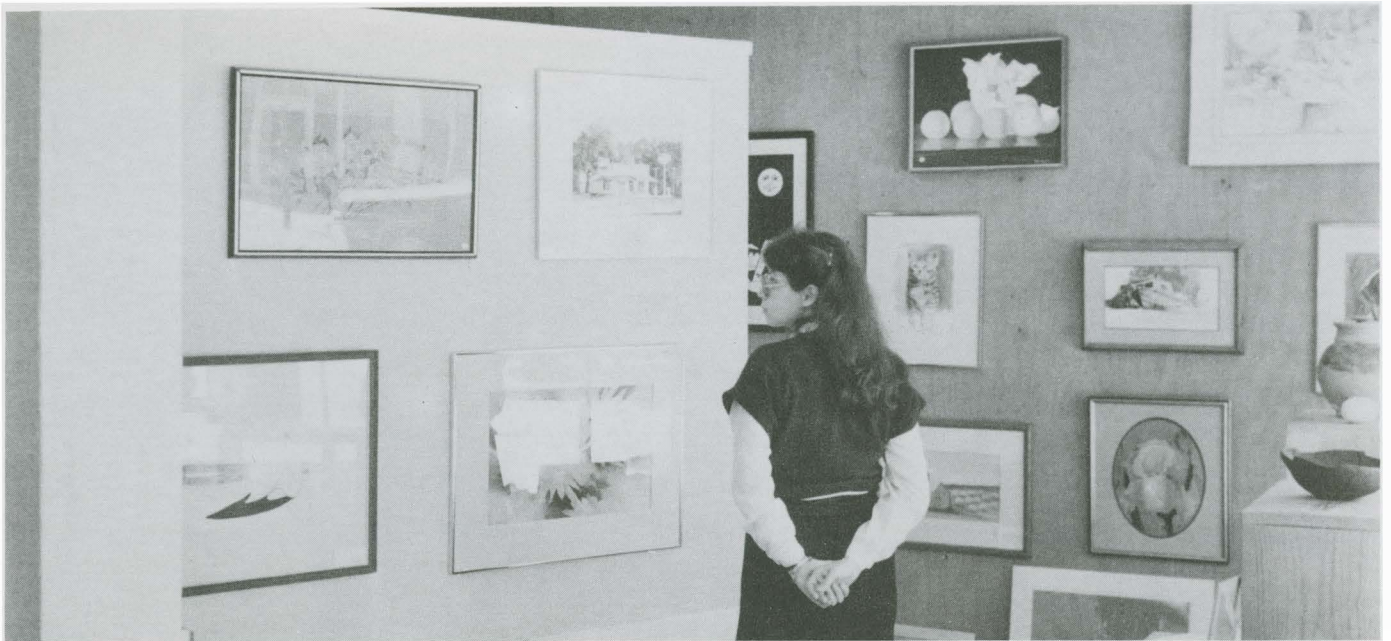
“We went by the guidelines recommended by the Crane study,” says Estridge. “We sent out mailings to lists of developers, brought them in, showed them slides, narrowed them down to three, then one and an



Blake Praylor

Heritage Park is the first housing project to be built in the core area of downtown Greenville for many years.

Spring, 1984



The Greenville Artists Guild exhibits its members paintings and other works of art in a gallery in One Main Place.

alternate. We went by the textbook method for developing residential projects and we failed miserably.”

In the case of one project, the partnership reached an agreement with the landowner, a local financial institution, to purchase five acres of land a few blocks west of Main Street. It also located a developer and encouraged him to spend some money on plans for the project. On the eve of a public announcement of the upcoming project, the board of directors of the financial institution decided not to sell the land.

For the other project, the partnership actually acquired some land on Townes Street at the north end of town from a number of different owners, and it also found a developer. But again on the threshold of an announcement, the deal fell through: the developer said its parent company had decided it did not have any money to put into the project.

The failure of both projects during the first year seemed to mean that hundreds of hours of staff and volunteer time had been wasted. “Then we went into phase two,” says Estridge. “We had a lot of dark days in which we had to ask ourselves a lot of questions. Maybe this notion of having an organization try to play this ambitious role was not viable.”

At its meeting in January 1983, Estridge asked the board to consider whether the organization should

continue to exist. “The board unanimously and enthusiastically encouraged us to keep plugging away. Fortunately, they could see the forest, while we were looking at the trees. The board perceived that we were getting the reputation we wanted, that the image of downtown was changing and we had actually accomplished quite a lot. They reminded us that a number of things had happened in part because we had worked on them.”

For instance, soon after the U.S. Shelter Corporation announced it would build an office complex near the Greenville Commons, the partnership decided it should work toward the development of a major office building at the lower end of Main Street. Estridge and others discussed the project with a number of businessmen, including officials of American Federal Bank.

“The next thing I knew,” says Estridge, “American Federal quite on its own had acquired a big piece of land exactly where we wanted our project to be and announced it was going to build just the kind of building we would have built there. We had nothing to do with their buying that land, but we like to think we did have something to do with their confidence in the lower end of Main Street.”

Their experiences during the first year taught the partnership board and staff some valuable lessons, Estridge

says. For instance, they learned how to go about assembling land where one piece of property was owned by as many as 25 grandchildren of the original owner, who were scattered all over the country.

“We also learned an awful lot about whom you can trust and whom you cannot trust. We found that there are a number of developers who will talk big and convince everyone they have confidence in downtown, but when the time comes to put a signature on the line, they’ll walk away from you. That was a big disappointment.”

From then on, they decided, they were going to start dealing with people who they knew were friends of the organization. Since the partnership owned the land on Townes Street, Estridge began again to try to find a developer for a townhouse project. Through a series of contacts, he located an out-of-town developer who agreed to become co-developer on a 50-50 basis with the partnership.

“By becoming involved as a co-developer, we did something we never thought we’d do,” says Estridge. “But as co-owner, we will actually earn some money and, most important, we’re getting the project done.”

Most of the 36 single-family townhouses have been completed, and many are already rented. Opening for occupancy this month, Heritage Park is the first housing project to be built in the core area of downtown

*“We were able to convince
six banks to contribute
to a project that not one
would take on alone....”*

Greenville for at least 25 years.

Nor did the partnership give up the idea of a housing project on the west side of town. Originally, it had planned to locate this project near the Hampton-Pinckney district, a neighborhood of old, restored homes that is on the National Register of Historic Places. Although the partnership could not acquire the large piece of land it had wanted, one of its board members who lived in the Hampton-Pinckney area suggested that the partnership put some housing on two and a half acres that he and some neighbors had purchased to prevent undesirable development of the land. Once again board members began to try to convince developers and banks that a viable project could go up in that area. They found a possible developer, but they were largely unsuccessful in getting any financial backing until Mack Whittle, the new president of Bankers Trust, came on the partnership board and expressed confidence in downtown. After that, six banks agreed to lend some amount of money for the project.

“That was a very valuable experience for us,” says Estridge. “We were able to convince six banks to contribute to a project that not one would take on alone, and they learned how to do it together.”

Although the original developer backed out, the partnership found an even better-qualified developer, who had had experience in building top quality housing. He convinced the partnership to reduce the number of units in the project from 23 apartments to eight houses, which are being presold. As soon as an adequate number of lots are presold, construction will begin on eight Victorian-style, two-story houses. This project will be the first single-family housing to be constructed in downtown Greenville in a great many years.

One of the partnership’s goals from the beginning, says Estridge, was to work its way down Main Street from
Spring, 1984

the Greenville Commons to Reedy River. “Everybody who has ever studied downtown Greenville seriously just goes crazy over the Reedy River. They say that’s our best, but most neglected asset. Many cities spend a lot of money to create water downtown. We’ve got this beautiful river and falls right here, but nobody can see them because the banks of the river are overgrown and covered up by old, abandoned buildings.”

About a year ago, the partnership formed the Reedy River Task Force, consisting of some board members and other people. Although the partnership owned no land or buildings along the river, the task force accepted the ambitious goal of redeveloping Reedy River. It put together a long-range plan — a dream, says Estridge — of what the river area could look like and a short-range plan to get the project moving.

The short-range plan is to try to stimulate the redevelopment of three old, vacant buildings. So far, the prospects look good for renovating two of these buildings and converting them into office buildings. The task force has found a developer to renovate the Traxler Building, a four-story, red brick building that stands like a fort at the intersection of Camperdown Way and Main Street. Now the task force is looking for tenants to rent the space.

The second of these buildings was the home of C.F. Sauer Company and still belongs to the Sauer family. It is a large, sturdily built structure, which sits so close to the Reedy that water rises at least six or eight feet against one wall when the river floods. Unoccupied for many years, the Sauer building cannot be seen easily from Broad Street or Main Street, and it has no street address. The partnership has negotiated a long-term lease on this building with the Sauer family, and it expects to enter into a joint venture with a company that will use most of the space for its own offices and rent the rest of the space.

“We’re almost certain these buildings are going to happen,” says Estridge. “As soon as we get all the commitments on paper, we’ll go to the city and ask them for money to clean up the river. Literally clean it up, landscape the banks, create some walkways, plant some shrubs and trees and do whatever it takes to make it look nice. We will be asking for some public funds that will be matched by a significantly greater private investment in the buildings along the river.”

Once the buildings are renovated and occupied and the river banks are landscaped, the Reedy River Task Force expects other landowners along the river to see the possibilities and develop their own property. Task force members hope that all of these landowners will agree to “a pattern of restrictive covenants” so that all future construction along the river will be compatible with the aesthetic value of the river. They also hope that a major portion of the banks of the river will be donated to the partnership or the city so that it can be controlled to the mutual advantage of all property owners.

In addition to their development and promotion projects, the partnership manages One Main Place, the former Peoples Market, which is located in the old Meyers-Arnold building on Main Street. Made possible by a grant for “the encouragement of indigenous handicrafts” from the Appalachian Council of Governments, the Peoples Market was occupied at first by a number of craftsmen and artists who paid very little rent and yet had a place downtown to sell their wares. By 1982, however, for a variety of reasons, many tenants had moved out or were planning to move, so the city asked the partnership to take over the management. Changing the building’s name, the partnership borrowed enough money to remodel the front of the building and create a small gallery, which is leased to the Greenville

*“We’ve come a long way
in the last three years
to change the image of
downtown Greenville.”*

Artists Guild. Some new tenants have moved into the shops, and the partnership offices are located on the second floor of the building.

The partnership staff and volunteers also provide other services to the city, for which the city pays on an hourly basis. Payments from the city provide another source of income for the organization. Including contributions from members, city payments and other miscellaneous income, the partnership now operates on an annual budget of \$80,000 to \$100,000.

Director Bob Bainbridge has become an authority on developments downtown, especially the sale of real estate. People looking for a building downtown to put a business in frequently call him for suggestions.

Both Bainbridge and Estridge are extremely optimistic about downtown Greenville. With the opening of the Southern Bank building in Shelter Centre at the top of Main Street and the upcoming opening of the American Federal building at the lower end, office development in downtown Greenville is ahead of target. The partnership has made a good start toward the goal of developing housing in downtown with its two housing projects. In addition, downtown Greenville is beginning to attract specialty retail, including 16 restaurants.

“Downtown Greenville is very healthy right now,” says Bainbridge, “and it’s playing an increasingly specialized role in the whole region. Our downtown is becoming the central decision-making center for the whole metropolitan area. The upstate headquarters of the major banks are located here. The major law firms, government facilities and a large number of corporate headquarters are here. The strength of our specialty retail stores is almost unparalleled in the state. Our clothing stores, jewelers and other shops offer high quality merchandise and very personal service, and our three interior design firms

serve a four-state area.”

Bainbridge attributes much of the success of the partnership’s efforts downtown to Larry Estridge. As president, Estridge spends an average of five or six hours each week working with the partnership staff and making contacts in connection with the various projects. He also does all of the real estate legal work for the development projects. He accepts no money for any of this work, and in fact, his law firm makes a practice of not representing any clients in partnership projects.

“In some ways Larry is the ideal mix of the ingredients that make Greenville so strong,” says Bainbridge. “He’s from South Carolina and he went to Furman. He’s very comfortable in the community, but he also has the sophistication of a Harvard lawyer. Luckily, he didn’t go some place else to practice, but came back home to work for the community. He’s a locally committed person who is also one of the most sophisticated real estate lawyers in the United States. He’s probably more creative at structuring real estate deals than anybody you’ll find this side of Chicago, or possibly Washington, D.C.”

Those who have known Estridge since his student days at Furman will not be surprised at these remarks. At Furman, Estridge was president of the student body, and he received almost every honor available, including election to Blue Key, Quaternion and *Who’s Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*. After entering Harvard, he was named the outstanding Army ROTC graduate in the nation for the previous year.

In 1967 Estridge married the former Diane Maroney, who also graduated from Furman in 1966. They have three children, Natalie, Bradley and Margaret. Estridge admits he sometimes spends too much time away from his family because of his work for the partnership, but he says that

Diane, at least, appreciates his vision of downtown.

He is proud that his organization has become a vigorous force in downtown development. “Now instead of worrying from week to week whether we’ll be around or not, we have to discipline ourselves to stay out of a lot of things. We have been asked to undertake so many projects that at our January meeting this year we actually had to vote on our priorities so we could come up with a limited number of projects we could handle.”

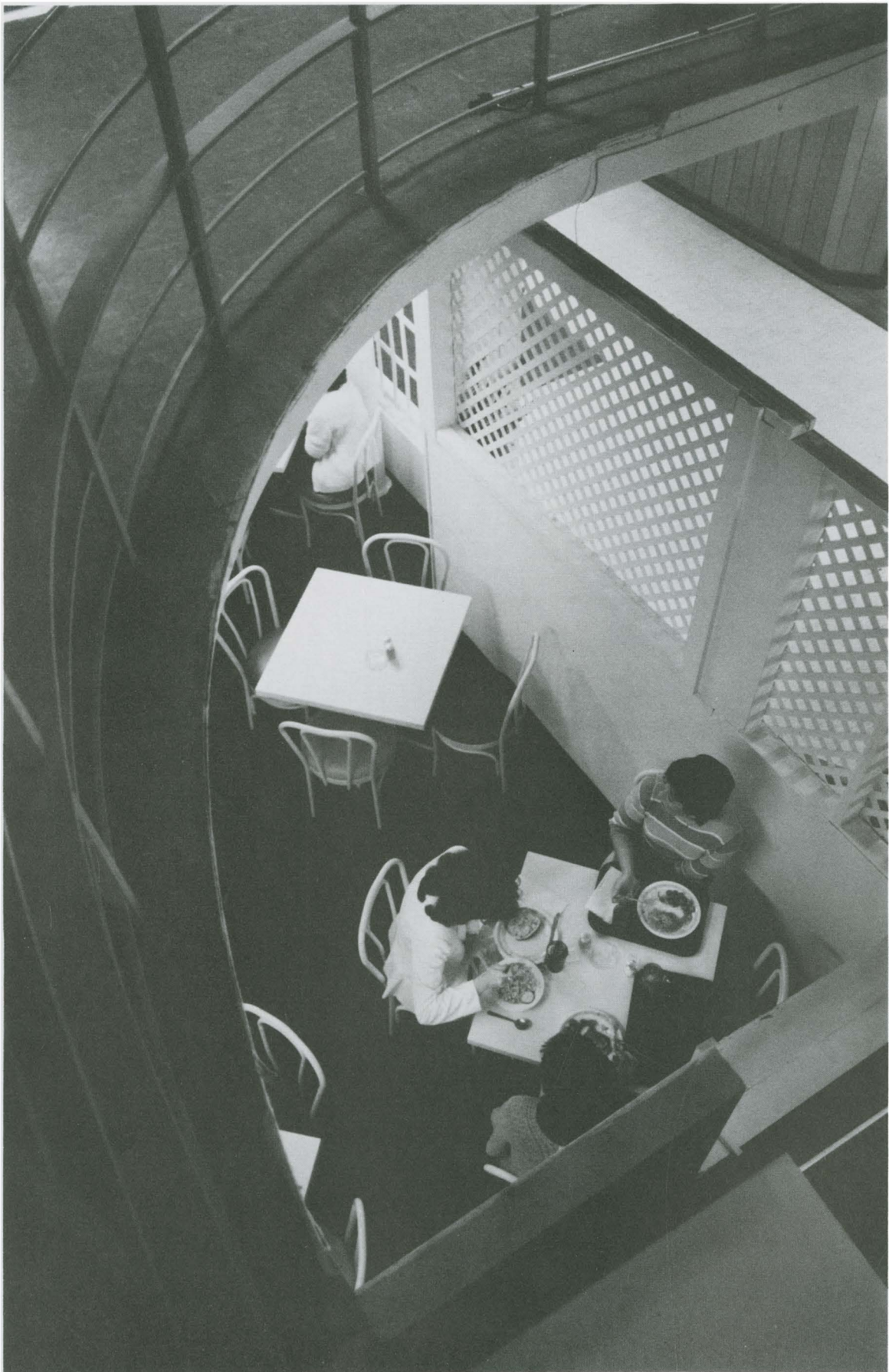
Mayor William D. Workman III agrees that the organization plays a valuable role. “The partnership provides an arm of public-private interests that can work with developers to get things done in a way that government cannot. The board membership is remarkable. They’re all doers in the community and not one of them is on the board to get business for himself.”

Estridge thinks the partnership will remain intensely active in the development of downtown for another ten years. After that, he predicts, private interests will take over the development functions and the partnership can act as a planner and coordinator.

“We’ve come a long way in the last three years to change the image of downtown,” he says. “But there’s still a lot to be done. Greenville is beginning to look like a bustling downtown again. You can even run into a traffic problem on Main Street almost any time of day. People are beginning to have confidence in downtown again.”

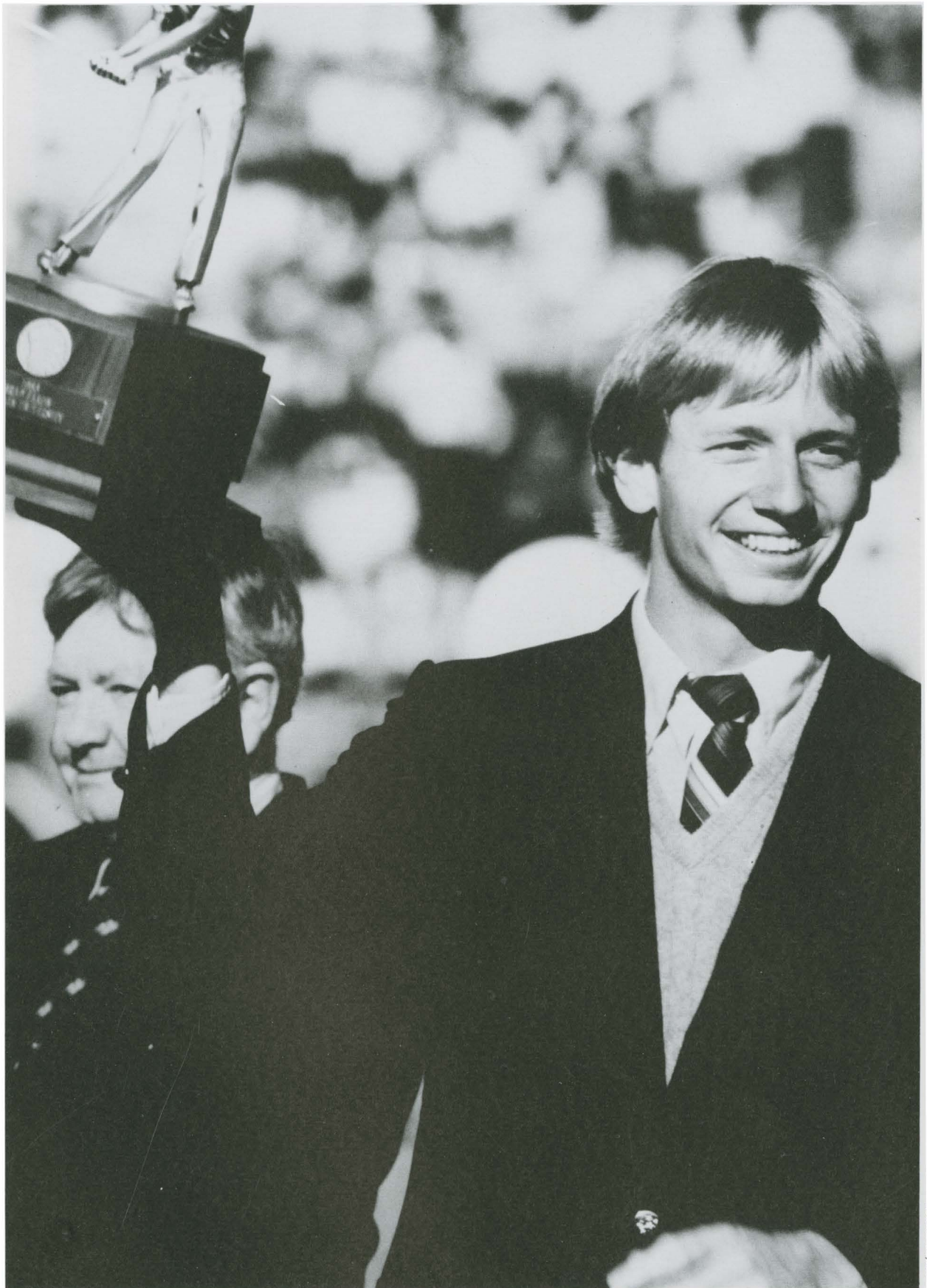
The effort to save downtown Greenville that began almost 30 years ago as a concern of two men has taken on a life of its own. Now dozens of men and women and organizations are working to make downtown Greenville an attractive, vital and viable place.

□



Blake Praytor

Kay's Kitchen in One Main Place attracts shoppers and office workers at lunchtime.



Blake Praytor

During Homecoming ceremonies at the Furman-East Tennessee State football game last fall, Brad Faxon received the Fred Haskins Award as the best collegiate golfer in the country.

Brad Faxon — A clear-cut winner

by Vince Moore

Last summer, as Brad Faxon relaxed on a flight taking him back to the Furman campus for his final exams, he struck up a conversation with the woman sitting beside him. As it turned out, she was selling a new diet plan and when she found that Faxon would graduate from college in a few months with a degree in economics and business administration, she decided he would be a perfect addition to the sales team. Faxon was too polite to tell her what he really thought about such an idea, so he listened intently before telling her he had other career plans.

"Well," she asked, "what are you going to do after you get out of college?"

"I'm going to play golf," Faxon said.

She looked at him blankly, then replied, "No, no. I mean what are you going to do for a living?"

If the woman with the diet plan had known a little more about Brad Faxon, she wouldn't have been so puzzled. In fact, he was returning that day from the Walker Cup golf competition in England where he had helped lead the United States to victory in the world's most prestigious amateur event, and it wouldn't be long before he would win the Fred Haskins Award as the best collegiate golfer in the country. If anybody ever had a reason for turning down a diet plan sales job for a chance on the Professional Golfers' Association tour, it was Faxon.

"She was a nice lady," Faxon says with a smile. "She even gave me some brochures about her company in case I changed my mind. I told her if I didn't make it on tour, I might be getting in touch with her soon."

That is something he shouldn't spend too much time worrying about.

Because if Faxon doesn't find some sort of elevated place in the PGA sun it is going to surprise a lot of people, including all of those who watched him build a collegiate career that was nothing short of spectacular. Indeed, by the time Faxon graduated from Furman in 1983, one could argue that no Furman athlete, not even such legends as Frank Selvy or Beth Daniel or David Whitehurst, had garnered more honors or made more people proud than Faxon. As Furman President John E. Johns said when Faxon was given the Fred Haskins Award, "We've never had a student-athlete receive this kind of publicity."

So what did Faxon do to be worthy of all that praise? Well, imagine you're running a business that represents professional golfers and this resume comes across your desk:

— Winner of the 1983 Fred Haskins Award

— Named to the 1983 Walker Cup Team

— Two-time All-American

— Qualified three times for U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur, finishing as the low amateur in the 1983 Open

— Won 12 collegiate tournaments, finishing second four times and third five times

— A college career stroke average of 71.9

— A member of *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*

The crowning achievement, of course, came last summer when Faxon was named the top collegiate golfer in the country. It merely made official what most people had believed all along. The votes for the award came from golf coaches, golf writers and the golfers themselves, some 2,500 ballots in all, and Faxon was easily the top choice.

"He was a clear-cut winner in all three categories," says Jack Key, treasurer of the Fred Haskins Commission. "In fact, he was the second strongest winner we've ever had. The only person who ever received more votes was Ben Crenshaw."

Crenshaw, who won the award in 1971, 1972 and 1973, has since become one of the PGA tour's premier players and a golfing millionaire. Crenshaw won the award the first year it was established and some of the more notable winners include Curtis Strange, Jay Haas, Scott Simpson and Bobby Clampett. This past year, for example, six former Fred Haskins Award winners combined to earn more than \$950,000 on tour.

The point is this: many of the pro tour stars were once college stars, and Faxon's star has shone as brightly as any. All of which means that his potential to succeed on the pro tour is seemingly unlimited.

"There's really no doubt in my mind that he has the game to play on that level," says Willie Miller, Furman's golf coach. "He has the swing and he has the maturity. He's just an exceptional person."

Miller is certainly on target with that last statement. Because not only was Faxon an outstanding college athlete, he was also a very good student. Although golf required much of his time and he spent five or six hours a day on the golf course (he also made trips to Japan and England during his senior year), he graduated right on time and finished with a very respectable 2.8 grade point average. He even made Dean's List twice during his senior year.

"I think you just have to go through school with the right attitude," Faxon says. "I knew I had to play golf and I had to go to school. I wanted to do

*The test of Faxon's
ability as a professional
golfer is just beginning.*

well at both. I sacrificed going to parties and hanging out with my friends my senior year because I wanted to make the grades.”

That kind of academic concern is guaranteed to bring a smile to the face of any athletic administrator. “Brad is the kind of young person you love to have in your athletic program,” says Furman athletic director Dick Sheridan. “He’s a great athlete and a great person. I know he’s going to represent Furman in a class way on tour. We’re all very proud of him.”

How, you may be asking, did an athlete of Faxon’s caliber make his way to Furman, especially when the top golf schools have a monopoly on recruiting all the great players? Well, Faxon was something of a sleeper, which means that even though he had accomplished some things in high school that he could be proud of, he hadn’t done anything that would suggest he could ultimately be the No. 1 player on any team in the country.

“I didn’t have a national reputation,” Faxon says. “Wake Forest was my first college choice, but they weren’t interested. None of the so-called bigger golf schools were.”

Doc Meredith, the Furman golf coach at the time, was interested, however, and convinced Faxon to come to Furman. But by the fall of 1979, when Faxon enrolled, Meredith was serving as the golf coach at Mississippi State and Miller took charge of the men’s program.

“Although you could tell he was a good athlete,” Miller says, “you couldn’t see then how good he would become. He had a good swing, but a lot of people have good swings. It’s what they can get out of their swings that counts. But Brad was patient and he was willing to make changes. He was also very determined to get better and he set high goals for himself. He knew what the reward was for hard work. You could almost see him improving every day.”

Faxon didn’t scare anybody too

badly his freshman year, but he did manage to win a tournament and that gave him some confidence he didn’t have. His stroke average that year was 73.6. He didn’t make much improvement during his sophomore year — it was the only year he didn’t win a tournament — but he did manage to lower his stroke average to 73.0.

It was during Faxon’s junior year that he put his game into a whole new gear. He played in 11 tournaments and finished in the top five in ten of them, winning four times. He shaved 2.2 strokes a round off his sophomore average, which isn’t nearly as easy as it sounds, and finished the season as a first-team All-American and runner-up in the balloting for the Haskins Award. His reputation was further enhanced when he won the prestigious Sunnehanna Amateur Championship later that summer.

People were wondering what Faxon could possibly do for an encore during his final season at Furman, but he had an answer. He won seven of the 14 tournaments he entered, finishing second twice and third twice. He represented the United States in the Walker Cup competition and finished as the low amateur in the 1983 U.S. Open. Then, of course, he was chosen as the NCAA’s finest golfer.

As a result of those two years, every person who paid at least some attention to amateur golf knew Brad Faxon’s name, and, consequently, Furman University’s name. But even though his reputation grew by leaps and bounds, his ego didn’t.

“Maybe the most amazing thing about Brad is that he never changed,” Miller says. “Even though he was getting better and better and winning some very big tournaments, you would have never known it. You wouldn’t have been able to talk to most golfers who had accomplished the things Brad did. But he was the same person his senior year that he was his freshman year.”

Miller also says that Faxon was

extremely popular among his college opponents, which wasn’t an easy thing to be since he was beating them more often than not. “He won the Haskins trophy by a landslide among the players who voted and that says a lot about what other college players thought of him,” he says. “He conducted himself like a gentleman on the course. He was helpful to the other players and he didn’t throw his clubs or pound his bag out of frustration. People couldn’t help but like him.”

Faxon’s reputation as an amateur golfer is secure, but the real test of his ability is just beginning. He joined the PGA tour in January, which features the best competition the world has to offer. To be quite honest, the pro tour has its share of great college golfers who can do more than cast faint shadows across the likes of Jack Nicklaus, Tom Watson and other great players. In order to be successful on tour, Faxon will have to raise his game to yet another level, and he knows it.

“It’s obvious that the competition is so much greater on the tour,” he says. “When I was in college I might have been playing against ten players who were capable of winning a tournament. On tour, everybody is capable of winning. On the pro level, everybody has a good game. It comes down to the mental aspect.”

If you find that hard to believe, consider that, in 1983, the difference between Hal Sutton, the PGA’s top money winner, and Joey Rasset, the 129th player on the money list, was 1.45 strokes per round. Sutton won \$426,668 and Rasset won \$30,797. Miss a six-foot putt here and make the wrong decision there and you have the difference between being a great player and a good player.

Faxon has already proven, however, that he should be more than a marginally good player on the tour, at least if last summer is any indication. He played in six PGA tournaments with the aid of sponsors’ exemptions

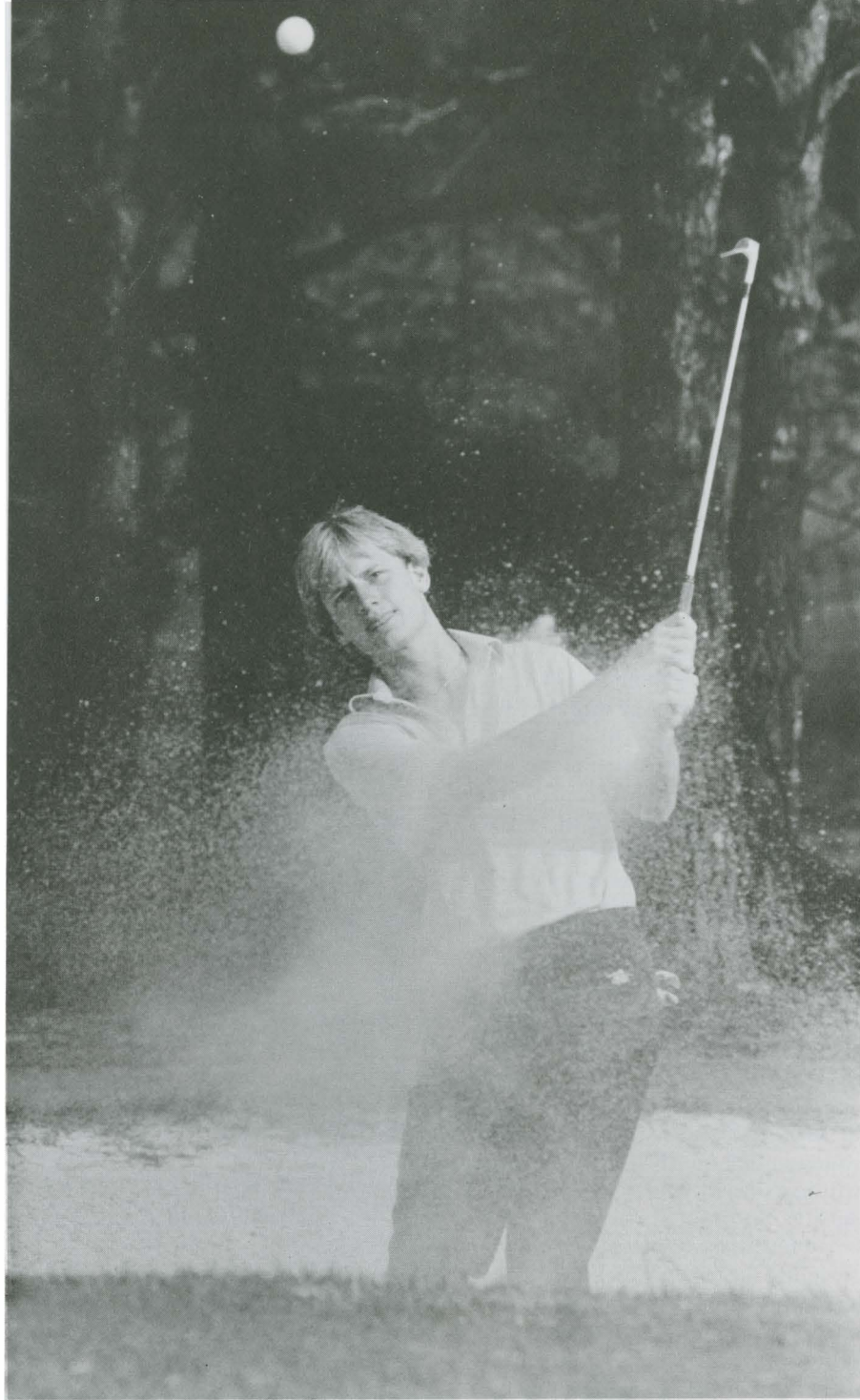
and made the two-day cut in five of them. He won nearly \$17,000 and compiled a stroke average of 71.15 in 26 rounds of competition. If he could maintain that kind of stroke average during his first year on tour, he would be nearly assured of becoming one of the Internal Revenue Service's favorite people.

But he had one particular tournament last summer that was indicative of the kind of battle he faces. In the Buick Open, he shot a four-round total of 276, which was 12 strokes under par. In college competition, that score would have almost assured him of victory, but on the PGA tour, it was only good for a tie for seventh. Faxon wasn't surprised.

"I know what to expect out there," he says. "Turning pro was always a dream. Even in high school you think about it. But it wasn't until a couple of years ago that I seriously thought I could qualify for the tour, and it wasn't until January or February of last year that I was sure I would turn pro right away. But now that I've made that decision, I want to play well. I don't want to be a marginal player, somebody that just picks up a check every now and then. And if I can't be a very good player, I'll find something else to do."

So far, so good. Faxon was one of the strongest qualifiers for his tour card last fall. He played six rounds at the extremely difficult Tournament Players Club championship course in Florida and finished in a tie for 14th. The top 57 scorers were eligible to join the 1984 tour. And if the requirement for bridging the gap between a great amateur career and a great professional career is a special maturity and mental toughness, then Miller thinks Faxon has already taken his biggest step.

"During Brad's senior year, his maturity was what separated him from the five or six other college players who had games as good as his," Miller says. "He never puts pressure on himself. If he gets six shots down, he



Courtesy of the Greenville News

doesn't worry about it. He'll go ahead and shoot a good score the next day and be only three shots down. He plays his game and never worries about anybody else."

There is no doubt that Faxon is a disciplined person. To become the finest college golfer in the country is one thing. But to do that and become a good student at a school with Furman's academic reputation is another. "Furman provided me with a disciplined atmosphere," Faxon says. "Furman makes you want to come to school. Athletics isn't No. 1 and social

life isn't No. 1. It's academics. Nobody treated me special. I was a student first and then an athlete."

As far as Furman is concerned, it will not matter whether Faxon wins the U.S. Open or ends up selling a new diet plan. His status as one of the finest student-athletes to ever graduate from Furman University is already assured. □

Vince Moore is director of the news service at Furman.

Eclipse at

Guy Ottewell traveled half-way around the world last summer to see the shadow of the moon pass over the Temple of Borabudur.

From the Indonesian capital, Jakarta, I had about a week to make my way along the island of Java, learning the environment and the language. It was the hotter and drier season, but still so humid that, if you were to feel a moment of it in America you would think you had a heavy fever. I carried only a shoulder bag, and existed well within budget; perhaps I overdid the cheap living, passing out once while standing in a swaying pack of people on the steps of a bus going over the Puncak pass between Bogor and Bandung. I settled in Jogjakarta, the old cultural capital.

Indonesians are a uniformly beautiful people. That is, all are beautiful, young or old, but they vary infinitely within a general Malay type: round massive cheekbones, low nose bridge, broad nostrils, full prominent lips, gleaming brown eyes, rich black wavy hair, shiny chocolate skin, small stature, excellent musculature, patient expressions. It is continual tantalization for a painter: an endless treasure of faces jostling in crowds, especially the eager lamp-lit profiles around the many dramatic performances at night.

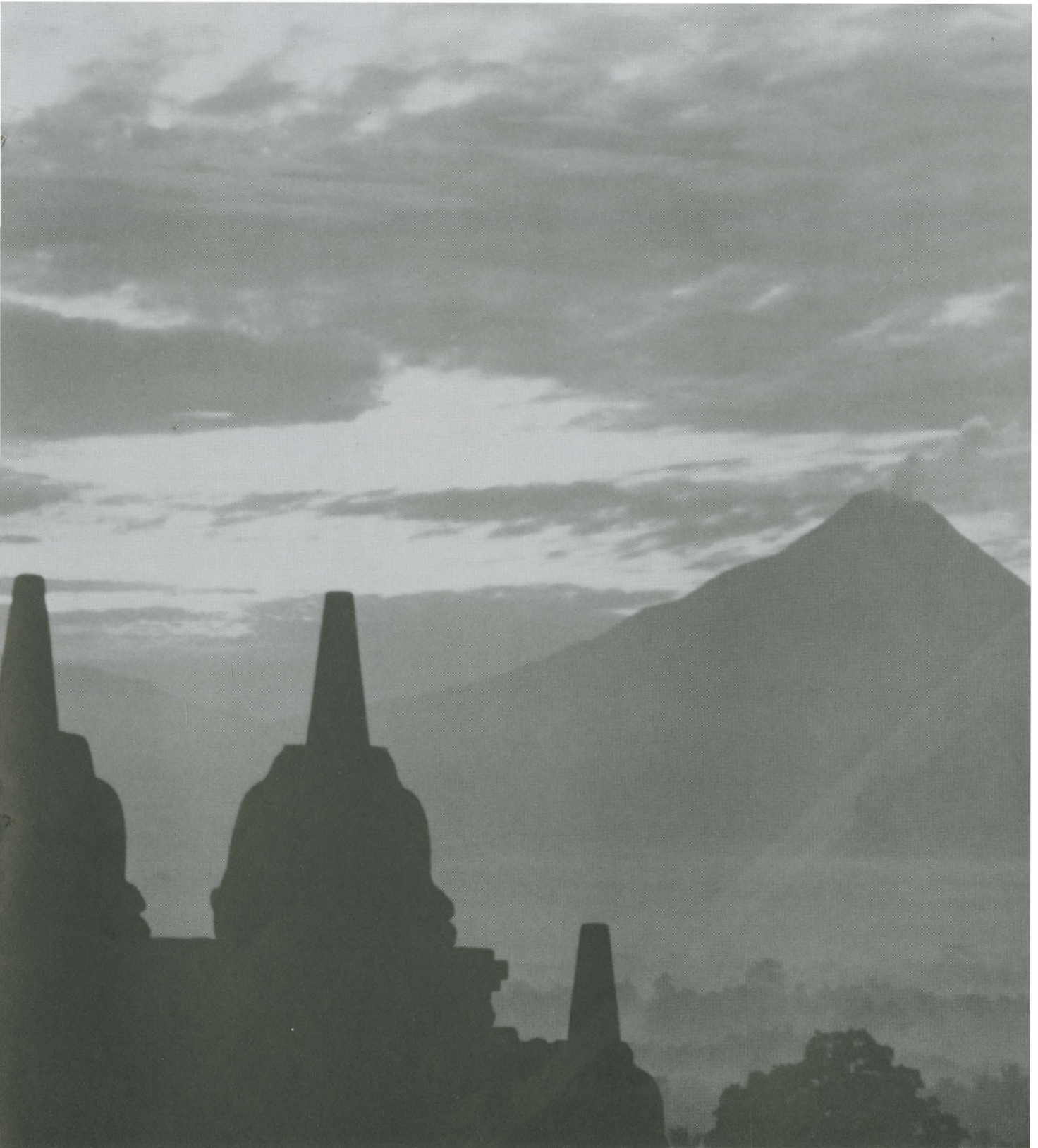
And the country is beautiful. The fabric of rice-paddy terraces, evolved over millennia, covers the plains and ascends every nook of the mountains, looking so delicate that stepping in it would cause a collapse; but only on walking close does one see how it

Right: The sun rises over the volcanoes Merbubu and Merapi and the temple of Borobudur. Photograph by Cam Matheson.



Borobudur

Article and drawings
by Guy Ottewell



*“Riding the open door
of a train across Java is
like being told an endless
story very rapidly.”*

works. The dividing banks, so neat that their tops are tamped with mattocks and their sides trimmed with planes, are made of the same grey clay as the bricks and carved plaster; they are used as paths, or tapioca and bananas grow along them, or turf mowed by pegged cattle. Water runs on a multitude of levels — could it explain the Dutch fascination with Indonesia? — dividing and uniting like the aerial roots of the vast banyan trees. The stages of the rice are visible at once, for there are three or four harvests a year: small vivid green seedbeds guarded by white scare-rags, bundles lying waiting to be planted, seedlings pricked out in their lines in sheets of clean water, pink-brown nodding grain, reaping and threshing parties, the burning of the stubble, clods broken by buffalo plows, and the mud newly flooded and scored with harrows. Always people, under volcano-shaped hats, scattered in the landscape, wading and weeding, herding ducks, carrying pole loads. A fifth of the area seems to be polygons of forest; but these are the *kampungs*, the villages. Water borders and runs

through them too, and the only space for soccer may be the end of the cemetery. Riding the open door of a train across Java is like being told an endless story very rapidly. Dragonflies pace the train and, when the train has passed, frogs sound, keeping the mosquitoes down. In the background always a soaring blue volcano.

The cities are less beautiful: streets so broken that you climb rather than walk along them; carpet of black fumes lying above the traffic. Indonesia has more oil and more tobacco than are good for it. (My neighbor on the plane into Jakarta was a Bechtel executive going to negotiate with officials about developing their coal for internal use, so that they can sell their oil for cash.) I seemed to breathe more carbon monoxide and cigarette smoke than air.

Overhead always kites; on every overhead wire the remains of a kite — not elaborate holiday kites like the Chinese but simple homemade ones, because Indonesians like to fly them every day.

You must eat *nasi ayam*, *sate sapi*,

mie jamur, *bakmis goreng*, *gado-gado*, or *lumpia*, with plenty of fruit salads, juices, and tea; bear the pressure of steaming bodies in grinding buses, through which vendors tunnel yelling (of all unwelcome things) “*Roko-roko-roko-rokok!*” (cigarettes); and you must not wash in the tiled tank of cold water, but throw it over yourself with a pan — the refreshing “elephant-bath.”

Many languages of the Malayo-Polynesian family are spoken in the archipelago, including at least three in Java: Sundanese in the west, Javanese in the center and east, and Madurese in the northeast. But what I learned was the successful national language *Bahasa Indonesia*, “speech of Indonesia,” based on classical Malay. It appears the easiest language in the world, making English and Esperanto — let alone Latin and Russian — look painfully messy, riddled with unnecessary decisions. It might be a better international language than English, if economy of grammar were the criterion — though Indonesian or at least Malay is also said to be, at deeper levels, one of the world’s subtlest. Since I could find no book on Indonesian before I set out, I was carrying with me a grammar of Malay and a book of modern Indonesian poems with translations.

My curtain opened into a courtyard where six goldfish lived in a pool under ferns, five doves (*tekekur*) in cages (one sharing with a wild finch); and many twittering sparrows were building nests inside the carved roof over the dais on which food was eaten and a forty-six piece gamelan orchestra was played on Sundays. The pigeons said *kukurru* — later I thought their word was *pourquoi-pas* — later, *Borobudur*.

We heard of an artist, Bagong K., who was to stage a drama in the village Sempu on the night before the eclipse: the head of demon Kala Rau eating the sun, scared away by pounding of the *lesung* pestles which



*“In Java you can hire
a car only with a driver;
indeed you would be
rash to do otherwise.”*

are made from his own body. (This is one eclipse myth; another is of the childhood of monkey god Hanuman, told by his mother that monkeys eat round red fruit.) We first sought Bagong to ask his permission to attend the ceremony, found him in his artistic court directing a ballet with gamelan music. While my friend, a journalist from Hong Kong, plied him with pedantic questions which had to be translated into Javanese, I was sitting cross-legged just in front of them, and yet was unnoticed as I began to draw the members of the scene — Bagong, his dancer daughter, his disciples idling on the drums, a baby asleep on its back — dipping my brush into the tea. Then, the enactment on the hilltop in Sempu, and the musicians winding away into the night, bells around their ankles, a mile-long torch-lit procession. On the way back, we stopped in open country to look at the southern stars, the Coalsack, Saturn overhead; Leo was somersaulting — tail north of head — as it set in the west.

The weather had been clear for a week, with rain only some nights; then two days before the eclipse it clouded over; and one day before, raincloud from horizon to horizon. Having scrimped, I could spend at the critical time, and I hired a car to scout for the spot with most chance for next day. In Java you can hire a car only with a driver; indeed you would be rash to do otherwise. North of Jogja the central range of the island consists of the volcanoes Merapi and Merbabu, “tower of fire” and “tower of ash.” I knew of watchers who would be at Jogjakarta, at the beach south of it, at Solo (Surakarta), at Tuban on the north coast, at Selo in the saddle between the two volcanoes, even on Merapi’s summit. The astronomers from Bosscha, the Indonesian observatory near Bandung, were going to Tanjung Kodok, “frog cape.” Of course I really wanted to be at Borobudur. The enthusiasm I had



gained from writing about the conjunction of eclipse and temple was why I had come, and I knew of some who intended to be there because of my words. The general wisdom, however, was that in the northern plain there was slightly greater chance of seeing the sun at all, though more chance of haze; and that there was no hope of driving far at the last moment, Java’s roads being choked with buses, bicycles, people. My Canadian friend Jim Gall had his three groups at Kopeng on the north slope of the mountains, and had reasons for thinking that here if anywhere the clouds might open out. (Later from airplanes I saw the black maws of volcanoes — especially Ijen and Slamet — sticking out of a bed of clouds.) I journeyed all around the two mountains (which I never saw all day in the mist though they loomed over me) to make contact with him, and was ready to go there tomorrow, hiring the car for eclipse day too (June 11).

But eclipse day dawned perfect: just a wisp of steam rising southeastward from Merapi, and low cloud behind it. I shared my car with people I had met, and we went out to Borobudur. It is about forty kilometers; you cross a riverbed of grey lava from Merapi

(usually being dug by men with trucks) and go through Muntilan, village of carvers, and Mendut with its temple in a meadow.

The morning was fresh and — unheard of in Java — the roads were empty! The people were indoors, cowering from *gerhana matahari*, the eclipse of the sun. (Perhaps the most widely known fact about Indonesia is that *matahari*, “sun,” is literally “eye of the day;” and that the seductive spy who called herself Mata Hari was a Dutchwoman who had been to Java and learned some dances.) For weeks the government had been telling them not to look at it; stay indoors, watch it on television. (Indonesian radio and billboards are full of paternalistic admonitions, “telling them how to be good children,” as a Dutch missionary put it. Any people colonized for four centuries might have a childlike dependence on authority.) Committees were sent around the wards of Jogjakarta to order people into their houses. The aim was to prevent the usual few cases of blinding, but the people read religion into it. We heard afterwards of some who put sheets over windows and sacks over their heads, got under tables, brought their animals indoors. All to avoid what others had paid three thousand dollars to see! Several intelligent Indonesians asked me to explain why the sun is more dangerous in eclipse than at other times.

“There it is!” The *candi*, the temple, mounted above the trees. It was supposedly closed all eclipse morning, for use by a Japanese television team. But Tony, the journalist, knew just where he wanted to be for his photograph and pushed us past all officials with fast talking and card-waving. Nearer the temple, there were a few soldiers whose duty was probably to stop us. But I began to draw, and the eclipse began to happen, and they relaxed. So we had the privilege of being, with just a few others, on the pedestal of Borobudur.

*“A parachutist drifted
from the sky and
landed on a red X.”*

We were at the southwest corner. I sat against a eucalyptus (someone put a hat on my head to prevent sunstroke) and began to draw the outline of the temple, continuing to the hills. It soon extended to seven sheets — I had to mark them *a, b, c...* and keep a key diagram. Someone was reading my *Astronomical Calendar* description of the eclipse and Borobudur — “Are you sure you haven’t been here before? — lived through this in a previous incarnation?”

First contact. Somewhere a siren announced it. In half an hour the first rooster crowed; roosters kept crowing, and an hour later moths rose from the ground. And then evening swallows skimmed the temple.

Down behind us was a gravel waste, the work area of the site. This was the route by which we had infiltrated. Machines were smashing concrete, and along the near margin were stacked a thousand fragments of sculpture, left from the enormous work of restoring Borobudur. A parachutist drifted from the sky and landed on a red X. Another, less accurate, had passed behind a range of trees and come down in a rice paddy. By the time of the second parachutist, the daylight was turning golden.

Further off to the south, the view was shut in by a wall of limestone hills. I had become involved in drawing worlds of detail on their face; but during the eclipse they were a featureless *curtain of blue chocolate*. There is no such thing as a curtain of blue chocolate — I hope — but I have to hold on to the scanty means of remembering the impressions of those moments.

To the west or southwest, two ridges rambled from this range northward. It was over them that the shadow would stride to us. The further ridge, more jagged, showed above the nearer. I thought that, though we would not see the shadow rushing over a plain, we might for a moment behold the sharp triangles of the further ridge darker

than the nearer. If this happened, it was too quick, or I was looking another way.

East and northeast, the plain yawned between us and the vast ascents to the cones of Merapi and Merbabu. White smoke still streamed up and right from Merapi, and the smear of cloud originating behind it had grown up and left to several lobes of cirrus. They now reached halfway to the sun — to the area where I expected Venus to appear.

Merapi is the most watched of Java’s hundred volcanoes. This year of 1983, by the way, is the centenary of “the loudest noise heard by man, till we hear the shockwaves that are thought to heat the corona of the sun” (to quote a former article of mine) — Krakatao.

To the north, another volcano could be glimpsed between temple and trees. Nearer, on the northwest corner of the platform by the offices, there was a small crowd, letting off fireworks, and looking at a menagerie — monkeys, birds, a flying fox, a young orangutan. This was an experiment in animal reaction, but the animals’ behavior must have been dominated by their environment of people.

(*Orang hutan*, person of the forest. Eating leaves, they wander as individuals, like few other animals — not like the territorial gorillas. Gentle and melancholy — and orange; I wish them a revival, like the gentle former religion to which they perhaps belong. People still keep them as servants; there is a rehabilitation center for them in Sumatra. This one had a sack to escape under, but it could not hide his long limbs.)

And in front of us, the fretted pyramid of Borobudur, with a couple of cream-colored butterflies following a gallery.

Someone had lit incense on the steps. I walked around to the north, with Kam who with her husband had been living three years in Papua. We looked through the north entrance, up

the long steep stairs climbing under five corbelled arches. The framed piece of sky was a sultrily blackish blue, like the polarized sky seen up a mountain-side.

I walked slowly around the lowest of the four galleries that represent Rupadhatu, the Sphere of Form, only one grade above our gross world of appearances and desires. I did not think I should graduate at once to the upper galleries, to the sphere of Formlessness, and to the zenithal *stupa*. Tourists do, but surely pilgrims did not. On the lower tier of the outer wall, the three miles of bas-relief begin: former lives of Siddhartha Gautama Buddha, borrowed from the stories called the Jatakas. Then his own progress, from the prenatal Tushita-heaven onward. By the third gallery, we will reach Maitreya, the coming Buddha (known by the little *stupa* in his crown); by the fourth, the last human Buddha of the future, Samantabhadra . . .

Back at our little camp. The sun stood above the temple, seeming to glare as commandingly as ever. But the landscape, less impressed now by this wounded sun, began to have a brownish, sandy component. It made the air feel more of honey, even though it was cooler. People were beginning to be stirred. The six or seven Indonesian soldiers, who had been dozing with their backs to the temple wall, were on their feet.

“Venus!” It was in the cirrus patches over the right slope of the temple. I noticed three Indonesians behind us; they had seen it, and were hugging each other, their upturned faces glistening with joy. My friend got ready to photograph them, and this only slightly clipped their unself-consciousness.

I was seeking a spot away from the tall tree where it would not hide Mercury. Holding up my square of welders’ glass — my only equipment — to see the green crescent of remaining sun, I could estimate the

*“The impression was of
heat, a white hot ring
in the sky....”*

line of the ecliptic and the positions of the stars and planets that might appear. The sand was running out, the sky's blue filling with black like a lake whose bottom is being sucked away. The cirrus clouds were a brittle white frost, Venus now sparkling boldly through them.

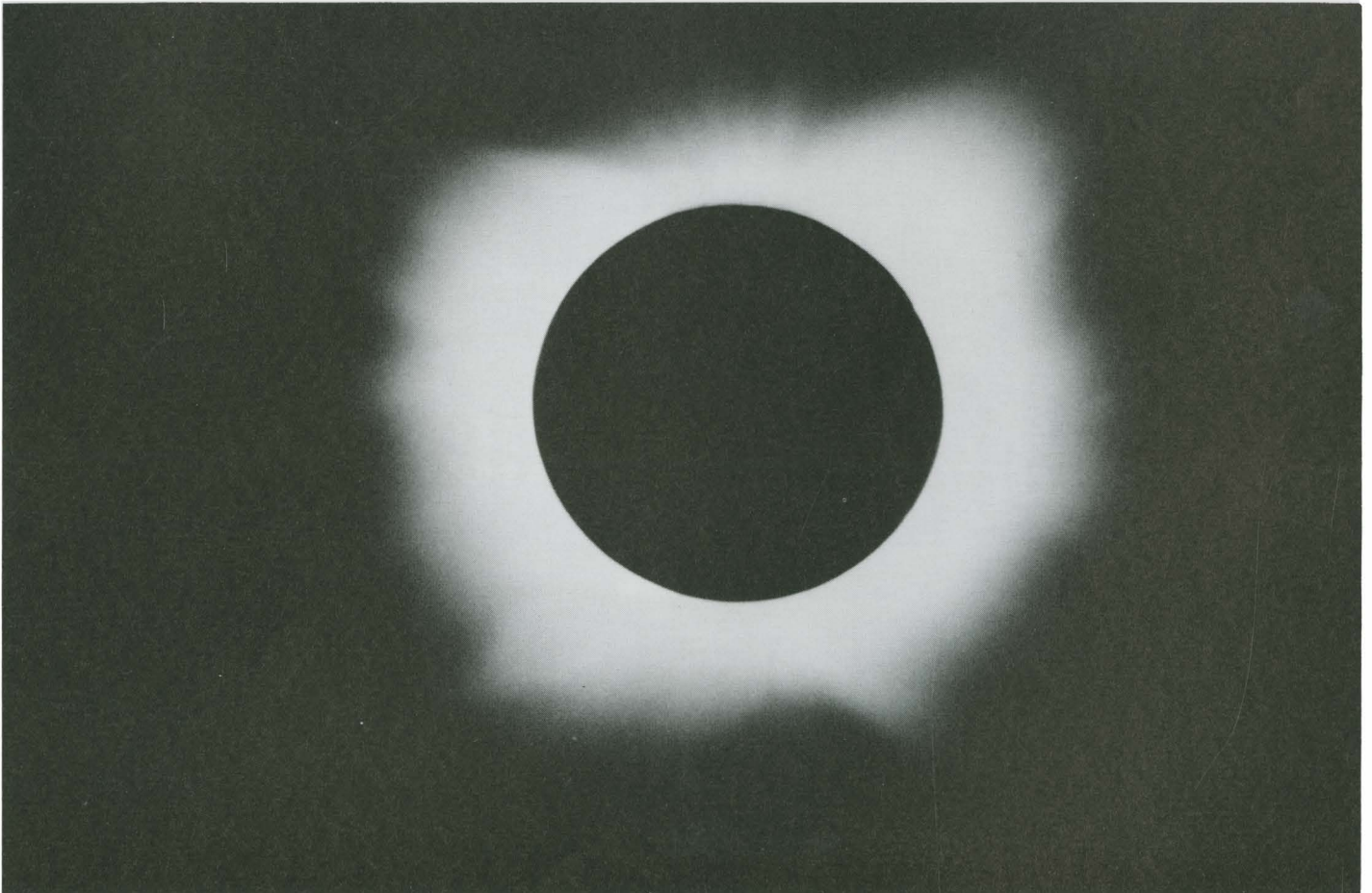
And to the left, the false sunset over the jagged hills! It was orange-brown-grey and yet cooler, cleaner than any earthly low-down sunset. Too many things were happening at once. I was jerking my welders' glass on and off the sun, trying to see the last moment, getting rash eyefuls of the still blazing light. The Diamond Ring! Totality, and the corona was proudly thick and bright. It had stout outcrops of bristles

in four directions, like the ends of a slightly flattened and right-tilted X; and at upper left was a brilliant spot of light, long-lasting. The impression was of heat, a white-hot ring in the sky — perhaps only because of association with stove rings. I looked at the zenithal area and found Sirius first, then backward and found Canopus, part way over toward the southern hills; Mars and Mercury were less bright but people were finding them; other stars were not seen — Regulus, which we had seen setting the night before, would have been just rising.

I looked around, but not carefully enough, at the several huge almost monochrome sheets stitched together

to make the world: sky, cloud patch, temple, tree spire to the left, tree spire to the right, southern scarp, western fences of hills, dust underfoot, forest behind; and, in the chinks of this tapestry, faint volcanoes, groups of people, and a little well house. What were their monochrome colors, could any feature be seen within them, what were their relative tones? I saw but did not find words; we were for five minutes living in another world which it would be impossible to remember.

The end of totality was the sharpest impression of all. Our eyes were used to the ring of corona, even dazzled by it — and then at the upper left it was punctured like a balloon and light of



The corona of the sun appears around the moon during total eclipse.



Prambanan —
bull of Shiva

*With international experts
and \$20 million, the temple
has been put back together
like an enormous puzzle.*

an altogether different kind came flooding, shrieking out. This was the uncovering at full frightening brilliance of a single point of our star.

Now the sunset light over the ridges to the west had become a dawn light, even more washed and silvery; sunset, instead, had leaped over us to Merapi and its clouds.

There had been so many sub-scenes to this drama, to the west, to the north, overhead, and at different times — and I had begun my large picture centered on the direction that later impressed me least, and drawn areas full of detail which during the eclipse became detailless. . . . All I could think of was, I would have to begin over at home, preferably painting on the inside of a dome! Five photographers promised to send me their work to help. One was Teguh, a student who had come at his own expense from Jakarta; his enthusiasm was the best of all — “Yes, I think my own country is the most beautiful,” he said, and after the eclipse was over: “I’m still excited!”

I walked and drew in the temple for the rest of the day. Drawing made me realize that each *finger* was so subtle I could no more than caricature it; what love went into carving these fifteen hundred scenes! In the afternoon Indonesian people swarmed in as every day; they play radios, pose for photographs with the impassive figures of the Dhyani Buddhas — sit in their laps, drape arms around their necks, put cigarettes in their mouths. For they are Muslims now. Borobudur was rediscovered in the jungle two centuries ago, and in 1907 Van Erp began a heroic effort of restoration, leaving the masonry mountain apparently whole. But the earthen hill inside was bulging with water, the

walls leaned outward and at every rain they spouted, no stone was really in its place. So over the last decade, with international experts and \$20 million mostly raised by UNESCO, the temple has been put back together like an enormous puzzle; an IBM computer is said to have found the place for every polygonal block in the paving of the galleries. The work is being completed this year. But ten years of the present uncontrolled crowds will ruin much of it. The admission price of 100 rupiahs (10 cents) will have to be raised, or people should be admitted a few at a time and after some instruction.

At sunset I was lingering in a gallery, hoping to stay in the temple overnight. I wanted to look for the second of the two sudden earth-brushing comets of this summer, Sugano-Saigusa-Fujikawa, which was in Delphinus now and hurrying south, passing its nearest to the earth (nearest was on June 12, the day after eclipse). I did not even yet know there was a gate and an admission ticket to Borobudur. But a policeman came to usher me out. I showed him that my sketch had to dry, but he gently waited with me. While waiting, he picked up a small block that someone had dumped on the floor, probably because it obstructed a photograph. He put it on the wall, but perhaps only the IBM computer will remember its true place.

With Cam from Vancouver I got up about three next morning and found a vehicle to take us out to Borobudur. We hurried up onto the east face of the pyramid, where Cam wanted to photograph the sunrise. It was a breathtaking sunrise, exactly on the col between Merbabu and Merapi, which the eclipse had crossed on its race away from the east-northeastward. A scarf of cloud lay across the waist of both mountains, another above their heads. Between their feet and us the plain lay in mist which filtered it to successively fainter horizons of trees; the temple, itself a layered structure,

was filled with mist in layers; the blackish andesite blocks lost their orange and gold varieties and were blank against the mist, into which the Buddhas gazed.

Dhyani Buddhas — meditation Buddhas — five hundred of them — occupy niches overlooking the lower galleries, and are spaced in three circles around the upper slopes, the sphere of Arupadhatu or Formlessness. Larger than life and serene in the smooth erectness of their bare shoulders, they have names and functions in the universe but in appearance they differ only in the *mudra*, the gesture of the right hand. All those on the upper terraces abide in *stupas* of a shape which we would call a bell — but it is a lotus, and it is also holy Mount Meru — and within these miniature temples or cages they can be glimpsed only through a lattice of gaps. But the restorers have left one west-facing Buddha exposed except for the *stupa*'s lowest ring of stones, and one east-facing Buddha exposed entirely. I was drawing from behind him as he sat immutably gazing below his four hundred thousandth sunrise.

The sun appeared as a flat tile, fresh cool yellow, between the lofty horizon and the cloud; climbed vertically behind the cloud-bar, reappeared, and a droplet of its true brilliance sprang to life inside its upper curve. All the mists diffused skyward, the two mountains paled till they were huge faint shadows behind it, and then were gone. A sweeper, sweeping yesterday's cigarette packets, was the first to find us and made a mild attempt at his duty of evicting us, but Cam was photographing and I was drawing. We had a couple of hours before the heat and the people came, and children were on the knees of my Buddha.

Borobudur is a bent pyramid like some of those in Egypt: the four zigzag lower galleries, shut in by their fortifications of sculpture, climb above each other at almost forty-five degrees,

*Left: A relic of Hinduism in Java:
Nandi, the bull of Shiva, at the temple
of Prambanan.*

“There is poverty, but the begging is mostly . . . trying to sell you things that are real works of art.”

but the three open circular terraces form a much gentler summit, so that approaching one cannot see them. But there is extra steepness at top and bottom. At the bottom there was once a bulging cliff of masonry on which were carved the delights of the flesh and the consequences in hell; it misled the worshippers, perhaps, and was buried under the present pedestal. And at the top, crown of the gradient of simplification, is one huge plain *stupa*. Deep inside it, without entrance, is a chamber in which should perhaps be Adi Buddha, from whose meditation the Meditation Buddhas came into existence, who in turn can touch the world of action only through the human Buddhas. . . . But nothing was found there except a malproportioned and unfinished Buddha, and a *kris*.

Next day I joined a party going in a bus to the Dieng crater, far off in the mountains — I had not realized that it would stop at each sight — green lake, boiling mud springs, five temples in the marsh — just long enough for photographers to take their snaps but hardly long enough for me to draw; it even took in Borobudur — for one hour!

In Jogjakarta we learned that, despite the ban, four hundred people had been admitted to hospital with suspected eye damage. Probably they scoffed, looked at the sun, experienced some dazzle, and panicked.

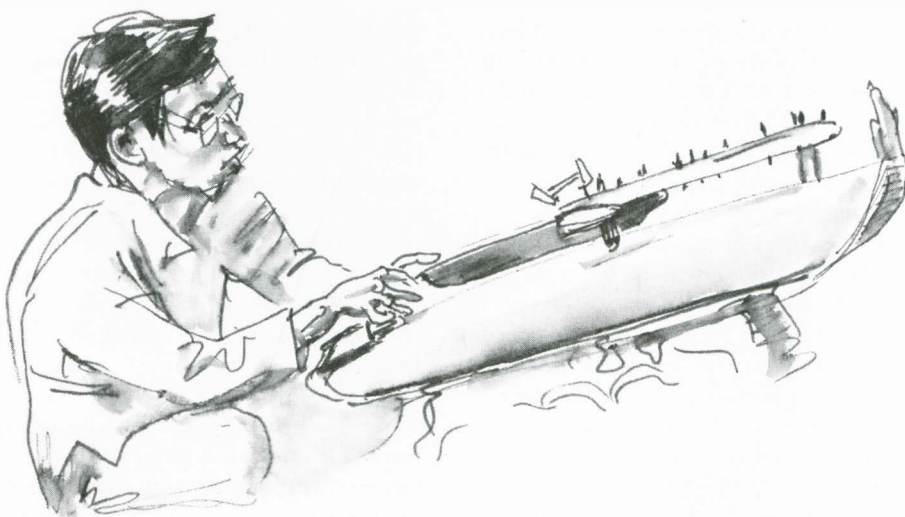
After more days in this city I went to Bali, the island to which Hinduism retreated, and lived in Ubud, down Monkey Forest Lane. This part at least of Bali seems too good to be true, an unbroken garden. The roads are fringed with low white-painted bamboo rails, red cannas behind them, the sacred cranes called *penjor* leaning overhead; people at dawn brush the ground, even the foliage — children proudly arrive with their own brushes to sweep their school; little hyena-faced dogs and knot-tailed cats abound, because people like them; the tracery of water is even more elaborate than on Java, and people bathe in it at dusk; a house or temple (and temples seem as many as houses) is a *rijsttafel* of separate structures, many of them open canopied platforms; at night there is always gamelan music to lead you to some brilliant scene on a lawn or palace courtyard, where the *wayang kulit* or *wayang golek* is being performed, or a *legong* play or a

barong dance. There is no challenge from Western culture: the people have known the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* stories for a thousand years but are tirelessly rapt by them. There is poverty, but the begging is mostly in the form of trying to sell you things which are real works of art. Ubud is full of painters, and it was here that I found and bought two canvases by villagers, showing the myths of the solar and lunar eclipses.

I was still hoping to see the comet (now receding in Centaurus) and tried to interest officials, and Australians in a hotel, so that we could use binoculars and travel out to a dark place at night. Marsa, from whom I bought the paintings, pointed out that it might be unwise to mention comets to Indonesians. They associate them with ill fortune, and the superstition was powerfully confirmed by the greatest recent comet, Ikeya-Seki, in 1965, the traumatic year of Indonesian politics.

Now, in the June of the Indonesian eclipse, the Space Shuttle was going up and carrying Indonesia's third satellite to an orbital station above the Spice Islands.

When I returned to Jogjakarta the first-quarter moon was at the zenith. I had returned because while drawing a gamelan orchestra, and looking at the notation they used, I had been promised a chance to try my hand in it. On Bali this would have been beyond me: the style is much faster, variable, full of climaxes; in Jogja it seems square and steady, but was trickier than I thought! The Europeans and Canadians I had known were all gone, but Jogjanese friends were of course still there, especially Harsono who divides his life between two full-time jobs a two-hour bus journey apart — cleaning rooms in the Batik Palace Hotel and running an orphanage in his village near Klaten. Some foreigners have helped him, but one cheated him of batiks worth six years of his wages.



Finally, now carrying two hundred sketches but suffering an influenza, and before leaving for the utter contrast of Japan, I returned to Jakarta and stayed with Teguh. When the talking with him and his mother and sisters and cousins was over, and the looking at his photographs, and the sewing of a *sarong* for me to wear, there was not much sleeping to be done on the floor of his house: in the alley outside, in the ninety-degree night, logs were exploding on a bonfire, and at about two the merry-makers marched through the quarter beating drums and summoning to the *sahur*, the morning feast; Ramadan had started with the new moon of the eclipse.

The solar eclipse was followed by the lunar eclipse of June 25. It coincided almost exactly with my flight from Los Angeles to Atlanta. It was beginning as we took off, but my attempts to interest the pilot and the stewardesses and the passengers in it met with little success. I squinted at it a few times across people's laps through the dirty little windows, and then had to return to my own seat on the north side of the plane; and through the night while everybody else slept I looked at the last of the many ineffable sights which any air journey offers: America encrusted with the orange and white light patterns of towns, running upward to its reflection in the constellations.

□



Guy Ottewell, a native of Great Britain, has lived in California, Arizona and South Carolina. Under an agreement with Furman University, he writes and publishes the Astronomical Calendar, a yearbook which is used in about 90 countries. He was able to travel in Indonesia last summer and see the eclipse there on June 11, because of a grant from Arthur Montgomery of Atlanta.



Blake Praytor

An extraordinary woman

by Marguerite Hays

Combining a successful career and a strong marriage is nothing new to Gerda McCahan.

On an afternoon in December 1982, Dr. Gerda McCahan, professor of psychology at Furman, boarded a plane at the Greenville-Spartanburg airport on her way to Detroit. Just a day and a half earlier she had not known she would be making this trip. In fact, someone from the Public Broadcasting System in Detroit had just called the day before to ask if she would appear on "PBS Late Night" to talk about "burn-out." Although she and her husband, Mac, were planning to leave that weekend to attend a professional meeting in Puerto Rico and she was not ready for that trip, she good-naturedly agreed to be on the show.

When her plane landed in Detroit late that afternoon, the sky was dark and threatening. As she walked through the airport terminal, she heard her name announced on the loudspeaker, and she was informed that the person who was supposed to meet her had been delayed and she should wait for him in the baggage pick-up area. As she located her luggage, she saw a uniformed chauffeur holding up a sign that read "PBS."

While driving her in his limousine to Hotel Pontchartrain in downtown Detroit, the chauffeur told her about "PBS Late Night" and what she should expect. He said that the show was very successful and that people called in questions from all over the country. An economist would be on during the first half-hour of the show, he said, and she would be on during

the second half-hour. He left her at the hotel with instructions to meet another chauffeur and the economist in the lobby at ten-thirty.

The desk clerk welcomed her warmly on behalf of the hotel and gave her the key to her room, a handsome semi-suite with a view of Renaissance Center. As she looked out her window, she saw that snow had begun to fall. She ate dinner in a restaurant downstairs and rested in her room until it was time to leave for the PBS studio.

Dr. McCahan arrived in the lobby about the same time as did the economist, who turned out to be a thin, nervous-looking woman, and they climbed into the waiting limousine. Dr. McCahan introduced herself to the woman and attempted to start a conversation, but the economist pointed to her throat and whispered, "I can't talk."

By this time the snow was coming down much faster and the streets had begun to ice over. As the limousine crossed an overpass, the car went into a long slide and swung around into the next lane. The chauffeur slowly maneuvered the car on across the bridge, as the economist screamed, "Why can't you be more careful? Can't you see the roads are slick?" and continued to berate him. Dr. McCahan was so astonished by this outburst and so fascinated by the woman's behavior that she wasn't at all nervous about the slick roads, and the limousine arrived safely at the studio.

Once inside, the women were taken

immediately to make-up and then they met the host of the show, Dennis Wholey, who told them to look at him while he was talking to them and to look at the camera when they answered viewers' questions. Then Dr. McCahan watched the first half of the show in a viewing room with the make-up people and listened with interest to their comments. Red was not a good color for women to wear on television, she learned, and the economist obviously did not remember where to look, because her eyes darted around the set.

When Dr. McCahan took her place at the table opposite Dennis Wholey while a promotional piece starring Kermit the Frog was showing, she asked him to remember that she was from Furman University. As soon as the camera turned on him, he thanked her for coming all the way from South Carolina on a "snowy evening," and asked her to tell him something about Furman University. Although she wasn't expecting this opportunity, she said, "Furman is a great place. It's a liberal arts college. We've got 2,300 students and a beautiful campus. It's a great place to be."

Wholey then began to ask her questions about burn-out, including its definition.

Dr. McCahan said, "Burn-out can be defined as a state of chronic fatigue and frustration and disappointment within your work situation. It's when you've given and given and given until you give out. It's when you simply no longer have the kind of energy to

*From the time she finished
Furman, it was clear she
wouldn't fit the mold of the
traditional Southern woman.*

invest in what it takes in your job.”

She discussed the difference between burn-out and plain fatigue and explained that most people who burn out are high achievers who set very high goals for themselves. She also discussed reasons for burn-out in marriages.

Then Wholey took a call from a viewer in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who said she had quit a good job because of burn-out and she wondered when she would regain her enthusiasm and could return to work. Dr. McCahan told her that she should probably not go back to the same job, but she should figure out what made that job stressful for her and eventually go into a job that involved fewer stress-causing factors.

Next Dr. McCahan answered the questions of callers in Atlanta and Detroit. A man from Jonesboro, Ark., said that her explanation of burn-out explained everything he was going through at the moment in his job, that he felt like he was beating his head against brick walls and he wondered how he could overcome this feeling.

“I think you're edging into burn-out,” Dr. McCahan said. “If I were you, I would start a program of assessment. I would look at what there is in your job that is particularly difficult for you, the things that make you feel that brick walls are there. If the brick walls are moveable, work on moving them. If they are immovable, stop beating your head against them. Take them as givens . . . do not fight those things at work.

“Begin to figure out what are the things you can do for yourself that will make you feel better. You see, you need refueling. Try to spend some time with people who always make you feel better . . . who can make you laugh.

“You need to learn something about how to relax, how to turn the job off when you leave it. When you go home, do not let your job go with you. . . . Under those circumstances, you may

find tension will disappear. At least that's a good start. The main thing is you can do something about it, but you need to assess your situation. What are the things that are hard? What are the things at work that are predictable? What are the things you can do at home to refresh yourself? These are the things you should think about very carefully.”

As Dr. McCahan answered this caller's question, Dennis Wholey began making notes and when she finished he turned to her and said, “Thank you for that marvelous answer. It was just terrific! I'm sitting here taking notes on some of the things you want us to do.”

After she answered another question and the show was almost over, Wholey said to her, “You're a delightful guest. You're full of good information. You're a marvelous communicator.”

After the show, a limousine delivered the two women back to the hotel without any problems. The next morning as Dr. McCahan was waiting to have breakfast in the hotel restaurant, a man got up from a table, came over, introduced himself and asked, “Weren't you on 'PBS Late Night' last night?” She said she was and he invited her to have breakfast with him and two other members of a Health and Human Services team who were in Detroit to inspect nursing homes. She joined them for a pleasant breakfast and left shortly afterward to go to the airport and return to Greenville.

When Gerda McCahan tells about a trip like this one, you know she considered it an adventure. She didn't mind going to Detroit on the spur of the moment or riding through icy streets or being on live television from coast to coast. It was an opportunity for her to do something different, an opportunity to have a new experience.

In many ways, Dr. McCahan's whole life has been a series of adventures. From the time she graduated from Furman and decided

to do graduate work in New York City, it was evident that she would not fit the mold of traditional Southern women of that time. Instead of settling down in Greenville and devoting her energies to homemaking as most of her friends did, she has earned master's and doctoral degrees, married a U.S. Air Force chaplain and lived in Germany and in several places in this country, worked as a research psychologist, clinical psychologist and consulting psychologist and taught psychology to college students.

The daughter of well-to-do parents — her father, Marshall Prevost, made a living in real estate and collected works of art — she credits her mother with encouraging her to study for a career. “My mother was a very cosmopolitan woman,” she says. “She had done a great deal of traveling, spoke several languages and had lived in Germany and Mexico. I think she had tacitly given me permission to become an achiever in my own right because she had always felt that, in a sense, a woman's role put her in a secondary position. While she was a very good wife and mother and seemed to be satisfied, she seemed to give me permission to be myself, and that was very important. If she had opposed my having a career, since she was a very strong woman and someone with whom I was very congenial, I probably would not have pursued it. And then she did everything in the world to support me as I found my way through.”

Although Gerda Prevost had majored in English and history at Furman, she became interested in personnel work and efficiency through her brother, who worked for the government, and she decided to enroll in the School of Business at Columbia University. Because she was intrigued with the human factors in business, she took several courses from professors who were associated with the Psychological Corporation, one of the first groups of applied psychologists

in New York. In order to study testing, she took a large number of tests and before long she was offered a job at the Psychological Corporation.

"It took me about three months to find out that I didn't want to do what I was doing. I wanted to do what the psychologists were doing. I found out what a clinical psychologist was. I found out about marketing research and testing. I found out that what I was doing was too clerical. It bored me to death and I was not particularly good at it. I'm an idea person. All essentials . . . no details."

So she came back to Greenville and spent a year relaxing and trying to regain the weight she had lost in New York. She returned to Columbia the next fall and began to work on a master's in psychology. Getting her degree in 1945, she taught psychology at Furman until 1948. During those post-war years, she set up the psychological evaluation program for the new Veterans Guidance Center at Furman.

As the only clinical or applied psychologist in Greenville at the time, she became well known throughout the community and was called on for many purposes. A chaplain at Donaldson Air Force Base asked her to evaluate a young woman in his congregation who seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Through this association she came to know the chaplain quite well and continued to see him after their professional contact had ended. George R. "Mac" McCahan was a Methodist minister who was stationed at Donaldson. He lived with his three sons, the children of his first marriage which had ended during the war. His oldest child, a daughter, was already in college.

In 1948 Chaplain McCahan was transferred to the British West Indies and Gerda Prevost returned to Columbia University to begin work on her doctorate. In a twelve-month period she completed all of her residency requirements, took her



language examination and returned to Greenville to marry Mac in 1949.

While Dr. McCahan gives her mother credit for encouraging her to prepare for a career, she says her husband actually made it possible for her to have one. "My career was one of the givens when we got married," she says. "Mother was very concerned that I wouldn't finish my Ph.D., and Mac came to see her and said, 'I assure you, I promise you she's going to finish her Ph.D., because it means as much to me as it does to you.' And we had only been married a few months when Mac was sending me over to New York to work on my dissertation. My stepsons washed mountains of dishes for me to be able to do this."

Fortunately, Chaplain McCahan was stationed at Harrisburg, Pa., for the next four years. His wife completed her dissertation in three years and received the Ph.D. in 1952. When Chaplain McCahan was transferred to Germany, Dr. McCahan taught psychology in the University of Maryland Overseas Program and worked as a research psychologist at the U.S. Air Force Headquarters in Wiesbaden.

After the McCahans returned to the United States in 1956, Dr. McCahan worked wherever her husband was stationed. In Charleston she was a clinical psychologist in the Depart-

ment of Pediatrics at the Medical University of South Carolina. When he was transferred to Texas, she became chief psychologist at the Children's Psychiatric Center in Amarillo. After he retired from the military in 1959, they moved back to New York so he could get his doctorate in counseling at Columbia, and she became senior clinical psychologist at the Kennedy Child Study Center there. In this position she supervised doctoral interns and, incidentally, completed her clinical credentials for a New York license. She passed the New York state and national board exams and became a diplomate in clinical psychology of the American Board of Professional Psychology in 1965.

Although the McCahans seldom stayed in one place very long during the first 15 years of their marriage, Dr. McCahan managed to make progress in her career without being separated from her husband. "I had made a personal commitment to myself that I was not going to let anything separate Mac and me beyond what was necessary with the military. I knew if I started having professional commitments and he had military commitments, we would soon be living apart and I didn't see that as the way we should go. So I said, 'I will do what I can do where I am.' Surprisingly enough, because a lot of things were



Blake Praytor

*Because of her wide
range of experience, she
has become an authority
on all sorts of subjects.*

being done in mental health in the affluent society of the post-war period, I could usually find something interesting to do. I built my career by being responsive to the needs of where I was."

Because so few people — male or female — were qualified as clinical psychologists, she did not run into sex discrimination. "I was such a rare bird, nobody cared that I was a woman," she says. "I remember after I had been working in Amarillo three years, a member of the board told me I had scarcely finished applying for the job when the psychiatrist called her and said, 'Dorothy, an angel just walked out of my office.' You see it was just a godsend for him that someone with my qualifications had come in who could be chief psychologist."

After Mac McCahan received his Ed.D., the McCahans returned to Greenville and moved into a large two-story brick house on Washington Street, just behind her family home. Mrs. McCahan rejoined the psychology faculty at Furman, where she had continued to teach during the summers. Her husband set up a part-time private practice in counseling and lectured for a few years at Furman.

By coming back to Furman, Dr. McCahan opted away from clinical work to work with bright students, she says. "Compared to the clinical population, this population here is just top-notch. I remember the first year I was back here I had talked about communication between parents and children. After Thanksgiving a student came back and said, 'Well, I had the first real conversation with my parents that I have had in years.' I was just amazed. The students pick up my ideas and put them into practice. If I had done that in a clinic, it would

have taken three months or more for them to understand and be prepared to act. It's very exciting for someone who has worked with very limited and rigid people to work with these students."

After her return, she taught in the master's program in clinical psychology. On her recommendation, however, the program was phased out in 1970 because Furman did not have the resources to staff it properly and also strengthen the undergraduate program, which was considered the top priority. Later she received three grants to set up the Child and Family Studies Institute to train people who work with handicapped children and their families. The institute closed after three years, when the funding ended and Dr. McCahan found she could not operate it alone and keep up her teaching.

On the undergraduate level, Dr. McCahan teaches courses in human development, assessment, behavior disorders and counseling; she also teaches a graduate course in human factors in management in the Clemson-at-Furman Master of Business Administration Program. This year, while department chairman Dr. Charles Brewer has been on sabbatical, she has served as acting chairman of the psychology department. Next year she will begin a term as chairman.

The only applied psychologist in a department with four experimental psychologists, she sees her role as showing students how to use psychological principles in the natural setting. "The experimental courses give them the kind of scientific core of information they need on the undergraduate level. When I teach Introduction to Counseling, I am not teaching the techniques of counseling. I'm simply teaching them something about understanding themselves a little better and understanding what it's like to use yourself as the instrument for change in someone else. I want this course to be a watershed

course in which they find out that working with people is something they want to do or it's something they don't want to do . . . before they go to graduate school."

Always eager to try new ideas and techniques, Dr. McCahan was one of the first professors at Furman to use videotape equipment in her courses. Now students in her counseling course use videotapes of their sessions to critique and improve their own performance. In 1982 Dr. McCahan spent part of her sabbatical leave learning how to operate computers, and she now uses computers in testing and grading, as well as in various kinds of projects.

At Furman she has served on the most important faculty/administrative committees, and she is now a member of the university's Strategic Planning Committee. In 1980 she became the first (and so far, the only) female chairman of the faculty, a position traditionally held by senior male members of the faculty.

Besides her academic duties, she has served as a consultant to many local organizations, including the City of Greenville, the Greater Greenville Chamber of Commerce, Marshall I. Pickens Childrens Program of the Greenville Hospital System, Henderson Advertising Agency and Daniel Construction Company. A popular speaker, she frequently leads seminars and workshops for agencies and businesses.

Because of the wide range of her personal and professional experiences, she has become an authority on many subjects of current interest, including dual-career marriages, the working woman, women in management, stress and burn-out. As a woman who started her career when most women did not work, she has observed with special interest the changing roles of women over the past 30 years.

"I was sort of a transitional person," she says. "I had the traditional commitments to marriage, and the

Left: Dr. McCahan's counseling class observes group behavior on a videotape.

One of the most striking qualities about Dr. McCahan is her utter self confidence.

rarity of my training meant I didn't have a problem getting a job.

"Women now have both more problems and fewer problems. Fewer problems because the opportunities for women are much greater. More problems because there is more competition and because the expectations of women are much greater. Women now who have no career often feel unemployed. If you ask a woman who has no career what she does, she will say, 'Nothing.' She doesn't say she's a homemaker because she sees herself as supposed to have a career and a family and a home and everything else.

"Women now are trying to maintain two roles. They're trying to maintain their homes as their mothers did and they're trying to have careers that take eight hours or more a day. They get out of bed 200 percent committed."

Sometimes the strain is so great that the marriage breaks up, she says. The woman comes to the conclusion that she can't handle two jobs. If she gets more out of her job than she does out of her marriage, she gives up her marriage.

Marriages may also be affected when wives go back to school or go to work, after their children are in school. Older men, who had traditional mothers as models for their wives, may be threatened by the change in their wives. "I've had men tell me, 'I no longer recognize the woman I married.' Unless couples can renegotiate their marriage contract at this stage, they've got real problems."

The changing role of women is also having both good and bad effects on children, she says. In some cases, when both the man and woman have professional careers, the couple simply decides not to have any children; in other cases they may have only one child. Unfortunately, these are the very people who should be replacing themselves in our society.

Also, working mothers cannot give the same sort of emotional support to

their children that mothers who are always accessible can give. "There's a lot less making of cookies, going to PTA meetings and being den mothers than there used to be. But the interesting thing is that children are learning to be autonomous earlier. They're not afraid of separation. They have the confidence to handle things on their own.

"Another interesting fact is that there is a different quality to the relationship. Children whose mothers have a career take pride in their mothers. They treat their mothers with respect. A mother is not just somebody who picks up after them. A mother is a special person."

Because her comments on subjects like this are always interesting, Dr. McCahan has become a regular resource for the local news media. She is especially popular with TV reporters because she is so comfortable in that medium. Last November, she appeared two nights in a row on Channel 4's "Six O'Clock News," talking about the problems of working on shifts. During the same week she also appeared twice on Channel 7's "Nancy Welch Show" to talk about stress.

Nor is her reputation confined to the Greenville area. She has been quoted in articles in *U.S. News & World Report*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Business Week*, *Family Weekly* and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Although she goes out of her way to cooperate with the news media, she is not always happy with how she appears in print or on the TV screen. "When I read these comments I make, I think they are laughable. I'm not saying anything significant or anything everybody doesn't know already. I think the reporters totally miss the most significant things I say. Then I think, 'Okay, that's the way it works. They've picked up something everybody can identify with.'

"Also, I have reached the point in

my life that I remember the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously!"

One of the most striking qualities about Dr. McCahan is her utter self-confidence. No kind of public appearance seems to bother her. Although she claims she was once terribly shy and self-conscious, she says she is a verbal person who has always found oral communication easy. "I've had so much attention focused on me anyway," she says. "If you're as tall as I am, you're like an exclamation point! If I hadn't learned to deal with that, I'd have a bad problem."

Besides being born into fortunate circumstances and having a supportive husband, she thinks she owes her successful career to her ability to be flexible — to make the best of any given situation. While flexibility must have certainly helped, it seems likely that she has been readily accepted in the predominantly male professions of psychology and college teaching because of her personal charm. Her soothing voice, her pleasant manner, her easy laughter, her ability to see the other person's point of view — these are the qualities that have made her a good psychologist and a congenial colleague.

These, too, are the qualities of a person who is at ease with herself. While she thinks she could have accomplished more professionally in a different setting, she is right where she wants to be. "I chose to come back to Furman because for me it is a way of living fully. To be here in this setting is optimal. It's a place I love. I'm with youngsters who have great potential. By working with them I hope I am preventing some of the things I had been correcting in clinic. I think this is the way I can use myself best, and I have a feeling of satisfaction inside me. As I look back, I don't think I would change anything significantly. Life has been very good to me."





Learning - process by which
modifies the O. programs
O of higher & higher levels
of complexity

Blake Praytor

