The old order changeth

A personal history of Furman by Albert N. Sanders

Although it happened by sheer accident, as a historian I could not have come to Furman at a better time. In 1951 the college was completing a yearlong celebration of its first hundred years in Greenville, and my first “institutional task” was to help professors Don Held and Dorothy Ritchie put on a historical pageant. While helping with the pageant lighting, I was enveloped by the history of Furman before I had even learned all of my colleagues’ names.

Now 30 years later I am retiring a few years after Furman’s sesquicentennial anniversary. My first classes on the old campus included a large number of GI Bill veterans of World War II. Now many of these men and women are greying members of “Golden Age” groups given to telling tall tales, and I am teaching their children. In the years between I have witnessed some major changes in the life of this institution.

In 1951 the “Hill” with its forest oaks and old buildings was not too different from the campus I had known as a student 20 years earlier, except for the temporary buildings constructed to provide minimal facilities for the glut of students in the late 1940s. West Hall sat on the tennis courts behind Montague Hall; the library had a strange extension connected to the old Carnegie building by a flying walkway through what had been a window; North Hall for single students and the houses on Graham Field were transplanted wartime structures which provided housing of sorts for students. The fraternities occupied houses on University Ridge and Nona Street and the bell in the tower still rang for classes — although electronic controls had replaced the bell-ringer on scholarship of my student days.

In 1951 Furman was on the semester system: students took five or six courses and faculty members taught five classes each semester. Classes were held on both campuses, at the Woman’s College if there were enough women enrolled to make an all-female section of multiple-section courses or on the Men’s Campus above Reedy River if classes were all male or coed.

That first year, I was a “federal citizen” of the history department (Dr. Delbert Harold Gilpatrick’s observation) since I taught three-fifths history and two-fifths political science. Assistant Professor Ernest Harrill was on leave completing his work to become Dr. Harrill, so I filled in with Dr. Eugene Looper to be the political science department which held forth in West Hall. That “edifice” was air-conditioned via thin walls and floors with too many cracks — hot in the fall and unbelievably cold in winter.

Although Custodian Lark Harris kept the furnace roaring and hot air (with some constituent sulphurous, soft coal fumes) poured through the ceiling-high ducts, students at the lower level wore their overcoats and kept their feet on the seats of empty chairs to counter the vicious cold coming through the floor. The veteran students took it in stride and the ladies learned to cope. Young Eugene Looper was an able and
Students of the early 1950s hurry to class beneath the forest oaks on the Men’s Campus.

exciting instructor (and very good-looking, as the coeds told me). They called his courses "Looperology" and filled his classes despite the discomfort of West Hall.

In the history department, Dr. Gilpatrick, Winston Babb and Miss Catherine ("Texas Katie") Chambers were my senior colleagues. For six years, as the junior member of the department, I taught the 8:00 and 1:25 classes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and taught the 8:00 section at the Woman’s College and the noon section on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. My other departmental task was to water the departmental snake plant each day and keep it healthy. Dr. Gilly had brought the plant to that dark, one-window office (101 in Old Main) at the foot of the stairs where we each had a desk, lighted by a single bulb hanging on its wire from the 18 foot ceiling. Tradition had it that as long as the snake plant flourished, so would the department. (The plant flourishes in the chairman’s office today.)

Teaching that early section of western civilization at the Woman’s College was an unforgettable experience. I used to catch the city bus to the Carolina Theatre and walk to the Woman’s College. The schedule was such that I arrived some 20 minutes before class, giving me time to have a cup of coffee in the dining room with the ladies who resided at the college. There Dean Olivia Futch, Miss Aileen Coggins, Miss Marguerite Chiles and Miss Garland Carrier would make a space at one of those round tables and catch me up on the college gossip, while the young ladies of my class leisurely finished breaking their fast toward the rear of the hall. When the bell rang, we all dashed to that corner classroom in Old East where we solved the problems of the rise of the West and such things. Of the friends I made in those early days, none are more treasured than my breakfast companions — including Miss Elizabeth Donald who sometimes would arrive from Williamston in time to join the sweet roll-and-coffee group.

In those first years transportation back to the men’s campus was by the famous orange buses driven across town by ex-pilots — an experience well-remembered by Woman’s College residents of those years. Later, when classes were first held on the new campus, Mrs. Gilly had an early English class at the Woman’s College and then the Gillys provided transportation out to the new Furman. Periodically, we would threaten to drive on to Asheville and spend the day — but we never did.

At Furman on the Hill this new faculty member was soon caught up in the rhythms of the college year. Football games were events. One night when Furman won, students rushed freshmen to the bell tower to ring the bell — as was the custom — to inform all far and near that the Purple Hurricane had roared again, devastating the visiting foe. However, the bell did not start to ring and Professors Winston Babb and Schaefer Kendrick hastened to the tower to correct this desecration of historic rites. The tower was locked securely and no keeper-of-the keys could be found. Undaunted, Babb and Kendrick (who was more svelte in those days) crawled out a window in the second floor.
English classroom, crossed the roof over the mathematics room, crawled through one of those slit windows at the second-story level of the tower and soon the bell rang out, with the rope enthusiastically pulled by a historian and a distinguished attorney-at-law.

Building floats for the homecoming parade was a major fall activity. Lights strung among the trees, fires in drums, fallen leaves better than ankle deep, gallons of hot cocoa, hundreds of students, thousands of paper napkins and yards of wire netting made it an exciting evening for students and the rest of us.

On the more serious side, those were the days when departments had no operating budgets, no faculty secretaries and few typewriters. Class materials were run off on the mimeograph machine in the basement of the administration building, presided over by Mrs. Caroll Leeds. The instructor typed his own stencils and carried them over to be run. Mrs. Leeds was a gracious lady and shared with us the news of the building, as well as helping us in the intricacies of operating that well-worn duplicator. Other supplies were dispersed by the secretary of the dean or of the business manager. The latter was very careful (one might even say "stingy") in her distribution. Once Dr. Gilly went over for some gem clips, expecting to get a box (sold for a dime in those days). The lady gave him six clips to fill his immediate needs and so offended Dr. Gilly that he stayed out of the administration building for six months.

My advanced course in those days was "South Carolina in Recent Decades," a course required for everyone seeking certification as an elementary teacher. Every spring semester for a decade or more my "harem" (Winston Babb’s term) of would-be elementary teachers gathered to develop an appreciation of the South Carolina heritage from Wade Hampton and his Red Shirts through "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman and "Coley" Blease to the "Barnwell Ring." We studied Bour-
Freshman "pioneers" moved to the new campus in 1955 to test its liveability.

The steel girders of Poteat Hall rise on the new campus.

Bonds and Progressives, businessmen and farmers, tenant farmers and mill hands and the unique values of "up country" and "low country." They were delightful young ladies who read Red Hills and Cotton and the State That Forgot, wrote reports and tests and generally charmed the instructor.

Soon a course, "South Carolina History Through Reconstruction," was added in the fall semester. The enrollments were smaller than the required "Recent Decades," and classes were held in the basement of the library where the South Carolina collection was housed. Here students sat at a long table and could see only the feet and legs of passers-by through the windows. The place smelled of old leather bindings, and steam hissed from a loose packing on the main value to the heating system. I remember one class in particular. A smart, beautiful girl from Charleston who took up the cause of tidewater values stirred the ire of an able, handsome and very vocal young man (he became a minister) from Greenville who maintained with vigor the values of the hill-country. The rest of the class polarized around one leader or the other. Pulling supporting books from the shelves, these two sides contested throughout the term, and all learned a great deal of South Carolina history.

Meanwhile, the dream of the new campus on the outskirts of Greenville was becoming a reality. Building began in October 1954 and by the fall of 1955 Manly Hall and most of Furman Hall were completed, while the library and administration building were emerging slowly from the excavations made to contain their basements. The powers that were decided that a group of freshman men should be put on the new campus to test the liveability of the new dormitory, with the idea of correcting any problems in the three dormitories still on the drawing board. A kitchen-dining room was built into the area which is now the office of the political science department and 104

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"pioneers" were housed in Manly Hall, with James Branham (now chairman of the history department at Coastal Carolina College) a general major domo. They had breakfast on the new campus, met classes there during the morning (in the classrooms on the sunny side in the fall before the heating system was completed), were bused to the old campus for library, laboratory and dinner and then bused back to the frontier. Professors John Patty, Reece C. Blackwell, James Stewart and I were the faculty three days a week. Jim Stewart and I watched the completion of the "library hole" and the pouring of the basement of the building in our break between classes. The attrition rate among the pioneers was rather high but many adjusted to the new, enjoyed the isolation and became good fishermen. Today the pioneers are a unique group among alumni, closer than most, but also given to tall tales.

In 1958, enough buildings on the new campus were nearing completion for us to finally abandon the long-honored Hill. Dr. Francis W. Bonner and Dr. George Christenberry provided the over-all planning and began the process of moving that spring. In July I joined the action as straw-boss of a crew of janitors and maintenance men no longer needed on the old campus, augmented by a group of students. Using a fleet of several army-surplus trucks, this motley group gathered on the old campus in the morning, loaded the trucks with furniture, library books, contents of offices and whatever and headed out Poinsett Highway to the new campus. Sometimes we made several trips in one day, sometimes only one, depending on the nature of the load. This same crew unpacked, assembled (when necessary) and placed new furniture and equipment as it arrived from the manufacturer or as buildings were completed.

At lunchtime over sack lunches Drs. Bonner and Christenberry and I (sometimes joined by Engineer Carl Clawson) decided what was to be done in the next 24 hours. By the time the fall session began, the deed was done. The campus on the Hill was closed; all men and the senior women took up residence on the new campus. The women were housed in Manly Hall and the "Manly Girls" are another group of alumnae given to tall tales.

Life on the new campus quickly settled in, diesel buses with experience on the highways replaced the old school buses but the student drivers lacked the verve of the now-graduated ex-pilots. The "young ladies of the college" now commuted from the Woman's College more demurely and more efficiently but with much less dash. Faculty members lunched leisurely in the uncrowded dining hall.

Miss Margaret Kendrick, Dr. Plyler's secretary, joined the luncheon group. She never weighed a hundred pounds despite her eating daily our surplus desserts. She was a delightful person. When she was discovered running around barefooted on the sumptuous rug of the presidential office (between sessions), even her feet blushed. Mr. P. R. McKinley ("Mr. Mac") was so proud of the new dining hall, after years in the old refectory. Mr. Mac was a
fisherman and once he caught a large trout (maybe 12 inches long) in the Furman lake. He froze his prize catch and would show it to visitors on little provocation.

But life was not all a bed of roses. Dean Bonner and his family resided in one of the apartments in the men's residence halls the first year on the new campus. In March there were heavy snows on three successive Wednesdays. To get faculty from town to the campus, Dr. Bonner organized the "Snow Bird Special," a bus with chains, which circulated into residential sections of the city. In the classics department at that time was a tall, thin Texan, Jefferson Davis Sadler. On one of these "Snow Bird Runs," Dr. Sadler bent forward to speak to art professor Mrs. Catherine Boyd Calhoun and the snow from his hat fell into her lap. In a strong, outraged voice, Mrs. Calhoun chided him: "Dr. Sadler, you are dripping on me."

Meanwhile other buildings were going up on the campus. One bright fall afternoon the bare orange steel girders for McAlister Auditorium stood out sharply against the splendor of the fall color on Paris Mountain. Dean Futch, standing at the corner of the administration building, turned to me and said, "That is as beautiful as anything I have ever seen" — and it was a glorious sight.

In this stage of the development of the new campus, many faculty members became master sidewalk superintendents. We followed the struggle of the contractors with the springs under McAlister Auditorium with infinite care. When a four-inch stream of water was successfully piped away to drain near the bridge, we all shared in the victory of man over nature. Weather permitting, we witnessed daily the construction of the women's residence halls, from the lowering of the boiler by a giant crane to the raising of the cupola to the top of the building.

In 1961 the women's residence halls were completed. Again the "Goat Squad" (as my crew called themselves) formed; again the war-surplus motor caravan went into action as we moved the books of the Woman's College library, contents of offices and considerable equipment and furniture from the Woman's College campus to the new campus. We also unloaded and placed new furniture in the women's residence halls. Miss Garland Carrier, bursar of the Woman's College, planned the move. One of the last loads was to transport her office furniture into the manager's office of the new dormitory complex. She left the downtown campus with regret — and with all the floors carefully swept after they were empty. When the 1961-62 season began on Furman University's fifth campus, the college had all of its students, both male and female, on one campus for the first time. A new era had begun.

This consolidation of the student body filled the dining hall at lunch hour and some men of the faculty began eating lunch in the men's faculty lounge (soon christened the "Privy Council" by Winston Babb). Over 40 men during a two-hour period would eat their sack lunches and exchange tales and ideas. From Mr. Putman of the music department to Dr. Patty of physics they came. Carlyle Ellel contributed an occasional limerick; Theron Price told Ozark tales; Sociologist Van Fossen related tales of working on a Midwestern farm during summers and administrators showed up from time to time.

When Dr. Carey Crantford was being interviewed for appointment to the faculty, Dean Bonner brought him down to see how he would react to the free give-and-take of the council meeting. As soon as the dean appeared, the group began to question him regarding a recent decision. Later Crantford said that this encounter had made him decide to come to Furman: if the faculty could speak so freely to the dean, Furman was the place for him. Expansion of the college ultimately demanded that the lounge be converted to offices and the homeless council became another casualty of growth.

Meanwhile, the Department of History settled into its new facilities on the second floor of Furman Hall. In 1965 Dr. Gilpatrick retired, leaving the department in the hands of Dr. Babb as chairman. Dr. Gilly continued to teach part time for several years, providing the advantages of his knowledge and experience possible only for an elder statesman.

In the winter of 1968, as the university was in the final stages of planning the transition from the semester system to the present three-term calendar, Dr. Babb died suddenly, leaving a gap that has never been filled. The department rallied, found Drs. A. V. Huff, William Lavery and John Block (the "Young Turks") to add as new members, and reordered the departmental offerings to fit the new curriculum. In my eight years as chairman, the able group of teacher-historians maintained the high standards and enviable quality of the history department in the Gilpatrick-Babb tradition.

In 1975-76 it was necessary that I teach an 8:00 class for the first time in years. When I announced that the experience had been so "different" that I planned to schedule all senior departmental members at that hour for 1976-77, the teacher-historians held a meeting and decided it was time for me to return to full-time teaching. So now, after five pleasant years of teaching without administrative responsibilities, the time has come for me to retire.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new...." Two new "Young Turks" have been appointed to the department for next session. Daily I take home a few books, slowly stripping the office of the accumulations of 30 years. Somewhere on a cloud I suspect Dr. Gilly and Winston are watching and commenting with the witticisms unique to them.

People ask, "What were the highlights of your career at Furman?" Frankly, I enjoyed practically all of it. From the standpoint of being part of the history
of Furman, the move to the new campus was the most exciting time. I loved the old campus with its buildings worn by use, its forest oaks, its sense of tradition. But the new campus promised a new day which can be appreciated most by those who shared in the moment of change.

Directing the University Self-Study in 1964-1966 was also an experience few faculty members have. Everybody, from the president down, shared in varying degrees in the self-study, and the director had the heavy duty of organizing and formalizing the massive collection of data into a report. For once, the intricate workings of trustees, administration and faculty to educate students took on reality.

My several experiences as a member of visiting committees of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools made me realize what a good liberal arts institution Furman University is. We have our problems, but they are problems of growth, improving the quality of education and constant adaption to changing times. These can be solved creatively — and Furman has the strong institutional structure that can and does solve them.

My term as chairman of the faculty was important in developing an appreciation of the quality and commitment of my peers. But most of all, I enjoyed being department chairman. The support of my colleagues, the genial concern with students and curriculum and the commitment to professional growth made the chairmanship a joy — whether we were seeking a new member or some new equipment or trying to distribute the professional travel money so it would be used best.

As I retire, the Hill of the old campus has been leveled for the asphalt prairie of an aging shopping center-office complex and the Woman’s College site, much reduced in size by encroaching streets, has become Heritage Green. Furman University has been 23 years on its new campus. The buildings have lost their newness, but the campus grows increasingly beautiful as the trees and shrubs blend with the soft-toned brick. New structures, like the Earle Infirmary and the stadium, are almost ready for use, and some of the older buildings are being remodeled or expanded.

And there is continuity. May Day has become Play Day, and a replica of the original bell tower stands on a peninsula in the lake. The crucial exchange between faculty and students still takes place in the classroom. Sharing a passion for learning, we still turn to library and laboratory to seek truth, to strive for understanding of the human dilemma and to withstand the forces of conformity, provincialism and intolerance.

Sanders and two of his “Young Turks,” Dr. A.V. Huff (left), now chairman of the history department, and Dr. William Lavery
From Turkey with . . . . ?

by Jane Sampey

Young city-Turks wear American-style clothes, listen to American-style music, long to see John Travolta movies and talk about how they dislike Americans.

“I can’t stand Americans!” said Vasif, a student at Robert College in Istanbul.

“The reason there is anarchy in Turkey,” he said, “is the CIA. Its shenanigans are causing the Turkish left to be divided. If the left were to unite, then my country could be a socialist paradise.”

Vasif was not being rude or provocative. He and I were members of a close-knit literary club, and he was simply telling me what he thought. As he stood there in his American-style blue jeans and T-shirt, with his American-style haircut, he hastened to add that, of course, I was different.

“You’re not a typical American,” he said.

But I wouldn’t let him get away with that. “How do you know I’m so different, Vasif? On what grounds are you basing your opinion? There are millions of Americans — how many of them do you know?” Besides that, I said, the Turkish left was capable of creating its own problems without the CIA. I think my arguments may have penetrated a little into that keen brain; I don’t know for sure.

As a rule, Turks are much too polite to express their true opinions to foreigners, but I am afraid many city-Turks share Vasif’s feelings about Americans. They wear American-style clothes, listen to American-style music, long to see John Travolta movies and talk about how they dislike Americans.

Anyone who has lived overseas for some time and worked with young people knows that they have a love/hate relationship with America. They pick up everything they can find of American culture — often the worst of it like gum chewing and rudeness — and yet condemn the United States for its materialism, crassness, foreign policy and so forth. Usually, their hatred is based on a combination of ignorance and envy.

One of my students at Robert College expressed this fascination/repulsion toward America, when I asked an honors section in American literature to discuss an author, a work and an idea that had interested them most during the year’s study. Emre, a rather sullen lad, chose for his idea, “America’s desire for wealth, power and money.”

After reading The Great Gatsby I understand quite well what the American Utopia means. I can easily imagine how the Dutch sailors’ greedy and hungry eyes looked at this land which promised money to them. The new land also promised friendship, peace, humanity; but the hungry wolves of Europe could only see what was on the surface of Utopia; and to grab it as quickly as they could, they built a civilization on top of thousands of Indians’ dead bodies and named it the United States of America. Their inordinate desire and greed hasn’t yet ended. The great-great-great-grandchildren of those Dutch sailors still want more and more and hope too much of a materialistic dream. Gatsby tried to achieve love by means of money. Vanderbilt, that crazy rich American, tried to achieve Art by buying some Greek statues and taking them to his barn in Texas. As we know quite well all of these attempts have failed: Gatsby’s money couldn’t let him repeat the past; Vanderbilt’s dollars could do nothing when probably a careless cowboy stepped on one of his Greek treasures while he was trying to catch a bull . . .

Another student in the same class was impressed by a different view of American life:

The idea which interested me the most this year was in Faulkner’s story “Barn Burning.” I admired the courage of the boy, his love of independence, and his being so self-reliant. I don’t think these values are
Portrait of a young woman by Turkish artist Nuri Iyem
solely American, but I believe they are not Turkish values. The lad in Faulkner's story knew that once he rebelled, he would be in an alien and hostile world, but he was self-reliant. I don't think we Turks have these values because responsibility isn't given to children in our society. Even when a child is no longer a child, the adults see him as such and act accordingly. Independence is not a value in my country. On the contrary, conformity and dependence are admired. Maybe it wasn't the new continent which created "the American Dream," but the people themselves with their courage, their love of independence, and their self-reliance. Maybe the American Dream will never come true, but at least it was dreamed. In Turkey we don't have that much, even.

I found that independence among Americans in Turkey is sometimes admired and sometimes either detested or misunderstood. I remember once when three of us foreigners climbed on a bumpy bus leaving Tarsus in southern Turkey, a young man seemed fascinated that we were running around seeing some of his country's archeological digs. After he discovered our nationality, he said rather wistfully, "I wish the women of my country were so free to travel and to learn!"

I always felt that even our sophisticated city-students at Robert College were envious of American independence — of women teachers' having automobiles and jetting off to distant places. When visiting in my small apartment overlooking the Bosphorus, women students would occasionally say that they would love to have the independence of an apartment of their own. Yet when the same students discovered that my mother is a widow and that I was living 5,000 miles away from her, they were not so approving any more.

Most people in Third World countries like Turkey continue to believe that all Americans are wealthy. For instance, my best Turkish friend would not take me to her simple home across on the Asian side of the Bosphorus for a long time because she had visited in America briefly and knew what luxurious homes we often had by Turkish standards. This same friend glared at me once when I commented that I couldn't buy something because it cost too much. I could tell that Aysheh felt in her heart that no American could honestly make that statement.

I had not been in Istanbul six months before some very bright Lyce students lay in wait at a dinner table one night to attack me about racial prejudice in the Southern part of the United States. Of course, I was attacked much later about American policies in Vietnam and about the U.S. arms embargo of Turkey after the Cyprus wars. However, I was pleased that minority students at Robert College, like the Jews, did not seem to think we would be prejudiced in any way because of their religion.

Generally, Turks view American honesty or directness (they would call it outspokenness) with mixed feelings. I remember in one class I made a point of saying that Americans usually call a spade a spade, even in the case of terminal illness. I used as an illustration my own distress when I visited a Turkish friend dying of cancer who was being told by his doctor that the pain would ease in a week and he would be back to normal! Evidently this comment bothered one of my students, because in her next composition she attacked the idea of "honesty with the dying."

People in Turkey with fatal illnesses are not told this by the doctor and the family customarily; foreigners may think of this as not being honest. But, after all, what can a sick person gain by knowing that he's going to die? My countrymen have heart-felt anxiety about other people's feelings. This is a good quality which I don't think Americans have!

Yet I felt that some of our students came to respect our openness. Once with a counseling group I insisted on spend-
ing three periods discussing teacher/student relations, a subject Turkish teachers would have considered much too informal and beneath their dignity. I found my Turkish students responded eagerly to it, once they got over the initial shock of talking about such a subject with a teacher.

When I first went to Istanbul in 1962, I was almost embarrassed to say I was an American; everyone seemed to like us so much. Part of the pro-United States attitude of that time was connected with the general European love affair with John F. Kennedy. Six years after Kennedy’s death when I was visiting in the Black Sea port of Zonguldak, a boy said to me, “If Kennedy had lived, the Cyprus crisis of 1964 would never have happened. If Kennedy had lived, the Cyprus crisis of 1967 would not have happened. If Kennedy had lived…” Finally, I said, “I’m sorry, Ahmet, but Kennedy is dead.” With his hand over his heart, the boy replied, “Oh, no! He lives in my heart!” Later, when one of our students started talking about Kennedy, I said rather sharply that I had not been an admirer of his. The girl’s eyes got big as saucers. “But, Miss Sampey,” she said, “I have two heroes: Ataturk, the father of my country, and President Kennedy.”

After the Cyprus wars, the Turks’ attitude towards Americans changed. During the growing anarchy of 1970-71 before a military takeover, we would see huge signs in red paint scrawled on buildings, even on the Robert College campus, saying, “To hell with American Imperialism!” or “Fascist President of Robert College.” One night Turkish anarchists attacked the car of an older American faculty member on the campus. The man and his wife were not injured, but it was a bad moment. Later, during the escalating violence of 1978-80, six American servicemen were gunned down in Istanbul and Izmir by a far-left terrorist group, and an American missionary was killed in southern Turkey.

I have never forgotten a comment from a handsome playboy-type Turk, who was married to an American girl (and used most of her American salary to buy spare parts for his elegant sports car). “No foreigners — particularly Americans — come to Turkey except to sneer at the Turks.” How does one contradict such an attitude? The only Americans I knew who really sneered at Turks were people who sneered at Americans — and everyone else.

Once when I was having tea with a former student, her father — who was then mayor of Istanbul and was also a graduate of Robert College — stalked into the room and began taking me to task about American foreign policy. His daughter was obviously embarrassed that he was attacking my country at tea time and just after we had met.

With the Turks’ ambivalent feelings toward the United States, it is not surprising that our Robert College students had mixed feelings about being at an American school. The fact that it was the most prestigious foreign school in the country pleased them a great deal. But two of my brightest students chose not to go on for higher education in the States, though one was offered a full scholarship by Radcliffe College and the other could have been. They told me: “Miss Sampey, we are going to spend our lives in Turkey. It is time we got back into the mainstream of Turkish education after nine years at a very private, very American school.” Another girl said, “We’ve been spoiled at Robert College by all the American informality and attention.”

In an essay, a boy wrote:

The second effect of attending an American school is the conflict of different cultures found at Robert College. This effect is rather negative in a way since it keeps us Turkish students aloof from our own society. Turkish culture commands the student to be quiet and respectful in class. The student should only answer questions asked him, and any discussion by him would be regarded as disrespectful and rude. . . . On the other
Although Robert College students are well-prepared academically, they are not prepared for life in the United States.

hand, when we entered Robert College, we met an alien culture, the American. That culture is much more easy and relaxing for a student: students are able to make comments about the teacher and the lesson, to talk and discuss with the teacher, and to talk or sit in a relaxed way in class. When we are confronted with these opportunities, we naturally have been diverted from Turkish culture towards an easier American way. The question of which culture is better may be debated, but the point is that we are being pushed away from our own culture. This will be one of our important problems as we grow older.

Despite his misgivings about American education, this student is anxious to continue his education in the United States. On the other hand, the longer I taught at Robert College, the more I questioned whether our foreign school was indeed necessary — whether it was, in fact, desirable to educate Turks American-style.

However, Bülent Ecevit, a recent prime minister of Turkey and possibly Robert College's most famous graduate, has spoken favorably of his education. In an interview on the BBC he named two Turkish patriots and thinkers like Erich Fromm as influences on his life. Then he mentioned a professor of philosophy and psychology at Robert College, who, he said, had instilled in him "the method of free thinking.

"I always remember him with gratitude," he added.

On another occasion, when he was guest speaker at a Robert College graduation, Ecevit said, "I think the real value of Robert College lies not in the diploma it gives, but in the love and habit of reading, learning and research that it cultivates among its students. The educational system of Robert College does not confine a student to lecture notes or to textbooks, but makes a student read widely and deeply, and it continuously provides the mind with the spur of skepticism."

Of course, when seeking political office, Ecevit usually downplayed his American connections, and at political rallies his archival used to have huge banners which said, "I'm not from an American college!"

As a matter of fact, many Robert College students go on to study at some of the best college and universities in the United States. Although they are well-prepared academically, they are not as well-prepared for living in the United States. Many wrote to me in Istanbul about their reactions to this country:

Kaya: "I am horrified at the consumer society. After three-and-a-half years at Harvard, I'm even taking photographs to sum up some of my feelings about your country. I had planned to stay here in America to do biochemical pure research, but I can't take American culture, even the small-town variety my doctor-brother lives in. . . ."

Urkesh: "I was a mild socialist when I came, but now I've become a capitalist: capitalism works! Also I like living in a co-ed dormitory; here at Columbia, too, I can be international in my choice of girl friends. . . . Though I have had a lot of experience with computer work, Merrill Lynch chose an American fellow; with much less experience, for a summer job in that firm."

Enigul: "Americans don't really know how to be friends. I can count on a Turkish friend, but not on an American one. Also Americans want to be sloppy dressers. . . . The girls accused me of being from Paris because I didn't go around looking sloppy."

Asluh: "It's hard to get used to Bennington since it's full of all sorts of strange people. I'm crying sometimes and sometimes feel like — excuse my saying so — vomiting. . . . I'm much better now. I think I'm getting used to being here. There's freedom here that I've been tasting now for one month; I love to be by myself and decide things by myself. . . ."

Teoman: "Kennedy Airport is a huge money machine that smells plastic and unnatural. Kennedy is the tooth of America which snarls at you. There we began drinking coffee from plastic cups and throwing them away; we began seeing the army of blue jeans and untidiness all around called 'freedom'. . . . I cannot decide whether Bennington is a luxury to me or not. You are not really taught here; you teach yourself with the help of the teachers. I don't know if I can handle that or not. . . . My wanting to buy a used car is not my landing in the land of opportunity or the juice in my mouth upon seeing the richness of the materialistic world of America; it is instead a reaction to the isolation of the
campus; in the States where the distances are huge, one feels small if he does not have the devices to cope with the grinding materialism and hugeness of the country."

It is ironic, I suppose. After spending 18 years ostensibly "representing" America to Turkish students in Istanbul, I am having a hard time readjusting to my country myself. Like my students, I am appalled by the consumer society in the United States. After plowing through little hole-in-the-wall shops in Istanbul, I am almost nauseated by shopping malls. I am bothered by the endless advertisements in newspapers and on television, the neon-signed fast-food drive-ins, the two color-TV sets in every home, the electronic games and the gas guzzlers in every garage. I am tired of the sameness, the blandness of it all.

"I also realize the irony of my having found the future I wanted in the Old World, not in the New."

Of course, I knew I would have a major case of reverse culture shock when I returned to this country from Turkey for the last time. Adjustment is harder, I know, because I did not want to come back; I was forced out by the lack of heat in winter. Turkey has become an economic basket case where you simply cannot count on fuel-oil supplies, and indoor temperatures are usually 40-45 degrees. Inside my apartment last winter I found myself shivering in three sweaters, a coat, boots and a wool cap, so I knew it was time to go physically — if not psychologically. Istanbul will always be the city of my soul.

I also realize the irony of my having found the future I wanted in the Old World, not in the New. To me Istanbul offered friendly and hospitable people, history, romance, beauty, strangeness, the unexpected, the je ne sais quoi which made the temperature of living always up. Then too, living in another country had certain advantages for me.

One was freedom from my own culture — from the materialism, the keeping-up-with-the-Joneses and my own background. It is a heady feeling to find out who you really are in a place where you bring along only as much "cultural baggage" as you cannot get rid of. I grew up in Greenville in a family with a certain tradition. As a little girl, I was expected to act in certain ways and have certain ideas. It took a foreign country to free me from this background. In Turkey I was free to choose what I liked best about my own culture and combine it with what I liked best about Turkish culture.

And to be honest, it was exciting to be the foreigner, the stranger in a strange land. It gave me the freedom to be a little crazy — or at least the courage to be a little different. To be the foreigner was both a responsibility (since I was the only American some people would meet) and an ego trip. I must admit it is a little dull to walk down Main Street in Greenville and not hear giggly little voices whisper, "Yabanjuh" (stranger).

Not that I am no longer a stranger. At least I am no longer an "American" American. Living in Istanbul and traveling in 29 countries made me want to become a citizen of the world and taught me to see my own country, even my own section of the country, through different eyes.

Sometimes it is uncomfortable and frustrating to see ourselves as others see us, but I believe it is an important exercise that can lead to understanding and even wisdom.

Jane Sampey, class of 1951, has returned to live in the United States after spending 18 years in Turkey. In Istanbul she taught at Robert College, a private school for Turkish students ranging in age from 11 to 18. While in Turkey, she served as assistant editor of Crossroads, The World of Islam magazine and wrote articles for the Istanbul Hilton Magazine. She is now writing a book about Turkey, titled Bosphorous Fever.
After teaching courses about the future for ten years, I am beginning to get discouraged. Recently, it seems, my students either do not believe what we study or they do not care, and I am not sure which is worse.

For instance, a few weeks ago — after we had talked about the impending world shortage of oil and the resulting scarcity of everything else — a student came up to me and said, “I’m not worried. That’s my kids’ problem, not mine.” Can he really mean it?

Of course, it is no wonder that students — and Americans in general — do not believe in a future of scarcity, rather than abundance; we have been fortunate so long. When this country was founded, we were blessed with natural resources which became the basis for an expanding economy. For years, our main social concern was distribution of the wealth to as many people as possible.

In 1969 we reached a climax of prosperity and technical progress when Apollo II landed on the moon. In the resulting euphoria futurists (people who study the future) began to speculate on what our utopian future might be like. One futurist predicted a world in which the average citizen would have an annual income of $20,000 (in 1975 dollars). Others described the imminent establishment of cities in space, extraterrestrial contacts and even the possibility of human immortality.

But the bubble, if it did not burst, began deflating with the unsuccessful resolution of American involvement in Vietnam, the emergence of OPEC, inflation and the decline of the dollar. With the 1973-74 oil embargo, the collapse of the Franklin Bank and the virtual bankruptcies of some of our largest cities, futurists became apprehensive. The titles of their books no longer reflected glowing optimism: *The End of Affluence, Limits to Growth, The Closing Circle, Are Our Descendants Doomed? The Coming Dark Age.* But the majority of Americans held steadfastly to the belief that these were isolated events and the future would bring increasing abundance.

In 1978 another series of price rises occurred. For the first time since 1960 the real price of oil (the price corrected for inflation) rose. For the first time in
50 years we experienced double-digit inflation for two consecutive years. In 1978-79 the average real earning power declined 10.1 percent. Record losses were reported by the major automobile makers. The price of gold, an indicator of failing economic confidence, rose from $200 an ounce to over $700 an ounce. For the first time a Gallup Poll reported a national survey indicating that Americans no longer believed the future would be as good as the past or present.

Now the titles of futures books are even more pessimistic, and the books have become best sellers: How to Prosper in the Coming Hard Times, The Coming Currency Collapse, Crisis Investing, After the Crash. Yet futurists themselves—who may be economists, sociologists or anyone who studies the future—do not agree on the explanation or significance of these past and current events. Some believe we are in a transition of historic proportions; others believe these events are merely interruptions in the long-range growth of material abundance.

If futurists disagree in their diagnoses of past events, they agree even less on the probable causes of future problems. One group sees our future economic difficulty as a peculiarly capitalistic problem caused by the maldistribution of wealth. Wealth concentrates increasingly in the hands of fewer and fewer capitalists, they say, with resulting inflationary impoverishment and unemployment for the middle and lower classes. Another group believes our economic problems stem from governmental regulations and interference in the free operation of the marketplace. Still another group believes we can trace our problems to unbacked currency.

In the early part of the 20th century a Russian economist, Nikolai Kondratieff, found regular fluctuations or cycles in the economies of capitalistic societies. Some present-day economists have confirmed his findings in their own work. In the late 1970s Jay Forrester, a computer specialist, constructed a computer model of the economy which produced long waves of 45 to 60 years and short cycles of about seven years in business activity. The long waves appeared to be associated with capital equipment innovations, while the short cycles were associated with consumer demand. For instance, long-wave peaks occurred following the development and capitalization of the steam engine, railroad and cotton gin in the 19th century and the automobile and computer in the 20th century. During each long wave a series of smaller consumer cycles occurs. On the wave's upswing consumer cycles have shallow troughs and ever rising peaks leading to ever increasing market confidence.

If periodic fluctuations in the U.S. economy continue, we can expect a long-wave depression in the 1980s. The resulting business contractions produce a depression. The U.S. Wholesale Commodity Price Index revealed depressions roughly around 1830, 1880 and 1930. If these periodic fluctuations continue, Forrester concluded, we can expect a long wave depression to begin in the 1980s.

Also in the 1970s Ehud Levy-Pascal, a political researcher for the CIA who was influenced by Kondratieff, predicted a depression triggered by rising oil prices. According to his scenario, the rising costs of oil produce inflationary pressures throughout the U.S. economy. In response to inflation, consumers withdraw money from savings accounts and invest in inflation hedges. Because of inflation, long-term debts depreciate and there is increased demand for real estate and mortgages, driving up the value of both. Industries that are the biggest consumers of petroleum and metals must pay higher and higher prices for diminishing resources, to the extent that they cannot pass along their cost increases to customers. The weaker automobile manufacturers are the first to show signs of strain; as their sales decline and inventories grow, they must lay off workers. When unemployment funds are exhausted, unemployed workers cannot pay off their mortgages. With more houses than buyers, the price of houses falls below mortgage value, and banks and other mortgage holders have no funds to continue to do business. The insolvent institutions ask the government to pay claims in excess of the FDIC limit, which creates another crisis. At this point the government must decide whether to intervene with the necessary funds and risk accelerating the rate of inflation, or to hold firm, let the insolvent institutions close down and face the risk of depression.

Another group concerned with the future, ecologists have long maintained that without some control the growing world population will deplete our non-renewable resources, resulting in rising real prices and a lowered standard of living. In 1968 a group of European industrialists, economists and philanthropists commissioned Jay Forrester to undertake a study of this world problem. With the help of hundreds of authorities in their fields, Forrester developed a global computer model based on information about five basic areas: population, agriculture, natural resources, industrial production and pollution. His findings were first published in 1971 and later extended by two of his students in Limits to Growth in 1972. Basically Forrester and his assistants found that we are living "in a 'golden age'. . .when in spite of a widely acknowledged feeling of malaise, the quality of life is, on the average, higher than ever before in history and higher now than the future offers. The high standard of living provided by industrialized societies is self-extinguishing if it exhausts the nonrenewable resources upon which it depends." The current trends led them to conclude that within 50 years world population will grow and consume our natural re-
Although U.S. oil production peaked in 1970, this country continues to use more oil per capita than any other nation.

sources until those resources will no longer support life. Then the population will die back or decline dramatically. If nonrenewable resources are depleted first, they said, the industrialized nations will collapse first. If the population of less developed countries outruns agricultural production, the die back will come first in underdeveloped countries.

The findings of the Limits to Growth team have been both attacked and defended throughout the past decade. Using information from computer models developed recently by various government agencies, a team of writers last year prepared for the president of the United States a report of global expectations for the year 2000.

Their conclusions were almost as pessimistic as those expressed in Limits to Growth.

Prices will be higher. The price of many of the most vital resources is projected to rise in real terms — that is, over-and-above inflation. In order to meet projected demand, a 100 percent increase in the real price of food will be required. To keep energy demand in line with anticipated supplies, the real price of energy is assumed to rise more than 150 percent over the 1975-2000 period. Supplies of water, agricultural land, forest products and many traditional marine fish species are projected to decline relative to growing demand at current prices, which suggest that real price increases will occur in these sectors too. Collectively, the projections suggest that resource-based inflationary pressures will continue to intensify, especially in nations that are poor in resources or are rapidly depleting their resources.

This report modifies the view that there will be a sudden, calamitous overpopulation and die back within the next half century. Instead, it says, prices will rise as resources are depleted. We will not run out of anything; we will be able to have all we can afford, even though we may not be able to afford all we think we need.

One of the most important nonrenewable resources is oil. In the 1960s geologist King Hubbert forecast that production of U.S. oil would peak around 1970 and begin to decline as reserves were depleted. As he projected, U.S. production of domestic oil peaked in 1970 at around 11 million barrels a day and has steadily declined since that time. According to conservative forecasts, domestic oil production will continue to fall, reaching a level of about six million barrels a day by 1990. Yet the United States continues to use more oil per capita than any other nation. The difference between declining production and increases in

According to Kondratieff economists, long-wave peaks have occurred in the U.S. economy following the development and capitalization of the cotton gin, railroad, automobile and computer.
consumption has been filled by increasingly expensive OPEC oil imports. The rising costs of petroleum will have a traumatic impact on our economy in the next decade.

U.S. agriculture, which is almost totally dependent on petroleum, illustrates how rising energy costs will likely be multiplied throughout the economy. Although we think of our system of agriculture as the most efficient in the world, in terms of energy input-output our system is one of the least efficient. Agriculturist David Pimental estimates that if the rest of the world used fossil fuels in agriculture production as the United States does and ate a diet like ours, the known reserves of petroleum would be exhausted within 11 years. He shows the high ratios of fossil fuels invested in U.S. agriculture by converting everything to calories. For American feedlot beef, he says, 78 calories of fossil fuel are consumed for every calorie of beef protein returned; milk, pork and catfish return about one calorie for every 35 invested. Fruits are more efficient users of energy, but apples (2:1) and oranges (3:1) still consume more fossil energy than they produce. The same is true of vegetables: spinach (5:1), tomatoes (2:1). Grain production is generally the most efficient converter of energy inputs to food energy output. Corn, for example, takes about 450 calories to produce 375 calories of food energy. (The number of calories required to produce corn is figured by measuring the energy input of nitrogen fertilizer, diesel fuel, irrigation, manufacture of farm and other equipment, seeds, drying, electricity, phosphorous, herbicides and potassium.) But to process, package, transport and distribute corn takes an additional 1,766 calories. It takes another 375 calories to transport the corn from the store and 475 calories to cook it and wash up. Thus, we end up with 2,984 calories of energy input for 375 calories of corn food value. Obviously, we can only continue this sort of energy relation-
ship with cheap fossil fuels.

Biologist W. Jackson Davis estimates that rising energy costs are magnified by a factor of 1.5 in food prices. If petroleum, for example, increases from $1.00 gallon to $1.50 a gallon, a $5,000 food budget for a family with an income of $20,000 will increase to $8,750. The 1.5 multiplier does not take into account a number of other factors which would increase the costs of agricultural production, including the annual loss of 1.5 million acres of prime U.S. farmland to urbanization and all sorts of construction; soil degradation caused by erosion, pollution and salinization; and decreasing water supplies. Nor does it take into account such unpredictable factors as drought or climatic fluctuations.

All of these factors may result in more than just a rise in food prices. Since 1962 world grain reserves have declined from enough to last 105 days to less than one month. In view of these precarious circumstances, Davis proposes a “Genesis Strategy,” so named for Joseph’s preparations for seven lean years as told in Genesis 41. Davis recommends that we, like the Egyptians, put aside a food reserve while we still have the material abundance produced by cheap fossil fuels. He points out that China and the U.S.S.R. have long pursued a national defense policy of building food reserves and the United Nations has urged the world community to do the same.

Whatever their differences, most futurists agree there is overwhelming evidence that the era of abundance is coming to an end. We are using up our nonrenewable resources — especially fossil fuels — at an astonishing rate, which will inevitably lead to scarcity and higher prices. The ultimate solution to our problems — if there is one — probably depends on scientific research, although taxpayers are less likely to support expensive research at a time of rising prices. Assuming scientists will eventually discover a solution, futurists believe it will take at least 20 years to put a new technology into effect on a wide scale basis.

In the meantime, we continue to use up our resources with little thought for the future. Most Americans — like my students — do not believe the warnings of futurists or if they do, they either do not care or do not think anyone can prevent the coming catastrophe.

This is where the futurists and I have failed. We have not been able to convince people that there are ways we can help. First, we can try to make our resources last as long as possible in order to give science time to find a long-range solution. Some of us can do this by investing in new homes that are partially heated by solar energy, or by retrofitting our old homes for solar energy. Some can plant gardens and grow part of our own food. Some can drive automobiles less and form car pools. All of us can support programs to conserve resources, even though they may mean fewer goods and services for us.

Yet conservation alone will not help much. More importantly, we must begin to prepare for scarcity. In an expanding economy we came to expect public education, a guaranteed minimum income, child care, health care, retirement security and improvement of the status of minorities. Now in a “steady state” economy we must expect less of government, realizing that benefits given to one group must be paid for by another. We must confront the volatile issue of income distribution in a direct way that was not necessary in the past.

The longer we delay in our preparations for the future, the more desperate our situation will become. As our economic hardships increase, we will be more inclined to try riskier solutions with little chance of success. We will be more likely to follow any demagogue who promises to cure all our ills. Perhaps worst of all, in the absence of national agreement on values, special interest groups and social classes may be pitted against one another in a bitter struggle for the diminishing resources.

We already see people buying weapons and retreating with their families to rural areas, where they can defend themselves against assault. These are not uneducated, ignorant people, but members of the middle class who have lost faith in social institutions and think their survival depends upon their ability to provide for basic needs and defend themselves. Judging by the sale of arms, I am afraid the people we hear about are just the top of the iceberg; I am afraid they represent a growing number of disaffected Americans.

But our future may not be so bleak if we can shift our values to harmonize with new realities. In the Genesis account of the Creation we read, “Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it: have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.” In the past we have understood “dominion” as a license to plunder the earth ruthlessly and irresponsibly. A new Genesis Strategy requires us to interpret “dominion” to mean stewardship of nature and God’s creation.

Whether we can look to the future with optimism or pessimism depends entirely upon us. If we are willing to abandon values appropriate to a bygone era and find a new way to live in harmony with nature and ourselves, the future may be one of surprising self-discovery and fulfillment.

Dr. Dan Cover, associate professor of sociology at Furman, is a member of the World Future Society.

"The longer we delay in our preparation for the future, the more desperate our situation will become."
Diary of a Royal visit

by Eric Spitler

Four Shakespearian actors spent a week at Furman—reading plays, teaching acting and entertaining everyone.

Monday, January 26

Thoughts raced through my mind as I walked to Dr. Judith Gatlin’s office to meet four actors from England’s Royal Shakespeare Company. I was extremely nervous: after all, I was to be student host for Cherie Lunghi, “England’s Actress for the 80’s,” for the next week. She might be a snob or prima donna. Maybe she would only say, “Eric, get my bags.” Anxieties gripped me as I came closer to my meeting with destiny — or, at least, with the most beautiful actress I had ever seen.

Frankly, the introductions were a bit of a letdown after my fantasies. Dr. Gatlin introduced me to Bernard Lloyd, Geoffrey Hutchings, Jeffrey Dench and Cherie with very little fanfare. They smiled politely but their minds were clearly elsewhere. Actually, the four of them could have been anyone’s cousins just arrived for a visit to America. Subdued, disoriented and bemused, they discussed such mundane details as rehearsal and lecture schedules while I stood to one side with a silly grin on my face.

Listening to Cherie, Jeff and Geoff talk, I thought of my first encounter with these Royal Shakespeare actors. During my foreign study term in England last year, I had seen all three act in various Royal Shakespeare Company productions in Stratford-upon-Avon. Cherie’s performance as Viola in Twelfth Night had made an especially strong impression on me because of her beauty and acting ability. This fact did not escape my classmates and tales of my infatuation grew with every repetition.

The legendary story of my unrequited love was the main reason I was chosen as Cherie’s host. I guess the powers that be decided it would be nice for her to be hosted by someone who had long worshipped from afar. Unfortunately, they forgot to tell Cherie and I could not think of anything to say to her as I guided the four actors to McAlister Auditorium for their first rehearsal.

Once in the auditorium, their personalities changed drastically as they acclimated themselves to the building. Bernard, the group’s leader, paced the stage like a sea captain fissing, pointing and bellowing to no one in particular. Jeff spouted Lear against an imaginary storm and, delighted with the results, then broke into an impromptu soft-shoe. Meanwhile, Geoff was nosing into every nook and cranny of the auditorium. Cherie, on the other hand, had quietly slipped away and was sitting high in the balcony contemplating the stage. It was as if she were visualizing tomorrow night’s performance.

After finally settling down, the actors began to rehearse the “nunnery scene” from Hamlet before an audience of one — me. It was amazing how the scene took shape before my eyes. Geoff was playing Hamlet to Cherie’s Ophelia in a scene which always tears at my heart. Viciously, Geoff ranted his lines at Cherie who crumbled in the face of his venomous tirade. She was virtually reduced to tears and seemed near emotional collapse. Suddenly, Cherie stood up and asked Bernard if she should convey “a little more panic.” It was like being slapped across the face to be wrenched so abruptly from Denmark back to Greenville. After the actors had bounced from reality to fantasy a few more times, I was emotionally drained and quite upset that they could manipulate my feelings so easily. My respect for their acting abilities was growing even greater.

Tuesday, January 27

The weather was simply amazing today. For the second straight day, the temperature hovered in the low 60’s and the sky was clear. I rejoined Bernard and Cherie in the Student Center snack bar where they were munching hamburgers and looking at the spring-like scene outside by the lake.

In his capacity as director of this merry troupe, Bernard is one of the most intense individuals I have ever met. He worries constantly about props, rehearsals and schedules. While at times he can be impatient to the point of being gruff, Bernard is clearly the perfectionist and conscience of the group. He drives the other actors hard in order to achieve his desired result.

On my way to McAlister for rehearsal, I achieved a major breakthrough. Cherie and I had a delightful exchange of small talk as we walked. She is very charming. Unpretentious and relaxed, she is totally unlike Bernard, preferring to conserve her energy for her performances. The only difficult part about talking to her was her tremendous inquisitiveness which caused me to do most of the talking. So far, I have not learned much about her, especially whether she has a boyfriend.

The rehearsal was relatively short this afternoon. Because the actors felt pressed for time, they rushed through the scenes. They muttered their lines and performed their movements very fast, only slowing to give the cues. I felt
"Cherie took my hand, smiled at me and spoke quietly."

as if I were watching a movie which had been speeded up to achieve a comic effect.

Tonight's performance, "Shakespeare and the Actors: Brief Chronicles of the Time," was designed to take one scene from *Hamlet* and show how actors prepare their roles. They discussed their lines, movements and characters in the context of a mock rehearsal. Then, the group actually performed the nunery scene just as I had seen them rehearse it yesterday.

On the whole, their performance was very good. It was intriguing to watch the actors portraying actors rehearsing a scene within a scene — or something like that. Bernard was controlled, Jeff was hilarious, Geoff was powerful and Cherie was wonderful.

Afterward I went backstage for the first time in my life. It was exciting to know the performers and to have them recognize me. Because of the tremendous release of tension which accompanies the end of a performance, it was very emotional backstage. It was one of the few times I have felt I was seeing the actors' true personalities. Actors have so many faces it was very special to be able to see behind the mask for a moment.

In the dressing room, Cherie took my hand, smiled at me and spoke quietly. She said, "I think we need to edit the show a bit." Actually, Cherie was not the only person to mention the length of tonight's performance, just under three hours. But to me, that was part of the magic of the show. We saw things that will be removed in subsequent shows. It was a special version that was seen on the McAlist er stage. Tonight we helped to shape what other audiences on the Royal Shakespeare Company tour will see.

**Wednesday, January 28**
The day began very well since I had the chance to drive Cherie to her first class.

"Left: Cherie Lunghi and Jeffrey Dench listen to classroom question."
being discussed so she could glance over them when she returned to England. I decided anyone who would consider reading John Locke for pleasure was truly unique.

Tonight's performance of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milkwood* was a joy. The play was designed originally for radio and the actors simply read it, creating the different characters with their voices. The play was funny, entertaining and a wonderful way to end their week at Furman. I just closed my eyes and let the actors place the images in my mind.

**Saturday, January 31**
Tonight was our last meeting with the actors. The other student hosts and I took them to the Furman-Clemson basketball game. They had never seen anything quite like it and really seemed to enjoy themselves. Bernard and Geoff got into the spirit of things by yelling "rubbish" whenever the officials made a bad call.

It was Jeff, however, who really enjoyed the evening. He jumped up and down, yelled wildly and just had the time of his life. He was one of the few people I have ever met who literally always had a twinkle in his eyes. While the people around us giggled at his exhortations, I laughed at his quieter, more devilish utterances. Jeff was undoubtedly the most enthusiastic fan at the game. Even after Furman had lost by a point, he yelled his newly-learned cheers all the way to the car.

After the game, several of us went to Capri's for a snack. Cherie was very relaxed and talkative. We discussed her education and many of her roles. As her face brightened with the memories, Cherie discussed certain parts she had played and the school she had attended. She spoke lovingly of watching plays when she was young and wanting to learn to be able to perform on the stage. The conversation also turned serious as we discussed world affairs. Remembering the slow rebuilding process in London, she spoke of the table in her mother's home which had been dented when a large leaded window was blown onto it during the Nazi bombing. She told us her mother had been saved by being under that table.

The hours flew by as she talked of her life. She spoke of past travels in Europe and future journeys in America. Finally, it was time to go home. As I dropped Cherie and Jeff off, it suddenly became very hard to say goodbye. I had only known these people a week, but nevertheless felt very close to them. When Cherie playfully drawled, "bye, ya'll," I knew that these celebrated actors were now simply my friends.

My week with the Royal Shakespeare actors was very special to me. It added new meaning to one of my favorite Shakespearean lines which says, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." I now believe that Shakespeare chose that metaphor to say something very special. In a sense we are all actors. We struggle with our roles, worry about the preparations and strive to perfect our characters. None of it is really much fun and little of it is glamorous. But when we finally get that moment in the spotlight and everything is perfect, life is a wonderful play that we perform to the best of our ability and to our own applause.

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*Eric Spitler, a political science major and Truman Scholar, graduated from Furman in May. He received the Ulmer Political Science Award and the Alfred S. Reid Memorial Award for all-round contribution to the university and to student life. Now serving as a legislative assistant in Washington, he plans to attend law school next year.*

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*Cherie Lunghi coaches Furman drama student Matt Williams.*
Geoffrey Hutchings and Furman professor Nancy Anderson act out a scene from The Taming of the Shrew for a class.