VISIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION • WINTER 1994

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION

STYLES EBB AND FLOW,
BUT FOR IOWA STATERS LIKE YOU,
LOYALTY IS ALWAYS IN FASHION.

It's still a perfect fit.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50014-7164 (515) 294-6525

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VISIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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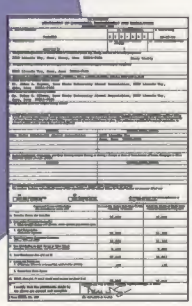


Can We All Just Get Along?

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN EBERT

By Debra Gibson

FORGET WHAT ANY CALENDAR TELLS YOU—THE new year begins every September. You can see it in the blatantly optimistic face of the preschooler marching up the sidewalk toward her teachers, her too-big Barney backpack slapping against the hem of her dress. You can hear it in the squeals and shouts of fresh-from-the-Gap college students, hugging and high-fiving after yet another summer from which legends were made. Even cynical profs occasionally admit to the existence of anticipation in the air. It's September. The time for new beginnings. A time for hope.

But hope doesn't always spring eternal. And this past fall on the ISU campus, hope barely had an opportunity to gurgle before the realities of the '90s quelled it.

Perhaps it was just a matter of time before Real World 101 barged its way onto every syllabus across the green. Some would say that course was long overdue. Some would say this was just one unit in what promises to be a very extensive, very intensive degree program. Regardless, this was not a multiple-choice test. Angry students, faculty members and staff would agree that only one answer best described the exam that loomed over everyone's desks: The color test.

It began with a tattoo. A residence hall food service worker, a longtime employee of the university, was spotted bearing a Ku Klux Klan (KKK) and swastika tattoo on his forearm. Students called for his firing. The employee admitted to having had KKK affiliations years ago, but reportedly has since renounced that organization and apologized for offending the students. University officials temporarily relocated the employee out of the public eye, but later, at the advice from the Iowa Attorney General, reinstated him but required him to cover the tattoos.

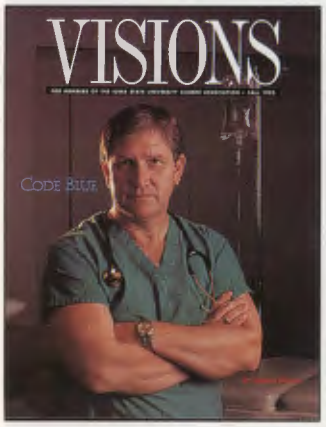
But it was in the lecture hall, appropriately enough, that Iowa State joined the ranks of myriad other colleges and universities currently confronting purported racism on campus. Last September, in an African-American history class taught by a white female professor, a black student reportedly complained that the professor was blaspheming his religion, the Nation of Islam. A few weeks later, the student alleged the professor refused to call on him in class, resulting in a confrontation and his presenting her with a newspaper article titled "The Fear of Black Power." He says she threw the newspaper back at him; others in the class say the student continually taunted the professor during class time, and on the day in question, called her a racist and a liar. The student ultimately was expelled from the classroom. Several days of walkouts, silent protests and security officials posted at the classroom door ensued.

The lines were clearly drawn. An overwhelming majority of faculty members publicly declared their support for the history professor and her teaching methods, citing hers as a textbook case of academic freedom. Minority student groups such as the Black Student Alliance conducted forums and peaceful protests decrying the classroom incident and demanding change. And even university officials acknowledged that when the subject is Real World 101, even the most eloquent of proclamations in support of diversity might serve as a decent outline. But a final report it ain't.

On Oct. 26, President Martin C. Jischke announced several proposed diversity initiatives. They include the hiring for 1994-95 of three new faculty members who will teach in curricular areas dealing with diversity, the development of programs to internationalize the curriculum and the selection of a George Washington Carver visiting professor. In addition, ISU's Center for Teaching Excellence is developing a workshop, along with the Black Student Alliance, for faculty and students to explore racial and ethnic concerns. The Center also is sponsoring Project Aware, a continuing program that releases faculty members from their classrooms and partners them with other profs already successful in promoting diversity in their teachings.

It would be too easy if Real World 101 was just another elective one could pass over while thumbing through that well-worn catalog of life. Fact is, it's become a required course within the ivory tower. And one that I hope will be graded on the curve. ◐

LETTERS



VISIONS magazine strives to celebrate the power of thoughts and ideas. You, the reader, are the ultimate judge of success in this endeavor, making your opinions highly regarded and your letters greatly encouraged. Please send letters to: VISIONS editor, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50014-7164.

Max to the Max

I take great exception to the wording of your "Sports Briefs" piece on former Iowa State University Athletic Director Max Urick (*Fall '93*).

"Some people questioned Max Urick's effectiveness during his 11 years as Iowa State's athletic director ..." I'd sure like to know who these people are (other than a certain president and vice president who seem to have a flair for micromanagement). From what I observed and from reports I heard or read, Max Urick was a man of great integrity and a consummate professional.

... He was able to maintain 21 varsity sports (highest in the Big Eight) and balance the budget at a school that does not benefit from revenues generated by a football factory. Want more? Student-athletes graduate from ISU, at a higher rate than does the overall student body.

Apparently those who have "questioned Max Urick's effectiveness" weren't the same people throwing him a going-away party complete with a brand new Cadillac as a parting gift.

Iowa State's loss is Kansas State's gain.

Thomas J. McDonnell, '85
Urbana, Illinois

Boundaries (cont.)

(Re: *"Out of Bounds," Summer '93*)

What could possibly be ... accomplished by allowing VISIONS or any ISU publication to report [gay students'] activities? Publicity is what they want! I submit that President Jischke's position makes a lot of sense.

In short, their most logical reasoning to treat the homosexuals as just another minority group is full of holes. In my judgment, your institution's decision to leave it alone is good sense.

Philip T. Sproul, '37, PD '55
Chatham, New Jersey

My partner and I are struggling to stay together. She is English and I am American. Reform will not come soon enough for us, so I have had to marry an Englishman to counter institutionalized homophobia in immigration laws. How much more productive we would be if we didn't have to waste so much time on self-absorbed activities of self preservation.

We know of many faculty and students who would love to join in this letter of support, but as you can imagine, they must be careful. A conservative estimate is to weight this letter by a factor of 20.

Kay Flatten
Walsall, England
(Flatten was on faculty at Iowa State for 10 years.)

Coaching Drilled

For those who missed Coach [Jim] Walden's sterling and poignant comments in the [Summer '93] VISIONS (*Seven-year Niche?*), I'd like to point out some reasons why ISU has amassed [14] wins in the last [four] seasons.

First of all, the Cyclones are coached by a man who feels if he is not paid for a job, he doesn't have to do it. "I mean how stupid are you to have a [radio] show you're not even paid for?" Possibly, Coach Walden doesn't feel he's paid enough to coach at ISU and is then obligated to train only 70 percent of the team.

Secondly, if Coach Walden insists that a Division I football game is "a bunch of 20 years olds run[ning] around," then perhaps he should design a number of plays and see if he can coach his team through them.

R. Matthew Germonprez, '93
College Station, Texas

Fan in the Stands

My husband and most of our friends attend all of the [University of Kansas] football and basketball games.

I thought it was great that the entire ISU Marching Band attended the [the ISU-KU game Oct. 16]. They were the hit of the game! I can remember as a student thinking that the band was really good, but after being away from it I appreciate their discipline and outstanding performance even more!

Lori Jost Rockers, '86
Greeley, Kansas

HOME, FREE

JIM HEEMSTRA

Tom Sutherland and Terry Anderson together, and 'home', again.

Wasted, empty years?
Not quite.
No years are empty in a life;
and wasted — that depends on
what is made of them,
and after.

Minute by sweet, precious minute, Terry Anderson is making plenty of the after.

It's been more than two years since his parole from a 2,455-day sentence in Lebanese hell. Much has transpired in the 750-odd days since Islamic thugs removed his chains. He met his now-8-year-old daughter, Sulome. He married his fiancé, Madeline. He resigned as the Associated Press' Middle East bureau chief. He wrote a book, *Den of Lions*. And on Nov. 15, for the first time since his release, he returned to Iowa State University, where he earned a 1974 bachelor's degree.

Anderson was joined on campus by another former freed hostage, fellow Iowa Stater Thomas Sutherland. Both men are noticeably fleshier, more ruddy of face, than those pallid shadows CNN'ed into our homes in that joyous winter of '91. But the same smiles beam on, beacons of irrepressible joy. They wear their freedom well. (The two announced during their visit that they would donate to ISU's Parks Library their private papers relating to their captivity.)

Expectedly, Iowa Staters poured onto campus to give Anderson a hero's welcome matching that given to Sutherland upon his May 1992 return. But this is an uncomfortable hero. "I wonder what it is that makes people look at us as … heroes," Anderson said. "I didn't show any particular courage. Courage involves choices. I didn't have any choices."

What he had, all he had, is faith. He was a marvelously accomplished journalist, but he speaks now as someone who wasn't as proud of his personal résumé. In *Den of Lions* he writes of the tormenting pangs of guilt that visited him in his first weeks of solitary captivity. Guilt for the drinking, the womanizing, the arrogance of his past. And for his drifting from God. Finally, he could take no more. He mustered the nerve to ask his captors for a Bible. "I'll never forget how it smelled, how it felt," he told a gathering of Iowa press. "… I'm not sure I would've survived without it."

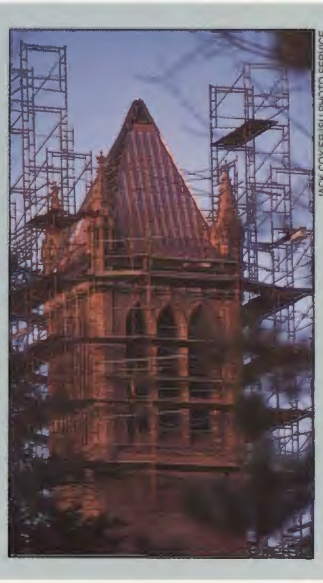
Where does he go from here? Like it or not, he is a bona fide American hero, which means his options are myriad. He has started a grassroots political organization in New York; he won't rule out seeking office — but no time soon. Whatever his destination, he travels happier, more contentedly, on his second tour of freedom. "My world is new, shining, bright," he told a spellbound Memorial Union crowd of 1,200. "My life is truly full of joy. I wouldn't wish for anybody to go through what I did. But I do wish you could feel as I do today, and every day."

He closes *Den of Lions*, as he opens it, with a passage from his poem, Stigmata:

… suffering and pain
are the truest ways,
the only ways for some of us,
to draw out that within
which answers to
the purpose of it all.

Still Up On The Roof

Iowa State is starting to take a new shine to the campanile, after the latest and most striking stage of its seven-figure renovation. Workers last fall covered the new roof with copper shingles, which wrought a dramatic change to the campus horizon.


JACK COY ERNSU PHOTO SERVICE

C-NOTES ACCEPTED

JIM HEEMSTRA

Like a trumpeter straining for high C, the Iowa State marching band is struggling to meet spiraling expenses (new tuba: $3,900). But its members are facing the music. During halftime of the Oct. 2 Oklahoma football game, the band took its plea to the turf with this le$$-than-$ubtle appeal. If they've struck a chord with you, send a donation to ISU Foundation, Band Fund Drive, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50014, or call (515) 294-4607.

WE'RE NO. 50! WE'RE NO. 50!

JIM HEEMSTRA

As we've often reported in these pages, one of President Martin Jischke's consuming goals is to make Iowa State University the top land-grant college in the nation. As we've also related (*"The Elusive 4.0," Spring '93*), there's no one undisputed method of determining who is No. 1.

But several do cast their own light on the subject. Two of those popped up again last fall.

In its annual Best College Buys Now report, Money magazine ranked ISU 50th in the country. Among those ahead of Iowa State were Iowa (No. 34) and four land-grant schools: Illinois (5), North Carolina (6), Wisconsin (30) and Texas A&M (42).

Money based its rankings on 15 factors, including faculty resources, library resources, student services budget, freshman retention rate, graduation rate and student loan default.

When competing specifically against other scientific and technical schools, ISU came out fifth, behind the California Institute of Technology, Georgia Institute of Technology, New Mexico Tech and Harvey Mudd College — none land-grant, by the way.

Iowa State also placed on one other Money ranking: No. 19 among state schools ranked by in-state tuition.

Also in September, U.S. News & World Report offered up its 1994 College Guide. In it, the magazine ranked Iowa State 63rd among national universities using such categories as academic reputation rank, SAT/ACT scores, faculty with doctoral degrees and alumni giving rate. USN&WR pegged the University of Iowa No. 91.

HAS SUPREME COURT FINALLY PULLED THE PLUG ON WOI?

We keep promising you an answer to our Summer '93 question about WOI-TV — *Who'll Own It?* — but all we keep getting are more questions.

As the saga is about to creep into its third year, it appears there is an end in sight. But if there's anything the entire ISU community has learned regarding the sale of WOI, it's that appearances can be deceiving.

Nonetheless, on Nov. 24, the Iowa Supreme Court did overturn an October 1992 district court ruling that said the State Board of Regents didn't have the authority to sell the ISU station.

That would seem to clear the way for the university to sell WOI to Capital Communications of Bronxville, N.Y., for $14 million. But the keep-WOI camp vows to hunker down to the end.

"We will not recede until there is no possibility of prevailing," says economics Professor Neil Harl, head of the opposition group Iowans for WOI-TV. "We will do everything we can to resist the sale."

Which now includes petitioning the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to deny the sale. Harl says because Capital already owns KCAU-TV in Sioux City, the company would need a waiver to be allowed to own a station in a market with overlapping signals.

Meanwhile, the court ruling extends the discomfiting period of limbo for WOI employees and all of the university community. Though President Martin Jischke had recommended that the regents retain the station, he says he never disagreed with the regents' authority to do so.

Two other significant parties offer their reaction: the regents themselves, and former regents President Marvin Pomerantz, whose ouster last spring was due in no small part to his support of the sale. "[The court ruling] represents a vindication of board activity," Pomerantz told The (Ames) Daily Tribune. "The people of Iowa were clear victors."

As for current regents President Marvin Berenstein, he's awaiting FCC approval of Capital's license. "And once that's approved," he says, "then that's the end of it, and we go on to other things."

But for now, don't touch that dial.

CHECK YOUR MODESTY AT THE DOOR

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN EBERT

The State Board of Regents has repeatedly stressed the importance of each of their three public universities offering unique experiences for their students. There are times, however, when individuality is the last thing the regents want from their underlings.

Last fall, for instance.

After receiving its third complaint in less than two years about sexually explicit films shown in University of Iowa classrooms, the regents ordered Iowa, ISU and Northern Iowa to develop policies regarding explicit content. The most recent complaint followed a U of I graduate assistant's showing of *Paris is Burning*, a critically acclaimed documentary about groups of gay men who dance in women's clothing. In the fall of 1991, students in a German class there protested emphatically after the presentation of a German film graphically depicting homosexual acts.

After some initial concerns about academic freedom and precedent, ISU and Northern Iowa snapped to and created policies. Iowa State's Faculty Senate approved the following language in September:

For sound pedagogical reasons, a faculty member may decide to use course materials that include explicit representations of human sexual acts. The faculty member has an obligation to inform students at the beginning of the course about the nature of that material. If a student chooses not to view the presentation(s) and the faculty member determines that alternative assignment(s) are not feasible, the student shall be permitted to drop the course without penalty …

The U of I, living up to its standing as the state's bastion of liberalism, wouldn't go along. Its faculty senate in September voted to postpone indefinitely the task of writing a similar policy. Not to be upstaged, the regents imposed their own policy, effective after their October meeting in Cedar Falls. It states that students should be warned about explicit representations of sexual acts "that could reasonably be expected to be offensive to some students."

Iowa officials decried the potential restriction of academic freedom and questioned giving students the freedom to ignore whatever material they deem offensive. "I think the regents' decision is a mistake," said President Hunter Rawlings.

Iowa counsel Mark Schantz told the Des Moines Register, "I think there would be serious constitutional problems with this policy." As of VISIONS' December press time, Schantz was joining with others in Iowa City to write a new policy that protects students' rights without tromping on professors' academic freedom.

FOLLOW-UP FILE

PATRONS CLOSE DOWN DUGAN'S FOR FINAL TIME

Back in Spring 1992, we called it a citadel of social consciousness (*"Economies of Ale"*). Dugan's Deli scraped through its 1991 financial distress, but in the end, eclecticism didn't put enough rear ends on enough bar stools. On Jan. 3, Dugan's closed its doors for good after 21 years of opening them to patrons of every stripe.

Dugan's denizens past and present rallied when they learned the deli was on the verge of drowning in red ink two years ago. But that campaign was short-lived, and Mary Edwards, who bought the deli from her father, Cliff Larson, says patronage didn't keep up with rising overhead.

Iowa State University is caught in a distressing internal struggle to embrace diversity. Dugan's, perhaps just a murky hole in the wall two blocks west of campus for many, was nothing if not diverse. Its passing makes celebrating life's eccentricities a little more difficult.

THE 4.4 PERCENT SOLUTION

Student leaders from Iowa's State Board of Regents institutions say they didn't win the war, but they did win a significant battle.

In late October, the regents unanimously voted to ease their initial 1994-95 tuition hike from 5.3 percent to 4.4 percent. That raises in-state, undergraduate tuition and fees to $2,455 per year from $2,336, the smallest percentage increase since 1991-92's 3.8 percent.

The raise means non-resident undergrads will pay $3,772 for '94-95 tuition and fees, an increase of $345.

The regents acknowledged the students' lobbying in announcing the 4.4 percent bump. "We know that you, the students, matter," said first-year President Marvin Berenstein, who had been presented with signatures of 1,145 ISU, University of Iowa and Northern Iowa students. "We do care about your concerns and your needs.

The students left the meeting pleased with their work but not comfortable with future prospects. "An important thing to remember," Joshua Foster, ISU campus director of the United Students of Iowa, told the Iowa State Daily, "is that this is an ongoing battle."

YANKED NOMINEE GUINIER TELLS CAMPUS CROWD 'WHAT I WOULD HAVE SAID'

Her point, Lani Guinier says, is neither complex nor undemocratic.

"Fifty-one percent of the people shouldn't get 100 percent of the vote. If they exclude the wishes of 49 percent of the people, that's democratic tyranny," Guinier told a standing-room-only crowd in the Great Hall of the Memorial Union Oct. 10.

Guinier, professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania, was President Clinton's nominee for assistant U.S. attorney general for civil rights briefly last spring. Her campus talk, "What I Would Have Said," alluded to Clinton's withdrawal of her nomination before she received a hearing with the U.S. Senate.

Stating she was a woman with an issue — not a grievance — Guinier defended her support of an electoral process called cumulative voting, in which every constituent has multiple votes to spread out or clump as they wish. The result, she said, is democratic fair play: The majority may rule, but it doesn't dominate. More important, members of the minority opinions know their choices are represented and considered fairly, even if not selected, she said.

Guinier said her ideas on cumulative voting were "grossly mischaracterized" in the national media and that she wrongly was dubbed "The Quota Queen." "I am a democratic idealist. I believe in playing by the rules. I believe even adversely affected parties should work within the system," she said.

Guinier says she believes she could defend her writings and her viewpoint successfully before a senate committee. However, at the time Clinton withdrew her nomination, he told her, "If we proceed, we will die a death by a thousand cuts."

—Anne Dolan

JACK COYEN/ISU PHOTO SERVICE

$214.5 MILLION: OOOH! AHHH!

They set off fireworks inside Hilton Coliseum last October, and why not?

Iowa State was celebrating its most successful capital campaign in history — and the 12th-biggest in U.S. public university history. The five-year Partnership for Prominence campaign, under the direction of National Chair Owen J. Newlin, brought in $214.5 million — $64.5 million beyond its original goal. "The campaign has been an overwhelming success by virtually every measure," says Iowa State President Martin Jischke.

The $214.5 million is designated as follows:

- $56.8 million for new and enhanced programs, including priorities identified by the academic colleges and intercollegiate athletics.
- $49.4 million for research.
- $31.7 million for scholarships, graduate fellowships and other student aid.
- $14.5 million for equipment.
- $10.5 million for building projects.
- The rest is divided among a variety of projects, including University Extension, the Parks Library and international programs.

Nearly 75,000 alumni and friends contributed. Corporations, foundations and other groups accounted for 4,615 more gifts.

Digital Equipment Corp. made the largest contribution, with $11.1 million to develop Project Vincent, a first-in-the-nation computer network geared toward advancing university research.

NOT A DRY EYE IN THE HOUSE AFTER ARCHITECT OF ISU THEATRE DIES

David Hirvela, a man loved and respected by a decade of ISU theatre enthusiasts, died Sept. 22 of heart failure.

Hirvela, 51, was the soul of ISU Theatre during his 1981-92 Iowa State stint. In addition to teaching campus theatre classes, he acted in and directed scores of productions. Assistant theatre Professor Marge Folger paid her former boss the ultimate compliment, calling him "a true theatre person."

Gifts in Hirvela's memory can be made to the David P. Hirvela Special Projects Fund at the ISU Foundation, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, Ames, IA 50014.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

WAY BEYOND BRIDESHEAD

While Modupe Labode doesn't yet have her sights set on the White House, she is hoping storied Oxford University will take her far.

As for now, it's taken her right back where she started.

You may recall the 1988 Iowa State history graduate's insightful cover-story journal in VISIONS' Spring 1989 issue. She kept a diary for us that first year, then went on to complete her doctoral work and earn her Ph.D. in November 1992. Unable to find a full-time university teaching position and wearying of temp work in Omaha, Labode returned to Ames last fall to teach in ISU's Department of History. She taught Introduction to African History last semester, and will take on Women in Imperialism this spring.

Labode's Oxford dissertation was titled, "African Christian Women and Anglican Missionaries in South Africa, 1850-1910." Though African history makes a fair amount of news these days, Labode says it's yet to create a substantial market for budding professors.

Though she looks much the same as she did peering off our cover five years ago, she says it was a different Modupe that returned to the Ames campus. "Everybody would say [before she went to Oxford], 'It'll change your life,'" the 28 year old says. "They were right. There's so much time alone, almost like a monastery, that whole introspective spiel. That quietness was invaluable. That whole experience brought about a profound change on how one would view almost everything."

JIM HEEMSTRA

Modupe Labode

NEW ISU PHYSICS CENTER WILL BE IRRESTIBLE FORCE IN ATTRACTING CRACK PHYSICISTS

Iowa State in October learned that it had been chosen to be home to a prestigious new center for the study of physics. The International Institute of Theoretical and Applied Physics, only the second of its kind in the world, will attract prominent scientists from around the globe to Ames. The only other comparable institute is the International Center for Theoretical Physics in Trieste, Italy.

Iowa State and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) will co-spansor the center, which will have an estimated annual budget of $1.2 million. Iowa State has committed $500,000 for each of the center's first three years.

Physics and astronomy Professor James Vary, acting director of the institute, says it will:

• enable scientists from developing countries to pursue research that will strengthen their own regions;

• encourage teaching and research collaborations between U.S. scientists and their counterparts in developing countries.

ISU IS FAMILY AFFAIR FOR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

We call them "legacies" — children of Iowa State University alumni. In conversations at ISU Club meetings, pregame parties and alumni reunions, you've told us that legacies deserve special care.

We agree.

Thus last fall were born the Homecoming Achievement Scholarships. The 40-year Homecoming reunion class — in this case, the Class of '53 — donated about $2,000, which will be used to award two and perhaps three legacy scholarships. The two $750 recipients, chosen by a Class of '53 committee from among 34 applicants, were Tim Handorf and Anne Shoemaker. In addition to being legacies, eligibility was limited to juniors with at least a 3.0 grade-point average.

NEW LOBBYIST FIRED

Lowell Christy, just months into his job as Iowa State's director of federal relations, was fired in December for submitting false hotel receipts. Christy's lawyer maintains that Christy saved the university money by staying in his Washington, D.C., area home. But an ISU investigation determined that Christy had claimed to pay hotel bills in cash and then created false receipts totaling $947.61.

In addition to firing Christy, Jischke directed ISU's Department of Public Safety to investigate the case and forward any criminal findings to the Story County attorney.

Christy was ISU's third federal relations director in three years.

LOOK FOR THE SEQUEL: WHY BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD OWE IT ALL TO ENGINEERING

Engineers wear pocket protectors and stare into computer screens, right?

Well, yes. But leaving it at that is like saying Madonna sings songs. There's a little more to it.

That's the point Iowa State's College of Engineering wanted to convey to middle-school students last year when it produced an innovative videotape and accompanying workbook. Instead of focusing its cameras only on engineers' offices and labs, college officials chose a site that would appeal to adolescents while providing plenty of examples of the wonders of engineering. Their venue: Football Saturday.

ILLUSTRATION BY GABRIEL TSANG

In Engineering Game Plans: Designing Before the First Play, the college found more than a dozen examples of the influences of engineering on Cyclone Stadium and the surrounding atmosphere. Aerospace engineering Professor James Iversen compared the football shape to that of the space shuttle, then uttered a line that surely grabbed the attention of the Nintendo set: "Eventually, we'll go to Mars. Engineers will design that trip."

Others trumpeted the influence of structural engineering (supporting the stadium), agricultural engineering (producing concession-stand hot dogs), industrial engineering (manufacturing footballs), materials science (creating materials from which in-line skates are made), electrical engineering (running the scoreboard) and chemical engineering (making artificial turf).

The college sent the tape to every middle school in Iowa — about 500 in all — and the workbook to every math and science teacher in the state.

"Engineering is all around us," says the 18-minute video's narrator, WOI-AM's Doug Brown. To prove his point, producers went so far as to shove their cameras into stadium toilets to demonstrate civil engineers' work in planning the water system.

Should leave 'em flush with excitement.

Those interested in obtaining copies of the tape and booklet can contact Cheryl Moller-Wong, 116 Marston Hall, Ames, IA 50011.

HUB TOP TEN

Top 10 Iowa State University news stories in 1993:

10. University lands prestigious international physics center
9. Football coach Jim Walden is told he'll return for an eighth season
8. Alumnus and former Middle East hostage Terry Anderson makes first visit to campus since 1992 release
7. Veishea is riot-free, will survive
6. President Martin Jischke makes diversity major campus initiative
5. Campus divided by two race-related controversies
4. Athletic director saga: Max Urick contract not extended, Johnny Orr goes after post, Gene Smith hired
3. Partnership for Prominence campaign finishes at $214.5 million
2. July flooding ravages campus
1. Iowa Supreme Court rules WOI-TV can be sold to New York Company

*Ranking: VISIONS Staff

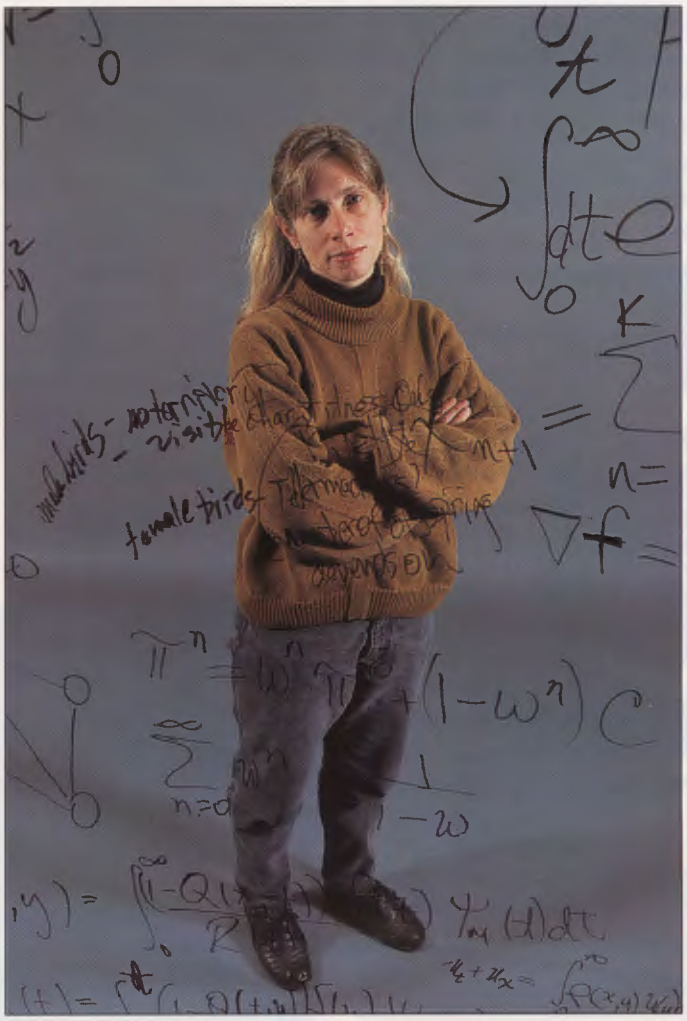
JIM HEEMSTRA

JUST LIKE DEAR OLD DADS'

We nominate this foursome as Parents Weekend poster families for 1993-94. In the early '60s, Chuck Fay (*lower left*) and Nate Viall were Helser Hall roommates. They went separate ways after their '68 graduation, but stayed in touch. They each had daughters in 1975 — Aimee Viall (*upper left*) and Heidi Fay — and last fall a cycle was completed: The daughters began sharing a room in Friley Hall.

Divide and Conquer

PROFESSOR EMPLOYS MATHEMATICS IN THE BATTLE TO KEEP AIDS CASUALTIES FROM MULTIPLYING.



Mathematics, Ann Stanley says, is a window to so many forces. "Math pervades everything," she says.

CONGRESSMAN JIM McDermott, chair of the Congressional Task Force on International AIDS, says flatly that "the only weapon the world has against AIDS right now is education."

Money invested in a vaccine is unquestionably well-spent, he allows, but people advocating a focus only on developing a medicinal remedy — and not behavioral prevention — are woefully naive. A cure is years away; its distribution — particularly in developing countries — years more. To forsake education, the Washington representative warns, is to ensure that the carnage will march on unabated into the next millennium.

Granted, arming ourselves with education has, to date, been akin to firing a cap gun at a charging bull elephant. Thus far, education has been particularly impotent in such countries as Thailand, the Philippines and Uganda, where as many as one in 10 people will be infected by decade's end.

But academics like Ann Stanley are trying to tamp more powder into the gun barrel that is education.

Stanley doesn't take to the streets to promote condom use. She doesn't decry the vile international sex trade that drives prostitutes' HIV-positive rates as high as 50 percent in some countries. She doesn't visit inner-city New York and Miami to warn about needle sharing among intravenous drug users.

Stanley's form of education requires only that she pound away at a keyboard.

In the late 1980s and early '90s, the now 37-year-old Iowa State mathematics professor was a key member of a team of researchers developing a math model for the spread of AIDS. The product of that work, which came at the behest of the U.S. State Department, is being used in American cities and foreign countries whose very demographic profiles are facing gross disfigurement at the hands of AIDS.

Though math models can be mind-bogglingly complex — Stanley crunched out 100 pages of calculus and differential equations, which was converted to some 300,000 lines of computer code — they are in another sense the essence of simplicity. Using just three letters — $f = ma$ — Newton created a model for the physical forces governing the world. Models exist in almost every aspect of life. They tell oil prospectors where to drill. They give investors insights

into the stock market. They help meteorologists predict the course of global warming.

But imagine the complexity and agility required of a model able to digest strikingly diverse cultural inputs incumbent in the AIDS arena. Chicago, for instance, doesn't have 800,000 prostitutes, as does Thailand. Birth rates, death rates, marriage and separation rates and casual sexual encounter rates all vary widely from society to society. "In some parts of Africa," Stanley says, "they've made the decision that it's not worth it to pay the amount of money necessary to [monitor the quality of the blood supply]. On the other hand, there's almost no drug use in most of Africa. Any model has to know these things."

And any mathematician has to have more than cursory knowledge of this cultural labyrinth to build such dexterity into her or his work. "Putting together something like this requires the math and computer expertise, sure," says Steven Seitz, a University of Illinois political science professor and principal investigator of the AIDS modeling project. "But it also requires knowledge in those fields combined with much more than a layman's knowledge of the [AIDS] epidemic. Math divorced of the general substantive areas like population dynamics or sexual mixing would not have been of any use."

To gain that broad knowledge, Stanley says she reads as much of the medical literature as possible, from the Journal of the American Medical Association to a variety of AIDS publications. She works the telephone with AIDS experts "because you have to have real-world stuff. The math is great, but your numbers can't be on the moon." She scrutinizes existing models for what questions their authors asked and what questions they didn't. Then she sits down and scribbles. She draws pictures, creates pencil-and-paper depictions of how hundreds of forces will combine to keep AIDS from bypassing one community while shrouding another in death. "By the time you start with the math, things are starting to get pretty messy," she says.

But when health officials from Bangkok to New York — not necessarily math and computer Einsteins — run the two-megabyte program through their computers' Windows programs, simple clicks of the mouse can tailor it to their own demographics. Estimated HIV infection rate. *Click.* Sexual mixing rate. *Click.* IV drug use. *Click.* Prevalence of other sexually transmitted diseases. *Click.*

After surviving exhaustive testing before it left Seitz' lab, the model has come through repeated field trials with derivatives to spare. Before health officials in Chicago, for example, would buy into the program, Seitz says they insisted on proof of its legitimacy: Using only those factors known in the early '80s, he had to reproduce the trajectory of the epidemic through that decade and into this. The picture generated was uncannily similar to what is now historical record, and the city is now using the model for its intended purpose: Looking ahead, not back.

WHEN HEALTH OFFICIALS FROM BANGKOK TO NEW YORK — NOT NECESSARILY MATH AND COMPUTER EINSTEINS — RUN THE TWO-MEGABYTE PROGRAM THROUGH THEIR COMPUTERS' WINDOWS PROGRAMS, SIMPLE CLICKS OF THE MOUSE CAN TAILOR IT TO THEIR OWN DEMOGRAPHICS.

Stanley and Seitz stress that no math model will pop out neatly typed action plans for governmental organizations to follow. "We can only say, 'OK, it's now [1994], here are the public health options we have, how do those options figure in our simulations?'" Seitz says. "The computer thinks through these things we're not so good at doing with pencil and paper, then leaves it up to the policy makers to make the decisions." After a click of the mouse, a public health official in Manila, for example, might decide that increasing legitimate employment for women between 15 and 25 is a viable way to hamstring AIDS' infiltration.

Though Stanley finished her work for the State Department nearly two years ago, she continues to scavenge her discipline for more ammunition. Her work isn't currently funded, but she does stay current on the disease and its methodical march around the globe.

Despite this fixation, Stanley rolls her eyes when asked if this '90s marriage of math and science was always her aspiration. "Hardly," she says. "I never liked boring Latin words. They never really made sense to me. But when I discovered that the field of mathematical biology existed, I decided that was what I wanted to do. … Why do leopards have the spots they have? How did your hands grow? The mathematics involved is fascinating."

Seitz drifts even closer to hyperbole. "As far as I know, this is the first major evaluation tool of its form developed for the study of such a complex social problem," he says. "Before, these models were restricted to physical problems: How safe is this airplane? How safe is the bridge? Now we have a tool that can systematically study society."

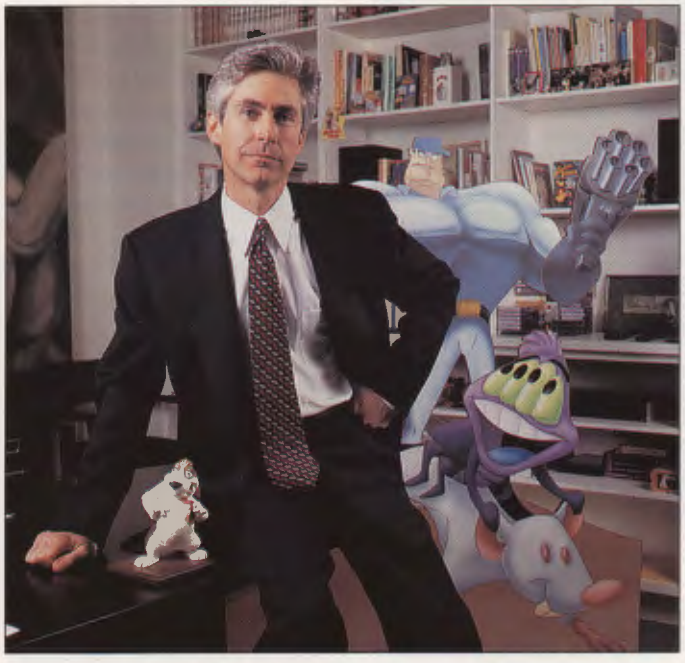
As she pores over reams of computer printouts in her fourth-floor Carver Hall office overlooking Lake Laverne, Ann Stanley knows that not even a thousand-megabyte model will produce an antidote to this horrific scourge. That glorious moment will be born in the lab, the test tube, under the microscope. Yet she maintains her faith that, in the meantime, the weaponry to minimize the casualties lies somewhere in the math. ◐

Designs on Disney

THOUGH DWARFED BY THE MAGIC KINGDOM, ALUM'S FILM COMPANY IS NO MICKEY MOUSE OPERATION

TOM WILHITE WORKED AT Disney. He knows Disney. And his company is no Disney.

And that's the way he wants it. No, he hasn't blown a cranial gasket — of course he'd like to crank out a $40 million animation smash like *Aladdin* every year. But he knows that an upstart like his Hyperion Entertainment taking on behemoth Disney is like Yugo trying to outduel Ford in Detroit.



LEIGH CHARLTON

Tom Wilhite's Hollywood résumé includes a stint as executive director of Robert Redford's Sundance Institute for new American filmmakers.

"Everybody has their eyes open after [*Beauty and the Beast*] and *Aladdin*," Wilhite, a 1974 Iowa State graduate, says from his Glendale, Calif., office. "[Disney] makes [animation] a tough business. But there's no way on earth we'll be a Disney."

So Disney will keep pumping out animated mega-hits and live-action smashes and *Pinocchio* videos and theme parks and hockey teams and TV shows and books and clothes. And Hyperion will keep chipping away at what Wilhite's instincts tell him is a worldwide market on the verge of explosion: Family entertainment.

Just 41, Wilhite is a Hollywood veteran. By the time he was 28, he'd worked his way up from p.r. to head of motion picture and TV production — the No. 2 spot at Disney. Timing is a priceless virtue in Hollywood, and Wilhite's, alas, was atrocious. Fueled by the well-chronicled box-office bomb that was *Tron*, the bottom began to fall out shortly after Wilhite hit the top. When it became clear that Walt's son-in-law, Ron Miller, wouldn't last as president, Wilhite and much of the creative staff began looking for the door. By the time the Midas-ian Michael Eisner came and the purge began, Wilhite had been gone several months.

And, despite one marked inability — "I've never been able to draw," he says — he wasted no time in founding his own company and jumping into animation. "I knew a large family audience was about to emerge," he says. "The problem was, U.S. [studios] weren't interested — at least not in non-Disney animation."

But soon after co-founding Hyperion with fellow Disney expatriate Willard Carroll, Wilhite fervently pursued production of *The Brave Little Toaster*. With American companies practically demanding personal references from Walt himself, Wilhite ventured to Japan. There he got the bulk of money necessary to produce the animated film that might soon sell its millionth video. These days his fiducial pursuits also regularly take him to Europe and Australia.

Wilhite says his biggest project to date was Paramount's 1992 *BeBe's Kids*, but there's excitement on the little-screen front, too. Last fall marked the USA Network debut of his series, *Itsy Bitsy Spider*. Wilhite stresses that, despite the project's puerile name, Hyperion's idea of family entertainment isn't "the *Fluffy the Rabbit* stuff that has adults screaming and running out of the room. We present emotion, something with a message, an edge."

If all goes according to plan, his following will reach far beyond cable — another Disney lesson. If I.B. Spider has figurative legs to match his real ones, Wilhite will unleash a web-like marketing blitz of the video game, toy, clothing and even fast-food industries.

While American boomers are bringing more children — and more dollars — to bear on the industry, Wilhite isn't limiting his scope to this country. He says the global market for family animation is virtually untapped, particularly among Chinese and eastern Europeans. And Tom Wilhite would like nothing better than to have *Spiders* crawling all over every one of their homes. ◐

BENCHMARKS IN OUR JOURNEY TO BE THE BEST

Iowa State University is getting more than honorable mention; earning, instead, impressive spots in national rankings measuring private support.

#18 marks the spot for alumni support. Recent rankings placed Iowa State at #18 when measuring the percentage of alumni who participate in gift programs at the nation's public, doctoral-granting institutions.

#12....Iowa State conducted the 12th most successful fund-raising campaign at a public university with the June 1993 completion of the Partnership for Prominence capital campaign.

Listed with impressive company, indeed, the #12 ranking among our peers truly marks the coming of age of a new partnership with alumni, friends and other supporters. And the gift support behind the ranking builds a stronger margin of excellence for Iowa State's students and faculty.

18 • 12

Measures of our success,
benchmarks in our journey to be the best

THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION

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A Woman's Place

Celia Naylor-Ojurongbe

WITH SPIRITED INTELLECT, A YOUNG JAMAICAN-BORN SCHOLAR THROWS OPEN THE DOORS OF SLOSS HOUSE.

THAT SHE WAS DETERMINED to be the nation's first African-American female astronaut seems reasonable. That she maintained a successful five-year, intercontinental courtship with a Nigerian is plausible. That she'll have at least two years experience running ISU's Margaret Sloss Women's Center before she's eligible to attend her 10-year high school reunion makes perfect sense.

When you're talking about Celia Naylor-Ojurongbe.

If *Murphy Brown* can tout its post-*wunderkind* Miles Silverberg, certainly Iowa State's recent 26-year-old hire boasts the credentials to blow the jumpy little producer off the Arbitron charts. In the past five years, the Jamaican-born Naylor-Ojurongbe has received degrees from Cornell, Duke and UCLA. She's organized receptions for the likes of Nelson Mandela. She's studied with the esteemed African-American historian John Hope Franklin. And these days, she choreographs the burgeoning programming spilling out the doors and the windows of the tiny house just south of Curtiss Hall.

So why is it no one who knows her is surprised?

"Keep in mind that this is a woman who, while on a trip to Africa, ended up organizing an entire conference there," says Elaine Allen, a former co-worker of Naylor-Ojurongbe's at Duke's Women's Center. "After that, raising thousands of dollars to set up a speaker series is not a problem."

But already there have been challenges for the gregarious Naylor-Ojurongbe, who assumed management of the center last July. A month later, distribution of the program's fall semester calendar was raising eyebrows—and hackles—across campus. The calendar's cover photo featured a nude woman sitting on a floor, her arms and legs covering most of her torso. The black-and-white photograph was shot by an ISU female student, and was perceived by some as pornographic and exploitative of women. In no time, the center's rookie director was issuing press releases and fielding phone calls.

"I think we need to be clear about what exactly is pornography and what isn't," Naylor-Ojurongbe says a few months later. "And the female body, in its nudist state, is not pornographic, per se. It's when the body is used and manipulated that we have pornography. We also have to consider the intent in which it [the photo] is used. I sent it to some of my most conservative friends, and even they were supportive of our using it."

Naylor-Ojurongbe says now the episode "was a wonderful way, at the very beginning, to get a sense of this place." By October, though, she was expressing frustrations with that same campus climate (*see page 4*), one she now perceives as "hostile" toward students of color."I want to create a space where women of color feel safe, where women of color can talk to one another," she says. Naylor-Ojurongbe also has organized forums for minority women to discuss pertinent issues, and wants to expand those dialogues to include white women on campus. "I think it's important for women of color to have space to themselves, but the overall communication is so important because ultimately, we don't live in the

Naylor-Ojurongbe balks at becoming a professor: "Faculty of color become overused and totally stressed out."

United States by ourselves."

Naylor-Ojurongbe's own journey to the U.S. began when she was 11, when her parents decided to move their family from Jamaica and its political unrest. They settled in Miami, where her father managed a tire store and her mother was a secretary. The youngest of three children, Naylor-Ojurongbe chose Cornell University—although she never set foot on campus until her first day of classes—"because it was time to get away from my parents and be independent." She majored in engineering in preparation for a career as an astronaut. When alumni returned to the classroom to describe their professional experiences, Naylor-Ojurongbe determined "they seemed really bored and frustrated, and I didn't want that," so she switched majors to African-American studies.

RESTORING SLOSS HOUSE TO A FACILITY INVITING TO ALL WOMEN ON CAMPUS IS A MAJOR GOAL OF NAYLOR-OJURONGBE, WHO IS PURSUING SPECIFIC PROGRAMMING OBJECTIVES WITH ISU SORORITIES, RESIDENCE HALLS, ADULT AND INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS.

It was during the Cornell years that Naylor-Ojurongbe enrolled in an exchange program at the University of Ibadan in Nigeria to study African-American women's literature. There she met Wole Ojurongbe, a native Nigerian who also was a student. Decidedly "anti-marriage," Naylor-Ojurongbe nonetheless admits to "that love at first sight business," and when her six-month stint ended in Nigeria and she returned to Cornell, the couple agreed to continue the long-distance relationship. Five years later, on Feb. 29, 1992, they were wed in Nigeria. ("An anniversary every four years—I can handle that.")

In the meantime, Naylor-Ojurongbe had earned a master's degree from UCLA and was pursuing a second masters and a Ph.D. at Duke. Her decision to come to Iowa State has been lauded by many campus leaders as the boost needed to revitalize and refocus the Women's Center.

"Celia is so alive, so vibrant, that we knew she could add an amazing amount of newness to the center," says Elizabeth Beck, coordinator of the ISU Honors Program and chairperson of the center's search committee. "These are trying times on this campus, especially for students of color, and I'm highly grateful that we have Celia here as a resource person for all of us."

Restoring Sloss House to a facility inviting to all women on campus is a major goal of Naylor-Ojurongbe, who is pursuing specific programming objectives with ISU sororities, residence halls, adult and international students. Projects to meet the needs of the university's gay, lesbian and bisexual students, faculty and staff also remain a priority.

While the frantic pace is as much a part of the Naylor-Ojurongbe trademark as the expansive smile and the quick wit, the fledgling director knows what it's like to burn out. Though colleagues are confident her work always will involve advocacy for women, and especially women of color, Naylor-Ojurongbe already is pondering a slower life, a calmer existence.

"You know what I really want to do?" she asks. "I want to own a farm, either in the Caribbean or West Africa, and I want to grow a whole lot of things. And maybe I'd start up a little school, like a kindergarten. Oh, and I'd have a women's center. But I don't know if I'd actually run it. Maybe I'd just teach and do counseling there. Because I still really want to have that farm."

Surprised? ◐

THE FIRST 30 DAYS

Part boot camp, part summer camp — how better can you describe the freshman experience? In this forthright journal penned by Lee Teras, an Albert Lea, Minn., National Merit Scholar, VISIONS readers are reminded of the excitement, anxieties and eventual optimism that so distinguish that first month of college.

Tuesday, Aug. 17, 1993 — 10:48 p.m.

Looking through Thoreau's Walden a few minutes ago made me wonder now what happened to the days when you could build a home for $28.12. Thursday, I move into a college dormitory, for which I am billed $762 a semester. Sure, life in a dorm is an educational experience, but why did costs have to rise so much?

Wednesday, August 18 — 11:07 p.m.

I just left my friend Lora's house — said goodbye to everyone there. Who knows if we'll see each other before Thanksgiving, or even Christmas break. We all "promised" to write, of course, but I wonder how long it will be before we give up on that.

The excitement is building, although I still haven't decided how I'm supposed to feel. A little nervousness, a heap of excitement, with a dash of caution and reckless abandon, to top things off. Two things worry me right now:

—My roommate. I've talked to him once, on the telephone. He sounds nice enough, but he's also older than me. He could be one of those guys you hear about that purposely gives freshmen, sorry, first-year students, wrong directions to their classes. Or maybe he sits each night and sharpens his knife collection while watching Hitchcock movies. OK, so he probably isn't and doesn't. But I can still worry, can't I?

—My class schedule. I think I'm taking too many. I like to be busy, but 17 1/2 credits? Will I really have to study two hours for every hour in class? Maybe I'll discover that there is some bonus 25th hour of the day that appears when you go to college. I guess everything will all work out for the best. (Or at least better than I imagine — how can it be worse?)

Thursday, August 19 — 11:10 p.m.

Anxieties fulfilled at last. Arrival on campus was nothing short of unimpressive.

I checked in with my RA (dorm slang for nice dude who fills out forms and tells you what you need to know and generally reassures you) and proceeded to unlock my not-quite-spacious home away from home. (OK, so it isn't as bad as a worried freshman on his first day perceived it to be.)

My sister gave me a College Survival Kit and going-away card. I got a little choked up thinking about not having her around to pick on. It's strange to think that as Melissa and I move apart, we're growing closer to each other than we have been in nearly 16 years together.

I agreed to meet some friends from Albert Lea for supper, and my parents decided to hit the road. The knot in my stomach grew as [we got] closer to "goodbye." I knew only Mom would only cry (she did), I knew I'd get a lecture about being careful, working hard and calling home (I did) and I knew there'd be hugs all around (there were, and they felt good).

On my way home tonight, I realized I was making my first nighttime trek across campus — alone. I tried to force the thoughts of ax murderers and muggers from my mind, but they forced their way into my vivid imagination. I was forced to put on a brave look, and then I realized — if something happens, I can take care of myself (probably untrue, but it helped).

Friday, August 20 — 11:51 p.m.

Today was better than yesterday as far as anxieties and worries go. I discovered that eating breakfast and lunch alone isn't so bad, but I wouldn't want to do it every day. My roommate will be here tomorrow.

Had my first experience with marching band. This will be a lot of fun, and a great way to

make friends. I had the familiar sensation of trying to prove that you're just as good as everybody else, wondering if they're doing the same. I don't know what else to say, other than I'm tired. I wonder how long it will take me to adjust to the new sleeping schedule.

Saturday, August 21 — 11:13 p.m.

Marathon marching. Tired and sore as I am, I force myself to inscribe on this tablet my thoughts. Gerrod (my roommate) isn't a bad guy, so far. It's good to come back to an occupied room. I feel more at home, with a TV, stereo and other essentials.

I just realized how most things seem to be turning out better than I'd anticipated. Roommate situation, band, class schedule … Mom made me promise to call home Sunday. I'm looking forward to it more than I thought I would. Lora told me she'd talked to Anna (a friend at home) on the phone earlier tonight. It was the first time I'd really thought about missing my friends and being lonely.

I can't wait to start classes Monday and meet some more people.

Sunday, August 22 — 11:19 p.m.

I'm beginning to feel comfortable here — knowing where I am, not feeling self-conscious, all that stuff. It will take a while yet before this is really "home," but it will come. I went to each of my class locations. Just to make sure, I timed the walk between consecutive ones (I'm kind of anal about some of that stuff, if you haven't noticed.) I'll have plenty of time — I'm starting to realize that the campus isn't really all that big. Everybody was sweating buckets in band rehearsal. I don't imagine having to worry about the "freshman 15"; at least not until after band. There was a picnic after rehearsal, so my first Sunday evening meal was free (so nice since I'm on the 20-meal a week plan.) I'll have to find some other activities that give you free food.

Also had my first house meeting earlier tonight. It was nice to finally see some of the guys not just in passing. Russ (my RA) gave a tour of some of the essential spots — laundry room, game room, mail room, etc. Having someone show me where something is, even if I already knew, makes me feel a little more comfortable.

Monday, August 23 — 11:32 p.m.

My classes went well today. The Chem prof seems great. I was a little confused in Calc on part of an example the prof showed us, but other than that, I just got what I thought was a short assignment. Getting into it, I realized that I'm going to have to do some serious work to review and stay on track. I guess that's what I'm here for.

I mentioned a while back about wondering whether I'd really have to spend two hours studying for every hour in class. From now on, it won't surprise me too much if

classes started is beginning to abate. I look forward to going to class tomorrow. I can think of worse things to be doing. (Working for a living, perhaps?)

We had our first official "house meeting" tonight. It sent shivers up my spine to see how "efficiently" a bunch of 18- to 24-year-old men can run a meeting.

Wednesday, August 25 — 11:49 p.m.

I can't believe how much I'm spending on books! I've spent more than $260 just on required books and supplies.

In University Studies we colored, drank Kool-Aid and finger painted. Today was "childhood regression day." It was great. I think U Stud will be a great advantage — getting to know people, learning about the Honors Program and about campus and how stuff works.

Band: Hotter than any practice yet. Smelly, sweaty clothes — joy!

Thursday, August 26 — 11:25 p.m.

I've started to notice that I'm getting less enthusiastic about doing homework. I want to do it and get it done right, but I'm not as willing to spend large amounts of time struggling over stuff I don't understand. Especially if it's Calculus. I hope that once my schedule settles down I won't be spending so much time in the evening working on stuff. I'll be able to put those spare hours to much better use.

We did our first discussion of essays in English today. My group had some good and some bad stuff to say about mine (we were anonymous). I know I can improve my style quite a bit.

Friday, August 27 — late at night

How wonderful it is to have the next two days with no classes to go to. I wish I could say I had nothing to do, but unfortunately, I have homework, laundry and some other little things I need to get done. Can't wait to do laundry!

Had my first Chem lab today. My prof had a meeting of everyone interested in forming study groups. I decided to go. Even if I don't need the help, it's a good way to meet people.

After band, the sax section had a pizza party at daVinci's. That was fun — we all introduced ourselves and the older guys told stories. Then, a group of us went to a party. Yes, there was alcohol; no, I didn't drink. I was pretty proud of myself, and glad, too, because there were a lot of people acting pretty foolish. We then went to a band party — more beer, but none for me — and almost everybody there will be sleeping in for a while tomorrow morning. I've never had a hangover, and I don't think I ever want to, especially from all the wonderful stories I've heard.

Saturday, August 28 — 1:25 a.m.

Lora and I watched *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*, then sat up talking until 1 a.m. We talked about everything — friends, missing home, classes, religion … It's nice to have someone to talk to. I hope I can get to know more people like that soon. I'm starting to realize more and more that there are some people who others just feel comfortable talking to, and I'm not really one of those people.

Sunday, August 29 — 10:54 p.m.

Kindred spirits, I have found you at last! I went over to talk to some guys who were selling lofts (they live on our floor), and discovered that: They're both freshmen, they like good music, they were both Boy Scouts and they're in the Honors Program. I was in their room for about half an hour, talking about music, computer stuff, paying for school, lots of stuff. I think we might get to be friends.

About the lofts: I've been thinking a lot about my/our room, and I realized that it just didn't feel like "home." It just doesn't feel like I should be here for nine months. So I decided that if Gerrod was willing, I'd get a loft and make room for some furniture. Now we have lofts — we'll just have to find the furniture. I hope I'll feel more like I belong here once we get rearranged. I like what some of the other guys around here have for room setups, so I want to do something, too.

The women of Lawther had challenged Brown House to a volleyball match, but because of the rain (yippee, more sandbags!), we watched a movie in their den.

Monday, August 30 — 11:43 p.m.

Tonight we went to serenade the women of Fleming, then went up to their door to ask them to be our sister floor. It was kind of fun, making a fool out of myself to get the chance to know some girls.

A momentous occasion finished the evening for me: the first *Late Show with David Letterman* on CBS. I haven't watched Dave much, but I must agree, he is funnier than Jay Leno, and he's definitely better than Rush Limbaugh.

Tuesday, August 31 — 10:43 p.m.

Gerrod ended up putting up the lofts tonight (the lucky guy didn't have any homework) and I helped him put the beds up. My head is about a foot from the ceiling. At least we've got more room; now all we need is a couch and we're set.

English today was interesting. My first paper got enough A's to make it in the journal. (We all grade each other's papers, and those with the most A's go into a journal we all get after the semester.)

I'm starting to feel comfortable around the rest of the guys in the house. Some of them say "hi" in the hall, and a few even know my name. Two have asked me for help on homework. It feels good to … well, feel good.

Thursday, Sept. 2 — 11:59 p.m.

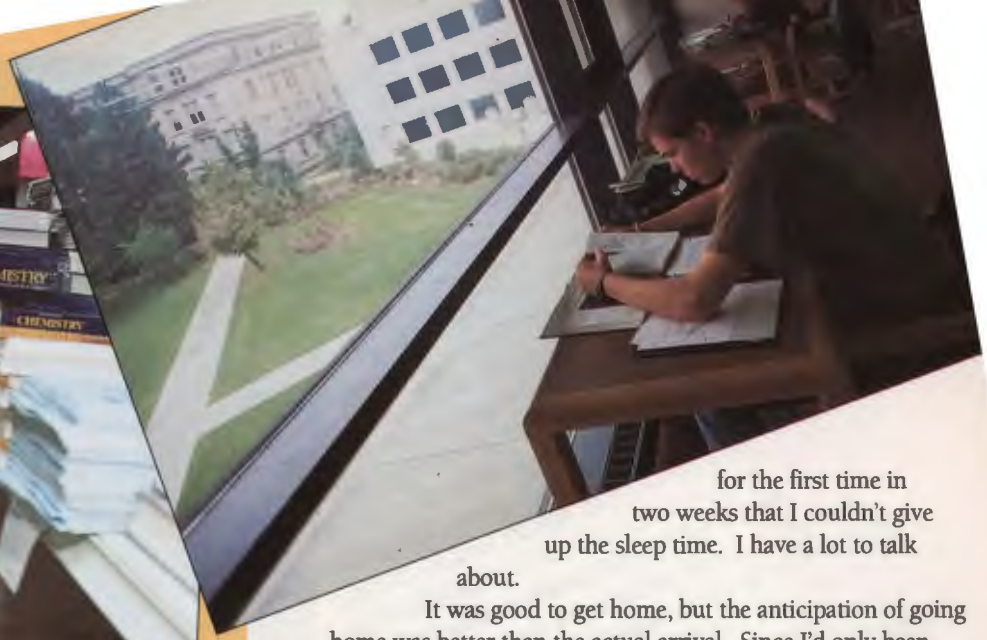
Tonight was Iowa State's first football game. I did great in the pregame show. My halftime performance wasn't perfect, but I don't think I did anything too noticeable. For some reason, I just didn't have my head in the game — I wasn't really concentrating. I'll have to work on that at rehearsals.

Another form of anxiety I can deal with — quiz time in Chemistry. We spent most of our recitation class working problems today. At the end of class we had an extraordinarily easy quiz. I can't believe I even worried about it at all.

I've really looking forward to going home tomorrow. Lora's dad is taking her, her roommate and me home. If nothing else, I'll enjoy just breaking the routine of class, eat, study, sleep.

Sunday, Sept. 5 — 11:31 p.m.

I missed the last two days to write — it just felt so good to lay down in my own bed



for the first time in two weeks that I couldn't give up the sleep time. I have a lot to talk about.

It was good to get home, but the anticipation of going home was better than the actual arrival. Since I'd only been gone two weeks, it kind of felt like a long camp or something. Shortly after arriving, I went over to Lora's with Nate. My parents decided I must really be a college student, barely being home for an hour before leaving again. We mostly sat around and talked, about the past and the future.

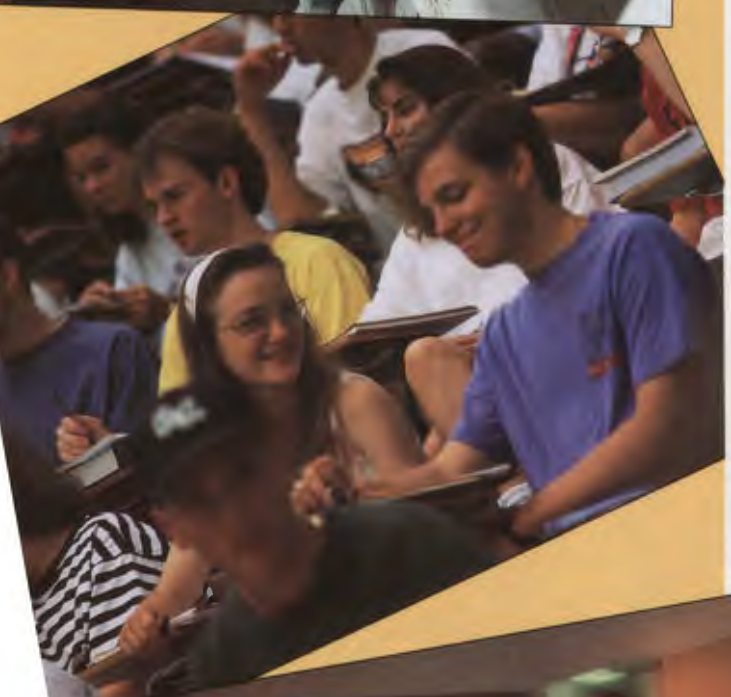
Today, we went to church. I had to answer all the questions: How's it going? Fine. How are classes? Challenging but fun. Do you like your roommate? Yes. When do you leave? Two weeks ago.

Since I hadn't had any severe bouts of homesickness or traumatic experiences (yet), it wasn't such an emotional high as one might expect. Still, I'm glad to be home, because I've no idea how long it will be before I'm home again.

Oh, almost forgot: We're bringing back a couch. Furniture at last.

Monday, Sept. 6 (Labor Day) — 11:13 p.m.

We got to Ames about 5, and I'm looking forward to classes again. Dad and I carried the love seat up — it's perfect under my loft. I can now say my room feels a little bit more like home. Mom and Dad took me out to supper, then dropped me off at the stadium for rehearsal.



Goodbye wasn't so emotional this time. Not that we won't miss each other. I know and they know that I like it here, I'm doing OK and I'm having fun.

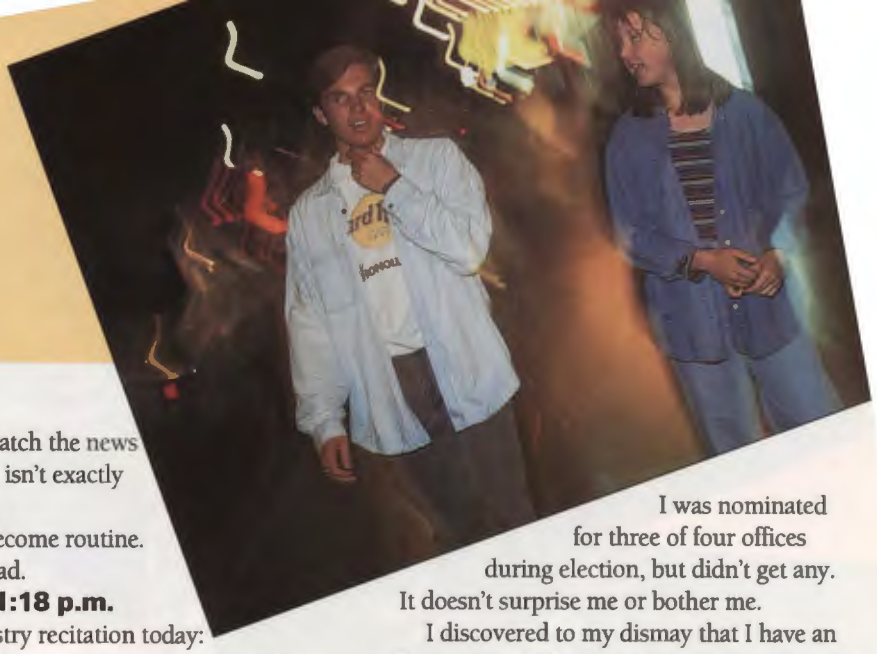
Tuesday, Sept. 7 — 11:58 p.m.

I was doing homework this afternoon, and all of a sud den I had the great urge to be back in high school, where an hour in class meant 20 minutes of homework, and when I spent Friday and Saturday nights with my friend That's what I miss the most right now — sitting around and talking with friends.

Tuesday, Sept. 14 — 11:37 p.m.

My first real test today — Engineering 160H. It w quite easy and there was only one part I wasn't sure I'm sure glad all college tests aren't as hard as peopl them out to be. On the other hand, I've got a night for Chemistry tomorrow. I'm totally unsure of wh expect.

I called home Sunday — talked to Mom and D over half an hour. Good to hear of home and the world. One of the things I really miss is knowing what's going



on — I have so little time to watch the news and read the paper. The Daily isn't exactly the Minneapolis Star-Tribune.

Class days are starting to become routine. I'm not sure if that's good or bad.

Thursday, Sept. 16 — 11:18 p.m.

Got my test back in chemistry recitation today: 93. Not bad, especially since the average was something like 67, but I made some really dumb mistakes. There were two problems on the test that no one in our recitation class knew how to do. I guess I understood once the TA explained them, but I'm not really sure why they were on the test or how we were supposed to know how to do them.

Friday, Sept. 17 — 1:48 a.m.

Spent the evening with Lora and Nate "on the town." We were getting pictures taken to go with this article in the alumni mag. Pretty interesting, being followed by a photographer around the mall, walking downtown, eating supper … It was funny to see how most people just ignored us, or at least the photographer. A couple people gave us funny looks (mostly those who ended up in some of the pix), but that was about it. I'd think if I saw something like that, I'd probably try and figure out what was going on, and maybe even ask. But that's just nosy me.

The best part of the evening was supper. We went to Ruttle's and Nate ordered a Rammalammadingdong sundae — 10 scoops of chocolate and vanilla ice cream, hot fudge, caramel, fudge brownies, bananas, whipped cream and cherries. If you eat the whole thing, you get your name on a plaque. Nate ate the whole thing — and just about got sick.

Saturday, Sept. 18 — 12:15 a.m.

A really exciting Saturday. I did laundry. Managed to lose my first sock.

Sunday, Sept. 19 — 10:44 p.m.

I couldn't make myself do anything — I wanted to just go to sleep or sit and listen to music all day. I miss that about high school; you have the time to sit and do nothing.

Monday, Sept. 20 — 12:16 a.m.

Last night I dreamed that I looked at my list of classes and discovered two that I had not been going to, that I'd completely forgotten about. So far, nothing extraordinary, just a paranoia/stress dream — but it gets better. I don't remember the names of the classes, but I do remember that they were in what I would call a "women's studies" area. I'd been reading essays from English on a book by Virginia Woolf, and many of them focused on feminism. My mind took this and distorted it nicely.

Tuesday, Sept. 21 — 12:09 a.m.

Went to an Amnesty International meeting. I think that will be a fun and interesting group.

I was nominated for three of four offices during election, but didn't get any. It doesn't surprise me or bother me.

I discovered to my dismay that I have an Engineering 160 project due on Thursday, so I've spent the afternoon working on that.

Thursday, Sept. 23 — 11:16 p.m.

We (the men of Brown) went up to Fleming to find out who our sisters would be. We drew keys and then had to find the door that the key fit. Our sister was inside. Mine is Tori — she seems really nice, so far. I went to the Union to check out the companies there for Engineering Week. A couple representatives were really nice, even when I told them I was a freshman. A couple others changed their demeanor when they heard that. It was almost like, "Go away, come back in a couple years when you know something."

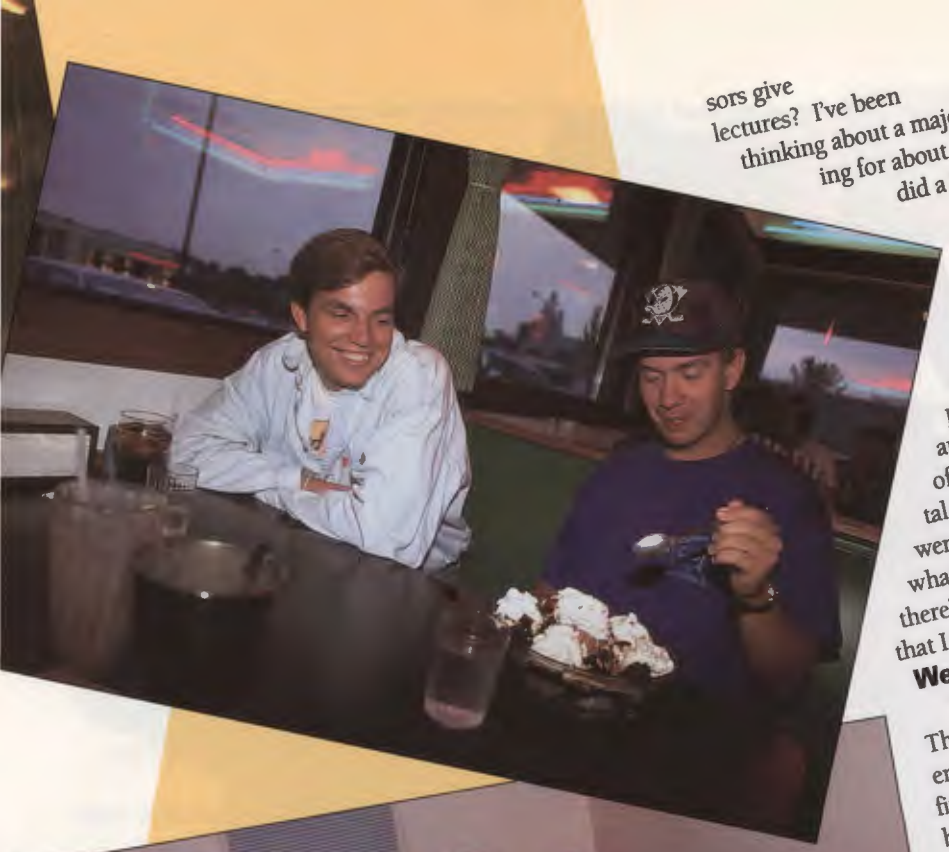
Sunday, Sept. 26 — 10:25 p.m.

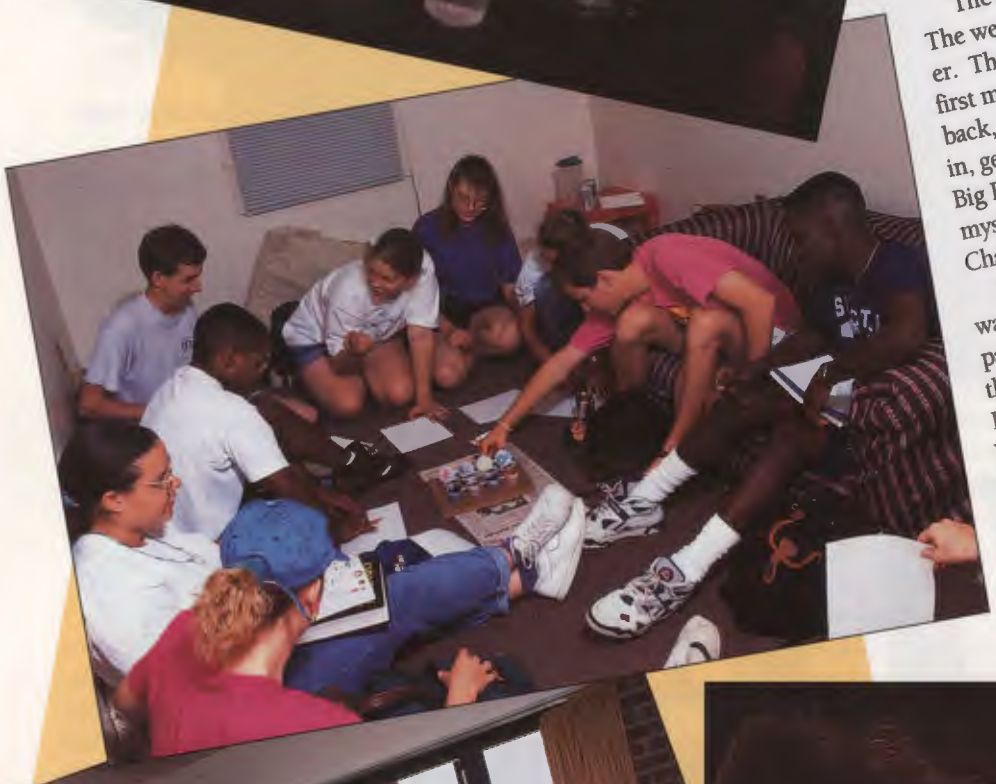
I've just been reading the essays I wrote for Intensive Writing and Humanities English. I've felt that my writing for English so far just hasn't been as good as it should be. I thought maybe by remembering other supposedly good stuff I've written, maybe I'd pinpoint my problems. I didn't discover anything specific, but it was interesting to remember some of the things I wrote about in the past. Ah, nostalgia can be such a wonderful thing.

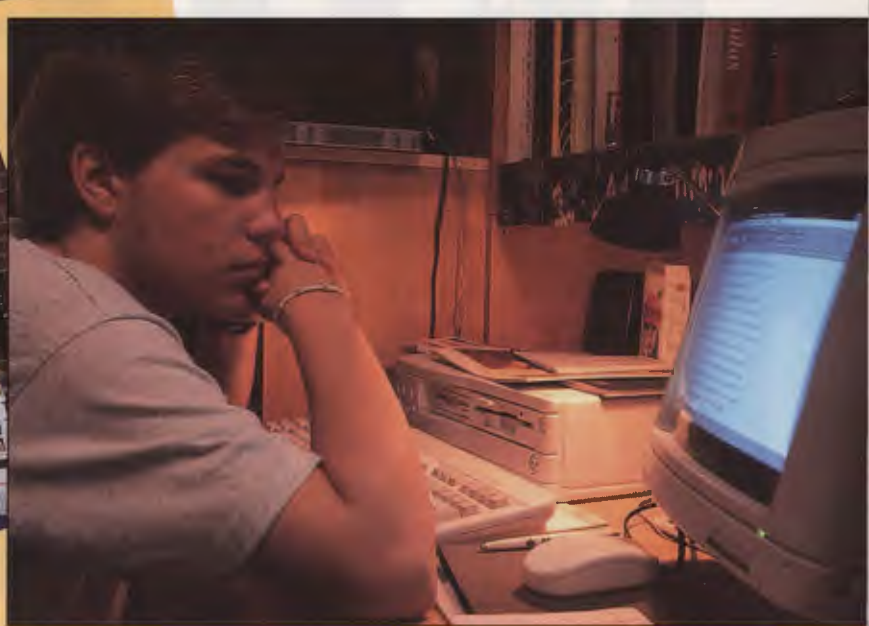
Tuesday, Sept. 28 — 10:48 p.m.

At our Honors Student Board meeting, (Honors Program Director) Liz Beck asked how many of us came here because it had what we wanted, but we really wanted to go to Northwestern, MIT or some other big-name school. Without thinking twice, I raised my hand. That was probably the first time I'd really admitted to anyone that if money and distance from home weren't factors, I'd be at Northwestern. But w I think about it, I've been here over a month, and I want t stay. I've had fun, I've learned quite a bit, I've made new friends. I'm glad I came.

I'll have to do my degree program in about a month o I started to wonder about what I'd discover about my maj Do I really want to spend four to five more years in a classroom listening to profes-







sors give lectures? I've been thinking about a major in engineering for about three to four years — since I did a "career project" in 10th grade. I know engineering incorporates lots of math and science, and I've always enjoyed both. I decided in the last year or so that I wanted to have a career that was involved in saving the environment. I've spent a lot of time in the outdoors, backpacking, canoeing and camping, and those are some of the most memorable experiences of my life. Since ISU doesn't have environmental engineering, and I'm not sure I'd like civil, I went with chemical. I still don't know exactly what an engineer does, but the way I understand it, there's enough flexibility to do something worthwhile that I will enjoy.

Wednesday, Sept. 29 — 12:12 p.m.

The leaves are changing and falling off the trees. The weather is getting colder. Tests are getting harder. The homework is taking longer. The end of my first month (or so) as a freshman is here. Looking back, I wonder how I managed — moving everything in, getting to classes that first week, marching in two Big Eight football games without making a fool of myself, adjusting to the food, meeting new people … Change. *Stress!*

But I made it. I haven't broken down into tears wanting to go home (though I've come close …). My parents and I talk more now over the phone and through letters than we did my senior year. Mom, Dad and Melissa are coming down for Parents Weekend. I haven't seen them since Labor Day. I miss them, but I can tell that this is starting to become my home. People know me and call me by name. I have people to talk to and do things with.

Like I said yesterday — I'm glad I'm here. That's good, because I'm willing to bet that I'll be here for a few more years … ◐

ILLUSTRATION BY LISA CARLSON

RATINGS WAR

Who were your best professors? The ones who made you laugh? The ones whose lectures sent off sparks and started fires that burn in you to this day? The ones who piled on the work? Or the ones who didn't mind if you skipped class on Friday afternoons?

Universities across the country are working more fervently than ever to evaluate their faculties. The bottom line — tenure — may seem positively cryptic to those outside the ivy walls, but campuses lately are relying more heavily on something to which we all can relate: Student evaluations.

One study of 600 liberal arts colleges found that 29 percent used ratings to evaluate faculty in 1973, 68 percent did so in 1983 and 86 percent in '93.

What's more, many campuses — this one included — are integrating Total Quality Management (TQM) principles into their operations *(VISIONS, Spring '93)*. TQM trumpets nothing if not pleasing the customer; paying $2,092 for resident, undergraduate tuition, students certainly qualify as customers. Thus last fall, ISU Government of the Student Body (GSB) leaders developed their own faculty and course evaluations. Not only do they want to see the instruments used, they want the results to go public.

Administrators, including President Martin Jischke, warn that publicizing results would not necessarily be in the students' or the faculty's best interests. Others, like Center for Teaching Excellence Director Steven Richardson, say well-planned evaluations have much to offer.

GSB is proceeding with its evaluations, and administrators and faculty members are proceeding to debate their legitimacy. VISIONS herewith brings the debate to its pages.

—the editors

By Fern Kupfer

MY FAVORITE TEACHER OF ALL time was Mr. Maze, my English teacher at Plainview (N.Y.) High School. It was 1963. President Kennedy was shot while I was in Mr. Maze's seventh period class. Our principal came on the PA system to make the announcement that the president of the United States was dead.

Mr. Maze sat at his desk and wept. Mr. Maze himself would have chosen that word: *Wept*. Not cried. Mr. Maze was a passionate person. And what he was most passionate about was words.

Mr. Maze taught creative writing. And he loved words, well-crafted sentences, stories that depicted the human condition with truth and beauty. He taught me to live good writing. All senior year I was in a swoon with Willa Cather, James Joyce, Malamud, Faulkner — thinking deep thoughts.

When we returned to school early in December of 1963, Mr. Maze read aloud Walt Whitman's poem "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," written on the occasion of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Thirty years later, I hear my teacher's voice and those words still move me.

And yes, I *knew*, at age 17, that Mr. Maze was a great teacher. I didn't have to figure it all out in retrospect. It is a cliché, of course, to say that I was "turned on" to literature and writing, to the power of words. But isn't that just what effective teachers do? They share their passions and enthusiasms and turn you on to whatever it is that they love: language, literature, quadratic equations, football.

Take a moment right now and think of the best teachers you've had. In high school. In college. In elementary school, even. Chances are, you don't have to think very long about who the good ones were. And chances are, you *knew* who the good teachers were at the very time you were sitting in their classrooms.

So I don't really understand the serious reserve some people have about whether or not college students are able to judge teaching ability and whether or not they should have access to course and faculty evaluations. Of course they should. I don't know why, in fact, students aren't demanding access. Those who wouldn't dream of buying a car or a stereo without reading Consumer Reports think nothing of shelling out thousands more for an education over which they have virtually no control.

The issue of good teaching — of having the students get what they pay for — is particularly important in a university such as Iowa State where research is the single most important criterion for promotion and tenure. Here, where faculty careers are on the line to churn out books and articles and cutting-edge research, students — especially undergraduate students — can get short shrift. The

Fern Kupfer

university gives lip service and says that teaching counts, but I'm not sure it really does. A professor who has a strong publication record can be practically propped up dead in front of a class of undergraduates with an overhead projector and a tape playing in the background. (All right. Maybe that's an exaggeration.) But I do believe that the overemphasis on research is wrong-headed and encourages professors to sometimes see their students as inconveniences who take away from the real task at hand: doing research.

All the more reason, then, that students should be able to make some judgments and have a voice in evaluating teachers. And perhaps some control in choosing the teacher they want to spend the semester with.

The problem, of course, is how to do it. How to evaluate teaching in a fair and constructive way and share this information? There has to be something between numbers on a grade-point scale and a junior high slam book.

Having just worked on the teaching evaluations form in the English department leads me to suggest a little bit of both — that is, a quantitative and anecdotal survey together makes a better instrument. Statistics alone don't cut it. A professor who is soft-spoken might be an ineffective lecturer but terrific in small groups. A teacher who is extremely capable in her field might also require something beyond the typical undergraduate expectation. Numbers alone cannot reveal this information. And anecdote alone is often too biased, too exclusive and unsubstantiated.

A good evaluation would include both a narrative *and* numerical rating. A 3.2 rating tells a student only that a teacher's performance is "above average." Additional information such as: "an extremely provocative and challenging course/lots of work/a tough grader" lets the student decide what semester might be best to put in the time required for such a course. Or the student might choose to take such a course for a Pass/Fail grade.

Opponents of student teacher evaluations might suggest that professors who are the easy graders and who give out "easy" assignments would get the good evaluations. But research doesn't bear this out. In fact, educator Robert Boice ("Countering Common Misbeliefs about Student Evaluations," *Teaching Excellence 2.2, 1990-91*) says that "anticipated grading and student evaluations of teaching tend to be uncorrelated; heavy work loads correlate *positively* with SETS."

Opponents of the evaluations might also suggest that students would give high ratings to teachers who were merely entertaining and "fun." I would argue that learning probably should be a lot more "fun" than it is at educational institutions. Where is it writ that intellectual pursuit and scientific inquiry need to be dreary and tedious? That classrooms can't be places of laughter and delight?

Steve Richardson, director of the Center for Teaching Excellence, was quoted in the Des Moines Register as saying that the questions can be boiled down to, "Do you like this professor or don't you like this professor?"

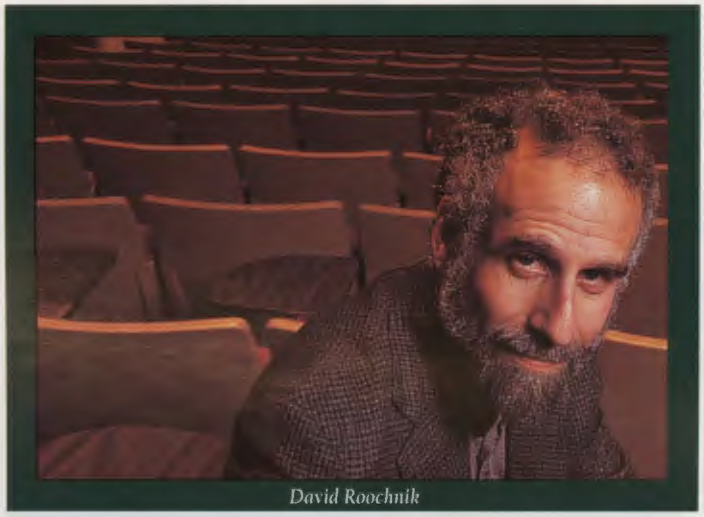
I guess I don't think that's such a questionable rating value. Students generally like a professor who is knowledgeable, engaging, fair-minded, challenging and supportive. Students generally do not like a professor who is unprepared, disrespectful, disinterested and dull.

Why shouldn't we evaluate teaching? We evaluate everything else. Books. Movies. Baseball teams. At the university, our research is evaluated all the time. We get published or not. We get grants or we don't. Is teaching such a mysterious, ineffable activity that it is beyond critical judgment and interpretation?

It's a lot of work to put together a credible instrument to describe faculty performance. But after all, students are the primary reason we are here. That's why this is a university, not a research corporation. Professors should be held accountable. And students should have some say.

Fern Kupfer is an associate professor of English at Iowa State University and the author of four books. Her newest book, Love Lies, *a mystery, will be published this summer by Simon & Schuster.*

By David Roochnik



David Roochnik

A RITUAL TAKES PLACE AT THE end of every semester at ISU and most American universities: Students answer a questionnaire about the course they have taken and the professor who taught it. The completed forms are sent to a computer center, where their results are tabulated. They are then returned to the departments, reviewed by the department chair and the professor, and filed away in a confidential personnel record. When it comes time to decide on re-hiring, tenure or promotion, student evaluations are used to help determine whether the professor is a capable teacher or not.

Recently, students at ISU have requested that these evaluations be made public. They argue that they deserve to know what kind of job their teachers are doing, and to have more information with which to make decisions about what classes to take.

First of all, student evaluations themselves are a bad

idea. Second, if we have to have them, making them public will only make them worse.

The intention behind having students grade their teachers is a good one: To improve teaching by holding professors accountable for what they do in the classroom. Students can often be competent judges of whether their teachers are effective, and their views should be heard and respected. The problem is, as with other well-intentioned programs, this one has had unforeseen and negative consequences. Here's a short list:

• Student evaluations make life too easy. Every questionnaire has a summary item. In my department it reads, *How good a job did the instructor do in teaching this course?* A "1" means "outstandingly good," a "5," "outstandingly bad." This single question is crucial; it becomes the final grade. If it's good, the professor is golden and can say, "I'm a 1.72; what about you?" If it's bad, there's trouble.

Because it requires human relationship and communication, teaching effectiveness cannot be measured by a single number. Even though almost everybody involved with the review process acknowledges this, the final grade, the one number, still remains an irresistible lure. I've been on many committees that have evaluated teaching, and it's the number that does the talking. "She's a 1.72." End of story.

Number-fixation trivializes evaluation. A serious appraisal of teaching requires more than machine-readable questionnaires. Professors should visit the classrooms of their colleagues. Not just once or twice, which is the most some departments can manage (while in others there is no peer review at all), but frequently. We should review each other's syllabi and textbooks, and discuss our teaching goals. We should interview students who have completed our courses. Experienced teachers should keep close tabs on new ones, and meet with them often. Of course, all of this would take far more energy than is usually expended on teaching at most universities. So we take it easy on ourselves: "She's a 1.72. Promote her."

WANT TO DO WELL ON STUDENT EVALUATIONS? TRY SERVING COOKIES. TRY TELLING THE STUDENTS HOW MUCH THEY MEAN TO YOU OR HOW DISTRESSED YOU WILL BE IF YOU DON'T RECEIVE A GOOD SCORE.

The fact that ISU students now want to make these numbers public simply shows that they want life made easier for them too. Students should know about their teachers. But there are already ways to find out about them. The best remains good old gossip. Hearing from a reliable friend that Professor Smith does a fine job in chemistry is probably good reason to take his course. Better yet is going to Smith's office before the semester begins, asking him questions. Maybe best of all is attending Smith's class for a week before deciding whether to take it or not. Actually, what all students should do is attend 10 different courses during the first week of the semester, and then make a decision which four or five to take. But this is the hard way. Much easier would be to look up Smith's number: "2.72? Forget about it."

Students should create a computerized bulletin board and make electronic gossip available to one another. They might read this: "Smith: Kind of a nerd, but knows his stuff and is glad to help outside of class. Signed, MJ." Not enough to decide whether to take Smith's class? Look up MJ in the student directory, introduce yourself, and ask her to explain more about Smith.

• Student evaluations invite cheap tricks. Want to do well on student evaluations? Try serving cookies. Try telling the students how much they mean to you or how distressed you will be if you don't receive a good score. Or give students higher grades than they deserve and make all your comments on their papers "supportive." Or try to be entertaining: Wear a clown's outfit, sing a song. Really good teachers are entertaining. But that's because, even if difficult, learning is an intrinsically pleasurable activity. But there is not a necessary connection between making students laugh and helping them learn. On the other hand, if they laugh loudly enough, maybe you'll get your "1."

• Student evaluations help dilute the experience of education. A professor's future may hinge on the results of evaluations, and so we are eager to win the students' respect, favor, even their sympathy. We try not to be too critical or demanding. We no longer insist that only those students who are disciplined and energetic will succeed. Instead, we want everybody to feel comfortable in our classes. We want the "1."

Being a student at an American university is rarely an intense and demanding task at which only an enthusiastic few will succeed. Instead, it's conceived as a "right" to be enjoyed by almost everyone — even those who work hardly at all. Teaching is rarely conceived as a labor of love that requires making stern and difficult demands. Instead, it's a job where success is measured by superficial popularity. Of course, student evaluations are not solely, or even primarily, responsible for this. But they are both a cause and a symptom of a deep malaise.

Students are smart. They know the questionnaires will be handed out at the end of the semester, and that they have some clout. Throughout the semester, especially if it's a difficult one, they can tell themselves, "This guy is a bore —I'm going to nail him on the evaluation." Students are thereby encouraged to give up on professors too quickly and to confuse their immediate emotional reactions to the course with its long-term value. But teaching is sometimes a long, even painful, process, whose rewards are often intangible and indirect. Evaluations tell students that their professor should somehow please them, and do so now.

Yes, we must evaluate teaching. But, no, the statistical results of student evaluations aren't the best way to do that. Let's get rid of them. If we can't, we should at least protect students from them by not allowing these simplistic numerals to stand for a teacher's worth and be made public. ◐

David Roochnik is an associate professor of philosophy at Iowa State University. His first piece for VISIONS, "Iowa, A Place to Grow (on You)," appeared in Winter 1992.

THEY ARE MY HEIR

For thousands of New York's diseased and impoverished, the gleaming visions of Broadway, Wall Street and Park Avenue are a cruel mockery. These are alumnus Sheri Clemons' New Yorkers. She gets them off the street so they can live — and die — with dignity.

BY DAN DAVENPORT
PHOTOS BY JIM HEEMSTRA

AT HOME WITH THE HOMELESS: WITH A SMILE AND THE FLASH OF AN EYE, CLEMONS CAN ES

THE AMAZING THING ISN'T THAT SHERI CLEMONS TALKS AS fluently with a wild-eyed, paroled murderer in Lower Manhattan as with a member of former Mayor David Dinkins' staff at City Hall. It's not that, despite the inculpable laugh and the Donna Reed demeanor, she doesn't flinch at guns, fists or knives. It's not even that she's seen so many AIDS sufferers that she can pick one out of a knot of filthy homeless people a block away.

After nearly a week of having Sheri Clemons' New York shoved down my throat, all that still amazes me are her tears.

Her arresting résumé brought VISIONS to Manhattan last year. At the time, the 1979 Iowa State University political science graduate was a housing specialist in the Department of AIDS Services (DAS) of New York's Human Resources Administration. DAS estimates that 50 new homeless people acquire AIDS every day in New York. At DAS, Clemons helped them find housing, get medicine, gain perhaps a sliver of dignity with which to die.

Seductive story material, to be sure. But after visiting AIDS-infested neighborhoods, dilapidated city buildings and an Upper West Side synagogue, none of it amazes me any more. Being an Iowa kid raised Republican and Catholic transfigured into a politically active lesbian practicing Judaism makes Clemons run-of-the-mill here, not remarkable. She faces knives and hair lice and the smell of death? Who doesn't?

The only amazement lies in the tears. After all this, where do they come from?

WE CATCH THE 2 TRAIN AT WEST 72ND LATE ON A BRIGHT Saturday morning. It rattles alongside Central Park, pops our ears under the Harlem River and screeches to a halt under the heart of a Puerto Rican district in the South Bronx.

Here's a twist: Climbing *up* into hell. A lively Hispanic combo pumps scratchy dance music through cheap speakers. The streets are clotted with thin, brown-skinned youth. District health officials say as many as one in 20 of them has

OES

RAPPORT WITH POTENTIAL CLIENTS THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

AIDS or what most scientists deem its precursor, the HIV virus. Say what you will about Clemons' sexual orientation, but do not dismiss her as a bleeding-heart motivated only by the desire to help her own. She's been devoted to the indigent practically since her ISU graduation — years before she came to New York or recognized her sexuality. As of last spring, this and the other two districts making up the South Bronx had reported 4,809 cases of AIDS. Just 768 — 16 percent — were contracted by homosexual contact. No district of any city in the country more clearly dispels the myth of AIDS as a gay man's disease. In Sheri Clemons' New York, it is the poor, dark-skinned man's — and woman's, and child's — affliction.

Since we won't be using our subway transfers, we slip them to a begging teen-ager who, I'm told, can sell them for a quarter. Clemons says he, like the rest of them here, almost assuredly has confronted the specter of AIDS in his immediate family.

We work our way onto a mostly deserted side street, past a run-down brick structure that Clemons says is the local city services building. A rail thin, middle-aged black man wearing a black UNO'S PIZZA cap and clutching a brown paper bag tells me that, come Monday, the building's bathrooms will reek of crack. Staying on the subject, Clemons points to the neat row of pre-fab housing recently erected by the city. A week from now, she says, its windows will be shattered and most of its plumbing ripped out.

Manhattan's theatre district has *Les Misèrables*. The South Bronx is just plain miserable.

Clemons smiles, shakes the man's hand and wishes him well. She hands him 35 cents. As we walk away, she says the man's quiet friend almost assuredly has AIDS. Here, that only means guns and drugs and TB have another contender for his life.

Clemons asks me if I'm uncomfortable here. Without pause, I answer yes. The desperation of this place crawls beneath your skin, it burrows into your gut. I'm ashamed of my paranoia, but, as usual, shame is no match for fear and ignorance. My hotel seems 100 miles away; Iowa, a million.

I tell her to get me out of here. I've had enough of her New York.

As we swing back toward the subway station, the spirited music of the street-corner combo now seems to mock: The pervasive dolor, my own trepidation. As we descend the stairs, the music is swallowed up by the clatter of the subway.

Back under the river, back to Manhattan, south to Chelsea. Here I can breath again, I can walk without the eyes penetrating like daggers. Here, in a trendy bar, I will buy Sheri Clemons a light beer. At a corner table, I will sit back and watch the woman who smiled coolly and gave all her change to a wretched indigent come apart talking about his plight.

★

SHE USED TO GO TO ALL THE FUNERALS. ALL HER GAY AND lesbian friends', all her straight friends', all her clients'. Like walking over to eat a sandwich along the Hudson River, it became a common way to spend a lunch hour. As she talks she leans back in her chair, watching the streams of pedestrian traffic outside. Her beer, barely touched, grows warm.

"I resent living with AIDS around," she says, the anger in her voice betrayed by a slight quiver. Her eyes have glassed over. She's lost more friends now, at 38, she says, than her grandmother has at 95. "But I don't [go to funerals] so much any more. It's not that I don't love them, or that I won't miss them. The people with the diarrhea, sores, the people who are incontinent. They are my heroes.

"But it just hurts too much."

She had a dream one night. She went to a clinic, had an HIV test, learned it was positive. No way that's true, she says, "But that told me something about what this was all doing to me."

It was neither an unusual dream nor an unusual recognition for a social worker of any stripe. The only oddity was that it took so long for it to visit someone whose every meaningful accomplishment with a client was a prelude to an often times gruesome death.

She had quit once before. In 1991, fed up with hacking her way through jungles of bureaucracy whenever a client needed a hospital bed or an expedited welfare check, she walked out. She devoted herself to supporting Liz Abzug in her New York City Council candidacy. (The daughter of prominent feminist Bella Abzug, Liz Abzug shares her Lower West Side apartment with Clemons. Theirs is a platonic relationship.)

LEMONS' FAVORITE HING ABOUT NEW ORK? "YOU CAN AVE AS MUCH PER-ONALITY AS YOU ANT."

Abzug's candidacy failed, as did Clemons' ability to stay away from her heroes. She returned to the stark DAS office in Lower Manhattan. She crafted more programming, chopped down more bureaucratic vines, made more lives tolerable and deaths dignified. But as much as she plays the dewy-eyed Donna Reed serving up compassion, she knew there was more important work for her than holding skeleton-like hands and drying dirty tears.

She enrolled in Hunter College's highly regarded School of Social Work, intent upon earning her master's degree in administration. Instead of clearing her own narrow path through the jungle, she wants to clear wide highways for 10 or 20 or 50 Sheri Clemonses. As part of her Hunter requirement, she left DAS last fall to work two semesters' field placement in New York's Protective Services for Adults (PSA) division of the Human Resources Administration (HRA). At PSA, as at the Division of AIDS Services, she is responsible for keeping ailing people safe from themselves and the horrors of indigency in New York. Her clients, living in city-monitored "hotels" (read: tiny, dirty apartments with no kitchens and shared bathrooms), are now the elderly and the mentally impaired, but their needs are no less dire than the AIDS-infected.

"Sheri has that look of compassion; it almost seems like naiveté. But she hasn't been in this system for this long without being tough and technically smart," says Dan Devlin, her PSA field supervisor. "She knows how systems work, how agencies mix, how to get things done.

"In a city like this, where the problems are so concentrated and so vast ... you have to be able to formulate plans, to negotiate systems."

Clemons was the architect of many of the housing referral programs now in place back at DAS. After joining the year-old agency in 1987, it wasn't unusual for her to scan the classifieds and take to the streets to find available housing for individual clients. "Crazy cowboys, that's what we were," she says, laughing. "The whole point of our existence was to subvert the system." Now DAS has an intricate structure of hotels and apartments, with which Clemons' successors work to match vacancies with AIDS sufferers.

"Sheri pulled landlords together and made them willing to house our clients," staff analyst Earl Stacy says from behind his desk at the stark DAS offices. "[Early on], apartment owners weren't that crazy about having people with AIDS and mental diseases staying in their places."

From a patchwork configuration that could hardly be called a system, Clemons and others helped shape DAS into an operation amazingly efficient by City of New York standards. Many of its potential clients are so distraught or disoriented that they'd rather stay in the street than maneuver

CLEMONS' FIRST MOVE IS TO BREAK DOWN US-VS.-THEM WALLS. "WE'RE ALL 'US.'"

governmental red tape, yet Stacy says seven of 10 are successfully housed. Granted, all 10 will die, regardless of DAS' intervention. But seven of them will first have a chance to live again.

★

SHERI CLEMONS WANTS TO MAKE IT TO 100.

Her paternal grandmother is 95, her paternal grandfather died at 94, her maternal grandmother made it into her 90s. "When I was 23, before I came to New York, I felt so old,"

she says. She struggled with her religion, agonized over her sexuality, groped for a purpose. She was feeling her way through the darkness.

As an ISU student, she thought politics was her calling. She was active in student government, and in 1978, at 22, ran for state representative. With one of the worst slogans in democratic election history — "Don't Be A Lemon, Vote For Clemons" — she lost. Big. She dabbled in real estate, believe it or not, before working at a Kansas City halfway house. She later worked with the Catholic Church in Des Moines, before moving to New York in 1983 to join the Catholic Worker, a church-affiliated organization serving inner cities. It was there that Clemons showed up with a laundry bag full of clothes and her head spinning with plans to aid New Yorkers and later travel with the Holy Sisters to Brazil.

She got as far south as Staten Island.

She stayed with the Worker for three years, then taught special ed in the Bronx. It was that job, working with children who carried weapons and threatened lives, that taught her the art of steel-fisted altruism. "People mistake me for being weak," she says. We are in her stylish apartment, its west windows overlooking the Hudson. Her purple-stockinged feet are pulled up, Indian style, into her black leather office chair. The hard R's and the occasional profanity of a lifelong New Yorker ricochet through her staccato sentences.

She continues: "Big deal, I cry sometimes. You'd have to be a block of ice not to. Some people don't see compassion and strength mixing. Here, they have to. People who do it the best make commissioner. I can do that. I'm good enough to do that.

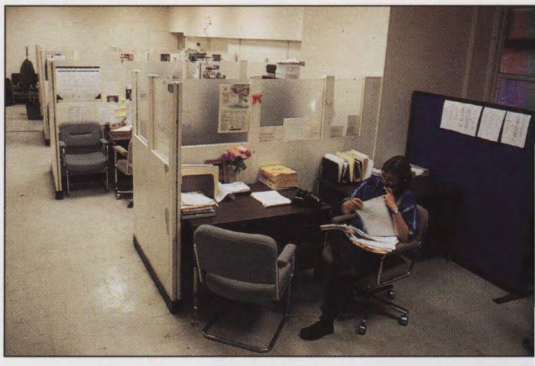
"Gandhi was no patsy. Mary Poppins didn't let people get away with s—."

During her year in the Bronx, Clemons had it hammered into her — literally — that a smile and a kind word don't always cut it. In her apartment building laundry room, a man pummeled her for a pipe for no apparent reason. "Now, if I see a desperate-looking person, I usually can get through to them," she says. "I'm a person, they're a person. When they see that, the won't hit you or shoot you. But I never saw the pipe coming."

Nor could she have foreseen the personal upheaval New York would create within her: The acceptance of her sexuality and her conversion to Judaism. Both, she says, poured streams of youthfulness into a parched soul. "Since I came here," she says, "it's like I've gotten younger and younger."

She's not aiming for 100 because she fears death or even dreads it. Like an emergency room doctor, she's seen enough of it to know it as a part of life. But with so many people needing help living and dying, she can't see how she can get away any time soon. To be doubly sure, she quit smoking last year, took up in-line skating and weight lifting, started popping vitamins like a fiend.

"You have to find a way of dealing, because it gets to you," says Sterling Zinsmeyer of Housing and Services, Inc., which, he says, with 240 units for HIV-positive clients, is the largest such organization in the country. "Face it: if you're male and minority in New York, the chances of making 20 are slim. … So [social workers] have to find other challenges. [Helping] people taking charge of their lives, even if it's just for awhile, that's exciting."



NEAR THE END OF THE DAY AT DAS' LOWER MANHATTAN OFFICE. "SOMETIMES, IT'S LIKE A MASH UNIT AROUND HERE."

It comes down to Clemons' well-traveled theology. "It's gotten terrible out there, how they think of these people," she says. The tear ducts fire up again. "If I put a restriction on your humanity because you don't conform to my standards, because you squat in the park, I restrict my own [humanity]. If I'm OK as a human being only if I'm content and self-sufficient, the day I'm not content and self-sufficient, I'm nothing."

From 50 stories above Manhattan, Clemons and her clients — the babbling old men reeking of urine, the bruised girls with track-riddled bodies — must look like little more than nothing. Up there, Sheri Clemons knows, they measure worth by the size of diamond in your ring, the shimmer of your fur, the origin of your caviar. Their eyes may be clear and their stomachs full, but she wants no part of their New York. ◐

PHOTOS BY JIM HEEMSTRA ★ TEXT BY DEBRA GIBSON

STAR Treatment

On cue, Iowa Staters venture way off Broadway and back to the footlights of C.Y. for an encore tribute to Stars Over Veishea.

While he may not have a brain, Wizard of Oz scarecrow cum California accountant Steve Petska still has the comedic genius known to ISU theatre aficionados.

Longtime Ames performer Lynn Lloyd extols the virtues of running The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas.

Nearly 25 years after bringing Oliver's Fagin to the SOV stage, Hollywood writer/producer Neil Thompson, '70, still picks a mean pocket.

For more than 60 years, the Stars over Veishea have shone down on hundreds of Iowa Staters, eager thespians whose musical and acting talents have landed them on stages everywhere from Mickey and Judy's barn to the Great White Way. So when ISU vice president Reid Crawford hunkered down with veteran creative types John, '76, and Susan Thomas Lee, '74, to discuss how to thrust a somewhat fading SOV tradition back into the klieg lights, the solution was cosmic: A new star was born.

Resurrecting his Jesus Christ Superstar performance from 1976 was Jonathan Haut (above), now a Davenport television station executive. Ames-area children (below and bottom) brought down the house with selections like "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

While the Ames ACTORS Ambassadors were lamenting sexism in American musical theatre (above), "Steam Heat" scored one for nepotism when co-director Susan Thomas Lee, '74, and her brother, Robert Thomas, danced together in their first public appearance.

Careful not to turn their backs on their "Bosom Buddies" were (from left) "Mame" (Martha Forsyth Haut, '76, of Davenport); "Charity Valentine" (Linda Blakely, a Des Moines actress) and "Dolly Levi" (Mary Tierney Johnson, '75, of Kenilworth, Ill.). The buddies were joined by the entire cast during "Celebration," one of several full-scale production numbers.

Stars Over Stars of Veishea (SOSOV) burst from the wings of C.Y. Stephens Auditorium Nov. 5-6 and dazzled audiences with highlights from more than 30 Broadway musicals. Even some alumni who now pocket real-life Actors Equity cards temporarily shucked the limos and the cellular phones for the opportunity to once again swap lines with Dolly and Tevye and Mame.

Bolstered by dozens of area performers, SOSOV lit up the stage with a magnitude lusted after by astronomers. The show celebrated the magic of discovering, almost by accident, the most spectacular of constellations.

Orchestra conductor Steve Hoifeldt.

Choreographer Thomas Lee and performer Johnson.

The most famous spouse to perform, Colleen Zenk Pinter, Barbara Ryan on the daytime drama As the World Turns.

It only felt like "The Impossible Dream": SOSOV creator and director John Lee (top left). It only sounded like The Impossible Scheme: Petska pays tribute to both Dolly and Mame (the before and after shots.)

This Tevye you'd remember: Recreating his Fiddler on the Roof *lead from 1972 was Mark Pinter, '72, (above), now starring in the ABC-TV daytime drama* Another World *as Grant Harrison. Ignoring admonitions of* Guys and Dolls' *"Don't Rock the Boat" was the SOSOV ensemble (below).*

What a Great Fall

Fall is typically the busiest season for the Iowa State University Alumni Association, and autumn '93 certainly was no exception. We celebrated Parents Weekend. We put on Homecoming. Our Student Alumni Association (SAA) celebrated its 20th anniversary. We kicked off our Alumni Association Endowment Campaign. And we've got the photos to prove it.

Above, Beverly Crabtree, dean of the College of Family and Consumer Sciences, talks with former Iowa State Parents Association President Gerald Hunter during Parents Weekend festivities. Left, good times at the Parents Weekend tailgate.

Above, 1993 Parents of the Year Charles and Barbara Oldham of Eddyville and President Martin Jischke are surrounded by the seven Oldham children during Parents Weekend festivities in September. Right, former Parents of the Year Darrell Mangus (1991), Earl Maxwell (1984) and Margaret Northey (1982) swap familial war stories at the first-ever parents' reunion.

Above and right, Cardinal and Gold greasepaint and leather lungs are the key prerequisites for success in the annual Homecoming Yell-Like-Hell competition on central campus.

There was wheeling and dealing galore at Casino Night for those returning to campus for SAA's 20th anniversary celebration in October. Above left, SAA spinner Kim Oleson and a reunion attendee lament a near miss. Above, former SAAers Jeff, '93, and Heidi McNutt Kaisand, '90; Jay Cobb, '86; Greg Fritz, '87; Paul Maas, '88; and Tom Hagen, '84, put their cards on the table.

Left, Parents Weekend put on the dogs for mom and pop at the perenially popular pregame tailgate.

Photos by Jim Heemstra

ISU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Norman D. Skadburg, 1969, MS 1971
President
Webster City, Iowa

Harvey Freese, 1970, MS 1973
Vice President/President-Elect
Des Moines, Iowa

Sharon Dunker Juon, (1969)
Past President
Waterloo, Iowa

Daniel C. Robinson, 1970, MS 1972, PhD 1978
Secretary
Ankeny, Iowa

Warren R. Madden, 1961
Treasurer
Ames, Iowa

James A. Hopson, 1969
Executive Director
Ames, Iowa

Kenneth O. Anderson, 1947
Ames, Iowa

Don C. Bice, 1949
Wayzata, Minn.

Cyndi Murray Bonus, 1985, MEd 1992
Des Moines, Iowa

Kevin L. Brooks, 1980
Hampton, Iowa

Linda R. Cottington, 1970
Des Moines, Iowa

Mary Beukema Harms, 1973, 1979, MS 1989
Ames, Iowa

Randy J. Hendricks, 1980
Minneapolis, Minn.

Barbara Meyer Johnson, 1949
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Donald H. Jordahl, 1958
Des Moines, Iowa

Scott E. Olson, 1969
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dewayne G. Rahe, 1977
Dyersville, Iowa

Anne Templeman Robinson, 1980
Edina, Minn.

Roberta Simpson-Dolbeare, 1976
New Canton, Ill.

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS

Gary L. Aitchison, PhD 1972
College of Business Administration
Ames, Iowa

Roger Bruene, 1956
College of Agriculture
Ames, Iowa

Sarah Ekeren Buck, 1981
College of Education
Ames, Iowa

Kathleen Halloran
College of Design
West Des Moines, Iowa

Stephenie Elliott Heuchelin
College of Engineering
Ames, Iowa

William D. Hoefle, DVM 1966, MS 1974
College of Veterinary Medicine
Ames, Iowa

Anne Collison Johnson, 1963
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences
Des Moines, Iowa

Herb and Joyce Kintigh
Iowa State University Parents Association
Spencer, Iowa

Dynette Mosher, 1981, MS 1984
College of Family and Consumer Sciences
Ames, Iowa

Brent Christenson, 1994
President, Student Alumni Association
Hartley, Iowa

ASSOCIATION

ALUMNI LOYALTY: THE TIE THAT BINDS

WHEN THE IOWA STATE University Alumni Association hired me in 1968, I had no way of knowing the excitement that lied ahead. As you know, the ensuing 25 years have coincided with unprecedented growth and change at the university — growth that, by our very mission, the Alumni Association has paralleled and enhanced.

Jim Hopson

I've been lucky enough to have worked with thousands of those responsible for that development — you, who I like to think of as the most loyal alumni body in the country.

To reach President Martin Jischke's often-stated goal of becoming the country's No. 1 land-grant university we must be a smarter, more agile institution — lofty aspirations in times when state funding struggles to keep pace with inflation.

And the Alumni Association's specific challenge is every bit as great: Support the university's efforts while funding from ISU decreases. We received $400,000 (46 percent of our operating costs) from the university in 1980, but just $200,000 (12 percent) in 1992. You know how we've responded: by giving you and ISU more. We created VISIONS magazine, we bolstered our membership program, we enhanced our student-recruitment efforts, we encouraged more ISU Clubs and reunion class members to support the university and much more.

In the fall of 1992, eyeing diminishing financial support, our board of directors determined that bolstering our endowment fund was the best way to guard our ability to perform our mission. As with the stunning success of the $214.5 million Partnership for Prominence campaign, our Alumni Association Endowment Campaign is off to a smashing start.

Led by a deferred gift of $500,000 from Barbara and Bob Eddy of Des Moines, we've received pledges of nearly $2 million toward our goal of $3.9 million by Homecoming '94. I'd love to see you there when we announce we've met our goal to set the stage for raising our endowment to $5 million.

The Eddys — and many others like them — realize the Alumni Association's role as *the* connection to their university. In the months to come, I hope you'll recognize that role, as well, and continue your reputations as the most loyal alumni in the nation.

Jim Hopson

Jim Hopson, '69
Executive director

CHECK YOUR CALENDARS AND GET BACK TO US

If your 1993-94 Iowa State University events calendar is turned to January — it is, isn't it? — then it must be time for us at the Alumni Association to be planning your *1994-95* edition. And if you've got any free time on your schedule, we'd like to pencil you in for a little assistance.

Since the calendar is yours — non-Alumni Association members pay at least $7 for theirs — we want to produce one that best serves your needs. To help us do that, please let us know:

- How do you use the calendar? To stay abreast of university events? As an everyday planner? As a wall-hanging to project the Iowa State image to all who enter your home or office?
- Is it important to you to have campus events included each month? Or would composite schedules on a back page be more convenient?

We need your answers or any other comments by Feb. 15. Contact Debra Gibson, ISU Alumni Association, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50014-7164. Call us at (515) 294-6525 or fax us at (515) 294-9402. Thanks for your input!

WRAP YOURSELF IN ISU SPIRIT!

Showcase your loyalty to Iowa State with this exclusive Amana stadium blanket. It's richly custom-woven with cardinal and gold thread in the Nordic design. This beautiful blanket is made in the tradition of Old World craftsmanship at the Amana Woolen Mill in Amana, Iowa. It's the perfect way to keep warm while cheering on the Cyclones at the game or at home! The blanket is:

- 100 percent wool
- 56 inches x 72 inches
- discounted for ISU Alumni Association members
- available only through the ISU Alumni Association.

Just complete the accompanying form and return it with your full payment to ISU Alumni Association, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DAYTIME PHONE ( ) _____

I'd like to order

___ Amana blanket(s) at the member price of $39.95, plus $6 postage, total of $45.95

___ Amana blanket(s) at the non-member price of $44.95, plus $6 postage, total of $50.95

Iowa residents add 6 percent sales tax

Method of payment (check one)

❒ Check enclosed (payable to ISU Alumni Association)

❒ MasterCard ❒ Visa Exp. date _____

NUMBER _____

SIGNATURE _____

Tilting at Windmills

PRAGMATISTS AND IDEALISTS MIX LIKE PAT Buchanan and Jesse Jackson, and it seems it was always thus. Since 1903, for sure.

Laverne Noyes, a member of Iowa State's first graduation class, in 1872, owned a thriving Chicago agricultural equipment manufacturing company. In 1903, when he heard that a nasty wind storm had felled the campus flag pole, he thought he had the perfect solution: Iowa State needed a tall structure from which to fly its flag, and he manufactured windmills — nothing if not tall. Practically overnight he had one shipped to Ames.

College officials promptly had the 'mill assembled. But before it could be put into place, the idealists entered our story. In the middle of the night a group of students — incredulous that a self-serving manufacturer would try to burnish his image by replacing their flagpole with a windmill, of all things — stormed the structure like an angry band of Don Quixotes. They placed it on a set of wheels and rolled it toward College Creek. Soon gravity flexed its muscles, sending the windmill tumbling into the marsh below. It was demolished. Sancho would've been proud.

The pragmatic college administrator's first rule of fund-raising: Don't tick off one of your wealthiest alumni when he tries to *give you something*. But try as they might, college officials could not calm Noyes' ensuing rage. But time could. He eventually gave $10,000 for landscaping that marsh. Lake Noyes does nothing for you? How about Lake Laverne?

A few years later, he gave $1 million for construction of a women's dormitory in honor of his wife, Ida Noyes, also an Iowa State graduate. Noyes' gift, alas, went to the University of Chicago, where Ida Noyes Hall stands today.

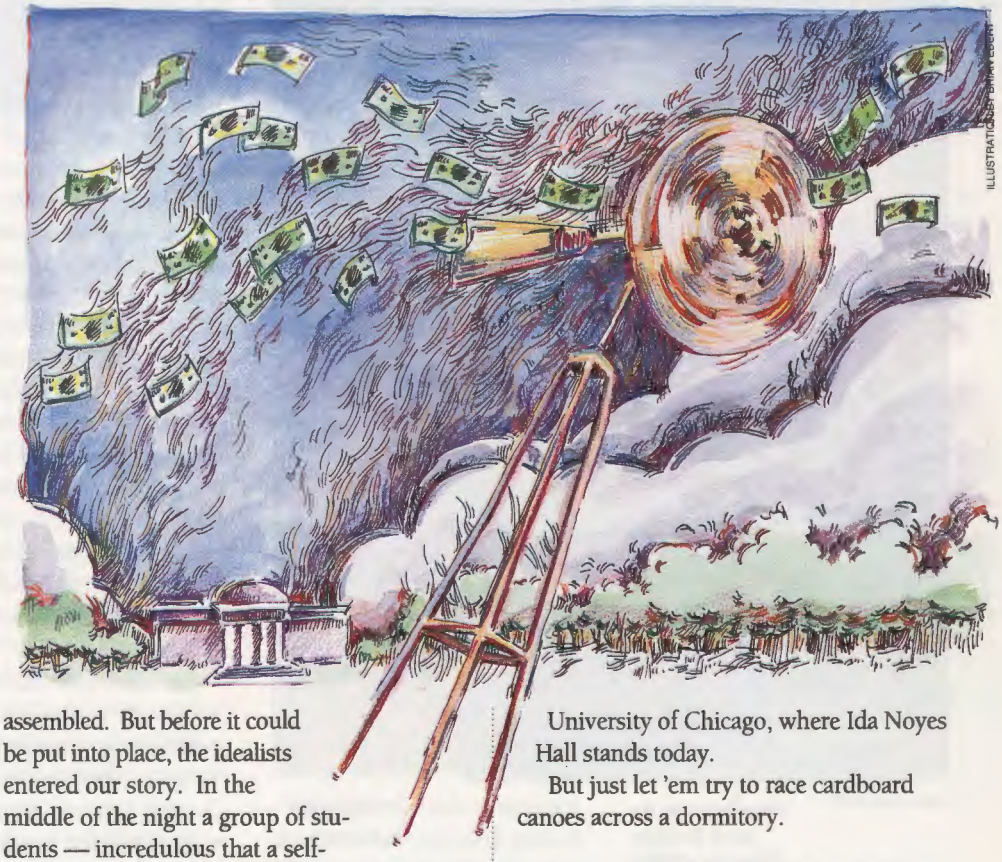


ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN BORN

But just let 'em try to race cardboard canoes across a dormitory.

Beginning with this issue, VISIONS' Memories will occasionally borrow from Ames historian Farwell T. Brown's recently published book, Ames: The Early Years in Word and Pictures. *It is available from Heuss Printing, 903 Second St., Ames, IA 50010; (515) 232-6710.*

T.V. Law

DAVE IS GONE, BUT NBC'S TOP NEW YORK ATTORNEY STILL COURTS A SERIES OF TRIALS

SUSAN OARD BECKETT thought the New York City Marathon was a challenge until she came face-to-face with a sarcastic former Indianan named Dave.

As an NBC senior vice president, the high-strung 1969 Iowa State graduate is the network's top New York lawyer. As such, she negotiated the fat contract with cable channel A&E to air repeats of *Late Night With David Letterman*. Not surprisingly, Beckett says, the show's acerbic namesake took exception to the episodes selected to air.

Susan Beckett on the set of *The Today Show*, one of NBC's New York-produced programs to which she provides legal expertise.

True to his nature, Letterman had a lifesize cardboard cutout of Beckett made, threatening to take it on the air and introduce her facetiously — does he know another way? — as NBC's Employee of the Month.

This went on for several weeks, until Beckett called Letterman and said point blank: "My dad back in Iowa doesn't know anything about what's going on. ... He'll see that and be upset."

That was all it took. Letterman backed off. "David's a pretty good guy," Beckett says. "Sometimes he just gets a little carried away."

Or a lot carried away — like to CBS last year. Beckett, whose spacious corner office is on the 14th floor of Rockefeller Center, overlooking the famed skating rink, subsequently negotiated the contract of Letterman's replacement, Conan O'Brien.

Essentially, if it: a) is produced by NBC in New York, and b) requires legal expertise, 45-year-old Beckett c) has her hands in it. Most of the network's name programs — *L.A. Law*, *Seinfeld*, etc. — are produced in Hollywood, but such programming as *Donahue* and *The NBC Nightly News* are Manhattan projects.

In addition to cutting the Letterman deal with A&E, she is also highly regarded for her *Saturday Night Live* deal with Comedy Central. Beckett, who earned her law degree at the University of Iowa and worked in the Carter Administration before coming to New York and NBC, also works with media companies in Europe and Japan to sell rights to the news and assorted entertainment programs. She won't disclose financial arrangements, but it's safe to say most of the bottom lines have more than one comma.

Beyond legal expertise and seemingly unending energy, Beckett possesses another key prerequisite for the job: "I absolutely love television," she says from her office. Her feet are planted on her desk — tan loafers, no socks — and, typically, she's dressed in black jeans and turtleneck.

"There's all this talk the last few years about too much television," she continues. ... "But our TV [in Webster City] was always on. How else can these people, these stories, come into your life?"

Turnaround wizard brings 'em back alive

Gary Sutton insists he is *not* patient, profound, a good manager, or opposed to an old-fashioned recession every now and then.

What he *is*, a lot of mainstream managers contend, is a heretic. Known in business as a turnaround specialist, he has called personnel departments an "absolute abdication," and says public relations departments "get in the way of good p.r." He pleads, "If one more [book] comes out on quality management ... we're going to gag." Righting a sinking ship of a company "is not a time for democracy ... or extended

Gary Sutton

decision-making," he has said.

The 1964 ISU journalism graduate doesn't do anything on an extended basis. He says the fact that he's been married for 29 years — to '64 ISU alum Nancy Winberg Sutton — is largely attributable to her patience, not his. He abhors golf — all that standing around, you know. Even the task of promoting his new, hot-selling book, *Tight Ships Don't Sink: Profit Secrets From a No-Nonsense CEO* (Prentice Hall, $14.95), tried his persistence.

"I don't have the attention span," Sutton says from his La Jolla, Calif., office. "Once I take over, I'm typically out in a year. I like that." So do a string of satisfied stockholders and boards of directors. Take Checks To-Go. From 1977-87 the company suffered 10 straight years of losses. In '88, Sutton drove profits to 15 percent.

How does he turn these losers around on a dime? In a word, focus. "The biggest common weakness I find is that no one can tell what his biggest unique selling point is in 25 words or less," he says.

Sutton's success has bred more success — and more challenge. Because of his methods — Sutton's salaries are half the competitive rate, but he demands 20 percent of the financial improvement — he says he "gets the most severely traumatized companies." Like Knight Protective Industries, Sutton's current project. The L.A. burglar alarm company lost $8 million from 1986-89. After Sutton focused it into a monitoring and service center, Knight now nets $500,000 per year.

"This work isn't for everybody," says Sutton. "But it's a great experience, taking over a company and bringing it back."

And then moving on.

Washington lawyer has Interior motive

Patricia Beneke — Iowa State University's top graduating senior in 1976, Harvard Law grad in 1979, daughter of an ISU economics professor — didn't take the subject of skipping classes lightly. But when the roll was taken at Ames High School on a clear spring day in 1970, "Patty Beneke" elicited this unusual response: Dead air. That empty desk's regular inhabitant was out. Literally out — taking part in the country's first Earth Day celebration.

Beneke didn't go on to all that academic glory and a string of impressive public policy jobs by skipping class every time the sun shined and warm breezes whispered her name. But she didn't completely eschew the outdoors for the classroom's four walls, either. She simply melded the two.

What a successful marriage: Beneke is associate solicitor for energy and resources — a lawyer — for the U.S. Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C. Offices for which she oversees legal work include the Bureau of Land Management, the Bureau of Reclamation and the Minerals Management Service. The subject of her work has drawn plenty of 48-point headlines of late — as does practically all high-level environmental policy in these eco-aware times. Mining and grazing policy has leapt to the fore under Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt's leadership, and why not? The government's Royalty Management Program — encompassing grazing, mining and oil drilling — is the federal treasury's second-ranking source of receipts.

Babbitt has his eye on raising grazing fees and amending mining laws that have remained unchanged since 1872; Beneke says "it's our job to provide legal advice as to whether or not there's statutory authority to, for instance, raise these [grazing] fees. In this instance, there is."

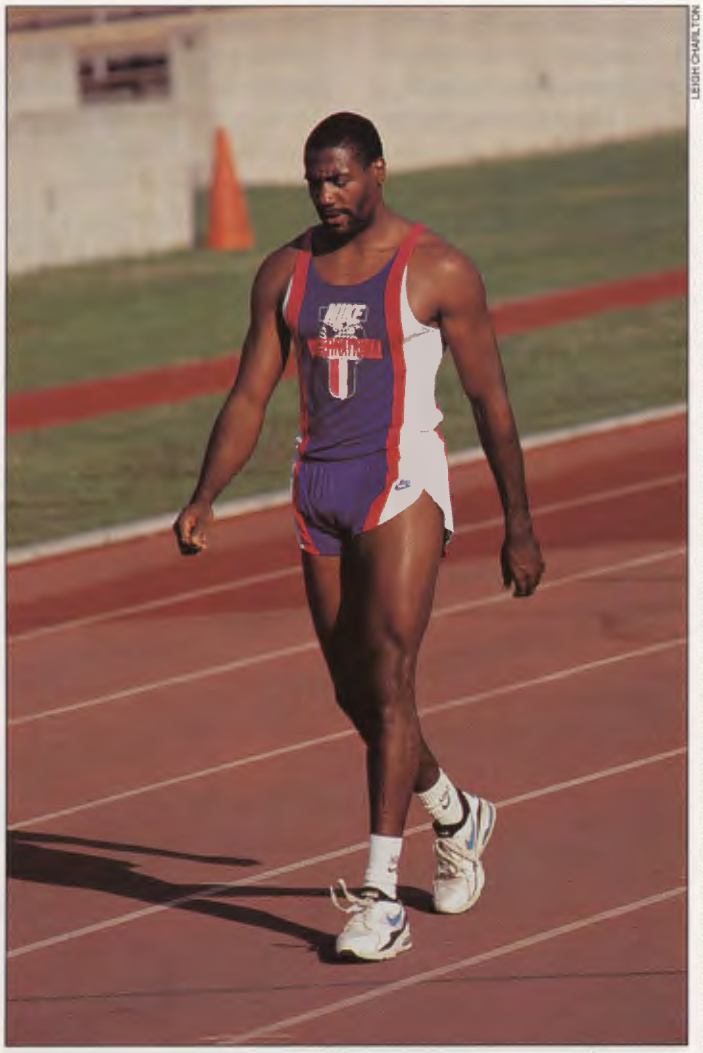
Beneke says Babbitt is "forging a new direction in environmental policy. That makes it thrilling to be here. There's a new concern for how we're leaving the environment."

LEN RIZZI

Patricia Beneke

That new concern is a lifelong preoccupation for Patty Beneke. ◐

False Start



LEIGH CHARLTON

Testing positive for cocaine was a liberation for Danny Harris: "I'd been isolated, alone and high. [Cocaine] had me trapped."

DANNY HARRIS COULD RUN — MAN, COULD HE RUN — BUT HE COULDN'T HIDE FROM COCAINE. NOW EVERY DAY IS A NEW HURDLE

When Danny Harris stepped between the white lines, nothing could touch him. His legs were like pistons, dark brown skin pulled tight over ropes of muscle and sinew. On his torso, a thin veil of flesh wrapped around his ribs, which protected bellows-like lungs and the heart of a racehorse. He attacked his exhausting event — the 400-meter hurdles — like a wolf bearing down on a deer.

As an 18-year-old Iowa State University freshman in 1984, Harris entered into a pact with the white lines: Pledge every milligram of your being to the 400 hurdles, and untold glory will be yours. Junior American record. NCAA championship. 1984 Olympic silver medal. BMW at 20. Adoring fans in Zurich, Berlin, Rome and around the world.

Though a tender hamstring kept him out of the 1988 Olympics, experts maintained that the next two, maybe three Olympiads would belong to him. He has the intelligence, they said. He has the focus, the DNA. But there was something they didn't know about the man with a little boy's name: Late at night, when it grew quiet, when his fans and opponents couldn't see him, he wondered how being a champion within the lines made him a man without.

It was then that the demon white lines spied a hair-breadth opening.

—

Who knows why a wondrously gifted, intelligent, striking young man on the cusp of greatness opens his life to cocaine? When that greatness is founded in the purity of body and the singularity of mental focus, the question grows ever more dumbfounding.

In his mind, he had always managed his chemical pursuits so masterfully. He'd down a few beers, smoke a joint, but never in the heat of the summer schedule. He discovered marijuana at age 14, not long after his mother's death left him an orphan. "There were feelings I didn't want to feel," he says. "After [marijuana], I didn't feel 'em." Coaches and Just Say No PSAs blared the perils of substance abuse, but he was Danny Harris. Pot and alcohol calmed his fears but never touched his hurdling acumen.

By 1988, when he left ISU to train full time, his drug of choice was no longer green, but white. His first coke high was unreal, the second and third better and better. No longer did he indulge to ease boyhood pain. Now the impulse was more base: It felt good.

For three years he managed the powder as he had the grass and booze. In fact, for the entire '91 season, he was clean and he was the planet's fastest 400 hurdler. But he failed — miserably, embarrassingly — at the Tokyo World Championships: fifth place. Frantically, he tried to fly home within hours of the race. He couldn't book a flight, couldn't escape, until the next day. After what seemed like a week above the Pacific, he touched down and got high in L.A. His legs and lungs had betrayed him, but

the white powder was there.

He turned to lines of cocaine with increasing regularity that winter. After taking second in the 400 meters at the Indoor National Championships in New York, he urinated in the two bottles with confidence. This was Saturday; he'd been clean since Monday. All traces were gone, he'd been told, in 72 hours.

Another cocaine lie.

One of his specimens was positive. The Athletics Congress, track's governing body (its name has since been changed to USA Track and Field), suspended him for four years. He could handle his own embarrassment, but the shame brought upon his family and friends in his hometown of Perris, Calif., shredded him. "Kids took copies of the newspaper article to school. They asked my niece if her uncle was an addict," he says. "I had been her hero."

Complying with the rules of the suspension, he checked into a $1,200 a day facility in L.A. He ordered meals from a menu, had his own bathtub, his own robe. He left after four weeks, convinced he was cured.

There is no cure.

He was drinking within days. But it wasn't until months later, with the chemicals still in charge, that he sought help again. This time he went to the Castle Program in South-Central L.A. No menus here. "These were coke addicts, drunks who would call me on my bull——," he says. "They knew I didn't get there by being no genius."

He got clean at Castle. Jan. 26 marks the first anniversary of his sobriety. That will be an important day, but, reflecting his devotion to Alcoholics Anonymous, he says no day is more important than the

"SOMETIMES I THINK, 'A YEAR, THAT'S A LONG TIME. I CAN CONTROL IT NOW.' IT'S A LIE. ... SET A PILE OF COCAINE IN FRONT OF ME, I'LL TRY TO DO IT ALL."

one with which he currently grapples. "Sometimes I think, 'A year, that's a long time. I can control it now,'" he says. "It's a lie. ... Set a pile of cocaine in front of me, I'll try to do it all." When the demon urge grabs him by the throat, he bolts to one of his six weekly A.A. meetings, takes a swim, hits a bucket of baseballs at a batting cage.

The insidious white lines took it all: the fans, the Nike contract, his savings, his $300,000 home. He's a brokerage assistant at an L.A. securities firm now, wearing a tie, working full time for the first time in his life. A USA Track and Field review board recommended last fall that his suspension be cut in half; he hopes to be reinstated March 1. He'll still be just 28.

Harris was jogging and lifting weights in November, working again with Bobby Kersee, husband and coach of track star Jackie Joyner-Kersee. But he's not yet returned to serious workouts between the white lines. The drug is gone, but it took the wolf's tenacity and left a residue of doubt. He talks of returning to serious competition this year, but he knows doing so successfully will demand that he map out his existence months in advance. This for a man who often struggles with the day, the hour at hand.

"[Cocaine] took a world record away from Danny," says ISU track coach Steve Lynn, Harris' former mentor and still a close friend. "I don't know if he can get it back. He's a unique individual, a unique athlete, and we're all pulling for him. But to make it back to the elite ... It won't be easy."

Pressed, Harris will briefly gaze beyond today. "I see a little dream," he says, "from the perspective of seven other guys. They're looking at me as I cross the tape [at the Olympics] in '96."

That's it. No victory lap, no medal ceremony. One fleeting image, then back to today.

Danny Harris is an addict. ◐

SPORTS BRIEFS

NEW DIGS ... Iowa State announced in October plans for an $8 million athletic office and facility south of the Olsen Building. Gifts from Des Moines businessman Richard Jacobson and loyal ISU supporter Kathryn Engel account for $3.5 million of the $5.2 million already committed by VISIONS' December press time. The project, which includes a 60,000-square-feet, three-story building and will greatly enhance the facilities for Cyclone football, will house all ISU coaches except men's and women's basketball (both soon to be located in Hilton Coliseum). Construction is slated to begin late this year with a 1996 completion date.

... OLD COACH In November, a day after the Cyclone football team completed a 3-8 season, Athletic Director Gene Smith announced that Coach Jim Walden would be keeping his job. There had been much speculation about the first-year AD firing Walden, who has a 28-47-2 record in his seven seasons in Ames.

BOB (CONT.) This from our Penthouse to Outhouse Department: In September, ISU quarterback Bob Utter grabbed the attention of everyone from VISIONS (*"Utterly Romantic," Fall 1993*) to Sports Illustrated when he proposed to his girlfriend after a victory. His non-football activities drew a much darker shade of ink a month later. In October, it was learned that a previous acquaintance had slapped Utter with a paternity and child support lawsuit. A judge ruled that Utter was the father of a now 17-month-old girl, despite Utter's original denial. He later reached an out-of-court settlement with the state.

Guns and Roses

ILLUSTRATION BY GABRIEL TSANG

By Holly J. Burkhalter

Holly J. Burkhalter, a 1978 Iowa State University graduate, is Washington, D.C., director of Human Rights Watch. The views expressed in this article are her own.

When I joined Human Rights Watch, a nongovernmental international human rights monitoring organization, in 1983, the issues we confronted seemed relatively simple. Tops on our agenda were obtaining the release of thousands of political prisoners in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe and stopping U.S. military aid to abusive military forces in our own hemisphere, including the armed forces of Haiti, El Salvador, Guatemala and the Nicaraguan *contra* insurgents. There was nothing insignificant about the abuses — they were towering — but the *solutions* to them were relatively straightforward.

Consider the case today. In some countries where human rights abuses are the worst, there are no governments in place to pressure. On the African continent, for example, years of warfare have reduced Somalia and Liberia to a state of absolute degradation and carnage, with government institutions obliterated and warring parties wholly impervious to international pressure. In Angola — a country whose suffering probably eclipses Somalia's, but is largely ignored by the Western press — a decades-long civil war has recently accelerated. In Europe, the vile practice of ethnic cleansing in former Yugoslavia has cost 200,000 civilian lives, with no relief in sight. In Haiti, international human rights monitors had to be withdrawn last October, leaving Haitians wholly unprotected from their own army and police.

In each of these cases and many others, our old policy prescriptions — international condemnation and economic pressure on abusive regimes to stigmatize and isolate them — don't work. The murderers and thugs responsible for Haiti's misery, Bosnia's carnage and Somalia's starvation are impervious to the world's censure. More substantial efforts, including the deployment of international troops, have failed to stop Bosnia's carnage. At this December writing, the same could be said for Angola and Haiti.

Notwithstanding the end of the Cold War, the international community seems unable to fashion appropriate and effective responses. Our government's willingness to commit troops to combatting these tragedies appears to be dependent upon whether such goals can be achieved without sustaining U.S. casualties. And other governments, including the French and British, concur.

In my view, humanitarian intervention is required when warring parties are responsible for mass death, through indiscriminate military actions as in the case of Bosnia, or through starvation as in the case of Somalia, or both, as in the case of Angola. But humanitarian intervention cannot and should not be dependent upon the willingness of the countries supplying the troops to sustain casualties. The United Nations secretary general's proposal for a voluntary, standing U.N. force of military professionals from around the world should be given serious consideration by our government and others. Professional soldiers who volunteer for the force will assume the risk, not individual governments.

Once this force is available, it should be used sparingly, and only in situations in which all other efforts to ameliorate suffering have failed. Military action should not take the place of active diplomacy, economic sanctions and other non-military means of pressure. And international intervention should be strictly limited to alleviating suffering and protecting civilians from atrocities.

When I began my work in human rights, I wouldn't have believed I would ever advocate armed intervention — for any purpose. But when one considers that within the past nine months, 30,000 civilians have died in the Angolan city of Cuito because of military attacks on the helpless population and a refusal to permit international relief to be delivered, the unthinkable becomes thinkable. In my mind, today the question is not *whether* humanitarian intervention, but *what kind* of humanitarian intervention. The United States' disastrous experience in Somalia last fall clearly indicates that more and better thinking must be done about how to respond successfully to situations of extraordinary suffering. But such thinking must be done if U.S. policy is to be relevant in a world increasingly characterized by the suffering we see today in Bosnia and Angola. ◐

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