

Disco 'fungus' to haunt like bad dream

By CAREN CAMPBELL
Features editor

People of America be warned. The fungus is among us.

Slowly but surely our sacred airwaves are being invaded by a menace worse than wet hairspray or cold feet under the covers.

Two decades ago it began, and it was called disco.

Lots of people (some still reside on campus) twirled, whirled and hustled to such greats as Leif Garrett, Mother's Finest, Donna Summers, Gloria Gaynor and the Bee Gees.

Who would have figured that after climbing to such spiritually-uplifting heights with the likes of Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Jefferson Airplane, America would plummet into the depths of disco?

Coming down off of any kind of high can produce nasty side effects, huh?

Many of the greats have also returned like the Grateful Dead, the Doobie Brothers and even the Rolling Stones are heading out on the road again.

The 60's thing got really big and now record companies are trying to pull out all their old people said Kris Orsdel, chief announcer at WUSC-FM. "That way they don't have to go out and find talent."

But what exactly was it that gave rise to disco? Was it Rick Dee's Disco Duck? The dancing? The

clothes? No, no, it was the movie!

Saturday Night Fever — a movie that had a whole nation idolizing an ex-Sweathog — embodied all the principles of a gold-chained people and propelled disco to the forefront of American pop culture.

The birth of the discotheque was witnessed by millions of unsuspecting rock fans. No longer would people dance, jam, jive and thrash. Now, they would be forced to boogie.

Some well-known guy once said that if we didn't learn from history we'd be forced to repeat it. He was right. The Bee Gees are back with a vengeance with their new album *One*, and Summer is "going crazy just to let you know" that disco is back.

If disco is one of those recurring diseases that comes back every ten years, we should use caution as we approach the beginning of another decade.

Before you know it, the Village People will be on the cover of *Q*, and people will be wearing the functional fabric (polyester), bell-bottoms, silk shirts and gold chains.

"I hope we don't start wearing beads, tight pants and spandex," Orsdel said, "but if someone becomes big a bunch of 14 year olds will probably go out and buy that stuff." Orsdel added that if it happened he'd still be wearing his 501's.

But where did these disco greats come from after all these years? Perhaps, they were all at the Betty Ford clinic in the de-disco ward. Maybe they

sought guidance with the Maharishi. Disco has definitely come back to haunt us. Kylie Minogue's last hit, "Locomotion," is a prime example. Here is a '80s remake of a '60s song done in the disco tradition. How much more can the public take?

Even Madonna has allowed creeping discoism to enter her style with "Respect Yourself." You can almost see that infamous globe twirling round and round at dizzying speeds.

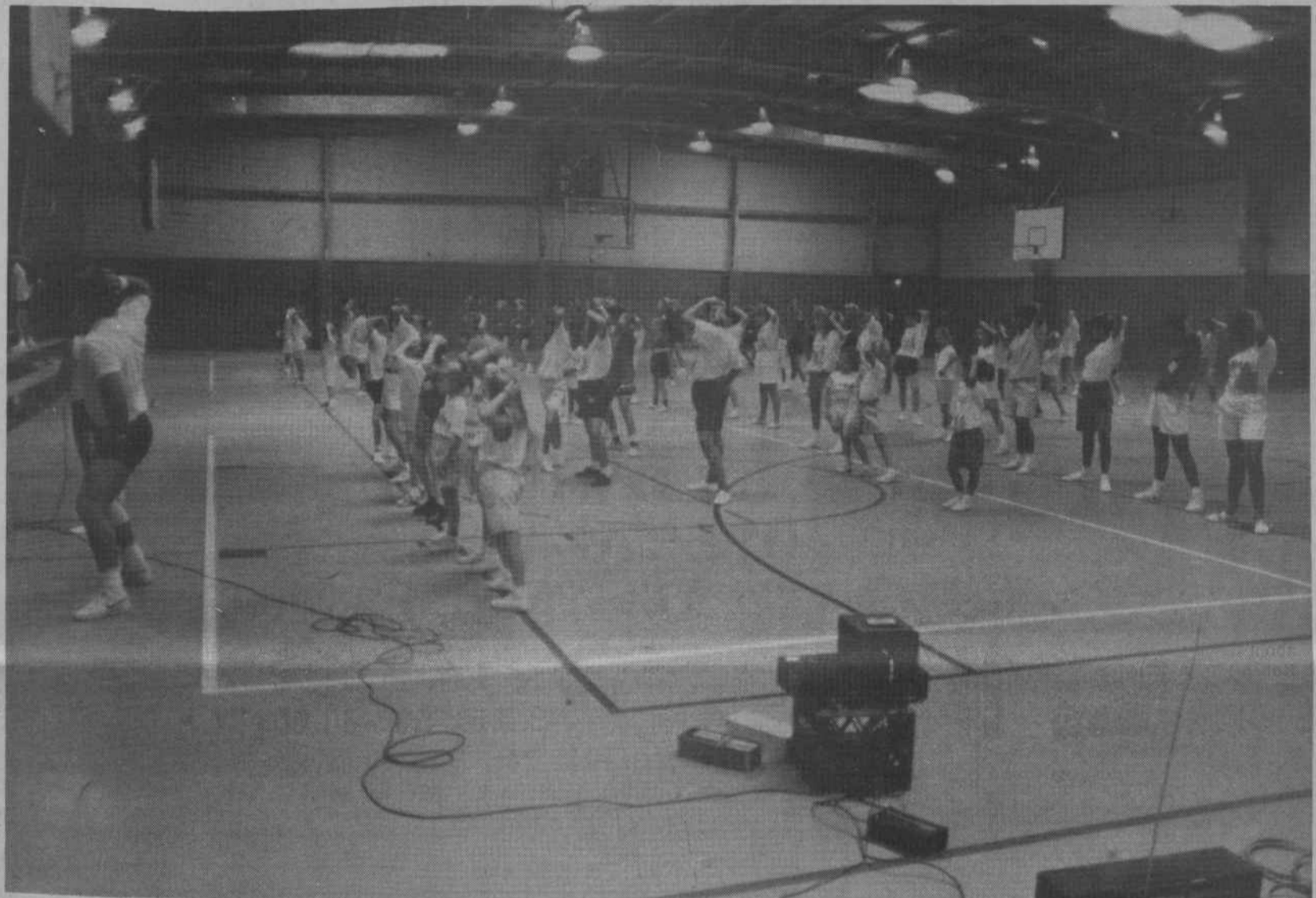
Madonna's feeble attempt to disguise her discoesque tune isn't fooling anybody. Disco is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Orsdel said it's now a combination of hip hop (rap and reggae) and British dance music (techno-pop). But its true identity shines through.

The next thing you know, Leif Garrett will return with Cliff Richards and Olivia Newton-John singing back-up!

There's definitely something to be said on the state of the American psyche here. Disco is simply a manifestation of the self-destructive, masochistic tendencies and resentment embodied in the people after eight years of disillusionment.

Or maybe it's the manifestation of people not wanting to let go of the past because they fear the future. Hell, maybe its just bad taste.

Will the Replacements be replaced?
Will the wanna-be's turn to the Bee Gees for enlightenment?
See you at the Copa.



USC cheerleaders and their campers dance to Was (Not Was)'s "Walk the Dinosaur."

Les Alverson, The Gamecock

USC cheerleaders share talent with kids

By BECKY ODOM
Staff writer

Sharing their talents with young people across the state, the USC cheerleaders will conclude their summer of teaching this week.

The squad's Forest Lake Park camp, operating Monday through Thursday, follows the schedule of previous camps held throughout the summer.

Each day from 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.

campers, separated by age group, are instructed in cheers, chants, dance routines, tumbling and other skills.

The camps are open to individuals and squads and offer a well-supervised method of expanding cheerleading skills by practice and motivation.

A daily award is given for the most improved camper and an instructor's award is given to the camper showing the best mastery of the skills taught.

Along with valuable skills, USC in-

structors share the tradition of excellence in these camps.

For \$60 a week, boys and girls between the ages of six and 18 receive a camp T-shirt as well as insurance. Campers bring their own lunch and enjoy it in the park.

The USC cheerleaders conduct camps across the state and have been for several years.

The squad has proven their competence by commanding crowds of raging Gamecock fans and has

awards to show for it.

The spirit wizards of USC were national finalists last year in cheerleading competition and rack up awards at their own training camp at East Tennessee State University.

By establishing a quality summer program that is convenient as well as affordable, the USC squad has achieved one of their goals. Perhaps, these camps will produce future Gamecock talent to boost spirit in years to come. Go, Cocks!

Yahoo is serious about 'Young Einstein'

By The Associated Press

Did you know that Albert Einstein was born in Tasmania, had a romance in Australia with Madame Curie and discovered rock 'n' roll as well as the theory of relativity? You didn't? Then you should bone up on history according to Yahoo Serious by seeing "Young Einstein."

It's not a bad idea, really. While the music may not be as memorable, "Young Einstein" is as innovative and delightful as Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night," the first of the Beatles' movies.

The plot is as outrageous as the filmmaker's name. Albert Einstein, played by the director himself, grows up on an apple farm in remote Tasmania, where he discovers the theory of atomic energy by forcing bubbles into his father's homebrew beer. He leaves home to peddle his theory in

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Sydney. On the train he meets a brainy, beautiful Frenchwoman, Marie Curie (Odile Le Cluzio).

Albert is rejected in Sydney and is reduced to living in squalor. Marie tries to help him introduce his theory at Sydney University, but he is thrown out. Meanwhile the scheming brewer Preston Preston (John Howard) has stolen Albert's theory and uses it to enhance his beer. He is also trying to steal Marie, with whom Albert is smitten.

Preston Preston manages to have Albert confined to a loony bin, where he escapes with the help of his new invention, the electric guitar. One adventure follows another until the climax at a science convention in Paris. The world is threatened with

its first atomic explosion. All this in 1906.

Such a plot requires vast imagination, and Serious, who wrote, directed, produced and starred, succeeds most of the time. Split-second editing allows no margin of boredom, and surprises come at express-train speed. It is a dazzling achievement.

Serious is onscreen almost for the duration, and his fright wig (actually his own hair), fresh face and dancing eyes contribute to the film's delight. Miss Le Cluzio is beguiling as the future discoverer of radium, and Howard is a capital villain. The rest of the cast is unknown to American audiences, but it includes some marvelous characters, especially Pee Wee Wilson and Su Cruickshank as Einstein's bewildered parents.

Warner Bros. is releasing "Young Einstein" in this country. The rating is PG, but it's hard to find anything objectionable for children.

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reasonable," Mungo said.

Mungo told the committee, "There is an overwhelming desire on the part of the Board of Trustees to put this entire issue behind us."

The major theme of the meeting was the desire of the committee's members to develop a policy recommendation which both restores public confidence in the university's foundations and protects the rights of private donors.

"I do share a concern about private money," said committee member Sen. Horace Smith, who is chairman of the Carolina Piedmont Foundation and USC-Spartanburg. "Some donors desire anonymity, and

I think that ought to be respected."

Mungo pointed out to the board that private donors names can be protected by South Carolina state law if the donor so requests.

USC President James Holderman was also present at the committee's meeting. "Where the university ends and a foundation starts is a question that concerns many. It is a question that is not black and white in any regard, and, most assuredly, is in a gray area every time," Holderman said.

"It means nothing if the university foundations stay bogged down in a protracted public debate over whether or not the way they do things

is right or wrong," Holderman said.

Holderman is not a member of the committee.

In addition to Bradley, Gillespie and Smith, the advisory committee's members include Cameron Todd, chairman of the Educational Foundation; Bill Bethea, USC trustee; and Arthur Williams, chairman of the Carolina Research and Development Foundation.

Todd was not present at the meeting. He was represented by Charlie Nolton, one of the Educational Foundation's original incorporators.



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A public service message of this publication and Selective Service System.



Book sends reader search for treasure

By RON BAKER
Staff writer

The Rolling Stone Interviews: The 1980s, by the Editors of *Rolling Stone*. 1989. St. Martin's Press/Rolling Stone Press, New York, N.Y. 352.

Is Elvis Costello really a racist? Is Sting pretentious? Why did Robin Williams, then a drug abuser himself, visit John Belushi in his cottage just before Belushi fatally overdosed?

For any inquiring minds out there who want to know, *The Rolling Stone Interviews: The 1980s* is just for you.

The editors of *Rolling Stone* magazine have just gifted the world's pop culture fans with this new volume — even more so if you're a Kurt Loder fan.

The entire book showcases Loder, whose credits include entertainment-news commentator for MTV, contributing editor to *Rolling Stone*, and the co-author of *I, Tina* the autobiography written with Tina Turner. Loder writes the book's introduction and nine of the 34 interviews featured.

Granted, Loder interviews some of the most influential artists of the last — well, millennium. They include Keith Richards, Bob Dylan, the Everly Brothers, Paul McCartney and David Bowie.

They also include the only woman's interview the editors saw fit to include in the collection, a 1983 chat with Joan Baez. (Incidentally, there are twice as many female interviewees as interviewees.)

And where does Desmond Tutu fit in? Ah, well, maybe it's *Rolling Stone's* world-famous social conscience shining through.

But, the interviews that seem the most out of place also say the most in this book. The Tutu interview, along

with O'Neill's, Williams' and Roy Orbison's make the book worthwhile.

Tutu shows an arrogant and yet gentle love of his people, and does so in such a way that his self-conscious defense of the African National Congress would not even offend Ronald Reagan. Maybe.

And O'Neill plays the role of the almost-extinct New Deal liberal in the Reagan era better than Lawrence Olivier could ever have. O'Neill presents himself perfectly as the retired public servant with a genuine concern for his country, and that he is.

How Williams and Orbison escape the monotony of this book is probably just a matter of taste. Williams' frank discussion of his drug problem (past) and family's break-up (present) are touching and fearsome at once.

Orbison's frank discussion with Steve Pond, including an honest talk about Orbison's triple-bypass heart surgery, should have ended the book, but the second interview with Keith Richards unfortunately took the final spot.

Even though Clint Eastwood's talk of spaghetti westerns is tiresome, the book is not unworthy of the effort which would go into seeking out a copy in your local library.

The book came off as lackluster at best, and it was definitely not meant to be read from cover to cover. Use it like the dictionary and skip around as you see fit.

The book's major weakness is that the interviews rarely cover anything which a fan would not already know, and if you're not a fan you may not care anyway. But there are exceptions, and it's a treasure hunt to find them.

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March of Dimes
Preventing Birth Defects