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Detour

Closed door inconvenience for residents, potential danger to quad travellers

The conversion of the Sims back door into a fire exit is a puzzling one at best. While attempts at increasing fire safety are admirable and compliance with the fire code is prudent, this observance causes more problems than it solves.

The closing of the main thoroughfare between Patterson and the Women's Quad creates a scenario in which women are forced to go around Sims to get to their classes. During the day, this detour is, at best, an inconvenience.

At night, however, the large body of Patterson residents must forego the well-lit avenue through Sims to traverse a course that lacks feelings of well-being.

No straightforward answer has been provided as to why such an annoying and potentially dangerous situation exists. It would seem that a door open all the time would be just as good as one used exclusively for cases of emergency, in terms of actually getting people out of the building. After all, a door is a door.

If the concern is a monetary one, an expensive piece of shatter-proof glass is a favorable alternative to the inconveniencing of many and the endangering of a few.

While a study is promised to thoroughly address the problems the modification has brought on, the case seems to be open and shut. Though rules are generally to be followed, allowances should be made when they can alleviate headaches and avert danger.

Eric, Lyle, Rodney symptoms of incompetent judicial system



Patrick McNeill

Columnist

The biggest news story of the summer was the bizarre double murder of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman in Los Angeles. As you know, former football legend O.J. Simpson was arrested in connection with the slayings and is facing two counts of first-degree murder. This case has drawn the fascination of the entire country. The major networks have followed Simpson from the escape attempt to the arrest to the preliminary hearing. Publishing companies have scrambled to put out books on the killing, and there are several made-for-TV movies in the works.

Since the nationally televised chase along the San Diego Freeway, there has been endless speculation in the media on the guilt or innocence of The Juice. But for all the talk of bloodstains, sealed envelopes and passports, everyone seems to be overlooking the most important aspect of the upcoming trial. It will take place in Los Angeles.

That's right, Los Angeles. Do you remember watching reruns of "Perry Mason" where district attorney Hamilton Berger used to get trounced on a weekly basis by the slick machinations of Perry, Della Street and detective Paul Drake? Not much has changed since those days.

Let's review the proud history of criminal justice in Los Angeles, shall we?

Rodney King—It seemed like such a simple case. A group of Los Angeles policemen catch up with career-loser Rodney King after a high-speed chase. King tries to resist arrest, and a group of cops with nightsticks pound him into Jell-O while a bystander captures the entire incident on videotape.

Now, if you were an average American with a high school education or better, you were thinking "Police brutality!" However, the laws of logic and reason did not apply. The officers argued that they believed King was under the influence of PCP. In order to make their point, the defense introduced evidence that King actu-

ally tried to fight back while he was being battered. The jurors bought it. Case closed.

The Menendez Brothers—Eric and Lyle Menendez were a pair of handsome, muscular guys in their early twenties. One night they snuck outside of their rich, middle-aged parents' window, got out their automatic weapons and gunned them down as they were enjoying desert in front of the TV.

Now, if you were an average citizen who lacked a good understanding of modern American culture, you were thinking "Those spoiled punks knocked off their parents for the money."

Well, thank goodness that you weren't on that jury. Although both Menendez brothers admitted to the shootings, they came up with the inventive defense of child abuse and claimed to have murdered their parents in self-defense. Nobody ever explained exactly why the brothers had to wait until their abusers were maliciously enjoying big bowls of vanilla ice cream or why the brothers, who were a bit stronger than their folks, never fought back. It was all lost in the shuffle as the Menendez brothers tearfully told of their sorrow over losing their parents.

Despite the howls of some of the male jurors, the cute and cuddly Menendez boys got off even though they confessed to their parents' murders. Case closed.

Reginald Denny—Following the Rodney King verdicts, a trucker named Reginald Denny had the misfortune to be driving through L.A. while professional thugs were exploiting the situation by looting the town. Denny was pulled from the cab of his truck, had his face smashed in with a brick and was brutally beaten.

At the trial, defendant Damian Williams was acquitted of most of the serious charges against him after explaining that he was caught up in the mob mentality of the L.A. riots. Since there were obvious social justice considerations involved, the jury bought it. Case closed. (By the way, if you should get into a fight with some obnoxious Georgia fans this Saturday, this would be the appropriate defense to use.)

So, there you have it. O.J. will probably be found innocent of murdering his ex-wife and will be back on the streets before you can say "movie deal." Who said that a rich, famous black man can't receive a fair trial in America?



Quote, Unquote

"With the high level of interest in the season opener with Georgia, we believed it was important for Carolina fans across the state to have the opportunity to see this particular game."

Mike McGee

Athletics Director, on Saturday's televised football game

Gubernatorial candidate doesn't measure up

Governor Beasley? Give me a break. I would rather live in a tent with Jesse Helms than in South Carolina under a Beasley Administration. David Beasley paints himself as the prince-in-waiting to King Carroll Campbell's throne, but Beasley is no less than a lieutenant in Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition. Beasley ran on such populist conservative views as voter approval on taxes and welfare reform, that even Butthead could have won the Republican nomination with those issues. But oops, he did!

Butthead Beasley is an opportunist who switched parties when it was politically and financially convenient. When he saw the growth and importance of the Christian right in this state, he was suddenly born-again; also this former Majority Leader of the House of Representatives slammed the Democratic Party, yet supported Michael Dukakis in the 1988 presidential election. Beasley talks a good game, but the voters of South Carolina will see right through his slick television ads, his perfectly coiffed hair and his



Byron James

Columnist

carefully scripted speeches to see a tool of Pat Robertson who will try to legislate morality and values in this state.

Where were Beasley's opponents, you ask? I have no idea. Arthur Ravenel and Tommy Hartnett spent more time beating up on each other than focusing on the real threat in David Beasley. In the primary, Hartnett's campaign resembled the "keystone cops". In the run-off election, Ravenel ran one of the most uninspired campaigns in the history of South Carolina politics. Ravenel did not give Republican voters a good

enough reason to vote against Beasley. Mainstream Republicans stayed home and Butthead easily won the nomination.

This fall in the general election King Campbell will campaign for Beasley. That will be a major plus for Butthead because mainstream Republicans, whose support he lacks, will be more inclined to vote for him because of Campbell. That scares the hell out of me because with a solid base in the Christian Coalition and a truck load of mainstream votes, Beasley could be put over the top in November.

Beasley will face Mayor Joseph P. Riley of Charleston or Lt. Governor "Thick Nick" Theodore of Greenville. Either Democratic candidate would be superior to Butthead. Joe Riley would lead the state to a new "era of excellence." Nick would give us the "Palmetto Promise." But Beasley would give us nothing but Pat Robertson, tent revivals and those other right wing crazies who watch The 700 Club.

Registration, credit card hawkers persistent nuisances

Hey there! Hi there! Ho there! Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Matt Horgan, and this, my dear friends, is my new column that will (hopefully) be appearing weekly in this bastion of free speech affectionately called The Gamecock. First of all, I must tell you that I am a transfer newly arrived from Southern Baptist Hell at Shorter College in Rome, Georgia, the self-appointed buckle of the Bible Belt. So, like most transfers, not only am I totally confused and uncertain about my future, I'm also extremely bitter about all the credits I lost in the transferring process (I bid a tearful farewell to almost two semesters' worth of work... sort of the educational system's equivalent to moonwalking). So I guess I can look forward to a few weeks of turmoil while I "learn the ropes" (which tend to chafe rather severely, I might add).

In the meantime, I have already noticed a few things around here that have struck me as damn peculiar. For example, take registration (please)—at a glance, I realized this is a system finely honed and refined year after year to reach its maximum efficiency rate of one student every forty-five minutes. Though it might seem otherwise, this clever system keeps the lines down by virtue of the fact that most of the students go mad and run screaming from the Coliseum. It's true, I myself almost succumbed at one point. I had been standing in line in the Elephant room (apt-



Matt Horgan

Columnist

ly named, judging by the size of the lady who was in front of me) for approximately one lifetime of our sun, when I broke out in a cold sweat and began to shiver. Now I don't remember what happened next, but according to onlookers, I began to shout something like, "Am I in the 15 items or less aisle? Where's the express checkout? I'm surrounded by Apes! Arrghh!" At this point I was handed my bill, and the "You Owe" column sent me to the floor in a fetal position, crying and sucking my thumb. So it goes.

Movin' right along, I'm sure most of you read in last Thursday's Gamecock that one of the members of our student body will be appearing in an upcoming issue of Playboy (not an interview, if you catch my drift, folks). What struck me as hilarious was that the photo shoot was held, and I quote, "in a field somewhere near Bluff Road." WOW. Playboy sure knows how to roll out the red carpet, huh? I'm familiar with this

part of town folks, and it's not that exotic or picturesque a locale. Think about it. Miss August: Fiji; Miss September: Cayman Islands; Miss October: Landfill #S122 in South Carolina. I'm getting hives just thinking about it. Though it's probably the first Playboy photo shoot ever where they had to check the Playmate for ticks (it's a mole... I swear!).

Changing the subject drastically here, those little credit card booths popping up all over campus are really, really annoying. They're all staffed with some super-outgoing, personable, orientation-like, cheese-ball muskrat who harasses everyone by asking them if they "want free stuff." Oh yeah. I don't doubt I'll get "free stuff", and when they finally wrestle me to the ground and pry the credit card from my grubby little hands, they'll find out I can't pay for my \$10,000 of "free stuff." Then I'll receive "free rent" and "free food" in the South Carolina penal system. I just don't need that temptation right now.

Anyway boys and girls, our time today has come to an end, but it's been time well spent. I'll be returning next week at this same time to poison your minds and hearts. Or maybe I'll find some more tidbits of interest to write about...it really depends on my mood. Until then, for God's sake people, stay away from the "Dress Barn." Thank you.



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What could be done to improve fire safety on campus?



I know a lot of the smoke detectors aren't that sensitive. You know, a lot of people smoke in the dorm rooms. I never hear any of them going off.

Walter McMurray
Psychology sophomore



I don't see how closing the Sims back door is going to help. You know, I know it's suppose to block in fire, but I don't see how it's going to help.

Joannie Little
Elementary education junior



People aren't particularly careful with what they do with the photo detector on the fire alarm system.

Tiffany Dudley
Psychology sophomore



I think closing the door to Sims is an inconvenience since it's a short cut to get to classes. But I'm not sure how it's a fire hazard.

Rami Moody
Journalism freshman

The Gamecock is the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina and is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the fall and spring semesters, with the exception of university holidays and exam periods. Opinions expressed in The Gamecock are those of the editor or author and not those of the University of South Carolina. The Board of Student Publications and Communications is the publisher of The Gamecock. The Department of Student Media is its parent organization.