

## New student catalog takes posters beyond the wall

LUPE EYDE Carolina! Editor

If there's one thing college students are famous for, it's their varied tastes in choosing art for the walls of their rooms and apartments. Typical college wall decorations range from street signs to museum posters, Absolut vodka ads and pin-ups, making the student feel more at home in the four walls that surround them during the school year.

This year, two enterprising young men, Brian Gordon and Dennis Roche, started up their own company, Posters Preformed, Inc. and launched a catalog geared solely towards the college market. You've probably seen most of their posters before because they're large-sized reprints of ads that run in national magazines by companies such as Coca Cola, DKNY, 1-800-COLLECT, J.Crew, Volkswagen, and many others.

They're all available in college students favorite way to shop- a catalog called Beyond the Wall. Co-founders Gordon and Roche got the idea for the company from their own search for cool wall art while in college.

"When I was in college, my friends and I were always desperate for things to put up on our walls," Gordon said. "It seemed as if everyone had the same old posters. To be different, we ended up stealing things, like banners from sporting events or beer signs. At the same time, I often wondered why I could never get really cool ads as posters."

After some market research, they launched the first catalog in January, with a circulation of 2,500,000 at over 600 campuses nationwide. Many of the posters are originally ads; however, some posters are designed exclusively for Beyond the Wall, such as the Coca Cola poster in the fall catalog.

Gordon and Roche met while working as marketers for Proctor and Gamble, which explains the two-way street their catalogue creates. In addition to providing new and different posters for students, the ads are still advertising

# GIVE RACISM THE BOOT.



Beyond the Wall  
**BOOTLEG POSTER:** "One Voice Can Make a Difference" from Timberland is one of the posters students can order from Beyond the Wall.

the product they were originally designed for.

Beyond the Wall charges \$10 for the first poster and decreases the price the more posters you buy. On the flip side, they charge marketers almost \$10,000 for each page in Beyond the Wall, but marketers get five percent of the sales and the database list of names and addresses of customers.

To order a Beyond the Wall catalog, call 1-800-866-1616.

## Woodstock 'an explosion of the senses'

■ Working the concession stand in the Saugerties, N.Y. fest let one USC student experience three days of peace and love.

LISA ACIERNO Staff Writer

Woodstock started off as a nightmarish vision in my mind. I pictured huge crowds, long lines, unrealistic prices and chaos.

My friends, however, saw it as a festival to celebrate life, love, and music; therefore it was inevitable that I would end up there. To avoid the crunch of \$135 tickets, we volunteered to work a concession stand.

We got to the Woodstock site Thursday morning and basically sat around and did nothing until our shifts ended at 6:00 p.m. For our trouble, we got free food plus the use of showers and beds in "Employee Village."

Employee Village was, in my opinion, a slum, so I decided to camp out in front of the North Stage. Thursday night was pleasant. A few hundred of us watched "Easy Rider" and anticipated tomorrow's show.

Later that evening, two friends with press passes spotted me. They took me backstage and we hotwired golf carts. That night, we explored the entire site and got to experience Surreal Village. It wasn't as "groovy" as I had hoped, but a few of the 3D games were cool. I got back to my sleeping bag tired but excited about the entire weekend.

Friday, the local bands performed on

the North Stage. A handful of people began walking around naked, which attracted intense coverage from the media. I wasn't impressed until Friday night when things began to get crowded. We couldn't find the friends we were supposed to meet and ended up spending hours looking for them.

By Saturday morning, things were getting insane. My friends and I stayed for The Cranberries performance at the South Stage, then we walked back to North Stage for Blind Melon. I went crowd surfing and stage diving during Cypress Hill's act until it began to rain.

At first, it was refreshing. I played hackysack with a group of guys and fell in the mud, but by Crosby, Stills and Nash, I had to go back to the press tent and change my clothes.

Saturday night was chaotic. Half the people in the crowd were naked and everyone was covered in mud. People had tipped over Port-a-Potties and went sludge diving; as if naked mud sliding wasn't enough. A few concession stands had been overtaken and the gates had been brought down. It wasn't as if they were collecting tickets anyway.

Thousands of tents were everywhere, making me think of a refugee camp in some far off country. According to the medics I spoke with, there were over 5,000 injuries a day and eight deaths overall. People were lost, cold, wet and miserable. It was impossible to walk anywhere because the mud just sucked you in.

Thousands of people left Saturday

night despite the fact that the buses weren't running and their cars were miles away. Most people abandoned everything they brought with them and I was extremely grateful to be backstage in the secured press area.

Sunday, I had the most fun. My friends and I busied ourselves by stealing Al Rocar's chair and were also inspired to create a huge banner that said "Rosendale," the name of a small town we live in over the summer. By the time we circulated through the crowd, the sign was completely illegible so we used it to start a limbo line. Much to our amusement, everyone who attempted to limbo slipped and fell in the mud. We soon grew tired of this game and managed to sneak our way backstage for Spin Doctors, Porno for Pyros, Bob Dylan, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Peter Gabriel.

My Woodstock experience was one of the upper-middle class. I got backstage, met celebrities, got free food, and had the privilege of showering. I didn't mud slide, go naked, have sex, or do a lot of drugs; but I did experience Woodstock. The only way of describing it was awesome, dreadful, horrible, and wonderful. Being there was just an explosion of the senses. It was everything good and bad rolled into three days of music, drugs, and overdosing for those who didn't listen to the announcements that "Only the brown acid is good."

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