



Lee Clontz, Editor in Chief • Susan Goodwin, Viewpoints Editor  
**Editorial Board**  
 Keith Boudreaux, Lupe Eyde, Steven C. Burritt,  
 Jimmy DeButts, Kim Truett

## Everybody get together

Diversity Week chance to learn about cultural differences, gain life experience

Diversity Week '94 has set out to work on a basic shortcoming of USC community life. Far too often students stick with the people who are just like themselves and do not venture out to learn about those who have different backgrounds or beliefs.

It's a basic human tendency to want to be surrounded by similar people. Having to deal with ideological or cultural variations is not second nature to most. In fact, learning from our differences can be stressful, difficult and time-consuming.

For many students, daily schedules are simply too full of projects and exams to take the time to get to know fellow classmates on anything more than an acquaintance level. So they get into the habit of hanging around a certain group and effectively shut themselves off from any campus activity besides the usual. It's understandable that such a scenario exists. Unfortunately, but understandable nonetheless.

However, attending college is supposed to be an enlightening experience. After all, students pay money each semester for the privilege of taking classes to expand their minds, but there are activities outside the classroom that serve this end as well. Learning about those variations among members of the Carolina community is one of the most useful endeavors students can participate in while here in the cocoon of the university years. By neglecting to be a part of activities designed to bring everyone together, students run the risk of losing out on a big part of community life. And life in general.

The world is full of people who are not carbon copies of ourselves. While such an observation should be obvious, many problems involving guns and hate have been caused by the sheer ignorance narrow-minded people have about this concept. Learning to accept our differences and build from them, even learning to use them to our advantage, will go a long way toward solving some of the world's nastiest problems. With Diversity Week '94 events happening all week, students have the opportunity to come together and see just how different we all are. And how much we have in common.

## French class hinders student's social life



**ASHLEY BALL**  
Columnist

As I waited for my foreign language class to begin, I bantered casually in French about world politics with my equally proficient classmate Melissa, when a hush fell over the class. I looked around to see if someone famous or at least someone seriously cute had walked into the room.

"L'Examen Demain!" Monsieur DeBure wrote on the board with a flourish.

"OH NO!" I cried in disbelief. "The Pizza Hut burned down AGAIN?"

"No, Ashley," Melissa mumbled through pinched lips as she rolled her eyes skyward. "It says EXAM TOMORROW!"

Our pipe dream of a test-free foreign language course had apparently gone up in smoke. As the class waited breathlessly and in vain for Monsieur DeBure to tell us it was all a big joke, you could hear a pen drop.

"Would you hand me my pen?" asked Merrick, who sits across the aisle from me. "It's under your chair."

"Good afternoon!" enthused Monsieur DeBure as he cheerfully whipped around from the blackboard to greet us, tossing the chalk into the air behind him in yet another futile attempt to hit the chalk tray. "Now, let's begin our review with, um, Ashley! Quel temps fait il?"

I swallowed nervously, knowing that he was asking either "Why haven't you been in class for the past three weeks?" or "Was that you I saw eating hash browns at the patio this morning?" Hoping for the latter, I gathered my courage and, in a verbal flourish, unfurled that tried-and-true answer that is the summation of all that is French: "OUII!" I replied joyously.

"OUI?" Monsieur DeBure echoed as he cast a squinted sidelong glance in my direction.

Suddenly Melissa mouthed frantically to me, "What's the weather, Ashley. What's the weather?" I couldn't believe she was asking me about the WEATHER at a time like this!

Monsieur DeBure regained his usually pleasant demeanor and was again struggling toward a positive end. "Can anyone help Ashley out?" he asked the class.

"Oh, that's okay, Monsieur DeBure," I assured him. "My parents have been told by many school professionals that NO one can help me!"

I would never want to say this to Monsieur DeBure, of course, but I really think I would enjoy this class on a whole different level if anyone in there would ever speak MY OWN LANGUAGE once in a while. It's one thing to conjugate the French verb 'coco crispies'. It's quite another to try to figure out what kind of French weather we're having.

"Why can't we talk about the weather in ENGLISH class?" I whined to Melissa. "I'd be so good at it in there!"

"I don't know, but I wish we'd talk about the weather in calculus," Melissa quipped.

After class, Melissa and I spent the larger portion of the rest of our day waiting in line at the Sidewalk Cafe.

"Well, I guess our work has been cut out for us tonight, huh, Ashley?" Melissa lamented as we followed the Sidewalk Cafe line out the door, up the stairs, around Gambrell, down Pendleton and through Five Points.

"It sure has!" I agreed as I filed my nails in line. "The Wade Hampton/Preston mixer is tonight and I still don't have anything picked out to wear! Plus I've got to do my hair and pick up some Misty Mauve nail polish, and —"

"No, Ashley," Melissa interrupted. "I'm talking about the test in French tomorrow! I mean we'll be STUDYING all night!"

"Oh, you are so right," I agreed as I mentally mapped out new and lofty study goals for myself for the evening. "I'm definitely taking my French book with me to the mixer tonight."

Hey, it may be a sacrifice, but it's sacrifices like this that have made my academic accomplishments what they are today.

*Ashley Ball is a journalism freshman. Her column appears every Wednesday*



**QUOTEUNQUOTE**  
 "I think this is a blatantly unfair situation. We've even had TAs quit in the middle of the semester because they couldn't afford to lose anything else."  
 Physics Teaching Assistant Kurt Koltko

## User-friendly newspapers not going anywhere

Imagine a world without newspapers. Scary as it sounds, prognosticators have been predicting the death of the printed page for years now. "Interactive," they say. "In the future, you'll be able to pick your own news and print out your own newspaper."

Ack, I say. This is progress?

The trend is already, to some extent, here. Prodigy, the interactive service for people who don't want to learn to use interactive services, already has a program that will call Prodigy in the morning, download the stories you want and have your "newspaper" waiting for you while you drink your coffee. Terrified yet? You should be.

On your screen, you'll have stories, pictures and perhaps even sound and video. To read a story, you'll point and click and, like magic, it will appear for you to read. If you really like it, you can print it out. Goody.

I will admit, in theory, it might not sound so bad. After all, the news will be newer, you can read only what you want to and it will save paper.

But what do we sacrifice for this so-called convenience?

The feel. There is something about the feel of newsprint, the joy of spreading out the Sunday paper and the marvelous coating of ink on one's hands that makes a newspaper something that could never be replaced by the computer.

Why? For one thing, computers, modems and on-line services simply are beyond the financial and intellectual abilities of many Americans. The beauty of a newspaper is both its low cost, typically 50 cents or less, and its tremendous accessibility.

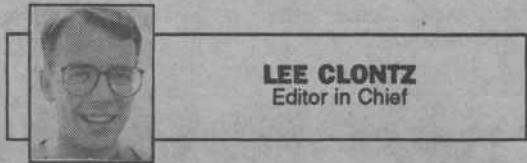
Newer computers boast about "ease of use," meaning that you only have to spend six or seven weeks learning how to install software, log on, download, transmit and make sure that your error protocol is appropriate for the system's local relay service.

A newspaper? You simply put two coins in the box, pull it open, remove your paper and read it. That's what I call "ease of use."

As for selecting your news "interactively," that's what news editors are for. Part of my 50 cents is paid so that some guy can slave away all night to decide what is worth putting in the paper and what is best left out. Most people don't know enough about the news to select for themselves what they want to read, particularly before they have seen it.

While the notion of saving the paper is noble, newsprint can be readily recycled. Doing away with newspapers entirely is certainly a radical way to stop the trash problem.

Consider the tremendous benefits of a newspaper. One of the most beneficial, educational things



**LEE CLONTZ**  
Editor in Chief

one can do is to pick up a newspaper and read it from cover to cover. You'll learn more about the world, the state, the nation and your home town than any other way. Make a habit out of reading the paper, and before you know it, you'll actually be well-read.

Picking and choosing your news on an interactive service, no matter how "interactive" it may be, will never replace that.

Try sitting in bed with a computer spread out across your lap. It doesn't work. Try going to sleep with a computer over your face. Try printing out a copy of your "front page" before catching the morning train, trailing sheets of cut sheet paper behind you as you run out of the door. It's just not the same as tucking those cylindrical sections under your arm, reading the stories above the fold as you walk.

Perhaps I'm just overly traditional because I want to be the guy slaving away all night at a desk reading tomorrow's paper and I'm just fearful for my job. Or it's equally possible that I'm just scared of further ruining my eyesight or developing carpal tunnel syndrome or any of those other '90s high-tech maladies.

Or maybe I'll just never be able to give up having black ink all over my fingers.

Despite its shortcomings, the newspaper isn't going anywhere.

*Lee Clontz is a journalism senior. His column appears every other Wednesday.*

## Bumper stickers spell out causes, state of society

Because of the coming elections, the last few weeks have been highlighted by an enormous amount of mudslinging and finger pointing, and the candidates have said some bad things too. The 1990s have been called the era of the information superhighway, and has also seen the rise of generation X. (I, personally, was not in attendance when the vote was cast to label our generation: "Generation X," but then again, who was?)

I would label the nineties as the era of causes. It seems that since the Cold War's end, U.S. society has had no definite enemy (read communism) to rally against; so many groups in the U.S. have found they can create their own enemies right here in our society.

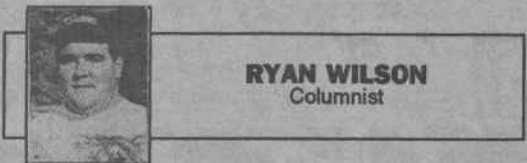
This has caused society to become polarized. This polarization has led to groups blaming society's problems on groups that are not like their own.

This new finger pointing has found its way onto bumper stickers, some of which have made excellent reading material, especially in heavy traffic. I have listed some of my personal favorites below.

*They have their X, we have ours*

This gem usually appears in the rear window of pickup trucks centered below the gun rack. The Xs the sticker is referring to are the Confederate battle flag (currently flying atop the State House) and one of the greatest black leaders of the last fifty years, Malcolm X.

I'm not going say anything about that flag issue



**RYAN WILSON**  
Columnist

With the power of the Christian Coalition on the rise in this state, this sticker has gained more and more meaning. The religious right is beginning to alienate people who would otherwise support some of its policies. It wants to return to a morally sound way of life, if there is such a thing. These groups need to do some research on the Nation of Islam so they find out how a religion really emphasizes the importance of morals.

It is also of importance to realize that more people in history have been killed in the name of religion than for any other reason.

*Guns don't kill people, abortion protesters do*

It's funny how a group so vehement against the murder of the unborn child would have one of its own murder an abortion doctor. Sounds a great deal like a double standard to me.

This sticker can go hand in hand with the previous one. One of the more vocal champions of anti-abortion is the Christian Coalition. And people wonder why the Christian Coalition is perceived in such a bad light.

As I have stated before, U.S. society has become adept at pointing fingers at others. I urge everyone to remember the popular saying: "When you point your finger at someone, you have three fingers pointing back at you." It may be corny, but sometimes the most truthful sayings are the ones you laugh at.

*Ryan Wilson is a political science junior.*

**The Gamecock**  
 News: 777-7726  
 Advertising: 777-4249  
 FAX: 777-6482

Student Media • Russell House-USC • Columbia, SC 29208

**Lee Clontz**  
Editor in Chief

**Susan Goodwin**  
Viewpoints Editor

**Steven C. Burritt**  
Copy Desk Chief

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The Gamecock will try to print all letters received. Letters should be 200-250 words and must include full name, professional title or year and major if a student. Letters must be personally delivered by the author to the Gamecock newsroom in Russell House room 321. The Gamecock reserves the right to edit all letters for style, possible libel or space limitations. Names will not be withheld under any circumstances.

## Does USC have a problem in dealing with diversity?

"I don't know how much USC can do. You can't force people together. We have to look within ourselves to see the need to reach out to other people of different backgrounds."

**Earl Jones**  
MIS senior

"No, not really. Most everyone seems to get along. However, there is somewhat of a problem with people learning from others."

**Al Gunn**  
Mechanical engineering sophomore

"No. I know there are a lot of different organizations with a certain groups. I don't think there is a problem with bringing them together. I know a lot of different people just through classes."

**Susan Finley**  
English sophomore

"Well, I haven't experienced any. Yes, I think it's important. I like the way the university has different things about different people, like last night they had a play about black women."

**Wendee Antley**  
English freshman