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**Editorial Board**

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## Vote for SG today

Early this morning, a group of older ladies and gentlemen gathered in the lobby of Russell House.

Most likely, they were carrying bag lunches. They were almost definitely chattering among themselves, asking about mutual friends and the tracks of lives. They had met before about this same time last year for the same purpose.

These people are the poll workers for the Student Government elections.

Most of them agree to work the elections every year, and they do an excellent job.

They know to check for your picture ID, and they won't let you vote without it. They look out for people passing out campaign material around the polls — they know that isn't allowed. They're usually polite to voters as long as voters are polite to them.

Of course, they won't take any crap off of anyone. They're in charge of their polling places, and they recognize their responsibilities. These men and women know the importance of voting, and they realize the impact each vote can have. Many of them have seen times when not every person in this country felt as free to vote as they should feel.

It must be disheartening to these people, then, to see so few students turn out for Student Government elections. Elections are a simple process, and voting only takes a couple of minutes, but only a minuscule portion of the student population chooses to vote.

It must be disheartening to see candidates jockeying for position like the whole process is some kind of game. Political trickery and constant whining about who's getting more coverage and who's put at an advantage have unfortunately marked recent elections. Most candidates turn into monsters during election time, regardless of what they act like the rest of the year. Most campaign staffs are even more monstrous. Competition often goes beyond constructive exchange of ideas and degenerates into name-calling and mud-slinging.

The group of men and women who were in such a good mood early this morning, though, will still be in a good mood because they care about what they're doing. They know why elections are so important, and they want to contribute. Do you?

## SG has good year

Every year during elections, some candidates for Student Government office choose criticizing Student Government as a means of getting elected. Phrases such as, "Student Government sucks," "Student Government doesn't do anything," and "Student Government should have done something about this a long time ago," are tossed around as campaign slogans.

I have had the privilege of serving as Student Body President over the last year and I believe that holding this position makes me qualified to address such criticism. Individuals in Student Government work extremely hard to address student concerns. We are seldom recognized for our work because publicizing accomplishments at a 27,000+ person campus proves to be a difficult task. However, this lack of publicity doesn't mean that "Student Government doesn't do anything." I am proud that we have accomplished many of our goals.

To improve campus safety, Student Government worked with Law Enforcement to provide safety workshops for University 101 classes. More than 500 students attended these workshops to ask questions and learn more about campus policies. We also successfully lobbied City Council to close Devine Street between the science building and the Towers. This reduced traffic in this area of campus.

In the area of campus life, we were successful in revising the visitation policy to make it more flexible for students. This change will increase occupancy in campus residence halls and contribute to the campus's residential atmosphere. We have also played an active role on the Board of Trustees's Committee to Establish Fraternity and Sorority Housing, making Greek housing a priority in the next five years of campus construction. We succeeded in attaining corporate sponsorship to underwrite the costs of the USC Homecoming parade. We also sponsored a concert during Diversity Week and the breakfast during the Martin Luther King, Jr. Celebration.

Student Government has been a lobbying force for the students on both the campus and state level. While students went home for the summer, Student Government remained on campus to scrutinize the University budget and propose changes. To protest increased parking garage fees, Student Govern-



**BRIAN COMER**  
Guest Columnist

ment organized a "Nickel and Dime" campaign in which students paid the cost of the increase in 30,000 dimes. We lobbied the State Legislature for an additional \$10 million in higher education funding. To make our voice heard in the November elections, we registered student voters in numerous registration drives. This spring, we organized a rally of 250 students representing seven college campuses to protest significant cuts in higher education funding. A similar rally was held on Greene Street to give 500 students the opportunity to protest federal cuts in student aid.

To combat the costs of textbooks, we established a university book exchange on the campus Internet that allows students to contact each other and buy, sell or trade textbooks. All that is required is that a student have an account number with Computer Services.

We are also endowing an account at the USC Educational Foundation so that Student Government will be able to award a scholarship to a deserving student annually.

Finally, Student Government addressed the decreases in student activity fees. I am extremely proud that we raised more than \$12,000 this past year for programming and services. In addition, we are evaluating the organizational funding process to make sure that money is allocated efficiently and properly.

Serving as your student body president has been a learning experience that I will never forget. I have been constantly stressed-out and exhausted. I've listened to students complain about everything from tuition increases to their resident advisers. I have neglected my studies for weeks at a time. I have spent summers in Columbia making "beans" compared to what I could have been making as an intern at a company or firm. I have argued, debated and lost my temper with faculty and staff in the name of "fighting for the students."

It has all been worth it, and I wouldn't trade a minute of it. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve as your president.



**QUOTE UNQUOTE**

"We're the only state in the Southeast that has reduced its budget for higher education."

John Palms,  
USC president

## Don't settle into real world; look for adventure

Two years ago I sat down to write my first book, "How To Avoid the Real World." I could not think of a more a propos subject for one with such a thirst for adventure and travel and who harbors a strong lingering desire for the world to revert back to the panache of Paris in the '20s.

I have often wished that I had been born at the turn of the century into a family of means so that I could have gravitated to Europe on the heels of World War One. Disembarking at Le Havre, I would have made my way to Paris and, upon securing a studio apartment, claimed a permanent seat on the patio at La Coupole. The Pernods would have flowed into the early mornings amid slurred sessions devoted to the bullfighting season in Spain, Easter in Deauville and the legs of Josephine Baker. Were I Christian, I would have considered myself having chanced upon a non-celestial heaven.

Alas I missed those evenings with Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan and Hemingway by some 60 years and so must resort to visiting Paris in the rain and hunting their ghosts. In their absence, I have found myself yearning for a place of a similar romanticism where the insatiable lust for adventure, grilled fish and an avenue of late-night bistros combine together in the damp twilight. As yet I have been unsuccessful but not for want of trying. For solace I chose my own literary path.

I envisaged my book as a guide, a "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Wealth of Earthly Opportunities" awaiting all intrepid adventurers. Not just any adventurer but the younger types who had had enough of meeting people at school like Business Professor Daniel Feldman who received his Ph.D. at 23— or similar folk such as Journalism Professor Erik Collins who also sports a Ph.D. (Statistics) in addition to a J.D., a Masters in Education and a bachelors in tennis (I believe). They're fine chaps granted, but terrible examples for the vagabond spirit asleep in your soul.

Now this book idea and these sage words of advice are not for those bent on inventing a replacement for Windows 95. On the contrary, they are for those who are slightly unsure of the next step. Skip the marriage, the entry-level job with



**NIGEL RAVENHILL**  
Columnist

Procter & Gamble and the college loans on a teal green Chevy Cavalier. Forget all of that, take my advice and a robust backpack and just get the hell out of Dodge. Kiss your Mom and your sister goodbye, give your Dad a big hug and saddle up your bronco for the adventure of a lifetime. Don't forget your camera.

Somewhere along the Route 66 of life, you may well have bought the line stating that you have to make something of your life. There's no denying this, but it doesn't have to occur in the temporal context of immediate post-high school or college and abrupt entry into a life of Winn-Dixie store management complete with a wife, two kids and a backsplit in a newly deforested subdivision.

I am one who can honestly say that I've been there, done that, seen it, smoked it, drank it, skied it, swam it and lived it. Forty years from now I will be able to regale my grandkids with it. What is it? It is falling into the river of life and drinking to excess. Getting drunk on all of the opportunities, whims, folklore and merriment that life can impart to a wandering Gypsy.

It is vainly translating a railway timetable from Hungarian, searching for a forgotten chapel, awaking under an Ionian sun, losing oneself in the perfume of a Eucalyptus tree or scaling Ayres Rock in the Fall and Mount Fuji in the Spring. This is adventure, and I believe that everybody has a constitutional right to self-discovery before dissolving into more traditional adulthood; the job, the mate, the kids, the timeshare, the weekly evening bowling or curling, the annual employment reviews and the inevitable realization that "I really should have traveled when I had the chance." I have never met anyone who ever regretted postponing this daily regimen when they had the opportunity and the freedom to do so in their youth.

Adventure is out there just around the bend.

I have lived on an Israeli kibbutz, floated down the Nile, attended some of my classes in the South of France, toured rich Americans through Burgundy and Normandy on bicycles and had a jolly good time of it. I have even made a couple of tepid forays into the real world. The end result is that I discovered a wealth of knowledge about my personal strengths and a great many realizations about what I didn't want to do for the remainder of my days. I similarly developed a clarity about what I indeed wanted to become. Instead of floundering in fractured career planning and future regret, I lost myself in adventure.

This summer I will finally enter the real world with a seriousness and maturity which resulted from experiencing the wonders of life. Avoiding the real world isn't about putting off reality. It is about leaving the comfort of home and hearth so that you can attain a greater perspective on life. It is leaving your small village to climb over into the neighboring valley to see for yourself whether all of the old legends about that nasty dragon are indeed true. If you just stay put then the life you lead will be the one compromised by all of the same hand-me-down nonsense that unequivocally claimed the Earth was flat and witches were made of wood and weighed the same as a duck.

Do yourself a lasting favor. If you aren't absolutely convinced about joining some faceless multinational, grab your passport and a sturdy pair of shoes. Go to a foreign land, a souk, a plantation or the Peace Corps. (And save time for Munich's Oktoberfest). Get a job picking grapes, serving beer in a pub or teaching English to faces who have seen more poverty than you ever will. You will gain a wonderful perspective on yourself and the rest of the world that is everlasting and marvelously humbling.

Go east, west, north and south, young men and women of the MTV generation. Leave the conformity to the souls who think that leaving the South means finding a job in Washington, D.C. Upon returning you may well write with a new clarity your own chapter on how "Avoiding the Real World" was a valuable lesson in career planning. As for my book? I am still working on it.

## 'Southernly enhanced' need support

At the University of South Carolina (pop. 26,000), the faculty has done a good job handling minority issues and is very efficient in promoting diversity. However, there has been one group that has totally been left in the cold — the Southernly Enhanced.

The Southernly Enhanced face much discrimination on this campus as well as in other places in society. Many people call them such epithets as "redneck," "hayseed" and (it hurts me to write this) "hick."

They are often ridiculed in society. "The Beverly Hillbillies" are the worst stereotype, making the Southernly Enhanced look like they don't know how to handle money or wealth.

They are often the butt of cruel jokes. Haven't we all read "You Might Be a [Southernly Enhanced Person] if..." by Jeff Foxworthy? That is one of the most intolerant and narrow-minded books ever written.

This intolerance and ridicule has to stop. The population of Southernly Enhanced students could be as high as 25 percent.

Even your own R.A. could be a little pink around the collar.

As a voice of the Southernly Enhanced, I think that all of us should demand the following of the



**DREW STEWART**  
Columnist

university:

■ We should designate either the week around the first day of deer season or Hank Williams, Jr.'s birthday as B-RED WEEK, a celebration of the spirit of the Southernly Enhanced.

■ During B-RED WEEK, the Carolina Program Union should show the following films: "The Cannonball Run," "Smokey and the Bandit," "Deliverance" and "O! Yeller." (I would suggest "Gone With the Wind," but those people are so uppity.)

■ A special support group should be set up to give support to students who are trying to get in touch with their Southern Enhancement or feel they are being harassed about their Southern Enhancement. We should call this the Elvis Team (named after one of our great leaders).

■ A special seat on the Student Government as well as on the faculty should be given for Southernly Enhanced students and faculty. All too often Southernly Enhanced issues are neglected because of their lack of representation.

■ During Cockstock, the Carolina Program Union should get at least one band picked by the Elvis Team. Some of my suggestions would be Lynnyrd Skynyrd, Alabama, The Allman Brothers Band and The Charlie Daniels Band.

■ A deer stand should be placed on the Horse-shoe to allow the Southernly Enhanced to keep their culture alive at Carolina. The pool of the Thomas Cooper Library should also be stocked with several varieties of fish including bass, trout, crappie, and bream. Fishing poles should be included in the housing fee.

■ The University's anti-discrimination clause should contain a line dealing with the discrimination of the Southernly Enhanced as well a quota added to the Affirmative Action policy.

I hope this has been enlightening for those of you who have thought that the Southernly Enhanced were a less than desirable group of people. Tolerance is the first step in the journey to when every Carolinian accepts the Southernly Enhanced for who they are.

I can hardly wait for the day when there won't be a need for a special group to promote tolerance of the Southernly Enhanced. Until that time, we need the Elvis Team.



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