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## Government has promises to keep

A new group of Student Government senators and executive officers were inaugurated Wednesday, and they will start working on the issues on which they campaigned. It's time to see if the promises the candidates made will be adhered to.

There is quite a bit of work to be done in Student Government. As a body representative of the student body, the government must first work at continuing communication and understanding among the diverse groups on campus. Certainly tensions were raised during campaigning, tensions that reflect underlying tensions across campus. As the school with one of the largest percentages of African-American students of any state university, USC must be a leader in understanding and promoting diversity. This new class of senators is qualified and capable of furthering this understanding.

Another challenge facing the government is the university funding question. Whether help comes from lobbying the Legislature or cutting waste here at the university, Student Government has a responsibility to take an active part in guaranteeing our student dollars are used effectively.

Of course, another challenging task will be the evaluation of codes governing the actual elections process. The government must look at problems faced in these elections and correct them positively.

It is a time for understanding as the new Student Government gets accustomed to its job. The student body can help by offering suggestions, giving support and keeping on the government's back about fulfilling promises.

## Yankees annex Myrtle Beach

I can't believe spring break is here again. I can't believe it's time to pull out the fake I.D.'s, the rented vans, the camping equipment and excuses to mom and dad you give about not staying home and feeding the dog while they go to Cancun.

Spring break is an interesting time. To the college student, it means one whole week of unadulterated fun usually spent in a drunken stupor down in some tourist trap town like Myrtle Beach, in which one person blows all of his money and has to forego payment on his car and spends all next semester riding with SCE&G.

I don't think there are a whole lot of people going to Myrtle Beach this time of year. Most South Carolinians learned better than to go there many years ago.

Myrtle Beach is no longer a Southern city. It became a surrogate for the Jersey shore about 10 years ago when the first Cadillac with a New York license plate came into town and pulled into a gas station while the driver said, "Hey, youse guys, fill this up while I grab a bottle of pop." (Southerners never say "pop", but that's a future column.)

Most South Carolinians go to beaches such as Pawley's Island, Garden City and Cherry Grove. Most true Southerners wouldn't go into Myrtle Beach if they were giving out boiled peanuts and barbecue for free.

But that doesn't stop the Yankees. When you go down on Ocean Boulevard, the only thing you see are motor homes, Cadillacs and U-Haul trailers with plates from above the Mason-Dixon. A 1985 Ford 4X4 with a South Carolina license plate would stick out like a redneck at the ballet.

I once trucked into Myrtle Beach. I pulled into a McDonald's to get a Big Mac (yes, I do eat things besides peanuts and barbecue, but not by choice).

I gave the order taker my order. After about a minute of silence, I heard the woman yell back to her manager,

"Hey, Dave! There's some foreigner up here who I can't understand. Come up here and talk to him."



**DREW STEWART**  
Columnist

I explained to the manager that I was not foreign, that I was from Summerton (pop. 975), South Carolina, 90 miles to the northwest.

"Nevah hoid of South Caroloina. Dat in Joisey?" replied the manager.

I shot that joker a look like a PETA member gives a duck hunter that just killed the limit.

Back up here in Clarendon County, the great city of Manning (10 miles away from the smaller, but much better town of Summerton) is one of the main thoroughfares for the Yankees heading to Myrtle Beach. Since I myself work in Manning, I get to see many of these Southernly Deficient transients.

When many first-time Yankees ask me for directions, the often submit their inquiry like this:

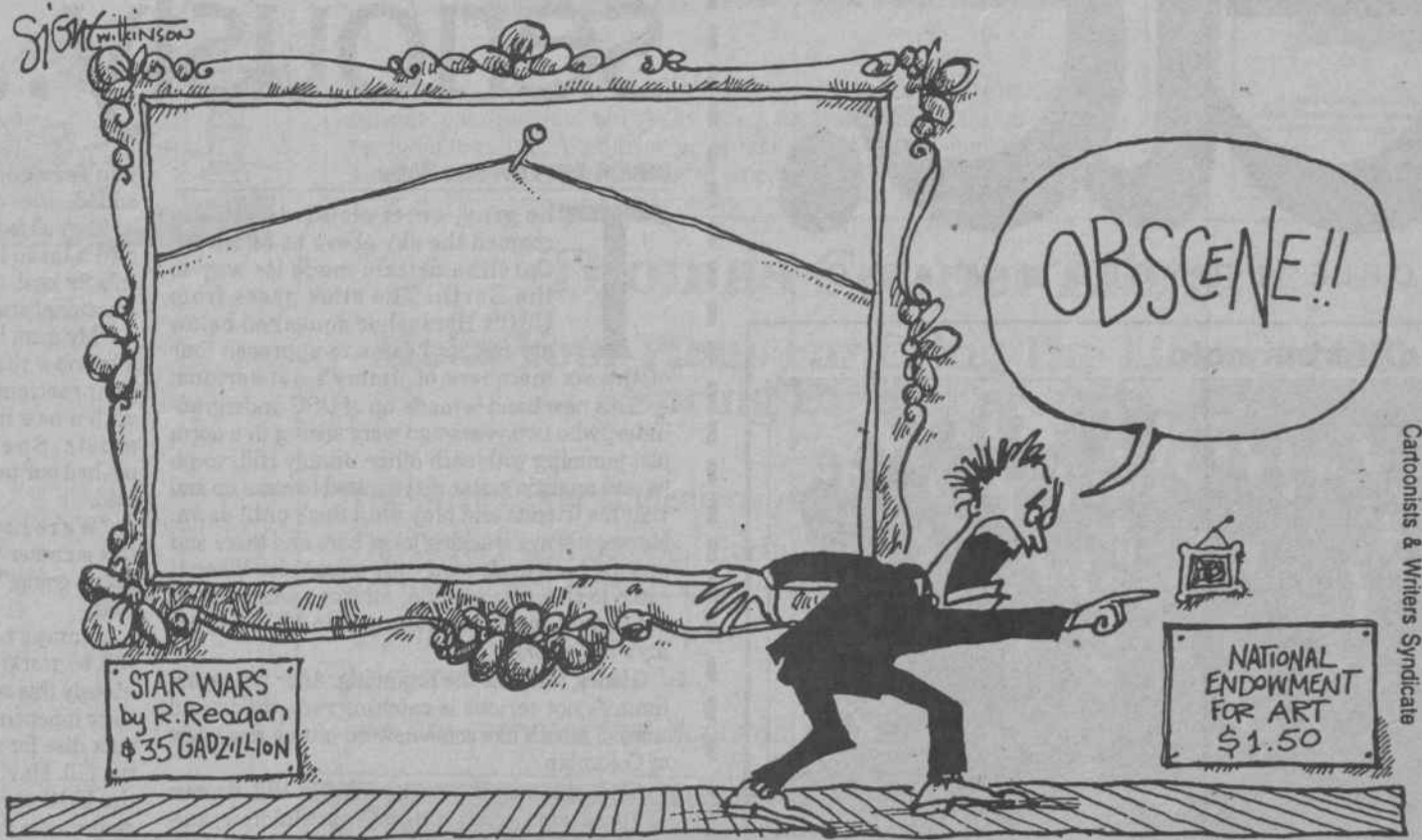
"Howdy there, Bubba. Does you all know wher a store is yonda around heh so I can get a bottle of pop."

Those are the ones I give directions to a field someplace where a bunch of rednecks stop them, take the hubcaps and license plates off of their car and send them so scared that they drive back to New York faster than John Cougar chases a pack of Marlboros.

I always like to ride to the place where I sent them and look at the collection of the license plates of the unfortunate travelers.

There are more Massachusetts license plates on a shack out in Rimini, SC (pop. 35) than there are in Boston.

The ones who know better than to try to talk like they have lived down here all of their lives, who don't assume the rest of the South is like Myrtle Beach and who don't refer to Royal Crown cola as "pop" are the folks who often leave the South without being sent all of the way to Valdosta, Georgia before realizing, "Hey! That guy gave us the wrong directions."



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### QUOTE UNQUOTE

"Brian is a true gentleman to every student. When I think of Brian, I think of his character and integrity and his dedication to Carolina."

Woody Carothers,  
 Student Government Adviser

## Boxing too brutal to be seen as sport



**NIGEL RAVENHILL**  
Columnist

American Gerald McClellan faces a more uneasy future than even graduating students seeking employment. His parents, his friends and his pets are unsure whether he will even live. Gerald McClellan is a boxer, someone who paid his telephone, electricity and grocery bills by beating the snot out of opponents. His last fight was just that, his last.

As of this past weekend he won't be practicing any more the "sweet science" because he came up against someone a little better. Englishman Nigel Benn, possibly slightly better prepared, conditioned or maybe just plain lucky, won the battle and retained his WBC Super-Middleweight Championship belt.

His opponent, the very bloodied and soundly pummeled McClellan faces a challenge of resurrounding an IQ reduced to that of the average German Oktoberfest sausage. On Saturday night he lost the fight and most probably any future ability to count the days in a month, read the Amazing Spiderman, smell the scent of a rose or kiss his mother a happy Mother's Day. That he now has the genius of a head of broccoli results from the widespread cultural practice of allowing boxing to parade as sport.

This isn't the popular celebration of sport as beauty, strength, speed. Boxing falls somewhere outside the Olympic motto of "Faster, Stronger, Farther." Instead it is a celebration of punching an opponent to the point where one of the fighters is physically unable to present himself in the middle of the ring to absorb further punishment. No world records for running, skating, cycling, skiing or swimming faster than everybody else. No, the laurel wreath in boxing goes to whomever can maximize the physical domination and punishment of the loser.

In the glorious name of sport McClellan absorbed so much that, upon collapsing in the ring, he was rushed to a neurological operating room. As of this writing, he retains a tenuous hold on a life sustained only by a machine at the Royal London Hospital. Slightly less importantly, he is the most recent symbolic reason to help mankind reach a necessary conclusion that boxing should simply be banned outright.

A few weeks ago Boomer Foster ran awry of

civilized law during his ill-advised tussle outside Tammany Hall. Had he chosen to meet his opponent mano a mano in a Gold Gloves Tournament he wouldn't be today facing some serious legal hurdles. But society permits two distinct definitions of fighting. If you fight in a bar, on the street corner or in the schoolyard you'll have to answer to the cops and the judicial system. Take the disagreement into a boxing ring, and you're free to beat the crap out of your foe, possibly win some money and if you're really good and the timing's right, every four years we'll send you off to the Olympics to represent your homeland. Is something amiss with society here?

Why, boxers are consenting adults you say. Absolutely right, and so were Mr. Foster and his North Carolinian foe. But I find it a bit odd that what is grounds for imprisonment in public society is sanctioned in the name of sport. And what of the rights of the great unwashed who think that beating up someone else in the context of a public spectacle is acceptable? Acceptance by thousands does not of itself justify something or make it more palatable.

In the 1930's and 1940's, millions of Germans thought it acceptable to turn away, ignore, support or even participate in the attacks and violence promulgated on Jews, Gypsies and other unfortunates. Few, apart from historical revisionists, would disagree that this tacit support for injustice was absolutely inhumane. Many then accepted barbarism just as we accept more contemporary brutality courtesy of televised fights from Caesar's Palace.

Whether the boxers enter the ring of their free will is a moot point. In many circumstances, society has concluded that certain actions, despite possible harm only to the self, are nonetheless illegal. I may desire to roll and smoke the biggest joint that I can afford on my front lawn, but there's a law proscribing that behavior. Similarly, I can't

speed down an empty highway in the early dawn without risking the wrath of Mister Patrolman. This is society acting with a benevolent paternalism, and despite subscribing to the fundamentals of libertarianism, I will stand aside and support the inescapable conclusion that boxing, as either public spectacle or sport, is repugnant.

If we pretend and adhere to even a modicum of decorum and social engineering perhaps we should start in the lab. It is ironic that Mike Tyson will leave prison early based on his good behavior. If he once had administered a beating on a fellow inmate similar to the one on Michael Spinks, he would have celebrated a few more Christmases inside the prison gates. George Foreman, recently asked whether boxers have brain damage responded that "you'd have to be already brain damaged to become one." There is no justification to allow boxing to continue.

Why stick it to boxing? To hell then with cultural pretenses of civility, pretty impressionist images of sunflowers, lily pads and warm summer nights with Othello and the Merchant of Venice. We may as well revert to the mores of Ancient Rome and bring condemned Death Row inmates into the ring. They would have a choice. One could select the short sword and shield and the other, the netting and spear. A fight to the death, and the less-bloodied warrior gets his sentence commuted to life. Promoters could charge admission, sell pogo dogs and baseball hats. Would most find this a fairly gruesome spectacle? Probably.

If we as a society give lip service to a desire for civility, then let's follow through. If not, we may as well dissolve into a maniacal orgy of social Darwinism. We could then organize traditional fox hunts with the homeless as targets, rape handicapped girls because they look good in a thong and make snuff films with all of the people who piss us off. True, it may not sound altogether civilized, but then we could always justify it as sport.

## Moral integrity needs to return to elected offices in America

Moral integrity is missing in today's government. Where has honor, trust and justice gone? From Watergate to Iran-Contra, to even Chalkgate, our public officials have failed us. We as concerned citizens must watch our leaders closely in order to hold their feet to the fire.

I recently read John F. Kennedy's book "Profiles in Courage" and was overwhelmed at the depth of commitment our leaders in the past had.

They valued trust and honor in government and public service, unlike today, when the chairman of the Senate Banking Committee is an admitted crook. "Profiles in Courage" shows that our leaders knew what is right, and we must trust them to lead us in the right direction.

The key word in that last statement was trust, and that's what's missing in today's government, from the White House to the Russell House. I'm a yellow-dog Democrat, but even I have questions about President Clinton's Whitewater investment dealings.

Trust and moral integrity are also very rare commodities in government. My mother once told me, "You can best judge a person on what they will do



**BYRON JAMES**  
Columnist

what they have done in the past," and that holds true in politics. If a person shows no moral or ethical integrity before they are in office, how can you expect them to gain integrity after they are elected?

We need to examine our government officials closely, especially during campaigns. If a candidate breaks the rules, what kind of elected official will he or she make? Remember, you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Now that Amy Bigam has been inaugurated as the new Student Government President, let us heal the wounds of a bitter and unethical campaign.

We should renew our vows to the Carolinian Creed and bridge the gaps that have separated us. Let's work together to build a bigger and better Carolina with moral integrity and honor.

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