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**Editorial Board**

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## Don't kill tenure; do try to fix it

Tenure can be a dirty word to many students.

It's dirty because they might have had a professor who took advantage of his or her tenured position to ignore teaching and concentrate time on research or on writing. When you've got a class with a professor who lets his graduate assistants teach everything and who isn't available after class for questions, tenure seems an unnecessary evil.

But tenure is necessary at a university. Excellent faculty cannot be attracted without the academic freedom and security tenure offers. And despite horror stories of professors who get tenure and ignore their students, the majority of tenured professors sincerely care about their students. Unfortunately, a couple of bad experiences will always be talked about more than good experiences.

The S.C. General Assembly has introduced a bill to eliminate tenure at state universities for professors who haven't yet gained tenure. The bill also requires the schools and the professors who have tenure already to develop a new "employment relationship" in two years.

This proposal threatens to turn away good professors who want tenure at a university. It could also drive away professors who have spent time trying to work their way to tenure at USC only to have that opportunity pulled away from them by the legislature.

We don't need to eliminate tenure for professors. We only need to make sure we grant tenure to professors who won't take advantage of the system.

## Small-town break means soap operas

I hope all of you folks had a wonderful Spring Break.

I know I did, although I didn't really go anywhere besides my hometown of Summerton (pop. 975).

I floated about and around Summerton and her suburbs of Paxville, Rimini, Davis Station and St. Paul.

To give you an idea of the size of each of these fine places, there are probably more rednecks at the Columbia Museum of Art right now than there are people in these miniature municipalities.

I wish Spring Break fell during hunting season.

Unfortunately, Summerton's finest (the local Game Wardens) do a good job making sure that Bambi's old man is safe from my Remington 30.06 rifle in Summerton until August.

(During the off season, I used to use my car until the repair bills began to add up).

It was either too wet or too cold and windy to fish.

Although I am not by any means a big fisherman, I was more than ready to run the wharf rats from under the john boat and give the ol' cane pole a throw. However, if I had done that, the wind would have probably blown me down to Miami faster than Tupac Shakur gets in trouble. Wouldn't that have been a sight!

So what is a good ol' country boy like me to do with a week off and no hunting or fishing to do?

I thought about going to the beach and taking up surfing. Why not? Bill Clinton goes hunting, and most Southerners don't consider him as such. (To find out why, read the last few columns written by the late Lewis Grizzard). Why couldn't I break the Southern stereotype and take up something that has been done in the South about as often as they have pig pickings in Manhattan?

I lasted about as long as liquor at Ted Kennedy's house.

So what else is the columnist emeritus from Summerton to do? I thought about taking up snow skiing. Lots of Summertonians love to hit the slopes every year. Why shouldn't I be one of them?

I was gung ho until I found out what I had to wear. I would have had to put on more clothes than they sell at Belk's.



**DREW STEWART**  
Columnist

I seriously considered hitchhiking cross country. I struck that off the list when I was informed that it was safer to tell a redneck Pro Wrestling ain't real than it is to hook a ride for two miles.

I finally ended up sitting on my couch and watching the stories. I didn't know watching "Another World" could be so darn interesting.

Only on the stories can a child grow from a newborn to a toddler in about the time it takes for a dog to clean himself.

I also noticed that everybody gets involved with everybody and that everybody is kin to everybody. I only thought this kind of thing went on in Rimini.

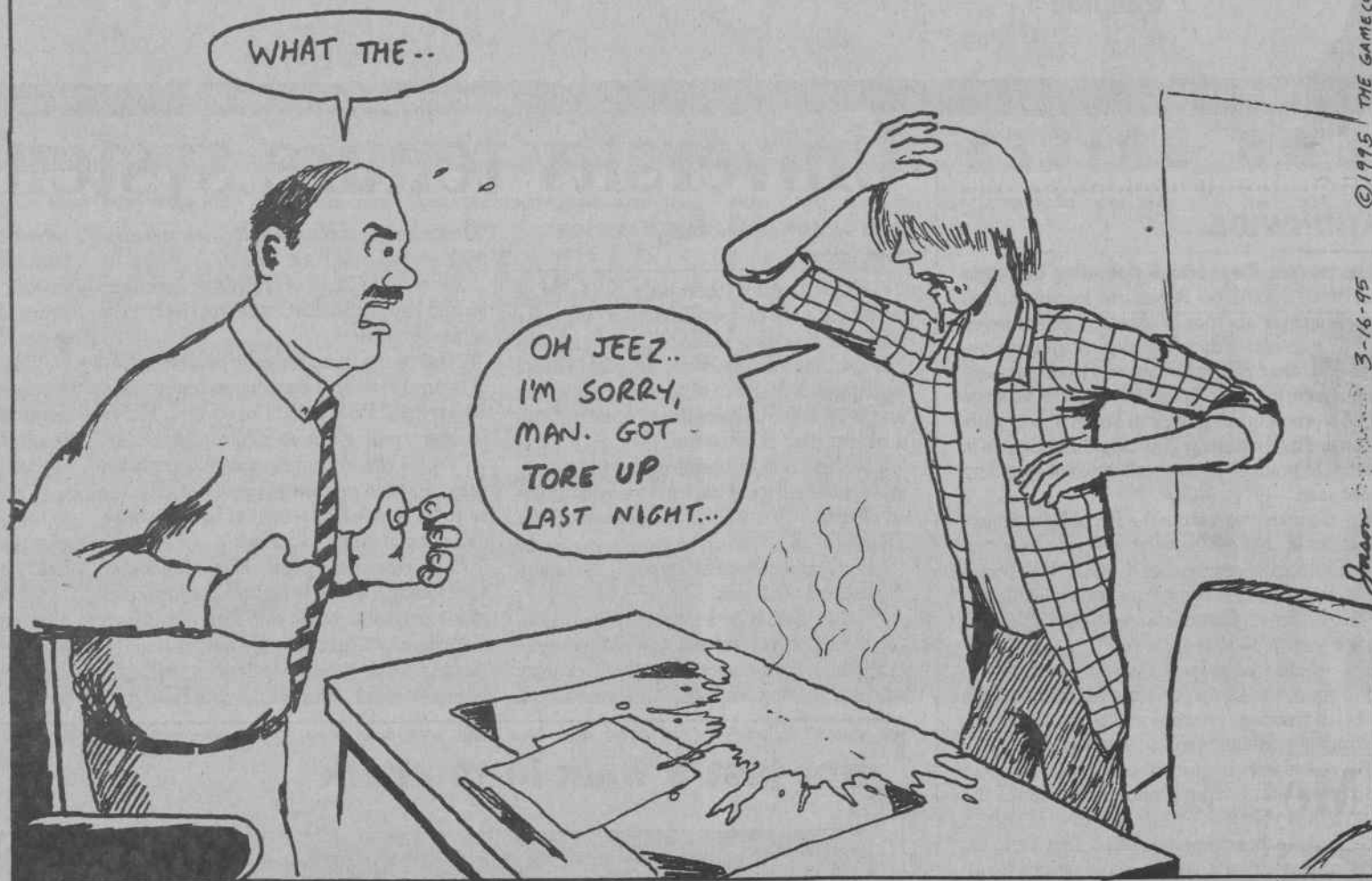
And the thing is, once you die on the stories, you don't worry about the funeral bill because you usually pop back from the dead in about a week. And no one, I mean no one, just slips away. They all get murdered, get in a car wreck or crash an airplane in Africa or something.

I'm glad I was the only one home at the time. What would the citizens of Summerton think if they knew their biggest TV critic was home looking at the stories?

The stories are something your grandmother would race home from the hairdresser's to get home by one o'clock so she could see what Alex and Julie were up to. They were something your mother and her friends would gossip over if there wasn't anything else going on in town. They're not something a gentleman sportsman like myself watches. It was about like Hillary Clinton watching Rush Limbaugh.

I did have to confess it, though. I hope this doesn't stop you from reading this column. I hope that by next Thursday I will be reformed from this vice and back to watching only Hank Parker and Jimmy Houston.

## EXPERTS SAY MANY RECENT COLLEGE GRADS SCREW UP JOB INTERVIEWS.



### QUOTE UNQUOTE

**"It's not a perfect system, and there are good reasons to consider making changes, but I am not prepared to embrace any wholesale trashing of the tenure system."**

Representative Tim Rogers,  
On a proposal to eliminate tenure

## Privatization best battle for Citadel

Last Monday, I stopped by the Russell House ballroom to see the "Bitch of the Citadel." To a crowd strongly divided along very distinct philosophical lines, Shannon Faulkner spoke of her trials and tribulations. The mood of the crowd hearkened back to the Biblical times of "he who is not with me is against me." In this debate there isn't much middle ground.

I left very impressed by a confident young lady who has chosen an exceedingly formidable environment in which to further her education. Far from a bitch she is pleasant, self-assured and acquitted herself surpassingly well for a 20-year-old caught in the maelstrom of controversy.

For the record, I support her joining the corps if she can physically perform to the standards fixed by the service academies. There is no middle ground here. She has to follow the regimen of the corps and not some diffused semblance of a military education. This includes, but is certainly not limited to, shaving her head, being a nob and debasing herself of all individuality. It is beyond my powers of comprehension to understand why she would even want to do this, but as she appears eager and doesn't seem to be addicted to narcotics, I believe that she should have access to a military education in Charleston. If she can't cut it, she can buy a city bus pass and finish her degree as a day student.

Whether she joins the corps or not is immaterial to me anyway. What I found more important and far more disturbing was the visceral hatred directed at her by many during the question period. This was scary. This was a pick-up game between Serbs and Croats. Deep reservoirs of pissed-off spite obscured any semblance of respect and cordiality. Judging from the behavior of those in attendance, the rivers of resentment among her opponents are very profound.

The height of this rancor was achieved via a question concerning how she would feel, given her apparent readiness to join the corps, if she had to shower with 30 naked men. Really? I am puzzled. What sort of character is developed by standing around with a posse of naked men? I want my men clothed, watching the game, a beer in hand and haggling over pizza toppings, not dripping on my feet. Hanging with my homies in the shower just doesn't rank on my to-do list. Every time I shower with disrobed males in the Blatt P.E. Center, I am more focused on scrubbing off the sweat from an Ergometer workout than in relishing the



**NIGEL RAVENHILL**  
Columnist

camaraderie of their naked thighs. Thank you, but I'll pass on this brand of character-building militarism.

Nonetheless, I'm sure that the experience gained at the Citadel is worthwhile. Personally though, the value of a single-gender education escapes me. I just can't see the merits of it. For as long as I can remember, I have shared my life with women; from my Mom to my sister to a succession of girlfriends, both platonic and romantic. Women may spend an inordinate amount of their lives in the bathroom, but these and other foibles can be excused. My philosophy is that life is too short to a) drink cheap beer or b) voluntarily choose to spend four years apart from the company of estrogen-fueled, bipedal mammals.

The closest I ever came to experiencing a single-gender education was my sophomore year rooming in the frat house. It was no picnic, and the memories of the decay in the kitchen come Sunday night are harrowing. Sixteen males without custodial service does not make for a terribly cherished scholastic souvenir.

I am unwilling to put my own kids through this. When I am ready to assess schools for them I will pass on any gender-exclusive places. Personally, my days need the pleasant vista of long blond hair, wool sweaters and hoop earrings. I am confident my son(s) will think likewise.

The primary defense for keeping the school's single gender appears to be some claim about tradition. What a crock. Tradition has always been paraded about like an inviolable badge of honor. Admittedly many traditions have great merit such as Christmas, Easter Egg hunts and blueberry pancakes. Others exist solely based on withered, tenuous claims to the past. Simply having done things a certain way in the past is hardly a blind justification for their continuance.

Long before I arrived at USC the tradition of slavery abounded in the South. Tradition demanded that men and women were forced to fetch cold drinks and harvest cotton. Slavery wasn't right then or now. Women had to wait until the 19th Amendment 20 years into this century to

gain the vote. Regardless of any passage of temporal space, an injustice is an injustice.

Just what tradition is the Citadel training their men for anyway? The U.S. Armed Force has long admitted women into its ranks. They fight for the red, white and blue as pilots, sailors, colonels and lieutenants and recently welcomed a general into their ranks. It is not inconceivable that a good many of the graduates from the corps may one day serve under the direction of a commanding officer who sports breasts underneath her dress tunic and a row of polished medals over them.

Were I under her command the only salient fact would be her competence. In action, my sole concerns would be whether she knew military strategy and whether I would needlessly end up on some list under "battle casualties."

Whatever your position on Shannon Faulkner, the anger of her detractors is the really scary part. In attacking the foundations of tradition one of her recompenses is receiving death threats. The bottom line is that with the support of the Constitution she will follow the Civil Rights movement, buck tradition and win her case.

If the Citadel were truly a military establishment it should mobilize its troops. If it is as bound by homogeneous tradition and a resolute esprit de corps as outsiders are led to believe, it should put up or shut up. Tap into the alumni list and work out a plan to privatize the institution. I support this option as much as I support her right to join. For the school this is certainly the best case scenario. If they have done the necessary reconnaissance they know that they face an overwhelming enemy in the next valley, The Supreme Court of the United States. They will go into battle and lose.

Shannon Faulkner's entire case lies with the fact that the school receives state funding and as such she has the right to attend the school and join the corps of cadets. No more state funding and no more problems with Shannon knocking on its door with a phalanx of lawyers. With the little girl forced to a co-educational college, the Citadel can revert to showers of naked men with nary a woman in sight.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

#### Annual Fund isn't getting my funds

Being a recent graduate, I was put on notice in the school's newsletter that I could expect a call regarding USC's "Annual Fund," which I've come to understand as the college's effort to elicit donations from its alumni.

Given the school's budget crunch, I would think there are some graduates who will flock to the school's aid. For about two seconds I thought I might even be one of those people. Despite my deep and natural cynicism, I actually hold some small inkling of school spirit. But after that two-second flinch, my memory came back to me, and I began to recall my four years at USC and how the school

treated me. Not so strangely, I remembered four years of overzealous parking attendants, as well as perennial tuition hikes, limited class offerings, misplaced spending priorities and general administrative mismanagement. Upon that recollection I concluded I can only offer the proverbial "bird" to USC and the "Annual Fund."

Indeed if I were to be truly honest with myself, I can say that I am more moved to contribute my hard-earned dollar to the movement I hear is currently afoot to change David Beasley's official title from governor to supreme pontiff.

To those running the "Annual Fund," I urge you to save your stamp, for payback is a bitch.

Jeffrey C. Turbitt  
Class of 1994

### Correction

Nancy Glenn's letter to the editor on page three of the March 15 Gamecock should have read, "making discrimination illegal."

### Letters policy

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 333. When you bring your letter into the office, have a Gamecock staff member check your picture identification and write your social security number, phone number and their initials on the letter.



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