



Serving USC Since 1908

Lee Clontz, Editor in Chief ■ Chris Muldrow, Viewpoints Editor

**Editorial Board**

Erin Galloway, Wendy Hudson, Susan Goodwin, Allison Williams, Jimmy DeButts, Ryan Wilson, Carson Henderson, Radhika Talwani

## Practice stress relief during crush weeks

Final examinations are approaching, and stress levels are shooting through the roof.

As final papers and final projects rapidly come due, students have a tendency to stay up late, cram work into every minute of the day and generally attempt to get every bit of work that went undone over the entire semester finished before professors send their final grades to the mysterious TIPS grade depository.

Tempers will get short. Library study areas will overflow. Computer lab hard drives will fill up. Kinko's will see dramatically increased profits. Professors will finally hear some creative excuses.

Take some time during this increasingly stressful period to breathe a little bit. Just because your entire future might ride on that MCAT or that final exam doesn't mean you can't take a couple of hours to catch some rays on the Horseshoe or go stick your toes in the Saluda River.

Just remember to turn in all your library books, put your name on all of your finals and take a little bit of time to relax.

A little stress relief is important to surviving the crush of the last couple of weeks. Don't drown in work.

## Financial aid can be vicious nightmare

**LUCY ARNOLD**  
Columnist

It's spring, and that means the time has come to head on over to that glorious springtime refuge: the Financial Aid Office

As you begin this joyous ritual of the season, let me relate a bit of my own experience in hopes that others might benefit from my suffering. But first, a word to the wise...

**PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE:** Do not, under any circumstances, confuse the Financial Aid Office with Financial Services. I've lost some good friends in the loop that could result:

**FINANCIAL SERVICES:** Oh, I'm sorry, you'll have to see Financial Aid about that.

(Person ambles over to College Street.)

**FINANCIAL AID:** They handle that over at the Financial Services department, honey.

(Person marches back to Petigru.)

**FINANCIAL SERVICES:** Please get your butt back over to Financial Aid.

(Person pulls hair out, drops out of college and becomes a hermit on Gibbs Green.)

You will save yourself a lot of trouble if you just don't think about it. This message has been brought to you by the Coalition to Save Student Sanity.

Anyway, many of you have already made your yearly trek out to the dismal depths of that innocent-looking little building on College Street. I, too, have already gone to where all students have gone before, and it was a thoroughly humbling experience.

My first problem was that I thought the situation would be simple. I had been warned before, but I did not listen to my sagacious friends.

"Lucy," they said, "Don't you know the financial aid motto? No problem has a simple solution."

Sure it's easy to say that in hindsight, but, ah, if only I had listened!

I waltzed into that place smack into a mass of lines crisscrossing each other like a huge writhing pile of snakes. No big deal, I think,

this'll just take a few extra minutes. I underestimated just a little.

When I finally made it up to the counter, I explained my very simple little question.

"I'm sorry," the lady behind the computer said. "This is the summer school line. The line you want to be in starts over behind Gambrell."

"I can go to summer school!" I shouted. "Just don't make me wait in that line! You don't know what it's like out there!"

But those ladies out at financial aid have nerves of steel. "Next!" she mumbled, and I was left staring desolately at my destiny, which just happened to be stretching out toward Greene Street.

By the time I finally made it to the correct counter, they had broken my spirit. I meekly explained my question to the computer person.

"Well," she said, "You'll have to see a counselor about that."

"No!" I screeched. "I've been through too much for too long to stop now! Just answer the #@\*&! question!"

"Well, now," she replied tonelessly as a little glint crept into her depthless eyes. "Now that I take a look at records, it seems you'll have to check with Financial Services about this one. Next."

Slumping out that door at last, I knew that they had won. But though the battle's lost, the war is not over. There will always be those brave enough to fight the good fight. And there will be those who stand in line and take it. Next year, I'll be the one with the lawnchair and sunglasses.

I would like to add a little disclaimer to save my financial aid application from being lost, mutilated or just thrown away. Those people in that office are really quite nice.

You'd be in a bad mood, too, if you had to deal with a bunch of college-educated people who aren't even capable of finding the right line to stand in.



FRANK ©1995 SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS NEWS



DISTRIBUTED BY TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES

**QUOTE UNQUOTE**

"I have the freedom to express myself and he (Father Raymond Brown) has the freedom to express himself."

Shin Li Zhou,

Graduate student whose artwork was removed from RH lobby

## Jews for Jesus don't represent Judaism



**ETHAN MYERSON**  
Columnist

While walking across Greene Street yesterday, I had a very disturbing encounter. I saw a man handing out brochures and talking to students. He wore a shirt that read "Jews for Jesus," and he was taking part in a movement that is slowly deteriorating the inner workings of the Jewish community of America.

I've never been one to stand by while someone attacked my foundations. I followed behind the gentleman and asked the students for the brochures he had just given them. I handed the collected brochures back to the Jew for Jesus and asked him to stop. This sparked a conversation between us, the details of which I will leave for another time.

Jews for Jesus, or Messianic Jews, represent one of the biggest threats to American Jewry. This organization is not recognized as a Jewish movement by any Jews, nor is it recognized as any kind of mainstream Christian denomination by Christians. Who, then, are Jews for Jesus? They are born Jews who have rejected the teachings of Judaism for their own teachings. They follow many of the precepts of Judaism; many observe the dietary laws of Kashrut, many observe the Sabbath on Saturday, as Jews do. The difference, however, is that they believe Jesus is the Messiah.

This is by no means a bad thing. I want to emphasize this point: there is nothing wrong with believing that Jesus is the messiah. It is simply

not a Jewish teaching, it is a Christian teaching. Believing this teaching, therefore is antithetical to Judaism. To continue with this logical thought process, Jews for Jesus practice teachings that are antithetical to Judaism, and therefore are not Jews.

So that there is no misunderstanding I would like to say that this alone is my point: Jews for Jesus, or Messianic Jews, believe in teachings not espoused by Judaism (teachings which, in fact, are counter to Jewish teachings) and are therefore not Jews.

There is nothing wrong with these teachings, and there certainly is nothing bad about these teachings.

How then can I say that Jews for Jesus are a threat to modern Judaism? Their threat is twofold. First, they misrepresent Jews. In our society the Jewish community is already a very misunderstood group.

A group such as Jews for Jesus can only cause further confusion.

Recently in this newspaper a columnist quoted a Messianic Jew and took that person's statement to be typical of all Jews, when in reality it

is not the statement of any Jew.

Secondly, they attempt to proselytize young Jews. This is a major problem. Judaism is a non-credal religion. We don't have a creed or statement of beliefs. It can be difficult for a college Jew to retain his faith in the face of a new atmosphere such as a college setting. Compound this with the difficulty of Jewish life at USC: there are few Jews here, Kosher food is hard to come by, and there is an abundance of very prominent Christian organizations on campus. Enter Jews for Jesus. The young Jews who might be questioning their identity meet the Jews for Jesus and find what they think is an easier way to be Jewish at college in Columbia, SC. Unfortunately what happens is that they become part of this pseudo-Jewish organization, and they are generally lost to us thereafter.

So I talked with Mitch (the Messianic Jew on Greene Street). He turned out to be a very nice guy. I explained to him my point of view, he explained his to me. As one might expect, no resolutions were made. He would continue to pass out his literature, I would continue to protest.

It is not the literature with which I disagree, however. It is the guise under which it is distributed.

## Summerton (pop. 975) Easter means food, flies, snakes



**DREW STEWART**  
Columnist

Easter came and went this year like a keg of beer at Tallyho. but Easter Sunday was far from uneventful.

For those of us who by the grace of God were fortunate enough to have spent Easter in the South, it is a time of year in which pictures are taken, fried chicken is eaten and small children run around hunting Easter eggs.

I remember Easter egg hunts from when I was a young 'un. My most vivid memory was when we had the 1981 Clarendon Hall Kindergarten Easter Egg Hunt in my yard and a friend of mine and I found an egg from the 1980 Clarendon Hall Kindergarten Easter Egg Hunt. We offered this kid in my class a dollar to eat it, but all we could raise was 56 cents.

Ever since then, when we hosted the Clarendon Hall Kindergarten Easter Egg Hunt, we used plastic eggs.

I think I hit one from 1983 with my lawnmower, but we haven't had it since 1989, and I think all of the eggs have since been recovered.

I was finally glad when I got too old to be a finder and I graduated to hider. That didn't last too long though. I turned out to be a little too vindictive to be too much of a hider.

While most people would hide the eggs under bushes and behind rocks, I usually hid them in trash cans, sticker bushes and in the dog's food. It usually upset the kids, but I had more fun than a German Shepherd at a home for crippled cats.

Easter baskets have long been a tradition in my family. It was always a pleasure to wake up on Sunday morning and get up to the piles of malted milk balls, creme eggs and, of course, a hollow chocolate bunny that had enough sugar to keep me awake until July 4th.

A few years ago, the Easter bunny decided to join in on America's fat-free craze. That was the year I got Slender bars and rice cakes. Could you imagine my face?

It was like expecting fresh-off-the-pit barbecued ribs and getting a McRib Sandwich. I usually don't deal with the baskets anymore. I usually just tell Hare of Easter to leave the candy in a bag on the front porch, and I'll see that it gets eaten.

On Easter Sunday, we always have a big lunch at my grandmother's house. We always eat fried chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad, cole slaw and several different desserts.

All of the family gets together to partake of the different delicacies, as do the flies, mosquitoes and snakes.

Snakes never have worried me too much. I know some people who are so phobic of them, they would refuse a million dollars if it meant having to walk in the same room as one.

The most feared snake in my hometown of Summerton (pop. 975) is the dreaded Southeastern Cottonmouth. These snakes are so mean, there are many tales of them getting so mad they bite themselves. (This was my initial reaction when my editor refused to give me a pay raise, but now I realize I should have bit him instead.)

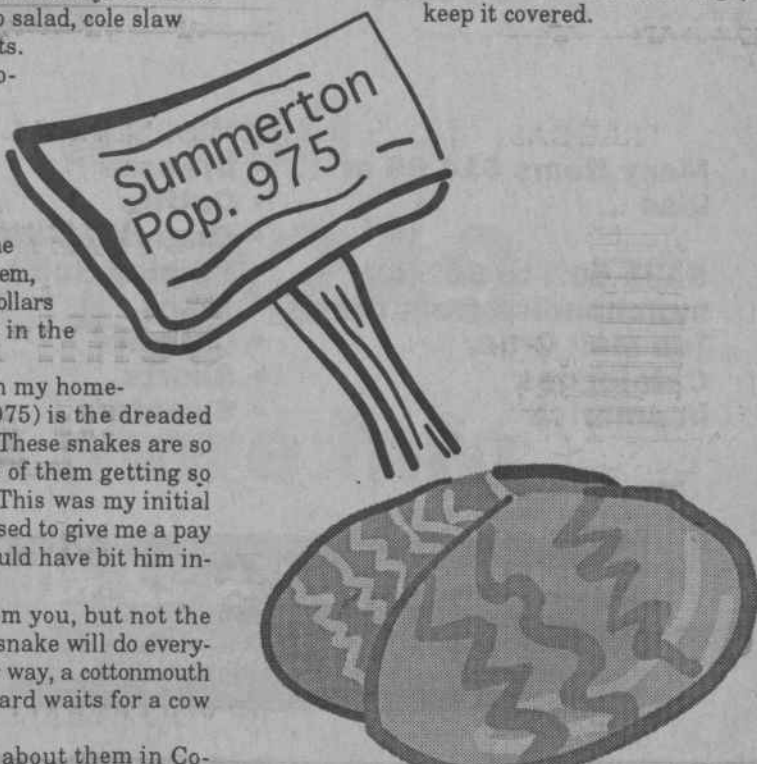
Most snakes will run from you, but not the Cottonmouth. While a rattlesnake will do everything he can to get out of your way, a cottonmouth will wait for you like a buzzard waits for a cow to die.

You don't need to worry about them in Co-

lumbia. Cottonmouths only reside in the swamps and in low-lying areas. However, I would like to see an increase in the snake population of USC. The rat population in the dorms would sharply decrease, but then again so would the sunbather population on the Horseshoe.

That is one other thing I have to address in this column. What has happened to the decency of the men of Carolina?

I saw a fellow laying out there the other day in Speeds. Come on. The male body ain't that beautiful to begin with, and we especially don't need to be reminded every time we go on the Horseshoe. Come on guys, keep it covered.



News: 777-7726  
Advertising: 777-4249  
FAX: 777-6482

Chris Carroll  
Director of Student Media  
Laura Day  
Creative Director  
Jim Green  
Art Director  
Elizabeth Thomas  
Adv. Graduate Asst.  
Renee Gibson  
Marketing Director  
Christopher Wood  
Asst. Advertising  
Manager  
Erik Collins  
Faculty Advisor

Lee Clontz  
Editor in Chief  
Chris Muldrow  
Viewpoints Editor  
Carson Henderson  
Radhika Talwani  
Copy Desk Chiefs  
Erin Galloway  
Wendy Hudson  
News Editors  
Susan Goodwin  
Allison Williams  
Features Editors

Jimmy DeButts  
Ryan Wilson  
Sports Editors  
Kim Truett  
Photo Editor  
Ethan Myerson  
Ryan Sims  
Graphics Editors  
Gregory Perez  
Design Editor  
Jason Jeffers  
Cartoonist

**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. The Gamecock reserves the right to edit all letters for style, possible libel or space limitations. Names will not be withheld under any circumstances.