



Serving USC Since 1908

Wendy Hudson, Editor in Chief • Matt Pruitt, Viewpoints Editor

Editorial Board

Lucy Arnold, Jamie Clark, Erin Galloway, Stephanie Sonnenfeld, Allison Williams, Larry Williams, Ryan Wilson

Back to school

Reaffirm objectives before classes begin

Once again, the University of South Carolina opens its arms to those pursuing degrees of higher learning.

Freshmen and new students will be thrust headlong into a new realm of possibilities, each with their own indeterminate path ahead of them.

Returning students will find their academic home to be a new place as well. The beginning of this school year marks the inception of the Residential College, the transformation of Capstone to a co-ed residence hall, the trial run of a new payment system, a change in the dates of the academic year, additions to Williams-Brice stadium, as well as many other changes still in the making.

Some aspects of life at USC will remain the same. Long lines at registration, the exorbitant prices at the Grand Marketplace, and the proliferation of little yellow trophies which students receive compliments of the university parking patrol are the all-too-familiar comforts of home.

The beginning of a new academic year provides students with many opportunities. One of the most important among these may be the chance to reaffirm our objectives in attending college. Students can use this time to remind themselves of their academic goals and the value of their education. Some may find it necessary to reconsider, or revise, their chosen path and start a new educational directive. Others may establish higher criteria for themselves while shedding behaviors that may inhibit their upward climb.

In short, this is a time for taking a deep breath, and taking a step back, before braving the road ahead. Ultimately, the academic path one chooses, and the success one derives from that path, is an individual decision. Use this time wisely.

And have fun.

Professor prepares for life in Preston as students move in



BECKY LEWIS
Guest Columnist

Recently, I was greeted by a teasing colleague in Cooper Library with the query, "How're the kids, Mom?"

He was referring to my husband's and my new positions as principal and co-principal of Preston College. Even in fun, it is disconcerting to have friends and acquaintances treat our decision to leave a cozy home to lie with 240 students as though they are children, and we, parents.

So as we begin our experiment in Preston College, I want to explain our positions as principal and co-principal of Preston. When adults live with younger students, we tend to assume that the adults function as house parents. Especially for those of us who attend college in the sixties, when dormitories were ruled by house parents. And, many are familiar with the depiction of a house mother living with college students in the television series "A Different World."

The concept is that of university officials acting loco parentis (as replacement parents) to keep close watch upon students and to give moral guidance whether sought or not.

In Preston, the enunciators and enforcers of university rules, as in all university student residences, will be our Residential Life Staff, consisting of residential hall director and five resident advisors. Kevin and I go into Preston to experiment with an older concept of "college."

Early European universities adapted the tradition of monasteries by housing their students and faculty together to form a comprehensive residential community. The idea being that people who

work together for common ends should also live together in a collegial setting. The connotation of "college" rests strongly upon sharing - a sharing of space, a sharing of food, a sharing of ideas, a sharing of life.

University colleges also recognized that communities combining people of different ages and experience need differentiated spaces. Thus, residential colleges have included a senior common room controlled by faculty members, and a junior common room controlled by student members. In latter days, the age of graduate study has seen the introduction of the middle common room for graduate student members. However, everyone comes together at specific times - during meals, receptions, seminars, and parties - to share in the communal life.

Kevin and I see ourselves as enthusiastic participants in Preston charged with tailoring traditions of the residential college to fit our campus. We have both contributed to residential college life elsewhere and our two children have thrived in residential colleges more recently. We hope to share our experience and our ideas with our fellow residents in creating spaces and initiatives conducive to mixing people of all ages and levels of experience in pursuit of common interests. In the vision for Preston, all of us have a stake in re-inventing the old meaning of "college" to bring humanity and graciousness into a university grown too big to provide the feeling of community.

Kevin and I see ourselves in a complex role of participants, negotiators, facilitators, and listeners as student residents and faculty associates come together to create the best possible local version of a residential college. We see ourselves helping to bridge the residential life and the academic life. We leave the parenting to parents.



QUOTEUNQUOTE

"It took me ten minutes. It's the least amount of time I've spent in the Coliseum. My financial aid was applied; I just walked in, got my schedule and walked out"

Senior Shondia Lowery on the new fee payment system

Summer vacation isn't really vacation

Vacation. Let's take a look at this word. A quick peek into Thomas Cooper Library's mammoth, medieval-looking dictionary will yield roughly forty varied definitions of this term so oft associated with summer. The vast majority of these indicate that a vacation is a time of respite or rest, an intermission, a break, a time for leisure and enjoyment.

Ah, yes. Summer vacation. Sleeping late every day. Rising only in order to bask in the afternoon sun, followed by several hours of swimming, then possibly a nap, or maybe a meal that was prepared for you with loving hands. Then on to the night life, which ends only when you deem fit since your days are obligation free, and of course you can sleep late again tomorrow. Right. I think I remember something like this. It had to be about seven or eight years ago, but I do seem to recall some period in my life during which the term "vacation" applied to my summer activities.

However, those days are long gone. Either the dictionary is way behind the times, or this word that college students use to describe the three month gap between the last class in May and the first one in August is somewhat of a



MATT PRUITT
Viewpoints Editor

misnomer.

I'm not quite sure what the appropriate term is for this period of academic limbo, but I can't imagine that the typical college student's activities are aptly described by the "v-word." Most of us have the ever-stimulating summer job, which, for those who don't have internships falls into one of three categories: clerical ("File this, then get me some coffee"), service ("Hey, frantic server boy, where's my coffee?"), and manual labor ("Dig a 30 foot trench in that rock hard ground while I stand here and drink my coffee").

And if menial labor isn't enough reason to stop using the aforementioned term, then here's the kicker: after nine months of total independence, you're back under the safe and comfortable wing (and watchful eye) of mom and dad! Planning on one of those little "stress releasers" with your friends that usually last until four in the morning and only end when you no longer recognize

anybody in the room? Not with the one o'clock curfew back in full effect and you leaving for the family reunion at 6 a.m. Friday.

Thus, back to the original question. What do we call this 3 month gap that for a short time drive us to pray for class to begin. I've debated; I considered "hell," but "Summer hell" sounds too much like a bad metal concert. "Summer punishment" almost fits, almost like the summer is some sort of retribution for all those classes skipped, but it also carries the implication that the strife is imposed by a higher authority, which is generally not true of the masochistic summer employee. I'm left with only one option: rewrite the dictionary. So, without further ado:

Vacation : a colorful euphemism often used to describe the almost unbearable circumstances that college students endure during the three month gap between classes known as summer, imposed by the older generation in an attempt to deny recognition of our subjugation and break our human will (see also: Doublespeak, George Orwell, 1984); marked in the south by temperatures ranging from 150-175 degrees Fahrenheit, causing many students to liken the period to apocalyptic tales of hell on earth.

Beardman returns to senior year with detergent

It's a bit strange coming back to school once you've been around Carolina for a while. Now that I'm an official senior, entitled to all rights and privileges associated with that status (which means I get to register for classes ten minutes before everyone else and I have to hide my wallet from the alumni club). I've noticed some odd aspects of returning for that last year of studying.

First, it seems everyone I know around campus seems to want me gone. I've already been asked about 3,076 times why I'm back around campus after I've been graduated. Now, maybe the beard makes me look old, but I'm not any older than the rest of my fellow seniors. I also have only been here four years, rather than taking the six- or eight-year plan like many people I know. I would say my overwhelming maturity confuses people if I did, in fact, possess overwhelming maturity, but I don't, so I won't.

Anyway, for the record, no, I haven't been here twenty years, and I'm not supposed to be out making myself a responsible member of society yet. I'm still qualified to sit around my campus apartment in my boxer shorts, sipping Kool-Aid and watching Gamecock Cable.

And speaking of Gamecock Cable, wouldn't you know we'd get great cable stations the year I'm leaving. Of course, if we'd had the Comedy Channel the past few years, I never would have left the apartment. Instead, I'd be vegetating on the couch in a small but disgusting pool of my own dribble, staring at the wacky antics (I don't normally use the words "wacky" or "antics," but I decided to pull them out because my thesaurus is still packed up.) of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," "Mystery Science Theater 3000" and "The Kids in the Hall." I believe we also got the Cartoon Network, which offers special showings of old '70s cartoons such as "The Super Globetrotters." Yep, you haven't lived until you've seen an animated Meadowlark Lemon pull a James Bondesque assortment of secret weapons out of his Volkswagen-sized Afro.

There have been lots of changes around campus over the summer. I've noticed some pretty awful-looking signs marking the buildings around campus. Of course, the Residential College is almost finished, except some of the students there said phone service wasn't up a couple of days ago.



CHRIS MULDROW
Columnist

The parking lot at the Coliseum has been replaced by a hulking practice facility. The Big Bird is still closed (sigh).

Some of the changes have been nice. We got new refrigerators and stoves, endearing the Housing Department to me for at least 10 minutes. Also, in a stroke of sheer genius and outstanding planning, free Pepsis were offered in the Coliseum during registration. Whoever thought of the free drink idea deserves a hug, a raise and a big wet sloppy kiss.

I've also noticed some changes in how I got ready for school this year. I remember the freshman year when I bought sheets, blankets, a bathroom supply holding container, towels, crates, luggage, CD holders, carpet, hangers, clothes, more clothes, power strips, more crates, bulk packages of soap, an iron, an ironing board, a 9-iron (actually, no, scratch that...I don't play golf) and assorted other elements of destruction guaranteed to fill my and my parents' cars. Wal-Mart in

Greenville opened a Chris Muldrow School Supply Wing after I spent all that money.

You know what I bought at Wal-Mart this year? Two giant vinyl-covered hooks (97 cents) and a jumbo-size bottle of detergent (three bucks).

Because of the humid Columbia climate, I've determined, anything you bring to school will expand approximately 1.57 times between the time school starts and the time school ends.

This expanded luggage will, therefore, no longer fit in the vehicle you plan to drive home, causing you to leave things such as trash cans and ironing boards in your room in hopes that maybe this year they won't totally clean the rooms out and you'll be able to convince next year's residents the leftover goods are yours.

Well, I'm chomping on the bit, ready for this year to get started so I can write about assorted silly things.

If I unintentionally offend you this year, remember - it was a joke. Laugh it off. Don't hunt me down and attempt to kill me. Please.

Oh, and by the way, if you readers see any university or city rules that are totally inane, drop me a note in Matt Pruitt's box at the Gamecock or in the GBQ office, and I'll see if I can write about it. The Beardman's back...



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

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

Wendy Hudson
Editor in Chief
Matt Pruitt
Viewpoints Editor
Chris Winston
Copy Desk Chief
Erin Galloway
Allison Williams
News Editors
Keith Boudreaux
Circulation Manager

Lucy Arnold
Stephanie Sonnenfeld
Features Editors
Larry Williams
Ryan Wilson
Sports Editors
Jamie Clark
Photo Editor

Martha Hotop
Tina Morgan
Asst. News
Ben Pillow
Chris Dixon
Asst. Features
Robbie Meeks
Asst. Sports
Jason Jeffers
Cartoonist

Ethan Myerson
Graphics Editor
Ryan Sims
Online Editor
Chris Carroll
Director of Student Media
Laura Day
Creative Director
Jeff A. Breaux
Art Director
Gregory Perez
Design Editor
Christopher Wood
Asst. Advertising Manager
Erik Collins
Faculty Advisor

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

The Gamecock is the student newspaper of the University of South Carolina and is published daily during the fall and spring semesters, with the exception of university holidays and exam periods. Opinions expressed in The Gamecock are those of the editor or author and not those of the University of South Carolina. The Board of Student Publications and Communications is the publisher of The Gamecock. The Department of Student Media is its parent organization.