



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

Don't let football overshadow other sports offerings

Alas, the time has come. The month of September marks the transition from summer to autumn, the semester's first exams, and the finalization of those tricky class schedules. Oh, also of marginal importance in the Southeast is the beginning of another season of college football.

All joking aside, the first football game serves as a religious holiday of sorts for many USC students, faculty, and alumni. Some seem to equate the beginning of the season with the start of a new year, and celebrate accordingly. Football is indeed the monarch supreme of sports at USC, and in the South.

And why not? Football is a relatively fast-paced, action-filled game. The tailgating tradition at Carolina allows for a time of socialization which is open to all manner of family and friends. Football also brings in a great deal of revenue and helps to gain recognition for our school.

However, it may be worthwhile to divert some attention from this sports giant and take a look at the other programs standing in its shadow—not out of sympathy, but out of respect.

Carolina has a wealth of programs that often receive only minimal attention (from students and administration). The vast majority of women's sports are victims of this phenomenon. Perhaps some individuals are under the impression that athletic events involving females are for one reason or another not as stimulating as those in-

volving males. This depends on one's perspective.

These women are athletes. They have a competitive desire as well; in fact, women often appear to be more fierce competitors than men. If one watches athletics in order to see athletes who are involved in heated competition showcase their talents, then women's athletics are well-suited for this.

If one watches athletics to see men competing against each other and be a part of a very large crowd, women's athletics are probably not appropriate.

Some men's sports receive a similar treatment. Until its recent success, men's soccer received relatively little fan support or attention. This may be due to conceptualization of soccer as a strictly European sport, while football is a decidedly American one. However, this is no reason to neglect it.

Regardless of the reasons behind the neglect, the opportunity presents itself to remedy the situation. In fact, this weekend is bursting with alternatives to football (the game is in Athens anyway). Men's soccer on Sunday (at Clemson, but still closer than Athens), the first home game for the women's soccer team on Saturday, and the Carolina Classic Volleyball Tournament today and tomorrow all provide a chance to take in some of the overshadowed sports.

Don't worry. Nobody here is trying to undermine football. It's a great American pastime. Just give the other guys (and girls) a chance.



QUOTE UNQUOTE

"We recommended that the street be closed because students were in danger, and some even felt that motorists were trying to run into them."

Richard Conant, chairman of the USC safety committee

Beardman survives summer of TV, toilets

CHRIS MULDROW

Columnist

Everyone's been asking me what I've been up to over the summer, expecting me to say I've been working at a newspaper or a magazine somewhere, honing my rusty journalistic edge with a whetstone of truth, justice and the American way.

Instead, I was often running herd on a pack of uniformed youngsters as program director of a Boy Scout camp.

The program director is the guy who makes sure the leather craft, watersports and knot-tying-type stuff runs smoothly during the weeks campers are there. I was at camp for roughly 11 weeks, an experience guaranteed to twist even the most stable mind into a Craftstrip Braid of astonishing proportions.

It's not that the Scouts gave me any trouble. The fact is, I was in charge of my program staff and let the Scoutmasters control their troops most of the time, save the few incidents where one of the little darlings would pull

After donning a plastic garbage bag apron and rubber surgical gloves, grabbing a shovel and two bottles of industrial-strength Purple Power cleaner and quashing my rising queasiness, I attacked the toilet. It was, I must say, the most disgusting thing I've ever done, and I never intend to do it again.

sinks off bathroom walls or other wash-room antics.

It's just that several weeks away from civilization tends to loosen one's grip on reality. For one, I only saw a newspaper once every week and a half or so. This meant once I did get a paper, I'd read it through roughly 2,347 times to make sure I didn't miss a shred of news. Newspapers became more prized than the Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream our trading post director would con the Good Humor guy into bringing every week.

And speaking of food... Have you ever imagined what it would be like to eat high school cafeteria food for 11 weeks straight...for every meal...constantly...all the time? The warmed-over shaped country-fried mystery meat and endless regurgitation of rectangular pizza turns the stomach and tries the soul after only a few weeks, and two plus months of the same food

is hazardous to your health. If I see another No. 10 can full of apple sauce I'll snap and strip naked to run wildly across the Horseshoe chanting, "Corn dogs, french fries, chocolate milk."

The worst thing about cafeteria food is the fake versions of commercial foods. We even had fake Tang, making it FAKE fake orange juice.

The heat and humidity caused problems over the summer, too. Once we got a bathing suit or towel wet, it was guaranteed to never ever dry again. We began to suspect any dry clothes were possessed by Satan.

We never got a chance to watch television over the summer, either. This wouldn't normally be a problem because I don't watch much TV normally. Unfortunately, my last week at camp was spent watching the ranger's house, which had satellite TV. Having nothing else to do with everyone gone, I of course started play-

ing with the TV. Hours later, I was addicted to the 10,000 channels. I watched my MTV2, MTV West, MTV East, MTV Beijing, MTV Zimbabwe. He me!

I also developed an unappeasable desire to buy expensive outdoor equipment such as rock climbing gear and kayak accessories. When you're in the woods, there's no other retail purchase that seems to make sense than an extra set of float bags for a boat or a nice Gore-Tex rain coat.

The worst thing that happened to me all summer, however, was my foray into plumbing repair after a toilet got unacceptably—and overwhelmingly-clogged with such things as normally clog toilets. After donning a plastic garbage bag apron and rubber surgical gloves, grabbing a shovel and two bottles of industrial-strength Purple Power cleaner and quashing my rising queasiness, I attacked the toilet. It was, I must say, the most disgusting thing I've ever done, and I never intend to do it again. If you, or anyone you know, does this for a living you deserve a big hug, the alcoholic beverage of your choice and the thank of toilet users everywhere.

A closer look



Trauma Talk: South Carolinians might not understand

I'll make this as simplistic as possible: Contrary to majority belief, South Carolina is not the only state in this country. I don't mean to offend traditional Southerners. I merely would like to explain the obvious: learn about other traditions, cultures, life-styles, and people in general, before concluding that the rest of the country is vulgar, flamboyant, or insensible.

I speak with conviction and truth; some major reasons follow. Susan Smith's case lasted only a few, politically rushed weeks while O.J. remains behind cold and tax paid iron bars. Explanations are difficult and more complicated than the media portrays. But my conjecture projects that a false sense of security lies in her county about an effective and non-biased justice system and that, while she was growing up, a lack of community support compelled her eventual wrongdoing. I could then state that the community committed the crime and that the community should be life sentenced. Whereas, even though the O.J. trial is absurd (I'll be the first to admit the apparent), at least an attempt at a fair trial, according to correct judicial law, is proceeding. Wouldn't you agree?

Or perhaps that Shannon Faulkner is a pioneer, regardless of what ignorant and closed-minded people might perceive. For Citadel students and graduates, this might be hard to swallow (try some grits), but you simply cannot ignore the factual. Ms. Smith broke a 152 year old tradition and paved a dirt road for future women. Even though she quit, she did end the gender barrier at an all-male institution. What have you done lately?

And that killing anyone, as in an eye for an eye, is still illegal; the outcome of death has not changed (call it bureaucratic or justified murder if you may). This is targeted at those who proudly carry gun-racks attached to the back of their "All-American" pick-up trucks while the bumper sticker reads "Mean People Suck." I have often heard Southerners talk about the death penalty as a means for human extinction.

By the way, some of you could be sexually-oppressed, repressed, but animalistically obsessed. And afterwards, instead of the traditional cigarette, ya'll would rather be fixin' grits with chili, bacon, or some

KEN TRAUM

Columnist

kind of religious additive (Remember you can only fix something that's broken).

The Blue Law's are another intelligent decision. Everybody is in church, so no alcohol on Sunday's. That still doesn't excuse church members from arriving hung over and smelling of aged Jack Daniels. (Sorry, my bad, that's Tennessee).

Then there's the confederate flag high above the capital building, some claim "tradition," while others "racism."

And then those Southern jokes? Well, The Gamecock couldn't print them. Thanks for watching my back!

Ready to send me back to California? Not on your life. A University of California at Berkeley graduate (remember that we abated affirmative action programs) will not turn down such a requisition. Courage, strength, and esteem will prevail. I shall continue, 'cause Lord only knows if lightning shall strike (then again, I currently reside in a religious, but hypocritical environment. But that's another column).

I speak from experience. Experience can dictate individual justification for personal beliefs. But experience can often be negligently construed through imprudent, constructive criticism. This allows for brisk judgement, but I don't surf, and, yes, even in California, snow can fall. I don't know Brenda from 90210 (I'd like to) and California University is actually fictional, so don't ask me for any applications. I have blond hair and blue eyes, but I'm not a plastic doll. In fact, my I.Q. is higher than my G.R.E. scores, a moderate 158. Unlike a lot of Southerners, I left my home state to learn about people, not to judge them.

My point should be clear. Get to know me, my beliefs and goals, my aspirations and concerns, before sensing judgement. I will be content to do the same and I will cease to make gross generalizations. If you choose to stereotype further, well, "bring it

on."

But "bring it on" through responsive language if you dare, not anger, misjudgement, or callow act of traditional apprehension. Language allows for discourse and discourse (Thanks Mr. Locklair) is necessary for promoting educating and symbolism. Discourse permits us to write or speak through the power and process of reasoning. It permits careful dissection and steady control, as if steering, with single finger, a shaky wheel past forcible, dotted lines of conformity. Through discourse we are given the utopian thought of choice, the human right of judgement. We are then able to intellectualize stereotype, not by ignorance or imagination, but by absolutes and transparent thinking. Because ya'll will be reading this column, this should be your goal as you thoroughly inhale my meaning.

Unlike my predecessors, I am neither a conservative Republican or liberal Democrat. I believe in true democracy, not governmental intervention. This makes me a visionary. Thus, my column topics will reflect upon the "not-normal" or the socially acceptable.

My weekly column will question the norm. It might challenge you to abolish racism, sexism or perhaps introduce you to my pacifier and adhesive condom theory. I might discuss political corruption, gay rights, or violent protest outcomes. Have you ever heard of nude marijuana sit-ins or community movements for macrochange? What about capital punishment, abortion and the recent, but contentious consensual rape ideology.

Or, perhaps I will write about current issues affecting you, the students of Carolina. Fake IDs will get you into most bars and don't you truly despise the renovated dorms? And that some professor's actually think that they are better than you or more important!

Nevertheless, like an attacking shark, I thrive on controversy. Be forewarned and cautious, but optimistic and intuitive. Please remember, as stated by Hazlitt: "Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind and privation strengthens it."



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

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
Kim Golden
 Asst. Advertising Manager
Erik Collins
 Faculty Advisor

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 Meek
 Asst. Sports
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.

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 editors 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.