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Lucy Arnold, Jamie Clark, Gregory Perez, Stephanie Sonnenfeld, Allison Williams, Larry Williams, Ryan Wilson, Chris Winston

Fear prevents people from viewing quilt

The NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt has been on display at the Carolina Coliseum for over 2 days now.

Have you been to see it? Chances are, you haven't. Chances are, you might not know what this quilt is. Unfortunately, you're not alone.

The only showing of the quilt in South Carolina has been sorely underpublicized. Hence, attendance at the viewings, predicted to be roughly 30,000 people over 3 days, has been extremely low.

Perhaps the lack of publicity and attendance stems from a lack of understanding and concern. Perhaps South Carolinians don't understand the importance of the display. Maybe fear holds them back.

The fear that the AIDS quilt may be emotionally moving due to its personal nature is very likely a deterrent for many people. Staying home and denying the pervasiveness of the disease is much easier than making a trip down to the Coliseum. Attempting to block out the fact that AIDS touches thousands of people each year and affects their families and friends is always the safe way out.

The quilt provides a different perspective on AIDS than does the media: while the media turns the disease into a stack of numbers and statistics, the quilt shows the human side of the story; it shows that real people are affected in real ways, all across the nation. The latter is much more disturbing and, hence, is given much less attention.

Maybe the main reason that people have avoided the display is that it tends to prompt them to act—and care. Most would rather pretend that AIDS does not, and could not, affect them. They would like to use this reasoning to justify their lack of contributions in solving the problem.

However, facts are facts. AIDS is sweeping the country, and too many people are standing by and watching. The quilt is a testimony to both of these facts.

Don't be afraid to be aware.

Horgan vents anger on advertising officials

Who are the morons who write TV commercials and why are they allowed to live? A simple question, ladies and gentlemen, to which, unfortunately, there is no easy answer. I cannot seat myself in front of the television for any brief amount of time without being molested by commercials so absurd, so insipid, and so cliched that I begin to gnash my teeth and tear at my hair. In short, they cause me great pain. It's bad enough that I have dreams, nay... sick fantasies, about skewering the Snuggle Bear on a spit and slowly charring him over an open flame. Now I'm confronted with a talking Huggies diaper that cavorts about, squeals with glee, and just generally acts perky as hell.

The way I figure it, it's a diaper... realistically, it's not going to be too happy-go-lucky when a one-year-old on his first solid food loads it up. In fact, it'll probably be begging for a merciful end to its miserable existence. I wouldn't imagine that diapers lead charmed lives.

I just don't understand this fixation advertisers have with creating walking, talking versions of their product. Does it really make more people want to buy whatever it is? How many of you out there watch an ad and think to yourself, "Ha Ha, what a cute doughboy! I think I'll go buy some biscuits," or "Ha Ha, what a cute yeast roll, I really must go to Quincy's." More than likely though, it's "Hm, rapping Chicken McNuggets. I think I'll go shoot everyone at a McDonald's."

There is a plague of bad commercials out there, and they are slowly but surely turning us into a nation of idiots who all use the "Psychic Friends Network" (Dionne Warwick, by the way. With the help of her psychic friends she has really turned her career around and is now heading a definite direction... Hell). I think we, as tv watching Americans, have a responsibility to ourselves and to our children. We must stand up to the advertising conglomerates of this nation, put our foot down and say, "Hey. I'm not going to pay a lot for this muffer."

Other than that, I'm sure you all

MATT HORGAN

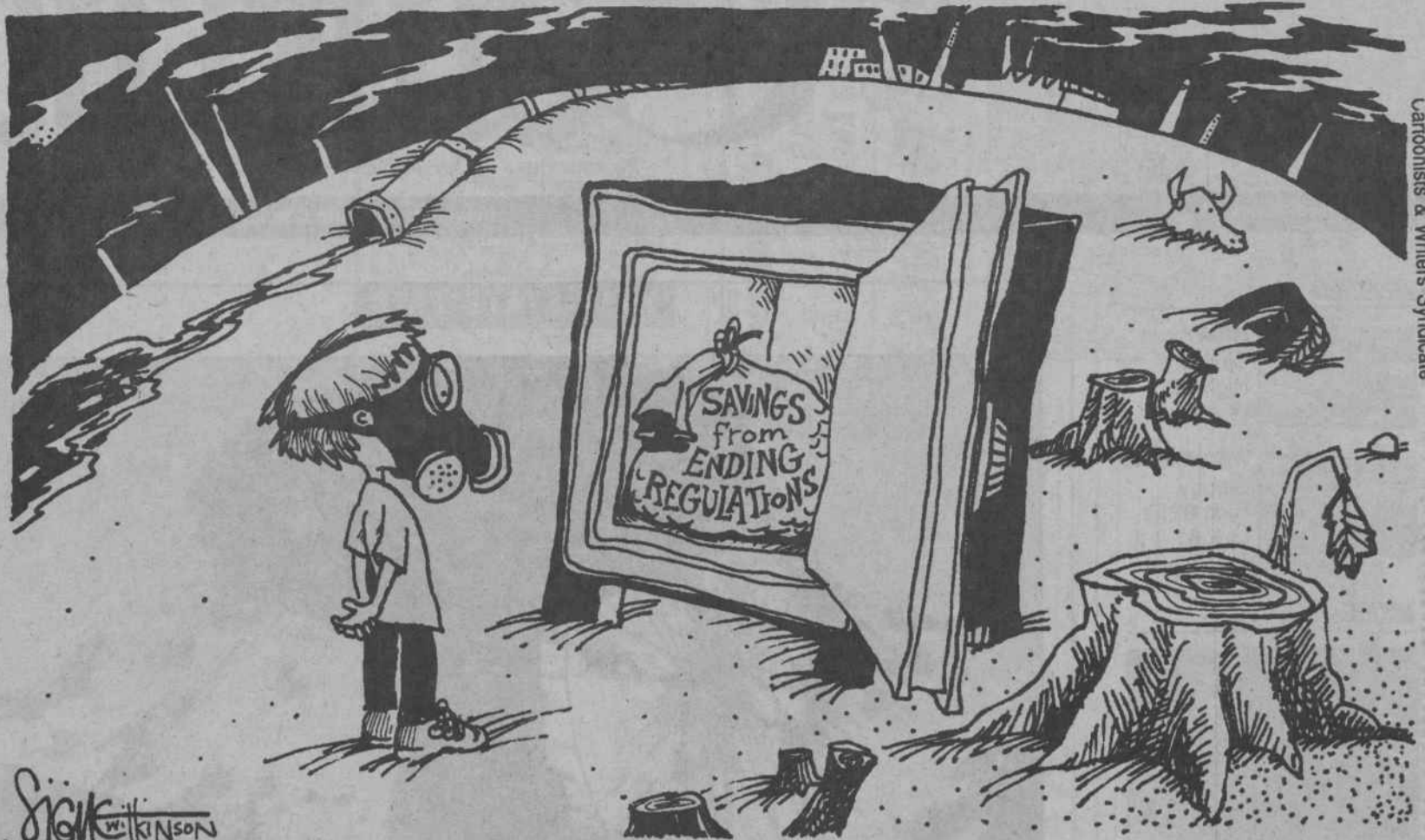
Columnist

know that the S.C. State Fair is in town. Ahh, the fair... it really hasn't been half as entertaining since they took the freak shows away. Not like there aren't enough freaks already—every yahoo from York to Hardeeville comes out from his or her respective rock to clog the State Fairgrounds for a week.

I have rather bittersweet childhood memories of the fair, though. As a little tyke, the fair coming into town was a huge occurrence for me. However, due to the fact that I had not yet reached the level of maturity that I am at today (which is still questionable), I was forced to go with my parents. Going to the fair with my parents meant having to experience the sheer horror of the Cantey Building (insert maniacal laugh here). I would get all worked up and frothy in anticipation of the rides and then have to look at 20 pound squash and triple-pane windows for two hours. Considering that at that age my attention span was only two minutes anyway, it was the worst torture imaginable. I came to hate the Cantey Building with a passion and I haven't set foot in the place since.

Now when I go to the Fair, I plan my time there very carefully. First things first, I go eat an elephant ear and smear as much powdered sugar on my face as possible. Next it's a little of the "Racin' Razorbacks" action, and the rest of my night is spent at the Bumper Cars. I love the Bumper Cars... my sole purpose on them is to cause as much pain and suffering to others as possible. I am driven. First I seek out the little kids who have no idea how to steer the car—they are sitting ducks. If you pin 'em in a corner so they can't go anywhere they eventually start crying. Then I go after the lovey-dovey couple riding in the same car (the same ones involved in the disgusting P.D.A. while in line) and I ram them full on from the side so that they knock heads... Great fun!

Well, that's it for this week kids. Here's your homework: Bite Me.



QUOTE, UNQUOTE

"The problem with this building is that it is a working building. Those who work here, faculty, staff and students are expected to suspend their work to accommodate the legislature."

Professor David Berube, on the South Carolina Legislature moving into the Carolina Plaza

You can cure illness before you cure disease

Imagine yourself walking down the sidewalk from the Coliseum to the Russell House. You are keeping to yourself, in your own little world. Suddenly you hear someone shout out, "Unclean! Stand back!" You look up and see a man sitting on the ground leaning up against a building and right in your path. He is covered with sores and obviously too weak to get up and move. As quickly as possible, you run to the other side of the street to avoid coming near him.

Even worse, imagine that you see him before he sees you. Would you steer clear, going in a building or casually crossing the street as if that is what you had planned on doing the entire time?

Both of these situations were true in the world of Jesus of Nazareth. According to the laws of the time, if one had leprosy (not the same as our modern leprosy, but any disease that causes the skin to degenerate) one was isolated and quarantined from the rest of the community until one was cured, and then could be reinstated by the High Priest. For a society where identity was defined by how and with whom people saw you, isolation was like death.

In an adaptation of his book "The Historical Jesus: The Life of a Mediterranean Jewish Peasant," John Crossan makes a firm distinction between the disease and the illness. "Diseases are abnormalities in the structure and func-

CARSON BUSH

Columnist

tion of body organs and systems." "Physicians diagnose and treat diseases." However, illnesses are something else. "Patients suffer illnesses... illnesses are experiences of devalued changes in states of being and in social function." Put simply, diseases are the medical condition; illnesses are what society does to you because of the disease.

The disease was leprosy. The illness was being cast out from the world. The lepers often lived in camps outside the cities. No one, including family, was allowed near the leper, and they had to warn people that were approaching that they were unclean. Food was brought to a point near the camps, but not into them. The bringer of the food would then back off so the lepers could come get it. Imagine only being able to see your brother or sister, mother or father, husband or wife from a distance because they could not come close to you. You could not touch them again unless by some miracle you became clean.

But someone challenged these principles. Jesus of Nazareth, whether you believe him to be the Son of God or a man with a social conscience, refused to obey the laws that stripped diseased peo-

ple of their humanity. Regardless of what disease the lepers actually had, which Crossan believes Jesus could not cure though I believe he could, their illness was separation, and that is what Jesus healed. He healed the illness by refusing to accept the official quarantine, by refusing to stay separate from the sick person, by touching him, and thereby confronting others with a challenge to do the same. Jesus held the leper and let him cry on his shoulder. Jesus would not quit loving him just because his body was weak.

What would Jesus do if he were with us today? Where would he be? What would he tell us? I, along with Crossan and many others, believe he would be healing the illness of AIDS. He would be down at Richland Memorial, Baptist, and Providence Hospitals holding the victims of such a terrible disease and an even worse illness. He would not be in the churches thanking his thankful, but rebuking us for turning our backs on those who are in pain. "Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me." (Matthew 25.40b) Brennan Manning, in his book "The Significance of Jesus," tells the story of the dedication of a hospice for the terminally ill in New York City. At that dedication, Mother Teresa said something that is both remarkable and shocking. "Each

AIDS victim is Jesus in a distressing disguise." When we turn away from a victim of the disease, we turn against Jesus.

Why do we want to forget those who have HIV or AIDS? Why do we cast them out? We claim to have advanced so much in the past two millennia, but yet we still want to avoid those who are diseased. I saw on the news last week that the parents of an AIDS victim had covered their last name on their son's panel in the AIDS Quilt, even though someone else had made it. Even after his death, they cast him out. People preach sermons saying that AIDS victims get what they are asking for by being promiscuous. Jesus would not care how a person contracted AIDS. He would love him or her anyway. God loves everyone, no matter what. Why can't we? Though we can not as of yet cure the disease we call AIDS, we certainly can heal the illness.

O God in heaven, may this be the last year we must see this disease, because we are tired. Give us the strength to fight the prejudices we have within ourselves and to hold those who truly need our support. Help us open our hearts so that we might love others unconditionally just as you do, and bless us with morning rays of sunshine that illuminate a world that is free of pain and suffering. Amen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Palms' failure to support clause shows lack of courage

In Thursday's The Gamecock, President John Palms claims that adding the words "sexual orientation" to our university's equal opportunity statement would "invite the kind of cynicism about the university's motives and judgements that this university must strive to stay above." It seems that the spectacle of our spineless president, unwilling to take a stand that is not backed by "political practicality" (translation: prior approval) would arouse a great deal more cynicism both among our student body and among outsiders.

This university is an institution of higher education. As such, it is our duty to strive to create an environment conducive to learning, untainted by bigotry. While adding the words "sexual orientation" to our equal opportunity statement would not end homophobia on this campus, it would at the very least demonstrate an interest on the part of our president to oppose this particular strain of bigotry. However, to take a stance which is not pre-approved by the General Assembly, which may be unpopular, which in fact could possibly result in debate and some opposition—well, that takes courage. Courage is a trait our president sadly lacks, evidently; he seems content to follow the lead of the simpering idiots who govern this state by taking no stand whatsoever. I am disgusted by the aforementioned.

I am repulsed by the fact that my university is represented by a man unwilling to speak out on behalf of his student body. Note his unwillingness to even stand up for his own convictions; evidently, political practicality is more important than creating a learning environment. How ironic that at this same meeting, The Carolina Spector was condemned for their efforts to inspire "threats, intimidation, and harassment" towards a gay member of our community. Adding "sexual orientation" to our equal opportunity statement would be a far-reaching equivalent of that condemnation; unfortunately, we are led by a president who lacks the courage of his faculty; who is in fact, content to continue with business as usual in a society fraught with bigotry.

Michael McLellan
English Senior

Many miss the point when considering O.J. trial

I feel compelled to address a few issues that were presented in Larry Williams' column in the October 5 edition.

First, Mr. Williams opines that O.J. Simpson's defense team "...base[d] their whole case on one man's supposed racism."

To the contrary, the defense's strategy called into question the investigative procedures of the Los Angeles Police Department and the Los Angeles Coroner's Office. There is no doubt (or should be no doubt) that these two agencies mishandled the evidence utilized in this case: the coroner was called to the crime scene some 10 HOURS after the bodies were discovered (by law, he should have been called IMMEDIATELY), and the coroner discarded Nicole Simpson's stomach contents during the autopsy (they could have and should have been used to approximate the time of death). These two facts call the prosecutions time line into question and could establish reasonable doubt in a jurist's mind.

Second, Mr. Williams asks, "why wasn't he punished for beating his ex-wife?" The answer is simple: she did not press charges against him. Besides, he was not on trial for abusing his ex-wife, although that fact made him the prime and only suspect for the murders.

Finally, Mr. Williams discusses Mark Fuhrman. Yes, he is a racist, and yes it IS possible that he "... was cold-blooded enough to frame Simpson in the murders." Is it so impossible to believe that Fuhrman could have planted or tampered with evidence in order to convict an African-American man for killing a white woman to whom he was once married? I don't know too many racists who

approve of interracial dating or marriages (keep in mind that at the time of the murders, O.J. was and still is dating a white woman).

The question we all need to consider is this: how can one man with one knife kill two people and leave the scene with no bruises or cuts on his body? The supposed killer had one cut on his knuckle, yet it is a known fact that Ronald Goldman fought his attacker(s); wounds on his body proved it. Wouldn't O.J. have had more than one laceration?

Tanya Berry
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write now

Reader responses are welcome. Letters should be between 200 and 250 words and should be delivered personally to The Gamecock, Room 333 of the Russell House. Name, major and phone number should be included. Names will not be withheld for any reason.



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