

The Gamecock

Serving USC Since 1908

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IN OUR OPINION

Lack of essentials reason for protest

Their classrooms are missing old-fashioned necessities such as maps and chalk.

They've got leaky roofs, wobbling desks and chalkboards that refuse to be written on by what little chalk there is.

No, this isn't the local public elementary school or your old high school. It's one of our publicly supported sister-schools, Winthrop University.

According to Tuesday's edition of *The State*, students were so fed up with conditions they held a 15-minute protest outside the College of Arts and Sciences before taking four members of the state legislature on a tour of campus buildings: Sen. Wes Hayes, R-York and Reps. Herb Kirsh, D-York, Becky Meacham, R-York and Gary Simrill, R-York. The protest was organized by junior H.D. Hatchell.

Students believe school officials are more concerned with landscaping than they are with building conditions and are not willing to listen to student concerns.

School administrators cite new windows in Kinard Hall, a renovated auditorium, a new seminar room and a new conference room as contrary proof to student beliefs.

While it's impressive that Winthrop has partially renovated some key buildings, students don't learn from looking out new windows.

What is the point of new frivolities if the basic supplies are not being distributed?

Part of the problem, as far as chalkboards and maps go, is that on a college campus, classrooms are not used by a single professor each day, and therefore the possessions of that room are not guarded by the professor, as they are in high school.

The professor's domain is an office, not their rented class-

THE TOPIC

Winthrop protests

OUR OPINION

USC and Winthrop share similar renovating problems

room. It's no wonder there is no one there to get chalk or make sure the desks are usable.

USC has similar, yet opposite, problems.

Many students can testify to professors searching for five or 10 minutes for a piece of chalk or

a dry-erase marker in order to write notes.

Gambrell Hall does not necessarily sport the latest maps. (Has anyone ever taken Western Civilization only to discover the Soviet Union still exists and Germany is still divided into East and West?)

However, the two campus' problems are not exactly identical.

Winthrop students wish less money went into landscaping and more into renovations.

But as we skirt dirt piles and mud puddles, round chain link fences and try to drown out the noise of construction during lecture, USC students may wish quite the opposite.

And while Winthrop may have leaky roofs, we have a newly renovated residence hall spouting Old Faithful's distant cousin.

There never is enough money for all the things that need to be built, installed, finished, started, run, stopped, renovated or refurbished.

Winthrop and USC students have both evidently seen this.

But when it is being decided how much money goes where, common sense has to rule.

As nice as extra touches are, it is important to make sure the basic, simple essentials that nearly all universities are run on, not just USC and Winthrop, are in proper and outstanding working order.

Then move on to the new windows, the new residence halls and the new landscaping. Take care of and improve what one already has before moving on.



GÉRARD DEPARDIEU IS MADE AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SIOUX.

Quote, Unquote

"To be honest with you, I thought they had scored, and I said, 'Them rascals are going for two.' I was a little lost."

USC football wide receiver Jermale Kelly, on the block Lee Wiggins made in Saturday's game

USC needs just a li'l R-E-S-P-E-C-T

KURT JOHNSON

Columnist

Okay, it's time to get serious.

I have been here almost two months, and I'm already quite pissed. It's not my 8 a.m. classes nor the \$23.69 cheeseburgers nor the stealing of my markers from my marker board (yeah, that makes me pissed). It's the total lack of respect I've noticed by USC students, more specifically, the freshmen class.

Respect is a vital and critical tool to cultivate while dealing with people. Respect, in general, deals with a person's beliefs, thoughts and feelings.

People like to know their views and beliefs are important and have an effect, if on no one else, at least in their life. To me, all views and beliefs are meaningful because in the scheme of things, no one really knows what's right or what's going to happen. Anybody's guess is as good as mine.

Getting back to this lack of respect, it has been my experience that some people here just don't care about others. Some examples are in order.

I had to go to a presentation last week for University 101. The presentation, I believe, was "Risqué Business," or something to that effect.

Anyway, the presentation dealt with college students and the many obstacles they face through these years. The demonstration focused on the alcohol consumption by students as a whole in the United States and at USC.

It went on to discuss sex and its dangers, such as sexual assaults, STDs and pregnancies. There were even skits, which were very well-thought-out and well-executed, performed by four USC students on these various subjects. A speaker concluded the presentation with more talk about sexual assaults.

Throughout this exhibition, the audience of freshmen was totally disrespectful. Some people were laughing over some of the skits, people were talking during the speaker's lecture and people left, which shocked and appalled me.

These actors had worked for more than three weeks on their skits, and I'm sure the presentation took longer than that to coordinate, and a large chunk of the audience just left.

I don't understand that. I could understand a couple of people leaving for personal reasons but people leaving for what seemed like no reason at all is ludicrous.

These people obviously did not respect the time involved in the making of this performance, the information being transferred from the speaker to the audience nor the people who were giving the presentation. That's just despicable.

The same thing happens in my math class. Yes, I am a math idiot and am enrolled in Math 111, which meets everyday.

During the lecture, when the teacher turns her back to write on the board, people will furtively sneak out

"I'm all about respect for myself, others and nature. If everyone could just think, have a little common sense and respect, things would be so much better."

of this class, hurrying out the opened door. Why come to class if you're going to leave during the lecture?

It really goes to taking advantage of their newly found rights. They know nothing is going to happen to them for leaving the class, other than failing the class.

People also don't respect their dorm halls, at least the students on my hall don't. I woke up one morning and entered those great community showers, only to find a trash can slopped over on the floor with its contents scattered into the showers.

It was quite disgusting, and I felt very sorry for the person who had to clean it up. I'm sure whoever knocked over the trash can failed to think of the others who would've been affected by this shameless action.

I've always been a respectful person. I definitely have a profound respect for those who are older, who have been through it all and who know what they're talking about. I wouldn't dare do anything to purposely disdain them.

Somebody's loss of respect for me is the worst thing that can happen to me. Luckily, I don't think it has really happened before.

I'm all about respect for myself, others and nature. If everyone could just think, have a little common sense and respect, things would be so much better. People would be so much better. The world would be so much better.

But that's up to the individual. They have to realize what they're doing and realize they could do better. They have to attempt to change, which is one of the hardest things to do.

At least try (respect, that is). You will be appreciated for it, and more people will like and respect you. A little respect goes a long way in human relations.

That's all I have to say about that, so I hope you'll take some of the advice and incorporate it in your daily lives. You'll be a happier, wiser and cooler person.

Home loses love, good memories

NIKKI LA ROCQUE

Viewpoints Editor

I thought I got over this when I was a freshman.

Going home was always an experience of sorts. My first Labor Day weekend, I rushed home with a sophomore friend, absolutely, positively quivering with excitement. To see Charleston! King Street! The punks on King Street! The marsh, the creek, my dogs, etc. Oh, and my family. Definitely, the family.

"Don't get so excited," my wise friend prophesied. "Eventually, this will just be boring. I'm going home. Ah, so what?" "NEVER!" I exclaimed, horrified. How could I ever find returning to my sea home passé? Impossible!

Yet, over the semesters, something far worse has happened. If only I found going home boring. At least that doesn't hurt.

Because, you see, it hurts to go home now. I don't know when this happened or how it came about. One day, I was a happy little freshman, giddy with the prospect of Charleston. Now, a junior, as beautiful as I find Charleston, as proud as I am for growing up there, the city hurts me.

I think it started with the summer

after my freshman year. I had finally begun to really like USC, and Columbia wasn't that bad, and I had made my own family here. Suddenly, in May I found myself away from school, my USC "family" spread through the country, really expensive phone calls or snail mail being our only means of communication. Shouting down the hall at 3 a.m. was much more convenient.

But at least I got to work downtown at the Visitor's Center, and a few people from USC were there, and I always had two or three friends from high school, the rest having decided to stay in Atlanta or Clemson or wherever for the summer. And I spent enough time at the beach, boating and swimming in the creek that I ended up having a rather transcendental summer.

Then came Fall Break of my sophomore year. I returned home for only two days. That's all I could take of my younger sister and her new boyfriend. Cuddling, cute and sweet and ever-so-much in high school love, they made me want to retch and cry. My sisters were both juniors in my old high school, doing and experiencing the same things I had, including that first intense, passionate, dark puppy love. And where was I? No male in the picture, and the previous love of my intense life suddenly shrank

to nothing more important than the "high school boyfriend." How petty! But it made me sad to see that part of my life shrink into such a minute, stupid perspective.

This summer was the complete worst. Somehow, my mother and I managed to avoid getting into major confrontations while I was in high school, mainly because I took my anger out on teachers, not her. But this summer, Mom and I decided, with no previous communication or conference on the subject, that it was high time to have those arguments necessary for "the baby bird to spread its wings and fly." Bye-bye Mommy.

At any rate, summer '97 was rather uncool.

I discussed all this with one of my close friends who had just recently moved back to Charleston from Georgia. We spent this Fall Break hanging out at all of our favorite spots and trying to figure this adoration/hatred relationship we have with Charleston.

Marshal decided it wasn't so much the family issue or working crappy jobs while your other friends have way-cool internships. It's the fact that we have no life in Charleston. The events that made Charleston vibrate with color, that turned every Friday and Saturday night into fun and exploration and sometimes

drama, was gone. Our childhood, middle and high school lives there are very much over, yet no other type of life has taken over to replace the former memories with meaningful insight and thought. Charleston, as Marshal put it, is an empty shell for us. As lovely, as delicate, as decadent as it is, it's empty within. There's no pulse for us. She is dead.

What does one do when one's "city of angels" is gone? I have loved Charleston so much. She has turned into a person for me. But that personality is gone. Nothing exists there except old memories that somehow do not age well but become wrapped in a queer ache.

It's time for me to move on. I know I will always worship that city by the sea. I will always turn my already-snub nose up at people when they tell me where they hail from, only to say, "Oh, well, I'm from Charleston."

I know eventually I will return to live out my adult life, my "settled down" years, and raise children there because no childhood is quite like the one that takes place along the ocean. But for now, as I climb to that age, I know I must leave. Boston, Ireland, Seattle, Gambia, wherever.

Goodbye, my love. For now.

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WHO WE ARE

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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 for any circumstance.

Hello? Anyone out there with some intelligence and the ability to write? Share your opinion. Tell us we're idiots, or saints. Write a letter to the editor.