

## Definitions to live and die by



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**The Horseshoe, n.** — the historic center and original campus of USC. The ball on Maxcy Monument is said to turn if a virgin walks past.

**Olympia, n.** — both street and neighborhood located off Huger and Assembly streets en route to the stadium. As a neighborhood, it's the student ghetto and is noted for its low-rent houses and duplexes as well as its quasi-slum lords. All the streets are named after states with the notable exception of Olympia Avenue itself.

**Parking Services, n.** — somewhat of an oxymoron since there is not much parking at USC to actually service. Parking Services is located on Pendleton, where students can purchase decals and spaces in USC's parking garages, both of which are handy in deterring nasty parking tickets.

**The Pit, n.** — parking near Carolina Coliseum. One of the few places students can park for "free" (after purchase of decal). Unless you are a music or science student, it is a million miles from where you need to be.

**Richland County Library, n.** — local library in Columbia. The downtown location is quite beautiful with its art-deco architecture. It is connected to a weird space/time continuum in which not all floors utilize the Dewey Decimal System.

**Rosewood, n.** — yet another simultaneous street and neighborhood. The neighborhood has long-established houses (with consequently high taxes) and affordable housing for students.

**Russell House, n.** — USC student union. It houses The Gamecock, Garnet & Black, WUSC, a movie theater and Carolina Productions. It also is home to several eating choices.

**Shandon, n.** — neighborhood off of Harden Street past Five Points. It is paradoxically home to the ritziest of houses and to houses open to the student price range.

**Strom Thurmond Wellness and Fitness Center, n.** — USC's multi-million dollar fitness

complex. It features a high-tech hand scan (like something out of "Star Trek") upon entrance, acres of weight machines, racquetball courts, an indoor running track, indoor pool, outdoor pool, volleyball courts, sauna, spa and has been known to filibuster for 24 hours.

**The Gamecock, n.** — you're reading it.

**Thomas Cooper Library, n.** — USC's library and interesting feat in architecture in that it was thought best to go beneath the earth's surface rather than building upward, as is typical construction philosophy. Interlibrary Loan, Special Collections and a large computer lab are all housed in Thomas Cooper. The third floor is home to active mold so be sure to bring appropriate anti-fungal fighting materials.

**Thomson Student Health Center, n.** — located behind the Russell House, this is where students go when they are snotty, sneezy, achy, bruised or broken. You can get X-rays, shots, prescribed drugs and a massage. The building also contains health and wellness programs which cover a broad range of services such as CPR classes, nutritional resources, smoking cessation, and sexual health and violence prevention (which means they give away free condoms).

**USC Shuttle, n.** — USC bus service, which connects you from your parking space to your classes.

**Williams-Brice, n.** — USC football stadium. It is, suitably enough, shaped like a claw.

**WUSC, n.** — the 2500-watt student radio which provides alternative music programming for USC and the whole of Columbia. As a side effect, it also provides the chance for students to ramble on and on over the airwaves about any little thing that enters their head. Pronounced "wussie."

Haggard is a fourth-year MFA creative writing student.

## Aging isn't on my syllabus



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### Ranting thoughts from a grumpy young man

Holy crap, I'm getting old. I'm not even 21 yet and already high schoolers tick me off. I'm not even 21 yet and I'm getting mail from the AARS: American Association of Retired Schoolboys. Oy ve, get me my robe and slippers.

Prime example: At a recent practice, my bandmates and I took a break from making artistic noise to get some dinner. We found a generic Italian place and sat outside so my chimney of a bass player could smoke seven minutes off his lifespan. After ordering the cheapest entrees on the menu, we sat in the silence of the balmy evening and listened to the Old Country music trickle out from a tiny speaker. Aah.

"This is nice, just sitting here," I submitted, sounding oddly like June Cleaver after administering lemonade.

My plucky bass player

echoed my shame with a stream of gutter language wrapped in hopeless denial. He couldn't hide it. The simple act of sitting had become a completely pleasant experience. Gone were the days of prank calling funeral homes and playing Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust" over the phone. Holy crap, indeed.

How did we get so old? Where did we go wrong? A few days later, I lay on a therapist's couch and poured out my grievances.

"Give it to me straight, doc. Do I have legal recourse against Father Time?"

"Buy the couch or get out," said Wally, the furniture salesman with a heart of gold.

I trudged my aging butt home and prepared to accept my fate as a rising third-year corpse. I just had to decide which stereotypical geezer to become, so I turned to that great barometer of reality and down-home goodness: Hollywood.

Would I be the grizzled hobo singing doo-wop around a flaming barrel? Would I be the vitamin-popping dynamo in a noisy jumpsuit with a gold digger on my arm? Would I be a bed-ridden fossil having long conversations with a bedpan, giggling when someone says "sponge bath"?

That night, I cooked up a huge shot of Metamucil, got loaded on Citracal and did a

whole mess of prunes. My drummer found me the next day, passed out and wearing nothing but a control diaper and knee-high socks. It would've been a humbling experience if it hadn't happened before.

As I hobbled to my summer classes, crestfallen and senile, I saw groups of fresh meat wandering about and realized orientation had begun.

Orientation? Hordes of beautiful young women and ugly young boys? Of course! I was there once. Wait a minute — I'm still ugly, insecure and acne-prone. What was I thinking?

Here's the truth: We ain't old, people. If you're riding some holier-than-thou high horse, thinking it's more mature to puke into a sorority bathtub rather than a high school locker, check your Barbie-doll smile and moronic politicking at Greene Street's iron gates. And puke away, kind sir.

Work hard and play hard. Stop trying to be the senioritis headcase who wants to grow up so damn fast. You've got the rest of your life to be stuffy. Only in college can we get teary-eyed at the sight of a giant chicken with googly eyes and elephantitis of the beak.

Now help an old man get off his soapbox.

Van Haren is a third-year engineering student.

### Huntley

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experienced at the liberal arts college: When I fell asleep during my European politics class, the professor later met with me to re-teach that day's lesson plan. And although extra time for completion of assignments had not been stipulated, my

professors were willing to make allowances for an occasional late paper due not only to disability status but also to the relationships I had formed with them.

Should any new USC student have a medical condition not readily apparent to a professor, such as a mental illness or severe sleep problem, that student is not alone. The Student

Disability office can help students with these conditions to succeed in their classes. And perhaps more importantly, the office will assist in furthering the valuable relationships with professors that often elude students within a large university setting.

Huntley is a fourth-year Middle Eastern studies student.

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