

Features

The Ramones came to town Monday night and delivered a powerful performance.

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Sports**Gamecocks whip Coastal Carolina**

See Sports, page 10

Quote Of The Day

"I do not do drugs. I am drugs." — Salvador Dali, artist

See "Dali," page 6

The Gamecock

Founded 1908

Eighty-one Years of Collegiate Journalism

Wednesday

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USC may have to pay for waste site cleanup

Water contaminated

By JACK STREET
Staff writer

USC might be one of the parties to pay for the cleaning up a hazardous waste site on Bluff Road south of Columbia.

The cleanup is required according to a myriad of state and federal laws that have been passed in the 1970s and 80s. The Bluff Road site is one of 12 S.C. dumps on the National Priority List.

USC is one of 139 parties who used the closed facility. Other schools in the group include the University of North Carolina and Georgia Tech, said Michelle Glenn of the Environmental Protection Agency. The EPA and the state also sent waste to the site.

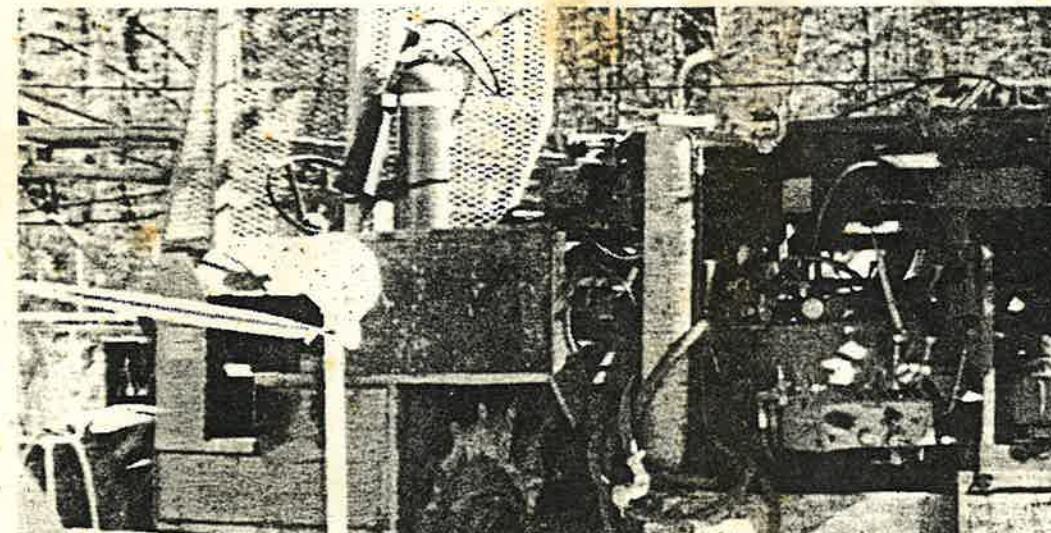
In 1981, the site was targeted by the federal government's Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation and Liability Act of 1980. The "Superfund" is set up under CERCLA to provide funds for cleanup.

EPA uses Superfund money to perform cleanups if the responsible parties are not willing to do so. The cost of cleanup is then recovered through litigation.

USC, however, is trying to avoid litigation by participating in an EPA steering committee responsible for overseeing the cleanup efforts, said Lyn Hensel, USC assistant legal counsel.

"We are not sure of USC's financial responsibilities at this point. It is still pending," Hensel said.

The university generated only a small amount of



A drill rig used for waste site investigation sits on the chemical dump site.

TEDDY LEPP/The Gamecock

the waste at the facility compared to other parties, Hensel said.

A defunct waste hauler, S.C. Recycling & Disposal, used the property as a transfer station. Most of the wastes were originally slated for recycling. The four-acre site was opened in late 1973.

Total cleanup costs could top \$5 million, said Glenn, EPA remedial project manager.

Final costs will depend on the extent of the groundwater contamination and will be determined by a feasibility study, Glenn said. The study is scheduled to be completed by October, she said.

Cleanup of the surface contamination has already been completed, said Lynn Martin of the

Department of Health and Environmental Control. Future efforts will be focused on groundwater cleanup.

The EPA targeted the closed Bluff Road site because of many drinking water wells within three miles of the landfill.

Drums of waste and contaminated soils off Bluff Road posed a risk to the water quality in the area. Groundwater was sampled from monitor wells on a regular basis. The results indicated that contaminants had seeped into the waterway.

The types of waste at the Bluff Road site include carcinogenic, or cancer-causing, solvents and heavy metals.

USC subject to laws

By JACK STREET
Staff writer

USC is affected by state and federal environmental laws.

These laws include the Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation and Liability Act of 1980 and the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976.

The "Superfund" was established under CERCLA. The federal Environmental Protection Agency has come under fire for its style of implementing the Superfund. Environmentalists say not enough has been accomplished. Officials in industry say enforcement is selective, and cleanups are not cost efficient.

Another major federal law of note is RCRA. This law started the "cradle to grave" notion of hazardous waste management.

RCRA regulates the ongoing generation of hazardous waste. A cumbersome system of paperwork tracks wastes from the point of creation until final disposition. Many wastes are incinerated, some are recycled, and others are buried in clay-lined secure landfills.

Many states have passed similar laws. These include state superfunds and real estate transfer statutes which serve as buyer protection.

These laws affect not only the Up-Johns and Union Carbides of this world, but many, many businesses. For example, dry cleaners, auto body shops and machine shops are all regulated. Regulations exist that specifically address "Small Quantity Generators."

All of this results in an encyclopedic listing of acronyms with crazy pronunciations. Pronounced aloud, SQG comes out "squeegee." RCRA is "reckrah."

Critics say that too much environmental control has hurt American industry. But many industries actually welcome regulation. Clean operations can now compete with careless ones. There is now a very real cost of pollution. Money can be saved by minimizing waste and improving environmental management practices.

Also, the economy has benefitted from the spawning of a whole new industry. Site assessments and remedial projects are performed by geotechnical engineering firms.



S.C.'s history still sparks interest

By JACK STREET

Staff writer

Editor's note: Staff writer Jack Street went on a trip around the state recently. This is his story about what he found.

Apply the word association test to the American Revolution. You'll get responses like George Washington, Declaration of Independence, Lexington and Concord, stars and stripes and freedom.

How about South Carolina? The Revolutionary War turned in favor of the American Patriots in this state. Although it later came to be better known as the "hellhole of secession" during a more recent unpleasantness, South Carolina was where The War was won.

Visits to Charleston, Camden, Kings Mountain, Cowpens, Ninety Six and Eutaw Springs are educational and exciting. The National Park system has extensive land holdings at some of these battlefields and colonial settlements. All of these places make excellent daytrips from Columbia.

Inquisitive travellers can discover sites left virtually untouched since the days of Thomas Sumter, the Gamecock, and Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox.

The Battle of Blackstocks took place on a hilltop by the Tyger River near Cross Keys, S.C. (40 miles west of the present day village of Blackstock). The only sign of the momentous struggle is a block of granite at the end of a long, long dirt road in the beautiful sandy conifered Carolina countryside.

One wonders at how history can turn on such seemingly insignificant and remote places. The peacefulness at

Personal travels

Cowpens National Military Park, for instance, belies the history. A bloody hand-to-hand battle raged here while Patriot militia and British regulars slaughtered one another at point-blank range.

Other battles pitted American versus American, indeed neighbor against neighbor. Backwoods rebel militia stormed Kings Mountain which was held by Loyalist forces.

The British General, Lord Cornwallis, spent time in Camden, Charleston and Winnsboro in the late 1770's through 1781 while Sumter, Marion and Andrew Pickens reduced British forces in the field and turned South Carolina over to the Patriot cause.

Once an interest is sparked, it can burn; you see history restlessly pushing up from beneath its veneer of the years. For instance, if you pay close attention, you'll notice that just about every street in downtown Columbia (formerly Fort Granby) is named after a Revolutionary player.

From Savannah to Yorktown subtitled *American Revolution in the South* by Henry Lumpkin (USC Press), 1981, provides in-depth analysis in a highly readable style.

I'd tell you how I came to be alone on top of Kings Mountain in a thunder and lightning storm with a bunch of ghosts in a mist on the Fourth of July . . . but that's a different story.



Where have all the baseball heroes gone?

On Sunday, baseball's Hall of Fame will induct Carl Yastrzemski and Johnny Bench.

When I was seven and in need of a hero, I found myself cruising along in my uncle's sedan on Highway 28 between Falmouth and Dennis, Mass. on Cape Cod. Sitting next to me, my cousin, Chuckie, had his head out the window, hollering the name of a local ballplayer at passing pedestrians.

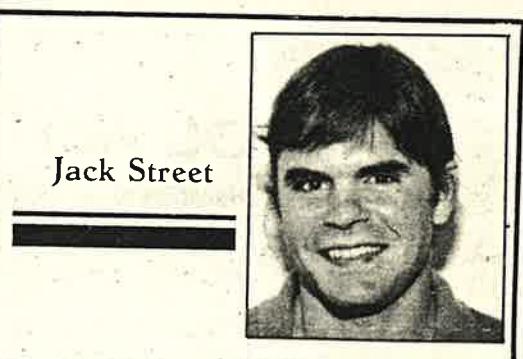
The local ballplayer was Carl Yastrzemski, off Long Island, playing in the big leagues for the Boston Red Sox.

The summer of 1967 was incredible. Even without the political and social upheaval, it would have been extraordinary just because the Red Sox won the pennant, their first in 21 years.

Hocking lingo from Broadway, we called it the "impossible dream." Yastrzemski had seven hits in eight at-bats in the season's final weekend, single-handedly winning the pennant at the last possible moment.

Later he said, "I knew the dream was no longer impossible."

At 27, Yastrzemski was just beginning to mature. He won the 1967 triple crown, the last player to achieve that feat. Off the field, he was maturing, too. The Red Sox had begun to shed



Jack Street

their party-boys mentality. When told that Carl had started a family, one wag quipped, "I didn't think he could cooperate with anyone for that long."

Until 1983, when "Yaz" retired, he was my boyhood and then my teenage hero. Red Sox fans are not all like me.

Fickle and even bitter Bostonians spit back stories of lamentable hitting by Yaz and/or the Sox in the clutch. But nobody denied the desire of the Captain. Yastrzemski was early to the ballpark everyday, epitomizing the work ethic in a town spawned by the Puritans.

A career spanning three decades in high-pressure Boston speaks of a special kind of determination. Imagine, a ballplayer staying with one organization for his entire career. Savor this man's induction into baseball's Hall of Fame: he is of a beautiful but dying breed.

Is Boston's best player of the day, Wade Boggs, fit to be a hero? Meanwhile Johnny Bench's former teammate Pete Rose manages the Cincinnati Reds in between bets.

Yaz crossed the line between idol and hero. The function of the hero is to inspire the spectator to continue in the same spirit from where he, the hero, leaves off. The hero must be typical of the crowd, who at that time only needs to be made aware of their potential. We recognize a bit of ourselves in the hero.

The idol is different. Today's "heroes" are really idols. They are self-sufficient, self-serving contexts for the fantasy of the fan. Most ballplayers today bask in the glitter of apparent perfection. The hero strives for perfection.

One record says it all about Yaz: most games played (3,808), 3,419 hits, 452 home runs and 18 American League All-Star appearances ain't bad. There were bad times, too. But what I remember is Yastrzemski's daily quest for improvement.

Between The Covers

Novel takes reader on China odyssey

By JACK STREET

Riding the Iron Rooster, Paul Theroux, 1988. Ballantine Books. 451 pages.

A 20,000 kilometer odyssey is the subject of Paul Theroux's 1988 bestseller, subtitled *By Train Through China*.

The intrepid Theroux has, no doubt, seen more of China than almost any native. He takes the reader from Harbin's ice sculptures in frozen Heilongjiang to people-packed Guantangzhon (Canton); from the waterless Xinjiang region to the great port city of Shanghai. The

feeling as though you've been there yourself.

Through many previous travels in the Americas, Asia, Africa and Europe, Theroux has gained an enormous amount of insight into national characters. He has a huge knowledge of the foreign collective psyche that he, in fact, fits no national peculiarity.

Riding the Iron Rooster maintains a tradition of country-bashing travel literature. The author's style incorporates chronic complaining. Chinese nationals can hardly be offended as Theroux has a long, unprejudiced record of literary whining, including *The Old Patagonian Express*, *The Great Railway Bazaar*

and *Kingdom By the Sea*.

In China, even Theroux's figurative boat was forced off the shoals of familiarity-bred contempt and his vessel floated freely on deep, alien seas. Xiamen enchanted Theroux and he could "find no fault." Those familiar with Theroux know how rare and beautiful such a city must be.

And what a place China is! Take a look at *National Geographic's* photographs of March 1988 and March 1989.

Traveling overland by train from Europe to China allowed Theroux to avoid jet lag and the Chinese national airline C.A.A.C. ("China's Airline Always Crashes"). Train travel also lends an old-time atmosphere and pace. In fact, China is the only country in the world still manufacturing steam trains.

Many travelers seek to feel like a stranger in a strange land. Theroux cuts through that and tries to be invisible. He wants to fit in. For this reason, he learns the language. Of course, he still sticks out like a sore thumb and is self-conscious of his big Western nose.

When the temperature drops below zero degrees Fahrenheit in the train, Theroux keeps his hands in his mittens in his pockets and turns pages with his nose. The Chinese on the train thus discovered what Westerners use their big noses for, besides sticking them into Chinese business.

Theroux pesters people with questions about the Cultural Revolution. Mao's actions still influence society. Many are embarrassed and won't talk about those times.

Funny, sad, fascinating and surprising events happen along the way. The relaxation of xenophobic rules allowed solo train travel by foreigners in the mid-to-late 1980s. Theroux plays a hilarious game of cat and mouse in trying to escape from his "escort", the forlorn Mr. Fang. Certainly no visitors today would be allowed the freedom of movement which Theroux enjoyed. *Riding the Iron Rooster* is now available in paperback and is currently a bestseller in that category.



Between The Covers

Famous writer discovers true nature of the South

By JACK STREET

Staff writer

Editor's note: This is the first in a summer series of book review columns.

A Turn in the South, V.S. Naipaul. 1989.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N.Y. 307 pages. Acclaimed novelist and travel writer V.S. Naipaul has penned an outsider's impression of Southeast America.

"A travel book is as much about the traveler as the travels," wrote Paul Theroux, master of the genre. Interviews conducted by Naipaul, an Oxford-trained Trinidad native, reveal his own fascination with racial relations.

Rednecks, crackers and jive artists do not escape Naipaul's literary undressing. Even girls "raised to be belles" and catfish farmers spin hilarious tales of life in the Deep South.

The journeying author takes the reader to Atlanta, Ga., Charleston, S.C., Tallahassee, Fla., Tuskegee, Ala., Jackson, Miss., Nashville, Tenn., and Chapel Hill, N.C. American distances and the heat of the Southern summer slow the pace to allow an examination of the pull of history.

Ethnic and racial issues are never out of mind. Naipaul describes the "oddity of slavery in the New World, of the two far-removed races it had brought together, African, European. Now there was a common language and even a common religion."

Booker T. Washington is revered; in fact, Naipaul read *Up from Slavery* twice during his journey. Respect for and a rapport with blacks emerges from Naipaul's training. Most of the teachers at the elementary school he went to in Trinidad were black.

Naipaul writes: "If you moved to a new neighborhood or took a new job, and people

were not too friendly, then it could be a help if you knew who you were—if you were dependent on other people for your idea of your own worth—then you were in trouble."

History buffs will be absorbed by the anecdotes. The cheeseburger originated when black cooks served take-out food to other blacks. The cooks would defy the restaurant owners who refused sit-down service to blacks by giving out cheeseburgers and double burgers for the price of a single.

Less trivial stories are told by people along the way. Descendants of South Carolinian planters relate the series of events which resulted in the economic decline of their families.

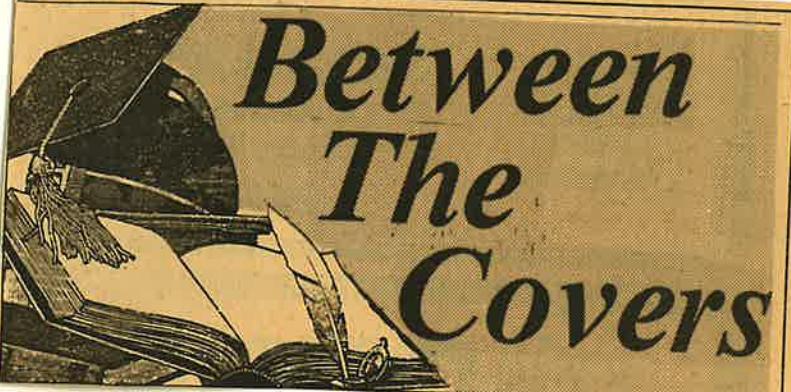
Before the Civil War, planters built the houses of Charleston and Newport, R.I. After the war, three great hurricanes broke plantation dykes, boll weevils set in, California began agricultural production, and the Great Depression finished off any remaining fortunes.

Elvis Presley who, although born in a dirt-poor shotgun house in Mississippi, personified a whole new culture of "music and community, tears and faith."

Naipaul is bewildered at first by country music. He writes: "How much talent was there on display?" But travelling is learning, and Naipaul finds that country music is the basis for a distinctive lifestyle.

Travellers in the South experience a mix of Southern hospitality and a "Yankee-go-home" attitude. Suspicion of outsiders is common which explains the "American Owned" signs on many motels.

A Turn in the South is pleasurable reading for anyone interested in travel, history and Southern culture.



Between The Covers

Christmas in NEW YORK



Stars, bars and railroad cars: heading south for winter

By JACK & HENRY STREET

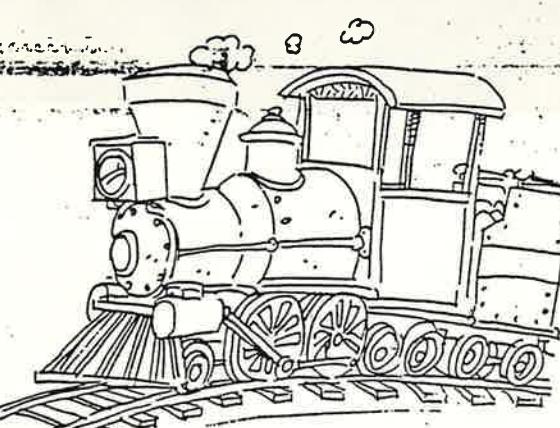
Special to *The Gamecock*

Planning to meet Henry in New York City, I set out on the train. The raised track platform at Union Station provided a good vantage point for one more look at sprawling Bushnell Park and Connecticut's gold-domed capitol building. A pretty girl dropped a quarter while waiting to board. I picked it up for her. "Thanks a lot," she bubbled. I smiled. The windows on the train, Amtrak's *Yankee Clipper*, were really dirty, so I turned my attention to the pretty girl. The passengers were an intrigue because of their youth and mobility.

But I wanted to watch the landscape (the highlight of train travel), so I left her to her magazine and found a window I could see through. We whizzed past industry, pails and drums of waste, a landfill and finally a garden. It was a perfectly clear, but deadly cold day.

A train whistle has a romantic sound: ting, ting, ting . . . whoooooo. When a train passes, going the other way, it is a sort of shock, because you cannot see it coming. Today the news was headlined by a three-train killer-crash in London.

People outside like to just stand and watch the train go by, despite temperatures below freezing which have persisted for days. A solitary duck swam circles in the lone spot of unfrozen water in Ragged Lake. December's late-afternoon slanting sunlight dappled the page of my notebook and a brick International Silver Company building and the railyard where we came to a stop. A barrel of rusted metal scrap, tipped over on its side, lay in the middle of the tall weeds grown over the tracks. Next to the brick rail station was a church with a tall brick steeple



with a steep shingled roof. The church had a smaller back steeple with a low and boxy hall connecting the two steeples. The train pulls out, clack-clacking past wetlands, landfills, more wetlands and so many waste tires that I could not believe my eyes.

We stopped to switch from diesel to electric locomotion in New Haven, after which there were even more wetlands and cattails as far as the eye could see. The cattails swayed in the breeze like skinny mop-top hippy kids. You could feel the ocean pushing in on the Housatonic River. A scrap metal heap was piled right into a little estuary. A thin finger of oil-stained ice crept out toward Long Island Sound.

A commuter train, packed to the gills with people,

rushed out of New York like a bat out of hell. It's exciting when you get to Penn Station in Manhattan: the click, click of heels moving fast, everyone seems to have purpose. A lot of kids called "Who's selling? Who's sellin'?" and looked around for tickets to a hockey game at Madison Square Garden.

Henry reported that the Mustang performed well on its first trip with a trailer in tow. I asked Henry if he was able to drive fast with the trailer. He laughed. Henry's laughs always mean something. That laugh meant "of course, I always drive fast." A feverish rush through New Jersey ensued, and we rocked out to Springsteen's "Darlington County" and "Hometown."

I could tell Henry was dying for a spot there for a while, but had no desire to make too many stops with the trailer in tow. So we held out for the end of the New Jersey Turnpike and got lucky. As soon as we pulled to the end of the ramp at the end of the turnpike in Carney's Point, N.J., there was a pool hall with a little sign on the roof which read "Package Goods." Henry was so much in his glory at the prospect of take-out Christian Brothers brandy and beer that he gave up his typical introverted nature and asked the bartender which was the cheapest motel in town. Henry is a cheapskate. The guy turned out to be a huge help and steered us to a nameless \$20-a-night place which was warm and clean and quiet. Amazing.

The next day we were over the Delaware Memorial Bridge and on to Baltimore, where industry still thrives on the Chesapeake Bay. These days you hear a lot of noise about how the environment is in a general decline. But the Chesapeake has made a remarkable recovery. Most of our rivers, too, are cleaner today than they were 20 years ago.

The grassroots environmental surge has made tangible progress. Though the air stinks and Baltimore's refineries, tankers and tank farms are not beautiful, they are now more orderly.

The D.C. afternoon rush hour slimed us badly, and the huge Eastern states, Virginia and North Carolina, seemed to groan on forever. My patience with Henry's driving wore thin.

In the morning everything looked better. I hadn't felt the sun warm my back for so long, and it was good. New birds and new trees accompany the change in climate. Henry laughed (this laugh meant "You look like a dumb Yank") at me as I gawked when Southern belles sassed me back. There was more light in the sky now, and the days grew longer as we drove down the Atlantic seaboard. The surface waters were not frozen there.

Asking directions down here is OK. This is different from the cold, cold Northeast. In the nick of (closing) time, we were correctly directed to a liquor store in old Bishopsville, S.C. on New Year's Eve. Boy, was Henry ever happy in these Sand Hills. We cruised toward the capital around nightfall. After miles of pines and hills, the twinkling of Columbia's lights came into view.

Now, we're here, representing an atypical brand of up-north nonsense. After all, the man who jumps a ship of fools lends some credence to his action.

PICASSO

Even a child...

By JACK and HENRY STREET
Special to *The Gamecock*

Seventy-one of the works of Pablo Picasso are on exhibit in the McKissick Museum at the University of South Carolina until Jan. 26. These original pictures are all printed from linoleum cuts. Only the most feckless student will miss the art of the iconoclast for a whole generation.

The famous style of Picasso stemmed from his rebellion against academic training. "It took my whole life to learn to paint with freedom like a child," Picasso once said. His earliest works are devoted to realism and gesture drawings. Changes began in his prolific output as he developed friendships with poets and other painters in the exciting rush of Paris in the 1920s.



Picasso was a mature artist when he later began making linocuts. Cubism is evident though only as a subtlety. The use of multiple blocks allowed Picasso to show his genius for color and design.

Picasso had "joie de vivre," and he liked to play the clown. "I paint what I see," he said. He was playful with perspective. Life was the basis of his art, here represented by lusty bullfights, starry-eyed nudes and much guile in still life. "Portrait of a Woman" mimics a work by the great Flemish artist Lucas Cranach. This work was perceived by art critics in much the same way as "Roll Over Beethoven" and the like were received by your grandfather.

Some of the linocuts show dissonant styles together in the same picture. One's appreciation of a work of art is not always enhanced by a mixture of realism and abstraction. In fact, sometimes it gives me a headache. The mixture is like tennis shoes and a tuxedo. Picasso's psychedelic eye delighted in being drawn in and out of focus. On the other hand, masterworks like "Broken Lance," "Jacqueline," "Portrait of a Woman" and the Vallauris bullfight posters are consistent in fluidity and line quality.

The exhibit is from the Kramer col-



Jacqueline

lection and is on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art. The exhibit is free and open to the public. Picasso would have liked that.

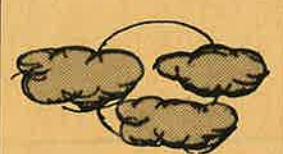
On Sunday about 60 people viewed a film on the life of Pablo Picasso. In attendance was portraitist George Daniel Hoffman. Many thanks are due Hoffman for his wonderful insight.

Another film will be shown at 3 p.m. Sunday. The exhibit will continue until Jan. 26. The McKissick Museum is on campus at the top of the Horseshoe.



Portrait of A Woman

Weather



Weekend weather

Cooler weather is forecast for this weekend. Highs will be in the mid 80s and lows will be in the low 60s. There is a slight chance of rain each day.

Features

Mental health: walls of misunderstanding need to come down

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Sports

USC basketball team to play in Latin America

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The Gamecock

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Williams-Brice Stadium can hold 72,400 people.

File photo

Concert ban of Stones outrages merchants, fans

From staff and wire reports

USC's refusal to allow the Rolling Stones to play at Williams-Brice Stadium this September has outraged local merchants, fans and state legislators.

The announcement by USC Athletic Director King Dixon on Thursday that the rock group would not be allowed to play the USC football stadium has raised an outcry over the lost retail business and state taxes.

The concert could have generated as much as \$118,000 in admissions and sales tax revenues if the tickets sold for \$28.50 as for the Raleigh concert.

The Rolling Stones' American tour begins in New York on Sept. 1, and the tentative date for the proposed concert at Williams-Brice Stadium was Sept. 30.

Promoters for the Rolling Stones and USC said a concert could be held at the stadium after the football season.

"We're going to keep the lines of communication open with both the Rolling Stones and the university," said Columbia attorney Jack Swerling, who is representing C&C Entertainment, promoters of several Rolling Stones dates in the Southeast.

Dixon said the 72,400-seat stadium is dedicated to football and USC wanted to "maintain the integrity of our football stadium for our fans." Dixon conceded, however, that exceptions such as allowing the pope and evangelist Billy Graham to speak at the stadium have been made in the past.

University President James Holderman has appointed a committee to draft a policy outlining what types of events may be held in the stadium. That policy should be written within 60 days, said Tom Stepp, secretary for the university's board of trustees.

According to a USC statement, the Rolling Stones concert proposal "provided the university short notice and raised serious concerns over maintaining the integrity of the football field and the subsequent safety of players using the field after the concert."

The university also cited safety concerns for fans, saying, "It is well-known that the upper decks of Williams-Brice sway."

"It is not a question of whether the stadium is structurally sound; it is," said university spokeswoman Debra Allen. "But we can control problems created by the sway during football games by controlling the crowd. We would not be able to do that during concerts."

The Five Points Merchants Association's president, Richard Campbell, said the members of his organization were distressed by the Aug. 2 announcement.

Campbell said a great deal of potential business was lost by local bars, record stores and so on when the university made its decision.

Some state legislators have expressed dissatisfaction with both USC's decision and how it handled the matter.

McKissick exhibit possesses wide appeal

By JACK STREET
Staff writer

Take a ride through the world of student art at USC this spring. Works of art including painting, sculpture, prints, photography, jewelry and ceramics are on exhibit now until April 9 at the McKissick Museum.

The range of appeal of this exhibit is extremely broad. A single room

will hold the interest of many types of museum visitors. Imagine a stoic old Asian woman gazing peacefully at the lyrical "Trail Ridge Children's Trail" lithograph while a freakish young dude revels in the eye-popping sculpture "Love Tunnel" right across the room.

Art is a reflection of different elements in our world, in harmony or conflict with each other. Study the

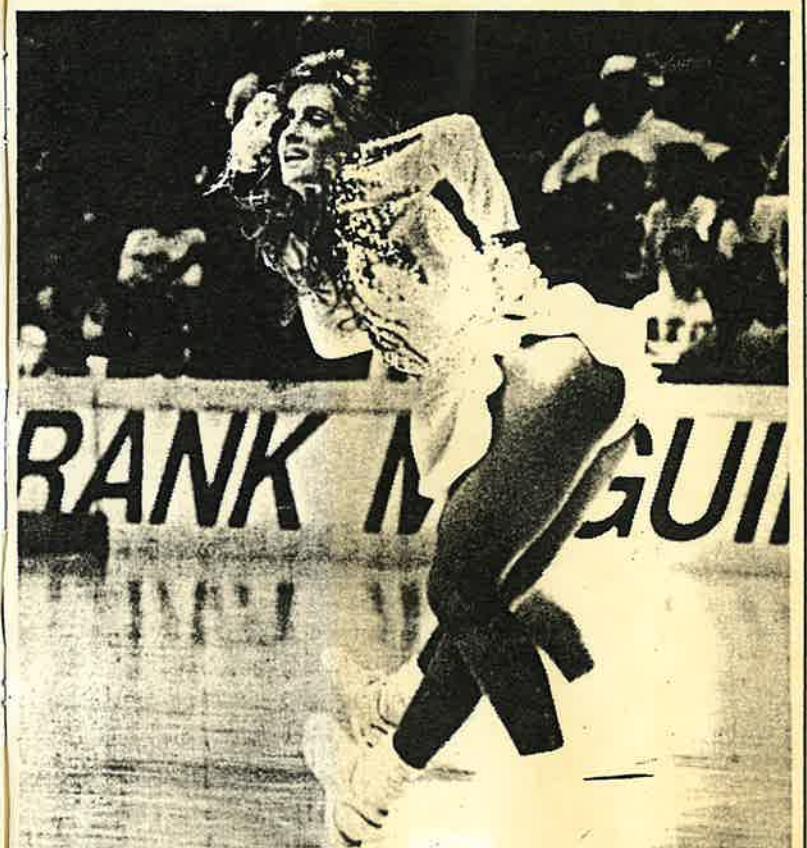
work for its imagination, technical skill and blending of media, as well as its varied themes.

Artistic social commentary is found in "The Game," which addresses money and political campaigning, and "Suffer in Silence," which depicts a victim of the AIDS crisis.

A measure of artistic expression is the extent to which the work makes

the audience wonder. Curious works here that beg questions are "The Dragon is Slain," a black and white photo collage and the sculpture "Frieze."

A few pictures looked as though they were left behind when the Picasso exhibit left town. The old man's (positive) influence is evident in the acrylic "Blue Painting" and prints from cuts called "Grace."



Legscellent

A pair of dancers from the Southern Belles puts its best feet forward while performing at halftime of the USC game Wednesday night at Carolina Coliseum.

TEDDY LEPP/The Gamecock

Some beers, beers; 5-points bar trip

By JACK & HENRY STREET
Staff writers

Henry said, "Remember Picasso?"

"How could I forget?" I asked.

"He has only been dead for about 10 years."

"Well, I wanna make pictures like him," Henry said. So he headed out to where the light is good for sketching and putting on the paint.

And I thought "Hey, I wrote that crap about 'Roll over Beethoven' in the Picasso review without even consulting Henry." Now, Henry, mind you is the expert on art. If I had asked, I would've learned about Picasso's history and techniques, and it would have been a better review. Henry is one of those people you appreciate most when he's not around.

We did get to Rockafellas' once before Henry headed out to where the pavement turns to sand. (Henry had better not get the Mustang stuck in the sand.) We were so pleased with the place that we asked if we could carve our names in the long wooden bar. Pictures on the walls of Dylan, Springsteen and Lennon made

Henry's day. Carolina is great! We had thought only Charlie Daniels and televangelism would be allowed.

Another thing: Us guys are lucked-out here. Every woman I met was appealing. Dig it, no more cold, cold northeast.

Rockafellas' has a small dance floor and stage which accommodates bands. French fries and chicken wings are available. A raised dining area allows snackers to eat without dealing with the happy hour types. Live entertainment is offered nearly every night.

The city and siren noise of Cola Town unsettled Henry. He doesn't share my enthusiasm for train whistles. I have no idea how he will pass university courses without being here. Maybe you are wondering the same thing about yourself. But I never sell Henry short. When I ask about these things, he is evasive. "Memory is like the L.A. freeway system. There are many ways to get downtown," he says. I have seen Henry put textbooks under his pillow at bedtime.

'Stones' rock Raleigh

By JACK STREET
Staff Writer

This was the best case for tolerance that South Carolina will never hear.

"All you well-learned Protestants" would have enjoyed listening to musicians tapping into enormous God-given talent. And, though out of character, the Rolling Stones have even been displaying a modicum of humility.

"I'm only a guitar player," **Concert Review**
Keith Richards said.

"The greatest rock and roll band in the world is a different band every night."

There was no question about that distinction in the minds of 55,000 rockers at Carter-Finley Stadium in Raleigh on Saturday night.

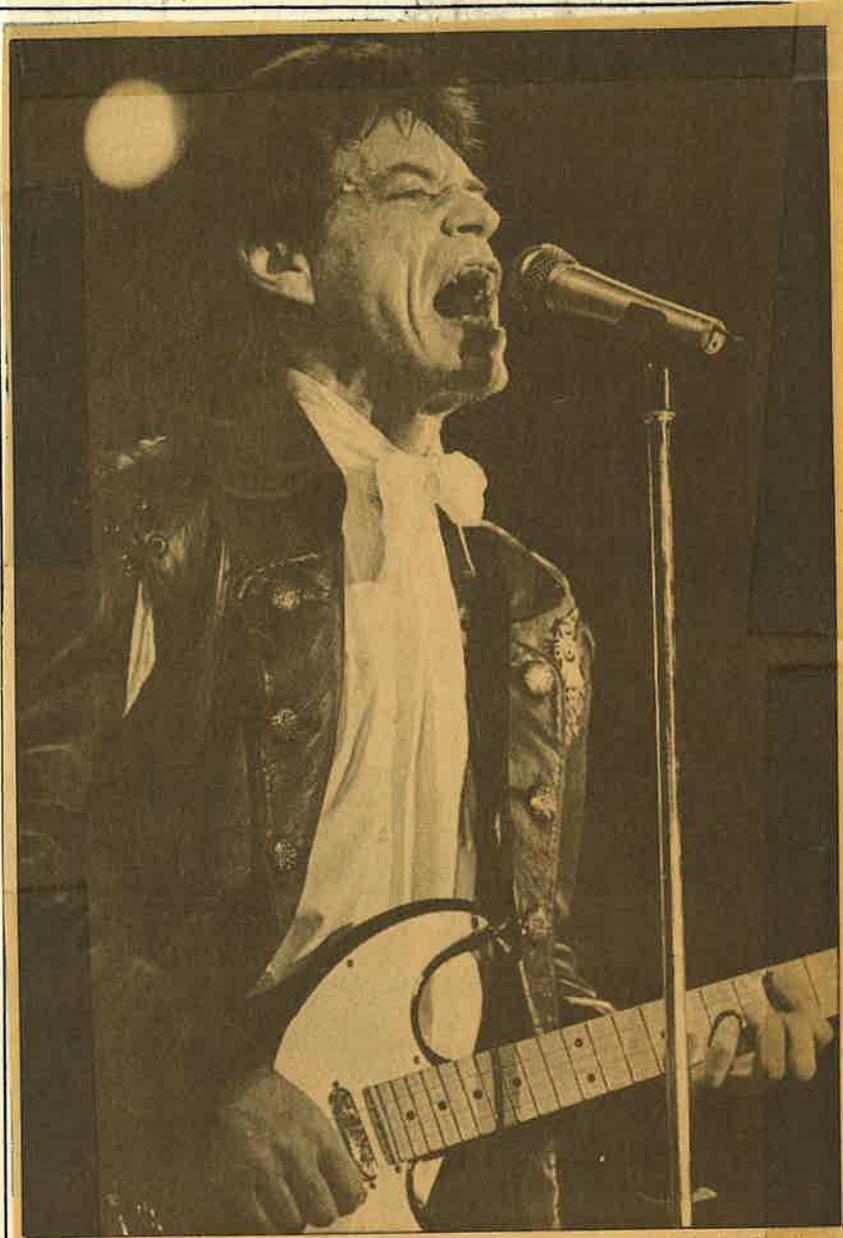
Devils, witches, frat boys, vixens and old-timers all swayed alike... all desperately seeking excitement. Order prevailed though, especially because this Budweiser-sponsored show was alcohol-free. But, not smoke-free.

The once-militant Stones now incorporate some lessons into the show. The musicianship is a lesson by example. The Raleigh show was a blues survey and a rock concert with a touch of country, funk and psychedelia.

Melodic improvised guitar riffs and solos by Ronnie Wood were sparked by the solid rhythm and blues. Mick Jagger was in fine vocal form.

Two keyboardists, three backup vocalists and a sax player joined drummer Charlie Watts, bassist Bill Wyman, Richards, Wood and Jagger. The ballyhooed feud between Richards and Jagger wasn't evident in the performance. Lyrics in the new songs are autobiographical, though, and the schism shows.

The Stones are ancient in years by rock'n'roll standards. They refuse to go away. But unlike most of this summer's re-tread rock, this roll through North America is more than a greatest hits parade.



Linda Stelter/The State
Mick Jagger rocks Raleigh, N.C., in September

