

The Gamecock

Serving USC Since 1908

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OUR OPINION

Cockstock offers musical diversity

Traditionally each spring, Carolina Productions has given USC students a cheap, fun day filled with vendors, freebies and, most importantly, music.

This April, as in years past, Carolina Productions will present Cockstock.

But this year, the tradition will take a new turn. The local bands will not change too much—they will be the same mixture of the best small bands Columbia and other area cities have to offer.

But the headlining act will not be the traditional alternative band, such as Dave Mathews and Widespread Panic, both of which have played at Cockstock in the past.

Instead, this year's Cockstock will feature an R&B style band, 112.

Carolina Productions has a commitment to produce entertainment for students with diverse interests.

With this campus supporting 20,000 undergraduates, this must be a daunting task. Carolina Productions cannot please everyone. But with the different events, movies and guest speakers sponsored by Carolina Productions each semester, these students have

obviously worked toward their goal of diverse entertainment.

With their choice of 112 as a headliner this year, Carolina Productions has made a definitive move toward diversity.

Many students at USC enjoy alternative-style music, but there are just as many that groove to disco, punk/indie, ska, gansta rap, latino, country, blues, jazz, classical, techno, industrial, metal and even Micheal Bolton. (Now that shows courage and an open mind.)

Carolina Productions has realized the musical diversity of USC students and has acted upon this realization. To reach out and offer a headliner to a different segment of the campus population shows a grasp of reality, and more importantly, an understanding of the needs of a diverse campus.

With most of the local bands being of the alternative genre, and the headliner being R&B, a good portion of the campus will surely be entertained during Cockstock. We do wish Carolina Productions could make Cockstock a little more diverse and throw in some metal.

Pat Boone, anyone?

In-state students may stray without funds

Nuclear waste dumps and college scholarships may not normally fit together, but in the state of South Carolina, anything is possible.

Two years ago, state lawmakers took funds charged at a nuclear waste dump in Barnwell and parlayed them into a scholarship for the state's top high school students.

The scholarship became known as the Palmetto Fellowship and is currently worth \$5,000 to lucky recipients.

Lawmakers wanted to keep these students enrolled in S.C. colleges and universities, an article in Thursday's State Newspaper said.

But, this year, 2,100 top high school students in South Carolina didn't get the award, and they're mad.

Some legislators who award the scholarships say judging a student on their SAT score

or class rank was too subjective. They point out criteria like extracurricular activities and essays as heavy factors in the deciding process.

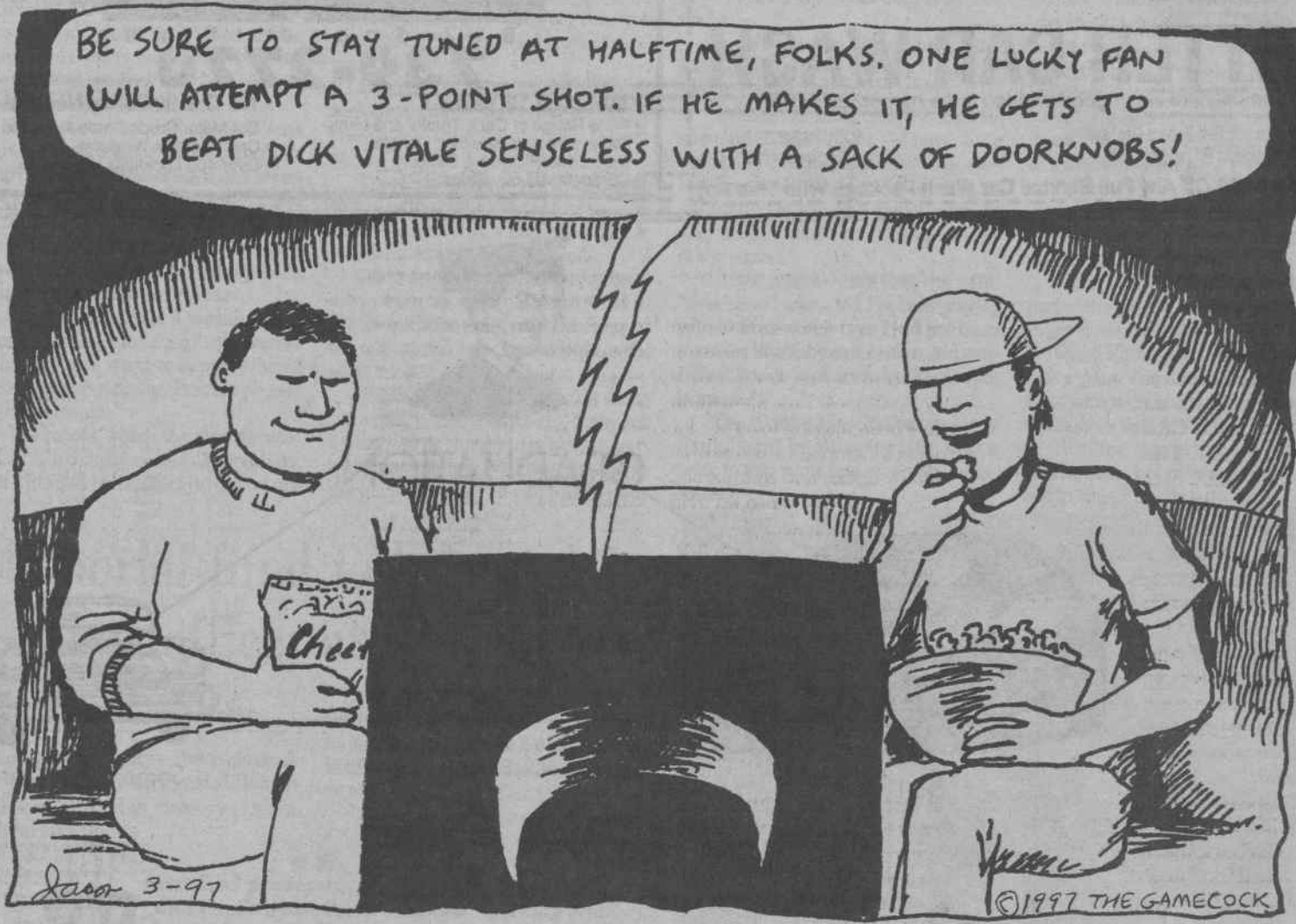
Students disagree. They think their high school accomplishments should be awarded—especially if they are attending state schools.

South Carolina isn't a state overflowing with extra money for education—USC being case and point. But, they have the right idea with allocating some money to help top students out when it comes to college bills.

What's the point of getting good grades and being a well-rounded student when you can't be rewarded?

There need to be specific standards set when awarding scholarships AND these specifics need to be adhered to.

It's not too difficult of a concept.



I think it's really cool because I've never done that before.

Nikki Beers, Lady Gamecock softball pitcher on her first-career no-hitter Thursday against Winthrop

Reach out and touch someone, but be polite

I have gotten some interesting things over e-mail. One of them was a list which started out "You know you are in college when ..."

I knew I was in college when telemarketers started calling my room and asking for me instead of my mother. I also knew when I started getting things in the mail like "You could be our next grand prize winner!" and "Congratulations Ms. X (fill in your name in here)! You have been pre-approved for a gold card with a \$500 limit!"

How do these people know who I am and where I live? I probably filled out some form with my life history on it, who knows. The problem is I can't get rid of them. I get junk mail more frequently than anything else, and I usually recycle it in those

JULIE JENSEN
columnist

attractive blue bins by the mailboxes, but I hate it when telemarketers call me.

Some people don't mind when telemarketers call them. They listen to the spiel and say very sweetly "no thank you." I tend to do this as well, but in my mind I am throwing the phone across the room or reaching through the fiber-optics and strangling them. Not a positive solution.

I did read something creative in the Beaufort Gazette when I was home over spring break. It was in a humor column and the authors suggested telling the caller that you will listen to the pitch if they listen to you: sing the entire score for the musical *Les Miserables* in Norwegian. I also saw a short piece in *The State*

which told of a man who lists his telephone number the name of his deceased dog: Lillie Von Lang Tree Texas.

When people call and ask to speak to Ms. Texas he tells them that she isn't available—he shot her and buried her in the back yard (apparently he had to do this after the dog drank some antifreeze). It works.

The callers hang up before he does. My first thought was why the telemarketers wouldn't call the police, but I guess they figure it is an excuse. I may have to try that sometime.

Another type of call I get (and hate) are wrong number calls. I understand when people get the wrong numbers, but you don't have to be rude about it.

Someone called yesterday asking for a guy named "Ted." I live on an all-girls hall, and told this to the

caller, who cursed me out and started to ask for "Ted" again before I hung up on him.

I wanted to slam down the phone, but that doesn't achieve much with a cordless phone.

I also get really irritated by people who call me at 8 a.m. and have the wrong number and are upset. I'm the one who had to get out of bed!

People, please be nice if you get the wrong number, and if someone calls you with a wrong number, do the same.

There's one more type of phone call I can't stand: Somewhere on this campus or in this town is someone who thinks it is funny to call and ask if I am ticklish or if my feet are ticklish. I am not going to answer, but whoever you are, grow up and get a life.

We are all tired of having you call.

Scooby Doo embodies mysteries of human experience

Were you aware of the fact that you can actually watch a full two hours of Scooby Doo mysteries each and every morning?

It's true. From 7:05 to 8:05 a.m. TBS brings you the Doo, then flip to TNT at 8 a.m. for more (don't worry, you only miss the credits of the last one on TBS).

You may be saying, "Yes, but do I care? What relevance does this information have to my beer-enhanced, sleep-deprived and basically meaningless college existence?"

Watching Scooby Doo first thing in the morning can really start your whole day off on the right foot. Not only that, but Scooby Doo can give meaning to your pitiful life.

After all, what is Scooby Doo at its heart? It's the story of these kids and their dog chasing ghosts, phantoms, monsters, etc., who turn out to be criminals in disguise. This is the perfect metaphor for human life, as we constantly pursue greater goals, which always turn out to be unfortunate reality in disguise.

Although it might be a little more fun if we could set a trap for our goals and snatch their masks off physically,

LUCY ARNOLD
features editor

that's what cartoons are for.

Well, if you are nodding your head right now and just fell for that big pile of Scooby Doo-Doo I just fed you, let me just mention the college education in Clemson I'd like to sell you.

You don't watch Scooby Doo to psychoanalyze it, you guys! You've been listening to too much Dr. Ruth. And I can just imagine what she'd have to say about Fred and Daphne. And boy, have you noticed Velma's repressed sexuality? You know she wants Shaggy.

No, the real reason to watch Scooby Doo is to solve the mystery. And to attempt to decode Scooby's language, which is a continuing mystery.

Sure, sometimes you know right away the culprit is Aaron Cowspring. But often it's a real toss up between Old Mr. Fiddlesticks and Captain Gallumbits.

There will be times when Scooby scares you. Any episodes involving clowns or witches, for example. But you make it through. In all honesty, it's a little tougher to get through the ones about villains who aren't even faintly scary. I guess we all recall the

Strawberry, Chocolate and Vanilla Phantoms.

I'm now forced to mention the downfall of Scooby Doo mysteries. I guess you could say there were lots of problems, but you'd be wrong. Scooby Doo started reeking with the introduction of Scrappy Doo.

You know you hate him. With that obnoxious little voice, apparently idiotic belief that he is a great dane puppy and suspicious arrival via the postal service, how could he help but be a problem? (They actually got the puppy idea right in the eighties with A Pup Named Scooby Doo.)

Then they dumped Fred, Velma and eventually even Daphne, leaving Scooby to wither and die in a pit of antic-based humor.

Eventually they resurrected Scooby Doo, Shag, Daphne and (ugh) Scrappy for a fun-filled, Ghostbusters-inspired piece of parody know as *The Thirteen Ghosts of Scooby Doo*. Basically it was a continuation of earlier antics with some dance numbers and kid named Flim-Flam added in. Even more basically, it was a dumb show.

There was no more mystery. I think that it's something basic about us humans. We want to solve the mystery, unmask the criminal. That's why *Murder She Wrote* ran for 100 years (Angela Lansbury has really

been dead since 1984. She just seems to be alive through computer technology and clever manipulation of her cryogenically frozen corpse). That's why there are shelves and shelves of murder mysteries in any given bookstore.

That's why *X-Files* is so successful on TV today. Who else could so clearly be the inheritor of the Scooby Doo tradition? The plot's a little backward though, since Scully and Mulder search for criminals who always turn out to be monsters, ghosts, aliens, etc.

(As an X-phile, I've always wanted to see a Scooby Doo episode with Scully and Mulder as the special guests. You know, like Don Knotts. And Scully could finally be right for a change!

Mulder: It's a paranormal personification of horror! A ghost, Scully!

Scully: It's a guy in a mask, Mulder. Ghost/Criminal: And I'd of gotten away with it too if it weren't for you FBI agents and that dog!

Scooby: Rooby rooby roo! So anyway I guess I was wrong, and Scooby Doo really is a microcosm of the human experience through its focus on mystery.

Or as Scooby would say, "That's right, Rucy!"

Give that dog the whole box of Scooby snacks.

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