



'There should be more green space, but there should also be more parking.'

Lynette Thompson, political science sophomore

The Gamecock

Serving the Carolina Community since 1908

EDITORIAL BOARD

- Sara Ladenheim • Editor in Chief
- Kenley Yqung • Managing Editor
- Emily Streyer • Viewpoints Editor
- Brad Walters • Editorial Contributor

G.W. Bush needs to admit past mistakes

When the brave journalist from *The Dallas Morning News* broached the topic of background checks to probable presidential candidate George W. Bush, no one knew whether the rumors of past "recreational" drug use were true.

While the hype surrounding the possible Republican Party nominee's past drug use has mostly been limited to the Washington rumor mill, this single question put the issue onto the national news circuit. Although he initially chose not to answer the question, Bush later said he would pass any background check that would be required of any potential employee in his White House. That response put him between a rock and a hard place.

Before, Bush explained that any admission of guilt or innocence would reflect negatively on his daughters, whom he wants to protect. Before the *News* question, Bush countered questions regarding his past with the response, "I do not want to itemize my mistakes for my kids," or said he would not dignify such a question with an answer.

A thorough *Washington Post* investigation has yielded no concrete evidence pointing to Bush's alleged drug use, but his refusal to admit or deny his own participation continues to haunt him at every press junket. Answering the question now would benefit his run for the office more than waiting until the primary season begins.

The standard of today's candidates is to expect these types of questions regarding their pasts. In earlier political times, candidates could expect journalists to leave personal skeletons in the closet. For Bush to have entered the race with the expectation that he could avoid the subject of what he did 30 years ago is unrealistic and naive. Unfortunately, closet-doors-open is the way a major national race is run nowadays — and locked closet doors imply guilt. The sooner Bush realizes this, the better for him and those who support his candidacy.

More can be done to help disabled

Another semester has started, and handicapped access at USC is still as awkward and ineffectual as it's always been. Handicapped parking (much like campus parking of any kind) is getting harder to find, many of the wheelchair ramps are in disrepair and are too narrow for maneuvering, and the automatic doors on campus rarely work properly and open too slowly.

Columbia, with all of its hills, dips and valleys, is a geographically daunting city for anyone to navigate. And now that classes are underway, handicapped access must compete with other student concerns for administrative attention, even though USC's parking lots, ramps and doorways will be more congested than ever with pedestrian traffic.

USC repaved the Vulture Lot this summer to make it safer for pedestrian use, according to Director of Student Life Jerry Brewer, and that might temporarily help reduce access and congestion problems. But university officials must follow up this progress by addressing other campus access issues and showing that USC cares enough to go out of its way to provide for the safety and convenience of its students.

USC needs to improve the conditions of its handicapped-access facilities, not only for the handicapped, but also for any person who needs a helping hand.

ABOUT US

The Gamecock is the student newspaper of The University of South Carolina and is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the fall and spring semesters and nine times during the summer with the exception of university holidays and exam periods.

Opinions expressed in *The Gamecock* are those of the editors or author and not those of The University of South Carolina. The Board of Student Publications and Communications is the publisher of *The Gamecock*. The Department of Student Media is the newspaper's parent organization. *The Gamecock* is supported in part by student activities fees.

ADDRESS
The Gamecock
1400 Greene Street
Columbia, SC 29208
Offices on third floor of the Russell House.

STUDENT MEDIA Area code 803
Advertising 777-3888
Classified 777-1184
Fax 777-6482
Office 777-3888

GAMECOCK Area code 803
Editor gcked@sc.edu 777-3914
News gcknews@sc.edu 777-7726
Viewpoints gckviews@sc.edu 777-7181
Etc. gcketc@sc.edu 777-3913
Sports gcksports@sc.edu 777-7182
Online www.gamecock.sc.edu 777-2833

SUBMISSION POLICY
Letters to the editor or guest columns are welcome from all members of the Carolina community. Letters should be 250-300 words. Guest columns should be an opinion piece of about 600-700 words. Both must include name, phone number, professional title or year and major, if a student. Handwritten submissions must be personally delivered to Russell House room 333. E-mail submissions must include telephone number for confirmation.
The Gamecock reserves the right to edit for libel, style and space. Anonymous letters will not be published. Photos are required for guest columnist and can be provided by the submitter.
Call 777-7726 for more information.

THE GAMECOCK

Sara Ladenheim
Editor in Chief
Kenley Young
Managing Editor
Emily Streyer
Viewpoints Editor
Kevin Langston
Brock Vergakis
News Editors
Clayton Kale
Associate News Editor
Kristin Freestate
Copy Desk Chief
Rachel Helwig
Etc. Editor
Todd Money
Sports Editor
Sean Rayford
Photo Editor
Rob Lindsey
Encore Editor
John Huieit
City Desk Chief

STUDENT MEDIA
Ellen Parsons
Director of Student Media
Lee Phillips
Advertising Manager
Susan King
Creative Services Director
Betsy Martin
Julie Burnett

Will Gillaspay
Online Editor
Corey Ford
Asst. Viewpoints Editor
Ann Marie Miani
Asst. Etc. Editor
Jared Kelowitz
Chris Yoder
Asst. Sports Editor
Casey Williams
Asst. On-Line Editor
Greg Farley
Asst. Photo Editor
Brad Walters
Graphics, Copy Editor,
Editorial Contributor
MacKenzie Craven
David Cloninger
Phillip Burt
Charlie Wallace
Senior Writers

Chris Black
Kathy VanNostrand
Creative Services
Sherry Holmes
Classified Manager
Carolyn Griffin
Business Manager
Erik Collins
Faculty Advisor

COLLEGE PRESS EXCHANGE



NATIONAL ISSUES

Sex sells even unsexy things

Sex. After how many centuries of human history, it remains the ultimate marketing strategy for the corporate world. And why the hell not? After all, it's an integral part of the consumer world's oldest profession. For the past half-century, it's been used to sell everything from beer to bras to shampoo to soft drinks. And after almost 20 years of my own history, I've accepted it, and I've even learned to love it.



Kenley Young is a weekly columnist. He can be reached by via The Gamecock at: gckviews@sc.edu

Calvin Klein's attempt to sell cologne and underwear by photographing a naked girl on a swing was a stroke of sheer advertising genius. And if I thought for one minute that drinking a certain type of beer would make me appealing to the Swedish Bikini Team, I'd drink that beer. And let's face it: The "Victoria's Secret" periodical has become as important for some men as it has for most women. It's as revealing as the swimsuit edition of *Sports Illustrated*, and both are equally packed with pictures of a scantily-clad Heidi Klum.

There are days when I wish my life were a Pantene Pro-V commercial, or even a Lady Foot Locker commercial, a world in which I could frolic on the beaches with Jennifer Lopez, Heather Locklear and Halle Berry as they impulsively toss their gor-

geous locks in super-slow motion and say, "You're worth it, baby."

But the times, they are a-changin'. Something's been happening in the latter half of this decade. As we languidly extend our reach toward the new millennium, the ad world is spinning perilously close to the edge, out of control and drunk behind the wheel on its own hormones, with a poorly mixed margarita of testosterone and estrogen clinched firmly between its thumb and its forefinger.

That's right. It's not just lingerie and lager anymore: ad folks are using sex to sell everything. You name it, they shame it. Credit card companies have pretty girls shaking their booties and carrying credit cards in their back pockets, as loud music plays; car companies have pretty girls maneuvering sedans and station wagons around obstacle courses, as loud music plays; potato chip companies have pretty girls shaking their booties and banging on fake drums, as loud music plays; even long distance companies have pretty girls shaking their booties as they walk down the street, also while loud music plays.

I mean, I always kind of understood that perfume was sensual. I assumed it was a given. But food products and non-perishable items have never done anything for my libido.

Now, I'm sure that Visa, Volkswagen, Pringles and Sprint are sexy companies in their own ways. And if they want to use beautiful women in tight shirts and/or bikinis to sell their products, I say, "hell yeah." But when advertisers have to use sex to sell Uncle Ben's rice, well, it's safe to say that things have gotten a bit ridiculous. You heard me. Rice. According to the

new Uncle Ben's commercial, even though their rice can be made in about six minutes, you can still have time for a quickie before the microwave bell goes off.

Is nothing sacred? There's nothing sexy, nothing remotely erotic at all, about old Uncle Ben and his crappy instant rice. Rice does not make me horny, baby, and nothing the Uncle Ben's ad team says about it can make me change my mind — not even the part about quickies.

Sex and commerce have always been bedfellows, so to speak, but the affair's never been this public. It's gotten so bad, in fact, that I have something that very closely resembles admiration for people like Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt, dirty old men who are nevertheless honest enough to use sex to sell only sex and nothing more. Plus, Hefner at least gets quality interviews with quality stars, and Flynt helps expose congressional perverts. Yep. I could almost admire those guys.

But things are only going to get more sexually saturated. We're lumbering toward the very apex of the Information Age, and, through the power of the almighty Internet, computer geeks and Web weirdos everywhere are already starting to inculcate relatively fresh advertising methods such as push technology (junk e-mail) into the corporate advertising agenda. Pretty soon, you'll be getting e-mails asking you to try www.UncleBens.com — "Eat it in the afterglow."

Yes, corporate America, sex sells. And yes, consumer America, we're buying. I, for one, am grateful for it. How else am I going to know what shampoo to use?

LETTERS

Anti-NRA column cites misleading statistics

To the Editor:
Mr. Paul Blake's highly biased opinions of the NRA ("NRA offers solution to roommate problems," Aug. 19) are unacceptable. In addition to this, Mr. Blake displays a profound lack of knowledge of what he calls "Gun Facts."

Mr. Blake fails to realize that the National Rifle Association mostly comprises good-hearted, law-abiding citizens, and is more than just an organization that fights to preserve the Constitutional right to keep and bear arms.

The NRA has donated millions of dollars and countless man hours to teach the children of our nation the important lesson of dealing with firearms. The Eddie Eagle Program specifically teaches them that if they find a gun, 1) Stop! 2) Don't touch! 3) Leave the room! 4) Go tell an adult!

Mr. Blake also fails to point out that the NRA gives scholarships, as well as low interest loans, to students who are in need of financial aid. The NRA also fights many hard battles to keep violent offenders in prison.

If I may be so bold to ask, what has Mr. Blake done for this nation of ours?

Now, on to Mr. Blake's so-called "facts." His first "fact" brings up the "43 times as likely to kill a family member than an assailant" misnomer of Dr. Arthur Kellerman. Kellerman's studies are based on reverse causation and have been proven flawed so many times that Congress slashed the budget of the Center for Disease Control by millions of dollars for using such fallacious data.

Mr. Blake's statement of the NRA opposing legislation to automatic weapons is

also full of holes. First of all, Mr. Blake must realize that there are already 26,000+ firearms restriction laws in this nation. Adding more redundant, useless laws is just a waste of taxpayers' money. Mr. Blake also fails to realize that there has not been a single incident in the last 30+ years where a lawfully owned, fully automatic weapon was used in the commission of a crime. All such fully automatic weapons that were used were those smuggled in the U.S. by illegal arms dealers.

The statement of NRA members having guns while riding in airplanes is also quite flawed. In case Mr. Blake did not know, for a passenger to have a firearm on the plane, it must be in a locked container in a locked suitcase, and stored in the cargo hold area. Secondly, the only ones who are exempt from this policy are certain law enforcement agents, such as a U.S. Marshall. I honestly hope that Mr. Blake does not try to make any such wisecracks in an airport, as he can be arrested and detained for a significant time.

Mr. Blake should do some research on this subject that he appears to know very little about, as he is relying on outdated, not to mention debunked, research and flat-out prevarications.

Ronald S. Shin
Chemistry and Biochemistry
Graduate Student

To the Editor:

I read Paul Blake's column with interest, disgust and horror.

If he had bothered to do any research, then he would have learned that the study that says that "people who keep guns are 43 times more likely to kill family members" was not conducted in the scientific method.

It has been proven scientifically that concealed, carried weapon laws reduce crime.

The Second Amendment reads, "A well-regulated militia." [sic] Now, if he talked to a Constitutional scholar, he would learn that the "militia" does not refer to the National Guard or Reserve Forces of the U.S. military, but to the gun-owning citizens. Early in American history, before we had a Constitution and were simply a confederacy of states, we also had no standing army. So the militia was called every time the government needed firepower. This militia consisted of gun-owning males. It is from that that the term "well-regulated militia" comes.

Mr. Blake states that foreign cities have much lower crime rates. There are three reasons why their crime rates (in murder) are lower.

One: American culture is about violence. That is not so in Europe.

Two: The police in every Western European state have the right to enter any dwelling and search any vehicle, or detain any person that might be criminally active.

Three: Most of Europe has mandatory military service. This means that the population is more disciplined and more schooled in the following of laws, orders and regulations.

America has a spirit of rebellion. It is what made us free, and it is what has kept us that way. Mr. Blake's ignorant, simply not true and absolutely undefendable comments, suggestions and statements have forever smeared *The Gamecock* with his reputation.

Shame on him for trying to destroy what makes us free.

Thomas Ebyl
Criminal Justice Freshman

GLOBAL ISSUES

Humans pests in own ways

Wear it! Wear it! Wear it!

These were my words as I smashed a bold cockroach into a pestilent pate. The sheer audacity of that cockroach! It flew right into the TV screen, recovered and then crawled around on top of the television.

With an eye on the bug and another on the tube, my hands blindly

groped for a proper smashing utensil. After grasping socks, a fork, my coffee mug and the remote control, I finally got my paws on a shoe. Slowly rising to my feet so as not to alarm the precocious insect, I made my way to the set. The little bugger managed to give a good run, but it was sole smear in the end.

As the harsh judgment of my shoe came down like the gavel of a Texan judge, I thought to myself, "If the shoe fits ..." and then let forth my "wear it!" chant. When the bugluster was through, I wiped the goo off with a paper towel. While wiping, I tried to figure out exactly what made me react so zealously at the sight of the bug. I came to a revelation, one so amazing that I smiled with titillation: I know what sharks are thinking.

Imagine it — you're swimming to your kitchen: the beach. You aren't exactly sure what you'd like. Maybe a seal would do, or perhaps fish. Maybe, if you're lucky, you'll run into that arthritic dolphin you've heard about. Instead, you get there and find the place swarming with disgusting little creatures with more digits than any sea creature has a right to have. At the sight of you, they all scurry away to places you can't reach. You leave, disgusted. After all, even if there is any food around, they've probably befouled it.

With the beach option eliminated, you decide to go out to eat. Heading for the open waters of the ocean, you keep an eye out for something that interests you. Unfortunately, the sea is teeming with floating nests today. They leave a trail of oily filth, polluting the water you breathe. The water is fouled, and you notice that they're dumping trash and animal parts, as well. Living space that once was prime becomes unbearable with the pests' filth. Even worse, they're overrunning your kind. Why is this happening? You're bigger, faster, stronger and have other superiorities such as electromagnetic sensory organs and immunity to cancer. This doesn't matter, though, because they're increasing at a greater rate and are getting the better of sharks everywhere. The shark you mated with last week was dragged into one of their floating nests and tossed back out finless and slowly bleeding to death. It's a hopeless struggle. In despair, you bite the first swimming primate you see, filling the water (and your mouth) with its rank blood. It's a futile gesture because there is no way you could wipe them all out. You just have to face the fact that, one day, they'll scuttle over your corpse without a care.

With the pesticidal act finished and the unsavory cleanup nearing completion, my head dizzied. Not only did I come to know what goes through the heads of sharks, but I also saw that I was no different from that pulp being wiped from the bottom of my shoe. I'm a buzzing little animal — pest to many, companion and consort to some, consumer of the spoils of the Earth. We all are. My idea isn't a new one; it's not profound, and I must admit that it's a bit silly. It is, however, a good thought to cycle through your head when you find yourself futilely raising your arm in anger at any passing arthropods.

Michael DiPresso is a biweekly columnist. He can be reached via *The Gamecock* at: gckviews@sc.edu

Think your opinion needs to be heard?

Send us a guest column.
Call 777-7726 or come by
Russell House 333 for
more information.