



VIEWPOINTS

IN OUR OPINION

SDIC should have a heart

It's a shame that few people know about the treasure housed at the center of USC's campus. McKissick Museum — showcase of folk culture, nationally renowned institution, chest of the university's treasures — is crippled by campus indifference and ignorance, but it's an apathy the museum has helped to create.

For the Strategic Directives and Initiatives Committee, which seems to have a new bad idea every week, the solution to McKissick's lagging

attendance is to kill the museum. To do so would be a mistake that would strike a crippling blow to the cultural life of the Midlands. Why the museum even found itself under the budget cut ax is a mystery. Though the

SDIC's mission is supposedly to make the university more efficient, it was largely created to deal with the looming threat of budget cuts. McKissick's share of the budget, \$650,000, is a pittance compared to what USC must cut.

The museum isn't an empty cavern with glorified science projects on display. It's a nationally recognized museum that shares some items with the Smithsonian. It's a teaching museum, and it's not unlike museums supported by every member of the Association of American Universities, which USC aspires to join.

But McKissick must make itself useful if it wants to survive. It's ridiculous that it's almost unknown among USC's undergraduates.

To attract students, McKissick must have enticing exhibits and undertake a massive PR campaign. To simply have banners on its front porch doesn't count as reaching out; to have vibrant displays around campus does.

The administrators seem to believe that only research dollars and scientific experimentation will get USC into the AAU. They're wrong. To become one of America's finest universities, USC must prove itself equally sensitive to the cultural side of education, the side that excites the heart instead of the mind.

But McKissick must earn its location at the center of campus. To do that, it must capture our imaginations and make us wonder why its survival was ever in doubt.

GAMECOCK CORRECTIONS

If you see an error in today's paper, we want to know. Write us at gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com.

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COURTESY KRT CAMPUS

The shredding of the mind



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What's more unethical: cloning or ignoring such diseases as Alzheimer's?

Vernon's Christmas tree was beautiful. He had his children and grandchildren over to decorate it with aluminum balls, crystal angels and Styrofoam snow cones. It was impressive, and when I walked into the his house, I immediately let him know.

It was then that I saw his wife asleep on their thick, burgundy-upholstered couch. She woke and used my handshake as a tool to pull herself from the sofa like a crane lifting one end of a four-ton rod of steel.

Over this Thanksgiving, my father had done a good job of warning me about Vernon's wife's condition. She slept often and remembered nothing. She has Alzheimer's disease—a human computer turned off and on without RAM or ROM.

Vernon couldn't travel from Traveler's Rest, S.C., to Largo, Fla., on vacation anymore.

Now, the irreversible neurological disorder and old age scheduled his day, starting in the wee morning hours. Lunch was at 9 a.m., dinner at 1:30 p.m. The rest of the day, he would wash his wife's hair, feed the horse, take care of any trespassing leaves, lift dumbbells, tell his wife about yesterday and retire by 8 p.m.

My father and I flanked the sofa that Vernon's wife rose from. She had moved to her matching leather recliner sitting opposite Vernon's. We began the visit by harping

about their decorated conifer, then Vernon went into favorable detail about the fantastic turkey supper his family had prepared. Then it was my father's turn to brag about our festivities.

Vernon's wife sat dumbfounded, her memory shredded by Alzheimer's; it left nothing but the idea of Thanksgiving.

"Oh, when was Thanksgiving, Vernon?"

"Two days ago."

"How was it?"

"It was great. It happened two days ago. Remember, dear? Pam brought over that turkey and her tree clippings? We cooked it up jus' fine."

"If you say so."

I was floored.

So they're cloning human embryos that are almost certain to help in the war against diseases like Parkinson's and Alzheimer's. And along with this scientific revolution comes the cynics. Human cloning is a hot topic now, and people are taking sides like a team-dodgeball game.

There are those who say it's ethically wrong to clone humans. Most Catholics, Atheists, Republicans and Democrats are against it. Just tonight I heard a paraplegic woman on television say she considers it "farming humans."

Hey, they're right. It's scary enough to watch those adolescent twins from Full House prance around junior high school. And we wouldn't want Maurice Bessinger refinancing his home for a synthetic offspring who would continue to "defend" his "proud heritage."

Think about the clonee. I recall from middle school the insult that could send the most sexually secure bully into a frenzy: "Kiss my butt, you test-tube baby!"

Think about the ridicule this cloned individual would have to endure. He or she would be fair game for taunts, warranted or

not. How could anyone expect this person to make it through life without depression, trauma or suicidal thoughts?

As a nation and planet, we are moving ahead; there's no stopping or questioning it. Sooner or later, you're going to be speaking to "Ma" in Vermont on your wrist. You'll be faxing resumes to the company via jock strap, and you'll be telling your kids to buckle up because of atmospheric turbulence. Hopefully, you'll be sprinkling cancer vaccines on your child's applesauce.

But like most life advances, sacrifice blazes the trail for innovation.

President George W. Bush says it's unethical to create and extinguish life for the sole purpose of saving life. Hey, what about condoning our men and women to fight and die for the lives who perished on Sept. 11, 2001? Is that as unethical?

My father told me Vernon did all the housework. He said there were mornings when the two wake and she immediately asks what the man is doing in her bed. Why is he sleeping next to her? Who is he?

"I'm your husband. My name is Vernon, and we've been married for years. Would you like me to show you pictures?"

My father told me that some mornings they sit in their bedroom and Vernon presents wedding pictures to convince her.

My father and I only stayed for 20 minutes. I told Vernon and his wife how much I appreciated their hospitality and I hoped their Christmas tree had many gifts underneath it this year. Vernon's wife's great broad smile warmed me.

When my father and I were pulling away from the home I asked how I could help her. He told me only time would tell and Vernon's patience and loyalty were therapeutic. It was then I rhetorically asked myself if she still remembered my name.

I had WOST wrong



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I love higher education in the '00s, especially when it involves breasts.

One of my friends is in Women's Studies 113, aka WOST. Despite what you might have heard earlier, I'm not a WOST kind of guy.

Like Charles Prashaw said last week, if you're a guy in a WOST class, the best way to get a good grade is to say all men suck.

I've never taken a WOST class and don't plan on taking one. I usually prefer classes about war, bowling, racquetball and such.

But then my friend taking WOST 113 tells me one of her assignments. The students had to feel their breasts and write a journal about it. That's my kind of education. I can't imagine a better course to take than one with a class full of girls playing with their breasts and then telling about it. I'd love to read some of the journal entries. I bet they would be interesting.

Unfortunately, it wasn't an in-class assignment. It would have rocked if it was. It would have been even better if the girls worked in groups for the project. I would have loved to watch the educational process at work.

My friend said there are no guys in the class. What if there were? Would the guys get teamed with girls because the guys have an obvious disadvantage when it comes to feeling their own breasts?

I told my friend I don't support academic dishonesty, but if she was too busy to do the assignment, I could do the research and write the journal for her. She politely declined.

She's probably right; I don't think I could write a paper about feeling breasts without being a little bit subjective. It would have been a darn good paper, though. I would have pulled out all the stops to write a masterpiece.

My friend, whose identity will be kept a secret (unless you ask me), said she didn't understand why guys like breasts so much. I told her it was a mystery, like the fate of D.B. Cooper or the reason Rosie O'Donnell isn't dead yet.

She said she ought to do her senior thesis on why guys like breasts so much. I again told her I would help her do the research, even though the research process might be a little sketchy.

I would probably take that WOST class for a humanities requirement or something if the professor made it all about girls playing with their breasts. It would be like *Girls Gone Wild* for course credit, only without the booze. Hopefully, video cameras would be optional. Of course, the class would only focus on girls playing with their breasts, because guys playing with their breasts would just be disturbing.

I ought to help tutor well-endowed girls who are having trouble in WOST 113. I usually do well in classes that involve writing. Let me know, ladies.

I told my friend to tell me if the class reads the breast journals out loud. I'd like to sit in on that class and listen. I'd probably get kicked out halfway through the class for laughing or something. I haven't changed much since junior high in that aspect. Besides, I doubt I'd be welcome in that class, especially after writing this column.

The bottom line, folks, is that I really like female breasts. Good luck with these last two weeks, and remember, ladies, I'm here to help if you're struggling with those journals.

IN YOUR OPINION

talkative that I would be up till 4 or 5 a.m., unable to sleep. Once I learned to channel all this abounding energy into productive study time, the outcome was wonderful.

I don't believe it's in any way possible to take Adderall and not feel very similar to what I have described. My mother also is prescribed Adderall, and I know for a fact it does the same thing to her.

I don't take Adderall like I used to.

For one thing, the energy boost tends to disappear after consistent use, but will reappear if you stop taking it for only day and then return to taking it. I now only take it when I absolutely have to (such as studying for a test or on a day that I have a presentation to do.)

Last year, I had friends come to me and ask for a single 30mg pill to take before big tests, and I even had someone I don't know tell a friend of mind that they would give me \$10 for a single pill.

I refused the transactions, but the fact of the matter is that these drugs are in high demand on college campuses because of their benefits. As much as I do need to take Adderall, I could honestly say that I think anyone out there could take Adderall and feel the exact way it makes me feel and could reap the benefits just as I do, prescribed or not.

The "hype" it gives is exactly what the drug is intended to do. I can't imagine any other reason to take it.

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Submission Policy

Letters to the editor or guest columns are welcome from the Carolina community. Letters should be 250-300 words. Guest columns should be about 600 words. Both must include name, phone number, professional title or year and major, if a student. Deliver handwritten submissions to Russell House room 333, or send e-mail to gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com. The Gamecock reserves the right to edit for libel, style and space. Anonymous letters will not be published. Photos are required for guest columnists and can be provided by the submitter. Call 777-7726 for more information.

Adderall: One USC undergrad's story

I am writing in response to the article discussing Adderall and Ritalin. I was put on Adderall three years ago, about the time I was entering college, and I have found it to have an absolutely amazing effect when it comes to focusing and memorizing and all-around, general studying.

I can see how students could want to abuse this drug, but when Ms. Lee says, "Anybody who takes it and gets hyped up doesn't need it," I would have to disagree. For one thing, when I started taking Adderall, it was for depression. I was diagnosed by a doctor, who prescribed it to me to help me focus.

From the very first day I took it, the biggest thing I noticed was how I felt that I had endless amounts of energy. I had trouble sitting still at my desk, it made me unconsciously grind my teeth and made me so jittery and