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Who would win a game between the men's and women's basketball teams?
WOMEN 36%
MEN 20%
LOU HOLTZ 44%

IN OUR OPINION

Women's team deserves better

While it was good to see a record crowd Thursday at the Carolina Coliseum to support the Lady Gamecocks, we can't help but feel it was cheapened by the lowered general ticket price of \$1. The women's basketball team has had a great year, its best in two decades. It shouldn't take \$1 tickets to get fans in the seats.

For once, the Lady Gamecocks can be mentioned in the same sentence as the Lady Vols and not get a laugh. They've worked their way up in the SEC and nation by

Carolina fans shouldn't let last night's loss sway them from showing support for the Lady Gamecocks.

beating quality teams, such as Duke, Vanderbilt and Georgia. While we can't fault the Athletics Department for selling \$1 tickets to attract more people, it's still sad it felt it was necessary. Gamecock fans pride themselves on being the best fans

in the country, but how can that be so when last night was this season's first overwhelming show of support for the nationally ranked Lady Gamecocks?

It takes a lot more than talent for a team to be successful year-in and year-out. A dedicated, visible fan base attracts recruits, brings in more money to build better facilities and helps get TV exposure. We need to take advantage of our momentum; if there's any time to start building a dynasty comparable to Tennessee's, it's now, while fan support and team talent are at their all-time high.

Despite last night's defeat, the Lady Gamecocks held their own for most of the game and have shown that they've made significant progress. There's no shame in losing to the No. 2 team and one of the greatest programs in women's basketball. But USC is still one of the best women's basketball teams in the country and has a chance to make waves in the SEC and the nation. Despite this loss, now isn't the time to stop going to the games.

Gamecock Quotables

"My heart is broken in a thousand different pieces for our team. But what can be broken can be fixed."

DAVE ODUM
USC HEAD BASKETBALL COACH, AFTER A ONE-POINT LOSS TO ARKANSAS

"It's a subject matter that I'm interested in that I love talking about. ... What is casual sex? What is love?"

TOM CRUISE
STAR OF "VANILLA SKY," ON WHY HE CHOSE TO PARTICIPATE IN SUCH AN OFF-BEAT FILM

"I do want to say that I am innocent of the misdemeanor issued against me and look forward to the opportunity to clear my name."

DEREK WATSON
EX-GAMECOCK FOOTBALL PLAYER, ABOUT HIS CHARGE OF MARIJUANA POSSESSION

"I was so excited, I pulled the car off the road, jumped out and started screaming and dancing."

EMMA CANADY
ON WINNING \$10,000 IN THE S.C. LOTTERY

GAMECOCK CORRECTIONS

An article in Wednesday's paper about Elbow Room alternatives should have said cover band The Pondering will play at Billy G's tonight. The Gamecock regrets the error. If you see an error in today's paper, we want to know. Write us at gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com.

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Visiting the Trade Center ruins



ANN MARIE MIANI
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My memories vs. the reality of a destroyed New York landmark.

When I was making plans to go home to Connecticut for winter break, there was one thing I knew I had to do. It had been on my mind since about 9 a.m. on Tuesday, Sept. 11. As I watched two planes crash into the World Trade Center that day, I witnessed the world, as we know it, change forever. I knew when I went back up North that I would feel compelled to see the site in person, to see it firsthand for a sense of closure. As I got closer to the site, the streets were less crowded. Many of the businesses, once thriving, now stood nearly empty. Building windows facing the disaster site were boarded. Interestingly, it wasn't the barricades surrounding the

rubble or the police officers that prevented me from getting as close as possible to Ground Zero — it was the crowds, dozens of people who were there for the same reason as I was. As I stood with the other onlookers, I remembered the last time I had been this far downtown, during a 1992 school trip. I remember looking up and seeing two gigantic, shiny buildings. They were bigger than anything I had ever seen. Our class was herded into the lobby of one of the towers, onto the elevators and up to the observation deck. My ears popped as we traveled up the 110 stories. Someone was telling us facts about the World Trade Center. Never once did I hear whether the building could withstand a Boeing 767 collision. When we finally arrived at the top, we scattered and rushed to the windows, hoping to see the famous New York skyline and look down at people who would look no bigger than ants. But when we reached the windows, we were disappointed — the visibility was zero and we couldn't see anything but fog. I promised myself that I would go back on a clearer day to see the skyline. I remember little else about that trip, except that I bought a charm bracelet with New York

symbols, such as the World Trade Center and the Empire State Building. Never once did I think that New York wouldn't be able to count the World Trade Center as one of its landmarks. This past December, I stood in practically the same spot I did a decade ago and looked up again. Instead of shiny buildings, I saw nothing but an empty, dark sky. Instead of excitement, I was feeling despair. And the smell of the nearby Hudson River mixed with a smell I couldn't identify, something I guessed was the smell of death. One of the buildings behind where the World Trade Center had once stood had an American flag hanging from a window. But other than that, there was nothing. I walked further along and saw a chain-link fence decorated with flags and messages for the victims. I walked along the wall, wishing I had brought something to hang there to honor the victims and the heroes. As I read the messages and wiped the tears from my eyes, I realized I had never fulfilled the promise I made to myself in 1992. I never saw the skyline from the World Trade Center, and I never will.

Miani is a fourth-year print journalism student.

IN YOUR OPINION

Spurrier and Holtz: Tale of two coaches

The most interesting story involving SEC football coaches has nothing to do with Steve Spurrier. Instead, the story involves two star running backs, marijuana and their coaches' responses. Arkansas running back Cedric Cobbs and USC running back Derek Watson were both arrested for drug-related charges. While Cobbs will remain on the Razorbacks team, Watson has been kicked off the Gamecocks team. I used to admire the way Arkansas coach Houston Nutt handled his team. He seemed to know his X's and O's and appeared to be one heck of a motivator. However, allowing Cobbs to remain on the team tells me he is more concerned about winning than about the welfare of his team. Lou Holtz's approach to Watson's situation speaks volumes to me about how great of a coach he really is. He is clearly sending a statement to his team that breaking the law has consequences, that integrity is more important than winning, and that he cares more about his players' lives than just the four years they'll spend on the gridiron. Before these stories broke, I was writing an article on Nutt being the best coach in the SEC. It's obvious to me now that Lou Holtz is the best coach anywhere.

DARRELL ABRAMOWITZ
HOUSTON, TEXAS

McClendon's column contradicts itself

While I agree with a few points Katie McClendon raised in her Monday column, I feel as if she made a very

obvious contradiction. Her column, "Trapped in a Southern Time Warp," is a testament to all readers that Southerners have a long way to go if they want to cease being looked upon as racist and stereotypical. However, when she says, "Every member of a fraternity that is known for racist beliefs is a racist. By being a member, you are guilty by association" is one that I find confusing. By McClendon's own stereotype, are we to assume that all members of the Islamic faith are radical terrorists because Osama bin Laden killed thousands of innocent people in the name of Allah? Are we also to assume that because McClendon is a Southerner, and Southerners are known for racist beliefs, that she is a racist by association? Of course not. The event at Auburn is inexcusable and should never have happened. However, the entire fraternity isn't responsible. The actions of a few individuals don't always represent the ideals of the organization or group to which they belong. Miss McClendon, Southerners do have a long way to go before they're no longer looked upon as racist and stereotypical. But by your own statements, it's obvious that you no longer need to concern yourself with the "mindset" of the South when you suffer from the same faults.

JONATHAN P. LEE
FIFTH-YEAR ECONOMICS AND MANAGEMENT STUDENT

Watson hits home about lottery evils

Wednesday's column by Phil Watson was one of the best I have ever read in The Gamecock. I agree with Watson that all education starts at home and, while

parents and other adults are out buying tickets (or paying the education tax lottery), students are at home being schooled by MTV or whatever they are doing instead of learning what they need to be learning. Gov. Hodges at least proposed \$1 million to help the education lottery taxpayers recover from this addiction. Easy, Mr. Hodges — we wouldn't want anyone not playing the lottery. It might reduce funds for our education. So why did we ban video poker machines again? Oh yeah, so those people would have to play (pay) the education lottery tax. The part of Watson's article that hit home was about having to wait in line while the lottery taxpayers voluntarily handed over their bucks for tickets. I also experienced this while in line to pay for gasoline. I had to wait for five minutes while the lottery taxpayers were scratching off tickets and the store clerk figured out how to charge and deliver the tickets. When I finally was able to walk out of the store, I saw some of the same people sitting in their cars scratching off tickets and then coming back inside to buy more. Hodges is a genius. He got his votes and he got his lottery, but questions still remain. Will education be any better in our state? Will our state's people be better off? Time will tell starting in November 2002.

JEFF TALLANT
COLUMBIA, S.C.

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.

Longing for bed instead of class



CLAYTON KALE
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There are so many more important things to do besides going to class.

Talk about a rude awakening. Monday morning, my alarm screeches at roommate-waking volume, sending winter break to the land of Nod (along with that interesting dream featuring a crowbar-wielding chimpanzee and an SUV). It's Monday. It's the first day of school. Sigh. After a month of getting up no earlier than 10 a.m. (and on more than one occasion going to bed no earlier than then), my brain fought hard against the long-instilled behavior of showing up for class. It was a hard-fought battle. On my way downstairs, I made the usual list of things to do before heading to campus: feed the cat, make breakfast, find bookbag, dump paper from last semester and books that even Addam's Bookstore wouldn't buy back into the recycling bin, go to class. But my brain continued hitting me with visions of a warm pillow under a mound of sheets and blankets. Such an enticing thought-dream might explain why I tried to put the cat in the microwave while feeding my breakfast... or maybe it was because I hadn't had my coffee yet. In any case, the cat didn't like it in the radioactive box and my grits weren't at all interested in the bowl of cat food. And still I longed for my bed. Subconsciously, my brain knows this is my last semester of classes before I enroll in a super-secret society of journalism students code-named "Senior Semester." Senior Semester is often the last hurrah in college for J-school students. Consciously, I remember my last semester before my last hurrah in high school, and my subconscious did then as it's doing now. "You don't need to go to senior math class," my brain would say. "You need to lie here and sleep." I fought my urges to sleep through life then, and I think I can fight my urges now. So now, even as I write this, my brain is telling me to crawl back into bed for the next five months. If I do that, it promises me I won't have the stress of homework and papers and projects. As a bonus, I'll receive an ample supply of absurd dreams. As tempting as the offer is, I must fight. There are deadlines to meet and classes to attend and cats to feed and breakfasts to prepare. There's too much going on in the world for me to sleep through it. The light at the end of the proverbial tunnel is now in sight. I must remember to act as enthusiastically about classes and projects as I did when I was a freshman standing bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked waiting for the Shuttlecock at 7:30 in the morning. Ten-page paper? I laugh in your general direction, professor. Want to make that a 12-pager? You can. Because I'm, good enough, I'm smart enough and doggone it, I stole this joke. Seriously, this semester will be different. I'm on top of things. No room for slacking here. I'll graduate in a year, I'll get on that 10-page paper soon... as soon as I finish my nap.

Kale is a fourth-year print journalism student.