

## THE GAMECOCK

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### IN OUR OPINION

## Pornography program can help healing begin

You'll go blind if you keep doing that.

The Shack's Porn Sunday program sounds like an effective way to warn students of the dangers of pornography addiction, but it's not the only source for information — or opinions on sexuality — at USC.

Porn Sunday is a one-off event featuring taped testimonials from three students discussing the "lowest points of their sexual addictions," according to a news release. The keynote speaker will talk about pornography in society and will offer resources for battling such addictions.

Kudos to The Shack for tackling an issue that most churches sweep under the rug — and using a title that evokes images of naked women writhing around in a giant banana split. Attendance will soar.

But hopefully, the program will steer students away from dangerous obsession, not encourage them to enact a lifelong ban on pornography. Like any other personal choice, viewing pornography is safe in moderation.

In fact, shutting the door on pornography altogether could be more harmful than five hours at goatlovers.com. We're not saying porn is the spiritual cornerstone of all our lives; it's simply a safe outlet to keep from bursting — or worse, impregnating someone down at Five Points.

On Sunday, if you have a porn addiction, check this program out. But always remember that USC's Office for Sexual Health and Violence Prevention offers workshops and information on its Web site and, maybe, a different opinion on viewing pornography.

The porn industry is an ever-evolving beast. This isn't like the old days, where porn addicts had to walk through 200 channels of snow — both ways, and barefoot — to get their garbled fix.

In an age of 24-hour access to hardcore, barely legal debauchery, we all need some safety nets to keep from turning into full-time perverts.

### IT'S YOUR RIGHT

Voice your opinion on message boards at [www.dailygamecock.com](http://www.dailygamecock.com) or send letters to the editor at [gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu](mailto:gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu)



### CORRECTIONS

In Wednesday's Page 2 calendar, the Last Lecture Series should have been slated to begin Feb. 1. The Gamecock regrets this error.

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Courtesy KRT Campus

## Face-to-face conversation trumps Facebook

### New names, possible friends more intimate in person, not online

"Oh my gosh. He's gorgeous!"

"Sh! Listen! The professor is calling the role. Let's listen for when he answers!"

"Yeah! Then we can look him up on Facebook!"

The whole row turns into a mass of platinum hair and pink clothing, and I hear the sounds of pearls shaking in anticipation. I roll my eyes as the ears of the giggling girls on the row in front of me perk up as the elusive hottie calls out "here."

I can't help but wonder how many friend requests he got that week from random girls who had spotted him in class.

Ah, the wonders of technology — especially technology which facilitates stalking.

At a university as large as USC, new classes hold a sure bet that there will be some unknown faces in your classes.

Even if you aren't particularly looking for a new someone in your life, a small peek around the



LINSEY DENNERLEIN  
Second-year psychology student

room can't hurt either, right? You never know.

But we really have been reduced to resorting to Facebook as a means of initiating conversation

with the opposite sex? The best way to find out, I decided, was to play dress up and put myself in the shoes of the girls on the row in front of me that day. So I slipped on my Sperry's, turned on The Police's "Every Breath You Take" (because what song screams "stalking" louder than that?) and logged onto Facebook.

And then I logged off. Even with the perfect music playing, Facebook stalking couldn't seduce me.

Call me old-fashioned, but I don't see myself finding the man of my dreams on any Internet yearbook or having my first conversation with him in an instant messenger box.

I respond much better to a simple "hello" in person than a line stating, "You have one friend request

awaiting confirmation." I think most people, guys and girls alike, are flattered by someone new having the guts to walk up and introduce themselves rather than gutlessly clicking the "add to friends" button. And genuine compliments never hurt either. If you're going to send a friend request to a complete stranger, you might as well send a message saying "If I could rearrange the alphabet, I'd put U and I together," because you're already doomed.

But, who can honestly say they have never let their eyes and imagination take a few quick spins around the room during the first weeks of class or at least thought about looking at a cute stranger's profile on Facebook? You may have already fallen into the routine of drifting comatose from class to class in your sweats, and if it takes glancing around the room from time to time to keep you awake, than by all means, be my guest. Indulge in the guilty pleasure of a new semester daydream. But please, I beg you, don't run home to Facebook afterwards.

## Who's reading what's written on stall walls?

### Despite stupidity, at least racists write on inside bathroom only

Perhaps the most disturbing and amusing thing I read this week came from a bathroom stall. It wasn't well written, intelligent or deep. There was no existential angst, no logic, no genius. Just a mere scribble on a wall.

It was a racist song. At first, the rigor mortis set it around the derriere region as the boiling anger inside of me had to be controlled. The butt-clenching started to ache as I eventually resolved the tension by laughing.

It says a lot about how far the United States has come that these racists, once so common, now have to hide in the bathroom stalls.

Thank God for big mercies. America lapsed behind Europe and even the Soviet Union for so long when it came to equal rights, but while there are social problems still today, it can't happen on paper.

Racism is just absolutely idiotic. Throughout history



AARON BRAZIER  
Fourth-year philosophy student

and to the present, there's just nothing intelligent about such an argument on the content of some quotation that group-X is better than group-Y. Sports, intelligence, musical achievement — absolutely bugger all. There's no reason to presume that a black person is better or worse than a white person.

That is unless you happen to want to work for the Nazi Party.

The worst part of racism is that it's built on stupidity. It's bad enough they're full of hate and a misdirected love of their skin color, but when they get ethnicities wrong, I cry. Iran is not an Arabic state, it never has been. They speak Farsi and they're Iranians.

I've even heard Egyptians told to go back to India. India! Isn't that just bloody moronic?

Sometimes it's not

that pronounced. As an Englishman in America I've heard a few classic lines that should make you cringe. "What language do y'all speak in England?" is a personal, yet painful favorite.

Where does racism begin and stupidity end?

It's part of the American hypersensitivity now to be mindful of these comments. A joke or observation can no longer be made in case of these charges. The sad thing is that the undercurrent is still alive and kicking and leaves people feeling trapped.

Maybe the picture I am painting sounds depressing or hopeless, but this whole fiasco in the bathroom stall really says just one thing: Those full of hate can't say it in public.

No longer does society support it openly, and it has been 40 years since it was legal and supported. Within our lifetimes, maybe this nonsense of "race" will become an old joke for historians to laugh at. We should all work hard for that.

## Life scripts no show business, picture-perfect tragicomedy

### In reality, characters write own screenplays, not professional poet

At any given time, you'll find the following three books stacked beside my bed:

"The 100 Simple Secrets of Happy People," "The Pocket Muse: Ideas and Inspirations for Writing," and "Screenwriting for Dummies."

They've played a great role in earning me my name as Friday's "feel-good" columnist. But their intended purpose is to help me reach one of my life goals: to write a feature film screenplay.

If you've ever wanted to play God, all you have to do is pick up a pen.

In a way, our everyday lives are like a movie playing out before us. (That, or the longest "Choose Your Own Adventure" book you've ever read.) We're the star. We plug an iPod into our ears to listen to the soundtrack.

No sneak previews, no deleted scenes and all of the bloopers make it into the final cut.

Little girls have prom. Pro football players have the Super Bowl.

And, of course, when the moment comes in real life, a giant meteor with the word "reality" painted on it comes barreling out of the sky and crashes right on top of us.

The first thing taught in most public speaking classes is that you should never, under any circumstance, memorize your speech word-for-word. If you do, it goes great until you miss one key word or phrase. That's where you panic, forget everything and fall all over yourself.

Sometimes, when we try to write the script for our real lives, we just set ourselves up for disaster. The slightest little thing goes askew. And suddenly we find ourselves sulking around, extremely uncomfortable with our surroundings and hating every moment of what was supposed to be a perfectly beautiful experience.

In real life, we don't have complete control over the script. Each member of the supporting cast is starring in their own story, too. We can't write someone into a role if they don't want the part.

These are lessons we learn as we go — and a lot of times, they hurt. But that's life. Sometimes we just have to pick up what's left and move on.

For those of you who can relate to this column, I'll have you know that it's actually pretty optimistic. After all, if life really is just like a movie, we can just sit back and enjoy the sights and sounds (popcorn optional) along the way until we get to our own happy ending.

### Submission policy

Letters to the editor should be less than 300 words and include name, phone number, professional title or year and major, if a student. E-mail letters to [gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu](mailto:gamecockopinions@gwm.sc.edu). Letters will be edited. Anonymous letters will not be published. Call the newsroom at 777-7726 for more information.

### Online Poll

Do you think building a restaurant in the Gambrell patio area is a good idea?

YES 66%

NO 34%

Total votes: 203

Mike Conway / THE GAMECOCK