Greg Garrison

My Favorite Things

You know, in the past month or so, a lot of people have said to me, "Greg, your articles are always rude. Are you ever going to write anything nice for a change?"

Now, it has never been my intention to write anything mean-spirited, spiteful, or hateful. I just write a simple humor column that tries to get us to laugh at ourselves a little bit.

I can understand why some people could take offense at my sarcastic nature and ironic tone of voice, and so this week I'm writing a nice article about my favorite things.

. If you're a person who loves feeling happy, you're in for a treat.

I love going to Harris Teeter and then getting in the express lane with a 12 of Stroh's and a package of Hebrew National Kosher franks—the absolute best on the market, as far as this hot-dog connoisseur is concerned—and then standing in line behind a wo/man with 13 or 14 items, even though there's a sign which reads, "Ten Items or Less," hanging over his/her head, as clear as day.

I love the cashiers who are too wimpy and soft-hearted to tell Mr./ Ms. I-either-can't-read-or-can'tcount-or-am-choosing-to-be-obnoxious-and-ignore-the-sign-overmy-head-and-pretend-I-don't-seeit to move to another lane.

I love the fact that we've all been ripped off by a Coke machine here at least once, but if a machine spits out two cans, we can get kicked out of school for taking the extra.

I love that taking an extra candy bar from a machine is also an Honor Code violation—punishable by expulsion—but assault with a deadly weapon, threatening the well-being of another student, stalking,

another student, stalking, rape, and — as far as I know — murder are not.

I love the fact that they don't sell cigarettes in the Outpost and that they won't give a good reason for not doing so, even though selling them would please students, make plenty of money for the school, and radically reduce the number of Davidson students driving drunk to Cornelius on a Saturday night to pick up a pack of Marlboros.

I love the way the Union café has tax figured into its prices, but that all the prices end in a one, two, three, four, six, seven, eight, or nine, so that the happy customer always ends up with a pocket full of pennies.

I love most Davidson students' inability to dance, including

I love that they play "Sweet

I love the fact that they don't sell cigarettes in the Outpost and that they won't give a good reason for not doing so.

Home Alabama," which is an utterly un-danceable tune, at every Court party, but since none of us can dance anyway, we don't realize that hopping up and down to Lynyrd. Skynyrd's classic redneck-rock anthem is anything but dancing.

I love the fact that we go to a school which screams, "Celebrate Diversity," fairly continuously and which is situated in a town where "the other side of the tracks" literally means the other side of the tracks.

I'love how parties just get warmed up around 11 or 11:30, and then how they shut the beer off

I am writing to express my disappointment at our recent

at 1:30.

I love the way our director of "public safety" can write off getting drunk as an excuse for inexcusable behavior, even though alcohol merely lowers one's inhibitions and/or reveals what you're

 personality is really like underneath your calm, controlled exterior.

I love the fact that we go to a Presbyterian school where they throw condoms off the roof of the main academic building during the big Christmas celwhich is obviously not

ebration, which is obviously not tacky, inappropriate, or sacrilegious, seeing as how the birth of Jesus Christ was all about keeping casual sex safe, rather than reconciling a sinful world to a loving God, as Christians have claimed for going on 2000 years.

I love liberals who hate conservatives because they're narrow-minded and stupid, conservatives who hate liberals because they're naïve and stupid, religious people who malign atheists because they're going to hell, atheists who malign religious peoplebecause there's no hell to go to, teetotalers who are too morally superior to hang out with drunks, drunks who are too cool to hang out with teetotalers, independent who categorically dislike fraters nity members, fraternity members who categorically dislike independents, people who think "get involved" means "save the whales," people who think "get involved" means "with some body," and the fact that if I want to hear The Dave Matthews Band, all I have to do is set foot in a dorm

I hope y'all have a great holiday season away from this lovely, happy, almost utopian place, and while you're celebrating Christmas, Hanukkah, and/or New Year's, remember threathings:

Regardless of how much booze is in it, don't drink egg nog or anything so closely resembling mucus, don't eat the yellow snow, and if Santa or Mrs. Claus drops down your chimney and chucks a birth control device at you, don't whip out a shotgun and blow him her away.

Sure, you might be offended as hell when a Trojan smacks you in the forehead, but you just haven't opened your mind wide enough. Mr. and Mrs. Claus are a man and woman of the '90s, dammit.

Eric Sapp

Deck the halls ... With Condoms?

lem of AIDS, it seems that our

focus should be on monogamy or

tree-lighting ceremony. We were all dismayed by the fact that Santa and Mrs. Claus didn't rappel down Chambers like they have in the past. But what really upset me was the fact that this Christmas, Santa threw condoms, not candy canes, from the top of Chambers. That seemed rather inappropriate, especially given the fact that many of the condoms were picked up by children who thought Santa would be throwing

candy. It was hard for me

to get in the Christmas

mood when while singing "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear," condoms were floating down from the sky.

I assume that the reason Santa's bag was filled with contraceptives instead of toys and candy is that this is AIDS Awareness Week. Disregarding the inappropriateness of the whole thing, in my opinion, the decision to "deck the halls" with rubbers to make us "aware of AIDS" was a very poor one. "Safe sex" will only work to a point. The best condoms fail about 1 out of 10 times. If we were really concerned about solving the prob-

at least, keeping people's sexual partners to a minimum. I will not deny that people will keep having sex, but if we want to fix the probelling people what he want to hear to be a sexual partners to a minimum. I will not deny that people what he want to be a sexual partners to a minimum. I will not deny that partners to a minimum. I will not deny that people what to be a sexual partners to a minimum. I will not deny that people what to be a sexual partners to a minimum. I will not deny that people will keep having sex, but if we want to fix the prob-

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> lem of AIDS, we need to get them to stop having sex with partner after partner. That is where the emphasis should be.

It seems that whenever I hear talks or see signs on AIDS, this one vital solution is always brushed over. Time and again, I'll see a comedian or someone with his/her red ribbon on giving a speech composed of jokes about how many people they've slept with or their last one night stand. If we ever want to solve the AIDS problem (and the many other societal problems that are caused by promiscuity), we are going to have to change the way society thinks

about sex. Telling people what they want to hear so the AIDS awareness movement will stay popular won't solve the problem. It is a shame that the people in that movement aren't willing to

what really needs to be said (even if that advice would be resented). Instead, they have chosen the easy way out, and AIDS remains the seventh most deadly disease in this country (according to the National Center for Health Statistics).

That is all I wanted to say. It was inappropri-

ate to have Santa pass out condoms at an event celebrating the birth of Christ. But what six perhaps more upsetting is that this was chosen as the focus for the AIDS awareness activity that will likely reach the largest audience All of us have heard from many sources for a long time how important the use of condoms is in slowing the spread of AIDS. I am simply proposing that if we are really serious about working towards a solution to this problem; we should consider an alternative measure that is clearly more effective than condoms. Think about



