

Deep Thoughts . . .

It Could Be Very Helpful If We All Ate Together

Let's consider, for a moment, the arenas in which men and women interact with one another most often on this campus. First of all, there is the classroom, where the majority of the time is spent in obedient silence to our more learned elders.

Then there is the hallway, where the generic salutation is exchanged multiple times in a given morning. Of course, there are parties—settings in which overly loud music or overly consumed alcohol usually reduce interaction to something less than meaningful.

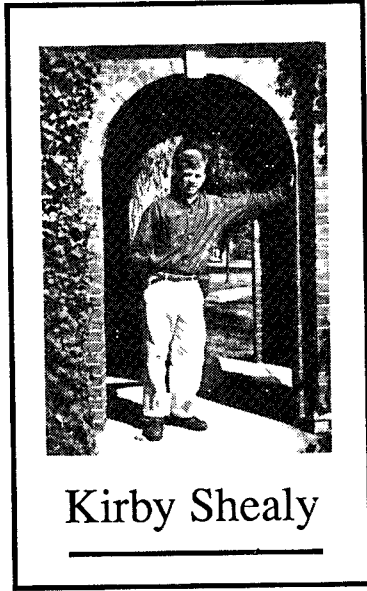
Freshmen and independents, however, have the Commons, which provides them with an atmosphere most conducive to conversation and mutual understanding.

It is amazing how much of life revolves around the partaking of food. Everything from business transactions to treaty negotiations is often conducted over a meal. The reason behind this tendency is, I believe, because meals are relaxing times for us.

In eating we are refueling our bodies and replenishing the nutrients that keep us healthy. Often we are settling our minds as well, for no matter how harried we might be, we must take time out to eat. Meals, then, should be some of the

best times for us to get to know one another better—our guard is down, we are relaxed, we have lettuce in our teeth. No pretensions allowed.

So why is it that after freshman year, when we all seem to learn so much about one another,



Kirby Shealy

that we tend to sequester ourselves into single-sex eating establishments that, for many men, at least, are too homogenous? My point in posing this question to the community is not to attack the structure of fraternities and all-female organizations in place now.

Indeed I am a staunch proponent of the kinds of groups we

presently have, but I am just wondering if perhaps eating together should be one of the activities engaged in by these groups.

I think we are all aware that the experience of being a man or a woman in the modern world has aspects which are peculiar to that particular sex. Men and women see the world from different perspectives, they go about trying to solve its problems different ways, and they react differently to their success or failure.

Consequently, it is only natural for men and women to have an outlet in which their masculinity or femininity is affirmed rather than threatened. This outlet does not necessarily have to involve eating on a regular basis, however. In fact, eating regularly together might even be detrimental to the good that single-sex institutions do; one might grow accustomed to an atmosphere that is found very seldom in later life.

In arriving at this idea that single-sex eating may not be Davidson's greatest strength, I compare my experience here to my sister's at Sewanee, where everyone eats together for their entire college career. I know how much she looks forward to going

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And Now You Want to Be Called African-Americans

By Marilyn Ambrose

History reveals that African-Americans were robbed of their pride and dignity.

History—A chronological record of events, as of the life or development of a people or institution; the branch of knowledge that records and analyzes past events.

Pride—A sense of one's own proper dignity or value. To indulge in self-esteem.

Dignity—The quality of condition or condition of being esteemed or honored.

Kidnapped from their homeland, African-Americans became victims.

Victim—Someone who is harmed or killed by another. One who is harmed by or made to suffer from an act, circumstance, agency or condition. A person who is tricked, swindled, or taken advantage of.

And as most victims, they suffered of shame.

Shame—A painful emotion caused by a strong sense of embarrassment, unworthiness or disgrace.

Albeit, later freed, the labels and stigmas associated with African-Americans followed.

Label—Something functioning as a means of identification.

Stigma—A mark burned into the skin of a criminal or slave. A mark or token of infamy, disgrace, or reproach. A mark of vindictive of a history of a disease or abnor-

mality.

For a while, the load felt lighter on the shoulders of African-Americans. For a second, there was hope. But as the lines of distinction between black and white got bolder—hope began to fade.

Black—Soiled from soot; dirty. Evil; wicked. Cheerless and depressing; gloomy. Marked by anger or sullenness. Attended with disaster. Deserving of, indicating,

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or incurring censure or dishonor. Black clothing especially such as clothing worn for mourning. The opposite of being white.

White—Fair and generous; decent; unsullied; pure; ultraconservative. The antagonist of black.

African-Americans that although, "[we] have come a long way, baby," we still have a long way to go." They realized that not much had changed. African-Americans continued to suffer from mental and verbal abuse.

Suddenly—it seems—the issue of self-esteem became the

mate remedy for a 200 plus years-old disease. The level of self-esteem in the African-American community was immeasurably low. African-Americans began to search within themselves for the answer to the question, "What can we do about it?" For, it became evident that low self-esteem was related to low success.

Psychologists will admit that verbal and mental abuse is more detrimental and less helpful to the recipient of the abuse than the abuser thinks. For instance, if you repeatedly say to a child, "you will never amount to anything", the chances of failure increase. Here, what you have done is conditioned the child for failure.

African-Americans face a similar problem. If one considered the connotative and denotative meanings of the word "black," it is very difficult for a sensible individual to not arrive at the conclusion that labeling anyone "black" can have a disturbing impact on one's self-esteem and, more generally, on one's life.

Thus, in conclusion, when you hear someone complain about African-American's desire to be called African-Americans and not "blacks," perhaps you can enlighten them. African-Americans no longer want to be referred to as "black." Why? Simply, because the negative connotations associated with the word are too many.

Cheer Like an Immature 6 Year-Old

I was six years old and sitting on the bench in my Clorox clean Jr. Raiders uniform when Joe Wytiaz headed the game winning goal against the much feared Jr. Sharks, a team that featured Eddie Yardumian, a kid who had quickly learned that his 3'9" 68 pound frame (there was speculated steroid use) enabled him to truck through smaller, immobile, screaming kids like myself. But Ed had an off day and we had the good fortune that Tommy Cushman's toe-shot ricocheted off of Joe's head and past the goalie who dove away from the ball. What I remember most about that day was how we acted like mature little six olds throughout the entire game, even down to the end: we whined, slapped high fives, spit water at each other, made insightful comments like: Hey Coach! Tommy has his shirt on backwards! (followed by tumultuous six year old laughter), but most of all we cheered our team on.

The basic six-year old type cheer reaffirmed that a) our team was going to win and b) the other team was going to lose. We usu-

ally used the infamous Gregorian victory chant to knock the team into mindless submission. It went: WE'RE GONNA WIN! WE'RE GONNA WIN! NYAH! NYAH! NYAH! NYAH! NYAH! (The tongue sticks out at this point.)

Never mind the fact that at this point we were usually hoping for a 14-GOAL-EUTHANASIA-

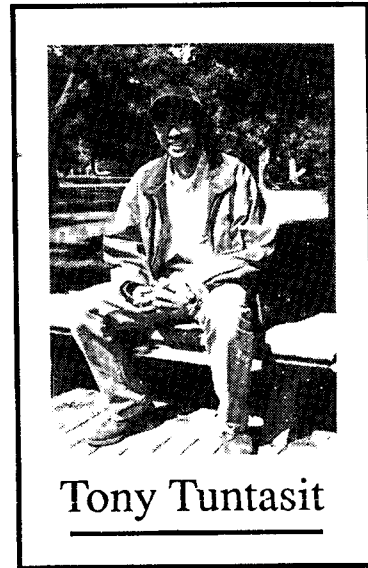
RULE, lightning, mudslide, or a Class 4 Super-Duper Hurricane, we still cheered on. And we liked it.

But eventually the great six-year-old-cheer becomes a sign of immaturity at age fifteen. Taunting, poking fun, cheering and general emotion have

become taboo. We're supposed to be mature. And I think that this hyper-maturity has seeped into our academically minded brains at Davidson. Maturity is good, but as with everything, in moderation.

I'm not saying that Davidson students aren't spirited. We're just little bit reserved. At Florida, people slap hi-fives, whine, spit

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Tony Tuntasit

In Black and White . . . On Interracial Dating (Part Two)

By Deidra Monague

This counterpart to last week's article on interracial dating is from Deidra's perspective.

There are some interracial couples who care about each other and want to build a future together. However, in the grand scheme of things, I think most couples who are interracially "involved" do so in order to satisfy their curiosity about another race. If they're in it for that reason they need to come correct. It's not all about the myth concerning black guys (didn't you hear... it's not true). And it's certainly not about the old story that all black girls are promiscuous; in fact, when I was growing up, I always heard that white girls were the ones that "put out." For those of you who seem surprised by this myth, take it for what it actually is: a myth.

I haven't been involved in an interracial relationship because I prefer black guys. Don't get me wrong; you shouldn't disregard someone of a different race just because they're different—whether the relationship is on intimate terms, or just friends. If that were the case, I wouldn't even be at Davidson. (In case you've no-

ted the campus is not exactly a melting pot.) Even if there were a white guy whom I found myself attracted to, I would have reservations about dating him because of the pressure.

That's something I think a lot of white people are surprised about—when I say I, a black female, have qualms about interracial dating. From my point of view, it always seems like the topic of conversation is "I would never date a black guy/girl, because my parents would have a heartache." And my reply is usually, "Well, what makes you think that my parents would jump for joy if I brought a white guy home? or even my friends for that matter?"

It has to be understood that interracial dating is not popular with a lot of people on either side of the podium. Both races consist of people who think the entire other race is bad, whether it be based on stereotypes or too many bad experiences. Chances are that we all have at least two friends who belong to this group, and they can make even the idea of race-mixing a taboo subject.

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