

Free Association: Jeff George I am a potential rapist.

I'm a potential rapist.

Now, before all the women on campus begin to avoid me like the plague (which, come to think of it, wouldn't be all that much different from the way things are now), let me explain.

All of the talk about racism and discrimination that continually surfaces in this section reminds me of a lesson that I learned when I was a freshman. What had begun as a simple class discussion on an article by Gloria Steinem had degenerated into a heated argument as to whether or not all men are potential rapists, not just from a physical standpoint (i.e., we have the equipment), but from an emotional one also. About two days after that class (the normal grace period between arguments and my good comebacks), I came up with a very good question: why aren't women considered potential rapists?

Think about that for a second; how many times have you guys been walking alone in a dark area of the campus, and been afraid that the girl behind you might be following you? Maybe men are more likely to commit the crime, but why are women exempt from the potential to commit the crime?

Now, two years later, it seems that this issue, like so many others

that we face, is simply a matter of unnecessary differentiation between two groups. When we've gotten so nit-picky that we actually discriminate on the basis of which group could rape the other, then we have totally abandoned the concept of unity. And isn't that our problem?

When it comes right down to it, every dilemma that we face as a community, as a nation, as a world, can be traced to a fundamental lack of togetherness. This is what happens: one particular group discovers that it is being treated less than fairly; in order to boost its self-image and try to gain equal importance with everyone else, the group begins to emphasize the things that make it unique, different from any other groups; by emphasizing the differences, which are the original cause of discrimination, the group only make the situation worse for itself.

Instead of trying to separate each particular group of people into its own way of life, building a fence around it, and then trying to make it equal with all the other groups somehow, why don't we try working together?

If we tried to end racism and hatred (probably impossible, but still worth a try), we must find a middle ground between black

people and white people, between men and women, between potential rapists and non-potential rapists, between country fans and rock fans, between those who are so offended by the artwork on the cover of the new phone directory that they could spit and those who could care less.

There is a name for such a middle ground, one that you may recognize: humanity.

Now, I'm not suggesting that we should abandon our individuality and drop all adjectives from our language. Rather, I'm simply saying that we need to think more. Ultimately, the road to unity and harmony must begin with our language. In the words of George Carlin, "we think in language, and therefore the quality of our thoughts can only be as good as the quality of our language." Some people believe that humans can be divided up into lots of separate races, like breeds of dogs. It's not that simple, friends.

No matter how you try to pick out the differences, there are far more similarities. There isn't a "black race;" there is a black subset of the human race. That may seem like a minor point, but consider this: if we all belong to the same race, then we can't put anyone else down without degrading ourselves as well. We can't chalk someone's appearance or behavior up to some racial characteristic, because then we would all behave



that way.

Instead of being concerned with the problems that black people face on the Davidson campus, we need to worry about the problems that each individual person faces, black or white. Somehow, we must train ourselves and our future children to look at every person we meet as an individual, with his or her own peculiar characteristics. When we lump people together in a group, we lose sight of their individuality and humanity, and then it becomes so easy to forget how an individual human feels when discriminated against. If we could all just be humans, regardless of all the distinguishing factors, what a peaceful world we would live in! Can we ever reach that point? I doubt it. But can we move in that direction, make an impact on some small little portion of the world, and teach others what it means to be the only animal capable of com-

plex thought? Yes.

So we must think. Think about what it would be like to be in someone else's shoes. Think about how similar another person's life is to yours. Above all else, think about how many people there are in this world that hate you, and ask yourself if you want to be a part of that. After all, we came to Davidson to be exposed to a diversity of subjects and ideas—why spend \$21,000 to leave with your mind just as closed as when you came? The change must begin with each and every one of us; before we can save the world, we have to save ourselves.

Maybe you won't directly cause the world to be a better place, but how can you not try?

Shout it from the mountain, fellow humans: if we work (and think) hard enough, we can make our community into what we dream it should be. We can change.

Dating was undoubtedly a simpler proposition during the junior high years

Dating continued from page 9

were the "good 'ole days" because they were simple. In sixth grade I think most people averaged three girlfriends or boyfriends a week. The process was easy.

All you needed was a note:

Dear Mary,

I don't know if you know me or not but I was wondering if you wanted to go steady with me. Please write yes or no on this piece of paper and put it in my locker.

Love,
Holt Vaughan

If she said "yes" you were officially "going steady" and you were supposed to act accordingly.

This of course meant to never talk to her again except when you called her at night. If she said "no" then you waited a day and asked her again.

My question is why can't relationships at Davidson be more like they were in the Golden age of Middle School—simple and easy? Basically, dating at Davidson is nothing more than a drawn out version of going steady. I guess we are supposed to be more "mature" now so our relationships have to be so complicated that we need to spend a lot of time wondering something as dumb as whether a girl or guy likes us. Yeah, go ahead—deny it. But every single person reading this knows that in the back of all of our minds we wonder what

a certain someone thinks about us. *Should I ask her out? No, it's too soon. It would be too obvious. I need to play it cool and act like I forgot her name. Yeah, make her worry. Should I call her to say hello? I wish I knew what she thinks about me. Maybe I can ask her to study with me. Oh there she is — I wonder if I smell. OK just play it cool. Oh God what do I say?*

So if we all think things like this (OK maybe it's just me), why don't we just change the system. Reverse the clock and go back to our roots. All our lives would be so much healthier and happier. Instead of wasting two weeks taking a girl or guy out when you don't even know if he/she likes you — why not cut through the ambiguity

up front and ask her.

"Do you like me or what?"

Just a simple yes or no question that could be answered without much thought. If the response is positive you can ask her out and enjoy the date that much more because you know that your s/he wants to be there with you. On the flip side, if the response is negative you can brush it off a lot easier. No more dwelling over your hurt feelings — just pick out someone else you like and ask him or her the same question. No better way to get over a relationship than to get into another one.

Why do we have to play the "game" of toying with each other? I know some people enjoy it and I guess that will never change. But,

to me, I think the "game" of modern dating is not only a bunch of bologna but a waste of time. If a girl doesn't like me — that's fine. I'll get over it. But I sure would like to know as soon as possible so I can get on with my life.

In Junior High, if I asked a girl to go steady and she didn't like me she would say "no" — plain and simple. I would get depressed for ten minutes and then start to think of the next girl I wanted to ask to go steady. It might sound a little harsh but it worked out. At least we were honest with each other and communicated. I don't think I could come close to saying the same about the social life at Davidson or anywhere else. Maybe we can learn from our childhoods.

Hypocrisy abounds in deciding right and wrong

Relative continued from page 9

it is carried. In one case he extends his idea of wrong onto the world at large, and in the other he grants judgement of wrong to the individual.

Right and wrong being relative to the person has more problems. If this view were adopted by society, and everyone lived by their own law which applied to their relative interpretation, there would be complete anarchy. Those who have no problem with murder would commit it without punishment, for according to their relative code of conduct murder is perfectly acceptable.

Laws are absolutes. They are predetermined standards of right and wrong which insure that the person will not have to make that

determination.

However, the laws are flexible in certain circumstances. Murder is a punishable crime, but murder in a situation of self-defense is justifiable. Taking drugs is an offense, but when one is sick and has a prescription the action is rationalized.

What can be deduced from this? Well, the mother of the child with sclerosis of the spine is absolutely right for wanting her child to experience as little pain as possible. If the child were to collapse while under the mother's supervision, her decision to not resuscitate would be justified. And the school is absolutely right in refusing to accept the responsibility of not assisting the stricken child.

So, the answer to my earlier question, "Where does the prin-

ciple of right and wrong being relative apply?" would be this: right and wrong are never relative to the person, but can be relative to the situation.

Over fall break, a young woman said to me, "I hate showers...the time, the effort. I love showers." In one breath she was able to contradict all absolutes of logic and reason to demonstrate the relativity of her opinion. She hates showers because of the time and effort involved, but is that the same reason she loves them? In what situations does she love showers? Or can it even depend upon a situation, because showers will always involve time and effort?

This example, however extreme, illustrates the absurdity of personal relativism. As for me, I absolutely love showers.

Trustees' Christianity important

Church continued from page 7

chosen Davidson.

We support cultural diversity and we recognize it as an important part of our education. We feel however, that Davidson should avoid getting caught up in the politically correct clichés that threaten what Davidson has stood for in the past and we certainly hope still stands for.

The Board of Trustees remains one of the last official school bodies that maintains a connection with the Christian church. Davidson no longer requires its students to attend Protestant worship services nor does it require professors to sign a statement of Christianity before being hired. Through these changes, Davidson has encouraged a day-to-day diversity in students'

education and interaction. The Trustees, however, are responsible for the future of Davidson College. Although they are further removed from a Davidson student's daily life, they offer the long-term stability Davidson needs in order to ensure that Davidson progresses in a manner consistent with its traditions.

The real endurance test for Davidson rests in its conviction to prevent jumping into the mainstream movements of the day. Let Davidson be distinguished. Let Davidson stand for something.

Alice Spivey '94
SGA Vice President
Brad Hilsmier '96
Head Independent
Senator
Josh Gaffey '97
Freshmen Senator