

# Real world, real racism and reality bites

During the initial credits of MTV's generation X-er, voyeuristic summer soap opera of the '90s, otherwise known as "The Real World," the audience is given a subtle hint which tells them this drama will defy popular convention when the narrator says conspiratorially, "When people stop being polite and start being REAL."

A couple of weeks ago, Davidson College was administered the bitter taste of the real world when some shadowy figure scrawled f--- n---- on a hall where a number of African American students reside. The sound and the fury came fast, furiously, and in full force. "Oh, the horror! It couldn't happen here at Davidson College!" seemed to be the popular refrain from the mostly white population of the institution. Then it hit me. White students must really think that we go to school at Seahaven College, where young students named Truman and Uma Burbank go to classes, acquit themselves flawlessly, conduct community service projects, and are totally oblivious to the hard hitting issues which lay outside the confines of Seahaven. Hello-o-o. Reality Check. The stage light has fallen from the sky into our midst, and its name is PREJUDICE. I don't know why we are so surprised about this. Davidson College is not UTOPIA! We are a microcosm of what occurs in the greater society beyond the walls of these hallowed halls and well manicured lawns.

The College (uh... Davidson not Seahaven) has been shrewd in thought and deed by having various forums to address the menace of racism, and it's been helpful in allowing students to voice

their opinions on the matter. The emotions of our student body ranged from shock and disbelief to total empathy to those who are apathetic about the incident and who silently wish that this debacle will die a sudden death. Reality Check. Let's get it through our thick skulls — it's always been here and it's an issue that will not slither away into oblivion. African American students have been suffering from racial slights and subtle biases for years. But don't take my word for it. I dare you to go and talk to any black student on Davidson's campus; you might be surprised at what you hear if you take the time to listen. For African Americans, it's another rite of passage that we go through on a weekly basis at best and a daily basis at worst.

And another thing: public forums and arenas to voice our opinions are all fine and dandy. But in all honesty, the time comes where talk becomes cheap and all this yapping about what we, as Davidson students, feel about racism becomes something akin to the sound of fingernails being scrawled across a chalk board. The time for talk is over. We will never find who committed this vile act, we can't legislate the attitudes of racists, and we will never fully eradicate prejudice and bigotry on this campus (or anywhere else, for that matter.)

Let's use this opportunity and take Davidson College to task challenging the powers that be to show their commitment to minorities' concerns on

this campus. Let's push for the induction of qualified black male professors at Davidson. Let's create an environment of urgency and set a deadline for the college's trustees to reach these goals. If a new Union and Biological Science complex is possible, why not spend some time investing in the necessary personnel to fill this gaping void on campus? And for those students who are always

asking why black students sit together in the cafeteria, I dare you once again to go and talk to Dean Jeffries if you feel intimidated

in approaching black students (you shouldn't feel uncomfortable around us but I will make an allowance in this instance.) He is currently reading a book called "Why Are All the Black Kids Sitting Together in the Cafeteria." Go and set up an appointment with Dean Jeffries and pick his brain. Tell him R.J. sent you.

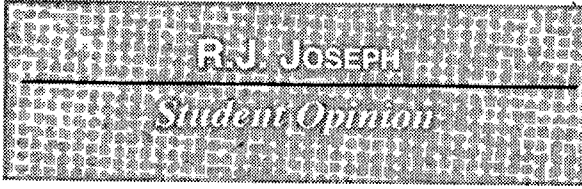
In addition, I think specific activities for minorities need to be included during the general Davidson Freshman Orientation Week. This issue has long been a double edged sword because various students have bristled at the fact that African Americans at Davidson have their own mini orientation and certain students are quick to cry foul and refer to such activities as segregation. Reality Check. Such activities are held because many African Americans come from diverse high schools where they have had the opportunity to

deal with people from different backgrounds whether it be political, racial or socio-economic. Then imagine stepping into an arena where you are dealing with a predominantly white, economically privileged, and politically conservative monoculture. The "African American Orientation" is there to help those black students who are entering a new situation adjust to their surroundings. Period. Try if you will and think about spending your JYA at a school like predominantly black Howard U. in D.C., and maybe, just maybe you might catch my drift. However, reality tells me that no one at Davidson will be rushing out to submit their study abroad application to schools such as Howard. Oh, well.

Anyway, I would like to see the program expanded to reach the heart of harsher real life issues. There are no easy answers, but you must start somewhere. Maybe get the freshmen to watch "Wildcats" (starring Goldie Hawn.) Hell, the "Football" song at the end of the movie is well worth the while. It is also my fervent hope that Davidson hasn't been conducting these activities in the past couple of weeks to put the proverbial pacifier in the mouths of us African Americans on campus. We are watching.

In closing, I realize that the things I have said in this article may be a bitter pill to swallow and I may have stepped on a couple of toes. In response to this, I will quote a lyric from Sean "Puffy" Combs' rap track, "Victory," compliments of the album "No Way Out": "You ain't gotta like me. You just mad cuz I tell how it is and you tell it how it might be."

If there are any hard feelings, get over it. From my standpoint, I'm only being REAL.



## The last one: Dave and Erich call it quits

Disclaimer: If you do not like us, our opinions, or the people we write about, don't read this and go back to being anal. Please do not hold us accountable for any pain or ill will that this article might cause. If you don't understand something in this article, skip it and come back to it later; there is no time limit. Our article is about nothing this week, so don't complain and criticize us for not making any points.

This Week's Topic: Miscellaneous Thoughts, also referred to as rambling.



Because our breakthrough dating article five weeks ago uncovered the absence of a dating scene at Davidson, we have been commissioned by an anonymous group to bring you the Dating Scene Part 2: No one gets any. The seven people who have read our last article have given us some suggestions that they have heard from various people around campus.

**Bad girl advice of the semester:** "Go introduce yourself to girls. It can't hurt." — anonymous female. This would work in a perfect and rational world. However, in a perfect and rational world, we would be praised for our writing prowess, be well endowed, have supermodel girlfriends, cool cars, game, tact, and friends who we didn't have to pay for.

In reality, however, we are complete and utter losers and this line never works. Honestly, this line has backfired more times than we go home alone, and that is a lot, trust us. But we are not bitter, for the record.

Here are some responses that we have gotten: 1.) "Really, I have never seen you before. Translation: You are a tool. Of course I have seen you and probably know your name. The reason that I haven't talked to you is you are ugly. 2.) "Do you know what a restraining order is?" Translation: I am 17, vulnerable, and good looking, and this would be a great excuse not to talk to

you. Here is another line that we were instructed to use that never works either: "Maybe I can take you out to dinner?" Responses: I don't eat dinner. Translation: "Of course, I eat dinner; why else would this sweater be tied around my waste. Do you think that this is comfortable?"

And yet another line that never works: "Wanna go get a beer?" Some responses. "Sorry. I don't drink." Translation. No, the cup in my hand is not filled with Coors Cutter, so don't bother asking. Maybe if I drink myself into a coma, I'll consider talking to you later, but for now let me be. Or I am rich, snobby, and pompous. I would rather talk to Dave and Erich about women's issues than drink your crappy beer.

### Seasonal Review:

Winter is almost upon us and we all know what that means: **North Face for everyone!** For all you financially challenged individuals, a North Face help desk is being set up in Chambers for aid. There will also be a North Face Walk next week, for those of you who are interested. You can participate by sponsoring someone \$50 per mile. All the money raised will go towards the purchase of North Face coats for local children.

To adhere to the cheerful and blissful mood of the season, just imagine how pissed the unhappy and unsociable people on this campus are going to be when it gets cold and gray every day. (Note: If you are one of these unhappy and unsociable people, this last line is not referring to you. Don't write an article back to The Davidsonian about how we have made a mockery of your pathetic and miserable existence, which you have spent countless hours perfecting. Spend your time more productively, like practicing your scowl in the mirror, right Molly, or think up reasons why you can't go out this weekend.)

Hopefully, all you dedicated students attended this year's Campus Christmas Party. Honestly, it was great, but most students did not notice some vital flaws in the event. First, power in all dorms will be shut off from the hours of 1-6 a.m. to allow for

the Christmas lights to be on during the day. Brilliant Bob is at it again. Second, the cider was actually hot apple juice. Third, the Campus Christmas Party had more selection than the new Union Cafe. Lastly, where were the condoms?

### Women's Eating Houses' Semifinals:

Sucked. We weren't invited to any. We did uncover some information. Our contact man has recovered from his bout at women's boxing night at Phi Delt. Here is some of his information: Rusk Policeman's Brawl (S and M). We liked the handcuffs idea; not that we really know what to do with them, but the idea was good. For the record, a few couples did use them. Sorry, Jake (the other one), we picked up your pictures by accident. If you want them back, call us. Warner Hall's Bungle in the Jungle: Despite the sexually rude environment of the event, it wasn't bad. Our favorite part of the night was the bungalow. Once again, we wouldn't know what to do in it. We need to get in the loop.

### The New Union:

Not bad. It is scheduled to be finished right before our children graduate. By the way, we have a piece of advice: Remember to put in a boiler so you won't have to dig up the entire campus again. Not that it doesn't look good. On that note, sweet timing on the grass planting. It's winter, grass won't grow till March, and mud is not that pleasing to the eye. Don't listen to anyone who tells you otherwise. The Union will be great with over-priced places to eat, an inadequate workout facility, more places to study to keep the GPA low, and lots of lights to ensure that it will never be open due to electrical costs.

There are a few things that puzzle us. First, the showers? Don't put them in. No one is going to use them. We realize that it is an excuse to diminish the size of the workout room; however, please go against your instincts — we are confident that you can find something much more expensive to waste our tuition on.

### The New Turner Eating House:

Big room, so you can dance without your friends seeing you. Basement is difficult to find. The stairs, though reducing the frequency of things being tied around the waists of the girls, are a law suit waiting to happen. Money was clearly wasted on a guy's bathroom; you could have just planted trees.

### Inside the numbers:

- 50 — Cost in dollars of a Davidson Parking ticket.
- 5 — The number of hours that the average wage earner in North Carolina would have to work to pay for said ticket.
- 0 — Number of dates that your authors have been on recently.
- 0 — Ounces of pride we have left.
- 23 — Number of different combinations we have heard the words sexist, arrogant, pigs, and jerks, and jump off a bridge you stupid losers used with our names in a sentence.
- 2 — Number of strikeouts Dave needed last weekend to break Reggie Jackson's record.
- 2 — Number (out of 3) of clocks on the first floor of the library that don't work.
- 29,000 — Cost in dollars of tuition this year.

### Thoughts for the week, Max Nelson Style© copyright 1998 Dave and Erich & Co. Enterprises, Inc.:

Work hard, play hard. Find the time. Meet someone new today (try Cornelius if you know everyone here.) Beat the system. Become a volunteer somewhere for something that helps others. Don't be that guy. Drink in moderation. Save your work often. Use the "speel checker." Dress up. Be positive. Date Op-Ed authors. Write more whiny articles for the paper. Don't be positive; it is the easiest way to get hurt. Anyone can attain their goals in life, if their goal is to be better than us. She doesn't like you, move on. Fake it. Play head games. Allow yourself to be used.

### The First Annual Dave and Erich Semester Achievement Awards©

Besides the elections last month, votes were also cast for the First Annual

Dave and Erich Semester Achievement Awards©. Throughout the semester, we have been carefully observing the student body at every social event that has occurred; whether we were there or not is a different story. With our team of well trained analysts, we compiled a list of nominees for each of our awards. In November, the ballots were distributed to our panel of judges and the winners, as computed by Price Waterhouse, are to follow. Any question that you may have will be answered in the description of the award. Any other questions that you may have are stupid.

Last, achievement award certificates will be distributed to the actual winners. **The names that follow are fictitious and these people do not exist.** We were instructed to protect the identities of the actual winners. **PDA (public displays of affection) Winner:** Marshall Tyler and Denise Hernandez. Get a room, please. Just because we have no game, you two don't have to rub it in. I can't imagine what goes on behind closed doors. **Best Dressed:** Every girl at Madonnarama and Glam Rock sporting a bra only. Thank you ladies. More theme parties are in the works. **Drunkest Guy on Campus:** Dave Kaul, Champagne party. Puked: 10:15; Bed: 10:30.

**Most useless piece of equipment on campus:** Rich Kleiman's double bed, just ask Kelly. **Quote:** "Put some alcohol in me and I'd hook up with a tree." - Bamallos **Involuntary celibacy:** Tie. Dave and Erich. **Stalking:** No comment. **Best way to get a good reputation:** Play hard to get. **Best way to get a bad reputation:** Hook up with ten people and your best friend's steady. Or maybe these are reversed, depending on whether you are a girl or a guy. Use your own judgment. We'll judge you.

We would like to thank the few who supported us during our brief attempt at journalism. We hope you have a safe holiday season and offer best wishes next semester with an anti-fun Davidsonian.