

Stop The Madness: Shoot The Healthy

There exists a scourge, dear friends. A scourge so vile I am almost too repulsed to write. Yet as I consider my mission of warning a most noble and necessary



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calling, I shall convey to you my counsel. (As a matter of fact, I did just watch the Shakespeare play.)

It all started in those God forsaken 80's. I had so hoped that the common conscious would have had the strength and resolve needed to abandon it along with those awful years. Alas, many fools have held fast and brought it with them into the new world order. That's right, I'm talking about this health and fitness outrage.

The consumer culture has once again been duped. I am plainly aghast that so many people are working out in this era of supposed enlightenment. Quite simply, this nonsense must come to a full and complete halt. Heed these words, lest ye find yourself subject to the dire consequences of being "in shape".

Exercise in almost any form is an unutterably boring waste of your ever fleeting and oh so very precious time. Know you not, you abominable aerobicisers, the wealth of joys you pass up in the course of your desperate plea for a "better" figure? Really, people, there are books to be read, symphonies to be heard, and Simpsons to be watched!

Have you been too busy pumping yourselves into deformed masses of over inflated muscle tissue to face the absurdity of your existence? The fact is that we must all face death. None shall escape, no matter how trim or well toned. Why prolong the inevitable? Sit down, light a filter-free cigarette, put a Twinkie in the orifice of your choice, and wholeheartedly embrace your meager and meaningless mortality! Stop kidding yourselves, you warthogs of working out; a tight buttocks does not a life fulfill.

Most fit people say that they feel better than they did before

they began working out. Oh, really? How often did they complain of groin injuries, pulled muscles, athlete's foot, and jock itch before they engaged in these perverted acts of masochism?

What do the exercisers know about feeling "better", anyway? Better than what? Not than the way I feel while watching the *Today* show with that first cup of coffee and second cig of the day

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(the first having been smoked while I was still in bed), that's for damn sure.

The aerobically aware tell us that exercise is an essential part of a healthy life. Suckers! More injuries result from their ridiculous activities in a single week than I'll suffer in a decade. They spend twice as much on medical bills than I ever will on lighter fuel.

But some of these psychotics still claim that they like to exercise; and were they not a threat to us all, I would probably just leave them alone. But being in shape is upsettingly un-American, not to mention antithetical to the very

essence of civilization.

By succumbing to the cunning ploys of such monstrosities as the Nike corporation, more and more once upstanding American citizens of positive moral fiber and a patriotic bent, have inadvertently crippled our nation's economy. Just how many of those obnoxious little sneakers and sweatsuits are produced in the good ol' U.S. of A., anyway? Next to none. In-

stead of spending their probably embezzled dollars on good solid American products, like really big cars and trucks, these swine use their money to keep the impoverished as such in far away places like Korea.

Don't any of you find it just a little suspicious that the chairman

of the President's Council on Physical fitness is both from Eastern Europe, and married to a Kennedy? Remember, too, that the man who is currently leading us into both war and fiscal ruin is also an avid jogger.

Most people who exercise are also just plain rude. Don't you realize that you smell? How dare you come to dinner in your stinking, sweat soaked togs, and expect to eat anywhere near those of us who engage in a proper regimen of personal hygiene? I am more staunchly opposed to perspiration than most anything, and have spent a lifetime doing everything I could to avoid it. I certainly do not appreciate those disgustingly inconsiderate members of our community who so enjoy milling about the campus swathed in their own excretions.

Finally, I must ask: what exactly are we supposed to think about these "Just Do It" ads? Does the

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Time to Shelve the Flag: A Good Ol' Boy Perspective

By Derrick Willard '91

I was struck by a remark made by Rafael Candelario in *The Davidsonian* two weeks ago. "Why would I want to go in a room where a Confederate flag bigger than I am is hanging on the wall, representing everything I hate?" asked Candelario. The force of this quote actually made me think of being in his shoes. What is seen as a proud relic to many Southerners, the Confederate flag, is a symbol of oppression and hatred to many others. I won't say I know how a black feels about this issue, but I feel I can get a sense from this quote.

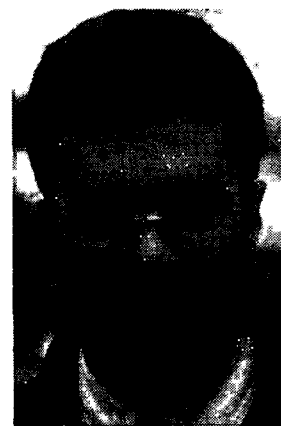
For those sensing the impending polemic, let me say that I am proudly born and bred a Southerner. I was raised on the outskirts of a fairly small Southern town in a largely rural county. My friends at Davidson often label me a "Red Neck," but I know a trip to my home town would show them the real thing. I have lived in the

eyed peas (but abhor collard greens). And I love my roots--the term "Red Neck" often arouses my ire when people use it haughtily to label those from small towns.

But I also recognize the darker side of the Southern cult or myth--the continuation of the Civil War. Granted, it is a complex issue, one I cannot resolve in this editorial. Granted, all Southerners have not oppressed blacks or developed a hatred of them. But, out of this war, this critical event of the Southern myth came a legacy of oppression and hatred attached to all Southerners. Whether or not we as Southerners (or those damn Yankees who pretend they are) wish to show these negative actions or emotions, we do so when we so proudly display the Confederate flag. I do not deny anyone's right to do as he pleases, I just ask those Southern (or pseudo-Southern) flag brandishers to consider the statement they make to those who see the Confederate flag as a symbol

Aggression On the Home Front: Where Are The Troops?

Less than two weeks ago, President Bush gave the order to bomb Iraq. He professed his goals to be liberating Kuwait, stopping the aggression of a madman, and



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homosexuality because the only love they experienced from males was rape. A group of Davidson students talked with a boy who is a senior in high school. When asked what he was doing that night, he said that he had to go shoot someone to even a score.

Stories like these abound in many parts of the United States.

... the people of the United States have over the years become content to elect to office individuals who can be relied upon to be evil, selfish, loathsome so-and so's for them.

Given that these evils do not threaten some delicate "World Order," the aggression and oppression that is found here, however, is none the less real and equally enslaving to the victims.

The rallying cry for action lately has been the taking back of the Kuwaiti homeland. What about the hundreds of homeless that subsist only because of the Uptown Day Shelter in Charlotte? By no means am I trying to deemphasize the severity of the Iraqi crime against the people of Kuwait.

On the contrary, this feeling of sympathy we have for the latter needs to be matched by an equal outburst of support for those without a home and those facing daily aggression in our own cities and

streets.

The kind of aggression we are so determined to stop in the Middle East occurs daily in America. It seems that every time you looked at a newspaper last year, you read of some city breaking their record for murders. Our nation's capital had something like 450 murders last year alone. Murder is the ulti-

mate exhibition of aggression, and it happens more frequently in America than most other countries. Just like the Kuwaiti people were forced out of fear into seclusion or exodus, the same happens in our cities.

People either flee to the suburbs or do not go out at night for fear of muggers, rapists, and the like. How can we honestly condemn Hussein's evils while at the same time allowing similar acts of violence to happen everyday and in every way in America?

Americans must open her collective eyes and condemn the aggression here in exactly the same way we are against Iraq. In many ways Kuwait and America must both be liberated.

implementing this new world order that is supposedly upon us. While leaving the debate on such an engagement to more foreign policy minded scholars (?), I cannot but help think that similar evils are much closer to home.

I spent some time last week in the inner city of Charlotte with the Awareness Weekend and was struck by the enslavement and aggression, whether recognized or not, that occurs in the city. A priest at an inner city church told of two girls, age 15 and 17, who turned to

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depths of Southern culture, especially the agricultural side, and I have felt the pride of being a part of the Southern "cult."

I do not have any friends named Bubba, but I do do all those Bubba-esque things. I have a shotgun, a pickup, and a country music collection. I drink Jack Daniels, chew tobacco, and I have worked on a farm. I eat grits, fatback, and black-

of the worst traits in man.

I do not blame Rafael for his attitude, I'm behind him one-hundred percent. If you Johnny Rebs need a flag to display, now is an especially good time to try one of those American ones.

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