

Amerikkka's most wanted in the house again

By Rafael Candelario and Travis Hinson

R- Wuz up Rock! It's nice to be Black again in action. Speaking of Black, in this time of Political Correctness, what word best describes you: Black, African-American, or Negro?

T- Well, as I reflect Black on my education thus far, it is my opinion and strong belief that negroes are a figment of Mr. Charlie's imagination. It refers to an imaginary group of savages that come from some imaginary continent, I no longer consider myself a negro!

R- Word! Just look at the word n-e-g-r-o, and any genius should be able to tell that it is the Spanish word for "black." The

damned colonists just couldn't pronounce it properly. "Negro" doesn't describe a race of people, but rather a physical characteristic—Black.

T- Yo, Wuz up?! I'm not black, I'm brown. The streets are black. Ink is black. The bottoms of some people's feet are black (Wear some shoes!!).

Now that I think about it, white people aren't white, they're pink! What's this obsession with skin color?

R- I don't even know. But I do know that this racism crap wasn't prevalent until slavery in the Americas. The Moors in Spain were black, but they were described by religion and not by skin color. Now white people are white, but

only three hundred years ago they were recognized by their nationality and/or religion: English, Spanish, Russian, French, Dutch. They were enemies against each other that became MR. CHARLIE vs. the so-called "Negroes."

T- I guess we've done it again. It seems as though whenever someone uses a negatively viewed word to describe us, we turn it into a positive.

Take the word "black." Webster's Dictionary defines "black" as "destitute of light; dark; gloomy; sullen; atrocious; wicked." I prefer to think of "black" as "encompassing the entire spectrum; proud; sociable; honorable; just." In other words, "Black is Beautiful!" If it isn't, why are

caucasians always out in the sun trying to get darker?

R- I guess they want skin cancer! On the serious tip, I guess African-American describes us best. We are an accumulation of races and color, almost like Mexicans. None of us can say we are pure Zulu, and I won't even mention the over three million "negroes" that passed for white in the last ninety years. (Hint: look at some of "white" people's features). In the long run, we are just children of Goddess, who got caught in the historical trap of miseducation due to the fears and ignorance of a few.

T- I guess I can tolerate being called African-American. The truth of the matter is, I recently learned that I have Cherokee in my

blood. I also learned that (you're gonna love this!) I have German in my blood. I have just as much right to call myself a Native American or German American. Not that I would ever want to be called German. Thank Goddess I have a natural tan!!

R- I concur, dude! Goddess is great, SHE is the most powerful and beautiful being in the universe. HER long, wooly hair, light brown eyes with a hint of green, and that Caribbean tan. I'm sure SHE will lead us black into the white, and people will just be people once again!

T- As a final note, if you think we're a tad bit too radical, 2 tears in a bucket! Please, don't hate us because we're dark and lovely!!!

Recycling bins should litter halls

By Dan Parham

Unfortunately, I missed the freshman student senatorial speeches Monday night. Yet, upon reflection, probably more ideology was discussed among our student body over the few, overpriced, yet spiritually filling pitchers at the pub. Certainly the candidates discussed their euphoric plans to correct the problems plaguing our campus. Who determines the priority of issues?

My democratic right was penciled to three faceless freshman who made the conscious decision not to campaign (which was a bit disappointing...our hall bulletins needed a few more witty flyers)—not to say that there were not those who actually had ideas; it's just that the fluorescent ballot seemed to melt my brain under the cam-

paigned madness.

Perhaps if the candidates had posted their views on pertinent issues such as the verminous odiferous (albino skunk) invasion, I might have had the personal incentive to vote, *sans negligence*. I do hope the senators not only identify but also attempt solutions to some of the basic flaws of the school.

Davidson is a community, presumably an educated and concerned one, that needs a sufficient system of recycling aluminum, plastics, and glass. There are recycling bins—I chanced across one as I stumbled into Duke trying to quell the shakes of a Mellö-Yello deficiency.

Though I seem to stumble frequently, I haven't stumbled into many recycling areas. Actually, I

haven't been looking for a place to recycle. I shouldn't have to. We have a responsibility to our environment, but that awareness is easily lost with many other responsibilities after a few spiritual beers.

Wherever there are trash cans, the college should place recycling bins (especially in dormitory bathrooms—who wants to drag a moist trashbag of stagnant beer across campus to the union, with a hangover, no less?).

Our community's intellectual ideals must be accompanied by pragmatic efforts if we are to have progress.

Plus, Davidson would be a happier place if everyone knew that the cans they emptied would someday be returned to them, complete with hops.

Losing the power to control your life

By Ashlyn Dannelly

Last weekend, I witnessed a thought-provoking scene. I saw a nineteen year-old friend struggling under the weight of his father's casket as he climbed up a hill to the gravesite. For a moment, I thought he would lose his grip, but he found the strength to make it to the top.

Three weeks ago, the boy drove away from my house after saying his farewells, headed toward a freshly-realized goal: college. After a year at a community college, he found the gumption to take out a student loan so he could travel away to school and experience life on his own.

Then, on Saturday, he buried his father, a thirty-nine year old truck driver who had a heart attack in his shower just hours before he was to travel on the road again.

Suddenly, talk shifted from classes and new friends to car payments and house payments. Just a few seconds of agony transported my friend from the dependent, youthful state in which most of us revel to a state of unknown responsibility.

For now, he will remain in school, but the future is up in the air. In his eyes, he is now the man of the house, relegated to supporting his mother and younger sister and aiding them with their immeasurable grief.

Watching his plight has caused me to do some self-examination. Last weekend made me realize for the first time how simplistic my life is. My thoughts center on family, friends, and studying. I cannot imagine having the future (not to mention an incredible

amount of grief) dumped in my lap tomorrow.

Now, there lies a huge difference between my friend and me: I have multitudes of choices regarding what courses of action to take with my life, whereas he does not.

I have a new-found respect for the strength of those people who, like my friend, have few choices. Because of circumstances beyond anyone's control, their lives' courses are determined for and not by them. At any age, that is a staggering load to carry.

At Davidson, we too often take for granted our ability to attend college and experience such a care-free life. There are many people out there who would give anything to be as fortunate as we are. We should appreciate and enjoy this life while it lasts.

Racism of any sort can't be accepted

Rogers continued from page 7

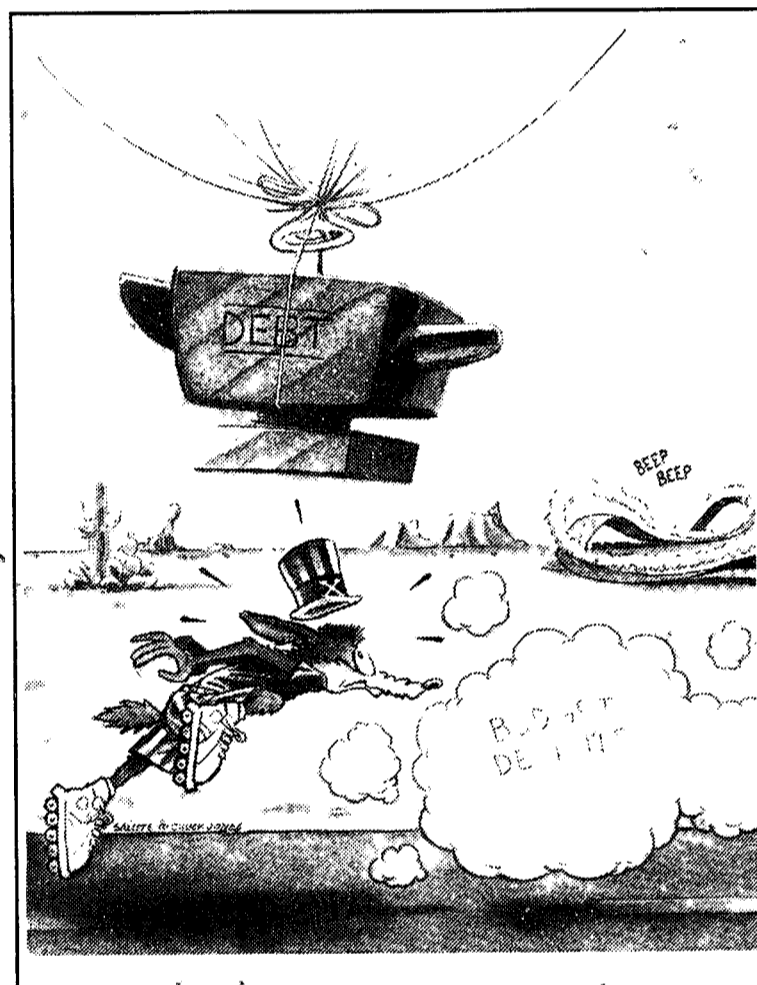
Granted, there are racist whites at Davidson, but those few persons do not constitute the general attitude of Davidson whites toward Davidson blacks. The general attitude of Davidson whites to Davidson blacks seems to me to be one of acceptance, not one of ill will or hatred.

Moreover, Mr. Candelario's and Mr. Hinson's sentiments do not serve to bring the campus community together.

Rather, by strongly insinuating a white conspiracy against blacks and by placing such strong emphasis on the separateness of their own race, the two authors act to divide the community further along racial lines.

Davidson simply does not need this sort of divisive attitude. It is an emotional attitude of uneducated persons, not one of thinking individuals. We cannot move closer to becoming the elusive "Davidson family" by countering supposed white racism with black racism.

Sincerely,
John Rogers '95



Stop self-segregation

By Tene Moore & Chris Edmonston

In keeping with the tradition begun last year by Scott Windham and Deidra Montague, we have chosen to continue writing about issues that impact both black and white Davidson students. We hope specifically to address student race relations and minority concerns within our community.

Keep in mind that we are not attempting to represent the black or white races as a whole; however, we are simply giving personal opinions and analysis. Our goal is to shed light upon some gray areas that separate people of different cultural backgrounds.

Self-segregation in the classroom, the Commons, the library, and sporting and social events is a reality of life at our college. We all are guilty.

What is self-segregation? We define self-segregation as the unintentional separation of ourselves from those who are different in any way. How many times have you seen a white man dancing with a black woman at a party? Or, how often do we see racially mixed tables at the commons? We cannot

honestly place blame on anyone, but everybody can play a part in conquering self-segregation.

We are not advocating insincere gestures of friendship towards people of different races, but we are advocating sincere "steppin'-out" and moving away from normal boundaries. Too often we assume that other races will not welcome us, when this may not always be true.

Take a chance. Invite someone you do not know to a meal. Listen to a James Brown or Neil Diamond tape. Try on an "X" hat or a pair of Texas. Even if your actions are not accepted or understood by others, be confident that if nothing else you will have had an invaluable outside the classroom experience.

Too often we expect others to make the first move, or more commonly place too much responsibility for change upon those considered minorities. Self-segregation will exist in its many forms until we all start taking chances. Next time you go to a football or soccer game, next time you walk into the Commons, take a look around and just think about it.