

Beyond Birkenstock . . .

Clinton's Proclaim, Reclaim Era

Did y'all see ol' "One Term Willy" at the town meetin' the other night?

"I wish I could promise you I won't ask you to pay any more."

"I cannot tell you that I won't ask you to make any contribution to the changes we have to make."

He wasn't lyin' back in November, was he?

Surprise!

Welcome to the Proclaim and Disclaim Era!

Loyal readers of *The Davidsonian* will recall that we, back during the Priceolithic period, warned you that this would happen:

FLASHBACKFLASHBACK

According to *Washington Post* columnists Dan Balz and Ruth Marcus, in the course of a one hour session, "Clinton pledged to spend more money on: education, job training, housing, transportation, elderly Americans, commercial research and development, college aid, Head Start, AIDS research and education, women's health problems and community policing." In addition, he promised the American Legion "virtually everything they cared about, from hospital beds to protection of the flag." No wonder Tsongas called him Panther Bear.

At least Fritz Mondale had the courage to tell us he'd raise taxes. Sure, Clinton said he'd only raise taxes on the wealthiest two percent of the population, but with all these

promises you know what's really on his mind. Say hello to "tax and spend" ladies and gentleman and it's coming to a suburb near you. He's already raised taxes 127 times back in Podunk, USA. Do you think Clinton would balk at gouging the middle class as a means of

It is as evident to us as it should be to you that the numbers don't add up. Someone who has repeatedly raised taxes in his own state (one wonders if the Arkansans can still buy food since Clinton raised the sales tax) cannot be allowed to hedge on this critical issue. Before you hold Bush's broken campaign pledge over his head like some sword of Damocles, consider who's more likely to stick it to you again. Keep in mind, fellow Davidsonians, that four years from now, mom and dad won't be paying your bills.

You should have voted for George Bush while there was still time. (Besides, Hillary's way too domineering and assertive; isn't Mrs. Bush nice?)

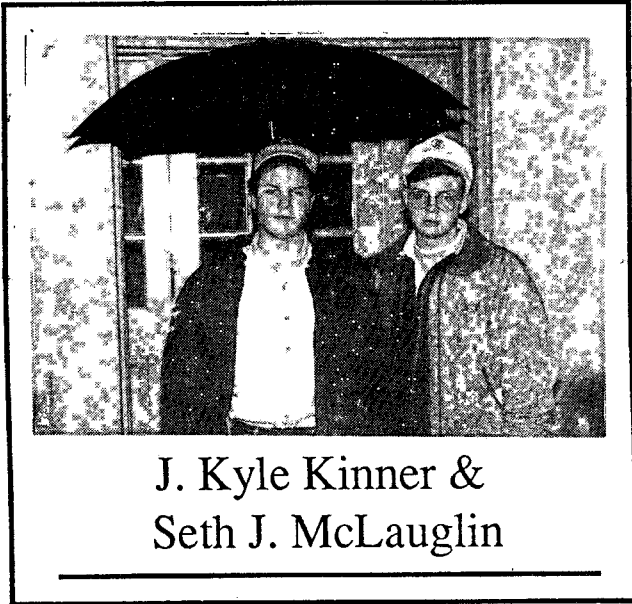
None of this should surprise you.

In fact, we've got a mind to start calling ourselves "The Savants." But, you know, we weren't the only people predicting this déloge. Good President Bush warned America to "Watch your wallet!" and you didn't listen.

And now all current Davidsonians, save you fortunate freshman, must go out and get a job under the Clinton and Clinton administration. Well, don't come whining to us about Hillary and Bill when you don't have enough money for a pair of Duckheads or that new REM CD, 'cause we told ya so.

delivering the impossibly expensive promises all Democrats intone on the road to the White House?

Each and every item on Slick Willie's wish-list is noble, good and true. But the last time we checked, the debt was pushing four trillion, and the prospects of even making a dent in the 300-400 billion '93-'94 deficit are pretty slim indeed. Assuming Clinton eliminates the ENTIRE defense appropriation (and he probably will), that's still only 200 billion to play around with. So, we're still in the hole and the Canadians could invade us. Who needs that?



J. Kyle Kinner & Seth J. McLaughlin

In Black and White . . . Deidra Montague & Scott Windham

Is Slavery Still a Relevant Issue?

In 1865, the end of the Civil War brought a legal end to slavery. By the turn of the century, the remnants of slavery that had survived despite the law had more or less disappeared. By the 1960s, African-Americans had won—at least on paper—civil rights. In the 90s, they are still struggling to achieve in deed what has been granted in word.

One hundred-thirty years after the end of the Civil War, is slavery still a relevant issue? Are the struggles of today's black people related to the struggles black people faced over a century ago? When racism flares up now, is it somehow a descendant of events from our past, or is it rather a descendant of attitudes from our past?

Is it necessary to remind ourselves that at one time, white people "owned" black people? Yes. There's a saying: those who do not know their history are condemned to repeat it. Just as Germans must not forget the Holocaust, Ameri-

cans must not forget the era of slavery. If we forget, we risk repeating our errors. But when, if ever, does slavery cease to occupy a large role in the national conscience? When, if ever, do we allow ourselves, if not to forget slavery completely, to cease to be reminded of it regularly?

Scott: I don't think slavery is a relevant issue now because it is so far in our past, both time-wise and in the way we think as Americans: in our collective national consciousness.

I don't think it's fair to compare the events of the slave era with events that happen today. When black people are treated unfairly, it's a result of attitudes that are related to—but not based on—slavery. In other words, the attitudes that cause racial problems today are the same attitudes that allowed slavery to develop. But they're not based on slavery itself. (They're likely based on fear, superstition, ignorance, and misunderstanding.) The slavery of the

1800s and the bigotry of the 1900s are two results of the same attitudes—not cause and effect.

I dislike regular references to slavery. There is a term used when discussing the Holocaust called 'collective guilt.' Part of this concept involves the question: how far through history can you extend guilt? If my ancestors owned slaves (which they did), does this make me partly guilty of their deeds because I'm related to them? I dislike the implication that I am somehow guilty of my ancestors' crimes.

Moreover, I think it damages the self-esteem of both races to rehash shameful events of the past. Though we can't let ourselves, as a nation, forget what happened, we can't progress until we cease to make slavery a dagger in our side. There comes a point when we must all forgive but not forget. To say that slavery is unforgivable is to resist progress. We can't forgive those whites who tortured and

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Pithy Irreverence . . . Sean Lind

Love? Be Immature

It was Valentine's Day in the fourth grade and I had a plan. I had just punched out one of those perforated hearts to give to a cute brunette named Emily. (I had really fallen for Emily. I had had a crush on her for days.) On the back of the heart, I wrote "will you go with me?"

Timing. Timing is everything, said my preadolescent mind. Second period math was the time to strike. I got Brett, a good friend of mine, to slip the heart onto her desk while Mrs. Kowalski was turned around dividing something.

My heart stopped.

Emily picked up the heart and read it. Looking around to me, she made a sour face and stuck out her tongue.

My heart broke.

What would I do? My romantic career ended at such an early age. I was so confident Emily would "go" with me, I hadn't thought of a backup plan.

I went through the day dazed. Even the unexpected surprise of tater tots at lunch and the decisive victory of my kickball team during recess failed to boost my spirits.

In fifth period I was really bumming. Two hours left, and no Valentine in sight.

I looked out the window, trying to distract myself from Mr. Stinson's exceedingly boring lecture about the American Revolution. From across the room, Donna smiled at me. She had lots of dimples. *Hummm*. I had been so preoccupied with the day's Emily disaster, I hadn't been paying at-

ention to other prospective Valentines out there.

Donna. Dimples. Hubba-hubba.

Uh-Oh, the underdeveloped romantic part of my brain thought, you're all out of cards. What now, Romeo?

Let's see, pencils, a game watch, Now & Later's. No. All decidedly un-Valentiney.

Luckily, in my left pocket I found a linty, yet unbroken sugar heart. You know, the chalky kind with messages printed on them. This one said "I heart U."

Bingo!

As we were switching rooms

after history, I gave it to her. She read it, dimpled, reached out and grabbed my little Izod,

pulled me towards her and laid a big kiss on me.

I saw stars, like that time on the Brady Bunch.

So what's the point of all this cute memory business, other than to endear me to the sentimental in the audience?

As you get older, love gets way too complicated. One can no longer get away with chalky hearts and paper Valentines. Now, romance is like a business deal. What's the opportunity cost of going out with her? Does he come with a nice pension plan? What's the profit margin? At Love, Inc., flow charts and colored graphs show long range trends and short term benefits.

But love isn't like that. It isn't weighing and evaluating and making a deal.

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Gull's Nest . . . Bill Gullan

Ashe: True Role Model for Humanity

This was a rough week in sports.

One of my heroes, Arthur Ashe, died this week.

Nearly everyone at Davidson has a secret past. My current appearance to the contrary, I was actually a regionally ranked tennis player (with the trophies to prove it). Consequently, I was one of the winter recipients of the benefits of the Arthur Ashe Youth Tennis Center in Philadelphia—at very little cost. Kids from deprived backgrounds didn't pay at all. Ashe had put up some of the money for the center, as had numerous Philadelphia businesses. Although tennis is currently predominantly white, there is a minority tennis boom in places like Philly and in facilities like the center. It was, and is, the indication of lighting a candle rather than cursing the darkness of discrimination: I remember read-

ing about when the militant and highly objectionable white tennis player, Billie-Jean King, said that she was "darker" than Ashe because of his low-key, reasonable approach to dealing with problems in our society. What did she ever do, other than have an affair with Martina Navratilova? Nothing. Look at what he was able to do—even editing a history of African-Americans in athletics because there hadn't really ever been one; even keeping his positive attitude after contracting AIDS under circumstances of infinite tragedy. If the role of education is the formation of character, consider the example of Ashe's too-short tennis peak vs. all those spoiled brats and whining racket-tossers. What an enduring example of class; he transcended sports.

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