

For those of you who do not know, affirmative action is the term used to describe the process of recruiting minority students and workers, or the actual preference given to a minority in certain situations. It can mean anything from "lowering standards" to admit or hire a minority, to simply making minorities more aware of opportunities around them.

Some call this reverse racism because it seems that it discriminates against white males. It seems to take

away job opportunities that these men would have had. I don't see it that way. Affirmative action is nothing more than the equivalent of trying to treat a shotgun wound with a band-aid. They both recognize that there is a problem, but neither stops the bleeding.

Affirmative action was established not only because of present discrimination, but for past discrimination as well. It recognizes the fact that for a long time minori-

Affirmative action: reverse racism?

Ike Bailey

ties have been discriminated against, and because of that discrimination, present and future opportunities have been taken away. It recognizes the fact that

already in the middle class—you know, those minorities who have already made many leaps and bounds to better themselves, those minorities who attend schools like

Affirmative action . . . recognizes the fact that even though we all run the same race, some of us run with . . . weights on our backs.

this discrimination has taken away lots of economic opportunities, which have translated into a major disadvantage in educational and employment opportunities. It recognizes the fact that even though we all run the same race, that some of us run with 50-pound weights on our backs.

Yet, it does not come close to solving our problems. People who benefit the most from affirmative action are usually those minorities

Davidson, Harvard, and Howard. In other words, it helps those who are taking those same difficult steps that any hard-working, white American is taking. It helps those qualified, highly intelligent people who would have eventually found a way to make it through anyway.

But in most cases, it does not help those who need it the most: the poverty stricken, illiterate, and almost helpless—those people that are in such poor conditions di-

rectly because of past and present discrimination; it does not solve the problem, it only recognizes the problem.

Yet, affirmative action is important. It does not directly solve any problem, but it has probably sped up the process of solving it. It has done this by making it a little easier for those highly motivated minorities; in other words, it has evened out the race a bit. It allows

these minorities the chance not only to focus on helping themselves, but also to help those that

need help the most. It does not make completing a rigorous academic workload easier. It does not make the pressures of doing a job any less difficult. What it does is give one an opportunity that might not have been there without this action.

So, excuse me if I don't shed a tear for those of you crying reverse racism. If you really felt the effects of racism, then maybe you would have something to cry about.

Gull's Nest: Bill Gullan A, B, C . . .

Oh yeah, it's great to be back. You've just gotta love excessive humidity and excessive homework. I love sweating before, during, and after a shower. I love my rights as a smoker being gradually stripped away. I love trying to return things at the bookstore without a receipt.

I could go on forever, but my little hassles mean nothing. Youse (a classic Phillyism) need the scoop on Davidson and life in general, and I've decided to give it to you in an A-to-Z format:

A is for alky which you'll all become if you put down your books and break out the rum.

B is for Baker, so clean and so huge, but what they should do is build us a luge.

C is for Commons, you feel like a horse because you're back in a stall before the main course.

D is for the Dean, he's outgoing and cute, but this new alcohol policy should go down the chute.

E is for the Eagles, they're out of control, and they'll be the winners of this year's Super Bowl.

F is for flunk—though we hope for the best, we'll probably be failing our very first test.

G is for "Good Stuff" the freshmen all get, but there ain't enough Pert Plus to even get wet.

H is for Howdie, my roommate and bud; I won't get much sleep 'cause the guy is a stud.

I is for interesting, which my classes are; I'll try to do well but won't get very far.

J is for jealous, which is how I now feel, because freshmen find girls that I like and they steal.

K is for klutz, like me when I walk; I waddle and tumble if I just try to talk.

L is for Little, we're having a ball 'cause I'm the best hall counselor and second's the hall.

M is for Mondays, they put an end to the fun; parties are memories and homework's not done.

N is for Nazi, I regret that they're here; just watch their response to smoking and beer.

O is for Observer, it comes in the morn'; at least journalistically it's a step above porn.

P is for Pika, the best on the court, where we have a great time and drinking's our sport.

Q is for Quagmire, who lives right above; ask him about his new hall and new love.

Tony Tuntasit

Will someone please tell me what to do?

At seven years old, I had my career path all planned out. I would work hard in elementary school and when I got old enough to grow a gruffy beard I would take the big test and become the best darned bus driver Shorecrest Preparatory School had ever seen. And on Tuesday I'd fly saucers to Neptune and dig for pterodactyl bones in Peru.

Today, when career choices dictate the classes I enroll in and how much money I can expect to make, I have come to a rather disturbing discovery: I wish I were seven years old again.

I'm at that age where people expect me to know exactly what I'll be doing after I end my many years of higher education. And they always ask me these mind-boggling questions which usually lead to stimulating conversation:

OLD MAN: (Smiling wistfully) Son, what are you going to do when you grow up?

ME: (Rolling my eyes) Well, I'm not really in a position to make a definite decision right now. I'd like to keep my options open. Who knows, I might become a nuclear physicist and win the Nobel Prize in Cadmium.

OLD MAN: You don't have the foggiest idea, do you?

ME: No sir.

OLD MAN: Get out of my sight, you retard.

Choosing a career requires hours of meditation. The wrong occupation can leave you trapped in a desk job wishing you could staple the Xerox sign to the boss's forehead.

unhappiness, a low sense of fulfillment, a high level of stress, and rickets.

This pressure drives me crazy. So, how do you choose the right career? A person, who will remain nameless simply because I've forgotten his name, once told me to make a list of jobs that I would definitely not like to pursue.

Okay, I would not like to teach middle school because pre-pubescent kids annoy me. Well, I certainly feel better. Of course the best way to get back at those punk little rug rats is to make their classroom experience absolutely miserable. And you know what - that explains a lot.

Another career planning option is to take the Myers-Briggs Personality Test. I took the test and scored well above my usual Davidson marks. I'm an Introverted Sensing Thinking Perceiving person which means that I'm quiet, reserved, observant, and destined for a career in animal husbandry.

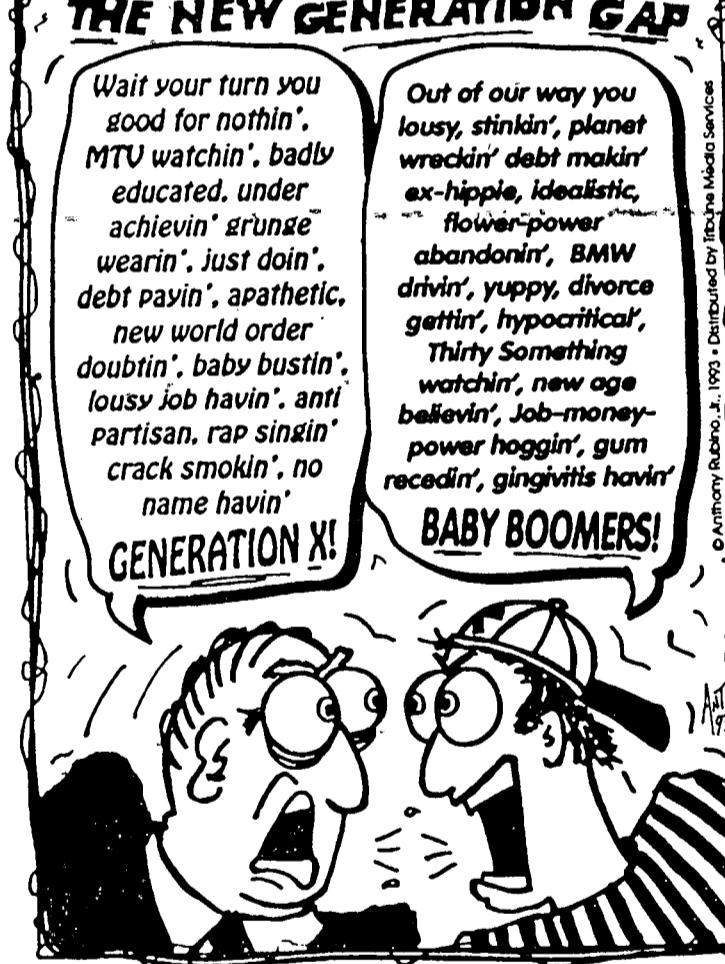
Actually, an accompanying guidebook showed the careers suitable for the various personality types but unfortunately I can't remember any of my career possibilities because I was more concerned about the typical college life of an ISTP: "Dates once a month or does not even try at all. Likes frogs."

The best advice for career hunters is for them to trek on down to the Careers Office right across from the Student Health Center. In this well furnished, white, southern plantation-style building, they've got job guides, alumni guidebooks, graduate school listings, a battery of tests, and friendly, helpful people who can help you do almost everything. Except make you seven again.

Wild Kingdom

By Anthony Rubino, Jr.

"Among democratic nations, each new generation is a new people"—De Tocqueville



Ken May

Overdose of O.J.

So here I am back at school, getting psyched up for a brand new school year, entering the Commons line for my very first breakfast at Davidson College. Mmm, mmm, good. I'm trying to put all thoughts of the wonderful summer behind me, and actually, I'm doing a pretty good job of it. That is, until I spy the new addition to the food array: little containers of O.J.

Oh my God, I scream as my tray crashes to the floor. Not those two letters! Please not this! You can burn out my eyes with red-hot poker but please not those initials!

Is it just me or is everybody really sick of all this O.J. Simpson crud? It seems like all summer my

ears were bombarded with this clue, that piece of evidence, and yet another show-stopping DNA test. I'm seriously ready to puke. And what brought this onslaught of tripe, you say? The mass media is surely a prime culprit, always armed and ready with the latest update.

But is it really all their fault? Maybe not. Maybe the media is just an accomplice, the hit man for a far deadlier foe. Yet what horrible monster could be so corrupt? How about us, American society? What if we're the guilty party in the O.J. fiasco?

I mean, it's great that an ex-sports hero is being tried for two

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