

## Rude Notes and Random Scribblings

# On The Decay Of School Spirit & The Necessity Of A Good, Stiff Drink

Sometimes I wonder. I wonder about the little things like why no one's taken a shot at Quayle, or why Jerry Lewis hasn't been banned from society, or why the hell "Pete" (you know, from Neutron Ind.) wants the male members of the Davidson community to call him collect. (The weekly backlash from the bourbon swilling Republican hordes is obviously beginning to take its toll.) Recently, however, I have been intrigued by yet another strange but true happening: people are actually bitching about the lack of school spirit here at Davidson.

"I was embarrassed," said a sophomore.

"I couldn't believe it," quoth a junior.

"It's just a disgrace," echoed the senior.

"What we need is a really swell pep rally," erupted some dork.

These are just a few of the statements wafting around campus regarding, specifically, the poor showing of Davidson students at last week's basketball game against the UNCC 49ers at the Charlotte Coliseum. Can you believe it? These idiots don't understand why Davidson students refuse to express any institutional animation.

You have to be kidding me. Not all of you are children of alum-

nae; you should be able to understand the situation.

You people don't seem to realize that, nothing, not anything, is



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more obnoxious than what is traditionally regarded as the wholesome expression of collegiate pep. Describe to me, if you can, anyone more annoying than a fight song crooning college student, madly waving a plastic pom while dressed to the nines in a Davidson sweat-shirt, Wildcat Boxer shorts (over red and black exercise tights), one of those DC hats, and basketball

shoes laced with red and black string. (The first one to say "a smart ass columnist" wins the Introduction to Wit Award, so congratulate yourself.)

Davidson students, thank God, tend to refrain from such embarrassing activity. But even if they did have it in their natures to act like Clemson students, what would inspire them to do so? The unblemished records of our teams? I think not. Color me

pessimist, but I have a wee tiny bit of trouble enthusing myself (no, not *that* way, you perverts) when we're playing against the basketball toting behemoths of UNCC, Virginia, or Duke. Words like "no chance" and "why bother?" spring to mind when I hear about such contests. Hell, the only reason most people went to the game against USC was to see a few slam dunks.

I want to make it absolutely clear that I don't blame the players, and I'm not just saying that because I'm skinny and weak. But Davidson is supposed to be a primarily academic institution, unlike some of our Division I rivals which

are nothing less than training camps for the overpaid, hypersexed, poorly read role models of tomorrow's NBA. We just seem to be a bit out of our league in Division I basketball, and spirit would probably increase exponentially if we were playing teams against

worry about getting a seat in advance. What happened? Are you people getting less fiber these days, or do you just find a cheap thrill in making that 17 million dollar atrocity even less accessible to the average Davidson student?

These complaints aside, the real

reason nobody goes to the games is that it's pretty much the only place on campus where you can't get a beer. It's not as if every-

body wants to get loaded, but in this alcohol soaked environment, people just feel out of place in a room full of sober people who don't smell like Busch. You can't even bring your *own* intoxicants without some well armed meter maid or upstanding young pain in the ass hassling your potential buzz.

My advice: screw the NCAA regulations. If other schools give away money and cars in order to beef up their athletic programs, why don't we follow suit and start schlepping out a few drinks? If you want truly happy fans, don't worry too much about winning. They'll get over the losses - if they're good 'n' drunk.

**You people don't seem to realize that, nothing, not anything, is more obnoxious than what is traditionally regarded as the wholesome expression of collegiate pep.**

whom we had more of a chance. (If you question this assessment, just look back to the excitement surrounding the football team last fall as compared to a few years ago.)

More importantly, how can we be spirited when it takes less effort to evade airport security and most customs officials than to get a ticket to a Davidson game? One can more easily get a beer at Kappa Sig than a decent seat. The secret police at the Baker Sports Indulgence should seriously lighten up about the ticket policy. Remember the good old days in Johnston Gym? Students could wander in at their leisure, without ever having to

## Poor Fights Styrofoam For Altruistic Attention

By Matt Davis '93

Before I begin, let me tell you that I have no idea where this letter/article will end up for I haven't bothered to pick up my thoughts where I left off -- waiting in line at the ultra-prestigious-invite-only-black-tie-optional-gala-affair NFL Properties Silver Celebration at the Dolphin Hotel in Orlando, FL the night before the Super Bowl. Yes, I did land tickets and really enjoyed the game. I am glad I went. Why I was able to go, and who I saw (and didn't see) is the reason I am writing, however.

I was invited to the "gala affair" because my father is a senior executive with a major corporation. That "major corporation" does millions of dollars of business with the NFL -- all one thousand or so other guests represented substantial business interests as well. Hard as it may be to swallow, we weren't invited because NFL Properties likes us personally.

Well, as they say, "family is family, but business is business." Anyway, what struck me is something my father said while in line amidst all the security. He noted that there was not a black person in sight -- or any other minority for that matter. The reason was clear: there simply weren't many minority senior executives with major corporations to invite. I guess I would like to say that I felt very guilty somehow, and that

the revelation somehow ruined my night. Well, it didn't. (Thus, I hope not to cut myself too badly when throwing these stones from my glass house!)

One might ask how this relates to our beloved Davidson. The answer is two-fold: First, Davidson has and will produce many leaders in corporate America. Second, Davidson prides itself on community awareness and social action, etc.

I, like, many other Davidson students, have been involved at one time or another in a community service project. I spent a few months last year working at a soup kitchen in Atlanta -- an experience that most all my friends at Davidson were very impressed with.

I felt then (and still do now) that human problems were much more important than whether or not McDonald's uses styrofoam or the abuses of the fur trade. How some people can get so worked up over such things while people are starving in our cities escapes me. Sorry, I don't pretend that I am more noble or that the people who wish to clean up the environment don't do good work; I just have a different set of priorities -- for right or wrong. What bothers me is that many of us will soon exchange our hopes for a better world for those of a

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## Why Can't We Deal With Gays?

Wait a minute! Did I see the word "homosexual" in print at Davidson? Tides must be turning. It was only last year I overheard, "There is one thing I can be really proud of about Davidson. We have no gay or lesbian organizations." I



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can only believe the speaker was serious. He looked like Joe Davidson: Duckheads, Bucks, a Hard Rock Cafe shirt. And, unfortunately, he sounded like Joe (or Jane) Davidson.

For a group of socially conscious people (think of all the students active in Amnesty International, the service committees, Habitat for Humanity, the North Carolina Student Legislature, Davidson Environmental Action, and all the others who do so much good for so many people), as a community we have a blind spot.

I find the lack of an open gay and lesbian association on campus a serious drawback in our social education. Believe it or not, there are gays here. They are minority students. Unlike color and gender, however, sexual orientation cannot be judged just by looking at a person. For this reason, most students conveniently forget that there is a minority group here the concerns of which are never addressed at a forum or committee meeting.

Occasionally the issue will be raised, either publicly or in conversation (like Mr. Hornsby's *Vail Commons Dinner Conversation*). For those folks who remember Lucia Kendall's opinion piece last spring on the hypothetical coming out of a hypothetical lesbian on campus, you will probably also remember the discussions that followed the publication of that article. I distinctly recall some men in one of my classes who determined that the only reason Ms. Kendall was able to write the article was because she herself was a lesbian.

That attitude forces an emotional stumbling block on campus every day. People do not assume that in order to support desegregation a person must be black, or that in order to support the role of women in the workplace a person must be female. Yet the opinion is offered up again and again that in order to support gay rights a person must be gay. That just is not so.

After attending San Francisco's Gay and Lesbian Pride parade last summer, I can vouch

that there were a large number of us "heteros" out in force to show our support for the quiet minority. In Charlotte, there is an active chapter of Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. No such backing exists here, though.

I believe the reason no successful gay and lesbian associations endure for long periods here is because it is dangerous, emotionally and physically, to come out on this campus. Our school is small, and relatively homogeneous.

It is not that everyone is intolerant, merely that most have similar cultural and moral backgrounds. The pervading viewpoint in America is homophobic, except in isolated communities (like universities), and many Davidson students have absorbed that homophobia. As students working for intellectual independence and improvement, though, we should contemplate questioning our value system. Not to say it is all garbage, but it might not all be terrific either.

If we talk and consider the unconscious oppression existing here, maybe it will dissipate. Maybe in five years the cover story on the *Davidson Journal* will be "The Gay Experience at Davidson." Maybe Davidson will join the majority of campuses across the nation which foster, not just tolerate, all types of diversity.

*The Davidsonian*  
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College Weekly"