

The Student Body



Sexuality: The big questions

BY ANNE STANCIL
Student Health Advisor

What is sexuality? Does it have a purpose? These are questions I am sure you have pondered at least once or twice. As a health advisor, I feel it is my duty to attempt to answer these daunting questions for the Davidson student body. Like any normal Davidson student I took my quest to the E.H. Little Library. Surrounded by books and articles I tried to find answers to one of humanity's greatest enigmas: the human sex drive.

Unfortunately, my research appeared unsuccessful. It seems that no one has an exact answer to the sex question, but many theories exist. Biological, cultural, or psychological, everyone has an idea about the nature of sexuality. One writer included an entire chapter about the bizarre nature of human sexual practices in comparison with other species. For example, humans are virtually the only species that engages in sexual intercourse in private. Hmmm...

Other books contained countless statistics about sexual behavior in America. I tried to find numbers relating to college-aged people, but the numbers were very cryptic and widely disputed. Other articles waxed philosophic about the nature of sex. I did, however, manage to learn a few things about sexuality. First of all, we are all sexual beings. Whether of homo or heterosexual orientation, we all crave intimate contact in one form or another. Secondly, sexuality is a very natural part of life. We should embrace our sexual selves as a part of our personality.

So how does my research relate to the Davidson campus? Well, we are all human beings (I think), so therefore we are also sexual beings. For many of us, college is a unique experience: living in such close proximity to so many different people offers many new situations and opportunities. Sexual expression takes many forms on this campus, but most of this expression occurs on the court in a drunken stupor. Is this really a true expression of our sexual selves? Now, I realize that many of us choose to restrain our sexual selves. Everyone is entitled to his or her own decisions about sexuality. You must make the right choice for you. Still, it is important not to deny your sexual feelings. Expression doesn't mean kissing everyone that walks down the street, but still repressing that very natural and essential part of ourselves is unhealthy.

The most important message I can offer to the campus is to maximize safety and enjoyment. If you choose to engage in sexual intercourse, use protection. Also, sexual expression is pleasurable — be lucid enough to enjoy it! Try to form relationships instead of one-night-stands. I guess the one definitive fact about sexuality is that it is a mystery that each of us must unlock for ourselves. The manner that we choose to express our sexuality is our personal business, but express it in a positive way — don't let yourself be forced into anything. Respect one another and be safe!

Tree of the Week: Chinese Chestnut

BY BRIAN CAMPBELL
Staff Writer

Like last week's Dawn Redwood, this week's featured tree, the Chinese Chestnut (*Castanea mollissima*), originated in Asia. Chestnuts are in the *Fagaceae* family with other common trees like oaks and beeches. Many readers will be familiar with the beautiful Chinese Chestnut on our campus, which stands just between Cunningham and the Guest House.

This tree is one of the most distinct on our campus, with its low-hanging branches and its characteristic fruit, that covers the surrounding area for much of the fall. The thick, twisted limbs of the tree spread broadly, as the trunk forks only feet from the ground. Rumor has it that this area is perfect for hanging a hammock, making a restful nook reminiscent of the Swiss Family Robinson. The oblong leaves are coarsely toothed, glossy green on top and lighter green underneath. The Chinese Chestnut blooms late in the spring, sometimes not until June, and these flowers can still be seen both in the tree and on the ground. While we tend to think of flowers with large showy petals and delightful fragrance, this tree has neither. The male staminate are "erect cylindrical catkins," long slender arrangements of pollen, pale yellow with a strong and unpleasant odor. Like many plants, this one is monoecious, a fancy botanical word that means hermaphroditic, having both male and female parts. These catkins are now dried out, but still visible, sprouting out of the ripe fruit that are the fertilized pistils.

The prickly, golf ball-sized encasements have been falling for several weeks now, so be careful in sandals or bare feet. As they continue to fall, watch your head! Inside the intimidating shell are two to three glossy red-brown nuts, eaten by squirrels and humans alike. Varieties of Chestnut are popular worldwide, usually cooked and peeled to remove the bitter brown skin. Chestnuts are used to stuff fowl and accompany vegetables; they are roasted on an open fire for a holiday treat; they are crushed with chocolate to form a lavish sauce in Chile; and in China, they are roasted in hot sand to cook them slowly.

Chinese Chestnuts are popular because they help replace the once common American Chestnut (*Castanea dentata*), almost wiped out by a blight early this century. In 1904, a fungus originating in New York City began to spread across the nation, and within 40 years, the entire species was virtually destroyed. There is no threat of extinction, since sprouts continue to grow from the roots and stumps of dead trees. Still, these sprouts never grow bigger than a shrub, killed by the blight after a few years. A few trees grow in western states, where the fungus is absent, and some recent hybrids (genetic crosses between American Chestnuts and other varieties) are resistant to the blight. A similar blight wiped out many popular European varieties (*Castanea sativa*), though Italian trees survived and continue to dominate imports to the United States.

Carolina MusicFest: Promoters lose their heads

BY WESLEY H. GOLDSBERRY
Staff Writer

This weekend, only one public event stood to compete with the rock and roll fury of Friday night's Lunar Luau ("Night of Inflatable Toys") — the 2nd annual Carolina MusicFest.

From 5:00 p.m. Friday until early morning Sunday, "uptown Charlotte" (according to the flyer) played host to 4 stages of virtually continuous musical acts, representing nearly every conceivable flavor of popular music in the area. How the promoters came to refer to the blocks encompassed by 5th, 7th, College, and Brevard Streets "uptown" remains a mystery, as does how they managed to turn Charlotte, "Land of 1,000 Banks," into a swingin' groovefest where everything was copacetic.

For a \$20 two-day pass (or \$15 for either Friday or Saturday), you could catch as many

bands from the following list (abbreviated) as you could stand to watch jam: Chronic, Cravin Melon, emmet swimming, Far Too Jones, Gravity Kills, the Village People, Kansas, Mountain Express, Rustic Overtones, the Thompson Brothers, 10,000 Maniacs, the B-52's, the Blue Dogs, C&C Music Factory, the Connells, Everything, Jolene, Local H, Molly Hatchet, the Smithereens, and last but not least, Nappy Brown & the Electric City Blues Band.

Upon arrival on Saturday afternoon, my entourage and I forked over a Hamilton and a Lincoln each and were ushered into the periphery of the charlotte.com Stage, where the Thompson Brothers (not to be confused with the Thompson Twins of "Hold Me Now" fame) were playing a rendition of Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man." This and what was supposed to be my equal portion of three giant pretzels assured me that Saturday was going to be a good day.

After scoping out the terrain, an inventory of the premises included four stages, one "WORLD'S LARGEST DANCE PARTY," and countless food tents. My favorite part was the WORLD'S LARGEST DANCE PARTY, an attempted selffulfilling epithet that failed miserably. Plus, the smoke machines were much less effective at an outdoor rave than they might have been indoors.

The first band I saw was Local H. Local H made a lot of noise and made lots of fun of their fan base (referring to them as "You high-fivin' mother-[farmers]," if you catch the edit). Although their tunes

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