

It ain't all about working

Let's talk about school, and work, about smoking pot, about vasectomies, about breast implants, and about how last weekend, students witnessed head basketball Coach Bob McKillop reveal the true wildman in himself by running naked around Richardson field at one o'clock in the morning with warpaint on his chest

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Student Opinion

and face, screaming lines from "Braveheart" at the top of his lungs. He is a crazy man.

Not really, I'm just kidding. I just want you to read this.

But let me tell you a story.

I stuck around for Easter Break.

And it was pretty fun, too. The lacrosse team played at home and the track team had a meet in Charlotte. The five day forecast predicted nothing but sunshine and North Carolina blue skies. Sure, I had stuff to do, but four days of clear, 75-degree weather are not quite proponents of healthy work habits.

The girls team struggled against Big 10 powerhouse Ohio State. Twentyplus slightly enthusiastic students, some spirited professors, and maybe a relative or two sat in the home stands to cheer on their fighting Wildcat underdogs. We all sadly witnessed the powerhouse Buckeyes soundly defeating our Wildcats, but we still cheered.

So it wasn't the best game in terms of competitiveness. But it was better than working.

Working was not a thought that came close to entering our minds. And as our lone group of Easter Break stragglers snuck away from the lacrosse blowout, we passed the 12-foot windows of the library that overlook the back of the Richardson stands. A gentle calm set over me, knowing that the library would not call my name for at least a few days. I had tests to study for and papers to write, but this was the first Friday of vacation. No one works on Fridays, not even on regular weekends. It's kind of like the Amish on Sundays.

I glanced up at the windows and expected to see a beautiful site at Davidson, an empty library. But instead, I saw movement. There were people, lots of people. And they were studying, researching, turning pages, biting their nails, and typing madly on laptops.

I thought to myself, "Wow. What dedication. I only wish I felt that way about my studies."

Then I remembered it was Friday of Easter Break.

And I began to think why I should respect such a feat. And as I thought, I remembered a couple of stories some friends had told me. Now, I don't pledge either of these to be facts, but they do come from reliable sources. Rumor has it that in an interview with Rolling Stone a few years ago, a reporter asked the band Live for the best and worst places that they had ever played, before they grew to huge nationwide popularity.

They answered, "Stanford University."

Dare I reveal the worst audience that Live

ever played before? Maybe those people I saw in the library could answer that.

USA Today ranked Davidson College as the hardest working academic institution in the nation, clocking in with 4.2 hours of studying per day.

I am so proud.

Because this means that, instead of supporting our friends and our teams and our budding actors and actresses, we can study. Every college has something it can call its own, something distinctive. Davidson has its work. But in truth, I bet it ain't all that bad. Most people just talk it up a good deal. I don't go by a day without hearing how late people stayed awake the prior night on Cappuccino and Frappuccinos, studying for their tests. For some unknown reason, we pride ourselves in the amount we study.

What would happen if our grades went down? What if we didn't work so hard? Would the world end? Would teachers understand this? Teachers were our age once — they understand why we cut class once in a while. They're human. They sit on the toilet just like we do. They were our age once and, heck, most of them probably smoked pot, drank too much, and went to a huge school where attendance wasn't mandatory. I'm not saying we should all go smoke pot every night; just that we should loosen up a little.

Now I'm not calling to engage in countless acts of complete debauchery and inebriation five days a week. No one came to a small liberal arts school expecting that. Everyone has their own versions of fun, whether it be watching a movie or

playing ping-pong — it's all a personal preference. But it just seems like people around here do work just for the sake of doing it.

Sooner or later in life, everyone finds a passion, where the word "work" is as indifferent to a person as fun. I admire those who find their passion early and then desire and work titanic amounts to achieve their dreams. I take my hat off to and salute those whose dreams interfere with their sleep, whose work finds its way to prioritize itself before their rest.

Let's say you have dreamed since third grade of being a pediatrician, and that you work incessantly in your biology studies only to reach that goal. Countless late-nighters are only motivated by your dream and your drive. The reward lies at the end, you say, so the work seems meaningful. And it is. But to those whose passion is not their schoolwork, I must say this:

To my knowledge, upon graduating from Davidson, no one ever said, "Damn, I wish I had spent more time in that library."

Find a passion. Work for your dreams. Remember your friends. Everything else seems inconsequential. But be sure your dreams are yours, and the ones you want to follow. Don't busy yourself with work that isn't there.

So maybe this isn't the best topic to bring up before finals. Those things are damn tough. And maybe this whole thing sounds a bit cheesy, and I admit, it is. But at least, if the weather is nice, study outside. And when you can, take a breather. College isn't all about work, though we have a tendency to believe otherwise.

With the dangers of alcohol, BYO could prove to be a bad idea

A few weeks ago, I attended a forum that addressed the alcohol policy of Davidson College. As a freshman, it is not something I am well acquainted with. Outside of freshman orientation and conspicuous

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hospital visits, it does not seem to garner much attention. I left the forum feeling somewhat well-informed, and somewhat disturbed.

Evolution of policy in recent years has seen the dismissal of the keg, and as everyone now knows, the possibility of a BYO policy. This obviously raises many points, questions, and concerns as was evident at the forum. It was generally agreed upon that a BYO policy

poses a threat to the dynamics of Patterson Court. Insurance risks, liabilities, lawsuits, and a slew of other menacing terms convinced me that this is something more people should start thinking about, if they have not already.

Aside from the legal implications, a change in policy would dramatically alter drinking logistics. My experiences prior to coming to Davidson led me to believe that an ample amount of alcohol and a suitable girl-to-guy ratio are the ingredients for a successful social scene. The forum, however, reminded me of just how important the "how, when, and where" elements of drinking are. A change in policy would potentially shatter the patterns that make for such a good time down on the Court. As much as I am concerned with possible alterations of drinking policy, I am more concerned with the general attitudes that seem to prevail on this campus.

During the forum, priorities wavered. The discussion shifted with ease from talk of lawsuits to the dream of beer trucks appearing on the Court. The unusually high number of alcohol-related hospital visits this year was cast off as merely a weird trend. The primary focus, though, was how a change in policy would infringe upon current drinking habits. What was lacking in the discussion was an evaluation of the habits themselves. Alcohol undoubtedly is a source of enjoyment and release around here. Unfortunately, though, it is also a source of disaster and the fuel for potential disaster. In the case of alcohol, disaster does not just refer to unconsciousness or some other form of bodily harm. It just as easily takes the form of regret.

By no means am I raising the battle cry for a dry campus. I am simply calling for a heightened sense of responsibility on the part of individuals. I

have heard it said before that "alcohol makes a good servant and a bad master." I could not agree more. Alcohol can be a catalyst of a good time — but only if we are dictating the terms.

Nearly every student here stands as an example of an exceptionally responsible adult. But when alcohol enters the picture, many students exhibit a level of self-control comparable to that of children. For responsible individuals, alcohol provides a gentle shove onto the dance floor and a green light for socializing. Yet each weekend and some weeknights, you can always pick out the people who have exceeded their alcohol carrying capacity. They are lucky they can stand, much less get their dance on, and could not carry a coherent conversation with the aid of cue cards.

Our student body is comprised of individuals with unique ideas, beliefs, and experiences. It is a group of

hardworking, driven people who have created an indelible identity for themselves. I am grateful for the enrichment this community has provided me, but I am saddened by the members who seek to erase their identity and find common ground with others through an excessive blood-alcohol level.

Alcohol awareness should not be a mere week in February but a state of mind for all students. It is an acceptance of responsibility, a realization that we all share in the benefits of alcohol, but at the same time we all bear its burden. Probation's handed out to the different fraternities and eating houses attest to this. These probation's are nothing more than parties, conversations, and memories precluded by a select few who had no idea of when enough was enough. Before we address the campus-wide alcohol policy, I think it would be wise if each and every one of us addressed our own.

◆ LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ◆

A thanks to those involved with diversity

To the Editors:

Thanks to those of you who visit the BSC and support its activities. Thanks to those of you who seek to educate yourselves and others by confronting the issues of race and diversity at Davidson College and beyond. Thanks to members of the Council of Student Leaders, Conner, Ann Harriot, and others for their work in producing last week's successful initiatives. Due largely to their efforts, we have managed to bespeak the first few words of a campus dialogue that will hopefully become ongoing. This only hints at the beginning. We still have much more to do.

Sincerely,
Wes Hart '98

Ainsley Natta '99, BSC President

Davidsonian web site shows improvement

To the Editors:

I enjoy reading your newspaper online. It has shown great improvement since the first of the year. It is definitely the most interesting way to find out about campus happenings and opinions without the filtering effect of the alumni office. I urge you to continue timely postings of new issues. I hope you will consider a hot link directly from the college's opening home page rather than burying access on another page ("Student Organizations"), making potential readers guess where to find it or fail to realize its existence. I'm certain alumni and prospective students would love to have a look.

Best regards,
Wade Powell

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The libraries of the Union Green Room houses texts on student leadership and women's issues

I'm not trying to brag, but I know the Grey Union like the inside of my eyelids. Its nooks and crannies, secret stairwells, and storage areas are imprinted in my mind like an internal road map. By the end of next year, I'll probably be able to tell, blind-

CONTRA POLLACK
From the Union Board President

folded, which room I am in by the temperature, smells, and echoes. A scary proposition. If you want to find me, you'd best start at the Union. If I am not in a meeting there, I am probably awaiting one, or taking a break from another while desperately trying to get my reading for Dr. Kuzmanovich's class done.

Which is why I want to share a bit of Union knowledge few people know,

but all of you should. There is a library in the Union. I realize some of you may note the backwardness of this statement, those of you who know your history and that the Union is situated in a former library. But take a trip up to the third floor, and indeed the library is there.

Inside the Green Room (huh, where is that? Is it that room next to the cafe? No, go up the stairs next to the SGA and Union Board offices) lives a virtual treasure chest of resources for student leaders, and a separate library of Women's Issues materials. The Student Leadership Library and the Women's Issues Committee's Resource Library are open to all, and each have an honor-based checkout policy.

The Student Leadership Resource Library has anything a student leader (or one trying to develop leadership skills) could want. Everything from books on historical leaders' lives to a

guide to leadership styles to a book on Zen lie within, just waiting to be tapped. The library holds videos and activities to help foster more productive meetings, as well. If you are interested in honing your leadership skills, I encourage you to peruse the selection in the Green Room.

For the time being, the Women's Issues Resource Library is housed in the Green Room, too. The check-out policy for this library is separate and different from the Leadership Library, but it is also a collection available to all the Davidson College community. In the library, you'll find books pertaining to women's health, political issues, and even women's sexuality.

I encourage everyone to make the climb and see what resources abound. If you can't find your way to the mysterious Green Room, just look for me, and I'll be happy to guide you there.