

The last dark days of Davidson

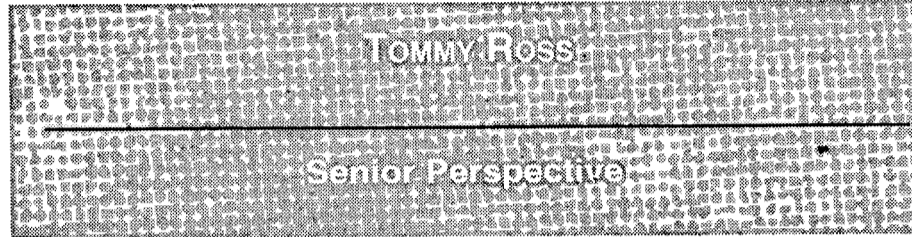
After the racial slur appeared on a campus advertisement, things were never quite the same. As one African American said soon after, "The black students are tired of this stuff. We've been antagonized by our police, ostracized by our classmates, patronized by our faculty, and utilized by our administration. Why should we keep trying to fit in here when it is obvious no one wants us around?" This student's frustration was shared by all black students, and as new prospective blacks came to visit the current group convinced them with sincerity and passion, "Don't come here!"

Five years later, the last black student graduated from Davidson College.

Where was the administration during this crisis? Oh, they were around, crying out that "there really is diversity at Davidson, you just have to look around," and, "We welcome minority students with open arms." They even changed the mission statement and put diversity in bold print, italicized.

But they never even thought about adding more courses about Minority History, Culture, Leadership, or Theory, nor did they try to hire vocal young minority professors. Indeed, as African American enrollment decreased, the administration forced out the current black faculty saying, "You no longer have an audience here." As international students and other minorities followed black students to more welcoming educational settings, the other minority professors were shown the same door. However, the Administration, to its

own great satisfaction, continued the longstanding trend of maintaining a high minority employment by giving blacks more and more janitorial positions. Davidson, though, as a body of students and faculty, was 99.5 percent white, and increasingly male.



No one seemed too concerned.

Oh sure, there were a lot of changes at the old College. Women found themselves silenced more and more, now that they had no other activist minorities with whom to share a voice. Those who came now truly came to get that MRS degree. Classes about Africa, Asia, and Latin America, or its descendants in the United States, were eliminated due to lack of interest. For the same type of white students who packed classrooms before, thoughts of Civil Rights, Eastern philosophies, and Latin American politics never really crossed their minds.

There were other changes, too. The African

drummers, ethnic dance troupes, minority speakers, writers, and poets, Black History Month activities, and the like were all replaced with country singers, Radical Republicans, and weekly Longneck/Redneck parties. The former BSC building was annexed by a newly revitalized KA,

Wildcat football team was trounced again. Everyone laughed when a male member of the Homecoming Court introduced his four dates as "well-inspected specimens." The Black student at Davidson was a long-forgotten nightmare in a new Southern dreamland.

In an age when the country eliminated affirmative action because it gave blacks an upper hand in the job market, even when in reality the largest beneficiary was the white woman; when many schools abolished their minority admissions guidelines to allow in more legacies and rich white students; when across the South one could hear, distinctly audible underneath the empty rhetoric about diversity, the shouts of "Heritage not hate," Davidson's transformation was the rule rather than the exception. It seemed that the United States was beginning to say more and more what it had felt all along — "Blacks not welcome here."

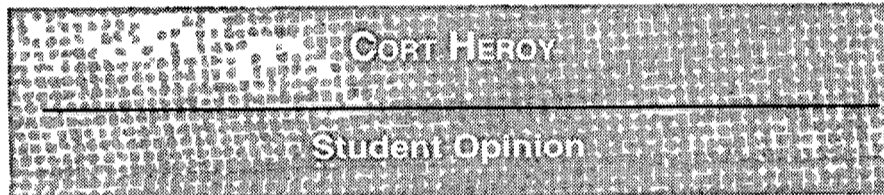
whose membership had tripled. And in a move to invoke a sense of Southern pride and honor the Administration decided to fly the good ol' Stars and Bars above (not below) the Stars and Stripes in front of Chambers.

But all in all, no one minded. The new president, when asked, said, "I think it's great that Davidson is returning to its roots as a Southern Presbyterian school. All those years we tried so hard to become diverse, we lost our sense of tradition and the ideal of teaching our students values to go along with their knowledge"

When alumni returned for Homecoming, they applauded the new Southern Life Center and with heartfelt passion sang "Dixie" before the

On Thursday, the Union Speakers Committee and the Black Student Coalition will present an evening with Derrick Bell, beginning at 7:30 p.m. in Love Auditorium. Bell (seen the bells around campus?) is one of the leading voices in the national debates around race. He has tried over 100 civil rights cases as a lawyer, taught at several universities including Harvard, and written several books. His speech will be entitled "Racial Liberation Day." As he has been one of the most influential voices in my education, I would like to personally invite each person who reads this article — student, faculty, staff, alumnus/a, or concerned reader — to join me Thursday night.

Get out your tiki doll



Hello again folks, I'm back and this time I'm mad. Actually I'm not, I've just always wanted to enter into a room, have a director zoom in for a big head shot and have some gruff sounding announcer say, "Cort's back and he's pissed off!" Ah well, I can dream can't I?

All right, I realize I am only a little freshman peon (as if that hasn't been debated in the Op-Ed section at great length), so therefore I should naturally be confused by this whole course selection bonanza. However, does it seem right that you must have a post-graduate degree in order to understand how to sign up for undergraduate courses? When I first got that tree (the day before it was due), I stared at it like — well I don't know what I stared at it like. I would presume though that I looked like some big, confused, staring-type thingie. I can't always come up with witty analogies and similes off the top of my head, okay?

Regardless, I did eventually figure out what the hell was going on and I feel fairly confident in the fact that I managed to sign up for: underwater basket weaving 101 (counts for both my water credit and fine arts), biology of the Yeti, Advanced time wasting 326, and Math for Poets 110 (since I probably failed it the first time through). So what I am going to do now is give you a simple step by step guide to filling out your course selection sheets, which you can use next semester to take the myriad of helpful courses that I am. By the way, with these courses, I'm on the fast track to graduating in the year 2047.

1. Get out your Tiki doll and pray to your Tiki God like never before.
2. Take your first choice for a class and completely forget about ever getting it. It is my belief that the people in the Registrar's Office are clairvoyant, and they know what you want and know how not to give it to you. (I have a friend who managed to get 13 in the draw for courses; he was happy until I pointed out the fact that, as a freshman, he's actually number 1213.)
3. Now that you have forgotten about what you would like to take, choose a course and divide the three numbers at the end (eg, Rocks for Jocks 103) by Tina Yother's age and finally multiply by Oprah's total weight change over the last five years.
4. The number you receive should correspond in no way to any number on the tree sheet. You should then write this course in the space designated for your I.D. number. Trust me, this is the double secret course selection spot. The registrars love to try and decipher what you're doing; it makes their job less stressful.
5. Now, take your second choice class and write it in boxes 1a through 32q. Don't worry about if the class is full; if you write it in enough, I'm sure they'll feel compelled to squeeze you in.
6. Now, you should have exactly 376.42 spaces left to fill in on your tree. Your next step should be to choose four courses at random, cut them out of the course catalogue, and paste them onto the tree in any way you see fit. Use crayons, too; the registrars love crayons!
7. Finally, crumple it all up into a small ball and throw it directly at the head of the woman in the office. She used to be a catcher on her college softball team and always appreciates a quick game of catch.

Well, that's all from me for this week. Take it easy and I'll see ya'll 'round.

Correction: In the Nov. 3 Op-Ed section ("Historical racial timeline"), we incorrectly stated that there are currently five black tenured professors at Davidson. There are actually five black tenured/tenure track professors of Davidson's 140 faculty members. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused.

The Davidsonian

ALENDA LUX UBI ORTA LIBERTAS

Editor in Chief

SARAH E. OGDEN

News Editors

LIZ NEIHEISEL
CARRIE ARTHUR

Business Manager
SCOTT REEDER

Op-Ed Editor

ERIN MCKINLEY

Sports Editors

ALISON KALETT
MIKE ANDERSON

Circulation Manager

EUGENIA LEATH

Arts & Living Editors

MELISSA ANN de
CASTRIQUE
WESLEY H. GOLDSBERRY

News Layout Editors

JOHN DUNWOODY
EVAN MCCORMICK
ELDER GWIN

Advertising Managers

PETER CLARK
DAVID JOHNSTON

Op-Ed Layout Editors

JOHN DUNWOODY
EVAN MCCORMICK
WILL PARKER

Sports Layout Editors

BEN COVINGTON
CADER HOWARD

Copy Editors

WHITNEY BLAKE

Arts & Living Layout Editors

CATHERINE CORNWELL
KAREN SWEENEY
AILEEN WATERS

Ad Designers

BEN COVINGTON
CADER HOWARD

Photo Editor

SALLIE McMURRAY

Founded in 1914

"The Nation's Foremost College Weekly"

Read The Davidsonian on the Internet at

<http://www.davidson.edu/student/organizations/davidsonian/davidsonian.html>

The Davidsonian is published Tuesdays during the academic year by the students of Davidson College. One copy per student. Please address all correspondences to: The Davidsonian, P.O. Box 219, Davidson, NC 28036. Phone (704) 892-2148 or -2149. E-mail Davidsonian@davidson.edu. Our offices are located on the third floor of the Union. Opinions expressed in letters to the editors or commentaries do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editorial Board of The Davidsonian. Subscriptions cost \$40.00 per year. Advertising rates are available upon request.

Copyright is held by the Trustees of Davidson College.