

# So you want to be a senior? Here's an instruction book

## First and foremost, go to 21-Year-Old Night

**Y**ou know those cutesy *Life's* instructions books that they sell at Hallmark stores at the cash register? Why don't they have one for how to be a senior? Here's mine:

**Go to 21-Year-Old-Night.** Why? Because you can. It's got to be one of the best social environments Davidson offers, and it's an even better procrastinating tool than e-mail.

You can sincerely tell your friends that you're only going to stay for a few minutes, but everyone knows that you're only fooling yourself. One beer gives way to a pitcher, and then you can't leave until the pitcher is done, since you're obligated to finish your share. One pitcher easily becomes two, especially since they're merely four dollars. The next thing you know, it's 12:30, and your being pushed out the door.

It's even a great place to socialize with your favorite professor. All the hip faculty often can be found in the 900 Room on Tuesday evenings shooting the bull.

Here's your chance to show her or him how much you love their class by buying him or her a Sam Adams. This

leaves you with the great opportunity to beg her or him for a couple more points on that last review.

**Floss.**

**Go down in the basements of every building.** Flash your ID at the risk manager and adjourn to the couches and bar area of your friendly neighbor-



hood Court house. There you can bask in the glow of being a senior and chat with your fellow senior friends about the poor, innocent freshman who wait upstairs hoping to receive a gift from us. (Note: Avoid the north basement of Chambers — it's full of white rats.)

**Try not to panic too much.** Yes, it's your last year at this undergraduate institution known as Davidson — at least your parents' pocketbook and your sanity hopes it is — and that dreaded question — "So what are you going to be doing next year?" — attacks you from every direction.

You can shield yourself from this if you have a pat answer, or if you're one of those seniors who, in fact, does have a clue.

Another means of alleviating this problem is walking (or driving) all the way over to Career Services. You know, that house over on Main Street that has a sign out front that says Julia Johnston House.

And when you go inside, Andrew Wisner greets you with a smile because he knows that you have no clue.

There are actually many great people there who will happily take your

in the magnificent land called California, or if they are simply over Martin Court, take time out of your life to write letters, make phone calls, and send e-mail. Too many people at this school have their priorities out of whack and try to believe they can have real friendships even when they always put academics first.

**Change your oil every 3000 miles.**

**Don't take five classes during the first semester.** For those of us in the Class of 1998, this comes a little too late, but realize that your senior year is

second semester. Sleep, as you have learned by now, is to be cherished. By taking only three classes (and finding one of those pass/fail), you will find that you have five to 10 extra hours per week, you can sleep.

Of course, if you'd rather fill that time with going to all of the plays, to every athletic event, every speaker, and every party. That's an option, too.

But all of us have suffered through three and a half insanely hectic years trying to survive reviews, writs, self-scheduled examinations, research papers, oral presentations, and the occasional extracurricular or five, so we deserve to take a break.

**Finally, take time to look around and realize, "Hey, I'm a senior."** This is it. Your last year in college. During the days leading up to freshman orientation in 1994, my next door neighbor told me that these would be some of the best days of my life.

They are not over yet, but the real world — not the MTV show — eagerly awaits the chance to sink its teeth into us. May 1998 is on the horizon. So run like mad, have fun, be young, drink Pepsi, and live it up while you can.

*"All of us have suffered through three and a half insanely hectic years trying to survive...so we deserve to take a break."*

résumé and send it off to companies that love Davidson students.

**Keep in touch with your friends.** Whether they are across the continent

going to be busy enough with job interviews, theses, and senior projects — and 21-Year-Old-Night.

**Do take three classes during the**

## Women are a part of the whole

### 'Women's issues are people's issues'

**W**hat is it to be a woman on Davidson's campus? What is it to be male? How closely do we hold our sexual identities?

As I grow older, more and more frequently, I find myself as the only woman in a room full of men. I am not directly complaining about that because I feel that this will happen more frequently, especially as I leave the pseudo-world that the Trustees have created that ensures equal representation of the sexes on campus.

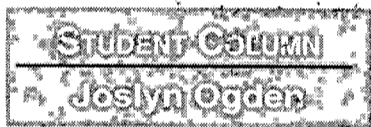
As I move on into the next world of professionalism or graduate school, I know that while the number of women visibly active in these fields has increased in recent years, I am sure that I will be surrounded by more males than females in the working world. I don't have a problem with that; I support women's self-determination.

What I do have a problem with is that in these situations, I find myself being the token woman of the group there to provide emotional and secretarial support as well as to represent the "female point of view." This infuriates me.

Our human population is approximately 51 percent female and 49 percent male.

It doesn't make any logical sense to ask someone to speak from a point of

view that is impossible to ascertain. There is such diversity in the female experience that any woman speaking on behalf of all women is doing a disservice to the world. It is wrong for anyone to speak as an unappointed rep-



resentative for 51 percent of the population.

In three of my four classes, we have had a special section in the syllabus to discuss the "woman's point of

wholistic education. They are receiving an incomplete education with a lecture dedicated to women to quell feminists.

The difficult stumbling block that educators run into is that there is not enough written about the female experience to fill up 51 percent of a class with that information. We can't create material that doesn't exist. What we must do is to create an environment where equality and the expression of this equality can exist.

I wonder what good it does to sectionalize education, promoting the thinking pattern of considering woman "the other."

Women's month, women's issues, women's centers — all of these things are valid at this point, but I hope that they won't be necessary someday.

Women shouldn't need a month — every month should be women's month. Women's issues are people issues.

I think we should build a men's center along with a women's center, because everyone struggles with issues particular to his or her gender. I wonder about the worth of constant compartmentalization.

I am an idealist. I believe that one day we will be able to refer to humanity without gender distinctions. And I refuse to let my idealism be stolen.

*"I believe that one day we will be able to refer to humanity without gender distinctions."*

view." I can't believe that scholars allow this type of mistake in their texts. Women are consistently portrayed as the "other" instead of part of the whole.

Women's experiences are just as varied as male experiences and don't deserve a mere chapter in a textbook or a lecture that is supposed to do justice to women's experience.

When a subject neglects to integrate both male and female perspectives, students are cheated from a

## Just in case of rain

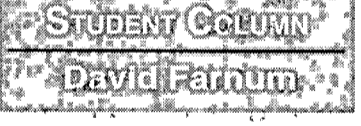
### A lesson in accepting advice

**I**t's Thursday afternoon and it's raining hard as I write this. I'm soaked, as are my books. I'm sweating from running across campus.

I sprinted through puddles of water as raindrops the size of small rodents slammed into my body, making me wish that I had taken that umbrella Mom suggested I keep in my room.

"Just in case," she said.

"You know the kind — the little black umbrellas that aren't large



enough to offer protection for a seven-year-old's body, much less a 6-foot-2 adult's. Every time it rains, no matter how hard, the thing magically transforms itself roughly into the size of a Frisbee; letting one's entire body get soaked.

Sometimes when it rains, I just want to be dry. I guess that's too much to ask from an \$11.99 umbrella.

If you don't already realize it, I like to complain and criticize.

People who know me well — or just see me regularly — recognize and accept this virtue if they don't laugh at me in my frustrated, anal, and perpetually intense state.

Maybe I should have listened to Mom's suggestion when she left 12

weeks ago.

But, of course, I didn't. I wanted to assert myself one last time, to demonstrate once again that I could make a decision without significant outside influence. But that's just it — I didn't realize the reasoning behind my argument, and I still don't fully understand.

But at least I no longer claim to know all, nor do I stand up for my opinion just because I can, just to be difficult.

The realization that my mom and my dad know more about life than I previously gave them credit for became clear as I made the mad dash from Chambers to the Belk computer lab for the third time in an hour.

Both of my parents, each in their own way, guided, pushed, nurtured, provided, and molded me for 18 years.

Yet, at my first taste of real freedom, I wanted to argue, to disregard good intentions and the years of experience that I ultimately failed to appreciate.

I'm still wet. And all I can do is complain and bitch and get more frustrated as time passes. I have to go change clothes. Now where the hell did I put my roommate's umbrella?

I saw both my mom and my dad for the first time in three months over Parents' Weekend.

Mom didn't bring the umbrella back.

That was my decision.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### A personal story of the necessity of bone marrow transplants

To the Editor:

Seven years ago, I was a bright-eyed freshman enrolled at Davidson, but with a major problem. Aside from needing a Homecoming date and a tutor in Calculus, I was in need of a bone marrow transplant.

Earlier in the year, June 29 to be exact, I was diagnosed with Aplastic Anemia, a blood disorder of unknown origin. The disease causes your bone marrow, which provides the body with an immune system (white cells), energy (red cells), and blood clotting cells (platelets), to stop producing these life-giving and life-protecting cells.

In essence, your bone marrow dies. Aplastic is not a cancer but is often associated with Lukemia, and unless you are fortunate enough to receive a bone marrow transplant,

Aplastic Anemia is fatal.

Actually, seven years ago today, I was finishing up a seven-day protocol of highly toxic chemotherapy, which was destroying the meager remains of my immune system and bone marrow and preparing my body to receive a whole new immune system.

I was fortunate to be a match with my father and on Oct. 29, 1990, his bone marrow was given to me through an IV. This life-giving organ looked like a strawberry daiquiri, and after the week of chemotherapy, I felt like I had more than my share of daiquiris the night before.

The bone marrow was harvested from my father's lower pelvic bone through a series of aspirations. The procedure requires the donor to be put to sleep (not permanently) and results in some discomfort. Many donors

compare the feeling to a bruise in the small of the back.

Following the harvesting, Dad insisted upon being rolled into my room for the big event. I can't remember who was in more of a drug-induced stupor, him or me, but I do remember the importance of what was happening.

Because I found a genetic match and a willing donor, I was given a chance to live. Without a donor, the prognosis was death; with a transplant, my chances of survival was not great, but considering the alternative...

This is what Project Life offers: an alternative. By having your blood typed and placed on the Red Cross National Bone Marrow Donor Registry, you could give hope and a chance to survive to those in need of a transplant.

Bone marrow transplantation is often

the only cure for diseases such as Lukemia, lymphomas, breast cancer, and Aplastic Anemia. The odds of finding a genetic match are slim.

There is a 25 percent that a sister or brother will match, a one-percent that a parent will match, and a one-in-20,000 chance that an unrelated person will be a perfect genetic match.

By increasing the number of potential donors on the Registry, the chances of finding this perfect match are improved.

Although the Registry is a wonderful lifesaving tool, the blood tests cost \$50. Project Life raises the funds to help individuals pay for this fee.

On the eve of the seventh anniversary of my bone marrow transplant, I wanted to write this brief letter of thanks. Thanks to the

students involved with Project Life.

After four years of trying to increase the awareness of Bone Marrow Registry on Campus and in the community and begging students, parents, and community members for money, I know the time, effort, and energy this group has committed.

I also want to thank the Davidson community for continuing to be receptive to Project Life's endeavors and for the financial support you give.

The enthusiasm and excitement surrounding the Bone-Marrow Drive moves me and I hope it will continue to be an integral part of life at Davidson.

My sincerest thanks and gratitude.

John Flaney  
Class of 1995

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