

Casey Hawthorne

Diversity demands expression

My roommate must have reached new levels of desperation. He has come to me, Casey Hawthorne, the man he dubbed "the math dork," asking for an article. I guess we know who has won the duel of majors between math and English. Let it be known that I would never go to the so called "El Jefe" for help with math.

Despite, as Stan Boyd so aptly stated last week, the gun being at my head, I'm actually writing to voice a true concern of mine. I recently took part in an interview about dating at Davidson. After answering the myriad of questions ranging from "how do you define hooking up?" to "does dating actually exist at Davidson?" I began wondering how people at Davidson really get to know each other and what activities on campus actually facilitate such intimate encounters.

The best and most universal

example comes from class. We are forced to intermingle daily with new people with whom we must have something in common or we wouldn't be in the same class. Unfortunately, however, I would have to say I haven't met any life long friends in a humanities lecture.

Then there are sports. Anybody who has ever played a sport realizes the special bond you form with anybody with whom you sweat and shower that much.

There are also lists of administrative programs sponsored by the Union, and, of course, the list of eating houses and fraternities. Speaking from experience, I can

say I have developed more than one close relationship sitting at my house trying to digest another corn dog or running naked through the women's houses on self-selection night.

Along with the fraternities and

social activity forums. Unfortunately short.

After compiling this list I realized there still exists a large necessity for organizations where people can socialize and meet. Not everyone likes going to the court, not everyone enjoys playing sports. Where are the specialized groups designed for people with common interests to congregate and interact. I acknowledge the few

unique examples such as the Dean Rusk Program, F.L.A.G., Hobart Park, the Young Republicans, and such programs provided by a few majors such as the language tables at the Commons or the math coffees. But somehow I think be-

ing one of the top schools in the country and boasting a diverse and varied student body we have failed to meet many of the interests outside of writing, foreign affairs, languages, or scholarship. A friend of mine goes to the University of Texas where there exists such diverse and extreme organizations as the Young Cross Dressing Attorneys.

This may be a little bizarre, but it proves the point that diverse interests exist, and they need attention. We could have organizations for displaced Yankees suffering from carpet bagger prejudice. We could have a crew of people who study and enjoy certain types of music. I would like to be the first to invite people who love to cook to form a cooking club that experiments with international and regional dishes. If you have an interest, get moving, and start a club.

Being one of the top schools in the country and boasting a diverse student body, we have failed to meet many of our students' interests.

eating houses we have the scores of parties each semester. But it is really hard to get to know anyone when you can barely understand a word they say, or when you can't even remember their name the next morning. That's pretty much it for

Emily O'Brien

Davidson defined

I have been consumed this week by sex. I suppose that the proper term is "gender," but in this ever increasingly politically correct world a little boldness cannot hurt. Anyway for some reason every conversation that I started this week turned rapidly to a discussion of gender relations. Now the fact that I am on the Rusk board, and helped organize "Hook Party" may have had something to do with it. The truth of the matter is that I learned a lot this week from these conversations. There are several varieties of opinions about what certain Davidson terms mean. Considering that I always give my opinion before someone asks for it, here is my list of Davidson terms as I have seen them over the years:

Hook: Contrary to some of the definitions I heard from people this week, "hook" does NOT mean having sex. Yes, sex happens here at Davidson, and yes it happens

sometimes while "hooking," but a hook can mean anything from a kiss on the dance floor to staying over in someone's room for three weekends in a row.

Watching a Movie: This term is arguable, but from my experience this is a pick up line. Don't get me wrong, innocent movie watching happens, but when someone asks you to "go watch a movie" at 2 a.m. chances are he or she may not even have a VCR.

Date Function: Date Functions are not threatening events. If someone asks you to a date function you are neither beholden to hook up with them or have a relationship (fear!!!!) with them. Date Func-

tions are good ways of getting to know people. I have taken all of my friends for years and they have returned the favor. I can honestly say I have had a better time than most people that are suffering while trying to "hook" with their dates.

Chillin' by a certain fast frat boy friend of mine, this term is the alternative to dating at Davidson. It is the eternal state of limbo that both guys and girls live in when they do not know "what is up" with the person that they are hangin'/ chillin' with.

Chances are that one sees this person only when one goes out on the court at which time you either talk or play stupid games.

Calling: The phone is a myth at Davidson. Contrary to the rest of the world I think that the phones stop working on Sunday night. So keep that in mind next time you are waiting for a call. Calling is a varied issue, and in all of my conversations this week no consensus occurred, except that

not calling after a date function is a major faux pas. Calling leads me to my next term...

Saying Hey: Picture this, you are walking on the third floor of Chambers on the Union side. "HE" or "SHE" is walking towards you coming from the Poly Sci side. Do you say "hey, what's up?" and keep on going, or do you actually stop and talk to the person even though you fear an awkward situation? Chances are one or the other of you could bolt down those life saving center stairs. I personally would recommend talking to the person.

I have learned a lot this week. Everyone at Davidson thinks differently about the gender situation.

All of the chaos about Hook Party and Senior Champagne Parties has given me some hope, however, in that we are thinking, and at least this week, we are all talking.

All the chaos surrounding Hook Party and Senior Champagne Party has given me some hope in that we are thinking, and at least this week, we are talking.

Dating: I am not really sure how to define this considering it happens so infrequently at Davidson except for certain seniors and juniors who prefer to refer to dating as being "together." In other words she is *with* him and he is *with* her.

Hanging Out: Also referred to as

Jefe

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love it when people stop by to visit or give me a ring. The human voice is a lot more appealing than a computer screen.

And what happens when you start interviewing for jobs? You can't do that via e-mail. If I ever catch someone trying to ask someone else out on a date over e-mail I will go bizerk. There are definite benefits of the technology of the computer age, but we can't let ourselves loose every last skill we have by relying completely on computers.

Nothing seems real anymore. Remember the old days when

people used to "call" on their friends instead of using stealth voice mail messages or e-mail to communicate?

Remember when companies would send real, live representatives to meetings instead of speaking over computer generated conference screens?

Maybe I'm just old fashioned; I like people more than machines. When I graduate in May and assume the CEO position of a major corporation, I'm taking everything back to old school. Maybe I dislike computers because they are smarter than me.

Or maybe I just get lost in this age of tofu, modems, fax machines, fake breasts, afternoon talk shows, athletic strikes, and Microsoft Windows. Either way, I'm scared, because if I'm overwhelmed at 21, I don't even want to imagine where I'll be at 61.

