

Dance Ensemble rocks Duke Family Performance Hall



Over the weekend, Dance Ensemble showcased the latest and greatest student dance talent. The night was filled with hip-hop moves, jazzy tap-dancing, lyrical numbers and thought-provoking pieces. As usual, Dance Ensemble features student choreography with a few pieces by outside choreographers. The show added a new player, a student DJ known as DJ Savage. The performances were a real treat, and the crew and Dance Ensemble E-board expertly managed the shows.
Photos by Tommy Rhodes



Outsiders' Monologues showcase tonight in 900

"Ramblings of a Dark-Skinned Girl in a Sea of White Shadows..." Monologue, 2014

ANONYMOUS
GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Ramblings of a Dark-Skinned Girl in a Sea of White Shadows.

#1. I am the dark eyed girl. I am the pariah by force. I am the other by force. I am self-critical by choice.

#13. I am a phenomenal woman, but sometimes I question my confidence because of the look on your face. It says I don't belong. It says I'm unattractive. It says I'm not worth your time.

#6. I'm pretty for a dark-skinned girl, but sometimes I'm "not your thing". This shouldn't hurt, but today it did.

#99. I wouldn't change it for anything. "Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave. I rise. I rise. I rise." I have risen, I will keep rising, and your standard of beauty will mean nothing to me. I have the blood of giants running through my veins. You will not take this from me.

#24. I do not want to be your exotic vacation destination. I do not want to be your sexual exploration. I refuse to be your step outside of the white male heteronormative box.

#40. I am strong. I am independent, but sometimes I ache for the agency that you don't even have to define, the privilege that you don't even see.

#63. Don't be fooled. I do not wait for your pale skin to label my dark skin as an acceptable form of beauty. I wait for the day when I no longer have to assume that black women can be ignored and assume correctly.

#7. I yearn for the day when my beauty does not come with a condition of color.

#32. Sometimes I hate caring. Being a woman is hard. Being a black woman is harder. And a lot more lonely.

#4. What do you do when you're not one of the well-known black party girls? What if you are? Why did I even put "black" as an adjective, like a qualifier? What does it mean that even I do this? Shit.

#50. Maybe my greatest tragedy is never knowing what it feels like to be that pretty black girl. Maybe I'm worse off for even considering this.

#1. You don't get to matter anymore. I am self-critical by choice, but I am beautiful, fearfully and wonderfully made. I wish your pale skin could have had the chance to understand my complexities and be enveloped in my graceful black beauty and black strength and black love and black struggle and black pain and black laugh and black God and black intelligence and black blackness. I'm not sure you were in the right place, and I don't have time to wait. I truly wish you the best and the brightest and the future and ten more advantages over the ones you already have. Maybe one day I'll see you again and you'll see me and I'll see you and you'll just know. Until then, walk peacefully and sleep gently, surrounded by the soothing curtains of black darkness.

"The first time I saw the word 'asexual' was in a biology textbook..." Monologue, 2014

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GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

The first time I saw the word "asexual" was in a biology textbook.

(Asexual reproduction. Something amoebas do.)

The second time I saw it was in an online article about an asexual woman dating a heterosexual man.

(Anonymous: "That guy got friend-zoned so hard he made it into the news.")

The third time I saw it, I was typing it into Google's search bar.

(When a boy puts his tongue in my mouth, there's supposed to be a "spark," isn't there?)

The fourth time I saw it was in me, when I finally understood how to define myself.

(Asexual. Noun. Someone who does not experience sexual attraction.)

Where I didn't see it was in my mother's understanding, when I told her what I had learned.

("Oh honey, there's nothing wrong with you.")

Nor did I see it in my friend's acceptance of me when I opened up to him.

("Maybe you just haven't met the right person yet.")

I didn't see it in my perfectly regular hormone balance, no matter how many times they asked me.

("Have you had your hormones checked?")

"Have you seen a doctor?")

"Isn't there a pill for that?")

I didn't see it in the Davidson 101 Sexuality poll either.

("Q" for "Questioning" since everyone tells me that's what I must be doing.)

I don't even see it in LGBTQIA, which is always cleaved down the middle because too many letters—too many identities—is unpalatable to most.

("A stands for ally!")

"LGBTQIA? That's a bit too much, don't you think?")

And sometimes—

I don't see me.

Because being 1% of the population makes me negligible.

Because seven hundred thousand people worldwide don't really count.

And when I don't see me,

I have to pretend I'm not me.

Because it's easier to pretend than it is to explain.

And it's easier to fake it than it is to hear someone say that I am broken—

that I am lacking something inherently human.

Or worse, for some stranger to tell me that I will never truly understand how to love another person,

if I'm not f****g them.

Check out this year's Outsiders' Monologues tonight in the 900 Room at 8 p.m. The event will feature student actors performing student-written monologues. There will also be free Chipotle.