

To the wire

It is 4:43 on Tuesday morning. I am sitting here in a heinously orange chair that is wreaking havoc on my back, still writing this editorial. It seems wrong that we — the dedicated few — should be laboring in the Union at such an ungodly hour, but here we are.

I am a procrastinator. It is a fact of life that I have learned to accept, but it still irritates my parents and makes my roommate twitch. "I'll do it tomorrow," I say. And I really do mean to — I just don't always have time, or energy, or resources...or I don't feel like it.

While some claim that this tendency of mine to do things at the last minute is a terrible, ulcer-forming habit, I must disagree. I actually enjoy doing things at the latest plausible time. I guess I work well under pressure—in fact, I know I do. Why else would I choose to watch "Top Gun" the night before my religion paper is due, only to awaken at 5:30 the next morning to dash it off (and, might I add, with good results)?

I am not a masochist; I procrastinate because I can, because I have my priorities straight enough and know myself well enough to be able to accurately predict how long a given task will take me. I have learned to budget my time into two distinct categories: work and not-work.

I spend as much time as possible avoiding work, but when it's finally time to buckle down, I do. None of that falling asleep in my carrel (me? what carrel?) or staring out the window instead of at a book; I work and play equally hard, and I make a conscious effort to keep my two worlds as separate as possible. Yet I feel as if I am looked down upon by all the people who schedule their lives to the minute. Why is that?

What do we have to be ashamed of? Friends, let us band together to form a common union. The few, the proud, the procrastinators. We'll start tomorrow.

*Sarah E. Ogden*

Color-blindness at Davidson

A few days ago, I became more aware of how there is a lack of recognition of color-blindness, at least by the students of Davidson.

While walking to dinner the other evening, a friend and fellow 3rd Littler noticed a gradation in the sky above the Commons. Commenting on the beautiful scene that was created as a purple hue slowly grew into the twilight blue of the evening, my friend eventually realized the error in his ways. For while the others in the group were able to admire the vibrant colors that nature had produced, I was only able to see what I know to be a blue sky at dusk: no gradation, no nothing.

You see, I have a red-green color deficiency, often referred to as a color-blindness. A chromosomal defect that I share with eight percent of men and two percent of women, it causes me to see some shades of red as black and not to be able to see a difference between other shades of red, brown, or green.

Over the many years of my life, I have grown to accept this defect (I guess I have to, no matter what) and go on with things. However, while a number of people seem to think that I am jealous of my non-color-blind counterparts, I can honestly say that I'm not. I actually think that my deficiency is more of a blessing in disguise.

For example, there is no better way of introducing oneself than with the phrase "Hi, my name's Randy. I gave my mother a dark green Valentine's Day card when I was five because I thought it was red," which can often be followed up with the phrase "No, I wasn't celebrating St. Patrick's Day early." This experience, along with others that I have had, give me great conversation-starters.

Don't get me wrong, now, but having a color deficiency does have its drawbacks. To name one, some LED clocks appear completely blank. This often inspires my friends to ask the question "Randy, what time is...oh, my bad." Other problems exist with stoplights (I'm not saying that I can't drive; I'm just saying that the green looks white, and the red sometimes flashes in and out. But I figure if everyone else is stopped, I might as well, too), matching socks (you wouldn't believe how much a black dress sock looks like a navy blue one), and trying to decipher the difference between a black marker and a red one on any of the boards within Chambers.

My color deficiency, as it is commonly called, is a nice addition to what makes me who I am. While I sometimes feel left out of certain conversations or situations, I know that my friends don't intentionally single me out or try to make me feel awkward. I'm just slightly different than the rest of them, and it's because of that difference that I am able to bring a little more diversity to that group. The same thing is true for everyone else on this campus, for each one brings something to Davidson to make it that much better.

*Randy R. Skattum*

◆ LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ◆

Diversity Week involvement low

To the Editors:

Do we have diversity at Davidson? Was Diversity Week, intended by the Committee on Minority Affairs to be a celebration of all cultures, unnecessary as there is nothing to celebrate?

Believe it or not, 43 states and 21 countries are represented in the student body. Although there may be only a few representatives of a region or country, diversity is here if one takes the time to find it. Before we can expect more diversity at Davidson, we must appreciate the diversity that is already here.

There was clearly a lack of appreciation for the activities that were planned this week, with the exception of the supportive turnout at the FLAG fashion show and the two parties on Friday and Saturday nights. Even President and Mrs. Vagt came to the Unity Party at the BSC on Friday, so the problem was not a lack of advertising.

Why, then, were the International Cafe and the Preconceived Notions Forum so sparsely attended? Why was "The Color of Fear" shown at the Outpost Thursday to only a handful of students?

The Davidson "family" has become dysfunctional, for this is the only way to describe a family that doesn't support its own members. Patterson Court repeatedly takes the blame for polarizing the campus, but in reality, we don't appreciate the diversity within ourselves. True diversity does not come from a multitude of colors, a blend of languages, and a mixture of culture alone; it is found in recognizing the differences in each of us and cumulating these unique facets to improve the community in which we live.

Kristen Taylor

The color of apathy

To the Editors:

Diversity at Davidson is dead.

The funeral was held Thursday night at the Outpost. Thursday night, the coordinators of Diversity Week organized a file, "The Color of Fear," and a subsequent discussion to be facilitated by Dean Jeffries.

The film offered a wonderful opportunity for students to engage in honest, meaningful discussion about diversity and race relations, tremendous problems facing Davidson on a daily basis. It documented nine men who sat down in a rural retreat to bear their souls — their fears, their hopes, their dreams and disappointments. What an extraordinary lead-in for such a conversation to occur here at Davidson.

Finally we would be able to talk honestly! Finally we would be able to understand it's okay to be imperfect! Finally we could get it all out on the table!

That "we" turned out to be six people, including two or three student organizers and Dean Jeffries. That means there were only two or three students who didn't have to be there with enough interest and initiative to attend.

Three students?!? Out of 1600?

I left the film fuming, wondering what the *hell* could be so important to 1594 students that none of them could take time out to face an issue not only threatening the success of our college, but the fabric of our nation!

Is there any issue more important, more crucial, to the life of every student in this college than the development of an understanding among people of how to live together?

Our campus is a campus divided by skin pigmentation. Africans and African-Americans can be seen daily sitting almost exclusively at one long table in the Commons. Asians and Asian-Americans often are seen clustered together on the way to class. European-Americans are seen on a regular basis, living oblivious to the other two groups.

Why is this so? What makes skin color so powerful that it determines one's friendships, hangouts, and even mealtime conversations? Why are there so few minorities even attending this school?

These questions cannot be answered if they are not asked. And no matter how many Martin Luther King, Jr. Day events you attend, no matter how much you dance at the Unity Party, and no matter how loud you laugh at the Fashion Show, these questions will remain unasked, these problems will remain unsolved until people care.

I challenge you, on this day, five days after the death of diversity, CARE people! Ask questions! Attend movies and discussions! Make yourself aware that Davidson is not problem-free!

College is more than homework and drunken weekends. College allows us the opportunity to meet people from all over the world, to attack topics with youthful idealism and solution-oriented outlooks, to dream about making the world a better place.

Don't let these opportunities pass idly by. Change a life, make a difference, leave the library and study something that matters.

Tommy Ross

Thanks for seniors' patience

Dear Martin Court Residents and All Students,

Thank you to all of the students in Martin Court who tolerated the fast-paced networking project during the semester break. We all appreciated the cooperation and understanding each of you offered. As with any project, we faced weather delays, unforeseen structural problems, and a number of outright human errors. We have attempted to address each of these problems and, where possible, set them right. In response to problems during this past break, we have arranged for better support from the College, clearer guidelines to the contractor, and more formal information channels to the students. The planning schedule will be shared with RAs and HCs, who will be able to inform their halls. In addition, wherever possible, updates will be sent via voice-mail to the affected buildings. Again, thank you for your understanding, and please continue to share your concerns as we strive to improve the project.

Bob Collins  
Physical Plant

Kurt Holmes  
Residence Life Office

Marcia Maki  
Information Technology Services

Dan Rushing  
TICS, Corporation

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS continued on page 11

The Davidsonian

ALENDA LUX UBI ORTA LIBERTAS

News Editor  
LIZ NEIHEISEL

Arts & Living Editor  
WESLEY H. GOLDSBERRY

Business Manager  
CHLOE BROOKE

Asst. News Editor  
MIKE GILLESPIE

Photo Editor  
SALLIE McMURRAY

Circulation Manager  
MERRITT ABNEY

Copy Editors  
WHITNEY BLAKE  
LYNSAY MADLEY  
ANNA ERIKSSON

Sports Editors  
DOUGLAS CUTTING  
BRATTON HOLMES

Advertising Managers  
SCOTT REEDER  
MICHELLE BOUGDANOS  
DAVID JOHNSTON

Editors in Chief  
SARAH OGDEN  
RANDY SKATTUM

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 weekly on Tuesday 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, North Carolina 28036. Phone (704) 892-2148 or -2149. E-Mail Davidsonian@davidson.edu. Our offices are located on the third floor of the Grey Student Union building. 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.