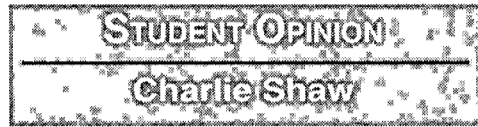


Theme halls created to bring awareness, not segregation

When I was young, my mother always told me, "Make sure you know the entire story and all the details before you try to share it with someone. For if you have only half the story and fill in the gaps with facts you think you know, then share it with someone else, when the whole story comes out and your thoughts were not actualities, you will be left



looking asinine and fatuous." Remembering her words, I wanted to clear up a few items pointed out in the Davidsonian opinion "Successful dorm living requires diversity, not segregation" (by Eric Sapp) so that a correct story is told.

The theme living houses proposed were open to the entire campus, and anyone interested in participating in these activities was invited to join. Flyers were plastered all over campus, but only two groups of people responded. Not until it was announced that one of the halls was for black people did opposition to the idea rear its ugly head.

Nevertheless, one did not have to be black to participate in the African American Studies Hall, and one did not have to be a saved, sanctified, holy ghost-filled, three-version bible-toting, screaming, "Repent I say, repent you sinner, for Jesus is coming like a theft, and if you are not saved, you shall be cast into hell," 24-hours-a-day person to participate in the Christianity and the Teachings of Jesus Christ Theme Hall (not Christian Studies, as stated in the Sapp's article).

Second, neither one of these two theme halls will be in the basement of Sentelle or Cannon. (Too bad: I really wanted my own kitchen.) The halls are also required to perform service projects and design programs and activities to which the entire Davidson community is invited. Indeed, it is the dream and desire of both halls that the community will elect to participate in every function.

With fewer than two semesters down, the Davidson hope of making myself a better thinker has already started guiding my judgements and actions. If I had a concern with a new idea, such as theme living, the Davidson thing to do would be

to visit the chairs of the theme halls and investigate why they felt Davidson needed these living arrangements before making any pro or con decisions.

If asked, one would have been told that the African American Studies Hall was designed to help elevate on campus the awareness of the contributions tendered and struggles endured by blacks. The statement was made in Sapp's article that this study does not even exist at Davidson as an official academic focus, and I concur completely. That's the problem. For students to learn about African Americans in history, they have to form a hall and do independent study on the subject.

If non-black people were truly interested in increasing diversity and stopping segregation, then a couple of events would be transpiring. Students would be in Dean Robert Williams's office urging increases in the number of black faculty members (currently four) and demanding the addition of

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black male professors. Admissions wonders why over half of their black applicants never select Davidson. I suggest that black prospectives' realizing that only four members of the Davidson teaching family look like them has a role in their decision.

If increasing the diversity really were an issue, the Patterson Court fraternities' presidents would be in President Bobby Vagt's office demanding that a black Greek organization be invited on campus immediately, not sometime in the unknown, unclear future. If it were an issue, the Student Government would be demanding that more than two or three classes be taught dealing with African American History and Literature. (Yes, blacks made achievements in history, and a few have even written a book or two.)

Better yet, if the SGA were dedicated to helping black students feel like part of the community, they would inquire why American History and Literature professors do not devote equal

amounts of time to contributions of black and whites. Oh, but I guess the courses titled United States to 1877, since 1877, and United States from 1900 to 1945, since 1945, are just wise political decisions to keep them from being called White Male Activities through 1945. We need to recognize that blacks did more in history than just be slaves. And if the whole Davidson family were interested in diversity, it would not have stood for allowing a noose to be slipped around the head of a black male employee in jest.

"Blacks should make the first move in helping to diversify the campus; you have the most to gain." Not true. When black students decided to attend Davidson, they were making the first move. Blacks have always and will always have to interact with whites. When we want corporate jobs, we have to deal solely with whites. When we want to attend graduate schools and professional schools, 99.9999% of the time we will have to deal solely

with whites.

Yet some Davidson students' first experiences and interactions with blacks occurred when they stepped on campus. The first time they have been taught by a black teacher was when they signed up for a course taught by one of the four pioneers. Blacks and other minorities help the Davidson experience represent real world experience.

Why do we sit together at lunch and dinner? Or better, why do Jim Crow Laws go into effect at Vail, as Phil Julian has said? I was born into a family with a black father and a black mother. I had black sisters. My uncles, aunts, and cousins who lived near me were black, and a few neighbors in the neighborhood were black. Living at home, I was accustomed to living around blacks. Why should I not desire to be around blacks at college?

I can count on one hand the number of black classmates I encounter attending all four classes in one day. So if I grew up for 18 years accustomed

to blacks, why in four years would the longing to hang around and eat with people who look like me and talk like me for at least three hours a day cease? Nothing and no one forbids whites from eating at the so-called "black people table," and if you want to improve diversity, do it. When white students eat lunch together, why is it called eating lunch, and when blacks students eat together, why is it called segregation? I suggest that if there were more blacks enrolled, then we would fill more than one table and be considered part of the mainstream.

I am reminded of "The Cosby Show" (which I learned from Phil Julian is considered cultural diversity) in which Bill made a statement about presentation. He asked his family to imagine a meal of T-bone steak smothered in onions and peppers, with a stuffed baked potato, and fresh broccoli with a light cheese sauce on the side. Now put this same meal on a dirty old trash can top, and the appeal is less desirable. The points in Sapp's article about the possibility that the halls will be stereotyped with the thoughts like, "They think they are better than others" could cause discord between the participants and other Christians if all are not abiding in the spirit and will of the Lord.

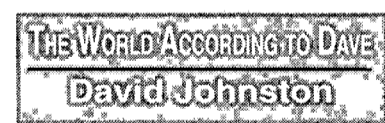
But the reality is, this will occur in any situation in which individuals try to be different when everyone else stands for principles rooted in Jesus's teachings. How can it be okay for Christians to cluster, yet if you call it a hall devoted to learning about Christ, it becomes not okay?

I have trouble following this logic. The Disciples slept together in the same houses and fields, and their abilities to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ were not hindered. So why should our abilities to share the teachings of Jesus be hindered, because we spend six hours (or less if you have a paper due and a review to study for) on the same hall?

I challenge you, if you believe that the fears expressed by Sapp are valid, to pray for the housing and ask for understanding of its purpose, because the Father will not hold back understanding from his children if they ask in His Son's name. My bible tells me that prayer is a powerful weapon and will cause things to change. So instead of destroying the idea with the tongue, use that same tongue in prayer to help build it up and make it a positive tool to help others at Davidson unearth the Teachings of the Word of God.

Lint memories of the chili kind

Having just returned from Spring Break, the fact that this year is rushing by was illustrated with emphasis. It seems that just the other day it was August, and I was in a new place that was strange, fantastic, and terrifying. The months stretching be-



tween then and now are a blur full of laughter, tears, fear, and certainty. I felt new emotions and met new people.

Life is a continually changing panorama of emotions, situations, and memories. With luck, the events and people that bring us the greatest joy and happiness stay for a while and reappear through the years.

These friends and fondly remembered events are the things around which we build our lives. Time moves fast enough that we need these rocks to anchor ourselves to in order that the great flow doesn't claim us and sweep us away. We tie ourselves to these people and float through life in small groups guided by the unalterable tides of time.

Reading over what I just wrote, it seems to be a pretty grim, deterministic view both of life and our place in history. I would like to think that we have more control over our surroundings and

destiny than an existence bobbing along on the unalterable tide of time would suggest. There is a line from a movie that comes back to me, out of context, but applicable: "I make my own luck."

The quote, I think, applies to a more personally controlled view of life. We can't wait for life to hand us friendship, opportunity, love, or luck. There are too many people as it is who are waiting for their due and complaining that life has treated them unfairly. We must go out and control our life; we must "make our own luck." No one was born lucky; it takes work, just like anything else worth having.

Sometimes the things that we do have are not the things we would like to remain with us. I would be more than happy to see some of the experiences of

"It's easy to drop something delicate and precious, but it is nearly impossible to flick that annoying piece of life's lint from your sweater."

my life just drift away into that boundless sea of time. Some things you just can't get rid of.

It's easy to drop something delicate and precious, but it is nearly impossible to flick that annoying piece of life's lint from your sweater. I have acquired a few lint-like experiences in my life. One of them happened over Spring Break.

Early in high school I had a disaster with a crush. A disaster in the sense that the object of my affections resolved

not to talk to me for two and half years and to drop a dirty glare my direction whenever she saw me. So saying that it worked out badly may be an understatement, but I'll be optimistic.

While at home over break, a friend of mine managed to drag me, kicking and screaming into a coffee house. I had never been in one before and was always curious why not. I got there and I remembered.

I won't go into the details so as not to offend coffee drinkers and coffee house patrons of the world. Suffice it to say it involved an anemic looking ska-funk-jazzblues-bebop-country band, a Frappicino, an unusually small serving of apple strudel, and a woman of somewhat dubious intentions named Rosa.

The girl who had been the object of my affections so many years before passed by our table. She said hello to my friend, looked right at me, and walked away. I've seen the way that people look at

a big chili stain on a white shirt, wishing it would either never have happened or would just vaporize out of the universe, or maybe both. For a few seconds that night, I was the world's largest chili stain.

These wonderful memories and experiences just keep coming back to haunt us.

Time moves quickly, but some things are clinging on to us for dear life. I hope most of yours are as unlike lint and chili stains as possible.

Filling an insatiable desire

A dancer's response to Cintra Pollack

When I dance, I like to be with a good amount of people, but not too many because then there just isn't enough space to get down and boogie. I actually went to the Union-sponsored Disco Nights once last semester with a friend with hopes to break down on some new terrain; however, there were only two people dancing there, and a handful of people total.

It was kind of a buzz kill, to tell you the truth, because I was sporting my new polyester butterfly collar with bell bottom corduroys and platforms,

cause I try to dance somewhere every weekend if possible, the two Outpost parties didn't mesh very well with my demanding weekend dancing agenda. If I only went dancing twice a semester, the DJ dance parties at the Outpost would be ideal, but my insatiable thirst

to dance needs to be fulfilled every weekend.

I must also comment on the inadequate advertising that represented the two dance parties at the Outpost. I didn't even see a single flyer up during those weeks, but that's probably because I was too busy opening up my mouth



"Because I try to dance somewhere every weekend if possible, the two Outpost parties didn't mesh very well with my demanding weekend dancing agenda."

of course. My friend was wearing a tight dress shirt with a thin black leather tie (loosely knotted), and he, too, was disappointed with the turnout. The fact that we did not hear one disco song the entire hour we spent there was also anticlimactic. The space was excellent, but the missing element was a decent turnout.

The DJ dance parties at the Outpost were definitely hype. However, there were only two of them over the course of the whole fall semester. Be-

instead of my eyes.

I have investigated my resources and conclude that the only place on campus that provides an equilibrium of space and an ample amount of people is Patterson Court. I'm not "whine(ing) left and right," and I'm not writing about "all this school doesn't have to offer." I'm simply writing about what it does have to offer socially on Patterson Court, and that's slamming dance parties with kicking people and booming tunes.