

## Diversity.

What an issue. Time and time again members of academia have repeated this word, believing whole-heartedly that if they said it enough, colleges would suddenly begin to look like a gigantic fingerprinting of races.

The idea has been forced into the rôle of most important item on the agenda for today's college campuses. Even conservative Davidson has fallen in behind the diversity banner, bringing to its campus a speaker so upset with the English language that she replaced the word heroine with the word shero.

And diversity is a fine idea. Certainly, as Johnetta Cole indicated in her address, colleges and the world can "draw on the talents, sensitivities, and the plain old smarts of all our people."

Chris Frampton

## Diversity or segregation?

But why now? Is this the battle that remains to be fought in terms of equal rights for all members of American society? Possibly. But are there positive results to the active minority recruitment that has become so popular? Maybe not.

Certainly people deserving of an education but restricted financially have been given an opportunity they might never have had as a result of this trend. But, obviously, not all minorities are poor, so why would they want to come to Davidson?

The answers are at first obvious: a first rate education, an excellent faculty, strong facilities. But what then? Most students ca-

pable of getting into Davidson are well-tooled enough to attend institutions of a similar stature. So, if you are a minority, ethnic or otherwise, why come to a traditionally white, traditionally male, traditionally Christian institution?

It is a question that is on the minds of many college administrators. The answer seems to be along these lines: "Because we have a black student center, because we give a large number of minority scholarships, because we will cater to your needs." But the result of such a response may well be dangerous. In a recent report on "Sixty Minutes," students, black and white, at Duke University were asked about their campus and the

amount of interracial interaction that took place. The answer was none. The reason? The report suggested that the answer may lie in the university's treatment of minorities. In its efforts to attract the finest minority students in the country, Duke has all but built a wall between the black and white students by building separate facilities for minorities, in some cases lowering their entrance requirements, and setting up a separate counseling center. The result: Blacks feel stigmatized and cut off from the white population.

And this is a problem at Davidson. Last year, a black student responded to the question of why he was a member of a committee by saying, "Because I am black." The look that followed seemed to say, "What are you, an idiot?" Last week Travis and

Rafael wrote that most white students do not talk to them unless they were drunk. They claimed that teachers ignore them in class. Almost every black student on campus is a member of the BSC and those that are not often times appear to be pressured into joining. This doesn't appear to be diversity. It seems that blacks have begun to officially segregate themselves. Why? Possibly they feel that they are integrated in appearances only. Possibly. Not even one percent of Davidson's fraternity members are black.

So are appearances correct? One question seems to stand out: is the admissions office's policy of minority recruitment beneficial to the college at the expense of those it claims to help? Hopefully not. Hopefully the answer will become an unwavering no.

As I See It: Tom Norwood  
The media lacks morals.

I've been angry at the media lately. I shouldn't say lately, because I'm always angry at the media. The media has no conscience. They do not care who they trample to sell papers or to boost ratings. They defend their ruthlessness by saying that people need to be informed. I agree that people have the right to know what is going on in the world, but at some point you have to draw the line. Many times the public's right to know should give way to common decency towards those who are involved with the news. Not everything is news-worthy.

For instance, a few weeks ago all the major networks showed a dead American pilot's naked body being paraded through the streets of Somalia. The family had not even been informed of the pilot's death before the tape was played for the whole world to see. Imagine if you were the mother of that pilot, and you saw your son's naked body being paraded through the streets of Somalia. His death would be hard enough, but to find out in this way would be horrible. "It's news-worthy," they cry. It may be, but the networks should have had the decency to



wait until the family was notified.

But decency is a word that the media does not understand. They are innately heartless. Don Henley says it all in his song about the media called "Dirty Laundry." "You got the bubble-headed bleach who comes on at five. She'll tell you about the plane crash with a gleam in her eye. It's interesting when people die. We love dirty laundry."

Later in that same song Henley says, "Kick 'em when their up, kick 'em when their down."

Rick Thurmond

## Ah, the 'braire, my beloved locale.

They say that when writing, you should write about what you know. I know beer. Way overdone. I know Beavis. Also overdone. I know my parents pretty well, but I stopped writing about them in high school. I know sleep but what can you write about sleep? I know cigars but who ever heard about writing a column on cigars? I do know one other thing and if you're like me (if you're not, you're either a complete dork or really cool. I can't figure out which), you know it too.

Being a senior at Davidson, which is bound to happen as long as you take your core requirements, I know the library pretty damn well.

Home of CHAL and the soothing-in-a-nauseating-sort-of-way green carpet, the place where you can read *Rolling Stone* and *Sports Illustrated* without paying for a subscription, nap haven, clean bathrooms, and rows and rows of books that have not been checked out since 1963, except for the ones I need. But E.H. Little is much more than all that. If you think about it, which you probably have not because it won't be on the test, the library is Davidson. A microcosm if you will. When you first walk in the double doors, you immediately see... more double doors. This part I have not figured out yet,

but there's got to be something there. Then you see these reception desks manned by very friendly librarian-type people. Look to the left, and you see more people talking at the desk or at the tables. It's just like Davidson.

At first glance, it and its people are very personable and approachable, often smiling, and say "hi" to you even if they've never seen you before. At first, the library even smells good. Look to the right and there's more people engaged in amiable conversation. Just kind of passing the time in the guise of being tutored in math.

A little further to the right (the microcosm continues), though, and you see stairs. Stairs going up and stairs going down. You see, because this not being graded, I can get away with this sentence fragment thing. And of course you go up the stairs first (Unless you're me--I take the elevator). Besides; all the cool people are upstairs anyway, meaning me.

So now you're on the second floor. Welcome to the party floor of E.H. Little. If they were going to put a keg anywhere in the 'braire, it'd be up here, either on the balcony or in the smoking lounge. The alternative table could be by the newspapers. And they could put the... but enough dreaming. Up

A good example of this is Michael Jordan. The media loves to probe in his private life, and when his father died they had a field day. They asked classy questions such as, "How do you feel right now?" and "Does your gambling have anything to do with your father's death?" I don't care about the public's right to know; let the man be. I'm going to stop bitching now, because it is pointless.

The media will never change. It is the nature of the beast.

On this floor, you still have some kind of connection to the outside world through the big windows. You can even watch the football games when they get inside the twenty yard lines.

There's people studying up here, but there's just as many students talking, mostly about what they're going to do when they leave the library. But they also spend a lot of time discussing, i.e. bitching about, work.

(You've heard them, "I've got three tests and two papers this week!" Like nobody else does? Like you're the only one enrolled in classes at this school? Why don't you shut the hell up and get something done instead of talking, i.e. bitching, about it all the time? That's what I want to say to them.)

Have you ever noticed that more people study with walkmans on the second floor? I know people that leave their rooms to take study breaks on the second floor of the library. I know a guy that had a date once on the second floor. She stood him up.

Which, of course, brings me to the basement. Even though nobody really wants to, everybody usually makes it down there at one time or another for one reason or another. For me, it's usually because I forgot to hit the 1 button in the elevator. When it all comes down to it (can that actually happen?) the basement represents the heart and soul,

Gull's Nest: Bill Gullan  
Sports are a vital part of America.

As Russell Baker once wrote, "In America, it is sport that is the opiate of the masses." This is truer than even Baker could have known. People to whom sports is a second religion are belittled frequently. "It's only a game," could be the most often used expression we have, and it's always said with seriousness and scorn. But let's put it this way: What other hobby has taken on such an obsessive role in our society? Why do grown men playing little boy games strike such a receptive chord for us? Why were there thousands of drunken Charlotteans downtown last week celebrating the birth of the Panthers? Why would I kick a water fountain and hurt myself over a stinkin' baseball game?

Larger than life heroes, unfathomable

*"After the game is over and the field is cleared, we'll all like each other a lot more."*

upsets, the thrill of victory, and the agony of defeat. Don't these images bring something personal to everyone's mind? My larger than life hero was Phillies third baseman Mike Schmidt. My favorite photograph from my childhood (other than the one of me naked on the swing) was taken by my mother in Clearwater, Florida around 1981. Yes, we used to plan our spring vacations around Phillies spring training! Anyhow, Schmidt was number 20, and I had a little red Schmidt jersey on my skinny (!) eight year old body. He was in a batting cage practicing the swing that produced over 500 home runs. It was big Mike Schmidt wearing number 20 in the batting cage and little Bill Gullan wearing number 20 watching him practice. If I do say so myself, it was, darling! We went to Clearwater every spring, when the hopeful cries of "Wait 'til next year" were turning into dreams of the World Series. All of the players were when I was an impressionable freshman, and when Frampton was allowed in Chambers. What great memories.

So you see, sports is a vital part of our private lives past and present. It also provides a common bond I share with all Philadelphians, or all Davidsonians. "So we'll, root, root, root for the home team. If they don't win it's a shame..." After the game is over and the field is cleared, we'll all like each other a lot more, and we'll know that even though the same exact thing will never happen again, we were privileged to see it, be a part of it, and live it.