

Sock wrestling and capes: Kate Fiedler, Union Board President

BY DEREK LOH
Arts and Living Editor

She's a junior English major and Spanish Minor, a Terry Fellow, a Davidson Ambassador, a member of the ODK and Honor councils, and a husky Rusky. With the vice presidential help of Mbye Njie '04 and Vincent Benjamin '04, Kate Fiedler '03 is our Union Board President and one of the busiest people on campus. When she's not participating in one of these organizations, she's probably cheering for the tennis teams, going to Westminster Fellowship, or putting her hair in pigtails. I sat down with Kate for this interview and a lunch of the Cafe's new chicken fingers.



Captain Kate: the president of the Union Board

DL: Kate, you run around campus wearing this cape. If people don't know your name, they know you as Cape Girl. What's the deal?
KF: When I was on the Board organization

as a freshman and sophomore, we thought it would be cool to wear capes while doing RAKs, random acts of kindness, like giving out Hershey kisses in the Union. It started off as a joke spring semester 2000. When we came back in the fall of 2000, Karen Sweeney,

Joy Gerdy, Alexis Boehmler... they went to Wal-Mart, bought cheap fabric, and made the whole board capes. It was like magic. So we all wore our capes during orientation and during RAKs. It faded out for most, but I had a special connection with my cape. I preserved it and continue to use it for random acts of Kate.

DL: Now that we got the cape cleared up, what is this sock wrestling?

KF: It's my favorite study break. I'm dominant.

DL: Ok, but what is sock wrestling?

KF: Have you done it?

DL: No.

KF: Ok, it's this "sport" when everyone puts on a pair of socks, and you try to take the socks off the other competitors while keeping yours on. Great in a single match, better with

a large group. Aaron "Beef" Snethen, a senior last year, lifted me upside down last year, but he still couldn't get my sock off, and I won!

DL: Congrats. So are there any plans for sock wrestling in the Union?

KF: Most definitely. You've seen March Madness with the basketball tournament. We at the Union may create our own May

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- Kate Fiedler '03

Madness with various methods of release during exams.

DL: And what are these various methods of release?

KF: It's a secret. I can't tell.

DL: Well, what Union plans can you tell me about?

KF: We're still working on a concert in May... we're hoping. Eddie from Ohio is going to put on a show, in Duke [Performance Hall] during Spring Frolics. We're showing *The Royal Tenenbaums* soon, and I think *Monsters, Inc.* too. Of course, there'll be Spring Frolics, and we're working on a campus-wide capture-the-flag or hide and seek type thing. There'll be some cool

student performers, controversial speakers, the usual stuff. If you have any ideas, let us know. We're open and ready for more.

DL: I'm sure you are, Kate.

KF: See! That's bad. I don't even realize when I'm saying these things.

DL: No, apparently you don't. On a more serious note, what do you want to do differently with the Union? And what excites you about your position?

KF: The course of this past summer proved for me that Davidson is the community that's really there for me. Other communities were not there to support me as I had hoped and expected. Davidson stepped up to the challenge like I never imagined. Through the Union, and more importantly through fun and laughter, I want Davidson to be a strong, lasting community for all it touches. Community is my goal. I think a lot of us take the work too seriously and forget that we're just college kids and that we should be having more fun and building true relationships. As for what excites me... Everything concerning big plans is still up in the air, but what really excites me is that the Board has a lot of energy. We're ready to ROCK the Union. Hope campus is ready for the ride.

DL: Thanks for your time, Kate.

KF: Thank you. Oh, and make sure everyone knows I live in Little 104 and my phone extension is 5389. Don't be a stranger.

Trust me: she means that. Check out the *Crier*, the social calendar, and the Union Board's Events Calendar for more information on Union events.

Feminism and Davidson

BY BETH VAZQUEZ
Special Contributor

I've begun to ask myself questions about what it means to be a Davidson student, a feminist, and a nineteen-year-old woman in love with a twenty-one-year-old man. I know it must be possible to be all of these things at one time and in one place, but too often it seems like one identity is sacrificed for another.

I learned early on during my time at Davidson that I can be a college student, full of mistakes and warped priorities, and a feminist.

Freshman year, I attended some political science lecture in the 900 Room of the former student union. A freshman boy who sat in front of me must have overheard my conversation, the content of which I have since forgotten. He turned around and lifted my ankle-length skirt to my knees.

"No combat boots?" he asked.

"No."

"I know you're a feminazi." He smiled.

I am not a feminazi; I in no way associate the feminist movement with racism and mass genocide. But I am a feminist and it usually feels right, even when others misunderstand me.

What does it mean to be a feminist anyway? I'm sure there are many different ways that the men and women at Davidson understand feminism, and that's okay. It has taken me quite some time to understand that feminism is about supporting women to make their own choices. It is about respecting men and women as equal partners in this world. It is an ideology, a way of thinking and using language, and a movement that seeks to educate and raise awareness among everyone.

But no matter how much I believe in feminism and commit myself to learning, discussing, and raising awareness among my peers, there are times when my actions cause me to question my own identity and beliefs.

I missed my eight-thirty Religion class one morning this semester to wash, dry, and fold

my boyfriend's laundry. I felt awkward, waking towards his Main Street apartment with two oversized L.L. Bean duffels stuffed with his clean clothes. I felt like I couldn't both do something nice for my boyfriend and be a "good" feminist.

Ridiculous!

It's hard, sometimes, to recognize when we are misguided by our own political convictions. No, I shouldn't have missed class, but by choosing to help someone, man or woman, to complete some task doesn't mean I'm abandoning feminism and the ways I try to live my life in accordance with my understanding of what that means. Doing something nice for someone I love makes me happy and that's a huge part of what feminism means to me—it's about men and women making choices that make them happy, regardless of who our culture says they can and cannot be, what they can and cannot do.

Having a male partner is also raising questions about how and why I need to live my own life first and foremost. I am frequently allowing this person to heavily influence my decisions, and my choices have become, in some sense, limited. A good friend reminded me that we need to be ourselves as fully and as best we can, regardless of whether or not we have a partner. This means we might make the decision to go abroad for a whole year, even if our partner stays in Davidson or studies somewhere else.

Being ourselves as best we can is not always easy, and it certainly takes practice. Being in love with someone is also huge and requires making some tough decisions. Sometimes it seems as though our lives are no more than containers of event and emotion that are constantly in disagreement. We need to stop running around and through the choices we are making at every second. Slow down. We need to give ourselves credit for doing all that we do and for trying to do what we know we should. We need to respect ourselves. We need to keep perspective.

This, too, is feminism.

Picasso not successful

BY DEREK LOH
Arts and Living Editor

I can't quite figure it out. Something bothered me. Something rubbed me the wrong way. I don't think that the Davidson production of *Picasso at the Lapin Agile* was entirely successful, but I'm not sure what was wrong or missing or both.

Steve Martin's play imagines a meeting

between Picasso and Einstein (played by Cahit Ece and Parker Dixon, respectively) just shortly before the unveiling of their masterworks. The two young geniuses stumble across each other at a

French bar and discuss numerous subjects with the Lapin Agile's patrons and owners. They touch upon ideas of sexuality, love, genius, and urination.

Martin and the actors handle this mature material well, giving it just enough comedy to hold our interest while keeping the subject firmly intellectual. In this way, *Picasso* was more than appropriate for a Davidson audience.

What I like most about Steve Martin's text is its freedom. When the walls of the bar disappear and the characters find themselves surrounded by stars, I felt a small sense of exhilaration. *Picasso at the Lapin Agile* does not confine itself to reality; rather, it sets itself free with its ideas and humor. Kudos to Professor Joe Gardner for his set design.

I do not know any of the actors in *Picasso*

well, but like everyone else on this campus, I see many of them everyday walking to class, sitting in the library, smoking a cigarette outside Chambers. "Knowing" the actors in these contexts, I appreciated their already fine performances and effort even more. A visiting actor and Davidson alum, Graham Smith is obviously an exception to this appreciation. He was, of course, wonderful as the somewhat chauvinistic Gaston, who we gather to

be a regular at the Lapin.

Despite my appreciation of their acting, I call into question the casting. While the owners of the bar were my two favorite characters—and as played by Thomas Mills and



Cahit Ece '04 and Parker Dixon '03 of *Picasso at the Lapin Agile*

Molly Shaw, my two favorite performances—I did not feel the two actors worked well together as a couple.

Perhaps Mills was too physically imposing to play submissive to Shaw. But given the small audition pool at Davidson, this complaint is merely a quibble. (Also, I commend Shaw for her line change at the end of the play.)

Still, I am unable to place my finger on *Picasso's* shortcomings. It is funny, thoughtful, entertaining, well acted: it has all the characteristics of a "good" play, yet it somehow comes short.

Perhaps it works better when read, rather than acted. Either way, it was a fine attempt, and in my opinion, an improvement over the department's last production, *Boy Gets Girl*, at least in terms of material.