

**Back from France:**  
Chris Frampton

**I've had a vision.**

Driving cross-country this summer, I passed a town claiming to have "the world's largest ball of string." Billboards announced the sight for miles—hundreds of miles, in fact. I think I was in Kansas, though I can't really be sure; Kansas, Missouri and the eastern part of Colorado look a lot alike.

Anyway, I've had a vision. Davidson needs to get some more insurance cash. We need to provide a supplemental flow of the juice so that we can absolve this silly no under-age drinking thing. The government—the one in Washington—won't give us some pretty important funds if we do, but if we can get money elsewhere, we don't need their stinking pig product.

So I have an idea. We can put up signs, billboards, big ones with flashing lights and stuff like that. Advertising what you may wonder; I'll tell you: the "World's Largest Bug Zapper!"

Yes, the new senior apartment, so beautifully named "F," may well be the world's largest bug zapper. Sure they don't die instantly, but they do die a slow, painful death, burned to a crisp under the heat of over 35,000 fluorescent lights.

But I've had another vision. When I first laid my eyes on the beautiful "F" building, I felt as if I had crossed over, or least into, a liminal state. A time of transition. Walking toward the building for the first time, I am sure I caught a glimpse of St. Peter, smiling broadly with a gigantic clip board in hand.

"Name, son?"  
"Harrison Roberts." I lied.  
"Welcome to Heaven, Harrison."

It probably wasn't fair to lie, but I know I wouldn't get in on my own, so I borrowed the Leprechaun's name. He's probably a little pissed off about it, faced with spending the rest of eternity in Hell. But what do I care; I'm an angel.

Speaking of eternity, it rhymes with fraternity. And I would make a transition into a discussion of those honored bastions of drugs, alcohol, and testosterone right now, but that might lead some to believe that Heaven and fraternities have something in common, which they don't.

Well, actually they do: brain dead people populate them. (Yes, I know the people in Heaven are all the way dead.) Thankfully, I am proud to count myself as a member of the brain dead. Now if that isn't a full-on endorsement for going Greek, I do not know what is.

Not that it matters, for I have seen the future of Davidson's fraternities and eating houses, and it is not a pretty sight. No, it is an ugly one, and it has a lot to do with a big dorm right in the middle of Patterson Court. This building is huge, as in they would tear down the houses. Oh, well, I will graduate soon enough. You freshmen won't, so welcome to Davidson.

Chris Frampton has been here awhile.

Before I arrived at Davidson, I imagined what it would be like. What it would feel like actually being around and knowing white people for the first time. I knew it would be different from my past, considering the fact that my high school was blacker than Davidson is white. I imagined white students calling me "nigger" and moving the the other side of the street when they saw me walking in their direction. I sincerely thought I would meet a lot of stuffy, over-privileged, self-serving, racist white people.

So, why did I come anyway? Probably because I felt the same way about the entire white population in this country and felt I should be exposed to it before I got out into the real world. Probably because I wanted to prove to myself that the stereotype about the black race being cognitively inept simply was not true, and I could do this by studying alongside those "superior" beings that I heard so much about. I can say now that my view is a bit different, but still not totally positive.

There was a time when being overtly racist was not only tolerated and accepted in this country, but enjoyed by almost everyone

**Chad Ossman**  
**Please,**  
**allow me to**  
**introduce**  
**myself.**

And so here I am. Who is this character who's quietly wormed his way onto the already-swollen and vacuous Opinions page? I'll try an introduction: "Lover of popular art and friend of iced teas everywhere, Chad Ossman hails from ..." No, I'll aim for something a little more long-form and hopefully more humble.

And so here I am. Having turned the proverbial page, I've found myself back at Davidson for a third year. Welcome or not, I've arrived with several unexpected possessions. I have a truly private place for the first time in my life: a single, my sanctum sanctorum. I may have the privilege of a steady voice and audience in *The Davidsonian*. I have recently been rendered unattached by forces I do not fully understand. I've conjured a rudimentary home studio for my guitar out of a jumble of lengths of cords and hunks of electronics. And, I have settled into a major, unfortunately after years of intense deliberation and a few more errors than trials.

And so here I am, wondering what exactly I am going to do with my new life at Davidson. So far, nothing extraordinary. Partying and tomcatting are not in my job description. My major is beginning to scare me, for I am a wash in reams of text, demanding professors, and classmates more intelligent and experienced than me. And meanwhile, somewhere in the murky nether regions of my brain, I have entertained visions of all the Pretty Girls flocking to woo the

**A Different Perspective:**  
Ike Bailey

**D**iscrimination:  
insensitivity is all around



who benefited from it. And even though we can see that times have changed, I'm not sure that they are necessarily better now. It is obvious that hatred towards us still exists—groups such as skinheads and the KKK constantly remind me of that. When I'm walking down the road, and someone in the passing car yells out "nigger," I am reminded. But what I see on this campus is a bit different.

An incident from my freshman year sheds light on this view. I remember walking on campus during the first week of school with a fellow underclassman who happened to be white. While we were walking, we were stopped by a senior male, and he greeted us both in that same inane manner that all Davidson students are known for. So, we engaged in a small conversation. First, he asked the guy I was walking with what he planned to major in, and of course

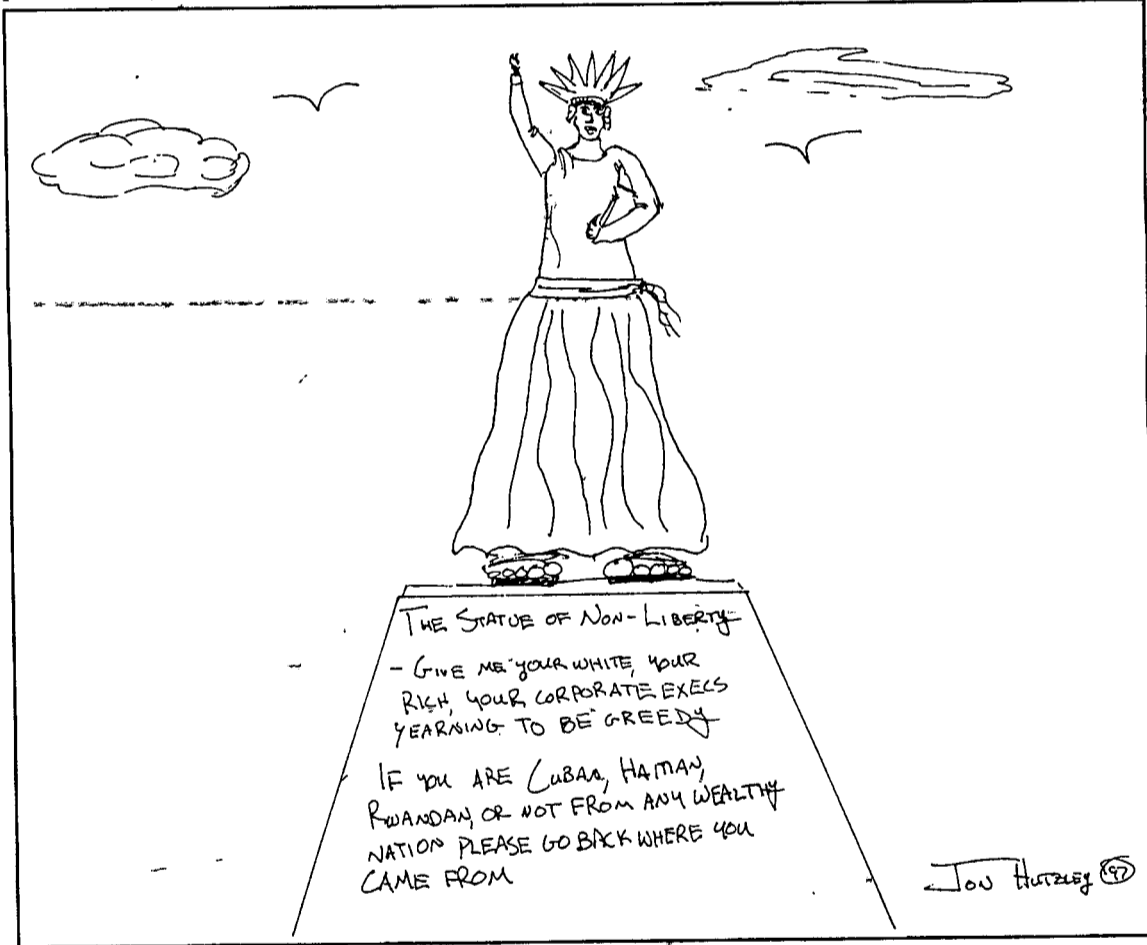
he gave some answer that suggested that he had not thought about it a great deal. Immediately, he turned to me and asked a question. But instead of asking me about my future major, he asked me what sport I played.

On the surface, that sounds pretty harmless, right? After all, I do play football. And here was some nice fellow, who probably did not have a racist bone in his body, caring enough to make me feel welcome. The reason this is even worth mentioning is not the fact that maybe I looked more athletic than the other guy, but simply because I then knew that this person was insensitive to my feelings—and my worth—without even knowing it. It's important because it shows that it is highly possible to discriminate without being racist.

Who do you see when I mention the word "drug-dealer?" Who

do you see when I mention the words "welfare recipient?" You probably see some big black guy and some lazy, pregnant black woman. You see this even though 70 percent of all drug users in this country are white. You see this even though there are twice as many white people living in poverty as blacks and Hispanics combined.

When do stereotypes play a major part in our lives? When we do not get to know anyone that is different from us, because then the stereotype is the only thing we have to go on. Just as I was ignorant to the fact that you can be a white person in this country without being racist, most students on this campus are ignorant to the fact that minorities on this campus are made to feel unwanted and disliked because of insensitivity, not necessarily because of some unwritten form of covert racism. When things get really bad for us on this campus, it is not when someone calls us a "nigger"—no student has yet to say that to me—but rather when people act as though I am some strictly physical being who got in because of affirmative action. In other words, you do not have to say "nigger" to say "nigger."



newly single—and therefore, intensely desirable—me. Needless to say, my single has been living up to its name.

And so here I am, scribbling my first Opinions column by hand (odd since I dearly love what I call Zen and the Art of Computer-Assisted Composition) and wondering if I can make a useful and authentic contribution to *The Davidsonian*. Perhaps I should end with a Grand Point, something like "Walk with God and you shall never fear losing volleyball again," or "beer is the consummate social lubricant, excepting perhaps the latex condom."

More likely I will attempt to carve out a rough narrative of Davidson from my perspective, peppered, of course, with all the contentious opinions and wry observations I can muster. Or, if I absolutely cannot think of anything to say, I can always make fun of Bill Gullan.

**Single Davidson Male seeks anything.**

27 min. continued from page 8

and say, "Hey, whatcha doing? You reviewing those crazy notes?" And at the court a guy can approach an inebriated girl and say, "Hey, whatcha doing? You spitting that crazy beer on my brand-new, white, \$127 Nike Air Max with the cushioned insole?"

Perhaps what Davidson needs is its very own personal classifieds! It could be right here in *The Davidsonian*. Students and professors of all ages can submit personal ads explaining their wants and needs in a relationship. Wow, I can see it

already:

Single Davidson Male seeks Single Davidson Female. She must like quiet walks through Chambers, exquisite candle light meals at the Commons, and really good fun in the VAC. No games, seven kids wanted.

Then again, maybe we should stick to the troublesome Davidson way. It's tradition, and if you're just clever and witty enough, you might find one of those mighty elusive relationships.

Maybe even for twenty seven minutes.

**Write for Opinions.**  
**Call Bobby at -2148**