

Giving Black to the Community

Editors' Note: Endsights is a column that will be appearing regularly in the Ink. This column is open to those brothers and sisters who have strong viewpoints and would like to share their thoughts with the readers.

This week's article was submitted by Carol Brown, a senior biology major from Winston-Salem.

What is "Giving Black to the Community"? Not only is it the catchy theme for the Black Student Movement's 25th Anniversary, it is also the whole spirit and philosophy of any African American at UNC—or it should be. This credo should be engrained in the minds and hearts of blacks everywhere, because any black person who does not actively contribute to the uplifting of the

black community is contributing to the strengthening of the existing American racist system.

Black Folk? Strengthening racism? UNC students do it every day when they (we) fail to serve the community outside of UNC. It is extremely easy to get caught up in our everyday "problems" (what to wear, hair that won't curl, girlfriends that don't call) and ignore the cries of the community. We must ask ourselves what the results are when we, the "elite, college educated Negroes" fail to give of ourselves to the people.

Programs such as Big Buddy, Ridgefield Action Project, tutorials and Environmental Education for Kids are designed to give participating children role models. To the kids, the buddies are godlike

figures who are in college and can do ANYTHING. What hope is to be gained if none of the superhuman, perfect, wonderful buddies are of the same cultural background as the kids? The blatant lack of black participation perpetuates one of the tenets of racism: some levels of greatness are reserved for certain people.

Unless the little folks have positive black people around them, one of two extremes may result. They will follow in the same path laid by others around them, losing self-confidence and pride with each step. Or they will grow up wanting to be the worst thing that any black child could ever aspire to be—white.

However, it is limiting to focus all of our energies on children. From the housekeepers movement

to visiting elders in nursing homes, there are several ways to give back to the community. We are losing the African part of our African-American culture. In African societies, the whole community is a family. Every individual is loved and protected. Why have we moved so far away from caring for one another? It is in this move that we hammer yet another nail into the wall of racism keeping us from attaining all of our greatness.

So what do we as UNC students do? First, we must take a wholistic view of the community. Accept the fact that we are one. In ignoring the problems and plights of our community, we are ignoring our own and personal problems. What affects one affects us all. Any sister or brother graduating from high

school with honors is a victory for us all, just like a brother or sister getting shot down in the street is a death for us all. We are Rodney King, Martin Luther King, Sonja Haynes Stone and Maya Angelou.

After acknowledging the oneness, make a commitment to use your talents to uplift some part of the community. This can be done as a group (BSM Gospel Choir) or on a one-to-one basis (Big Buddy, tutoring). Check with the Campus Y or the BCC. It's time to stop making excuses and become part of the solution. Don't hammer another nail into the wall of racism by doing nothing.

What not to do as a Freshman Sista...

Well, boys and girls, it's a new semester, a new year, and for all you unscrupulous upperclassmen brothers—a new crop of freshmen girls. That's right sistas, I'm talking about all you new arrivals to The Yard. Now don't look around like you don't know who I'm talking about, ladies, 'cause you all have that same look. It's that I-got-it-goin'-and-am-all-that-even-though-I-have-no-G.P.A.-credit-hours-social-standing-or-clue-that-I-look-this-way look.

It's okay, though those things will come in time—maybe. Meanwhile, I've been called upon to drop a few words of wisdom on you, so you don't wind up with the same look that you have now at the end of the year. I have a few basic rules in my Philosophy of The Yard, and even though I say this now, some of you will go out and break them anyway. But, that's your problem.

Rule No. 1: Do not—I repeat—do not become a greek fraternity sweetheart. "Why not?" you ask. Well, what I want to know is why!

What's the appeal? Be a frat ho...or just look like one. Forget about all that service to the community. As for respect? Oh, but no. Have your delusions of grandeur if you want to. If you ever do anything worthwhile for or with a frat, guess who'll get the credit. Now just put your hand down 'cause it won't be you. Enough said.

Rule No. 2: Please do not fall for these tired, and I do mean tired, lines these brothers will try to kick to you. I have a personal favorite. Perhaps you've already heard it. The one where the cute little

freshman guy tells you he's a virgin and wants you to be his first.

Okay sistas, please. First of all, aside from the fact that he's lyin' through his teeth, he's assuming that you've been around enough to have something to show him. I'd slap his face right then and there.

think I'm that way!" I'm not even going to address that first one. As for Mr. I'm So Different, if he were so different he wouldn't be using that same, tired line about how different he is.

Rule No. 3: Never let 'em see you sweat. I don't care how much a guy

Second of all, if he doesn't know what the hell he's doing, why would you want him anyway? So he can give you twenty seconds of confusion? I don't think so. Tell him to kiss your—well, be a lady, but get the point across.

Others include, "If I really loved my girlfriend, would I be here with you?" and "I'm different! I'm not 'most guys!' And I'm offended that you

has it goin' on, if he's so insecure that he needs you to sweat him, he ain't hardly all dat. Or, maybe you just ain't got it like that, in which case you'll look stupid sweatin' him anyway.

Rule No. 4: Don't latch onto an athlete thinking you'll be sharing his professional career with him because—guess what? You won't.

Rule No. 5: Never tell a guy your business. I'm telling you, they are as bad—if not worse—than girls when it comes to gossip. *I said,* they are as bad—if not worse—than girls when it comes to gossip. Trust me on this one. Behind every good rumor, there's a bad brother.

These are some very simple, easy-to-follow rules that won't keep people from talking about you, but will keep you from giving them something to talk about. Heed the message if you want, or do your own thang. Don't say I never told you though, 'cause if you mess up, that's your problem.



Karen Greene

DON'T SWEAT THE TECHNIQUE