

Hypocrisy: The more things change...

By Amber Fewell
Ink Staff Writer

I left home quite happily in August. I had been showered with praise during the months that I knew that I was headed to Chapel Hill for the dubious honor of being a Tar Heel. My scholarship money assured me a free ride at the University, so I sat back and vacationed the summer before I was to embark on my "remarkable" journey.

Aside from the gushing of my teachers and the silent pride of my father, I was also anticipating my entrance into the prestigious University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. After all, it was really where I had wanted to go all of my life.

Ignoring my friends' taunts about going to a "white" school, I prided myself on being the only

African-American to go to UNC from my county. Besides, I had every right to be there, too.

I heard many fabulous things during C-TOPS and Pre-O. I saw that UNC was a tolerant place, and proud of its great diversity (exhibited in the entertaining games and stimulating workshops C-TOPS gave us). I saw that my older brothers and sisters were an invincible unit and they were all on the lookout for us youngsters coming into "The Yard" (as indicated by Pre-O's lively discussions).

Yet my first few days of classes and the following weeks exposed a really different Carolina.

I saw a largely segregated campus with very few friendly faces priding me on being one of the parts of Carolina's "beautiful diversity." In addition, I saw the dreaded cliques

that I saw throughout my high school years. I heard the petty comments that I thought only came out of ignorant mouths.

I felt unwelcome (perhaps unnecessarily, but nevertheless, the vibe was there) at many places on campus, and was often "reduced" to remembering my lowly freshman status.

I did, however, see the Carolina that I had hoped for and had anticipated in the "unifying" events that have marked my first year here.

In the well-organized and motivational meetings of the Black Student Movement, I saw black people coming together and working things out.

The marches and other protests in which I participated, such as for the free-standing black cultural center and for the housekeepers. I saw

total unity and strength, the essence of Black Power.

A revolution has been started here, and it must continue on many levels. The manner in which we treat each other is a perfect place to begin. I would like to feel comfortable in the places supposedly "welcome for all" black students, but I don't.

I would like to say hello and smile at every sister or brother that I meet on campus without the feeling that I am being sized-up for criticism, but I often find that I am unable to.

I realize that this place is no nightmarish hole or some kind hell that I can never escape from; actually, I love it very much here.

I have learned valuable life lessons that I have carried home with me (such as not expecting too much,

never be too anxious about things, and always speak to your sisters and your brothers). I have also met wonderful people.

The way in which people operate on this campus, especially those in the black community, seems quite hypocritical to me. I do not understand how people can say one thing so fervently and act in a completely opposite manner.

It would be so much better for newcomers like me to see that people here actually do care about each other, instead of suspecting someone is stabbing another in the back.

Perhaps I'm overreacting, but I can't help pointing out the problem when I know that in the end it will bring us all down.

...the more things stay the same

By Chroonda Blocker
Ink Staff Writer

As I began to ready myself for the new adventures I would undertake, I began to wonder if going off to college was what I really wanted. I mean, there were some awfully good schools in my area, why not attend one of those?

I wanted to experience a new environment, and Carolina offered that to me, not to mention a scholarship.

I arrived at the University with illusions of a perfect life, and that's where I went wrong. I never gave myself a chance to see the imperfection in something I thought would be perfect.

Now, I've opened my eyes and as a freshman at this prestigious institute of higher learning where the black students are grossly misrepresented.

I found it where the black students are grossly misrepresented. I found it very exhilarating to be a part of the unity here. Until, that is, I realized that in some cases the

unity only lasts as long as the meetings, or rallies, etc.

It is utterly amazing how hypocritical some of the students on this campus are.

This does not in any way imply that this behavior is categorized only by blacks, but African-American students concern me the most.

Why is it that certain people will go out of their way to avoid their fellow brothers and sisters?

Maybe it's because some black people just aren't worthy enough. Or is it that some people only speak when it benefits them, and everyone else be damned?

I wonder.

I know that many students have come to this campus with different perceptions of what college would be like.

Some have prospered in this sometimes apathetic environment, while others have dropped their pre-conceived notions of an ideal "happy" world and coped. People always say that college is the "real world" and in some ways it is.

College certainly prepares you

for the cold shoulders and closed doors many of us will receive in the future.

Many students are taught that college will test every academic bone in their body, but are disillusioned about the rigors of maintaining a social life in college.

Sometimes, we as students feel that college is the ultimate test of life, and after we pass this test, things will only get better.

Maybe for some of us this is true, but for many of us this is just the beginning.

Will our decisions not to practice common courtesy be reflective of the kinds of lives we'll live?

When we lose our ability to care about the troubles of others, we lose our ability to truly care about ourselves.

Do we want to create a cold and scrupulous legacy for our future generations to inherit?

I ask you, what happens to a people that can no longer give a damn about one another?

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