



TRUTH BE TOLD? YOU TELL ME

by Roger A. Harris

Truth be told, it is very rare that a former student gets the opportunity to become the chancellor of his alma mater. That former student is Dr. Willis B. McLeod, our chancellor, and I challenge (no, I dare) anyone to question his passion of or commitment towards making FSU the number one university in the UNC system. But after almost two years at the helm, I think it is fair that we now try to assess his effectiveness as our leader. In short, are we a better or worse university since Dr. McLeod took over as chancellor? You tell me.

Truth be told, if it wasn't for the energy and passion of the freshman class (and generally

most students that live on campus), SAC, SGA, this newspaper, and most other campus organizations would be straight booty (for real). And it's no lie that most junior and senior students don't or won't adopt a freshman student (each one, teach one: ever heard that axiom?) to guide them through the past and present pitfalls that could delay, deny, or derail their successful exit from this university. Upper-classmen, as mentors, do we exist to eat or eat to exist? Is this question to deep for you (hope not)? You tell me.

Truth be told, I still can't understand why we can't average at least a paltry 300 student attendance at our home basketball and football games when we have at least 1000 students living on campus, almost 4000 students attending this university, and we all get in for free. This sad situation has nothing to do with winning or losing and everything to do with pride: Bronco Pride. Are we the shiznit or just a lot of clowns playing in it? You tell me.

Truth be told, the general perception in our surrounding communities is that for most intents and purposes, FSU either doesn't exist or is playing an outstanding role as the invisible man. No impact. Period (and for that matter, include our fraternal orders). You know (I hope) and I know (for sure) that this perception is more

but, in the end, Sally was told that she could not be both and that she had to choose.

What perturbed me was that, though Sally was living proof of what is known as a mulatto, Molly was insistent that Sally could not be such. Mulatto, as defined by the Oxford dictionary is, "a person of mixed white and black parentage." The dictionary makes it clear that interracial mixing is a reality; however, some members of our society still refuse to acknowledge the offspring of interracial unions. Why must one be forced to choose one half of his or her own heritage?

One may be tempted to ask why Sally chose to check the aforementioned categories instead of "mixed" or "other." The answer lies in the fact that mixed or other are very impersonal categories which do not give the sense of identification which is inherent in all of the other choices.

Tiger Woods, Masters golf champion, was recently given a lot of flak for the fact that he

myth than truth and more fancy than fact, but on the real and for most situations, perceptions are far more real than truth is relevant. Our chancellor is very aware of this perception and is taking direct aim at and making direct strides towards changing its circumstance. But as students, what are we doing about changing this perception (or is my take of this perception all wrong)?

"motive" lurkes behind every action we make or take in life like shadows lie in wait in the shade or at night

You tell me.

Truth be told, no matter how humble and revered our professors at this university may seem, you better believe, like Human League put it, "[they're] only human." My point is direct: professors can hold grudges, give you lower grades than what you earned, and do all the other malicious acts that we humans tend to do to each other. But you can gaffe the gafflers. Be on time, be on point, and keep copies of all your returned papers/tests/etc. so that when needed, you can defend your position when you're trying to prove your point. Is there a fallacy in my claim; has this situation happened to you (I hope not)? You tell me.

seemed to be denying his blackness when he said that he was not Black but indeed both Black and Thai. While I was in New York a few months ago, I was in a conversation with two friends of mine who both acknowledged that they were also upset with Woods. They attributed this to the fact that Woods' placement of the word "not" before the word "Black" was, to them, a denial of his blackness. Has this issue become a game of semantics? There are many ways to frame a sentence conveying the same idea, and I agree with Woods' use of the word "not," because the reality of the situation is that though he may always be considered Black, he can never be one without the other.

Woods and Sally are just two of a great many of our people who have had their lives plagued with unfair questions about their ethnic allegiances. This problem dates itself as far back as the days of slavery.

See Legacy pg. 3

Truth be told, on this campus if you're not in a "click" or down with a particular "set," then you are definitely "left out" of FSU's social scene. That's sad. We don't talk enough to each other, take enough time out for each other, or take full account of our responsibilities and actions to each other (myself included). And our united apathy effects everything from campus crime

self intellectually, spiritually, and consciously, then you have no one to blame but yourself when you get vicked like vapor rubs. Racism is alive, bigotry is well, and their protracted war in -america is not yet over because we cannot yet simply be. Paranoia? Realism? Schizophrenia? You tell me.

Truth be told, inquiring minds want to know why students who know they will not attend sporting events are still charged an athletic fee (especially considering that these fees are due to increase to save an athletic department that is some 300 G's in the red); why FSU can't seem to clear the approval of a minor in African-american studies even though we have the classes to support its attainment; why we have class presidents and Mr./Miss FSU's when the positions don't require them to do anything (other than vogue at selected university and community functions); why dormitory ceilings are crashing down on students heads two years after more than \$6 million was spent on dormitory renovations. Concerning these concerns, is there a need for clarification? You tell me.

From preacher to pauper to player to pimp to politician to prince to punk to queen to everyone else who falls in between, "motive" lurkes behind every act or action we make

see Truth pg. 11

THE SLAVE MASTER'S LEGACY

by Jason Arthur

Recently, while conducting some private business of my own, I was privy to a conversation between an FSU staff member and a fellow female student, the contents of which perturbed me greatly. The girl, hereafter referred to as Sally, had decided to avail herself of one the many services provided by the University College and as procedure demanded, she had to fill out a form detailing personal information before she could do so. She then handed the said form to the staff member, hereafter referred to as Molly, who then proceeded to look it over for any errors. Molly immediately noticed that Sally had checked off the categories "Black" and "White" in answering the question about her ethnicity. A slight disagreement followed,

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