

## The Tar Heel

## Know how to avoid a case of the 'B. A. Blues'

By VIRGINIA MOORE

My decision to transfer to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill was not a wholly happy one at the time I made it in March 1982.

I was sitting in my dorm room in Evanston, Illinois, watching a beautiful white blizzard rage outside. I like snow and had not tired of the novelty of the Chicago winters. Nor the Cubs. Nor the Wildcat football team which I supported in its attempt to become the worst overall football team in the recorded history of the sport.

I wasn't particularly thrilled when my father called and said that my transfer application had been accepted. Oh no, I thought. I really do have to go.

And here I was, in August of 1982, signing up for classes, eating in Chapel Hill restaurants and catching up with some Wildcat booster buddies who had transferred down. That fall I settled into a pattern of school, debate and home life, which was centered around memorizing commercials on TV between reruns of "M\*A\*S\*H" and "Quincy."

I had been worried about transferring to a large school where every class is held in an auditorium with 500 students. And I wanted to take a language. Hoping for a small class, I walked over to the Slavic department. Hmm, I thought. Slav 107. I asked politely at the desk what language was being taught, seeing that a number of exotic ones were listed under the course heading.

"I think Victor is doing Turkish this year," said the desk attendant.

Now, wouldn't that be a blast, I thought. A language, without having to go through language lab. Meets at 2 p.m. It sounded ideal.

Little did I realize what I was getting myself into. There were seven of us in Turkish class that semester. The next year, Victor taught Albanian instead.

Who would take these kinds of courses? People who don't want the boring, run-of-the-mill existence (and courseload) of the typical

collegian. People like me. I took that course with seven people, and my others had no more than 30.

Where were most of the boys and girls at Carolina going for their education? I can't tell you where they were. I wasn't going out to meet them and they weren't coming to my apartment to meet me. I was waiting for the "action train," but I didn't realize I was the conductor. Besides, I never wanted to come here in the first place. I had a bad case of the BA blues. Bad Attitude, that is.

My first Christmas home was rough. I had to face myself and realize that I was the one who had to make my life at Carolina work. And since I wasn't going to transfer anywhere else, I better get my act together. I went back in January resolved to be a better student, to give people a chance and to get involved in at least one on-campus activity.

As I strolled through the Union one day, I saw a girl sitting at a table marked "Crew." Half interested, I

asked when they practiced. She said they ran at 6 a.m. I had momentary and fleeting visions of changing my life into a daylight-oriented schedule, but had to admit quickly that I would never be happy. Besides, who could consider themselves sane when they chose to get up at 5:30 a.m. to meet a bunch of other masochists in the cold January morning. I don't even like running.

Turning away, I saw another sign. Women's Rugby. Another novelty. Oh, well, I'll see.

I went to their meeting with all my usual fears and insecurities. They were already a clique and I was obviously not a member, at least not yet. But I wanted to get some exercise and this seemed worth trying. They practiced in the afternoon, which was much more to my taste.

Thus my transformation began. I met people in my classes and started getting to know them. I was still spending most of my Saturday nights watching "Love Boat" and I sang commercials which I knew by heart.

I began my second year down here by moving to Carrboro with a German girl I'd met in Turkish class. I continued to play rugby and meet more people and we had a rule: no TV. There wasn't even one in the house. Occasionally I would sneak to the Union for "General Hospital", but that was a minor weakness.

There are a few things I've done that most people don't. I fell upon some events and classes seemingly at random, but there seemed to be some kind of cosmic order at work. Unfortunately, not enough people know about the interesting courses and they get too confined in thinking about jobs and money. My wise old papa says people come to him with MBA's wanting a job in his business and they don't know nothing about the way business works. In fact, says he, they get uppity because they think they do know. They've been told this is right and that's wrong and this is how you do it. My papa would rather just see a trainable, likeable person walk in who doesn't have their head

up their . . . And I guess that's what I think as well.

To my mind, being a maniacal student is just as bad as being a sloth. There is enough time for many things in the course of a day: studying, socializing, sleeping, eating, playing. I went through all the stages of being a "good" as well as a "bad" student, happy and sad with my place in studenthood, in humanity. University life is no more real or absurd than any other aspect of living. Some people say Chapel Hill is not the real world. You may think it absurd or wonderful or meaningful, but chances are you will take it seriously. But, like all other things, college is just one more way to spend some time on your way to old age.

So sit on the steps of Lenoir or Alumni Hall. Take Slav 107. Victor is teaching Georgian this year. (That doesn't mean our peach and peanut cousins to the south speak a different language. Georgian is the language that Stalin spoke, coming out of the Georgian province in the Caucasus.)

MORE ADVENTURE THAN  
A BLIND DATE.

For Information  
Call Collect  
Major Joe Sebes  
(919) 684-5895

Can you picture yourself swinging down a cliff? Or shooting the rapids? Or crossing a river using only a rope and your own two hands?

You'll have a chance to do all this and more in Army ROTC.

Adventure training like this helps you develop many of the qualities you'll need as an Army officer.

Qualities like self-confidence. Stamina. And the ability to perform under pressure.

If you'd like to find out more, make a date to see your Army ROTC Professor of Military Science.

**ARMY ROTC.  
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**

Introductory Class  
Each Wednesday at 3:30 PM  
Room 107 Hanes Hall

Running &  
Racquet  
Sports

SUMMER CLEARANCE

**Tennis Wear**  
by L.P. Sports  
**Adidas • Boast**  
**10%-20% OFF**  
**Tennis Rackets**  
by Prince  
**20% OFF**  
**Shoes**  
by Converse  
**10%-30% OFF**  
Many other specials  
Willow Creek  
Shopping Center  
54 By-Pass &  
Jones Ferry Rd.  
967-3378