

## THIS WEEK AT ELON

### Tonight

■ SUB Comedian: Kevin Hughes, Second Floor McEwen, 8 p.m.

### Saturday

■ Baseball, Elon vs. Bluefield State, Home 1:00 p.m. Double-Header  
 ■ SUB Singer: David Harris, Back Door, 8:00 p.m.

### Sunday

■ Men's Tennis, Armstrong State, Home 12:30 p.m.  
 ■ Baseball: Elon vs. Salem-Taikyo, Home 1:00 p.m.  
 Double Header  
 ■ Golf, Huntington Invitational, Wynns Lake Country Club, Away, Moontgomery, AL. (March 1-3)  
 ■ Catholic Mass by Cathy Rusin, Large Lounge, Long Student Center, 6:30 p.m.

### Monday

■ Greensboro Invitational, Bryan Park Golf Club, Away, Greensboro, (also Tuesday March 3)  
 ■ Women's Tennis, Elon vs Davidson College, Away, 2:30 p.m.  
 ■ Baseball, Elon vs. Barton College, Away, 3:00 p.m.

### Tuesday

■ College Chapel by Richard McBride, Whitley, 9:30 a.m.-10:00 a.m.  
 ■ Softball, Elon vs. Methodist College, Away 3:00 p.m.

### Wednesday

■ Baseball, Elon vs North Carolina A & T, Home, 3:00 p.m.  
 ■ Men's Tennis, Elon vs Barton College, Home, 3:00 p.m.  
 ■ Catholic Campus Ministry Night, Haggard Ave. House, 6:30 p.m.- 7:45 p.m.  
 ■ Arcady- Traditional Irish Music Concert, Fine Arts, 8 p.m., Admission by ticket only: \$10.00 or Elon I.D.

### Thursday

■ Softball, Elon vs UNC-Greensboro, Away, 2:30 p.m.  
 ■ SUB Movie: City Slickers, Whitley 8:00 p.m.  
 ■ College Coffee, Scott Plaza, 9:30 - 10:00 a.m.



## Discrimination

### All the world's hate is fed by ignorance

For most, the Christmas holidays seem like years ago. Many a warm "spring" day has helped us get over the hump from Winter Break to Spring Break. But for me, not all of the chill has left the air. My thoughts often bring me back to a cold, windy evening that no spring breeze can carry away.

While in Atlanta for New Year's Eve, I had an experience for which no college, university or institution could prepare me. There are no required courses to help me deal with my situation, nor could there be. Though men and women of color have dealt with my experience for centuries, there is no cure, no remedy, and certainly no advice to pass down to victims of racism. And on December 31, 1991 at a BP gas station in downtown Atlanta, racism reared its ugly head. I happened to catch a glimpse.

Now, before you turn the page on what you think to be another unfortunate tale of minority woes, I'll add a twist: I'm a white male.

My mother and father never warned me to be aware of racism. They always told me to be kind to minorities because they have walked a tough road. They encouraged me to give everyone respect, and respect would come my way. Well somewhere along the way I must have slipped.

When I stretched out my hand to greet a black man in Atlanta, I was refused. His words: "I don't shake with caucasians."

No, I wasn't beat up or called names like many victims of racism, but I was denied respect. That hurts a lot worse than a bloody nose. For the first time in my life, I was extremely aware of my race. All of the evil of my forefathers brought to this man's color showed that minute, in his face and in his words. He had no problem with me. He had a problem with his life, his community and his world. He had a problem of always being aware of his race. He had a problem of playing his

role in a white world. And I sure as hell can't blame him.

My first reaction was utter amazement. I was thrown off guard. I waited for an explanation, even asked for one, but there was no explaining that night. He was gone before I could tell him I understood and that I hated racism, too. I didn't understand. I will never know his position. I know the feeling. It is an empty, blank sensation that no one should ever discover.

As I reflect on that moment, my attitude has changed to anger. Not at him. That would be too easy. My anger is directed at a society that tells me these experiences, these emotions, are extinct. Racism has not faded away. It now thrives on secrecy and doubt. It feeds on neglect and half-truths. Racism needs to be noticed, again. We must realize that the most painful blow comes from a force unseen.

This column was not written in an attempt to frighten or anger anyone, but to serve as a conscience alarm clock. Simply put, much of today's generation feels that racism was successfully dealt with in the 1960's, that it is no longer a problem.

Well, racism never was a problem for any white generation, but it may be. Racism is undeniably colorblind. It is not white vs. black or yellow vs. green, but against all. All of the world's hate is fed by ignorance.

## Racial issues can be seen in a new light

During Winter Term, I was fortunate to work with a group of students who enabled me to see racial issues in a new light. They

helped me understand how my myopia blinds me to the experiences of others and helps maintain the racial injustice that exist in our society.



STEVE BRAYE

I see evidence of my myopia on our campus, as well. In January, our campus chose not to celebrate the national holiday honoring Martin Luther King.

This month, Black History Month, no specific campus event honors the contributions of Blacks to our culture and society. By themselves, these two events may seem unimportant. But as part of an overall "way of seeing," a pattern of vision, they reflect our own shortsightedness with regards to multiculturalism. We fail to see how our monocultural beliefs are realized in our day to day social, educational, and political structures and how these structures fail to serve minority groups. Instead of integrating multicultural experiences into these structures, we abdicate responsibility to campus minority associations such as the Black Cultural Society, who must provide such experiences for us.

I hope that people on this campus of every color take time to understand why we need to celebrate Black History Month. I hope we recognize the patterns of history that have marginalized people of color. Black History Month provides us the opportunity to shed our skin and experience life from another perspective, to learn about those whose life is radically different than our own. My ancestors were not slaves. They were not brought to this country by force. They were neither lynched, segregated nor spat upon. But I can learn a great deal from examining black experiences. I can learn how our

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