

OPINION

Whines & Gripes

collected by Sarah Gregory

Dear Apartment-mate, use a plate every time you microwave your food. No one wants to clean up after you.

Who in the hell runs all of these MCG Twitter accounts?

I understand that Alice was a big deal, but camping in line for four hours before the doors open was ridiculous.

There's no need to gasp when a male steps foot on campus.

Seeing your green hair reminds me of my high school days. You are in college now. It is time to grow up.

Sorry, I don't like the Sound of Music. Singing nuns aren't one my favorite things.

You decided to attend this college. Stop talking smack.

Just because I go to Meredith does not mean I want to be addressed as "ma'am," or "lady." The binary gender system does not fit everyone. It is time to think about the "T" in LGBT.

Am I the only Meredith student who doesn't watch The Bachelor?

No matter how many times you try that recipe, it will never look like the picture on Pinterest.

Let's admit it. I want to hang out with some of my professors after seeing them perform in Alice.

If I were your wedding planner, I might kill myself.

When I hear Meredith College get called an "all girls school," especially by a student, all I can do is SMH.

Why did you bring your boyfriend to Alice?

Since when did maroon gowns become Meredith's tradition?

Stop griping about the maroon graduation gowns.

I'm gonna commit to be fit, but right after I eat this delicious Chick-Fil-A sandwich.

Downtown Sports Bar used to be fun before all of the people with fake I.D.'s started getting in.

Where do I even pick up a Herald?

A Subtle Hypocrisy

Suzanne Britt, Advisor



image via www.history.com

When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. said, "I have a dream," he was not kidding. His vision was inspiring. His message arrived not a minute too soon and much too late. Racial injustice is contemptible, and he knew it. But something odd happened on the way to the realization of Dr. King's dream. The dream turned into tiresome tributes to King's memory, not, as I believe he intended, into a radical vision for the citizens of the United States. Rev. Al Sharpton, the sharpest tongue on MSNBC, upbraided a Congressman

for launching into the usual sentimental, even maudlin, tribute to Dr. King. Sharpton wanted to know why we aren't applying King's message to this day, right now.

Instead of taking action, as King advocated, we have turned him into an icon. In this way, we can pay tribute to the oppressed without having to do anything. I watched the straggly crowd making their so-called "march" through downtown Raleigh. The group, mostly black, with a smattering of whites, had no place to go and so went nowhere. People my age well remember the assassination of Dr. King, on April 4, 1968, the year I graduated from college. I remember how shaken I was. I remember that I actually believed that Dr. King's bold message would galvanize the nation. And in a way, the dream came true, at least officially. Civil rights, affirmative action, an emphasis on diversity—all these became the mantras of subsequent generations. But dreams can turn into weird nightmares that stay with you the next day, making you feel a little creepy and out of sorts.

Since 1976, U.S. Presidents have designated February as Black History Month. These well-intentioned efforts have produced a nation in which citizens ease their consciences by paying temporary tribute to those who have lived

their entire lives in the shadow of bigotry. I love Morgan Freeman and was pleased when he expressed disdain for the hypocrisy of Black History Month. We have paid "tribute" to other victims of injustice by the same devious method: March is Women's History Month; May is Asian Pacific American Heritage Month; September 15th to October 15th is Hispanic Heritage Month; November is American Indian Heritage Month. Sound suspicious? It is. Any group that is neglected all year and suddenly celebrated is right to feel offended, not honored. Tokenism is a subtle hypocrisy. A man once told me, "I don't think women are equal to men. I think women are better!" He was very pleased with himself, but my heart sank. He didn't get it. He would never get it.

Dr. King's dream is about today, not yesterday. When he died, I was 22. In February, I will be 66. This weekend I watched the South Carolina primary. White males vied for the nomination. Yes, a few token blacks appeared as commentators, government officials, or campaign workers, but I did not see a single person of color in the crowds. I kept looking for a Native American, a Latino, an Asian, but the crowds for each candidate looked like—how shall I put it?—like the frat boys and sorority girls of my generation. It was a nightmare.

Just Another Day in February

Emily Gamiel, Co-Editor

On February 14th, the world goes crazy. Balloons, flowers, candy and cards proclaim love all around the world. Chocolate-covered cherries, sugar-coated and heart-shaped Peeps, red, pink and white M & Ms and conversation hearts all line the shelves of every Harris Teeter and Target. Humongous cards rest in Hallmark display windows, and stuffed bears appear at every other store around the Triangle. It's a florist's most hectic day and a single person's most dreaded. And all of this for what? People typically have nothing to show for it in the end except either memories of really good time or, more commonly, leftover heartache.

According to numbers collected by the Greeting Card Association, approximately one billion Valentine cards are bought and sent each year. That's half of the number of Christmas cards sent annually. If we assume that each card is \$3.50, that is 35 billion dollars spent on glittery and singing folded pieces of thick paper that have cheesy sayings and bad jokes written across their fronts—just another example of

America's consumerism and bad taste. Seriously, what's the usefulness of a card that serenades me with the chorus of Wild Thang after the thirtieth time?

Every year on morning February 15th, I wake up and wonder if that year's yesterday was real. It's like one foggy haze of memories, including scary looking women dashing to front offices everywhere to pick up their bouquets of flowers sent by loved ones and then flaunting them down the hall on the way back to their desks. The next day you wake up and wonder "Did people really do that? Was that real life?" After seeing all of the hoopla repeated year after year, I can't help but wonder where this overrated holiday began.

Out of curiosity, I visited the History network website to find some answer as to where and why this awful tradition started. The article, appropriately named "Valentine's Day," gave me some common beliefs about the holiday. It supposedly all started in ancient Rome with a saint named Valentine. One of the most popular stories is that

Valentine was in prison when he fell in love with a young girl, who is believed to have been the jailor's daughter. Before he died, the saint wrote the girl a letter and signed at the very bottom, "From your Valentine."

So every year we try to be someone's "Valentine," putting forth all of this energy for the day that stems from some old church-going fella who was locked up and crushin' on a young girl. Think about it. Modern day Valentine could be the creepy old geezer who sits and checks out the girls going up the escalator at Crabtree.

This Valentine's Day, skip the nonsense. If you feel the need to make a kind gesture of love for your significant other, do something meaningful. Thoughtless gifts and candy are just about as worthless as buying bottled water; they waste money and resources. There's no need to make such a huge deal out of this holiday with no purpose that is essentially celebrating the abstract idea that we call love. It's just another day.