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# The Daily Tar Heel

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## 'On the Pulse Of Morning'

Here is a complete transcript of the poem "On the Pulse of Morning," which Wake Forest University professor and poet Maya Angelou wrote for President Clinton's inauguration:

A Rock, A River, A Tree  
Hosts to species long since departed,  
Marked the mastodon.  
The dinosaur, who left dry tokens  
Of their sojourn here  
On our planet floor,  
Any broad alarm of their hastening doom  
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly,  
forcefully,  
Come, you may stand upon my  
Back and face your distant destiny,  
But seek no haven in my shadow.  
I will give you no hiding place down here.

You, created only a little lower than  
The angels, have crouched too long in  
The bruising darkness,  
Have lain too long  
Face down in ignorance.  
Your mouths spilling words  
Armed for slaughter.  
The Rock cries out to us today, you may  
stand upon me,  
But do not hide your face.

Across the wall of the world,  
A river sings a beautiful song,  
It says, come, rest here by my side.

Each of you a bordered country,  
Delicate and strangely made, proud,  
Yet thrusting perpetually under seige.  
Your armed struggles for profit  
Have left collars of waste upon  
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.  
Yet, today I call you to my riverside,  
If you will study war no more. Come,  
Clad in peace and I will sing the songs  
The Creator gave to me when I and the  
Tree and the Rock were one.  
Before cynicism was a bloody sear across  
your

Brow and when you yet knew you still  
Knew nothing.  
The River sang and sings on.

There is a true yearning to respond to  
The singing River and the wise Rock.  
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew,  
The African, the Native American, the Sioux  
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the  
Greek,  
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheikh,  
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,  
The Privileged, the Homeless, the Teacher,  
They all hear  
The speaking of the Tree.

They hear the first and last of every Tree  
Speaks to humankind today. Come to me,  
here beside the River.  
Plant yourself beside the River.

Each of you, descendent of some passed  
On traveler, has been paid for.  
You, who gave me my first name, you  
Pawnee, Apache, Seneca, you  
Cherokee Nation, who rested with me, then  
Forced on bloody feet, left me to the employ-  
ment of

Other seekers — desperate for gain,  
Starving for gold.  
You, the Turk, the Arab, the Swede, the  
German, the Eskimo, the Scot ...

You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought  
Sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare  
Praying for a dream.  
Here, root yourselves beside me.  
I am that Tree planted by the River,  
Which will not be moved.  
I, the Rock, I the River, I the Tree  
I am yours — your Passages have been paid.  
Lift up your faces, you have a piercing need  
For this bright morning dawning for you.  
History, despite its wrenching pain,  
Cannot be un-lived, and if faced  
With courage, need not be lived again.

Lift up your ears upon  
This day breaking for you.  
Give birth again  
To the dream.

Women, children, men,  
Take it into the palms of your hands.  
Mold it into the shape of your most  
Private need. Sculpt it into  
The image of your most public self.  
Lift up your hearts  
Each new hour holds new chances  
For new beginnings.  
Do not be wedded forever  
To fear, yoked eternally  
To brutishness.

The horizon leans forward,  
Offering you space to place new steps of  
change.

Here, on the pulse of this fine day  
You may have the courage  
To look up and out and upon me, the  
Rock, the River, the Tree, your country.  
No less to Midas than the mendicant.  
No less to you now than the mastodon then.

Here on the pulse of this new day  
You may have the grace to look up and out  
And into your sister's eyes and into  
Your brother's face, your country  
And say simply  
Very simply  
With hope  
Good morning.



## Gratuitous flannel and new Rules of Order

I had just returned home from looking up the word "drek" at the library when I realized that I was locked out of my house. I made those upper-leg patting motions several times looking for my keys, then emptied the contents of my pockets onto the lawn, a process which took 20 minutes and created a patch on the lawn where grass will now no longer grow.

My keys nowhere to be found, I had no choice but to attempt to break into my house. I have long held the opinion that nothing is worth doing unless it is done to one's fullest capabilities. "Do it right or don't do it at all," my orthodontist used to say, just before he fitted me with some experimental cardboard braces.

Any jerk can jimmy a door or window open, but I immediately decided it should be done right and proceeded to rent a big black van and about \$900 worth of sophisticated surveillance equipment. I cased the joint for two days, learning the routines of my roommates and deciding on the optimum time to strike.

When the time arrived, I cut the phone lines and crawled into the basement through an open window. I pumped a potent yet mostly harmless tranquilizer gas into the home through the system of heating ducts, rendering my roommates unconscious for at least an hour. I then donned a gas mask and, with the help of several hired ruffians, proceeded to empty the house of valuables, load them in the van, drive out to an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town, forge new serial numbers on the more expensive ones and sell them on the black market.

I then returned home, feeling good about a job well done. If there's one thing my high school guidance counselor was right about, it's that you have lots of time to think in prison. Most of my thinking, interestingly, revolved around what is referred to as the "Grunge Movement."

The National Heritage Dictionary, XVIII edition, defines "grunge" as "1. adj. The state of being unclean; 2. n. A system of aesthetics and ideas involving a rugged, savvy, and grassroots demeanor; 3. (proper name) Synthetic

Roman god of shoe soles, also the protector against occasional itching; composed of attributes of the Greek god Antites, god of small bits of rope, and the Egyptian Imman-Re, the lord of standing pools of Nile water." Webster's, however, defines the word with a suggestion to refer to the National Heritage Dictionary. Taking these bits of academic information provides us with a start that leads absolutely nowhere, and it is far more effective to simply consider grunge to be the Seattle-based, Nirvana and Pearl Jam-listening phenomenon that involves lots of flannel.

I have been thinking about the concept of grunge because of all of the attention it has been receiving in the media lately. Vogue, Details, Cosmopolitan and no doubt Omni have all done large stories on grunge, and all have in common the one thing that set my mind onto this tack in the first place: they all refer to it as the "Grunge Movement."

Now, I have been around what they call the "Grunge Movement" for quite some time now, and I myself own several flannel shirts and even a work jacket with an embroidered company logo on one breast, yet I never realized that it was an actual movement!

How exciting! A movement, like the Irish Republican Army, or the Green Movement, or the Whigs! Though I have yet to actually see any evidence of some kind of actual organization for members of the grunge, I nevertheless wish to officially join and, if I may, present these few ideas for the organization and implementation of the movement:

For the grunge movement to thrive, a basic structure must be established. I have researched all of the major movements and organizations throughout history, and I have found two extremely powerful movements with elements that,



Jason Torchinsky  
Turn Your Head and Cough

when properly combined, would provide the grunge movement with the strong type of structure it requires: the 4-H clubs and the Samurai warriors of feudal Japan.

The combination of these two ideologies would give the grunge movement a strong sense of family, community involvement and animal-husbandry knowledge along with a fanatical devotion to the organization, where leadership can be passed only through blood lines or military coups.

Also, if grunge is to be a movement, a regular time and place to meet is needed. I think the Freemason lodge on Franklin, the brick one sort of near El Rodeo, should work nicely. We'll decide on regular meeting times after our organizational meeting, oh, next Tuesday. At this meeting I think it would also be a good time to go over the group's secret handshake (a fist to the gut) and wave (an extended middle finger).

The grunge movement could earn money for its programs by interpreting Nirvana lyrics, or by holding a bake sale, or holding seminars on the care and maintenance of sock hats, or extortion or almost anything! The bounds are limitless!

We could have interactions with other local groups as well, such as a mixer with the Daughters of the American Revolution, or, more fun, an all-out chains and knives rumble with the local chapter of Mensa. It'll be great! All of us members of the grunge movement, working together, kicking the hell out of brainiac Mensa goofs as a team, all of us cheering as the torn pages of "Finnegan's Wake" and bits of Rubik's cubes and brain-teaser books come raining to the ground. Excuse me, I'm tearing up. Okay.

Now that the popular press has recognized grunge as a movement, nothing can stop us from actually becoming one! The hard part is behind us! Let's grab our copies of "Slacker" and put on our work boots and take to the streets! Members of the Grunge Movement, I salute you! Solidarity.

Jason Torchinsky is a senior art history major from Greensboro.

## READERS' FORUM

### Scandal-cluttered Oval Office needs cleaning

To the editor:  
On Wednesday in Washington, D.C., America celebrates the passing of an era that has been marred in falsehood.

Dishonesty best characterizes the failed four-year term of George Herbert Walker Bush. Although Bill Clinton already has launched a new cycle of dishonesty beginning with Haiti, it will be difficult for the new president to outdo the significant accomplishments of his predecessor.

The scandals include the pre-Persian Gulf War diversion of \$5 billion in loan guarantees to the terrorist state of Iraq and Bush's certain knowledge of the shipment of arms to Iran via Israel.

Bush's constant duplicity on what he knew of Iran-Contra and Iraqgate left news commentators with a rich diet.

Well, media hound dogs, the party's over. But in his kindness, Bush dispensed a new bone with his last curtain call — a poorly executed sleight-of-hand trick to hide his obvious Iran-Contra fingerprints.

Last Saturday, the White House made public Bush's extraordinary taped diary (printed in the January 16 edition of The New York Times), which miraculously absolved the then-vice president from wrongdoing in the illegal arms-for-hostages deal.

Bush's January 1, 1987, entry says, "I'm not trying to jump sideways on this, but I think it is important to have the facts. And the facts are that the Vice President is not in the decision-making loop."

He was referring to 1985 and 1986, when key decisions were made to carry out the deal by top Reagan Administration players, such as national security aide John Poindexter, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Secretary of State George Schultz.

Bush's carefully worded release contradicts Poindexter's, Schultz's and Weinberger's paper trail that clearly put Bush inside that loop.

With the wall of evidence against him, Bush simply has no shred of cred-

### Distilling MLK's true message from mythology

To the editor:  
The movie "Malcolm X" oddly kindled my interest in Martin Luther King Jr. I began studying why King had such a different view on how to conquer the evils of segregation and racism. I would encourage those interested in the subject to read King's 1963 collection of sermons, "Strength to Love." His original message tends to get lost in modern legend.

The key to King's message was his devout faith in Jesus Christ. Yes, he frequently referred to Gandhi, but only in his belief that Gandhi's method was the same preached by Christ and the early Christians as they were persecuted by the Romans. King contended that true peace could only come from a relationship with God that turned a heart filled with hate and vengeance into a heart that could even love and forgive the white man lynching you. No earthly philosophy or legislation could truly accomplish this.

Yet he also saw in the Biblical message the call to never accept passively the evils in the "way things are," but to stand up steadfastly and peacefully for justice. His theology was definitely not the soft "you're OK, I'm OK" message that was being preached during the '60s. He was liberal on bringing justice and equality but conservative when it came to ethics and morality (even beyond the race issue). He would have been ap-

ability regarding his culpability in the affair.  
Nothing will erase the tarnish of what syndicated columnist Anthony Lewis has called "the worst government scandal in years, a crude violation of the Constitution that damaged the national interest."

Pity should be reserved for the deserving. Bush will continue to reap — and rightly so — the condemnation he brought upon himself.

RUDY BRUEGGEMANN  
Graduate  
Journalism

### CANDIDATES: Notice of publication deadlines

Attention SBP, RHA, CAA and Student Congress candidates!

Candidates for campus wide offices should contact Alan Martin or Peter Wallsten at the DTH (962-0245) as soon as possible to set up a time that we can interview you for the endorsement process.

The interviews will take place Friday, Feb. 5 and Saturday, Feb. 6. Endorsements will run in the Monday, Feb. 8 edition.

In addition, we would like to run a version of your platform in the paper. Give us an 800-word masterpiece by noon, Friday, Jan. 29. Platforms will be printed on Monday Feb. 1.

We will allow each candidate to submit two letters of endorsement from other students (NOTE: THIS INCLUDES SENIOR CLASS CANDIDATES). The letters must be no longer than 400 words each and are limited to two signatories. They are due by noon, Tuesday, Feb. 2.

Candidates for Student Congress should come by the DTH after Wednesday, Jan. 27 to pick up endorsement questionnaires. These will be due Wednesday, Feb. 3. The DTH will only make endorsements in contested congress races.

THERE WILL BE NO EXCEPTIONS TO THESE DEADLINES.

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