

Viewpoint

"Give birth again to the dream"

The following is North Carolina poet Maya Angelou's inaugural poem, "A Rock, A River, A Tree." Inspirational words to grow on for the new world to be won.

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.

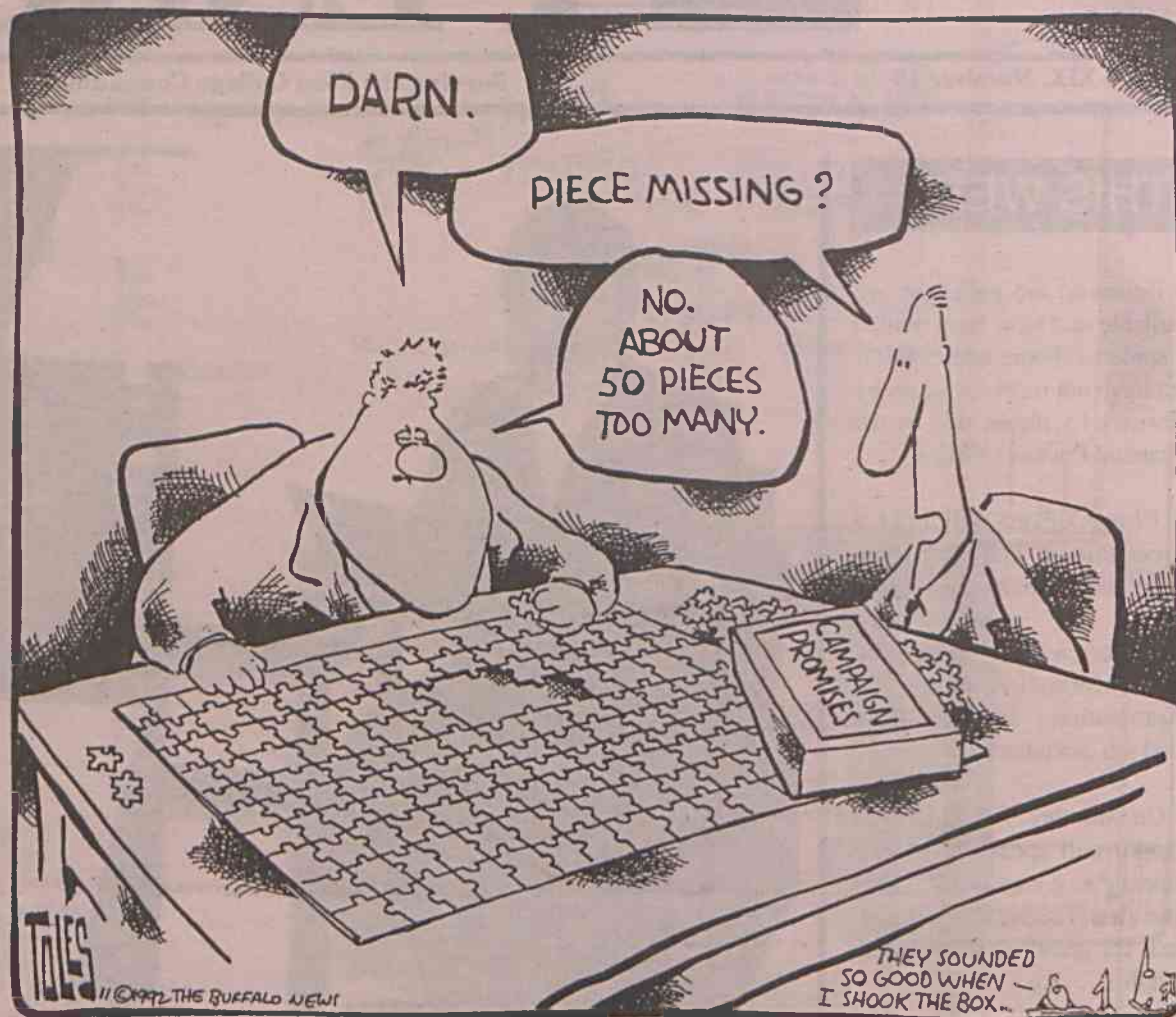
Each of you a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made, proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.
Your armed struggles for profit
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.
Yet, today I call you to my riverside,
If you will study war no more. Come,
Clad in peace 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.

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The Pendulum

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Sneed for trustee

Young political genius guns for Board opening

"Under the Charter of Elon College, a member of the Senior Class will be elected to the Board of Trustees to begin a two-year term on June 1, 1993."

- from a memorandum from Fred Young to the members of the graduating class of 1993.

"It's time for the Administration to eat from the Reality Sandwich... I'll shake 'em down like a Detroit cop."

- Orvis Sneed, III, Board member candidate

I want to address this column, in large, to the seniors at Elon, but also to everyone else who attends, or is associated with the school.

Normally, I don't do endorsements, but there are times when convention must be damned.

We find our school in a state of disrepair, literally and figuratively. And in these expansion-happy times I fear that something is being lost, namely, the human touch that used to dwell here is being built out of the school. Consider, in 1988,

Jack Duval



when I was a freshman: people said "hi" when you passed them on campus, almost all parties were open, sporting events were packed, and the president lived right next to the campus (in what is now the Holland House).

Things have changed. SAT scores have gone up, tuition has gone up, 18 million dollars was raised for a project which is doomed to be over budget, and the president has moved to the country club.

Which brings me to my endorsement.

Orvis Sneed, III is the man for the Board of Trustees position.

A more outstanding scholar you won't find. He has a 4.0 GPA, three majors, two minors, and every honor the school can bestow upon a student. He is

active in 48 out of the 100 odd organizations at school, and has interned with the State Department, the Dallas Cowboys, the New York Stock Exchange, and the DEA.

He originally attended Duke University on a full, four year Morehead Scholarship, but, after a long court battle, was expelled for an unfortunate three-day streaking spree resulting from the mistaken intake of his roommate's wart remover.

I have personally been an acquaintance of Sneed since my first semester, during which we both lived on the first floor of Sloan, and can vouch for his ability and (besides his unnatural attachment to the game of golf and a few minor quirks, which, for lack of space, cannot be elaborated upon) his sanity.

These facts, combined with an extensive review of the nominees (all 209 of them) have convinced me that Sneed is the only one eligible with the faculties to man such a demanding post.

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