

## Viewpoint

### There's more to life than letters

The scene is almost sickeningly collegiate: girls running hand in hand around the fountain, Greek letters splashed across their chests, balloons held high, while the masses crush them with hugs and screams. This is bid day for panhellenic rush at Elon.

The scene is almost sickeningly heartbreaking: girls in tears comforting each other in the halls of their dorms, chairs thrown and glass shattered. This too is bid day at Elon College.

Greek life is considered a joke to some, like another *Saturday Night Live* skit. To the 241 women who registered for formal rush this spring, however, becoming a part of that life is no laughing matter. To them it is in fact considered not only a test of their self-worth and acceptance by their peers, but also considered their only outlet to a social life on this campus.

Roughly 30 percent of Elon's campus is Greek; prior to spring rush, 900 Elon students were members of Greek organizations. The number of such organizations at Elon has nearly doubled in the last ten years. Greekdom at Elon is widely considered the end-all-be-all of social activity, enough so to prompt some people to virtually throw themselves off bridges when they are not accepted into Elon's own "cultural elite."

The truth is that letters on a shirt are not a cure for all that ails a collegiate social life. And being non-Greek does not have to mean death to any hope of such a social life. Elon has so much more to offer for those who are willing to venture in different directions.

Of course Elon promotes Greek life. Greek organizations are great for retention of students. But it is also true that without the letters, many students feel devalued on this campus, that they are somehow not quite as important or as popular as the Greeks. The presence of Greeks by their very nature can spell division and separatism, forces that make those on the outside feel inferior and removed from campus life.

Therefore Elon needs to make more of a concerted effort to promote groups that bridge the gap between Greek and non-Greek, that give all students options on their weekend nights, to engage students actively in their campus and community inclusively, not exclusively.

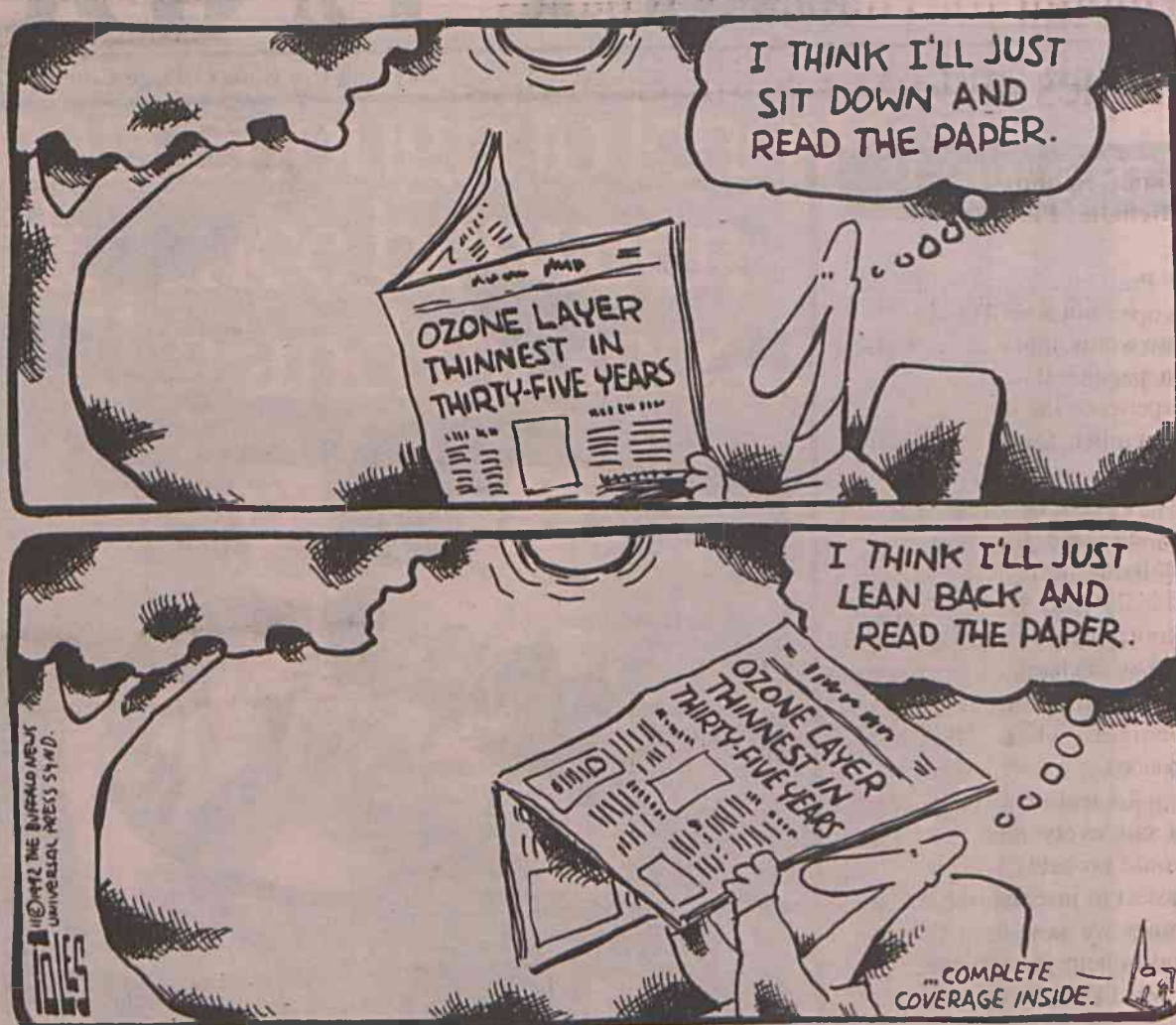
One such effort was Elon Volunteers' Preserv program, which recruited freshmen before they even stepped foot on the campus to hammer away in a group project for Habitat for Humanity. Most of those freshman are still actively involved in the organization, having gained a head start on finding their niche here.

But when students start making plans to transfer or drop out of school, when they start threatening physical harm to themselves and others because of being shut out of the Greek system, somewhere the perspective has gotten skewed. Somewhere we need to re-evaluate just what makes a campus a community and how to get that back again. There's more to life than letters.

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# Slacker students

## The column you won't read

You take what I write as gospel. You love Elon College, Elon the town and, as a matter of fact, there's nothing in this world that you disapprove of, right.

What do I say these things, you ask? Because, Eugene, you never write me letters.

I've tried everything. I endorsed the re-legalization of marijuana, called for the extermination of Elon's squirrel population, told you to vote for a misanthrope (look it up 90210er's) for the board of trustees, slammed a professor for a weak-as-circus-lemonade argument and continually abused conservatives from here to Nuremberg.

And yet, you have written nothing. I'm the Commentary Page Editor, I need letters.

The way I figure, your silence can mean only one of three things; you're all either pro-choice, pro-decriminalization, anti-TV, anti-establishment, liberal, rock-n-rollers like myself; too stupid to form opinions about what you read; or just too lazy to pen a

Jack Duval



letter to the editor.

To see where you fall on the Wheel of Misfortune, answer this question: Whenever I find myself in bed with a beautiful boy/girl, I usually; a. I don't understand the question; b. pass me the Cheese-Wiz; c. huh?; d. you mean a person of the opposite sex?; e. could you repeat the question?; f. God is a communist and I don't believe in boy/girl distinctions; g. "I am Myra Breckinridge whom no man will ever possess"; h. B and F only; i. A and E only; j. C and F only.

If you understood the question and answers, then you know they were not meant to be understood. It was a literary device (much like a remote control) used to make the reader question why I wrote it, to

which the answer is - to make a point about stupidity.

But, of course, it didn't work because here I am in the next graph, spoon-feeding it to you - the very people I was insulting in the first place. I'm stuck in the paradox of explaining stupidity to stupid people.

And can I have any other opinion of you? Everywhere I go I hear you complaining about something that's effecting your lives and how "someone ought to do something about it."

Well here's a news flash for ya', people - write a letter to the editor. I'll print it, it doesn't matter what it's about - as long as it's in the realm of good taste. (And with the morals of this staff, that leaves the door open.)

Now all you MOFA's (people who're so sedentary they've become part man, part sofa) out there are busy making up excuses about how nobody will read your letter anyway, so what's the use.

Well, here's another news flash for ya' - I drop 50  
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