

Viewpoint

Take pride and do a little tree hanging of your own

Throngs of frenzied fans rushed the streets, roads were blocked off and Franklin Street was transformed into the ultimate street party for the ultimate victory. Champagne corks popped, beer spewed, toilet paper rolls flew and furniture went up in flames.

As I watched the Tarheel fans torching a couch as if a sacrificial offering to their basketball god Dean Smith, I was a bit ashamed to admit that I didn't even know the name of our basketball coach until he resigned. What was it again? I still can't remember.

That brings to mind the tennis team's national championship when I was a freshman, which I only heard about months after the fact. Here's a pat on the back, guys. Good work, but your fans back home could give a flip.

I am also ashamed to admit that not only is it extremely rare for me to attend an Elon sporting event, it is even rarer still for me to actually cheer, much less paint the streets maroon and gold in a victory celebration. I know I am not alone here in my lack of overwhelming enthusiasm for Elon sports, especially since we are without a gym and a football stadium to call our own.

And beyond sports, does anyone really take pride in what Elon is about or the programs you're a part of? Or do you instead bow your head and in a muffled whisper say "Elon" when someone asks where you go to school?

Yes, Elon was my second choice, behind the immortal UNC. I even almost transferred there my sophomore year; my application was in the mail. But I realized almost too late that Elon was my home. It was a family and yes, even a "community," as trite as that may sound. And standing in the midst of the crazy Carolina masses, all 30,000 of them, I spotted an Elon face and my heart jumped. It was a sense of belonging among all those faces. Among the thousands of people we shared a special bond.

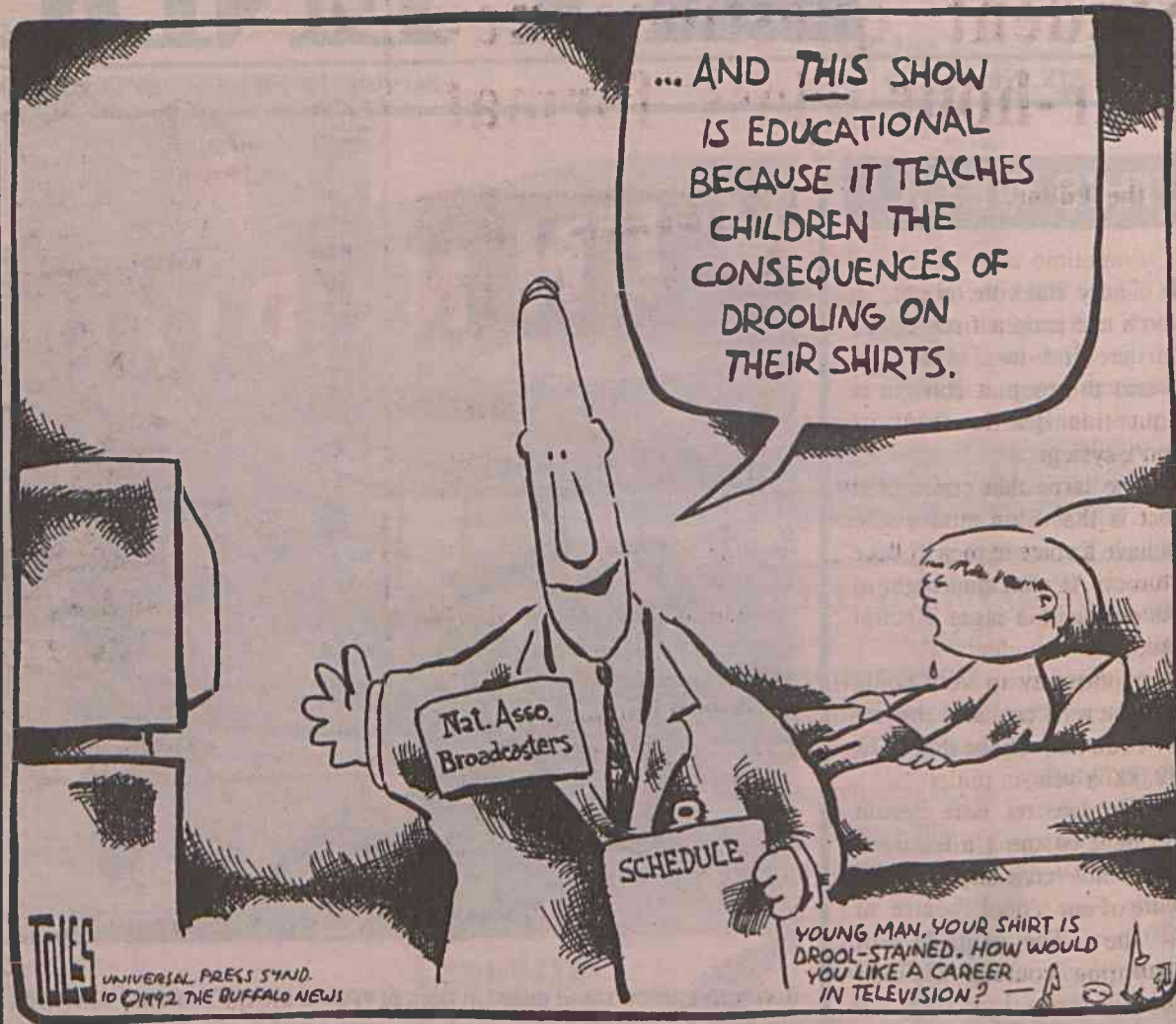
Being at Elon that is the one thing I miss: that so few cheer at an Elon game and mean it, that no one shoots off firecrackers or burns furniture or hangs from trees on Haggard Avenue when Elon wins big (or reasonably big), that some feel Elon is a name to be ashamed of next to the Dukes and Carolinas of the world.

But all we can do is cheer louder, and push harder and say it with more pride, because no matter how appealing that place is on one night of the year when a campus of 23,000 people is brought together by a single climactic event, the next day they're still faces without names who don't know each other. We may not be 23,000 strong, but we've got a pretty good thing going here. I think some tree-hanging is in order.

The Pendulum

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Feminism in the 90's

She came up and grabbed my stick. I was playing pool at the Lighthouse.

Although she was not unattractive, her black jack-boots and shaved head belied a certain *extremism*.

"You're the guy who writes for the paper." Was it a question or a statement? Her continued fiddling with the stick distracted any serious thought on the matter.

"That would be me." Safe either way.

"I want to talk to you (is there choice with a holder-of-the-stick?) about the Hooters girls, and the Great Wing Controversy." She pounded the bottom of the stick on the floor - it was time to talk - and as she led the way to the booth, I realized my editorial silence on the matter was about to be shattered.

"The Hooters girls ain't nothin' I could kick all their sweet little rears in a New York minute - take their wings - their men - if I wanted to."

The first two claims I wholeheartedly agreed with, though the validity of the third was not clear. And I was about to relay this thought to her when I noticed the stick leaning against the table,

Jack Duval



well within reach of what looked to be a quick and powerful arm. I nodded in the affirmative.

"But that ain't important. My roommate (I searched my imagination for her - failed) and me hate the way these guys won't even look at you unless you look like some kind of damn sculpture I could kick all their asses too, by the way" At the same time?, I wondered. Yes, probably - she was now clutching the stick with a white-knuckled fist.

The run-on dialectical style was disturbing (as it doubtlessly came from a disturbed mind) and I suddenly had the urge to flee from the claustrophobic booth and its white-knuckled denizen.

"Yes, men often have troglodytical tack." I attempted to quell her rage with mystifying (though apt) word selection.

A perplexed look flashed across her face. She was caught in

a dilemma; for having just condemned men for being primitive, she could hardly condemn me for my erudition. She let go of the stick.

I continued, "I know quite a few of them myself." She relaxed for a moment... and then her fist came crashing down on the table. "That's it!", she screamed, "that's *exactly* what I mean. I'm glad you *understand*." Unfortunately I didn't, though I sincerely wish I had.

At this exact moment, a long-haired young man slid into the booth next to her and began to speak.

"Before you..." were the only words that escaped his lips before she grabbed the hipster by the hair and smashed his face into the table top.

I wondered who was more surprised, myself or Mr. Smash-Face? I suspect him, though I was literally petrified as I watched her kick him out of the booth and onto the floor, where he laid in a foetal pose, clutching his face.

"Like I was sayin', I'm glad that you understand what I'm talkin' about."

Surely not as glad as I.