### Viewpoint

I'm a hypocrite. Often times you read in *The Pendulum* about how you really shouldn't complain about something or criticize something unless you're involved in it or at least doing something to improve it. But, I've done the very thing I've often chastised. Actually, I have seen just about everyone in my classes do that very same thing also. It's usually not about a specific organization though; it's about Elon's sports teams.

I'll hear someone say, "Man, Elon got its butt kicked," or "I can't believe they lost again," and then ask out of curiosity what the score was and the response is usually, "I'm not exactly sure, I wasn't there," or "I left halfway." I'm sure I have at one time or another said that very same thing. This is unacceptable. I've realized that if someone said *The Pendulum* stunk this week, I'd ask what they didn't like about it. If the response was, "I didn't read it but I HEARD it stunk," I would probably be very angry.

This editorial is in no way to criticize Elon's sports teams. I have friends who play various sports and I know they always give it their all whether they win or lose. This editorial is to criticize the student body (including myself) for the lack of spirit we've shown to these individuals who make major sacrifices and put A LOT of time into their performance.

I'd be willing to bet there aren't many students who knew that women's soccer clinched their conference title (Good job ladies!). Honestly, I probably wouldn't have known if I wasn't on the newspaper staff.

I challenge everyone to support Elon Athletics and especially the ATHLETES. Go to the volleyball, soccer, and football games. Go to ALL of the games you can. You would probably be upset if very little people came to your organization's activities. I know I'd be upset to see no one picking up a newspaper on Thursday.

Robert Mancuso

Editor in Chief

#### Off The Record

"And I know sometimes, I don't return the love you show. Oh but keep in mind, it takes rain to make the tulips grow."

- Emmet Swimming
"South Bristol, ME"

# THE PENDULUM

Informing the Elon College Community

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## 'They" can't do it without your help

The other day I was asked why there isn't better coverage of something in the paper. I won't be specific because I don't want to embarrass anyone. I told this person that we didn't have a huge staff and we could use someone as concerned as herself to write for us. Their response: "Huh? Me write for the paper? I don't want to." Well, don't ask me to solve your problems for you if you don't want to help. If you want something done, you must be proactive. See a problem, fix it.

A student wrote to the paper complaining about a lack of organizations for gays and lesbians on campus. I'll tell you one thing: The administration is not going to start one up for you! Any organization, for any area of interest or any area that needs to be filled, has to start with a motivated individual.

An example of this would be Cinelon: The Elon College Film Society, which came about because of an idea presented by a professor to his students. Would there be enough of an interest in the art of film to start a club to watch films, study and appreciate the art, and further the curriculum from a minor in film studies to a major course of study at Elon? Some of the students put forth the effort to make it happen, and now it is a club await-



ing final recognition from the office of Student Life. In under one

Here is how you do it: Make a flyer, get it approved (Student Life office), reserve a room for the meeting, hang up the flyers, and see who shows up. Boom. It's that easy. At your meeting, decide if there is enough interest to seek official campus recognition. If there is, go to Student Life, ask a few questions, comply with their requirements and SHAZAM! - you have an organization to fill a need that has been previously unmet. If it is important enough to you, you can get it done. There are 24 hours in a day and seven days in a week. That is so many hours, I would need a calculator to figure it out.

Contrary to popular belief, there are no "organizational fairies" who go around in the wee hours forming clubs and writing articles. There is also no group of people known as "they;" as in "THEY don't do this.. THEY don't do that...THEY should start a group for introverts..." You get the picture?

If you wonder who "they" are, look in the mirror, look at your friends, classmates and teachers. They are "they." It's easy to sit back and complain about something. Any apathetic fool can do that. But it takes someone better than that to fix a problem.

A part of college and the rest of your life involves taking the initiative to get things done: from the simple things like planning a vacation to harder things like getting a job which involves writing a resume and cover letters, sending 'them out, going to interviews, and deciding which of the many wonderful offers you will accept. If this sounds difficult, it is. The time to learn initiative, responsibility and leadership is now. While you are in school, you have the leeway to make more mistakes and take greater chances than the rest of your life may safely allow you.

Take the initiative and you will be surprised how nice it feels when you get something done that "they" couldn't manage to do without you.

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### Elon student becomes "one of a million"

Jabez Blackburn
Guest Columnist

Before Fall Break, I was asked by my travel agent if I was traveling to D.C. for the Million Man March. I spoke with my parents about the march and found that while they felt that the ideals of the march were unquestionably wonderful, they, like me, doubted the motives of the leader, Louis Farrakhan. Unlike me, they feared for my safety as a young white man walking into the midst of what they feared might become an ugly, racially divisive scene. But as always, they knew it was my decision. Both my city and my country were wrung into a knot, I knew I wanted to be present at the release.

At 10 a.m., a radio station segued into a call-in about the Million Man March. Many calling from homes and the Mall praised God for the event, for the love that was so bounteous on the Capitol Mall that morning. My decision was made and by 1 p.m., I was on the subway platform of the Smithsonian Station.

Calling that sea of humanity "a crowd of black men" would have been ridiculous. One could easily

see why there should be no one "Flesh" crayon; everything from the cinnamon on top of American apple pie to the stately, true black color of our proud Elon oak trees was represented. As I flowed outside, I was greeted with a sight I have not ever before had the chance to witness. Black men were everywhere: every tree, wall, strewn across the field underneath the Washington Monument, clustered around banks of speakers and giant View-Masters. Men in sleek black suits fit for the stock exchange watched beside men in African tribal dress.

I realized that this event had not been created for me; this was not my time in the spotlight. I stood before a speaker cabinet and kept a quiet attention, listening as the speaker praised the marchers and spoke of the individual responsibility that they now had to bear. Maya Angelou, Rosa Parks, and Stevie Wonder exhorted the crowd to reclaim their lives, careers, and family. These words are needed in the community of black men, where absenteeism from family and career seem at times ubiquitous. But these men were here to let themselves and the country know that

they are not murderers, robbers, or gang members. They each came for their own reasons, each with their own burdens to face and defeat. It was this motive that spawned the hugs and warm greetings, the love that ran in the streets like wine, intoxicating the crowd with its spirit.

Just as this march did not exclude white men from participating, its message and meaning apply to him also. We are not just here to be "taught" in class. We try to develop an honest and mature way of relating to others through our relationships here. This is the time when we leave off our adolescent whining and infantile desires, time to get off our butts and do something worthwhile.

No matter how many men attended the march, their spirit should develop in our lives at Elon. We have got to stop coming to the same situations with the same attitudes. Black men have sworn to return to their families renewed; we should all pledge to attempt to understand this commitment, and work to allow them every opportunity, free from the shackles of our prejudiced assumptions.

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