

Editorial

Pull through the coming winter weeks for they may just be your last

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to crunch time. Though we're still full from turkey, and our brains want to be focusing on Christmas presents and who we can snag under the mistletoe, instead we are cramming for tests, finishing papers and kissing up to professors, trying desperately to turn a C+ into a B-

The most wonderful time of the year? I think not. Try the most stressful, most worrisome, most difficult. Seniors, congratulations.

For you, this time of the year is a double whammy. Not only are you struggling to finish the semester, but you are also planning for your near future in the real world, cramming extra credit into one more semester to graduate on time, and convincing yourself that you are an adult, ready for mortgages, car payments and early mornings. Side note: you cannot wear sweatpants to most offices.

In the midst of this mess, we must try desperately to remember these few, very important things:

First, sleep. It is vital, no matter what the crazy, over-caffeinated girl in your senior seminar class tells you.

Second, prioritize. Going to the bar can wait. Laundry can wait. Studying cannot.

Third, eat. This doesn't mean spending your remaining meal dollars on pizza at 2 a.m. It means balanced meals and maybe even some milk.

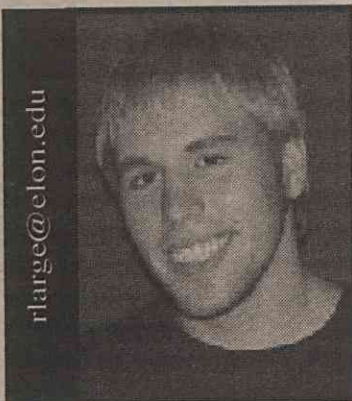
Fourth, enjoy yourself. This is it, seniors, your last fall. And amongst the hustle and bustle, pre-graduation jitters and finals madness, you should love college, enjoy your experiences and live every moment like it was your last winter at Elon. Because for almost 900 of us, it is.



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Just the facts: Howard Zinn speaks the truth as few listen

Rady Large
Columnist



On Wednesday, Nov. 7, controversial historian Howard Zinn came to Elon. His lecture presented a view of America's democracy rarely seen, a view from the eyes of those who lose out on the American dream.

Yet, after his speech the topic of conversation was not the lecture itself. Instead, event organizers discussed the composition of the crowd.

The crowd was made up of punk rockers, followers of Emma Goldman, traveling revolutionary communists, en-

vironmentalists and political activists of all shapes and sizes. The capacity audience donned dreadlocks and Mohawks, not the Elon mold of corporate crew cuts and baseball caps. They

were not students from our university. They were people, assembled peacefully, from as far as Lancaster, Penn.

Whenever real ideas are exchanged, or when the International Socialist Organization (ISO) begins handing out literature without the expressed written permission of the university, confrontation is evident.

The ISO contingency from Greensboro was asked by event organizers to stop handing out propaganda and trying to sell their books and Socialist Worker newspaper. As ludicrous as avowed socialists using the existing system of capitalism is, it happened.

Anne Cahill, director of the Liberal Arts forum, asked them to stop using the Elon event for the revolution. The dogmatic aroma they carried was definitely bringing the event down. "They were so rude," Cahill said.

An overzealous, conservative, libertarian, associated with the Liberal Arts Forum was offended by the attitude of the quasi-Marxist snobs. He called the cops.

So as Howard Zinn, an elder statesman, intellectual and blue-collar hero gave a message of true democracy, the First Amendment was given the hose job...Elon style.

None of the socialists were arrested; no beatings by the fascist right were witnessed. An old man delivered a choppy speech saying the most patriotic thing to do is question the government and its actions.

He plead for peace, an odd concept to a people poisoned by flag waving and prime-time television. Too bad he preached the gospel of social reform to a choir that had congregated from miles around.

"There were, at most, 40 Elon kids here," Nathan Frigard, the student who introduced the aging Zinn, said.

The crowd (save the 4x10 block of winners) had felt the pain of the doomed long before Dr. Zinn delivered his three-hour long speech. He attacked an illusion of purity and chiseled perfection, the red, white and blue and a government that has the first response medic alert to tragedy-bombing.

His book, "A Peoples History of the United States," sold more than 500,000 copies. It delivered the truth to a culture brainwashed by fourth grade U.S. history. The truth hurts.

The first question was asked by one of the few Elon students there in a slave-like twang of '50s conformity. "You sit up there and criticize America, why don't you leave?," he

asked. Dr. Zinn's feeble body and tactful mind responded to the question. He said he loved the World Series and everything truly patriotic, understanding that corporations have made a fake patriotism that consists of a cokehead Texan saying, "In line!" and the free world following like non-dissenting sheep.

The totalitarianism of the aristocrats cannot stand in the land of the free if the minds are unchained from the gear work of the beast.

It is an awful shame, those that are numb-those that have never felt the pain that politicians and CEOs inflict upon those without the morphine. The Benjamins, sitcoms and designer clothes were not there to hear the message. Someday the wonderous minds of Elon will be freed from the ecstasy of socially unconscious existence.

But not that morning, not on Sept. 11. The doomed would go on suffering. Not this tear in time, while the doctor that voices the pain instead of the glory within our past, our real past as a people. The cry for justice would be muffled by absence. Maybe the stars were not in alignment; maybe their minds were not yet ready.

THE PENDULUM

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