



5-Year Man on Campus

With Ellison Clary

I Cried For First Time Since Seeing King Kong

A motion picture hadn't made me cry since King Kong scared the daylight out of me around the age of nine until last Friday night, that's when I saw "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner."

And I wasn't the only one crying. Near the movie's end, the humidity in the packed Visulite theater must have soared a couple scores of percentage points due to moisture in tear form.

It's virtually impossible not to become involved in the plot dealing with a proposed inter-racial marriage. What's more, while involving yourself, you learn a great deal about not only another race, but also your own.

Basically, the story has to do with the daughter of a crusading liberal San Francisco newspaper publisher who returns home unexpectedly from Hawaii with her fiance who just happens to be a Negro. She, of course, is white. He is quite a distinguished young doctor.

The daughter, played by Katherine Haughton, is extremely idealistic, to say the least. She is, as a by-product, insensitive and inconsiderate throughout the flick.

She thinks, since her mother and father taught her to harbor no race prejudices, there should be no problem involved with obtaining her parents' approval for a wedding.

Besides not understanding the trials she puts her parents through, she seems totally unconcerned about the awkward social situations in which she places her Negro fiance, Sidney Poitier. First she expects her parents to decide to grant their blessing in 24 hours' time, then she invites the doctor's parents to dinner on short notice, and finally she makes up her mind to leave with Poitier hurriedly.

Taken together, these acts are enough to try the patience of anyone's parents and to make less understanding ones suspect maybe the Negro is behind these high-pressure tactics. But she never thinks of these possibilities.

Maid Resents Presence

The family's Negro maid resents Poitier's presence. She thinks he's just a smooth talker trying to take advantage of the daughter. She threatens Poitier, saying if he doesn't leave, she'll show him what black power really is. Thus the Negro generation gap is exemplified.

A better example of the generation gap, however, is brought out in the conversation between the doctor and his retired mailman father. Poitier's father calls him a fool for thinking the mixed marriage will work and points out that it will be against the law in over a dozen states.

This is when Poitier gets to the heart of the gap condition when he explains to his father the difference between the two of them. "You think of yourself as a Negro man," he says, "and I think of myself as a man."

In the same scene, Poitier sheds light on what youth owes to its parents. His father maintains he should heed his words since he slaved long and hard for school money which gave him the chance to be what he is.

Poitier points out that his father was just doing what he was expected to do for his offspring. Therefore he owes his father nothing.

All this is fine, but Spencer Tracy's performance as the girl's father is the making of the film. Without him, it is doubtful the picture would be nominated for as many as ten academy awards.

Throughout the story he's trapped between his liberal convictions and his fears of the outside troubles he knows will beset the marriage. He plays his agonizing role to precidison.

Monologue Brings Climax

The picture's climax comes near the end with Tracy's monologue which he delivers in the presence of his wife and daughter, the doctor and his parents, the priest friend of the family, the family's maid. He recounts the extraordinary happenings of the day and his view of them in the faultless editorial style he must have repeatedly employed with his newspaper.

In the process, his facial gestures seem more real than life itself as they portray the emotional battle he is fighting. Before he is through, he has his wife in tears and the doctor and his parents on the verge of breaking up.

Some pseudo-sage behind me in the theater observed profoundly, "Everybody's losing their cool."

That was certainly true, not only of the actors, but of the theater customers. Either a lot of people were crying or a vast virus wave swept the building because sniffles galore were to be heard.

Finally, Tracy closes his speech by granting his blessing to the marriage and the entire group files into the dining room to eat together in the last scene.

I felt like leaping in the air and shouting "Hallelujah!" but then I realized it was just a movie.

Remember Rules Of Game-Make Common Remarks Witty---

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those of you who are really interested in these committees - that is besides law enforcement officers, and campus guards, there will be a meeting at 1 o'clock Friday, in the Parquet Room, February 30th.

"Wig" is a popular interjection, and is most effective around those who have them on. It must be shouted, to have full effect. "Chocolate" is another interjection, and is shouted in times of stress or sometimes just for the good old heck of it.

"I'm not sure I know all I understand about that." is the swinging new number one saying of the list this week and for that reason it should be marked in red. It replaces last week's "I'm not sure I understand all I know about that". The red number one saying is uttered in times of confusion such as when you finish reading this column.

OH Yeah, is the old time stand by and comes directly from the mouth of the guy who had it painted on his windshield. It is also used in time of confusion or surprise.

Letters of inquiry about next week's expressions should be addressed to "Asperts", a North Carolina Wesleyan College, Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Trivia, and stupid printed material should be addressed to Phil Blundel, Fan Club President, Laurinburg,

North Carolina. Make all checks payable to Bill Billups, in care of UNC-C - For those of you who want a glossy 8 x 10 colored pin-up of Blundel doing his famous fet the rebound with your head play.

If you have any expressions that you think should be included in top expressions for the Script of the Week, send them to Monte Zepeda, in care of the Charlotte Observer.

You must remember the rules

of the game. The chief one of which is to make something witty, dirty, or funny out of the common things which people around here say. You can not say dirty things straight out, as that is against the rules. And since Bill Billups is already the straight man for EMFC, you'll have to find your own straight man. The ultimate goal of the game is to have everyone saying what he means and at the same time meaning what he says, instead of just saying things. Oh Yeah?

Letters To The Editor

Writing On Wall Is Filthy Poems, Words

To the editor:

Visiting our "gentlemen" bathrooms, particularly the one in the library, I find a variety of filthy little poems and nasty words. They are sometimes cute, yes, but why not send them to a magazine that might appreciate them, like "Playboy," if they would allow such stuff. But, please, not on our bathroom walls--a place I'm sure almost all of us college men on campus have visited and one I'm

sure many officials and persons of high standing have and will visit.

We are a University, not a high school. We are supposed to be mature young adults, not children. Or has our society degenerated to the point where there will always be this immature crudeness on bathroom walls, even in an institution of higher learning?

Sincerely,
Jim Hill



"Miss Moore, just because your first sculpture was good doesn't mean every assignment is to be an exact copy!"