

EDITORIAL

Reaction

Instead of employing the standard first person plural (we) voice of most editorials, this editor will use first person singular in the following editorial. The reasoning behind this is the fact that I am writing this editorial from the point of view of my role as an individual student who feels that he has been slighted and discriminated against. It is not, however, my belief that the slighting of this editor is of any great importance to the reader, except for the fact that all members of this student body are cheated when the cause of justice is not served.

Last Wednesday morning I walked into A-109 and took a seat with full intentions of becoming a member of a student organization known as ACTION. My reason for wanting to join ACTION was to act in accordance with the stated purpose of that organization, that is, to combat apathy on the UNC-C campus. It is my belief that this is a just cause, but I felt that many factions of the student body were not represented in last year's edition of ACTION, and that, as a result of this homogeneity of membership, the stated cause of the organization had suffered greatly in the interpretation. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Benjamin Chavis. He opened the meeting by stating that the purposes of this gathering were to enlist new members and to elect officers to serve during the coming academic year. The room continued to fill as Mr. Chavis explicated to the group the past accomplishments of ACTION, including last year's Peace Symposium and several speakers who were sponsored by ACTION.



“You Can't Vote...”

As the room continued to fill, the look on Mr. Chavis' face changed from one of pleasure (possibly from delight in the large turnout for the meeting) to alarm. As the time to elect the new officers came near, Mr. Chavis, in response to a mysterious beckoning from outside the room excused himself and made a hasty, if temporary, exit. After several minutes of hushed conversation in the hall, Mr. Chavis returned, still wearing a look of worry (or, at least, concern).

When the time to vote arrived, Mr. Chavis anxiously pronounced the following edict: “Those of you who were on campus last year and were not members can not vote. Only the old members and the freshmen can vote.” He then made some remark about visitors being welcome but not allowed to vote. He reinforced his invitation for the freshmen to vote by saying that they (meaning the old members) wanted the freshmen as members. It became immediately evident that there were many people in attendance that the chairman did not want to vote. Perhaps he was afraid that, if the members of the basketball team and of THE JOURNAL staff were allowed to vote, he would not be elected.

I interrogated the chair with the following remark: “Am I to understand that we are being denied our right to vote?”, to which Mr. Chavis replied, “What we are denying you is to dictate the direction to be taken by the steering committee (to be made up of a president, secretary, and treasurer- editor's note).” One member interjected from the floor, “Those who join will be allowed to vote on later issues. You just can't vote in this election.” The freshmen were allowed- no, encouraged- to vote. The floor was opened for nominations, and Miss Alice Folger nominated Mr. Chavis for the office of president of ACTION. The nomination was seconded. As a matter of routine, Mr. Chavis inquired, “Is there any more nominations?” No more names were suggested and Mr. Chavis called for a show of hands. He was elected by almost a dozen old ACTION members and about fifteen freshmen, while twenty-one prospective members watched helplessly.

“Oh, By the way...”

The elections proceeded as President Chavis called for any nominations or volunteers for the office of secretary, pointing out that it was a hard job. Miss Becky Seldon was elected unanimously. In the only contested election, Mr. Larry Miller defeated Mr. Ronnie Caldwell by a vote of 15 to 9 to complete the steering committee. During this phase of the election, a question of parliamentary procedure was debated. This was about the fifth time that a question concerning the appropriateness of the procedure had arisen. Mr. Chavis remarked from the chair, “It's pretty bad when ACTION gets bogged down in parliamentary procedure.” Yes, Mr. Chavis. It is pretty bad. During the remainder of the elections, the following members were elected to head the committee listed directly following their names: Alice Folger-Program, DeVera Pearson-Social, Ron Caldwell-Special Activities, and Sam Sloop-Publicity. During the nominations for chairman of the Publicity Committee, Mr. Chavis interrupted the nominations to interject, “Oh, by the way, that (referring to Mr. Caldwell's election) was another clear majority.” It seems that Mr. Chavis had neglected to declare a winner in the previous election.

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Where the S.U.C.T.I.O.N. Is

By Walt Sherill

(The following account, through fictitious, is based loosely upon reality; names and numbers have been changed to protect the innocuous. For a full and factual account see the Sept. 27, 1967 CAROLINA JOURNAL.)

While sauntering down a back-hall in the Student Union, not to be confused with the Soviet Union where the food is better, I chanced to pass the open doorway of room 211. Noticing several attractive young ladies therein, I essayed a quick turn and trundled back to the opening.

“What's happening here?” I blithely asked of the dignified young intellectual at the front of the room. (I knew he was an intellectual because he smoked a pipe just like our professors.) “S.U.C.T.I.O.N.!” came the clipped reply. The fervor with which those few seemingly harmless syllables were spoken struck a note of terror in my heart—if there's anything I fear, it's a fanatic, and I religiously avoid them whenever possible. I started to beat a hasty retreat but something drew me back.

After disengaging my suspenders from the doorknob, I started off again, but a fellow Political Science (fiction) major in the back of the room caught my eye. This young man, I knew, was every bit my equal in courage—and if he were already inside, it couldn't be too dangerous. So, screwing up my small stock of fortitude, I slunk to the back of the room and began to look inconspicuous.

I don't know what I expected to find in the room, but I saw that the people there weren't the ordinary run-of-the-mill UNC-C types at all. No sir. These kids had a mission: “for in their hearts there burned a flame, oh Lord, in their hearts there burned a flame...” As I sat there musing about the plush comfort of the ubiquitous fibreglass chairs furnished for this and similar occasions, the dignified young intellectual spoke out: “I call this meeting to order!”

He began to read from the S.U.C.T.I.O.N. constitution. I was very impressed: long, wordy statements always bring tears to my eyes. Preambling on through the constitution, he began a lengthy discourse on S.U.C.T.I.O.N.'s planned topics of discussion: international relations, peace in Vietnam, race relations, bigots, birth control, student power, and the political beliefs of dignified young intellectuals.

Der Furor (a name I had affectionately given our young seeker-of-truth) was soon joined by three trusty lieutenants, Angry Young Man No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. After the speech which included an explanation of the S.U.C.T.I.O.N. title (Student's

Unified Committee for Trans Individualism, and Opportun Now baby. . .) Der Furor the podium over to Angry No.

Having won the right to Der Furor's left, No. 1 took a minutes to make a lengthy spee about the manifest decadence the Southern world in general the Southern Religious world particular. A man of religious conviction, No. 1 stated that there was a great discrepancy between his beliefs and the prevalent in the South; this obviously meant that one of two were wrong—pick one. He started to suggest that they both be wrong, but graciously held my tongue. Not only was I intelligent and formidable in debate, he was also big as hell.

Angry No. 1 was followed by Angry No. 2, a young activist who had spent some time in the South being spit upon by red-necked Yahoo's while helping disenfranchised Americans of the region. He felt that it was a badge of courage to be spit upon by red-necked Yahoo's, regardless of their inferiority, but his inexperience seemed to have marked him in an indelible fashion. A lesser man given the same provocation might have reacted more non-violently, or at least been incited to riot, but Angry No. 2. He promised us that we could be spit upon if we worked diligently. I was looking forward to the honor, and even thought of suggesting practice sessions, but the seriousness of the occasion precluded such frivolity.

Angry No. 3 was an articulate fellow with political aspirations who startled a few of us when he began to speak of Student Power. “when you got power, you got Student Power, and when you got Student Power, you got power, and when you got...” No. 3 spoke of matters dear to us all, of Soul-brothers, of riots, and of the student's roll in a changing society. I was, of course, thrilled by all of this, and patiently awaited my complimentary copy of Chairman Mao's little Red book. To my disappointment, none were forthcoming. S.U.C.T.I.O.N., it seemed, was operating on a tight budget.

Rounding out the show, an attractive young lady from S.O.C. a group of professional ex-students, told us of her experiences in the field of civil rights, and of how she loved to help people regardless of race or creed. She also showed her prettily dimpled knees. Needless to say, I was more impressed by her knees than by her egalitarian beliefs, but then the finer things in life have always eluded me.

Some prospective members asked about finances and faculty support, and Der Furor and No. 3 made it clear that a large segment

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