

Action Reaction

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There was a suggestion from the floor, phrased in the form of a question, that the membership elect a reporter to the newspaper staff to keep the paper caught up on what ACTION was doing. I chuckled, wondering if the suggestion was meant to be a joke. As editor, I feel that I have a p-r-e-t-t-y good idea of how I select my staff, and I don't think that I try to enlist reporters to write about organization of which they are members. The objectivity often suffers. In this case, I felt that it would.

However, just as I was prepared to make a statement to this effect, Mr. Chavis spoke—"I don't think that we should get hung-up on whether or not we look good in the press or not, 'cause ...you know..." "Yes, Mr. Chavis, we do know. And it is my intention to see that everybody knows! One person called for a poll to see how many in attendance were freshmen, old members, etc. The Results are shown above. Twenty-one of the forty-seven people present had not been allowed to vote.

After another squabble about procedure, it was suggested that Mr. Chavis appoint Jerry (his last name was never mentioned) to serve as parliamentarian. Jerry turned down the office because he said that he did not meet the academic requirements, that is, he did not carry a 2.0 grade point average. After a spirited debate, it was decided that there was some sort of rule which disallowed a person with less than a 2.0 from holding an office in the University. (It then occurred to me that Mr. Chavis had been forced to resign his office as chairman of the University Union for the reason of deficient "q.p.'s".)

A member of the UNC-C basketball team was awarded the floor, and he spoke of student apathy in athletics. Mr. Chavis affirmed that the members of ACTION would do anything in their power to alleviate this situation.

A member pointed out from the floor that ACTION was just a group of interested students, and not a left-wing organization. He sounded as if he thought that the title of "left-wing" was a disgraceful one.

The next order of business was the discussion of speakers for the coming year. Mr. Chavis stated that Howard Fuller was ready to come at any time, free of charge, if ACTION was willing to sponsor him. There were whispers of approval from what had not become Mr. Chavis' audience. Some were impressed. He also affirmed that "Eldridge Cleaver was supposed to be in the area soon, but they put him back in the 'pokey.'" Seven individuals laughed. I didn't think it to be funny.

Mr. Wayne Eason, who also serves the school in the capacity of Attorney General, then called for a treasurer's report. Mr. Chavis, who had been treasurer last year, stated that the treasury was depleted, perhaps even in the red, due to a debt to the Union cafeteria. He added that ACTION was an organization with the reputation of doing a remarkable job of operating without money. Mr. Chavis was asked if this is where the fifty-cent-membership fee goes. He replied that the dues usually go for publicity supplies.

For more information about the remaining business of the meeting, see the related article on page 2. I feel that one last comment on the meeting proper is interesting. As the meeting was closed by Mr. Chavis, "I declare this meeting adjourned," a voice from the back of the room chimed in, "I declare this meeting a farce." I didn't say it. I wish I had. With the close of the meeting, the students left the room or lingered, talking in quiet voices. A dozen-and-a-half very disillusioned people left that room last Wednesday. They had, blatantly and under no guise whatsoever, been the victims of one of the most obvious cases of discrimination ever witnessed on this campus. It was quite obvious that, if the chairman of the meeting expects to get some opposition from some faction of the membership, he can exclude them from the voting by declaring an arbitrary edict at his whim. This is an example of the workings of a democratic society? I hold that it is not. It is a clear-cut example of an aristocratic dictatorship in ACTION.

Their Constitution—Revisited

In Article I Section 1 of the ACTION Constitution, the following statement can be found: "Membership is open: To any student full or parttime, daytime or evening attending UNC-C." This statement does not admit old members and freshmen (and transfers) while excluding all others. Article II outlines the procedure for electing a president. "A president shall be selected among the cabinet and this position shall be rotated on a monthly basis." The president was elected last Wednesday from the "in-group". This is another blatant violation of the constitution that they, themselves, wrote. In Article III the voting procedures are described. "A member who owes dues is not allowed any vote. Otherwise there shall be (that's what it says!!) no other restriction on his participation in the organization." I don't remember anyone saying that I OWED dues (and if it had been said, I would know, because I took exhaustive notes). But, if I owed dues, then so did those freshmen. I have outlined three obvious violations of their OWN constitution.

Plagiarism!

If this is not sufficient evidence to convict ACTION of being something other than what it seems, then there are a few more black marks on the ACTION ledgers that should rest the case. Not only has ACTION failed to pay their \$25 bill to the 1967-1968 Rogues 'N Rascals (remember, page 73, which reads—"Students for ACTION The Student Group That Doesn't Rely On Pictures"), but they also took the liberty of xeroxing their page to use as signs advertising their meeting. If one is interested enough to check the final page of the annual, where the copyright regulations are stated, he will discover the following statement: "No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission of the author." That's a law. I rest my case.

It appears that ACTION not only does not rely on pictures, but they don't rely on equality, legality, or their own constitution.

Why—Victor Lopez

Why do I go to so much trouble to point out this problem that is creeping over our campus like a much unwanted shadow? It is the result of what a much respected friend of mine once said to me. About two weeks before his tragic death, Victor Lopez and I had a long telephone conversation on the subject of crime and injustice in America. He had just made a statement designating those who wrote to a public audience, and wrote the truth, as the last hope of salvation to the people. He then said, and these are his exact words, "You must tell them. Teach them to think. Do not allow them to accept blindly or to reject without direction. If justice fails, then we shall all perish in a terrible but deserved end." DO NOT LET HIS WORDS FALL ON DEAF EARS! I have told you. It now remains within the power of the individual to act.

Oh Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

EUROPE PART 11

As you travel south from Mannheim in the middle of West Germany, the countryside begins to roll and the air becomes cooler. It was the third week of March, and I had intentions of having my twenty-first birthday in the city of Rome. This was the town which I wanted to see more than any other in Europe. The eternal golden city of Rome had hung in my mind since I had first discovered that I was coming to Europe.

Germany was beginning to dress formally for spring. The chocolate brown earth was exposed to the warm spring sun, and little twigs of new green grain were looking at the world for the first time.

Ben, a friend, and I had decided to camp along the way. The entire back seat of my VW was crammed with goods to eat, sleeping bags cooking gear and the rest of the useful, needless junk. We had started at daybreak and planned to spend the first night somewhere on the beach of the Mediterranean Sea.

We crossed the border of Switzerland and drove into the alps. We picked up two girls, one from Frankfurt, the other from Denmark, who were hitchhiking to Milano. We lost forty-five minutes taking everything out of the backseat and tying it onto the roof of the car. We lost more time stopping to pick up the stuff which was blown off the roof.

The Swiss and the Alps

The Swiss speak a Germanic language which I could not understand, but the girl from Frankfurt also had trouble with it. The Swiss houses are usually built with one masonry wall having no windows. On many there were painted colorful scenes depicting various phases of living. Some were just pictures of birds, deer, or other animals. All were very pretty.

The grandeur which is the alps is something that defies description. The sweep of the magnitude of these structures is a flowing symphony of architectural design in vastness. I was, in short, awestruck. The roads thru these hills must have been made by Hannibal, and the elephants did a lot of damage. The damage has never been repaired. Driving past another VW on these narrow roads is an uncomfortable feeling. Driving past a truck is a nerve-shattering experience. A truck passing a truck is something that only the most sadistic type of person wants to watch. Top speed on these roads for a fool is about thirty miles an hour. For anyone sane it is considerably less.

Well into the Alps there were often two or three feet of snow on either side of the road. The sun was bright and the temperature was around sixty degrees. I decided to drive over the St. Gotthard Pass because I thought it was passable. As I rounded the last curve out of the last little town before getting to the pass, I ran into a six-foot snow bank. The pass was not clear. I then backtracked five miles down the mountain to put the car on a train. It cost above five dollars in Swiss francs to put the car on a flatcar and ride in it thru two tunnels to a town on the other side of the pass.

Into Italy

We stopped at Lucerne by the lake. Needless to say the water was freezing cold. We had lunch in a cafe overlooking the lake. Swiss beer is a robust as German beer, but the taste is milder. Several hours later we had made it to Lake Como, which is just inside Italy. The border guards were troublesome. They wanted to see everything that we were carrying. We had two five-gallon cans—one carrying water; the other, gasoline, which is taxable. The guard did not speak English or German or French, he spoke Italian and Spanish. So he told the Danish girl, who spoke fluent French, to tell a Frenchman who was having his car checked and who spoke Spanish, to tell the guard that we had water in both cans. The guard told the Frenchman to tell the girl to tell us that the guard didn't believe me. So we let him stick his finger into the water can. That satisfied him, stupid guard.

As you leave the Lake Como area, you begin to wind down the Alps and onto the plains of Italy. The panoramic view as you descend is spectacular. We got to Milano (which the Italians call Milan) late in the afternoon. The girls decided to go to Genoa with us. As we climbed back into the mountains the rain started to fall.

It was well dark now as we drove onto the beach outside of Genoa and pitched our camp for the night. We cooked some hotdogs and drank a beer or two and talked into the late hours as young people will talk.

The Mediterranean Sea in the early morning hours is a light emerald green. The girls cooked breakfast American style, eggs, bacon, grits, toast, and beer. We burned the paper plates, washed the pans in the sea, smothered the fire, and packed. The girls wanted to stay in town a day or two, so we said so long and headed south toward Pisa.

The famed leaning tower of Pisa is a scary thing. Ben and I sat across the street from it drinking seventy-five cents a gallon Italian wine. The tower looks as if it is going to fall, going to fall at any minute.

The Glory That Was Rome

The road south from Pisa to Rome runs right by the sea. Sometimes there is a drop of about a hundred feet, sometimes a drop of ten. The Italian countryside was brown, sandy and gave the appearance of being dirty. I was disappointed in it.

The greatest disappointment of all was Rome itself. It is the

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