

## Editorial

(A Guest Editorial by F. N. Stewart)

# Where They Gonna Sleep?

Considering that the fantasy of completed dorms does miraculize by the beginning days of next fall's semester, we wonder what the students therein will do with their time other than spend it academically. We suggest that it is a superable disguised contrivance to make all of the dorm students excellent scholars or excellent subjects for a looneybin study. Need we say that all books and no booze or broads will not make a student a better scholar.

## Where They Gonna Eat?

We may speculate that other than going to classes, when the dorms are built the students will create their own form of excitement as they come to class carrying their lunch bags since there will be a small feeding problem until the additional cafeteria is finished.

## Where They Gonna Park?

In addition to the problem of feeding that many students, once we have found a place for them to sleep, there will be a greater problem of where to park a student's car. The university is now a commuter college and it will be for a long time even after the dorms are totally finished. The ten dollars parking fee is ridiculous now and will become more so when a student who commutes to school cannot find a parking place anywhere on campus because those students who live in the dorms will have their cars parked here too. A large double standard is apparently going to arise between the commuter student and the resident student because of the parking problem. The resident will, of course, complain about not being able to park, but it seems that the student who has to drive to school has a better argument for having that parking space. If resident students are allowed to park their cars, it should be at a cost double or triple the parking fee of commuter students. This would hopefully insure that the crowded situation which resulted for a while (two or three years) could be lessened by this amount of additional revenue, if it is used to construct adequate parking space for the resident students. A more ideal solution for this parking problem would be double or triple decker parking units to conserve space and, more importantly, to allow one to park within reasonable walking distance of the heart of the University. If we continue to pave ground for parking, our campus will soon look like the Coliseum's parking lot. (During holidays we could use it as a substitute airport for Charlotte.) The double-decker parking lot would also provide protection against the elements as students and faculty walked a block or block and a half to the buildings in the quadrangle. We reject the idea of raising parking fees for the commuter students. It seems somehow analogous to taxing a necessity. People have surrendered too much living space to these steel, mechanical necessities and they are taxed quite adequately already. The state, federal, and local governments have developed superb ways of taxing tin box transporters and the university does not need to follow in their misguided ways.

## Where They Gonna Play?

If we get the students learning well enough, and having a place to sleep, and a place to eat, and a place to park; then there's only one other problem. What will the student be doing when he is not involved in one of the afore mentioned activities? If we judge by what is on campus now, we see several answers. First he may be going to Charlotte to participate in some of her extra-curricular activities if he has the money. Or, he may be bored silly.

Here lies the greatest problem that the dorm student will face. What to do when classes are thru for the day or the week. If it has been forgotten by the administration, students do not study all the time. We suggest an immediate move for the creation of conveniences and extra curricular activities on campus. First and foremost there should be some on-campus machines from which a person may obtain sandwiches, preferably hot sandwiches. When the cafeteria closes in the afternoon, the only substance of this campus is candy bars, soft drinks, coffee, and milk provided that one can get into the buildings to get them. We have seen these sandwich machines so they do exist, and there is a need here for the machines. They should be added this semester.

The first step to be taken is to add a ten-dollar line item to the general fees of each student. It should be effective by next fall. It is the first big step. The line item would be a Union programming fee to be handled by the Director of Programming for the Union. The money (somewhere between \$20,000 to \$30,000) would provide the capital necessary to begin expanding activities on campus. A movie theatre of sorts should be established at the university. It need not be elaborate, but sufficient. It could be perhaps in one of the larger lecture rooms in C-Building. Movies could be shown perhaps on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. A nominal admission fee (25 cents?) could be charged for the movies. A continuing, rather than sporadic, coffee house could be established. It has been suggested that when we are not using professional talent, we use local talent from our own university and from surrounding colleges. Again, the students would be charged a nominal admission. These admission charges must be made so that a small part of the cost would be offset. The general fee must be charged of all students to provide the opportunity to have these activities. And the admission fee should be charged for the exercise of the option to see them. The coffee house could perhaps be held where previous coffee houses have been held.

The Union will have to expand its hours from 7:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. The Union will have to be open, also, on Saturdays with these same hours. It should be open most of Sunday afternoon, perhaps from 12:00 to 10:00 P.M. The Bookstore will have to open all day Saturday and Sunday afternoon. The gameroom will have to stay open till 10:00 P.M. The cafeteria should have its grill open everynight till 10:30. The craftshop should also have night hours. There should be areas of the Union where a T.V. is kept permanently to allow for casual viewing.

# Christmas — a Bittersweet Time of the Year

By Dan L. Morrill

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year. And from the clash, the gargantuan collision of these two essences, the bitter and the sweet, emerges the spirit of Christmas in the USA in 1968. Nominalism runs wild; confusion reigns supreme. When Christmas nears coming to my ears are not the sounds of chestnuts roasting on open fires but the maddening cacophony of utter and total confusion, the agonizing groans of a schizophrenic holiday unable to grasp identity. As spokesman for December 25 we look to the mighty bell to ring its message of truth and hope to a beleaguered world. Would it not be more appropriate to select variously trained, dedicated, talented, and disciplined individuals, each singing his own favorite ditty without any direction whatsoever, as our yuletide choir?

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year. With nauseating efficiency we here in this country are crucifying the celebration of Christ's birth with the trinkets, the glossy ornaments, the polished surface of modern technology. Ascending from our substrata of values is a clarion call to purchase, to wrap, to display, to use, and to discard SOON an unbelievable array of trivia — a call which I have obediently answered, answer, and probably will continue to answer. Of what is Christmas made? A menagerie of dolls capable of duplicating almost any biological function; plastic fashioned by the machine into weapons authentic to the bayonet; perfumed hormone cream guaranteed to keep mama an eternal 27; padded elbow rests allowing daddy to get closer in comfort to the TV on Sunday afternoons; aluminum Christmas trees shimmering with the warmth of neon lights placed in sub-development windows; the budding of bulbs from gutter to front porch to back porch to side porch working together to produce the aura and mystique of Douglas Municipal Airport. All of these and more perched atop a BankAmericard, of that Christmas is made.

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year. How reassuring that this man whose birth we now celebrate believed fervently in man's capacity for goodness, and especially pertinent for us today, in his ability to do the unprecedented. How courageous Jesus' life. How consistent His example. How penetrating His message.

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year. Without children the joy of Christmas would not be. That unspoiled and uninhibited enthusiasm with which the young receive this holiday underscores their eviable ability, once lost never to be reacquired, to touch

life directly, not to subdivide its vital energy into a plethora of interpretative pigeonholes, not to hide its joys and pains behind a multifaceted gridwork.

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year. It is a time of remembering, a signpost

around which the past gather. My mother, my father, my childhood, my home. It is a time of appreciating people here and now, a signpost around which parties occur, conversations are held. My wife, my daughter, my friends.

Christmas is for me a bittersweet time of the year.

## Carmichael Advocates Black Pride

By Walt Sherrill

It started about 1:00 when Carmichael's bodyguards wouldn't let anyone (except Blacks) into the Parquet Room. "You can come in at fifteen til two," they'd say in response to questions from students—and then they'd close the doors. A few outside the doors became more than a little upset, but Stewart Auten did a commendable job of keeping tempers cool.

Sherry Drake of the Journal, Eileen Auerbach (disguised as a mild-mannered reporter), and I finally managed to get inside after Alice Folger interceded on our behalf with one of the bodyguards.

The first ten rows of chairs were filled with Blacks; most of them seemed to be college students, and nearly all of them were well-dressed and civil. Toward the rear, a few prosperous-looking Black adults sat apart, interrupting their discussion periodically to return greetings from students. Everyone in the Parquet Room seemed in good humor, which was understandable: they were running the show.

One television reporter seemed to have an inordinate amount of influence among members of the Black Panther Party—the same reporter who had played such a large part in a little squabble here on campus the day after the "Bitch-In".

Dr. Cone came in the door to protest, I was told later, that UNC-C students were being denied entrance to the Parquet Room while Smith students were not. At the time, however, it looked as though she were being denied entrance as well.

A few minutes later, Dean MacKay went to the microphone and asked all but the first four rows of Blacks to leave their seats and exit the Parquet Room. (The first four rows were considered part of the Black security force, and would've been allowed to stay.) It was a campus, policy, he said, that seats were given to visitors only after all students had been seated; if they did not comply, he would be forced to cancel the speech. Nobody moved. The bodyguard I was talking to said quite simply, "they

never move."

About 1:50 the doors opened and students flooded in. A long, smoke-filled thirty minutes ensued as the audience waited for Carmichael to make his appearance.

Abruptly, the rear door of the Parquet Room opened and the first ten rows erupted into cheers and raised fists: Stokely Carmichael, Prime Minister of the Black Panther Party had arrived.

Chuck Howard, the Journal Photographer, was busy taking pictures of Stokely, the crowd, and of anything that moved. He even got a picture of UNC-C's own Carmichael, Mike, a five-year man if ever there was one.

When you explore the media coverage of Carmichael's speeches, you find much about his allusions to Violence, but little else. Yet before the talk devolved into polemics last week, Carmichael gave an eloquent description of the negro-self-image.

Negroes are a very negative people, and they hate themselves. If they are ever to become people, they must first learn to love themselves. Stokely Carmichael said that, not I. And that seems to be as much a part of what he is trying to say as Violence.

"I am for Revolutionary violence...and by violence, I mean hurting people!" Violence, he said, has been institutionalized in America as a legitimate tool to keep the Black man down; if Blackmen are ever going to become people they will in turn have to make violence legitimate. "Did you ever think of Poverty as Violent, or of a black baby going to bed hungry as Violence?..."

As the talk progressed and became more ideological, I felt that I was back in Dr. Jamgotch's class in Soviet Government, relearning the tenets of Marxist-Leninist theory. Yet Carmichael was an impressive speaker.

(Stokely wasn't wearing a belt: apparently the life of an agitator leaves one little time to attend to the personal things.)

"As Che Guevara said, 'either you win or you die—you can't' (Continued on Page 6)



X-MAS?