

EDITORIAL

By the Drink or Buy the Bottle

The question of liquor-by-the-drink for Charlotte involves many sides; often the contestants in such verbal duels as the ones that have recently arisen are not really arguing the same question. There are four phases of the issue that we think must be dealt with in order to get to the heart of the matter.

The first factor is a social one: when a man drinks, he may overstep the limits of his inherited freedom. He may become intoxicated to the point of being obnoxious or even bothersome to one of his fellow citizens. This question is an old one that we deal with while making the initial decision about prohibition. At that time the decision was that laws should prevent the rational man from indulging beyond his capacity. This question is a separate one that only stirs up more confusing dust. It has only indirect bearing on the current question of liquor-by-the-drink.

God never said anything about liquor-by-the-drink in the BIBLE. The closest He came to dealing with the question was a command of temperance. If liquor-by-the-drink were allowed in Charlotte, the virtue of temperance would be served. As the beverage laws of North Carolina now stand, a man is led to believe that he must kill a whole bottle in one evening, so he won't have to take the chance of getting caught transporting a bottle with a broken seal illegally. Temperance is served in still another way; the man who sits down at a bar for a couple of drinks literally "pays through the nose" for what he gets. Getting drunk while purchasing the stimulant a shot at a time is a far more expensive process than sitting down in the home of a friend and putting away a bottle.

Charlotte Could Benefit

This same monetary factor also works for the cause of the drinker's health. If a heavy drinker becomes a light drinker for exclusively financial reasons, the "good" done is no less valid than it would be if he had a heavenly vision in which he was commanded to curb his appetite for alcohol.

The moral question of whether or not it is "good" to drink remains a dilemma and is not directly related to the question at hand.

In so far as the economic welfare of the community is concerned, the evidence weighs heavily in favor of liquor-by-the-drink. More conventions and other commercial activities will be attracted to the area if a bill allowing the across-the-counter sale of liquor were to go into effect in Charlotte. The community would reap benefits in both the commercial and the tourist phases. The industrial development can not be far behind.

Would a liquor-by-the-drink law make alcohol any easier to procure? Sure. But those who want it will get it anyway. Why not raise a little tax money in the process?

For those who are firmly entrenched on the side against this move for the good of the community, fear not! We can assure YOU that we are quite far indeed from mandatory alcohol indulgence. If you don't want to drink, you still don't have to drink.

One last consideration - there is a great move among the "younger generation" to dispose of some of the hypocrisy that currently clouds our thoughts. We have been looking for technical ways to avoid the present dilemma for years. Our society has advanced to the point at which we are ready to bring our legal system into coincidence with our mores. After all, the motto of the State of North Carolina is *Esse Quam Videri*. It is about time we took heed to our own slogan.

If traffic fatalities show a sharp increase that can be traced to the consumption of more alcohol ... if the moral system on which our society is based shows deterioration on account of liquor-by-the-drink ... if the churches are empty on Sunday mornings while the local jails overflow with drunks ... if major business concerns avoid Charlotte as a den of iniquity and sloth ... then the law can always be repealed! But at least give it a chance to work.

Carmichael Stranded

From the November 25 Charlotte News.

During the riots which followed the assassination of Martin Luther King earlier this year, one able slum worker, reflecting on those who advocate racial violence, pondered, aloud what it would be like in two years when "we're calling Stokely Carmichael an Uncle Tom." It was a grim prediction drawn from all the fury of a riot. But upon reflection, and after reading Carmichael's recent comments in Chapel Hill, we bet Americans, black and white, will always reject Carmichael's siren call to "revolutionary violence."

Perhaps he only plays with words. He praises George Wallace's technique for gaining power; so maybe Carmichael is only an ardent rabble rouser. Nonetheless his talk exceeds reasonable, even dramatic, methods of change, for he talks of violence, revolution and guns. Even many Negro leaders who extolled the virtues of rioting two years ago now are rejecting violence as a tool for racial progress. Violence or talk of violence tears at the fabric of society; it doesn't heal. Violence invites violence. Carmichael's way off base and we bet he is left stranded by Americans, too.

For an added insight into student attitudes at the home of the 49er, read the results of the JOURNAL petitions on campus gun control.

We also recommend LETTER FROM A FRIEND on page 4. What do the soldiers in Viet Nam think about the situation on the home front (for it has indeed become a front)?

And for a detailed view into the thoughts and activities of a University administrator, we enthusiastically suggest that you explore the JOURNAL interview with Dr. Paul Miller. This interview can be found on page -1 -.

"Hagbard and Signe" Shines

By R.T. Smith

"Hagbard and Signe" may very well be the best movie that Charlotte moviegoers will have a chance to see in 1968. And just who are Hagbard and Signe? The movie is not ten minutes old before it becomes obvious that they are the saxon correspondants to Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare's immortal starcrossed lovers. But they are much more besides. They are Malory's Tristran and Isolde. They are Marcellus and Lydia, Pyramus and Thisbe, Sigurd and Brynhild. In some episodes of the film Hagbard resembles Achilles, the Nietzschean superman, Hamlet, and Socrates. Signe appears as the northern counterpart to The Virgin Mary, Joan of Arc, and Lysistrata. Throughout the film one may make an extremely sound case for an identification of Hagbard with Christ.

The plot line of "Hagbard and Signe" closely follows its Elizabethan predecessor: two young people from feuding families fall instantly and hopelessly in love. Jealousy, hate, war, and bigotry come between them, until they are finally united in death. How can a film on such an oft-employed theme be called exciting or thought-provoking? The producer must maintain a particular tone of presentation throughout the film, and he must also develop characters who step out of their archetypal roles and realize an individuation that is particular, but not contrary to the established typical portraits. The acting must be at least superb. The choreography must be balanced; and the scenery, expressive of the prevailing moods of the tale.

The Scandinavian film of "Hagbard and Signe" (subtitled "The Red Mantle") fits that formula in its every aspect. The moody grays and solemn browns of the technicolor scenery are an added attraction that should please even the most meticulous of aestheticians.

The Saxon simplicity of ritual in the era of early Scandinavian Christianity is portrayed in such an expert manner that the casual viewer will be engulfed by the naturalistic-realistic phase of the movie and will be tempted to ignore the rich symbolism that prevails throughout the screenplay. The film is not an easy one to watch, for the audience must keep every sense primed and alert lest they miss a subtly inserted detail which may carry more than passing significance. The English subtitles are important only on occasion, because the performances by the leading characters come off so well that an absorbed audience can anticipate the captions by inference from the expressions, intonations, and energy of the actors.

Two battle scenes are brutally real, so real, in fact, that the viewer can feel the cold steel as it hungrily plunges through the warm flesh of Hagbard's younger brother. The plot carries such a kinesis that the audience must feel some identification with the anxious mothers who await the casualty report as they stand wearily at the stockade gates, the hardy young men whose lifeblood is spilt on the rocky shores of the fjord through the treachery of a Norse Judas, the solid ruler, Sigvard, whose stony Gothic pose remains fixed through the gamut of emotions and lends a sense of stability to the tale, or the impetuous lovers themselves, as they overcome the greatest of obstacles to gain one brief night together in a love scene that borders on earning "classic" status.

In order to achieve an

identification with the Christ figure, Hagbard must be betrayed, an act which calls for a Judas-type. The Judas of "Hagbard and Signe" is a jealous suitor named Hildegrist, who buys (instead of 'sells') the death of the hero right after a feast that carries a more than vague resemblance to the Christian Last Supper. The sale takes place over a chess game which serves as a microcosm to the entire feud-plot and is accompanied by the following sinister quote: Gold holds sway over both life and death. Bolvis, the elder plotter, sews the seeds for a duel to the death between Hagbard's two brothers and the sons of Sigvor. Hagbard returns from a wolf hunt (not insignificant in itself as a symbol) in time to see his brothers bleeding in the sand. In emotionally charged battle scene, in which Hagbard momentarily wears the masque of David of Bethlehem, Hagbard slays the sons of Sigvor (backing the last survivor into the life-mother sea) and is declared an outlaw. He returns home to his mother in his own village, only to be drawn from his sleep by a dream that links him psychically to Signe, for whom he has promised to return. In the guise of a servant woman (hidden by the Red Mantle) Hagbard returns to Sigvor's stockade where he is discovered. The lovers spend one happy night together in one of the most artfully presented love scenes to

penetrate the American screen. After a furious battle, Hagbard is captured and tried, but only because Signe shields him for her father's swordsman, her nude body in the pose of a cross. The trial scene is reminiscent of Christ's confrontation with Pilot, and Sigvor's wife must make the decision to execute Hagbard. The final denouement is but a repetition of the Shakespearean finale, but it is portrayed with extraordinary sensitivity by Hagbard (Oleg Vidov).

Sigvor discovers the body of his unfortunate daughter, and the film's closing moments stand as a tribute to the skill of Gunnard Bjornstrand.

"Hagbard and Signe" can be an exciting experience in film viewing independent of the individual's idiosyncratic tastes in movies for it is pleasing in many different senses of the word. It is a good version of a classical life situation. It is a masterpiece of symbolic intertwining of plot and theme. It is a colorful movie about love and war and human beings. And most of all, it is a radiant and harmonious work of art in the finest tradition of the Scandinavian theatre.

"Hagbard and Signe" ("The Red Mantle") is presently playing at Charlotte's Plaza Theatre, where it will run until December 17. The Plaza's next attraction will be "Belle de Jour", starring Catherine Deneuve.

Thanks

By Editor and Staff

Whenever I begin to consider the things for which I should be thankful, I realize how small my thanks are in comparison to all the things that I have received, and not really deserved. I often wonder, "How do the things that I value rank in comparison to the things that others hold in esteem?" I guess that the only way to find out is to ask, but first, here is a brief catalogue of some of the bits and pieces of life that make me a happy man:

- the literary art of men like Joyce, Eliot, Camus, Sartre, and Tolkien. They can be picked up and read at any time - without appointment.
 - a friendly smile on the face of a stranger on a cold city street
 - a warm fireside, complete with the voices of old friends and new ideas.
 - the whistling of the wind in the leafless trees in life's whitemoon
 - music, mostly bossa nova or pop/jazz
 - a certain supercindy who knows just what to say all the time
 - the fellowship of a "clandestine" non-organization
 - playing the role of novitiate in the presence of learned figures
 - deep red sunsets speckled with dark gray clouds that smile just at me.
 - creating, shaping, forming, building, synthesizing, nourishing, rebuilding, and designing - in short, writing
 - running through fields without fences on sunny days
 - libertas, amor, et artificium*
- And I wonder, "What are the other members of the staff thinking about on this Godsend-of-a-holiday?" here's what a few of them had to offer...

F. N. Stewart

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