

The Candle: View Of James Gardner

By TIMOTHY RAY
First of a Series

In an earlier article, this column criticized student behavior at the first UNC Free Speech Rally on the grounds that such behavior conflicted with a student's obligation, if not to maintain an open mind toward all points of view, at least to politely give a speaker a chance to state his views audibly. A respected friend of mind admonished that I had "run roughshod over the concept of fun."

Having given that charge considerable thoughts, I have concluded that real fun is a way of doing something, a feeling of zest as a sportsman engages in activity like fishing or a game or athletic contest that he enjoys, or as a craftsman (whether a builder of houses or scientific theories) works at something that challenges and excites him.

Perhaps more can be said about that on a later occasion, but now I want to observe that it is neither fun nor funny when men and women are afraid to hear a man talk about freedom, about right and wrong, and especially about the nature and meaning of a university in a free society. I plan, in a series of articles, to relate some of these concepts to James Gardner and his recent activities on this campus, to include a review of the reactions of the North Carolina press to these matters, and to present facts about the University's reactions.

I became curious about what James Gardner was talking about when I got the vague and somewhat confused impression that he was concerned about our treatment of foreign students and Negroes, and about the nature of the contemporary university. It was my reaction, under the influence, as I was, of the editorials and articles in the DTH, that Gardner's ideas were so radical as to be inappropriate to our University community.

I wrote him a letter to that effect, and that began a series of letters which led to my finding out a great deal about who this man is, what his ideas and goals are, and what motivates him to speak the way he does.

I visited James Gardner in his home in order to find out the actual facts of the Free Speech Movement, of Free Speech Forum. Several miles in the country, his home is appropriate for a country gentleman and scholar. Before a roaring cedar fire, I plied my host with many questions, which he answered at great length, both generally and specifically.

First, I want to talk chiefly about James Gardner, the individual, and then the incident involving Mr. Hage. Thirty-four years ago, James Watts Gardner, Jr., was born in Havana, Cuba, where his parents were serving as teachers; his father is, in addition, a Methodist minister. He is a lover of camping and astronomy, and he has traveled extensively and lived for three years in Germany and Switzerland.

While in Europe, aside from perfecting his French, German and Spanish, he worked with the State Department and World Council of Churches Service to Refugees, established and directed language training centers in Germany, for escapes from East European countries did editorial work at Geneva's U. N. offices, and managed to have time for part-time graduate studies at Goethe University, Frankfurt am Main, and the University of Geneva.

Graduating at the top of his class from Fishburn School in Virginia, James Gardner went on to take honors in philosophy at Emory and receive an MA in linguistics from UNC, where he is presently working on his Ph.D. and teaching in the field of English, and writing a dissertation relating the poetry of William Butler Yeats and the psychology of Carl Jung.

He has had teaching experience for a total of over nine years, at University of the Pacific, N. C. State College, and UNC, and in such areas as creative writing, Chaucer, twentieth century literature, literary criticism, the novel and language training for Peace Corps Volunteers.

The record of this unusual man goes on and on, but I think it is sufficiently clear that he is an able and mature individual, who would not likely be engaged in the wild-eyed revolutionary stunts which many have interpreted his Free Speech activities to be. In fact, his record would lead a neutral observer to expect that his efforts to establish a public forum for the discussion of ideas on the University of North Carolina campus are probably worthy of serious consideration by the University community.

By careful, thorough, and unprejudiced investigations, I discovered this to be in fact quite true. In subsequent articles I will discuss the purpose Mr. Gardner had in mind in beginning his Free Speech activities, how his plans differed from those of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, and what he seeks to accomplish.

Winter Quarterly Has Good Prose

By DR. ROBERT VOITTE
Editors' Note: the author of the following review on the winter edition of the Carolina Quarterly is a member of the English Department.

It is almost as if The Carolina Quarterly had set out to disprove what is daily more evident, that American verse by and large has become during the past six or seven years a vastly more sophisticated medium than our fiction. This is not to say that the poetry in the Winter issue is dull; rather, that only a romantic could thoroughly enjoy it.

Subtle ideas are expressed with humorless high seriousness and the emotional lighting is uniformly monochromatic but diffuse, not bright and hard.

Thus John Haines sings of our human picklement in early nineteenth century tones and a compelling rhythms, and Robert Morgan suffers from late-Victorian weltschmerz. John Tagliabue's rich and complex poems are more accomplished but unless your attitude towards Shakespeare is mid-Joyce, or early Henry Miller, not altogether satisfying. More callow, perhaps, Russell Salmon's "Monologue for a Hebe-phenic Hobo" has the great virtue of being the one of 15 poems which for better or worse speaks vigorously to today.

The fiction is another matter. Though Joy Williams's somewhat old-fashioned story of the outre relationship of a small boy and a young woman roamer provokes all sorts of twitches in one's sense of *deja vu*, and despite paragraph after paragraph crammed with the metaphor of pain, the whole business somehow comes off.

Carolyn Wynne contributes a brutal and witty fantasy on an encounter between the military mind and that very rare sort of individual who cannot ever succumb to the primal appeals inherent in its habit of thought, or functioning.

The longest is R. T. Sale's story of a refugee German

teacher who on coming here in 1940 finds that as the martinet his profession has made him he is isolated from the American schoolboys, and who comes to be regarded finally as a stereotype of his own persecutors.

The flashbacks to his own experiences before fleeing Germany are all the more powerful for their spare restraint in an age when Rolf Hochhuth's brilliant and glibly "The Berlin Antigone" is palatable simply because the pain of remembering is preferable to the horror of forgetting. The barriers between the teacher and the boys, between one of the boys and his own mother are simple and massive, and they structure the story in such a way that it moves to its inevitable conclusion all the more impressively because it does so ponderously and mechanically.

There is little that can be said in this small space concerning Nelson James Dunford's compelling "True Believer" beyond that it is the best of a generally good lot and that — read it as allegory, parable, or story — it relates bizarre events and emotions with startling verisimilitude.

Should the preoccupation with pain, physical and emotional, apparent in these stories suggest that the Quarterly has fallen into the perverse ways of so many literary magazines, John Ilo's "Idyll of Unreproved Pleasures Free" will reassure anyone.

What could be more healthy as the Japonica comes into bloom than a review of "Fanny Hill" which defines as the purpose of Cleland's narrative "to provide a varied set of occasions for displaying and celebrating the supreme human happiness of sexuality . . . and, especially, wholesome heterosexuality."

If it be objected that Mr. Ilo, searching far and wide for precedents, sees the book as unique, while it is in reality one of many similar flowers of the golden age of English pornography, the paperback publishers will soon set him right.



Letters To The Editors

Discriminatory Clauses Bad

Faculty Decision Brings Approval

Editors, The Tar Heel.

Congratulations to the Faculty Council for its decision on fraternity discriminatory clauses! The argument will perhaps be raised that this decision restricts fraternities' freedom. Instead, it frees them, leaving membership up to the individual chapter rather than allowing national limitations to be set. It does not force a fraternity to accept a certain type of member, but rather clears away the rigamarole preventing a fraternity from accepting such a member if desired.

Congratulations, too, to the Tar Heel, Pete Wales' approving editorial of March 6 is quite a switch from the rantings of Feb.

17, which predicted "that the Hill. We witness a great con- fraternity system at UNC will set up a yell that can be heard in Miami, Ohio, if anyone in the administration sets an arbitrary limit on the time a fraternity has to rid itself of a clause of any nature."

The same editorial stated, "Assuming that no legal restrictions interfere, there seems to be no overwhelming argument for ordering all fraternities to drop discriminatory clauses. (Even though) Granted, such clauses are, in essence, injudicious and silly."

We are optimistic that brotherhood, not discrimination, is the true meaning of fraternities. And now the burr shifts to another part of the saddle of prejudice. Spring is coming and with it long, romantic walks through the beauty of Chapel

Spring In Business Again; But It's A Seasonal Thing

By JEFF GREENFIELD
Collegiate Press Service

Spring forged ahead this week in a dramatic, sudden shift in this hard-fought battle for national supremacy.

Virtually unseen until a week ago, Spring's strength was revealed in widely scattered demonstrations of grass-roots power.

In Scarsdale, three 12-year old boys were seen tossing a hardball back and forth with fielder's mitts. One wore a Mets cap. Two housewives in Mineola were seen lounging in their backyards thumbing through flower catalogues. Six Madison Avenue executives were seen walking down the street with their topcoats open, and smiles were spotted on the faces of students at four Midwestern universities. They know what I give 'em; if they don't want me let 'em vote against me alltime."

Winter was bitter toward his opponent, charging him with inducing a "Pie-in-the-Sky Never- Never - Never - Land" attitude in the public.

"Cripes," said Winter. "You take one look at him with his fancy duds and that nice soft voice and those singers he has always got with him and right away they don't care."

"What's gonna happen to our responsible citizens?" he demanded. "Whose gonna think about Vietnam when they can talk to a lake and row a boat or stroll in a park or sit outside and lie in the grass. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty — you can't help but be vigilant when I'm around," Winter said. "It's all you can do."

Winter also charged Spring with destroying "the hard-backed fibre that made this nation great. Where would we have been if I wasn't here when the Pilgrims came over here. Who would have built homes if I weren't here to prod 'em into it. Boy, that's gratitude."

Conceding that his chances were "pretty lousy" for the coming weeks, Winter insisted that he'd be seen again. "These things run in cycles," he said.

How can privies still exist in progressive Chapel Hill? How can absentee landlords get away with charging exorbitant rates and not even bringing their holdings up to existing minimum city requirements in sanitation? How can Negroes pay these exorbitant rates anyway, the lucky ones who have a job generally getting the minimum wage of 85 cents or \$1700 in the usual job year?

How can city officials close their eyes to violations of housing laws? How can Chapel Hill whites wash their hands like Pilate of any responsibility for having caused these horrid conditions and then denounce the expected results of these conditions, such as petty theft by maids?

UNC has a good social science research department. But its findings are unapplied.

Carol Schmidt, Secretary Chapel Hill CORE

Pub Board Ruling Makes Good Sense

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Mr. Clotfelter's letter concerning Norwood Pratt's failure to obtain Publications Board endorsement appears to beg the question of whether Pratt could get the paper out. In that letter was the opinion that anyone who can write and is intelligent should be endorsed by the Board. Many people myself included, consider themselves intelligent and able to write, and some of these probably are. But not all of us could manage the D.T.H.

Perhaps the paper could withstand whatever incompetence, novel or not, that Mr. Pratt might bring to the editorship. However, if there is the strong possibility that the paper might not get out, there is a likelihood that what did issue from the managerial confusion would be untidy and incomprehensible, no matter how literary the editor might be.

Editorial "incest" is not entirely unreasonable, since veterans are less likely to be bothered by such mundane matters as providing daily news and current information in digestible form and can find time to add interest to the paper. New blood should be (and, I suspect, is) welcome at the D.T.H., but why the editorship for a novice? Or Mr. Pratt that outstanding? Or is his candidacy merely another "change-for-change's-sake" crusade? Mr. Clotfelter's letter very much suggests the latter.

I for one do not like a daily paper to be sensational (read "Hively" and "exciting") or a propaganda sheet for protest, which I am certain would be lively enough and informative in the right (read "progressive") way for Messrs. Pratt and Clotfelter.

Haywood Smith, Jr.
606 Ehringhaus

DTH Editorial Page

Opinions of the Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. Letters and columns, covering a wide range of views, reflect the personal opinions of their authors.

Reform's Here: Pass It

The N. C. Court Commission, which was set up to work out legislation for a reform of the state's courts, has come up with a bill which would make Arthur Hays have a paroxysm of delight.

Of course, a piece of legislation that is 115 pages long and still can be deciphered must have merit, and the commission's findings have laid a blueprint for untieing the tangle which now features our court system.

The constitutional amendment passed by the voters sets 1970 as the deadline for reform. The amendment was put on the ballot because the legislators couldn't do the job themselves, and we hope they will give strong consideration to the present recommendation.

If passed, the bill would:

—Replace the nearly 200 County, Recorder's and other courts with District Courts, which would be instituted on a gradual basis until complete reform was achieved in December, 1970.

—Provide for a uniform court costs

and fee system, thus specifying exactly what a defendant can expect were he found guilty.

—Get rid of the part-time judges, who take the appointment to the bench only as a sideline. The bill would insure qualified, dedicated magistrates.

—Outline exactly what kinds of cases may be tried before District and Superior Courts.

The commission's recommendations have been well thought out, and there should be no reason for the General Assembly to do much more with the bill other than change a word or two around, and perhaps add a comma if needed.

Unlike our present court system, the bill needs no major changes, and the General Assembly would do well to get it passed as soon as possible.

The deadline is 1970, and if legislation is not passed this session it will be extremely difficult to put the plan into effect, even though the 1967 Assembly gets the job done.

The Girls Show Up The Ban

The action of 100 UNC-G students who walked a mile to hear a Polish diplomat banned from their campus by the Speaker Ban law was an apt demonstration of just how silly the law is.

The students, all female, did not "demonstrate." They did not sing, or carry placards or banners. They simply exercised their rights as American citizens

to walk to a public place and hear a public address.

Had the location of the speech been anywhere but North Carolina, and the speaker anyone but a Communist, the event would have been as routine as parking your car.

It is unfortunate that some prankster decided to turn in a false fire alarm while the address was in progress, for such action made a circus of an orderly meeting, and overshadowed the content of the speech.

But we doubt that the content mattered very much. We have enough faith in our fellow students to think that they are capable of hearing a Communist talk on almost anything without having their youthful minds warped, and we doubt that a single one of the young ladies who attended the address took a turn to the Left as a result of what she heard.

Unfortunately, public opinion in North Carolina has begun to approach the point at which the possession of such faith in one's peers is almost heretical. But we have always had that faith, and the calm, thoughtful approach taken by the girls at Greensboro reinforces it even more.

They proved a point, and they proved it well. Perhaps if that point can be made clear often enough, our elders will eventually demonstrate the same sort of public responsibility.

nation's collegiate sweatshirts.

Mickey Mouse has a lock on watch faces, and Kilroy has the washroom wall and inaccessible-height market cornered.

Now Al Capp's Kickapoo Joy Juice has joined the throng of publicity gimmick creations (Beethoven was not originally conceived of as a gimmick, but into every life a little fame must fall), along with Capp's other contributions to American lore, Sadie Hawkins Day and schmoos.

Here we go again, friends. The National NuGrape Co. of Atlanta has bought the right to name a new soft drink Kickapoo Joy Juice.

Capp has described the original Juice as containing "anything handy, any flora or fauna . . . anything crawling by, maybe a dead horse . . ."

NuGrape's version contains who-knows-what. But it appears, according to reports, "bubbly and bright yellow in color, tangy with a touch of orange, and primly sweet to the taste."

Will we now have Kickapoo cocktails, made with gin or vodka (or anything handy)?

Doubtless. Will people give parties serving Kickapoo punch from cast iron pots? Probably.

Will the Juice give us joy? Maybe. Isn't this nation almost beyond belief? Absolutely.

Sorry, Friends

It seems we owe an apology to the men of Alexander Hall, who, by implication, were given the short shift in these columns yesterday, when we mentioned that no one had showed up at the candidates' meeting Monday night.

Well, it seems that no one ever contacted the Hall President, and consequently no one knew of the meeting. It did seem strange at the time, as during our campaign last year we noted a large and vocal crowd there.

So, our apologies to Alexander, and the back of our hand to whoever was supposed to contact their president. If they are given the opportunity to hear the candidates, we hope they will have their usual large attendance.

A Kickapoo And A Moon Pie?

From The Charlotte Observer

Remember Davy Crockett? He landed on the nation's T-shirts, which is at least the equivalent of appearing on the cover of Time.

Remember Beethoven? He made the

The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

Fred Seely, Hugh Stevens, co-editors; Mike Yopp, Ernie McCrary, managing editors; Pete Wales, associate editor; Larry Tarleton, sports editor; Mary Ellison Strother, wire editor; Mike Wiggin, night editor; Jerry Sipe, John Greenbacher, Fred Thomas, staff writers; Richard Cummins, Mike Jennings, feature writers; Pete Gammons, asst. sports editor; Perry McCarty, Pete Cross, Bill Lee, Tom Hanev, sports writers; Jock Luatere, photographer; Chip Barnard, cartoonist; Jack Harrington, bus. mgr.; Betsy Gray, asst. bus. mgr.; Woody Sobol, ad. mgr.; John Askew, asst. ad. mgr.; Tom Clark, subscription mgr.; John Evans, circulation mgr.; Dick Baddour; Jan Jorgensen, Dan Warren, salesmen; Becky Timberlake, Aleva Smith, secretaries.

Second Class postage paid at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Co., Inc. The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news dispatches.