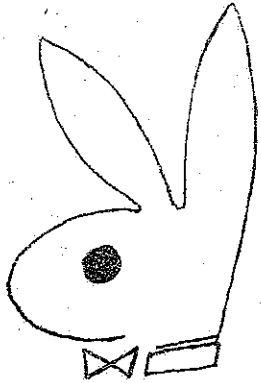


Back cover

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE TONIGHT?



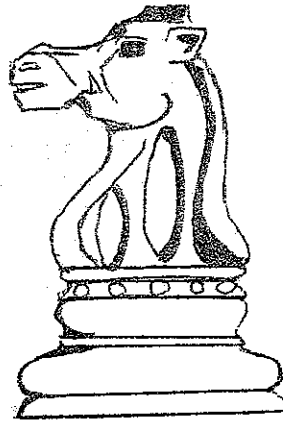
Support your local Boys Club.

I'd walk a mile for a Camel . . .

but not a step for a cigarette.

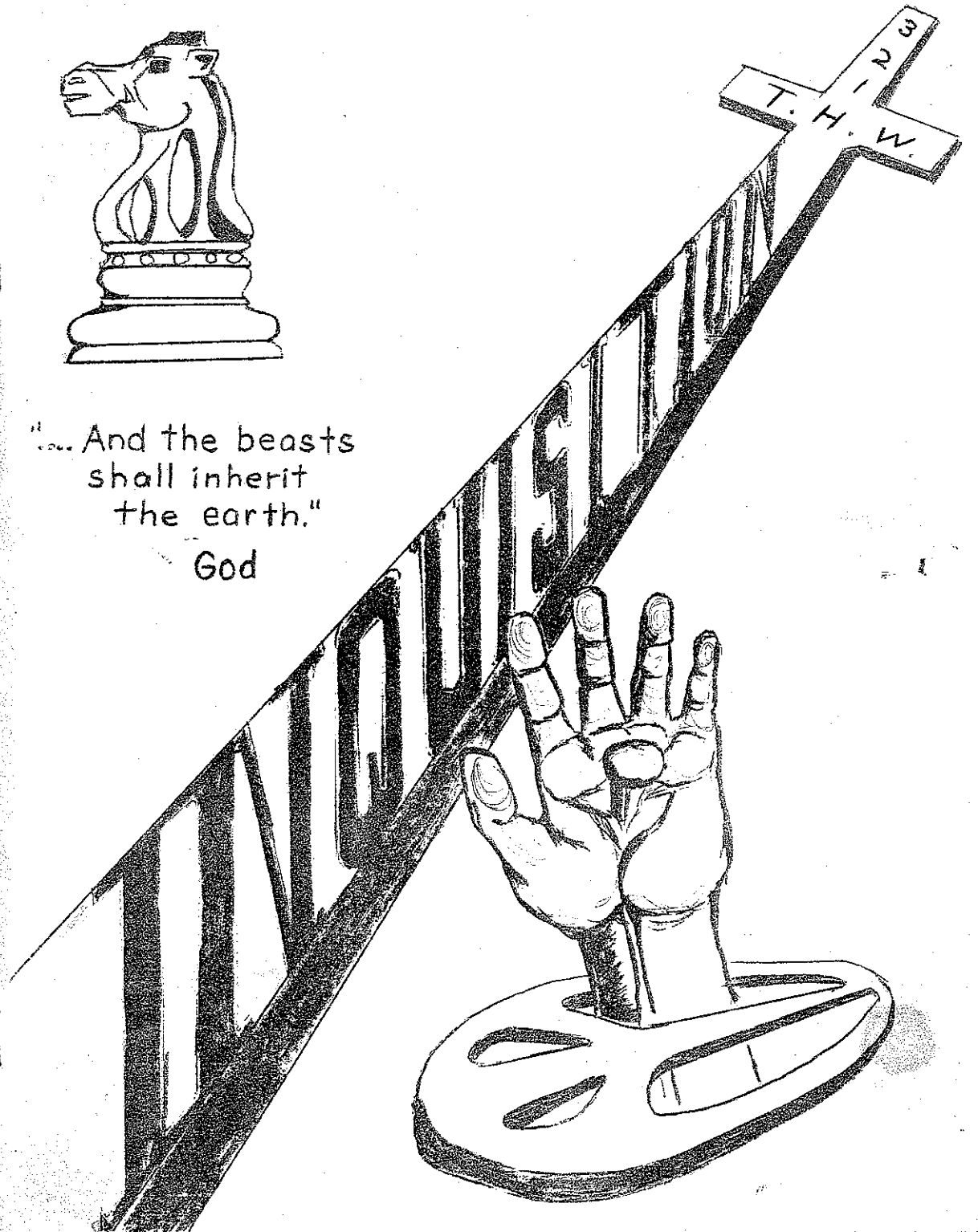
CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING  
MAY BE HAZARDOUS  
TO YOUR HEALTH.

front cover



"...And the beasts  
shall inherit  
the earth."

God



Inside cover

④

# Inquisition

VOL. I

Issue 1

June 1968

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Amendment I

"CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION,  
OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF  
SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS;..."

James Madison and  
company

The gold razor edges of  
the discordant sun  
ripple through the  
quivering curtains and  
play a tattoo  
on carol, but cannot  
disturb her frozen features  
as they slice through the cat's cradles  
she is obediently making  
out of cigarette smoke.

Lynwood Sawyer

3  
A VIEW FROM A DESK OR A  
DOWNTRODDEN AND UNDERPAID  
EDITOR'S VIEW OF THE WORLD

I was thinking the other day about news casters, priests, ballplayers, race drivers, mountains, mountaineers, and dead men. Well anyway, here I was sitting on this mountain top looking down, and reporting by radio to base camp, and telling them, "You wouldn't believe the utter solitude and quiet, the only sound is the bleak cold wind blowing around the frozen boulders", I'm so tired, I think, I'll quit, so maybe I'll go for a walk over there a few years away. Then I got to thinking about being a news man watching a president prostrate in the street bleeding, and thinking about and waiting for a priest to arrive and spread the marvelous holy water on him and send him parcel post... (special delivery to god, directly to god, do not pass "GO" do not collect two hundred dollars, before the body gets cold, because if the body isn't cold he isn't really dead. Right, okay, so I'll buy an electric heater and never die, also what the hell is holy water, is its specific gravity different, is it a transported goodness, sweetness and light from the hand of god, because some holier-than-thou bishop made a big deal about turning on the tap? Also if he did it with some foul fluid, would it still make you sick to drink it? Well then, I got to thinking that maybe I was a ball player who has past out from exhaustion and is dreaming about getting away from the crowd, high salary, and shaving cream commercials and being able to do what he really wants, to sit and write sonnets, plays and anything he decides would be good to do or write about, to live alone and leave the ten's of thousands in the stadiums to cheer and boo for someone else. And I saw the horizon rushing toward me at fantastic speed, and I heard the sound of the engine roaring behind my head. The horizon is rushing toward me at headlong speed, its getting closer, closer, THE WALL! Well about this time I was wondering if I was dead but then I thought if I was dead I couldn't be writing this, so maybe I am me and I know who I am I just don't know where I am.

Russel Schwarz

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INQUISITION needs articles and art work of all types. If you wish to submit anything draw or write it up as you wish it to be printed and mail it to: INQUISITION; 716 Sabrena Place; Charlotte N.C., 28211. If you wish your work returned, please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. We welcome cartoons, letters, poems, short stories, art work, suggestions, poison-pen letters, pornography, and most anything that can be put on paper.

ON THE CONFUSION OF VALUES

There is no known situation that is so volatile as the clash of two distinctly opposing ideas. Neither party actually wants conflict; yet the lack of a road in-between prevents any kind of productive and useful resolution that will seem satisfactory to both sides (in this case, the unwillingness of one side to consider the proposition from its lofty tower, while the other, just as unwilling to accept the present situation as a satisfactory state, unwilling to disit in ist drive for this resolution). The parties of the opposition (to establishment policies) feel there has been a confusion of values by the students role in the honor code is the most appalling of the conditions that now exist. It has been the practice of the administration and faculty alike to stress the point that students at various schools serve the honor code. Plainly, this point is a false and clouded interpretation of the truth.

Truly it is the honor code that serves the students, who by their actions (as they are honorable and are involved in the functions of the honor code) allow the honor code to work for them. It is also true that when students are apathetic, an honor code is of little or no value to anyone except as a nest of laurels to rest on.

Why? Why are students apathetic? Is it because of non-involvement in necessary activities, because a small clique is keeping most participation in what few pitiful attempts at projects they make within their own small circle? Is it because the administration has abused its powers with such things as "secret" hall monitors (no longer existant because they are no longer secret) and heightened emphasis on certain school regulations. Does not this emphasis (which as stated in an announcement began with Book 36, Chapter Nine of "How Great is Our Honor Code," or "One Man's High School" and ended with "How Pitiful are Our Students" or "Excedrin Headache Number 6800" point to the hypocrisy, the confusion of values that has occurred in the administration's policies? As the students no longer can get enough enthusiasm to support the honor code, the higher-ups now feel they must emphasize the point that students, lowly as we are, can and should serve the honor code. We are not shown how to behave honorably or given much positive encouragement, but we are well warned that we had better kow-tow to the Great H. C.--- a "great" misconstrusion of the proper values giving rise to more dissent and apathy.

The intentions of our leaders are good, they would like to do the right thing, but at the same time they feel they must defend themselves against some imaginary demon. This demon is represented by student responsibility, the involvement of students more in the functioning of the honor code which the administration feels is dangerous. (At least by their actions, or by actions that are readily apparent, to the many

this seems so. Poor communication between the faculty and students makes this the only group we have to understand them). They feel they would have to give up power to give the students the responsibility, actually, the students supposedly had them powers of responsibility from the start and the only reason they aren't used now is that students have been denied them, either through direct objection or indirect discouragement. If the student leaders are not allowed to have their power to encourage and bad activities to inspire the students of East, Hypocrisy and ineffective echos will be all that will remain of our honor code. The constant confusion of values and the unwillingness of those in the lofty tower to look below the clouds is not only killing a radically good honor code, but also is a disservice to the formation of our own code of values.

Vaud Travis

T. LOBSANG RAMPA AND HIS ELECTRIC MOTORBOAT, or HOW WE ARE ALL VICTIMS OF A VAST TOOTEPASTE CONSPIRACY

"Two villages suspected of harboring V.C. were burned to the ground last Wednesday after the inhabitants had been evacuated."

"VENGEANCE IS MINE SAITH THE LORD."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Better to go to hell with a sage than heaven with a fool" Old Proverb

\* \* \* \* \*

"If there was no marraige, there would be no adultery." J.P. Noyes

\* \* \* \* \*

"81% of the people in prison in North Carolina are Protestant, 12% are Catholic, and 2% are Jewish. Of these 81%, 79% are Southern Baptist. Today's moral is never trust a Southern Baptist."

\* \* \* \* \*

St. John the Divine eats mushrooms. "Revelations"

\* \* \* \* \*



IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, THIS IS PAGE FIVE



Mankind has finally reached  
the point of no concern  
An interwoven matrix of  
conflicting ideas  
Envelops us all  
like a black cloud

Heart-rending performances  
given by insincere actors  
Commercially sponsored religious  
bringing us God  
Politicians making laws  
and taking bribes  
Maps in full color drawn  
by blind men  
Thousand page theses  
that say nothing  
A guide to Europe  
written by a hermit  
Musicians playing symphonies  
with cotton-plugged ears  
"Ban Air Pollution" posters  
carried by chain smokers  
A benvolent temperance union  
throwing a drunken orgy.

100 times nothing is still nothing

Russell Schwarz  
May 1967

7  
A face in darkness

Fair trumpets sound an unsteady  
truce, as foul Laocoon's scream is  
impaled on the moonlight. He's meet-  
ing his end for knowing too much and  
telling a tale that time has forbid.

Darkness and its powers are not  
really demons, but misunderstood maxims  
of twisted solar beams kept captive  
until just the wrong moment, which when  
spoken with feeling and tears, reflects  
and refracts around you to surround you  
with brightly sprinkled realities and  
soft velvet truths. A halo not unlike  
that of the Past's own sweet Virginia with  
sympathetic eyes and wondering lips,  
standing apart and firmly palid like  
Her statue in Smythe's garden, in-  
creasing more in beauty as daylight  
wans its way toward redundant tomar-  
rows. Beauty in an unknown style, a  
face in darkness, an inconsistant pat-  
tern built on the shadow's ballet, as  
they dance on twin pale pools of blue,  
held a promise strong against the night.

Paul Jones

# Or Viewing a Sunset

The old man lay down to die

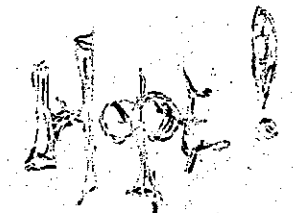
Once eons ago, he was young and brave and FREE.

But now he feels the shackles and is afraid is old.



## ESCAPE

It's but to a phantom that plagues the minds of those who are about to descend into the cold, cold depths of eternity



where there is hope, there is Light. But upon the disipation of this fancy all descends into blackness

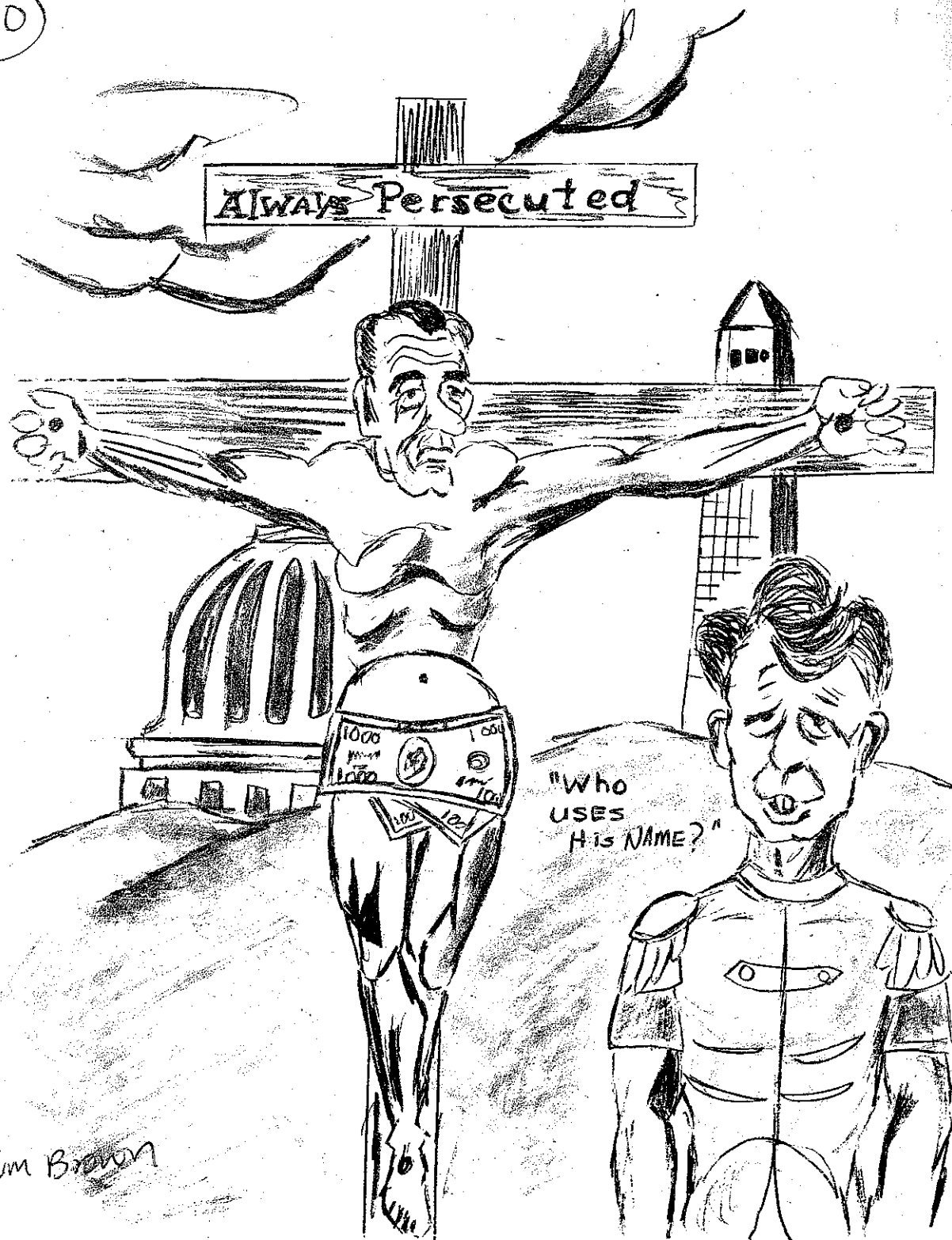
So the man decides to fight. fight! with every breath in his stricken frame. fight! this daemonic force which claims us all. fight lest he fall and too be claimed.

But the light grew dimmer, and upon it extinction the first stars appeared.

Joe Sharp



10



Tom Brown

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### SERMON ON RADICALISM

In the past twenty years it has become horrifyingly apparent to the good, God-fearing citizens of the United States that we are threatened by a mammoth conspiracy dedicated to the overthrow of the American Way. Every phase of human existence is being undermined by these slime who have no regard for basic human rights.

Our beloved institutions of laissez-faire capitalism and Social Darwinism are being replaced by the treacherous doctrines of the Communist filth. The Supreme Court, infiltrated by every subversive group imaginable provides sanctuary for the nigger-lovers and gangsters which roam our streets. Long-haired hoodlums are allowed to spread lied against our Sacred Nation, instead of being shot along with the rest of the dope pushers and sex fiends. Radicals and atheists are allowed to spew forth their propaganda of hatred and violence, safe in their right of free speech. Heretics wander the schools saying "God is dead" without fear of punishment.

Gone forever are the golden days of the Spanish Inquisition and Salem witch trials. Where is Joe McCarthy now that we need him most? Only in the Deep South is there any shred of decency left in human beings. Only there are man elected to public office not on the basis of ability and experiance but on their apparent chastity and church attendance. And this is the way it should be.

Only from the South can come this nation's salvation. We few remaining good Christians people must act and act now. It is time for a great purge to rid this great country of the evil malady that festers in it. Our society must be freed from the Communist, atheist, radical, filthy half-breed pigs which live in it.

Slavery, public executions, and heresy trials will be restored to their rightful place in our lives. Torture and death must be the fine meted out to any who would dare deviate in the slightest from the established norm. Only in this way will our own children be able to grow up in a God-fearing atmosphere of goodness, decency, truth, honesty, justice, and reverence for all of life. Amen, Amen.

Tony Gallagher

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GAWDAWFUL AN' IRREVERENT

BOOKENDS: SIMON AND GARFUNKEL; COLUMBIA KSC 9529

ONCE AGAIN conceited little Paul Simon, with minor assistance from Art Garfunkel has come through with an album that has a sound entirely different from any of their previous ones, and one that will probably be a classic in the folk-rock field. Bookends represents a radical departure from prior music. As always there are delicate lyrics with more than lyrical meaning- subtle digs at mass produced American society, the suburban madness, the quest for identity in an impersonal culture; all of them contemporary, many of them universal. Fantabulous guitar playing is still there along with the sensitive voice of Garfunkel, but this time there is more freedom in form, and a greater usage of sound effects and orchestration. Also showing through in many places, some more so than others, is the influence of the Beatles.

Similar to Magical Mystery Tour, the first side is a unified cycle of songs and another thing, while the second is a series of songs, several of them released this summer. We'll review the second side first. The record starts off with "Fakin' It", very folk-rocky and its enigmatic "Good Morning, Mr. Leitch./ Have you had a busy day?" If anybody can give the whyfore of Donovan's last name, write us and we'll pass it on. Next is "Punky's Dilemma", just the pair acing around and commenting on a lot of things, sort of. This is followed by "Mrs. Robinson's Theme", a cut on a lot of things, currently No. 1 everywhere except on the big local station. Then, "A Hazy Shade of Winter" an experimental song, heavy on the rock end of folk which fades immediately into "At the Zoo". This is an obscure song, but since Simon says he never writes obscure songs, it must be plagiarized. This song was number two in the country for several weeks this summer, everywhere except Charlotte, naturally.

The first side is more important though. It's filled with little surprises and nuances which we won't spoil for you, you'll have to listen to it yourself. In the evolution of progressive rock this album will probably be a major influence. From the first strains of the theme in the beginning to the dying chords of the theme at the end, this side is practically a single entity and an original experience in stereo. There is a full orchestra that provides a transition between songs, and varied use of textural effects missing from previous albums. The lyrics are more mature and there is a more polished technique. Except for "Overs" which we won't mention because it makes some people wonder if Simon is "strange". Sometimes the songs ask questions that should be heavily pondered on, especially in the case of a non-song and the song

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That follows it, "Voices of Old People," and "Old Friends". Listen very carefully to these two and look into the future, your future. What do you see? Much of Simon's thought and philosophy are summed up in the best song on the album, "WAmerica", a song that will soothe itself into your memory.

Bookends is an album everyone should own or at least listen to several times, and read the album notes along with the songs. Also included is groovymod poster, but the album can stand alone.

THIS AND ALL ALBUMS REVIEWED ARE AVAILABLE AT ERNIE'S IN COTSWOLD

Lynwood Sawyer

SECOND THOUGHTS

What disease has infected the "noble" people whom we used to look up to? These people are no longer noble. They have rejected honesty for easier gain by lying and cheating. Their character, their individuality, and, consequently, their leadership has been sacrificed to obtain laurels for their records. These "noble" people seem to feel that every boot they lick is another letter of recommendation.

Must these cringing, sycophantic excuses for noble people be allowed to banish from their society any individual who threatens to alter their obscene perversion of ideals? Is independence an unattainable goal? Is democracy a foolish philosopher's dream? Does liberty mean liberty to subvert the rights of others?

The "leaders" of these people quote the Bible, They call upon a god. Their Bible is conformity; their god is slavery! These "noble" people would mislead us to admire them for their "qualities"! But WE HAVE BEEN AWAKENED to their sniveling cowardice. It is they, not us that must be led out of the darkness of their narrow minds.

Their underhanded attempts to smear us, labeling us as traitors and fools will be terminated. We are traitors only to hypocrisy, fooled only because we trusted them. Now that we know the truth, we must deny them their much-craved praise; we must ignore them and allow them to suffer and wither in their haughty, self-imposed bewilderment.

Charlotte Kenley ? A CONCERNED CITIZEN

THE INQUISITION needs articles of all types. If you wish to submit a manuscript, write it up as you wish it to be printed and mail it to: The INQUISITION 716 Sabrena Place, Charlotte, N.C. 28211. Editorial Staff



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Discovery

The room was so still. So dark. I heard a dog bark in the distance. There were a few dim shapes I could discern. Furniture. I stared at the ceiling. The darkness. It seemed to reach out to open its hollow arms and comfort me. I needed to reach and strain for relief. I needed pain to forget my pain.

My eyes returned and inflicted themselves again on the dull black ceiling. And him. He lay turned on his side facing me. I could feel his intensity in his eyes, his arms, angular body. The sheet covering his shoulder. So still, waiting. I could feel the tangibility of his yearning to comfort me.

I was still. Waiting for the moment when I could accept his soft warmth, gentleness. I did not want to collapse in tears. That brought no relief. Not anymore. That's what I did when I was alone. Tears gave me my alone-feeling. He always made me feel alive. Capable.

He was still watching, waiting. Not even a word. He stretched his hand out on the pillow. I watched it. I knew it would be warm. The most nearly-perfect thing I would ever know. His touch. His hand was so sensitive. In times past, I had been able to feel the current in his body, his life, his blood, his love flowing through that hand.

But would it be the same this time? Would it be the same? Would his love be as intense, trembling as before? Before the knowledge of my inadequacy? I was without a child. Again. And now, knew I always would be. I knew what it meant to him. And he, what it meant to me. The fear that our desolation might become a barrier, creating isolated miseries.

I felt a difference in the air. Time seemed suspended. Waiting. My misery became a motivation as I felt my hand move toward his shoulder. Slip under the sheet. He was made of firm, pleasing angles. I touched his cheek. Studied the face with the speaking eyes. The activity contained in his silence surrounded me. His need for comfort was a new sound in the old pain. Finally I touched his hand. It was the same. The same as before.

Trena Morris

15

THE EDUCATIONAL THEOREM

The wandering, whispering, conformist crowd  
exits the hall, its voice booming loud.  
All shoes, all clothes, all hair the same.  
If not convention.  
They would all have one name.

Corollary I-A

Turn, churn, educational machine.  
Each one comes out starched, pressed, and clean.  
Perfectly rounded, metallic sheen.  
Each part the same, conformist machine.  
Is this society's which?

Corollary II-B

I do not exist, mind all aglow.  
Sheep rush by, each on the go,  
Wandering, muttering,  
gregarious crowd.  
Wheezing and sneezing, congenitally loud.

III-C

The end that they reach,  
the gaping pit,  
none shall return  
with wonderful wit.  
Their shallow lives,  
rich in bright red,  
have nourished their goal.  
The intellect is dead.

Ed K. Coffman III

"... And the truth shall make you free"

INQUISITION

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foreign correspondent

"Cogito cogito; ergo cogito sum"

—Ambrose Bierce

inside back cover