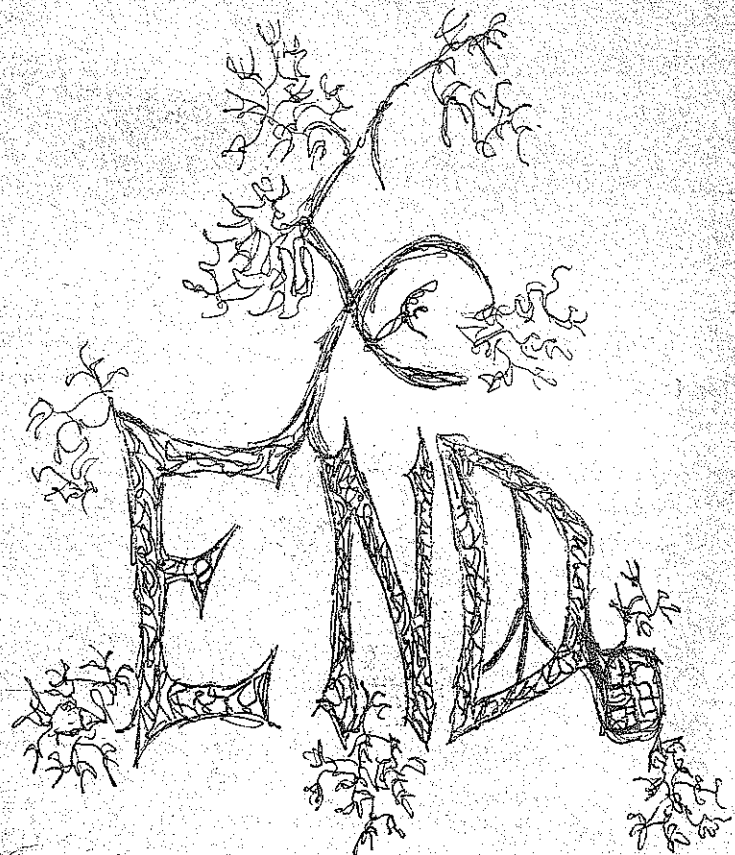


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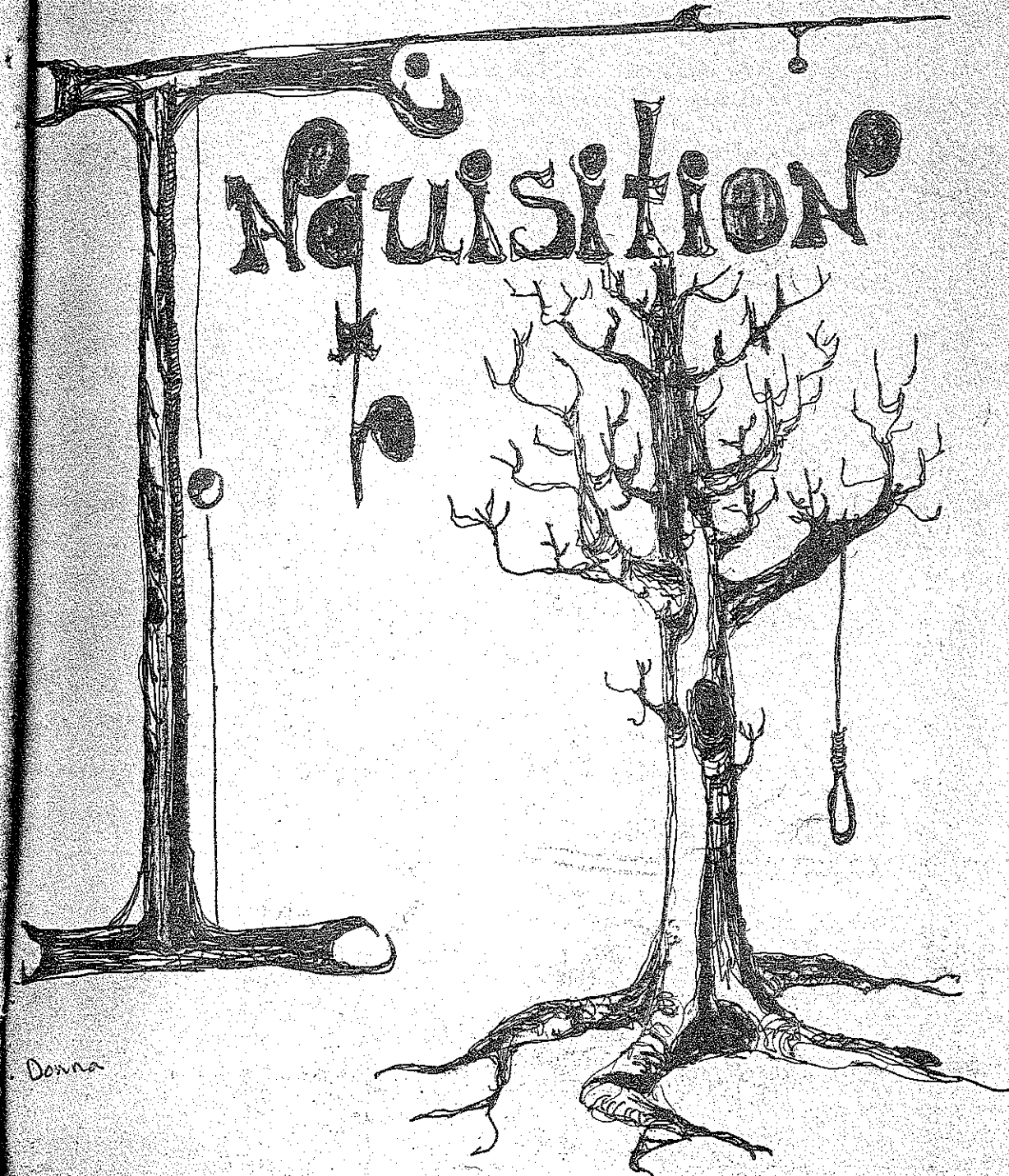
July, 1968



"O to be a frog, my lads,
and live aloof from care."
—Theocritus

Donna

front cover



Donna

inside cover front

①

"I AM IN EARNEST. I WILL NOT
EQUIVOCATE; I WILL NOT EXCUSE;
I WILL NOT RETREAT A SINGLE
INCH; AND I WILL BE HEARD!"

—William L. Garrison

VOLUME I
NUMBER II
TANDITSTTON

View From A Desk
Or A Downtrodden
And Underpaid Editor's
View Of The World

Tuesday

It started this way: I was sitting at home peacefully watching the tube, when my mom just happened to mention that Bill Nicholson had called and he wanted to know if I wanted to go to Indiana to campaign for McCarthy. I instantly decided I would go if I had to walk. After a fifteen minute "can I go?" "please, huh, please" session I coned my mom into giving me the money.

Thursday

Packed and bought cigarettes for the trip. A completely uneventful day.

Friday

Made the scene at my school, went with friends to the bus station to meet the others who were going. Twelve of us boarded the bus, lead by Connie Nicholson and Jerry Williams, and accompanied by George Cox, Chris M., and Susan. Left Charlotte and gave the sign to newsmen (~~I am a star~~; my back was on T.V.). Made Winston-Salem and picked up students of Livingstone College, and proceeded toward Indiana. (Side light: Roger McKeithan turned out to be an improvising song writer, our bus driver was Bill Steel, forever famous in Roger's tune "Riding along in a Trailways bus, We're so happy cause Bill's with us"). Eighteen hour bus trip ended.

Saturday

In Jeffersonville, Indiana at McCarthy headquarters, where we were escorted inside and instructed in the fine art of ringing doorbells, and canvassing support for McCarthy. Was assigned a route and sent out with Labor section pamphlets and I rang doorbells. During Saturday's canvassing I ran across two weird people. This one character Mr. D. who swore there was a communist on every street corner (instead of under every bed?), and we must stop the heathen commies somewhere, drop the bomb, etc.... Yes sir, thank you for your time, and left like I had been told to by our esteemed headquarters chief, Glen Roth. Also ran into a man for Rockefeller: not in the primary, not on the ballot, no write-ins allowed in Indiana.?? Spent the night in Jeffersonville until...

Sunday

We reported to headquarters about 10:30 A.M. and was sent out once more to the low income section. Met one drunk who thought I was McCarthy (Me, 6 feet, thin, dark hair; this fellow was soaked!). Also met one

lady who was unique; she was are you ready for this, violently apathetic. Rang her bell and got as far as the word McCarthy when she started screaming. "I couldn't care less who wins the primary, I'm not registered and never have been! So I left.

Reported back to H. Q. and read some papers from McCarthy national headquarters on McCarthy's chances; even though he was beaten badly in Indiana, he did 60% better than expected. The National Committee said that in a national election either McCarthy or Robert F. Kennedy could beat Nixon and that H.H.H. had no chance and would be landslided. Returned to Charlotte uneventfully (no news coverage) and slept.

Russell Schwarz

NOW, for the FIRST TIME EVER: a contest with a FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE for answering either of the following questions:

1. What was the population of Jenner, Pennsylvania according to the 1870 census?
2. What was the number of illiterate people in the Twenty second ward of Pittsburg, Pa. in 1870?

There are no prizes for the closest answer and only one FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE, supplied from my own pocket, determined by the earliest postmark.
Russell Schwarz

"Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."
T. Jefferson

"When in doubt, lie." -R.L.D.

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have been sued."
Kin Hubbard

I can remember those days of when we were young,
I can remember those days of when we both could love,

I can faintly; remember those days when we were free;
to be

what we were.

But the world has closed in around
all sides and now our lives are lived in cells
and we are prisoners of our own desire, of our own minds,
locked in our bodies.

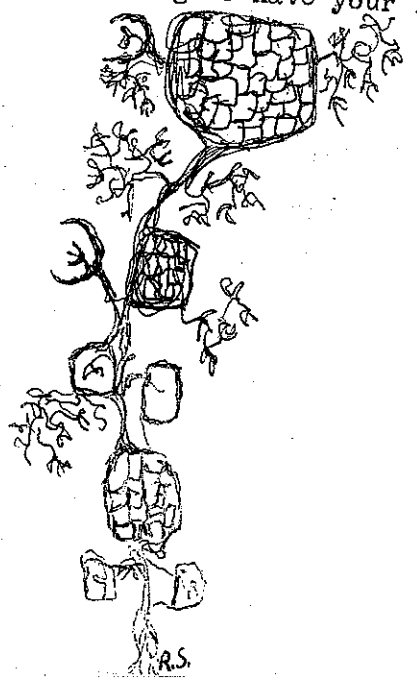
I try to sing but the notes choke in my throat, I try to
think but my mind is shackled, I try to love but my arms reach
only to strangle, I am a prisoner, a derelict, a stranger unto
myself...

I can remember when I could smile, I could laugh and cry...
I remember the cool tears upon my cheeks...

the laugh of joy in my throat...
And I remember the radiance your love, and mine returning...
when we would wake up just to taste our love again,
afraid that some break up might cause our love to end...

Your silver hair
Your velvet skin;
How I long to have your love again...

Joe Sharpe



BLOW YOUR MIND IN CINERAMA? OR 2001: A Space Odyssey

Here is finally a science fiction movie that, despite a maniac
and slightly homosexual computer, isn't a mass of green men and trite
story lines, 2001: A Space Odyssey. This Stanley Kubrick production
is entirely technically correct. Everything was researched thoroughly
with the help of Honeywell and NASA scientists, among others.

As director Kubrick made excellent use of the cinerama effect
with horizon scenes, perspective shots, and interesting camera angles
for symbolic views. The movement of space vehicles in the void was
beautifully synchronized to a version of the Blue Danube waltz. Every
opportunity to use color, movement, and largeness was exploited. The
phenomenon of weightlessness was accurately represented by actors and
objects.

The story of the movie, which may or may not be incidental to the
philosophy, is sandwiched in between a beginning symbolizing the early
evolution and inventiveness of man, and an ending which could have many
complicated or simple meanings. This central plot is dramatic without
being melodramatic, exciting without being fantastic.

Although there were some overdone religious connotations, the sym-
bolism in the picture would be satisfactory to conjurers of most var-
ieties. We cannot suggest the idea behind the last fifteen minutes.
It is an astounding personal experience, both visual and mental, and
only the individual viewer can make the interpretation.

T. Gallagher and
R. Schwarz

"I do not believe in God because I do not believe in Mother Goose."
—C. Darrow

"I would rather be right than President."
—H. Clay

"Every burned book enlightens the world."
—R.W. Emerson

(6)

Note to the would be Sorcerer

In this day of scientific achievements some of the more essential things of life such as conjuring up the devil and casting spells on virgins have been forgotten. To help alleviate these shameful conditions this column was formed.

This is almost a serious column and is almost guaranteed to work... almost.

The Preparation

If any magic is to succeed, all instructions must be followed to the letter. The easiest but the most important part of any spell is the mental attitude of the operator. Following the first conjuration or any other major on that is to succeed, the operator must abstain from sexual intercourse for one-fourth of the moon. He must eat only twice a day, once at noon and once at midnight. Before each meal he must say the following:

I implore Thee, O Thou Grand and Powerful Adonay, Master of all Spirits! I beseech Thee, O Eloim! I implore Thee, O Jehovah! O Grand Adonay, I give unto Thee my soul, my heart, my upward parts, my hands, my feet, my desires, my entire being! O Grand Adonay, deign to be favourable unto me! So be it. Amen.

Immediately before the conjuration is to begin, take a bath. Afterwards say the following prayer:

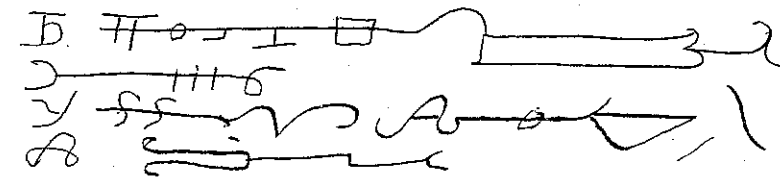
O Lord Adonay, Who hast formed me in Thine image and in Thy likeness, deign to bless and sanctify this water, so that it may become unto me the salvation of my soul and body, and that no wickedness may ever find place within me.

Note: All conjurations and wxcrcisions must be written with the pen of the art on virgin parchment or paper.

The Garments

It has been observed that the best clothing to wear in any conjuration is a priests' garment. If this cannot be obtained, procure an alb. The Key of Soloman described it as a long white linen garment that covers the entire body, even the feet and is cinctured by a girdle. On the breast inscribe the following.

(7)

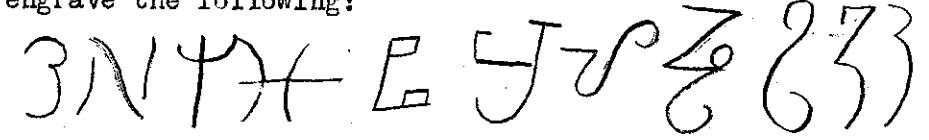


When assuming the garments recite the following: Anton, Amator, Emites, Theodoniel, Ponor, Pagor, Anitor; by the virtue of these most holy Angelic Names do I clothe myself, O Lord, in my Sabbath garments, that so I may fulfill, even unto their term, all thing which I desire to effect through Thee, Most Holy Adonay, Whose kingdom and rull endure forever and ever, Amen.

The shoes and hat (not necessary) must be made of white leather. Inscribe the following on the shoes: Jehova behind, Adonay on the right, Eloy on the left, and Gibon on the front.

Regarding the Instruments of the Art

The primary instrument needed in any spell is the knife. To make it take a new knife and heat it till it be red-hot at the edges. Then steep it in the blood of a mole and the juice of a pimpernel. The moon must be in an acute time of course and light. Begin in the 1st hour of daylight on a Friday and end in the 9th hour of the same day. Fit the knife with a handle of white wood cut with a single stoke. On the handle engrave the following:



Fumigate it with odoriferous herbs and cover it in fed silk. Then write upon the blade with a male goose quill the following: Ahararat To perfume as before and return it to its wrapper.

The voluptuous melon is beckoning to be eaten



Lee Douglas

8

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF HARRY K. HANGSTWISHLAWSKI

HARRY K. WAS BACK AT HIS FAVORITE HABITAT, PLAYING STICKBALL WITH THE LITTLE BRATS ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. HE WAS HAVING A HARD TIME GETTING INTO A GAME BECAUSE HE WAS 3 TIMES HEAVIER AND FIVE TIMES OLDER THAN ANY OF THE OTHER PLAYERS, AND EVERYTIME NEW SIDES WERE PICKED UP HE NEVER GOT CHOSEN. AT LAST HE WENT OVER AND GRABBED A BROOM HANDLE, JERKING IT OUT OF THE HANDS OF ONE OF THE LITTLE KIDS, WHO IMMEDIATELY KICKED HIM IN THE SHINS, PUNCHED HIM IN A VERY SENSITIVE PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY AND RAN OFF THE STREET CRYING. AS HARRY LAY IN THE STREET WRITHING IN AGONY, HE FELT HIS HEAD CAVE IN ON ITSELF. WHEN AT LAST HE CAME TO, HE SAW A BLACK HAURED CORPULENT MAMA STANDING OVER HIM WITH A ROLLING PIN MATTED WITH HARRY'S BLOOD AND HAIR. HARRY COULD TELL SHE WAS THE MATRON OF THE BLOCK BECAUSE THE HAIR UNDER HER ARMS WAS BRAIDED. THE LITTLE KID WAS HOLDING ONTO HIS MOTHER'S SKIRT, LEERING AND DROOLING. THROUGH HIS WAVERING EYES HARRY HAD VISIONS OF A PLATE OF BRUSSEL'S SPROUTS THAT HAD TRIED TO EAT HIM ONCE.

THE MAMMA GLARED DOWN AT HIM, "AND WHOM DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT BE BEING?" WHICH SHE PUNCTUATED BY SLUGGING HIM WITH THE ROLLING PIN.

"WELL?" WHUMP!

"CAN'T TALK?" WHUMP!

HARRY TRIED TO CRAWL INTO THE SHELTERING WOMB OF A '35 HUDSON, BUT SHE HIT HIM AND HE COLLAPSED. "CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY, YOU OLD FLIT, NEXT TIME I'M GONNA CALL A COP AND HE'LL PUT YA UNDER THE JAIL!" WHUMP!

—APPEARING QUITE SUDDENLY FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE OF A 1959 EDSEL "CRUISER" RALLYE WAS A LARGE PINK BEING WITH HAIRY PUCE EARS. HE WAS DRESSED IN GREEN SHORTS WITH AN ORANGE SILK SHIRT. HE HAD A CAMERA AROUND HIS NECK THAT WAS ADJUSTED FOR TAKING PICTURES IN COMPLETE DARKNESS. HE WAS WEARING A PURPLE HAT WITH A YELLOW PLUME STUCK IN IT. THE HAT SAID "VISIT NIAGRA FALLS" IN FLASHING ORANGE NEON. THE BEING WALKED UP TO OUR HERO AND PRONOUNCED IN A VOICE SOMEWHAT AKIN TO A COMBINATION OF TINY TIM AND LYNDON JOHNSON, "YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE PERFECT PEOPLE OF WASP-US TO FIGHT FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE AND EVERYTHING. SOMETHING SMELLS ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. YOUR PERILS WILL BE GREAT AND YOUR FOES WILL BE MIGHTY, BUT IN THE END YOU WILL TRIUMPH BECAUSE YOU HAVE GOD ON YOUR SIDE!" WITH THAT, THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US TURNED INTO A BALL OF SMOG AND WENT OFF TO POLLUTE THE BRONX.

WITH CHORUSES OF KYRIE ELIESON RINGING IN HIS BRAIN, HARRY WENT OFF TO BEGIN HIS FEATS. HE WAS IN A STATION, GETTING ON AN INTERBOROUGH, WHEN THE SECRET RADIO THAT WAS CONCEALED IN HIS JOCKEY SHORTS STARTED BUZZING. AMID FUNNY GLANCES AND COVERT STARES, HE MADE HIS WAY

9

TO THE MEN'S ROOM. HE TRIED TO ENTER ONE OF THE BOOTHS. BUT LACKING A DIME, HE WENT TO THE FREE ONE AT THE END. IN IT WAS AN UNDERGROUND ARTIST PAINTING A PICTURE OF THE MONA LISA WITH TESTOR'S PLA ON THE FRONT OF THE COMMODE, HEARING THE COMMOTION, HE SPRAYED A BLUE PEACE SYMBOL ACROSS HARRY'S EYEBROWS. AT LAST THE LUCKLESS PROTAGONIST CLIMBED UNDER ONE OF THE STALL'S BUT FOUND IT OCCUPIED, SO WITH A WORD OF APOLOGY WENT INTO THE NEXT ONE. QUICKLY UNDRESSING, HE TOOK OFF HIS JOCKEY SHORTS AND SPOKE TO THEM. "CHIEF," HE BEGAN.

JUST THEN, ONE OF OUR FRIENDLY BOYS IN BLUE, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A TOILET ROLL, JUMPED OFF THE WALL AND HANDCUFFED HIM WHILE RECITING THE CONSTITUTION. "NOW," HE SAID, "GET DRESSED."

HARRY TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT HE ONLY GOT TO THE PART ABOUT HAVING TO FIGHT THE INTERNATIONAL KUMQUAT SMUGGLERS AND THE COP UNHANDCUFFED HIM SO HE COULD GET DRESSED.

THE INVULNERABLE GUARDIAN OF JUSTICE SPOKE INTO SOMETHING, WHICH APPEARED TO BE A COMBINATION AM, FM, SHORTWAVE, CB, AND TWO WAY RADIO CHASTITY BELT. HE SPOKE INTO IT, "BOSS, JUST CAUGHT ANOTHER ONE."

THE CHASTITY BELT SAID, "WHAT IS HE, A SNIFFER?"

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT HE'S A TALKER."

"NO, TO HIS JOCKEY SHORTS."

YOU'RE RIGHT, I DON'T BRING HIM DOWN AND BOOK HIM."

SURREPTITIOUSLY, THE UNDERGROUND ARTIST SNUCK OUT OF HIS STALL AND SPRAYED A FACING STRIPE DOWN THE OFFICERS DACK. THEN HE RETURNED TO HIS ALCOVE TO SMOKE ASPARUGUSES WRAPPED UP IN OLD READER'S DIGEST COVERS.

HIDING HIS FACE IN HIS COPY OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, HE WAS LED THROUGH A CROWD ALTERNATELY SCREAMING "DIRTY COP" AND DIRTY QUEER," AND HUSTLED TO A WAITING POLICE CAR, INGENUOUSLY HIDDEN IN A PONY CART WITH THE USUAL FORMALITIES, HE WAS CHARGED AND PUT IN A CELL WITH A YOUNGER MAN, WHO WAS JUST FRIENDLY.

THE MAN STARTED TO TALK, "THAY THERE, WATH YOUR PROBLEM, HMMMMMMMM?"

(MAY BE TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE, IF THE AUTHORS FEEL LIKE WRITING.)

Lynwood Sawyer and Russell Schwarz

recondite
Shadows for now

The perpetual motion
of Death's blue-grey ocean
in it's lingering way
comes in day by day
It lapps up the sand
on which you stand

and now you're wondering just what's become of
all those friends
you knew so well
where do they dwell
outside your imagination?
what's happened to smiles
and laffs just for you?

All of life is slowly dieing
All of time is softly lying
All misconceptions
like Winds and Directions
have gone
gone away
far away

All is gone bur nothing lost
Little found at such a cost

Like the swiftly moving East Wind
pausing here upon the sea,
I can see your love reflected
cast it's smiling hope to me.

It's the Future's Miller's story
the spring-green meadow's passion song
all that's said, best left unspoken
all the waiting screamed "Too long"
there among the mountain flowers
we within our vissions stayed
all of life passed before us
decisions waited to be weighted
the trail up the mountain
emotionally twisted it's mind
toward the scene of the
crime.

Left far behind are the
mysterious wonders of lazy
warm days and backdoor summers
gone by

Gone by the hills
and the Rocks and the Rills
by things unfelt
and misunderstood
by things bad
but eventually good
gone away
far away.

B.F. Paul Jones

INQUISITION

This month's staff and contributors
consist of

LEE DOUGLAS, Staff

TONY GALLAGHER, Staff

JOE SHARPE, Staff

TRENA MORRIS

TOM BROWN, Artist

TOM WILKINSON

KEN ROSS

RUSSELL SCHWARZ, Staff

LYNWOOD SAWYER, Staff

PAUL JONES, Staff

TOM JONES, Artist

RENE BEJERKE - exchange student

HANSON DUNBAR, Staff

B. F.

and

CRAIG SCHILLHAAN, Technical advisor and
foreign correspondent

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 too ready 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.

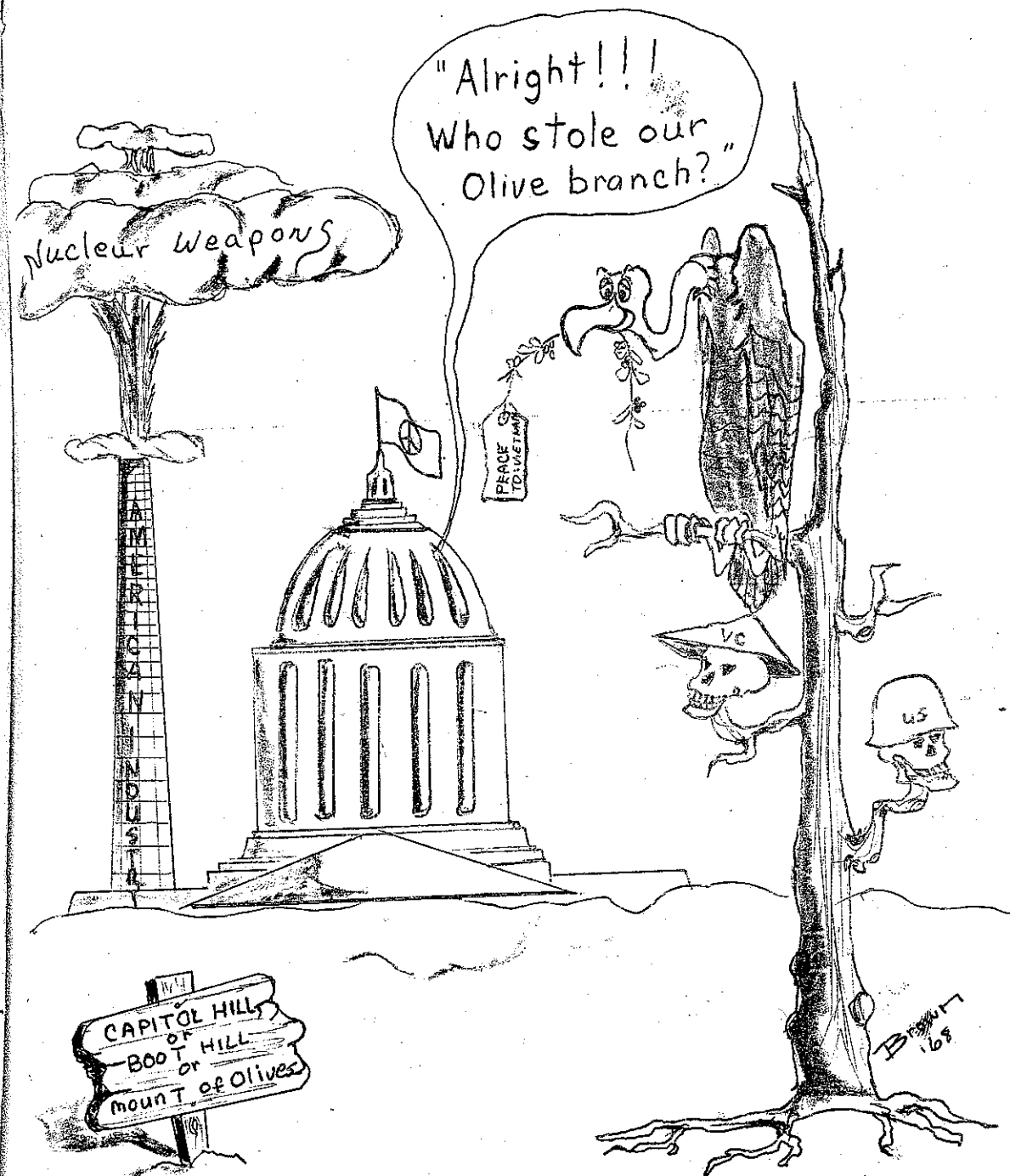
I was still. Waiting for the moment when I could accept his soft warmth, gentleness. I did not want to collapse in tears. That brought no relief. Not anymore. That's what I did when I was alone. Tears gave me my alone-feeling. He always made me feel alive. Capable.

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



In the end,
 There was Earth, and it was with form and beauty.
 And man dwelt upon the lands of the Earth, the
 meadows and trees, and he said,
 "Let us build our dwellings in this place of beauty."
 And he built cities and covered the Earth with concrete
 and steel
 And the meadows were gone.
 And man said, "It is good."
 On the second day, man looked upon the waters of the
 Earth.
 And man said, "Let us put our wastes in the waters
 That the dirt will be washed away."
 And man did.
 And the waters became polluted and foul in their
 smell.
 And saw they were beautiful. and man said,
 "Let us cut the timber
 For our homes and grind the wood for our use,"
 And man did.
 And the lands became barren and the trees were
 gone.
 And man said, "It is good."
 On the fourth day man saw that animals were in
 abundance and ran
 In the fields and played in the sun. And man
 said, "Let us rage these animals for our
 amusement and kill them for our sport."
 And man did. And there were no more animals
 on the face of the Earth.
 And man said, "It is good."
 On the fifth day man breathed the air of the
 Earth. And man said,
 "Let us dispose of our wastes into the air for
 the winds shall blow them away."
 And man did. And the air became filled with the
 smoke and the fumes could not be blown away.
 And the air became heavy with dust and choked
 and burned.
 And man said, "It is good."

On the sixth day man saw himself; and seeing the
 many languages and tongues, he feared and hated.
 And man said,
 "Let us build great machines and destroy these lest
 they destroy us."
 And man built great machines and the Earth was fired
 with the rage of great wars.
 And man said, "It is good."
 On the seventh day man rested from his labors and
 The Earth was still for
 Man no longer dwelt upon the Earth.
 And it was good.

Ken Ross

"Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice."
 H.W. Shaw

"Violence is the last refuge of incompetants."
 I. Asimov

"Better a bad peace than a good war."

"There is Nobody starving; They just don't know how to eat
 correctly."

Henry Ford II

"I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving."

Ambrose Bierce

10

Back from Nature

Along the black snake asphalt
the twin fire flys wing home
and within the mobile sardine can
a sleepy voice just moans

calling out

to the nameless exciting faces of the Night

to stay away

as he soars into the Darkness

in search of Rest

And A gradual growth of the Ivy

up the Walls of Past-time bricks

and Honourable mortar

covers it all

like a Rock

in Memory's swiftly flowing stream.

Paul Jones

Inquisition urgently needs contributions
(as is evident). Write to Inquisition,
716 Sabrena Place, Charlotte, N. C.
28211

17

i love to be

alone

with a bottle

with something in

best with liquor

i am not an alcoholic

i just love

to be lonely

with my bottle

green dark

join me in

my philosophy

of the bottle

in our companianship

nothing is required

only you are required

you are everything

but still

very little without

a bottle

do not say you are
dependent say you

love

listen to the lonely sound

of the bottle

a cry for you

only one bottle

can sound

two make noise

Rene Bjerke

18

My 1st Love

Once upon a bedtime story as I laid her, on my pillow, softly were the covers over us, soon to part we were to be. Her auburn hair covered her small body completely as the sheets did our twosome. We snuggled closely among the voluptuous mattress, trying to overcome our fear of parting at dawn. With twinkling eyes she stared upon me absorbing all my wildest dreams and thoughts; I fell asleep.

At last dawn has come and we must depart. With a soft kiss I tore myself away and left her. During the day our paths never cross, but every night we spend together. Such thoughts flow through my head as her's rested upon my shoulder. She gives me security, warmth, someone to talk to, and most of all free love. Have you got a hole in your Teddy Bear?

T.H.W. 1,2,3,

Tom Wilkinson

To whom it may concern:

What in the shit do you think you fuzzy-chinned groups of punks are? Why in the hell don't you print something worthwhile instead of thinking that you are a bunch of underground hippies or something like Nazis or the REBELIOUS YOUTHS of the twentieth century. Let me tell you something, you ain't one damn thing that you pretend to be, and the only people you are fooling are yourselves.

-- A concerned youth

"Even the President of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked"

--Bob Dylan

19

GAWDAWFUL AN' IRREVERENT

ONE NATION UNDERGROUND * PEARLS BEFORE SWINE; ESP DISK* ESP 1054

When a friend of mine got this record, he was looking for something psychedelic, and according to the saleslady, everything from Aretha Franklin to Lawrence Welk was psychedelic. He finally bought One Nation Underground, and wasn't too disappointed.

In the truest sense of the word, One Nation Underground is not psychedelic. So for those who enjoy sticking labels on everything it could be called Medieval folk-rock. Included in the instrumental credits are harpsicord, clavoline, celeste, sarangi, and... audio oscillator. Before this album I had never heard of this group and neither had anyone else I spoke to. They derive their name from Matthews 7:6, and go about everything else in the same whimsical manner, as evidenced by the album jacket.

The group has a fairly well integrated style, lyrical (in the sense of not trying to put over a profound message) words for the most part, and a lot of musical ability. Though there is some Morse Code for all the communications wizards in the form of "(Oh Dear) Miss Morse". This is a gimmick song, but it's different from most. Another song is "Uncle John", in the hate-every-day-but-Sunday mentality. "Don't say your god is love / They say you are hate". Another piece of jade is called "Morning Song", fairly representative of the album as a whole. "At the door/ I stand and sense/ every picture in it's frame/ Seeking out/ In each new glance/ The Hunchback/ With my name/".

Most of the others songs have a smooth, easy-going style where seemingly in compatible instruments blend gracefully into each other for a totally relaxed effect. "Ballad for an Amber Lady" represents the height of their style in this sense. If you are all-ready or a potential sadist, included is a perverted fifteenth century allegorical painting you can spend hours drooling over.

Also recommended, "MacArthur Park", (single) by Richard Harris, "Carnival of Life" by Lee Micheals.

"In the first place God made idiots: this was for practice; Then he made school boards."

- Mark Twain

Lynwood Sawyer

20

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

There is a reason why this nation is undergoing a crisis in race relations. The "Liberals" who champion civil rights and integration are misdefining their terms so that their goals cannot—indeed, should not—be reached.

These foolish white "statesmen" and their Uncle Tom cohorts wish to integrate every black man into a middle-class white society, and to give him his civil rights to this end. CAN THEY REALLY BE SO DELUDED AS TO BELIEVE THAT THE APATHETIC, COVETOUS, ROBOT-LIKE WHITE SOCIETY IS PERFECT?

They would that the entire culture, the inborn affability, the "soul" unity of the black man be canceled, negated, forgotten as if it were of absolutely no value.

The hideous ignorance of this view is magnified as one delves further into each of the societies. For example: could the keep-up-with-the-Joneses attitude of white society that causes such unfortunate animosities to develop not be improved by the community spirit that black men have always exhibited.

If the self-proclaimed liberals were to succeed, the result would be a large and bitter "perfect society".

The "Black Power Advocates"—who merely try to teach people that the black man has nothing to be ashamed of except that he has not acted until now—have almost hit the solution, though more militant ones (those who cry for a "separate and equal" African society) have jumped over the answer. As our melting-pot society has proved an amalgamation of cultures not only adds the flavor of variety but improves the general society. The black and white societies filter into one, thereby improving each other.

Tom

"while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in jail, I am not free."

—E.V. Debs

"We looked it over and thought it wasn't worth a damn."

—Jimmy Kilgo & Acedouglas

"There's somebody at every dinner party, who eats all the celery"

—Kin Hubbard

inside back cover