

back cover



"WOULD YOU PLEASE
TELL ME WHICH WAY I
OUGHT TO GO FROM HERE?"
"That depends a good deal
ON WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO,"
SAID THE CAT.
"I don't much CARE WHERE,"
SAID ALICE.
"Then it doesn't MATTER WHICH
WAY YOU GO," SAID THE CAT.
"SO LONG AS I GET SOMEWHERE,"
ALICE ADDED AS AN EXPLANATION.
"OH YOU'RE SURE TO DO THAT,"
SAID THE CAT, "IF YOU ONLY WALK
FAR ENOUGH."

From Alice in Wonderland
By Lewis Carroll

ILLUSTRATION
By John Tenniel



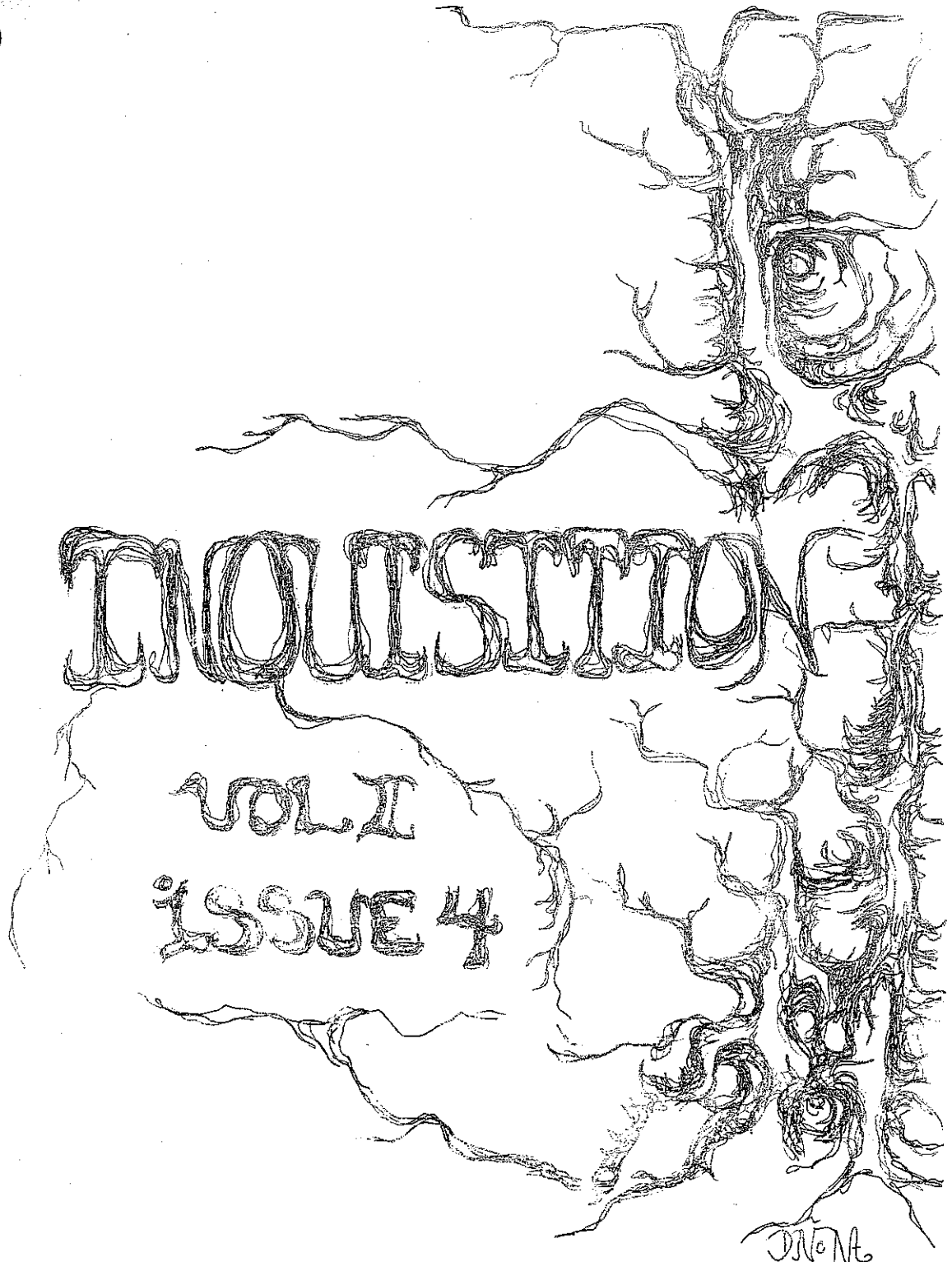
inside front cover

①

INQUISTION

VOL II

ISSUE 4



DRONT

2



3

THE INQUISITORS SPEAK

"Inquisition is nothing. You guys never say anything unless it's cynical, sarcastic or negative." - John Kilgo Big Ways News Director

Who us?

In response to the many people who have said Inquisition never said anything positive, we now offer our choice for President and Vice-President.

After four years of a pathetically comic administration, it is time for someone who takes his work seriously for the second highest job in the land. For this reason we have chosen Pat Paulsen. As he himself has said time and time again, "what this country needs is good for nibsl and debnerd osnbol and furthermore I feel that norps cannot anylonger dsdf c taions sharld." With such strong stands on the pressing issues of the day, he certainly deserves the Vice-Precidency.

Dick Gregory

Just another comedian running for President? NOT so, Dick Gregory is a very serious candidate for President. He is the only person running on the human-rights ticket. Mr. Gregory is an idealist of the highest sort with very little political experience. Yet he seems to grasp the heart of the problems that face America. On the question of Vietnam Dick Gregory says "get out." On the law and order question he says "protection of human rights, before property rights". Dick Gregory says the time for liberalism has passed in America, it is now the era of the radical. Though he is the darkest of dark horses, Dick Gregory is the unanimous choice of Inquisition for President of the United States of America.

Collab.



The Autobiography of Malcolm X

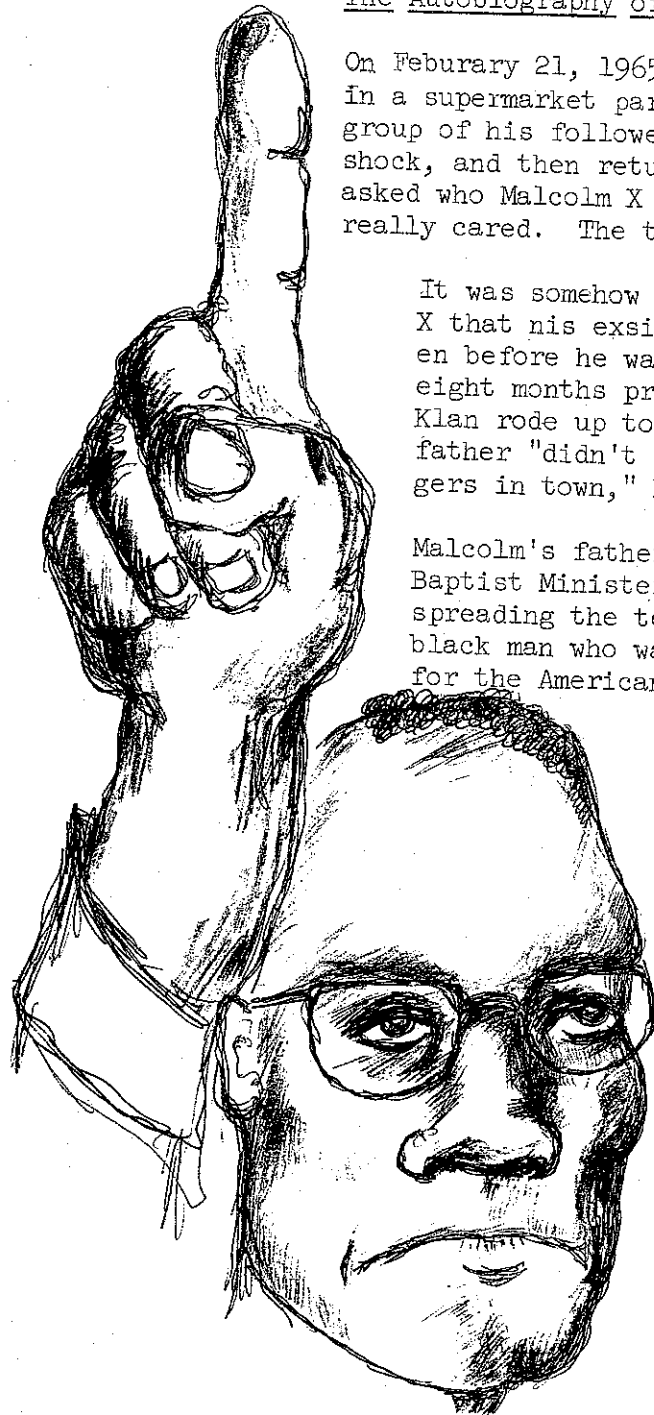
On February 21, 1965; Malcolm X was cruelly murdered in a supermarket parking lot while speaking to a group of his followers. The world blinked a bit in shock, and then returned to normal. Very few people asked who Malcolm X was, or what he had said--few really cared. The time has come for people to care.

It was somehow symbolic of the life of Malcolm X that his existence was being threatened even before he was born. When his mother was eight months pregnant, members of the Klu Klux Klan rode up to the house and said that if his father "didn't quit inciteing all the good niggers in town," he was going to die.....

Malcolm's father was the Rev. Earl Little, a Baptist Minister, who traveled the country spreading the teaching of Marcus Garvey, the black man who was convinced that the only hope for the American Negro was to return to Africa.

It was from this early influence that Malcolm got many of his later ideas.

When Malcolm was two, the KKK burned down their house. When he was six, his father was murdered by the Black Legion. Soon afterward his mother became insane. Malcolm's family was spilt up and he became a gooklum. Eventually, of course, he was caught and sent to reform school. Malcolm said, "I was trying my hardest to be white." He was light complexioned and he admits to himself, that he was glad that he was not black, like most other



Eventually, he was let out on good behavior, and went to live with his aunt in Boston. He was seventeen. In Boston he began what he called "hip" life. He started spending time with members of the ghetto underworld. Starting out as a shoeshine boy he soon graduated to an accomplished dope peddler and thief. Realizing that his chances for getting ahead in Boston were poor, he moved to Harlem in New York City. Using a name "Detroit Red", he became one of the best dope peddlers and pimps in New York City. As time passed he became an alcoholic and then a dope addict. He desented to the depths of human depravity before he was finally put in prison on a burglary conviction.

In prison, Malcom became acquainted with the religion of Islam and with the techings of Elijah Muhammed. Malcolm had been brought up as a Christian, yet it never stirred him. Islam did. What it said was the only devil in the world was the white man. Everything, bad evil, and ugly in the world was connected in someway with white men and white society. Malcolm said it was "the greatest revelation of my life". He began to practice Islam and when released from prison he was ordained into the Muslum faith. His name was changed from Malcolm Little to Malcolm X.

Because of his quick mind and speaking ability, Malcolm soon became the greatest Muslum leader of his time. It has been said that Malcolm X preached hatred, that he wanted to see the death to the white man in America. This is not only untrue it IS RIDICULOUS!!! Malcolm X said, that as long as the black man associated with the white man, he would never rise from the ghetto. He taught that intergration could never work because of its inherent hypocrisy., that complete separation of black and white was the only answer. In his book, Malcolm unconsciously begins to call white men devils. He could not see white men as anything else. Malcolm taught that Christianity was bad for the Negro, because it is essentially a "white" religion. Only through Islam would the black man ever be able to unite.

By this time Malcolm had become a national figure, for Black Islam was spreading rapidly. Many whites were becoming scared. Elijah Muhammed had been growing wary of the personal popularity of Malcolm X for a long while. Using a certain statement Malcolm had made about the death of President Kennedy, Elijah ordered his death.

Upon receiving word of the death order, Malcolm initiated a long planned trip to Mecca. There Malcolm learned that the Islam Elijah Muhammed taught was not the true Islam. He spent considerable time in Mecca, and later traveled extensively through the Moslem portion of Arrica. In Africa he saw all colors of men living and working together. He saw men settling their differences peacefully without the racial hatred he had

6

become to think was a necessary part of a mixed society. He began to think that MAYBE there was hope for the co-existence of blacks and whites in America.

Though he knew it would mean his death, Malcolm returned to the United States. He no longer called all whites "devils," his militaristic attitude was turned down to a more tolerant one. But his essential method was still clear, i.e. the black man must unite.

In one of his speeches, Malcolm said the following which so exemplifies his new attitude. "Raw, naked truth exchanged between the black man and the white man is what a whole lot more of is needed in this country --to clear the air of the racial mirages, cliches and lies that this country's very atmosphere has been filled with for four hundred years."

Make no excuses for the cause of his change though. He had not been influenced by liberals, well-meaning whites, or Christians, but by a deepening knowledge in his own religion and by his contact with the mixed groups of Moslems in Africe. In his most tolerant and beautiful statement of the entire book Malcolm said, "I could see that if white Americans could accept the Oneness of God, then perhaps too, they could accept in reality the Oneness of Man and cease to measure, and hinder, and harm others in terms of their differences in color."

No mere words can describe the tragedy and horror of the death of Malcolm X. It made him a martyr to his followers, it brought the Muslim cause many followers; but it also caused a great number of black people to become bitter towards the American Society. His Autobiography is a truly striking self-confession, filled with the painful honesty of a man who knows himself. His words are NOT hateful nor passionately empathetic. Malcolm X truly tells things like they are. Malcolm X died before the words "BLACK POWER" came into wide usage, but more than any other man he made these words meaningful, he has given the black a truly great symbol in their search for identity, himself.

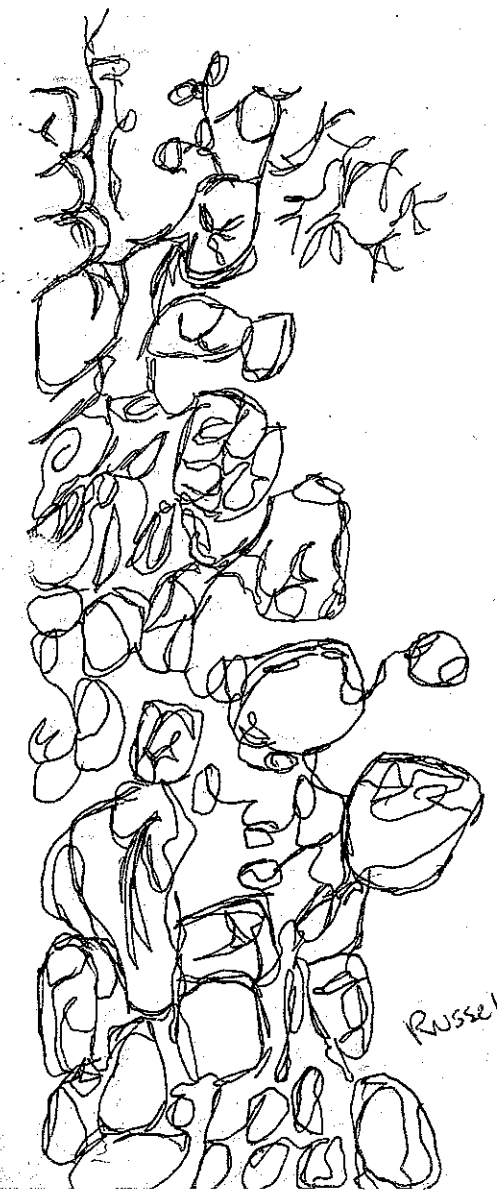
Rest at pale evening...
A tall slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.

From "Dream Variation"
Langston Hughes

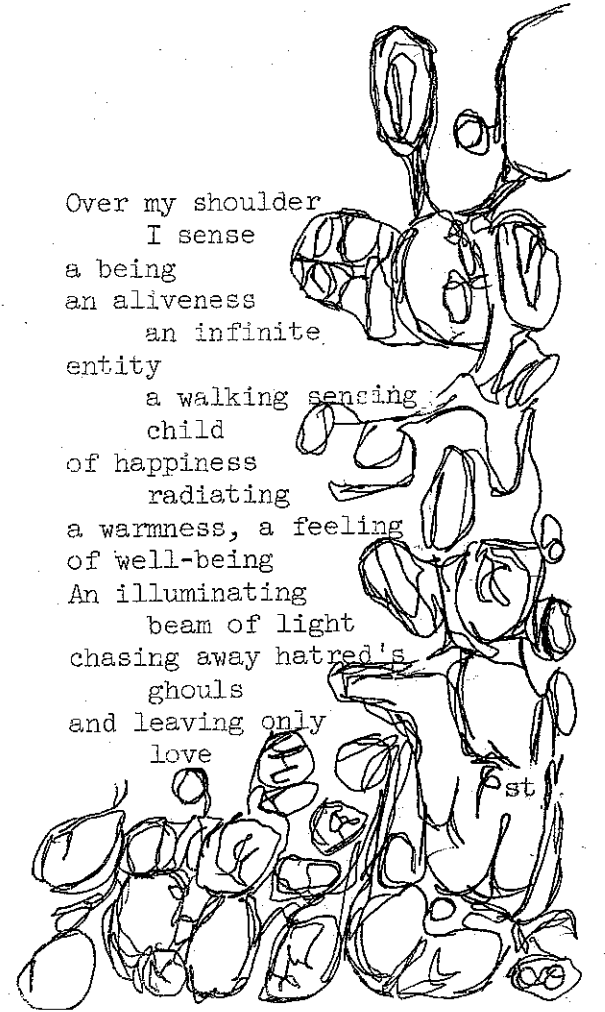
LEE DOUGLAS

7

(yellow over black)



Over my shoulder
I sense
a being
an aliveness
an infinite
entity
a walking sensing
child
of happiness
radiating
a warmth, a feeling
of well-being
An illuminating
beam of light
chasing away hatred's
ghouls
and leaving only
love



8

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS:

Editors:

You are the young. You are the martyrs of my generation, dying for the cause. You demand peace, you demand equality, you demand the overthrow of this "hideous society."

You rush to the defense of paid riot inciters in Chicago. You defy the forces that protect you. You are going to change the world.

But you are young, we are young. We must listen to the old, learn from their mistakes. Learn their faults and failures, but also from their successes, their accomplishments. Listen, for the old are wise.

Work for peace, equality, love among man. Grow and learn, raise children to fight for your belief. We must not die for the cause, we must live for the cause-grow, learn we will change the world, but there is time. We are young.

Glen Bley

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: Will try to keep this short and to the point (if any). I picked up a copy of Inquisition 3 at Carter's Bookshop last night, and offer herewith my response to said issue

Primarily and simply, GREAT! I thought #2 was "very, very good", and the wild things you have done here, with 2-color pages, artwork etc. are even gooder. Your prose style seems to be getting better too, there's not so much "god and idealism," as complained about in one letters-to-the-editors. (Justified complaint, I believe.) About specific depts. or articles:

Glad to see the magic department is going to be a regular feature.

9

The Deluded Grape

If all those nice juicy grapes would stop growing for all those mean ugly nasty horrible grape growers, the kind gentle grape pickers could go off strike!

Since that is a virtual impossibility, wouldn't you like to help by not buying Californis grapes, and by telling your neighbors about it?

Under the leadership of Caesar Chavez, thou began a Farm workers' movement to free them from their lives of social and economic bondage.

We ask only the same rights and benefits which the majority of American workers already enjoy. We believe that farm workers should be protected by the National Labor Relations Act. We demand that sanitary facilities be placed in the fields to protect the farm workers and the consumers from disease. We ask for the right to live and work with dignity."

Thousands have been on strike for three years against the California grape growers. The growers have rejected all attempts on the part of the strikers to negotiate, and have started importing illegal labor to break the strike. The government has done nothing to help.

Why don't you join the strikers in combatting bigotry? DON'T BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES!!!! With enough consumer pressure the stores will take California grapes off their shelves. So all you consumers join the side of the workers!

"Together we will win the long and difficult struggle for human dignity and social justice!"

Tabitha Hall

Editors: However, the struggle is also being waged by the AFL-CIO, whom we consider only slightly less corrupt and graft-ridden than the Teamsters' Union.

Your sorcerer may think he's kidding, but if you really did those spells and believed in them.....? This seems to be a well-researched, carefully written section.

Your record reviews are good, from them I can make a reasonable guess as to whether I'd like a record or not. (As in "Fraternity of Man", good if you like Mother's or the Fish-----Personally, if I like the M's or F's, I'll settle for one of their albums, and let the imitators go.....)

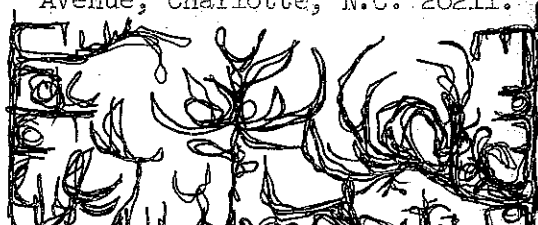
I thought the "Charles Raper Jonas" bit a little bit childish and unnecessary.....INQUISITION should be above this sort of thing. The one redeeming factor was the line "Have we sent an innocent man to Congress?". That's almost worthy of Twain.

I have been digging the "Underground" EM show ever since it started, but kept putting off writing them. Now, with your article to encourage me...and give me their address...will write 'em today offering thanks, encouragement, and probably some unasked-for advice.....

J.R. McHone

* * *

Inquisition craves comments and criticisms of anything that appears in it. What would you like to see more of, less of? Write today. INQUISITION, 716 Bertonley Avenue, Charlotte, N.C. 28211.



You may have seen the billboard--Make America Beautiful. Get A Haircut. This sign was put up in Charlotte by the Schloss Company as a public service billboard. This struck me as peculiar since the first thing I would do to make America beautiful is to tear down all the God damn billboards.

I told this story at a hootenanny held at a high school, and right after I told it I heard some disturbance in the audience, but I didn't think anything of it until I walked around through the front door in order to hear and see other performers. There this old woman schoolteacher said, "I'm sorry I heckled you, but you shouldn't say 'God damn'."

I made the first mistake when I said, "Oh, I didn't know you heckled me," because the one thing a heckler cannot stand is for a guy not to know he's being heckled.

And so she said, "You sang good, but if you say 'God damn' again I'll wash your mouth out with soap."

And I said, "You'll have to catch me and hold me down first."

And she said, "I've got a black belt in karate. What do you have?"

And I just shrugged my shoulders and walked through the door. But the funny thing was that I talked to some people after the show and they said that the woman didn't have a black belt but she did have some sort of karate belt. They said that it seems she was attached to a group of women Army Corps officers just a ways back from WW II; and, since the men were headed toward the line to get shot at or coming back from getting nearly killed and most of them hadn't seen a woman for a long time, they just weren't too particular about what they hopped on, and so she learned karate to protect not only herself, but also all the other women.

I finally figured out how she got to be a teacher:

Everything at the army post was going fine until the C.O. of the man's side of the post noticed that not only were enlisted men getting their arms and skulls broken, but also officers. Now, in an army, an officer is a gentleman, and the C.O. couldn't have it on record that so many of his officers were getting their arms and skulls broken while making a pass at a WAC, especially when the WAC was the person who broke their arm. So, he went to the head of the women's side of the post for help, but she thought it was just great, and so he figured out the only solution to his problem: he gave all the men, both enlisted men and officers, who

had their skulls broke, a purple heart as wounded in action.

This would have worked except that all the men who would have shot themselves in the leg or shot off a toe to keep out of combat and those who would have except for the ignomy of it, they got the word: "Hey, listen, you don't have to shoot your arm or toe off. All you have to do is go give this particular Woman Army Officer a goose, and she'll not only break your arm or skull so you'll get into the hospital and out of combat, but you'll also get a purple heart." In fact, those whose arms were only hairline fractured or had mild concussions, when they got out of the hospital after a week or two, they didn't want to go back to the lines, and so they went back to the karate woman, made a pass, and got busted up again. Those who kept getting minor injuries collected so many purple hearts that they were sent back to the states as heroes to tour Red Cross Installations and to help sell war bonds.

This situation might have continued but for an inspection team composed of a general, a few colonels, and a colonel in the Women's Army Corps. The woman colonel got separated from the rest of the group, and decided to ask directions from woman officer across the street. Now this colonel was rather flat-chested, wore a severely styled uniform, and tucked her hair under her cap, and the office she decided to ask the karate lady who was so overworked from all the men wanting to keep out of combat that, when the lady colonel tapped her on the shoulder, she whirled around, saw this mannish figure, thought, "Here's another one of those nasty men making a pass at me," and broke the colonel's arm.

Now, the one thing the head of the women's side of the post knew there couldn't be hint of on the record, even to deny it, was that one of her officers broke the arm of a colonel in the Women's Army Corps, while the colonel was making a pass at her. The WAC C.O. went into a hurried conference with the male C. O. and they agreed to transfer the karate officer into the first vacancy which was to a maternity hospital in the states, but she kept telling the wives there, "You know what you did to deserve this," and so the hospital transferred her to the men's VD ward where they figured it didn't matter what she said. Then, after the war she must have applied for a teaching position and with her credentials, of course must have been immediately accepted.

13

Look lightly now,
 the Father-watcher is blending with his hands,
 chemist of fate,
 mixing and mingling passion and slime,
 ginger and lime.

All of his works, pieces of earth,
 placed together firmly erect,
 bricks made of secret sin,
 with Fire and the pressures of time.

The Honourable Huntsman pays his respects,
 and no one detects
 the absence in his eyes,
 the heat in his thighs.
 Friday's love is spilled
 over the urban fields.
 The prayers on the window sill
 are washed away,
 only the stones may stay.

Dust dogs chase their tails in a ballet of Desire.

I too, have waltzed nude with Promise.
 I was picked by Her special image from a dancing school line in a graveyard's shadow.
 The whole first movement I never scarred
 the bare forest floor with reality's impotent
 curse. (Quietly, seriously, prancing to arouse
 those deft demons that I was so sure lived
 just around the meadow's constant edge.)
 But it was never as Perfect as that magic
 moment that played and replayed in the
 theater of my imagination.

The Junkman comes by once a week
 to collect Memories
 Broken bottles, left over lust, spoiled food, yesterday's paper
 thrown carefully
 into the same cart covered by used clothes
 covered by used clothes
 and pushed home
 by the silent thief.

PAUL JONES

12

(brown
black
ink)



DMOMA

14

SIRJOHNALOTOFMERRITEENGLANDEANDESMUSIKTHYNG&YEGREENEKNYGHT* John Renborne, with Terry Cox and Ray Warleigh: Transatlantic; TRA 167

Time dissolves in your ears and you are in the Kingdom of John Wood, where miracles are his chamberlains and electronics are his vassals. You look and see dinginess recoiling before beauty's dragon and the years spin faster and faster in irreversible withershins and a master lutenist is in front of you in a banquet hall of acoustic Gobelin only the lute is a guitar, and there sits William Byrd being praised by his own songs, as the sounds trapped within a silver flute unroll, ever rising, ever falling before new arrangements for guitar and recorder. A cataclysm of Renborne explodes into counterpoint on one guitar and he multiplies and expands but there is only one person scarved in emigmas of sound that seem like musical impossibilities, even to those with perfect pitch, who are listening beyond comprehension. The castle crumbles, next years winds blow away the last echoes of the past, you blink your eyes and green grass has grown into platinum and plastic, and you are by yourself, listening to mechanizations of inhuman but living notes, sometimes summer, sometimes snow. Time obliges for you, slowing to a crawl, but even then the fingers are blurred and the hand motions cannot be followed, and the concert is over as everything vanishes. Reeling before all the tones of musical complexities, your mind slides back down the songs, playing as it hoes the melodies it just heard, and it replays them over and over again but they never grow old and you are but the music IS!

* * * * *

One day last May I saw the album jacket for the new Peter Paul and Mary album; I tried to buy a copy but it hadn't come out yet and every Saturday after that I tried to buy a copy, but with the same results. Finally late in the summer it came out, and it was, strangely enough, Late Again. Three individuals merge their collective talent into an entity that is stronger than any one of them by themselves. Backed up by an invulnerable corps of artists, this album represents another step in their evolution from simple, unadorned folk artists to a more complex musical style where every one of the steps proved to be another facet of themselves.

The first time I heard this album, I did not think it was as good as some of their others, but the next time I listened to it, it had gotten better, and each new time it has improve. The songs are for the most part very soft and subdued and have the PPM atmosphere about them. Ranging over a wide variety of folk themes and messages such as are thought of when a typical person thinks of the Hootenanny craze of the early sixties. The songs are quasi-mundane, sometimes statements of unassailable faith, sometimes laced with wit so caustic that one receives acid burns on one's eardrums.

15

The first side is "pop-ish", and is brimming over with glittering, but not glaring, imagery. In "Apologize", by Paul Stookey, he is on time but everyone else is late again. This results in some fairly dubious double entendres that cannot be repeated here. Onward, and one finds that the imagists are not really dead, for one of them inhabits the spirit of Mary Travers and it surfaces in "Moments of Soft Persuasion": "Nothing more than earth and water/ Smiles of Spring from barren daughter." Very soft and beautiful. They do, as only PPM can do, a Dylan song; "Too Much of Nothing", which has a good backup of the harmonica by Charlie McCoy. Also on this side is "There's Anger in the Land", a Hedy and DonWest number, a title which tells the song along with two others.

The other side is more earthy, and it sinks down and absorbs the the grass roots of folk and pop without being absorbed by them, without sacrifice to the masses where the money lies. "She Dreams but Nobody Hears Her" is a group creation exploring the identity crisis of a girl who outwardly has no personality. This is followed by "Hymn" a moving lament to love realized only after the ultimate "too late!" "Tramp on the Street", "I Shall be Released", and "Reason to Believe" are the next three songs, possibly together because there is a similarity in all three of them. "Tramp on the Street", by Grady and Hazel Cole has been called "a hillbilly Christmas carol", because it compares Jesus to tramp on the street who once had a family that love him. Then comes "I Shall be Released", another Dylan song. This one shows his return to his origins, heavy with Gospel flavor and soul chorus with a trace of country and western. The C&W grows within them and they interpret a Tim Hardin number, rich with the Hardin style, in "Reason to Believe". The last song in the album is "Rich Man, Poor Man", by Peters Yarrow and Zimmel - a social comment that isn't spiked with venom or poisoned with bitterness, simply stating the conditions existent: "A rich man eats when he wants to, a poor man whenever he can."

The record is not for the eyes-to-the-front members of the Motown legions, nor is it for those who stoned (with rocks) Dylan at the first concert that he used an electric guitar. But if you enjoy listening to a hopeful type of front door folk, you might like to pick a copy. There's no hurry.

CROWN OF CREATION - Jefferson Airplane: RCA Victor; LSP 4085

It is, but then again it isn't. Nearly all of the songs are a long the lines of "She has Funny Cars", "D.C.B.A.-25", and "3/5 of a mile in Ten Seconds"; i.e. hard rock with both acoustic and electronic embellishments. Thankfully, the Jefferson Airplane is still the Jefferson Airplane with Gracie Slick stronger than ever as herself. The lyrics have improved and are included along with a pin-up of Brumus.

Wm Wood

They have desecrated the temples.
 They have forced the religious people of that venerable nation to suffer unspeakable indignities.
 They have raped the women and killed the men.
 The children have been taken away from their mothers and shipped to foreign soil.
 The young maids are forced to cohabit with enemy soldiers, and lose their honor before the eyes of their parents.
 Families are broken up, and the old values are mocked.
 People of the mind have been subjugated under conquerors with steel and fire.
 The highest rulers are shamed or executed if they do not flee.
 The highest shrines of the highest religions are made into halls of unfaith.
 Even Dr. Rampa is afraid to return to his native country.

This is the cultural revolution of Chairman Mao? The complete destruction of the Tibetan people? Does cultural revolution mean cultural genocide for other people? The flowering of the far East has poisoned the civilized garden of the gentle Lamaists. Shantih, shantih, shantih - is it a meaningless question, not the answer?



The U.S.S. Pueblo, an intelligence ship, on a mission for its not so intelligent government, was captured by a majorly minor communist country the United States does not even recognize the existence of - North Korea. It is the opinion of North Korea that the Pueblo was trespassing in its territorial waters. It is the opinion of the United States not to have an opinion. What are we going to do?

The North Korean Navy is notorious for its size and firepower; it has been compared to that of Switzerland's. On the other hand, "our navy", that of the United States, is relatively small, you could probably place the entire land-mass of North Korea on the deck space of our fine flotilla. Why is the Pueblo there?

Why Not?

That's the best answer we could come up with.

There are eighty-two Americans in communist jails because the United States cannot and therefore will not retrieve them. There is an alternative however - to apologize. It is not feasible for us to rescue our men by the use of force because of the inevitability of our defeat in the eyes of the people of the world. Who cares what the people of the world think? If we really cared for what they think, we would do something constructive such as moving out of Vietnam. This only leaves an apology as a means of recovery of the eighty-two American prisoners.

We're sorry.

We apologize.

It won't happen again.

This is all that is necessary for the return of the Americans. So we are sorry and everybody knows it.

Conferences are going on in Punjamong on how we should apologize.

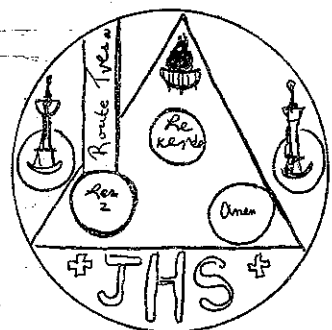
"The United States never lost a war and never lost a conference!"

Tom

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

For those people who are so incredibly Brave as to wish to tempt torture and chain the will of the Evil One while chancing the fate of their immortal soul ; herein is presented the Grand Conjunction of Lucifer; that most powerful of Infernal spells as faithfully transcribed by the author from the Key of Solomon.

The operator who wishes to perform the Experiment must make preparations as outlined in "A Note...", Inquisition #2. He must then obtain the following: 1 bloodstone, the skin of a kid, 2 verbena croens, 2 candlesticks, two candles made of virgin wax-blessed by a priest, two flints with tinder (to light a fire); half a bottle of brandy, some blessed incense, camphor, and four nails used to nail the coffin of a dead child. The operator must then journey to the place where the work is to be done and there trace The Grand Cabbalistic Circle. This is done by first making a circle with the skin of a kid which is nailed with the four nails. Inside the circle, a triangle is to be traced with the bloodstone and starting from the eastern side, trace with the stone a large A, a small e, a small a and a small y. Then the initials JHS between two crosses.



After this the sorcerer and any of his companions may enter the Triangle. The two candles strike with the wreaths of verbena and are placed on the right and left of the interior circle. This done, the candles are lighted and the brazier is filled with willow charcoal.

The fire in the brazier is then lighted by the operator, while throwing a part of the brandy therein, together with a piece of incense and camphor. Some of these materials must be saved as they are used later on.

The foregoing all having been successfully performed, the following oblation is made:

I present thee, O great Adonay, this incense as the most pure; similarly, I present thee this charcoal, as coming from the lightest of woods. I make this offering, O great and powerful Adohay, Eleim, Ariel and Jehovam, with all my soul and heart. Deign, O great Adonay, to receive them as acceptable. Amen.

The operator and any friends must take great care that no impure, i.e. base or alloyed metal is upon them. One coin of gold or silver should

be brought along to give to the spirit while the operator recites the following: (Warning: only one person is to speak during the entire conjuration, if any others lose faith and utter but one word, all those present are doomed forever).

Confession of Faith:

O great living god, in one and the same person the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I adore you with the deepest humility, and I submit to your holy protection with great belief. I believe, with the most sincere faith, that you are my Sustainer, and my Master, and I have no other desire than that I should belong to you through the whole of eternity. Amen.

During this time the fire must be kept burning well; for this the bottle of brandy is used. After throwing more camphor and incense upon the fire, the operator recites the following.

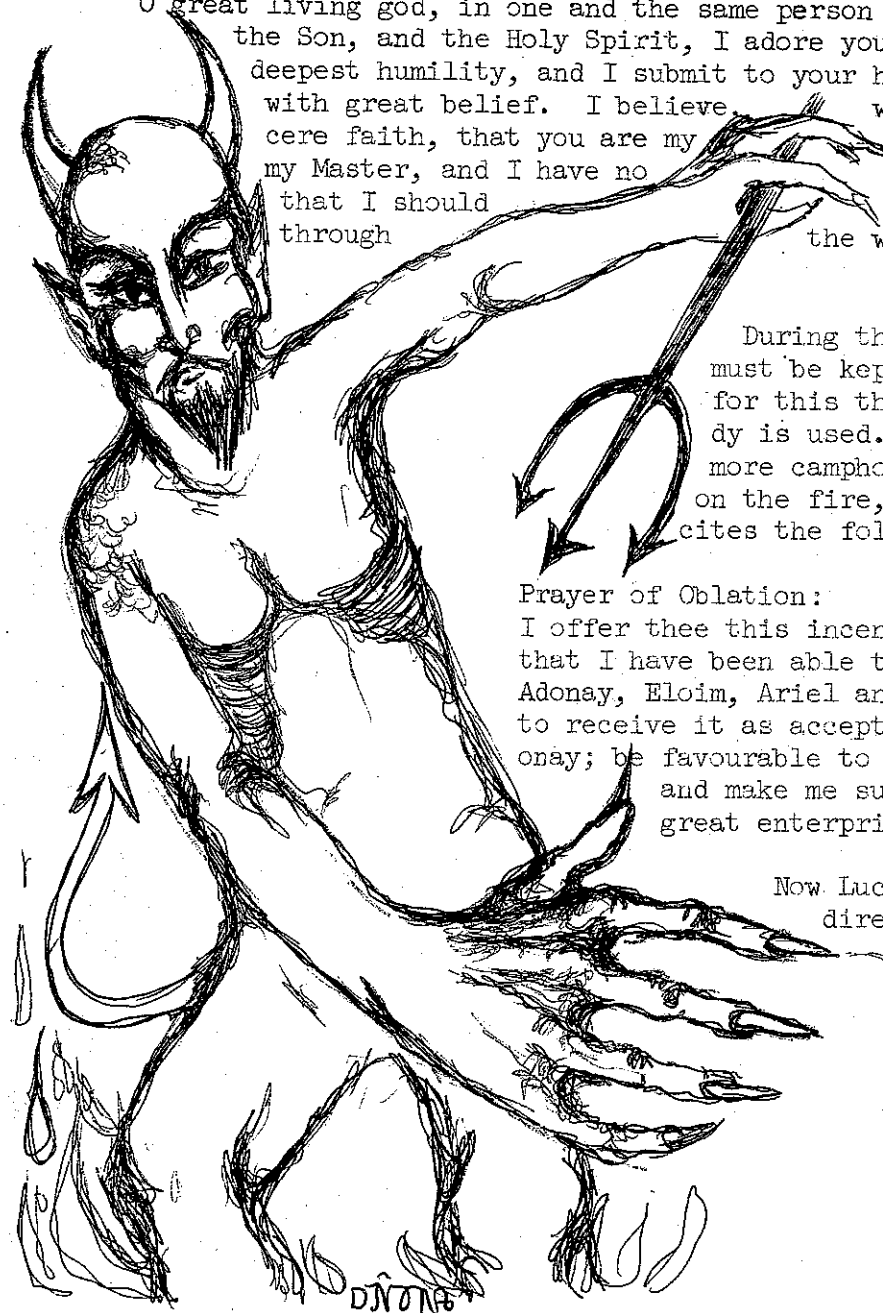
Prayer of Oblation:

I offer thee this incense, as the purest that I have been able to find, O Great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and Jehovam. Deign to receive it as acceptable O Great Adonay; be favourable to me in thy Power, and make me successful in this great enterprise. Amen.

Now Lucifer is called directly.....

(continued next month)

lee



THE DIRGE SOUNDS

Magnificent land... land seemingly boundless in beauty and dowry... spines of granite... ladies of crystal... ribbons that flow golden under the rays of Ra. People prosperous... wealth beyond desire... art beyond excellence... pleasure beyond comprehension. Knowledge available to all... programmed... masters of the atom.

Cities with architecture to stun the mind... standing white and gold in their created purity. The spire... focal point of the world... the spire with its silver finger pointing a thousand meters skyward... viewed from distant realms... all knowing the power of its symbol... knowing of the transmutation of metals... knowing of the transmutation of man.

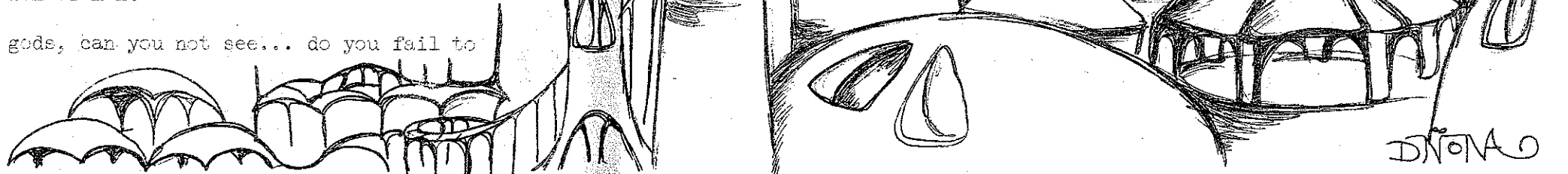
Hall of Justice... white glorification of man's fairness to man. Temple of the Eternal Flame... unequivocal evidence that man was not without gods.

What more perfect method of travel?... waves of the cosmos made to hasten man about his globular habitat... on occasion beyond... what more perfect method to observe his brothers who yet desire? Over the seas, on or under, what matters?... all controlled by man. From heights observe the superexcellence of your creation... defy any to exceed.

EXALT, O MAN, IN THY PERFECTION!

Why, then... why must the springs of earth open their source... why must the land and seas tremble, heave, moan as if in transient madness... forgetting their man-given inheritance... heavens and earth lash out with their fire... spewing wrath upon the creation of man?

O gods, can you not see... do you fail to understand?



(blue ink)

The spire falls... blackened with the fire... force no longer controlled. The sea moves... the sea no longer controlled. Eternal Flame... no worthy combatant for the sea.

Flee, man... flee as your garden depresses to rest... to the four corners... look not to your substances. Why? O, paradise of man, you recoil from his touch.

AND THE DIRGE SOUNDS OVER THE EXPANSE.

Then rest, O Poseidon... god of the triune staff... rest, O Atlantis... queen of the seas... beneath the water rest... until that day when again man parades before the gods his creation.

ADDENDUM:

Associated Press, Miami, Fla., Aug. 24, 1968

A noted archeologist reported Friday a "most exciting and disturbing" discovery in Bahamian waters of an ancient "temple" he said might be part of the legendary lost continent of Atlantis.....

Henry Covington
East-House Bookshop

DINA

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF HARRY K. HANGSTWISHLAWSKI

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, AGENTS 6 AND 9 WENT OFF TO BEGIN THE MECHANISM OF HARRY'S RESCUE. THEY WOULD BLOW THE JAILOR'S MIND, WHILE HE WAS OFF EXPLORING THE INNER DEPTHS, THEY WOULD FREE HARRY. . . BUT FIRST THEY HAD TO GET THE MIND EXPANDING MATERIAL.

* * * * *

6 AND 9, EACH LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING BETWEEN A CROSS OF TINY TIM AND AN OLD INNER TUBE, WITH A DEFINATE STAIN OF PLASTIC HIPPIE, WENT OFF TO PLAY DALE CARNEGIE IN THE EAST VILLAGE. AND THOUGH THE AIR ITSELF COULD HAVE BEEN BOTTLED, CONDENSED AND PUT THE ENTIRE TOWN OF COLUMBUS, OHIO ON A TRIP FOR THREE MONTHS, THEY COULD NOT FIND THEIR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD PUSHER.

AND THEN THEY SAW HIM, STAGGERING UP THE STREETS STUMBLING OVER THE THICKER LINE IN THE CHALK DRAWINGS. HE WAS SMALL, AND YELLOW WRINKLES COVERED HIS BODY, AND HE SPUTTERED LIKE A DYING LOCOMOTIVE, THE PERFECT HORSE HEAD. HE LOOKED LIKE THE PERSON WHO HAD INVENTED PIPES. THEY WALKED UP TO HIM, AND 6 SAID FURTIVELY,

"DO ...UH ... KNOW WHERE UH ...WE COULD GET SOME ...L.S.D.?"

A SMALL WRINKLED HAND WENT INTO A FADED DRAGON SHIRT AND CAME OUT WITH A PACKET OF WHITE POWDER. 6 GAVE HIM TWENTY ROLLS OF PENNIES. THE PUSHER SPOKE, "AH SO, YOU AHL UNDEH ALLREST."

6 SPUTTERED "NO, IT CAN'T BE..."

"SO YEARS OLD..."

"IT IS..."

"CHAHLE CHAN !"

6 BENT DOWN TO TIE HIS SHOES, BUT SINCE HE WAS BAREFOOT, HE TIED CHAN'S INSTEAD. THEN THE TWERPISH TWAIN TOOK OFF, WHILE CHAN EXPLORED THEIR RESPECTIVE ANCESTRY BACK SEVERAL GENERATIONS, AND STRNAGELY ENOUGH, QUITE ACCURATELY. WHEN THEY WERE SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, 9 TURNED AROUND AND STARTED RUNNING BACK TOWARD CHAN. WHEN HE WAS ABOUT A BLOCK FROM CHAN, 6 MANAGED TO CATCH HIM. HE GRABBED HIM BY THE SHIRT AND FLUNG HIM TO THE GROUND.

MORE OR LESS HE SAID, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

9 GOT OFF AND DUSTED HIMSELF OFF, AND WITH AN AIR OF OFFENDED DIGNITY, I FORGOT MY STAMPS."

AFTER FURTHER EXPLORING 9'S GENEOLGY, AND ADDING A FEW DELINEATING DETAILS OF HIS OWN, 6 SAID, "IDIOT, HE DOESN'T GIVE STAMPS, HE GIVES COUPONS."

"OH."

JUST AS THE ALTERATION WAS OVER, THEY TURNED AROUND TO THE WHEEZING AND SPUTTERING OF THEIR FRIEND FROM CANTON. THEY TURNED AROUND AND STARTED HOOFING IT AGAIN. AFTER BEING RRIPPED UP FOUR TIMES IN TWO BLOCKS, THEY FINALLY MADE IT OUT OF THE VILLAGE. SINCE THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY RUNNING AWAY FROM SOMETHING, NOBODY PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THEM.

AT THE CORNER OF ONE OF THE STREETS WAS A KOSHER PICKLE AND BAGEL CART WHICH 6 AND 9 LIBERATED FROM ITS SPEECHLESS OWNER, RIDING IT MADLY DOWN THE STREET, STOPPING ONLY FOR STOPLIGHTS. BUT AT THE THIRD STOPLIGHT THEY CAME TO, OR THE THIRD STOPLIGHT THEY WERE STOPPED AT (IT'S THE SAME THING IN NEW YORK), A FRIENDLY BOY IN BLUE CAME UP TO THEM AND SAID,

"WELL NOW, AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?"

"WE'RE SELLING BAGELS AND KOSHER PICKLES TO RAISE MONEY FOR WAR ORPHANS IN GEORGIA."

"THERE'S NO WAR IN GEORGIA."

"TELL THAT TO LESTER MADDOX."

THE UNDERPAID OVERWORKED DEFENDER OF OUR DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY (WHO WAS FORCED TO MOONLIGHT AS A GO-GO DANCER IN A GAY BAR TO SUPPORT HIS WIFE AND KIDDIES) MIGHT HAVE LET THEM GO EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT THEY WERE THIRTY YEARS OLD AND THEY WERE DRESSED LIKE HIPPIES. "YOU'RE UNDER ARREST."

AFTER PUTTING THEIR JAWS BACK IN PLACE, 6 AND 9 SAID IN UNISON, "WHY...?"

"BECAUSE YOUR PCV VALVE IS 14 PPM (NOT PETER PAUL AND MARY, PARTS PER MILLION.), OVER THE LEGAL LIMIT."

"HOW CAN YOU TELL?"

"BY MY ACUTE SENSE OF SMELL."

WITH THAT HE REACHED INTO HIS BACK POCKET AND PULLED OUT HIS CITATION BOOK. JUST THEN THEIR WAS A TAPPING ON ONE OF THE WELLS IN WHICH THE PICKLES WERE KEPT. 6 LIFTED UP THE LID AND COMING OUT OF IT, BELCHING POLITELY, WAS THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US, SMELLING JUST A LITTLE FROM THE PICKLE JUICE. SINCE IT WAS A LITTLE BIT CROWDED ON THE CART THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US MAGNANIMOUSLY LET HIS FEET REMAIN IN THE PICKLE WELL.

IT WAS THE COPS TURN TO REAFFIX HIS JAW. AND SINCE THE CREATURE WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT A MEMBER OF A MINORITY GROUP, HE COULD NOT HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS BILLY CLUB, SO ALL HE COULD DO WAS SAY, "NERP?"

THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US SAID, "IN THE NAME OF THE PERFECT PEOPLE OF WASP-US, I ORDER YOU TO RELEASE THESE TWO AGENTS OF THE AMERICAN WAY".

AFTER THE OFFICER HAD RECITED THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIENCE, AND DONE ON OFF-KEY RENDITION OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, HE DEMANDED TO KNOW WHY, AND RECEIVED THE ANSWER,

"SO HARRY K. THE SELFLESS DEFENDER OF MOM AND APPLE PIE, CAN FIGHT THAT INSIDIOUS PINKO PLOT-THE INTERNATIONAL KUMQUAT SMUGGLERS!"

L.S. + L.S

(TO BE CONTINUED UNLESS IN CASE OF WORLD-WIDE C & BW-THE AUTHORS.)

24

WHO IS JOHN GALT?

...are the opening words of Ayn Rand's novel, Atlas Shrugged. Like an iceberg, most of this question lies beneath the surface; who is he? What does he mean? What's important about him? Why ask?

In Miss Rand's novel, he is the leader of a strike against the collectivized world of the future. By leading the intellectuals, the industrialists and inventors into hiding, the looting rulers are left with nothing to loot or exploit.

Galt is the man who refuses to be exploited; he is neither the sacrificed OR the sacrificer: he is an independent mind. Literarily, he is the sum of the novel's theme: The philosophy of rational self-interest, which is Objectivism. As a man, he is the ideal of human perfection and accomplishment.

His importance is a different issue. It's fairly likely that the 1,500,000 copies of Atlas Shrugged sold in the past ten years would inform someone. I don't think anyone could finish the book without some impression of this unusual character. Perhaps John Galt serves as a reproach to the evasive, cynical, and unthinking person. To other, he is a curious protagonist, but "a little bit too extreme for me." Finally, there are those who realize that Galt is something new: a man who lives by a completely rational and practical morals - and is completely consistent.

Desperation, fear-guilt prompt people to ask the question in the novel. Galt is "the man who said he would stop the motor of the world - and did." A few suspect that John Galt is really at work, but I doubt it. To answer that short question requires an understanding of objectivism, Galt's own character...and one's own self.

MARTIN FOWLER

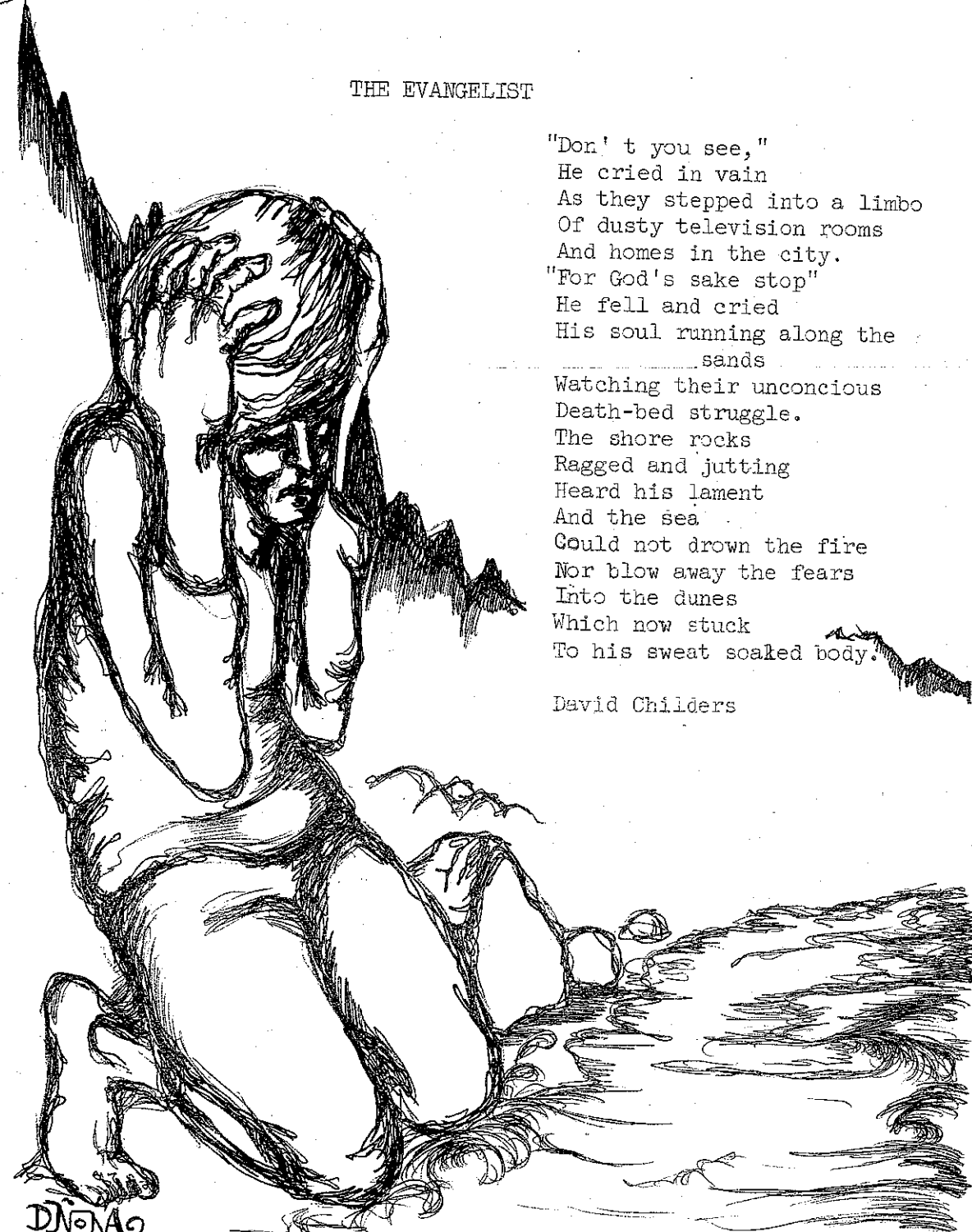
(Last in a series of one article.)

9/30/68

* * *
Inquisition has heard rumors that a certain English class at East Mecklenburg is doing an in depth study of the Ring Trilogy. What are they trying to do, make high school English interesting? Don't they realize this will create a big let down in college?

25

THE EVANGELIST



"Don' t you see,"
He cried in vain
As they stepped into a limbo
Of dusty television rooms
And homes in the city.
"For God's sake stop"
He fell and cried
His soul running along the
..... sands
Watching their unconcious
Death-bed struggle.
The shore rocks
Ragged and jutting
Heard his lament
And the sea
Could not drown the fire
Nor blow away the fears
Into the dunes
Which now stuck
To his sweat soaked body.

David Childers

By the time this magazine comes out, the third, and probably the last Charlotte Hard Rock Festival will be over... Melvin Cohen, Dick Wooley, Walter Charnley, and Fred Cornue would like to keep on giving you Rock Festivals, but increasing problems with each new one quite possibly will prevent any more.

WYFM's UNDERGROUND is here to stay, but that is the only psyche music one can listen to. Free People of Charlotte, do you want to spend six nights a week listening to "jingles and idiot guess games" occasionally (here and there) interspersed with a few poor records put out by tenth rate groups? And then on weekends you can go see slick Motown groups, with most of the soul bleached out of them, or bubble gum music, intended to pacify tenny boppers with ten o'clock curfews at the Park Center.

Recently, Jim Crockett did try to bring some good music to Charlotte, at which a pirate from the big local station officiated. However, the promoter had the misfortune of listening to Ways to find out what Jack Gale, not the people of Charlotte, wanted to hear. Even though the 1910 Fruitgum Company and the Ohio Express have weird names, their music is fit only for teenybopper consumption. So when only 132 people showed up at the concert (naturally most of them came to hear the The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly; a local group) the promoter perhaps thought "I brought them psychedelia, but nobody came. Ohio express = psychedelia, Ohio Express ≠ people, therefore, psychedelia ≠ people or money." And he probably will never think about Hard Rock again.

But he made a serious mistake. Ohio Express does not equal psychedelia. Psychedelic music is more than just weird names, psychedelic music is independent of WAYS ratings, which bear absolutely no relation to what is good or what will sell. Just ask any record shop in Charlotte. Psychedelic music is rooted in the real blues, in Medieval England, in the cities and the mountains, any where but in the hack song writer and glossy put on.

These Free People of Charlotte must show Jim Crockett and Ted Hall that they want hard rock. Anytime either one have sponsored a show where good psychedelic groups are playing, they must be well attended.

Mr. Promoter, there is a vast untapped market in Charlotte for underground music in Charlotte, with thousands of dollars going unused. Ask any big record company how many records they sell by Jimi Hendrix, or the Doors, or Simon and Garfunkel, which have received their only exposure in Charlotte on one radio station with an extremely limited air time. If a few really good groups came to Charlotte, such as those mentioned above, which cost no more than some groups that have already come. There were five thousand people who went out of their way to listen to a hard rock festival, yet the musical needs of these people are served only for five hours on Saturday night by recorded music. The person who brings live hard rock here shall be a rich man.

A PLEA FOR HARD ROCK-ADDENDUM

Ways is up to up their old tricks. In their commercial they say "some stations play all soul or country and western", and so on which means that WAYS plays some of each. Notice they do not say "Some stations play all hard rock", which leads one to the obvious conclusion that ways does not play any hard rock. Sometimes though they do state a bare-faced truth. Big WAYS does play them all. Any record that was a miserable failure in any part of the civilized world ways will play; not only will they play it, but they will make it number one!

* * * * *

Some more AM stations with better programming than the big local one:
WLS-Chicago; 890 Night
WLON-Lincolnton; 1040 Day
WYOL-Fort Mill; 980 Day and Night
WYTC-Rock Hill; 1180 Day and Night

But the real hope of the future is UNDERGROUND on WYFM, 104.7, Saturday night, 8 until one. They are glad to listen to its listeners, hence its expansion from its original one hour format. Clip out the coupon below, fill it in, then give one to a friend to fill in, and them mail them IMMEDIATELY to:

FRED CORNUE
c/o WYFM
121 EAST 7TH STREET
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

The results may amaze you.

I, _____ (NAME)	I, _____ (NAME)
_____ (ADDRESS) THINK UNDERGROUND IS THE GREATEST AND WOULD LIKE TO HEAR EVEN MORE OF IT.	_____ (ADDRESS) THINK THAT UNDERGROUND IS THE GREATEST, AND WOULD LIKE TO HEAR EVEN MORE OF IT.
CUT ME OUT, MAIL ME IN!	CUT ME OUT, MAIL ME IN!

IV. the siren meandering
across the swelter
drags its feet through the heat waves
teases the darkness

Its scream
lopes along
lower and lower
a singsong cry
oh Why don't you go on where you are going?
don't follow me
another rushes in much the same note
SPEEDDEATH it yells
the harmony lollygags on and on

* * * * *

The night simmers slowly sighing, dying.
It needs no ambulance to carry the wreckage.
It has none.

I.M. *Charlotte Hunter*

* * * * *

THE INQUISITION COLLABRIA

LEE DOUGLAS, Staff
RUSSELL SCHWARZ, Staff
DONNA ROBERTSON, Staff Artist
Tom Covington
Paul Jones
J. R. McHone (Great Million Death)
war plan
Cathy Cartmell
Chris VanderHorst
Martin Fowler
Henry Covington
Will Tate

LYNWOOD SAWYER, Staff
HANSON DUNBAR, Staff
TOM WILKINSON, Staff
I. M.
Becky Padgett, Artist
Steve Taylor
David Childers
Nancy Barry
Thibtha Hall
st
Cal Walker

And special thanks to our typists, whom we need many, many more of.

"The Turtles cannot sing, yet they live"
Our apologies to the author



View from a Desk or
a Downtrodden and Underpaid
Writer's View of the World

The misspelling of underpaid has become a tradition at Inquisition. We hated to change it, so we won't.

Nixon

Once again Richard Nixon, the professional candidate, is running for public office. Nixon is probably the only man running that is likely to be elected, mainly because of his fantastic experience in unsuccessful campaigns, have taught him exactly what not to do or say. So far in the 1968 campaign Nixon has neither done nor said anything. The only statement he has been making is "ask me that after I'm elected." Nixon is a confirmed "hawk," he wants to win the un-war in Vietnam. I feel as though if elected, Nixon will probably be the first President ever to make a complete farce out of his entire term of office. His domestic and foreign policies are completely opposed to my way of thinking. It would be a shame to give Nixon the responsibility and the power that goes along with the Presidency.

Humphrey

The man in the shadow is trying desperately to be heard and elected. So far in his campaign, Hubert Horatio Humphrey has done little to generate his own light. Humphrey is more closely alligned with my own personal views on domestic policy, that is, more rights for the minority Negroes, Indians, immigrants, etc. On the subject of war in Vietnam, Humphrey's policies are almost as disagreeable as, push the button, I could have ended it yesterday Dick. He advocates a military victory in Vietnam except he leaves a slight possibility for negotiation. This possibility is summed up by Eugene McCarthy's statement, "We are asking them to hold their breath for fifteen minutes, and we'll stop eating for twenty-four hours." Humphrey may not be the next president, but he is better than Nixon or

Wallace

George Wallace, dictator of Alabama, and the U.S.'s most famous and popular bigot, is also a candidate for the highest office in our land. Wallace has managed to appeal to nearly every person in the United States who is prejudiced, with his particular brand of hatred. Wallace preaches in the style of a Southern Baptist minister, but instead of preaching love, he preaches racial hatred, an overpowering victory in Vietnam, and kill the atheist commies. Fortunately this view is not anywhere near the majority, and Wallace has no foreseeable chance of becoming President.

Agnew?

The mysterious Mr. Nobody, Spiro Agnew, the man with no face is Dick Nixon's running mate. I for one have no idea who he is. He may be a capable governor, but who is Spiro Agnew? After he was nominated, Agnew made the typical; What an honor, I don't deserve it speech. (Little did he realize how close to the truth this was). Since the nomination, he like Nixon has said little, if anything of importance. Spiro Agnew is far from a household word, and if I had my way no one would have ever heard of Agnew or Nixon; or would again.

Muskie

Oh! The beauty of Edmund Muskie, the curly headed intellectual darling of Hubert (LBJ) Humphrey. Muskie at least is known by some of the more well read members of the citizenry of the United States. Huber's running companion is apt speaker, a hawk, and an establishment patsy. Here is a man to satisfy the machine, the second rate Richard Daley, a man who is willing to do anything just to be Vice-President. Lets hope Muskie changes, especially if he becomes V.P.

Gen. Curtis LeMay (Ret.)

Wallace after considerable delay decided on The past head of S.A.C. as his vice-presidential candidate. LeMay advocates a sweeping military victory in Vietnam, (This is understandable however, anyone who spends the greater part of his life in the military has to have warped notions. I am certainly glad that it is unlikely that LeMay will ever be V.P.

Russell Schwarz

Idiot, noun. A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling. The Idiot's activity is not confined to any special field of thought or action, but "pervades and regulates the whole." He has the last word in everything; his decision is unappealable. He sets the fashions of opinion and taste, dictates the limits of speech and circumscribes conduct with a dead-line.

Ambrose Bierce

Cabbage, noun. A familiar kitchen-garden vegetable about as large and as wise as a man's head.

Ambrose Bierce



ROBERT

Music

House

201 EAST TRADE STREET

WHAT TO SEE AND DO IN CHARLOTTE

IF YOU KNOW OF ANYTHING, COMING EVENTS OR SUCH-LIKE, MAIL IT TO INQUISITION.

* * * * *
OCTOBER SIXTH-FREEDOM PARK, THE LAST HARD ROCK FESTIVAL. 4:00 TO THEY CLOSE IT DOWN.

FRIDAY NIGHTS, MYERS PARK METHODIST CHURCH, STRAGGLERS INN. 7:30 UNTIL 11:00. USUALLY BANDS SOMETIMES PSYCHEDELIC. FOR HIGH SCHOOL.

THE PURPLE PENGUIN. CENTRAL AVENUE. A GENUINE DISCOTECH! THE ONLY DECENT THING IN CHARLOTTE. I.D.'S REQUIRED. FULL LIGHT SHOW. AND GIRLS! OPENS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK BUT GET THERE EARLY TO AVOID LONG LINES. NIGHTLY.

THE PLACE - SUNDAY NIGHTS AT 9:00 SWAIN'S RESTAURANT. YOUTH FOR CHRIST. MIXED ENTERTAINMENT. BE SURE OF WEAR YOUR WHITE SOX AND BRING YOUR BIBLES.

THE EMERGENCY WARD OF ANY HOSPITAL, WHERE YOU CAN WATCH THE PARTICIPANTS OF ANOTHER CHARLOTTE PASTIME - HAVING AUTOMOBILE WRECKS.

TEEN CENTER - PROVIDENCE METHODIST CHURCH. CHURCH MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS ONLY. FRIDAY NIGHT 8 UNTIL 11. 25 CENTS ADMISSION CHARGE. MIXED ENTERTAINMENT.

THE WEB-BANDS; GUESTS AND MEMBERS ONLY.

OR YOU CAN

CALL THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES COLLECT.

COUNT THE CRACKS IN THE SIDEWALKS STARTING FROM THE SQUARE ON TRY-ON STREET.



The McCarran Act

TITLE II, SECTION 100, THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950 (The McCarran Act)

"The Emergency Detention Act":

The power is given to the President to proclaim an "Internal Security Emergency" in the event of "any one of the following: (1) Invasion of the territory of the United States or its possessions, (2) Declaration of war by Congress, or (3) Insurrection within the United States in aid of a foreign enemy."

While the emergency is in effect, the President, acting through the Attorney General, is authorized "to apprehend and by order detain... each as to who there is reasonable ground to believe that such person would probably, or will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage or of sabotage."

"Under a declared state of war, we could get the Attorney General to prosecute certain people for sedition and treason... Then, if they (peace-niks) persisted in their actions, the Justice Department could move to put them in concentration camps and leave them there for the duration of the war." --Senator Joe Pool, Congressman from Texas.

The above law was a product of Joe McCarthyism. Yet, it is still on the books, and could be put into effect immediately. The emphasis on the word probably, is in the actual records of the law! Is our "land of the free" stooping to Hitlerite suppression laws? The real beauty of this law comes next, after the person is "by order detained."

The victim will be first given a hearing, without right of bail before a "preliminary hearing officer" which could then be appealed to a "Detention Review Board." (Why, that's mighty nice of them!) At no time is the Attorney General required to furnish information --any information what-so-ever! This, in effect, transforms the traditional presumption of innocence to one of guilty. This places the burden of disproof on the prisoners-(The same ground rules apply to any later review to a United States Court of Appeals.) Even Senator Pat McCarran denounced Title II Section 100 as "a concentration camp measure, pure and simple." Dissident Senator William Langer of North Dakota remarked, "So now it is proposed to have concentration camps in America! We can be absolutely certain that the concentration camps are for only one purpose: Namely, to put in them the kind of people those in authority do not like." In fact, there are camps in the United States specifically because of the McCarran Act. Title II section 104 (c) provides that persons detained shall be "confirmed in such places of detention as may be prescribed by the Attorney General." In 1952 the Justice Department designated six sites for the

"detention camp program." These sites were set up on a stand-by basis at: (1) Avon Park, Florida; (2) Allenwood, Pennsylvania; (3) El Reno, Oklahoma; (4) Florence, Arizona; (5) Wickenburg, Arizona; and (6) Tulelake, California.

The United States set itself a grisly precedent when 109,000 Japanese-Americans were "relieved" of their property and placed in ten "relocation camps" during World War II. This decision was upheld unanimously by the Supreme Court in 1943, and then- by Congress in 1950. Evennow, there is the proposed "Internal Security Act of 1968!"

Although the prison officials and the Attorney General have claimed that the aforementioned camps are no longer maintained as such, there is danger in the knowledge of such a law. The rumors fly among members of the "New Left" and the Black Nationalists and the black ghettos-- anywhere from six to sixty camps are established, maintained, and waiting for their first prisoners. Most of these rumors are being spread by Black Nationalist groups who actually believe them. The mental as well as the physical detriment of this law to society is appalling. The late Dr. Martin Luther King remarked, "They are absolutely convinced of this. (camps for use against them). I don't think this is the spreading of a false rumor; it's something they really believe." Where is America going? Let us "save democracy", but let us achieve our goal democratically not with this or similar totalitarian methods which infringe upon our rights as citizens!

"In the background, to be sure, there lurked... the fear of the concentration camp for those who got out of line or who had been Communists or Socialists or too liberal or too pacifist, or who were Jews." --The Rise and Fall Of the Third Reich

*Eds. Note- It may be interesting to note that the McCarran Act was passed overwhelmingly by both the House and the Senate. The bill was vetoed by President Truman, and then passed over his veto. H. DUNBAR

FLASH-THE VANILLA FUDGE ARE COMING TO CHARLOTTE!!!!!! Perhaps civilization is here at last. They will be at the Park Center on November 2nd from eight until twelve. They are one of the finest underground groups around, even though they have cut some nationwide best sellers, you might not have heard them unless you listen to WYFM. Since they are the first national psychedelic group to come to Charlotte, everyone must go and show Ted Hall that there is a market for progressive music. If enough people show their interest, both with dollars, and by writing to Ted Hall at One Charlottetown Center, then any thing might happen, and Charlotte will be a nice place to live, and someday it might even be a nice place to visit.

UNDERGROUND

WFM 104.7 AM

SATURDAY NIGHTS 8 TIL 1

EAST HOUSE BOOKSHOP

CHARLOTTE'S ONLY MYSTIC BOOK SECTION

COTSWOLD SHOPPING CENTER



hard rock and PSYCHE-DELIC ED COFFMAN 366-1464

TEEN CENTER

LIVE BANDS

PROVIDENCE METHODIST CHURCH

FRIDAY NIGHTS

GRADES 7-12

8-11 P. M.

members and their guests only

Admission Charge

THE GREAT MILLION-DEATH WAR PLAN- A NEW SOLUTION TO VIET NAM-

I think LBJ should set a "deadline"-----excuse the pun---for the end of the Viet Nam war. When exactly one million American fighting men have been killed in Viet Nam: when a million potentially useful, creative, worthwhile lives have been wasted to "save face", all troops should be IMMEDIATELY WITHDRAWN. This would end the seemingly endless flow of blood, and make all draft-card burners (and all REAL Christians) happy.

The lucky man to be Victim One Million should receive all sorts of posthumous "benefit". He should receive every conceivable medal and award, and be buried in Arlington in a huge, expensive "Tomb of the Well Known Soldier". His family would have a Memorial Dinner with the President, and receive a guaranteed non-taxable income of \$500,000 a year from a grateful government. (It would be cheaper than the War is now.)

I believe the "contest with prizes" format would help make it a FUN war...Enlistment offices would probably be swamped with volunteers, eager to do something nice for their families. If successful, this policy could be established as standard procedure for all our wars. This would remove one of the most terrible aspects of it all, the dreadful UNCERTAINTY.

J.R. McCHONE

* * * *

INQUISITION STILL

NEEDS PROSE ARTICLES, POLITICAL ANALYSIS, AND NEWS ABOUT LOCAL GOINGS ON. WRITE TODAY: INQUISITION, 716 BERTONLEY AVENUE, CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28211.

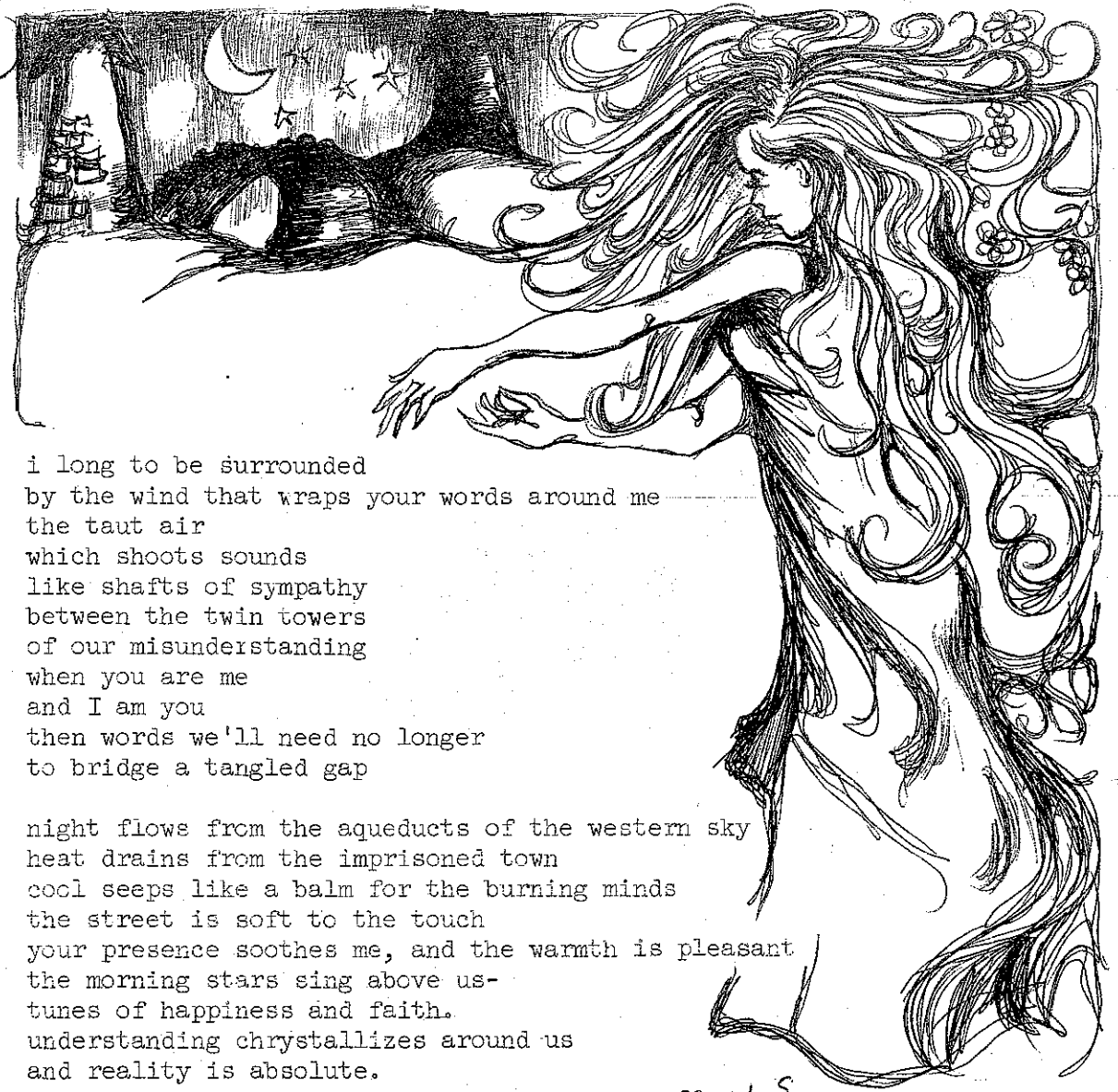
ANOTHER NON-EDITORIAL

In admitting girls to its campus proper, Princeton University spent two months and \$200,000 converting some of its wash-rooms to some fit for females. Why could they not have put a "WO" in front of the "MEN"? This would have saved them seven weeks and \$199,999.31.

LEGAL HIGHS:

Common name	street name	effects	watchout for
Morning Glory seeds	none	drowsiness, dizziness hallucinations.	seeds may be treated with poison- if so steer clear.
Nutmeg	NONE	same as above	nutmeg must be freshly ground. May cause constipation.
Hawaiian wood	LSD6	feeling of well being as if in a dream. Some hallucinations.	white outside coating must be scraped or filed off, will cause nausea for an hour or two.
ILLEGAL HIGHS			
LSD*	Acid, Big "A"	tremendous mind expanding drug. Untold hallucinations.	severe depression. may accentuate mentally unbalanced people. Is reputed to cause damage to genes.
Heroin*	H, Horse, Big "H" skag.	euphoria, feeling of well being.	withdrawal pains, addicting, is damage to body organs.
Mescaline	Magic mushroom	physically overpower, literally makes it impossible to move. the best we've tried.	effects last from 10 to 15 hours
Marijuana	grass, pot, M,13,maryjane tea,gold.	most popular, and available drug around feeling of well being. may cause slight optical discrepencies.	we have noted <u>no</u> harmful effects.
Hashish	hash,bhang, kief.	super marijuana	should only be used by those who are experienced.

*Indicates drugs that have not been tried by the authors.
 (The above was a public service, by two people not on the Inquisition staff.)



i long to be surrounded
 by the wind that wraps your words around me
 the taut air
 which shoots sounds
 like shafts of sympathy
 between the twin towers
 of our misunderstanding
 when you are me
 and I am you
 then words we'll need no longer
 to bridge a tangled gap

night flows from the aqueducts of the western sky
 heat drains from the imprisoned town
 cool seeps like a balm for the burning minds
 the street is soft to the touch
 your presence soothes me, and the warmth is pleasant
 the morning stars sing above us-
 tunes of happiness and faith.
 understanding chrystallizes around us
 and reality is absolute.

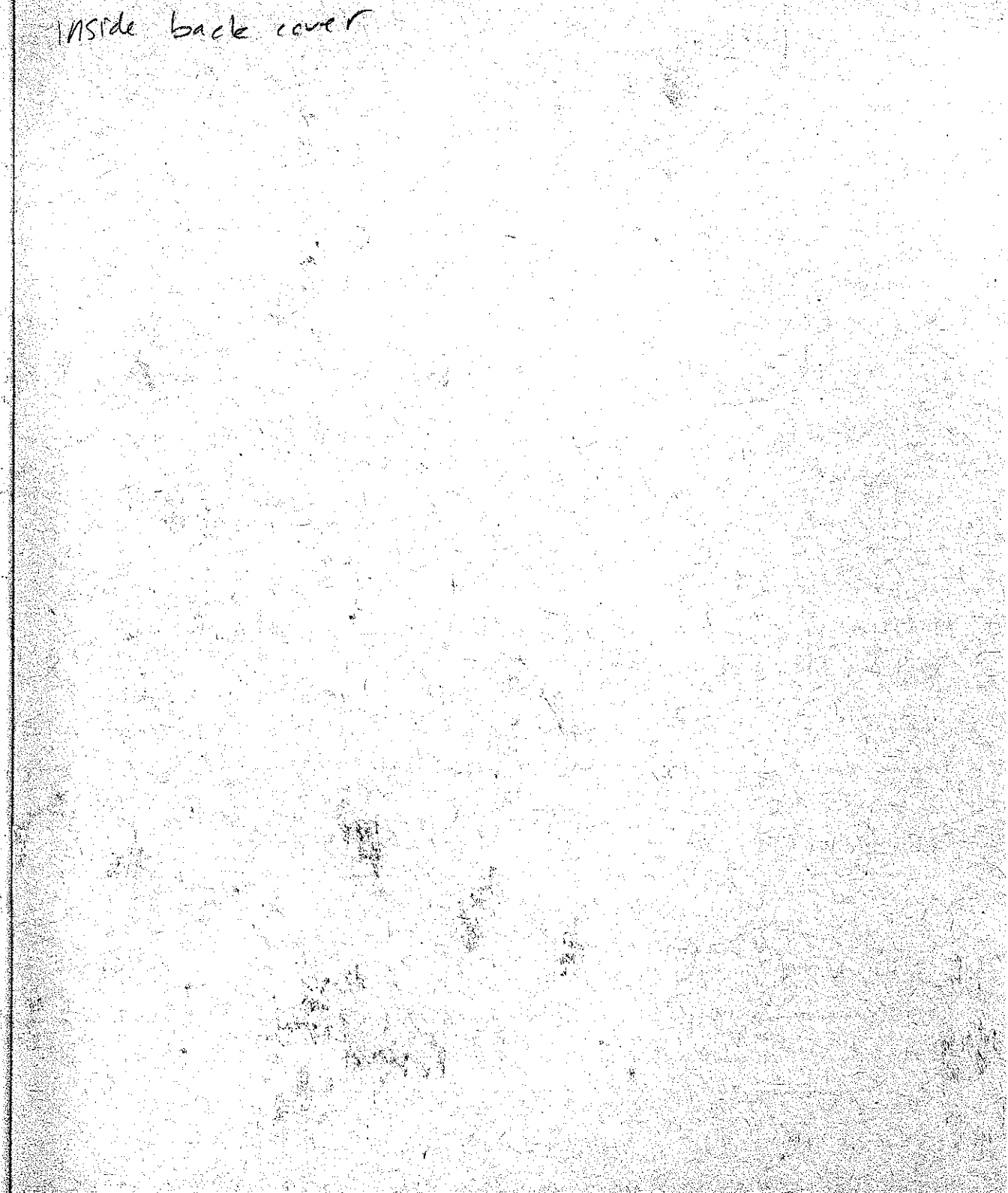
30 - L.S.

V. You think this is the final worth and nothing is better than our lowly earth. And you are right for how planned is anything of nature's next to any mess of man's? To rid the world of problems eliminate man only even though it might be rather lonely. To think that there would be no rape or riot, looting, death or arson-- just quiet, ah, but put into that Eden a soul who could not take the earth and leave it whole, whose buildings built no death nor filth, no pain frustrations, or even guilt---Take away, men's greed and lust, the things within that return to dust---and maybe, just maybe, you'd have Heaven.

I.M.



inside back cover



Annals