

back cover



Back cover  
11/15

front cover

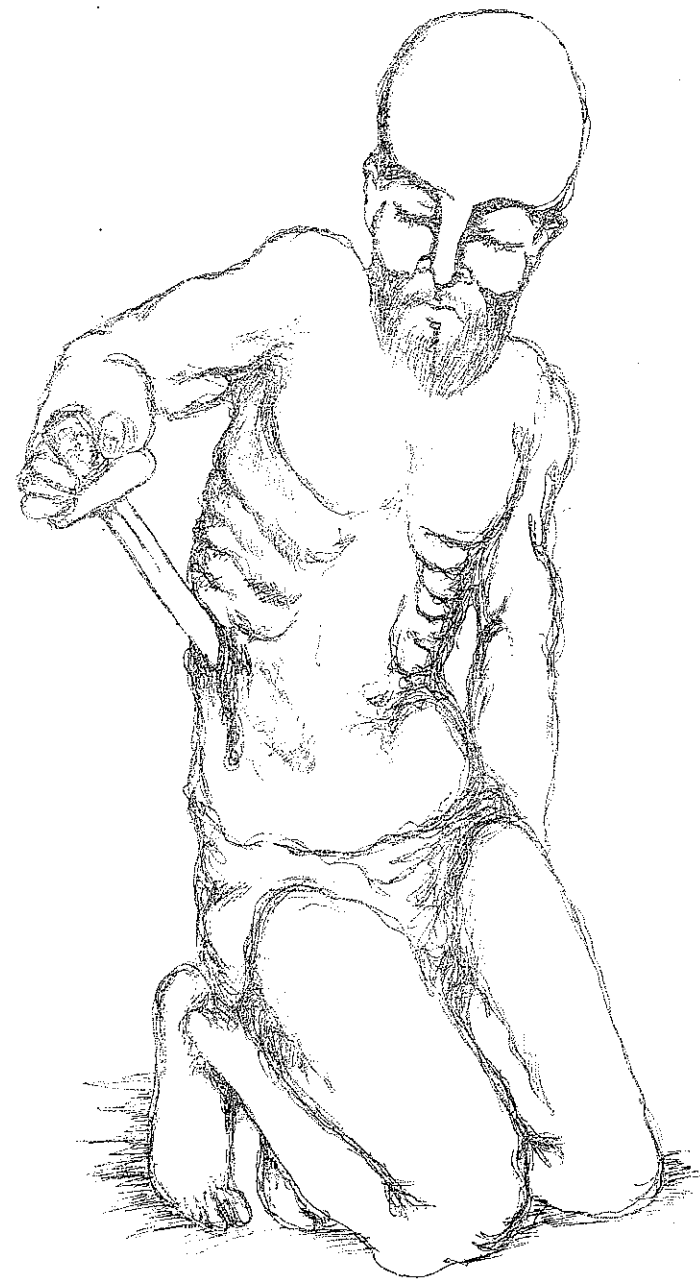


You boil it in sawdust; you salt it in glue  
 You conceals it with locusts and tape  
 Still keeping one principal object in view  
 To preserve its symmetry & shape

Lewis  
9/12

inside front cover

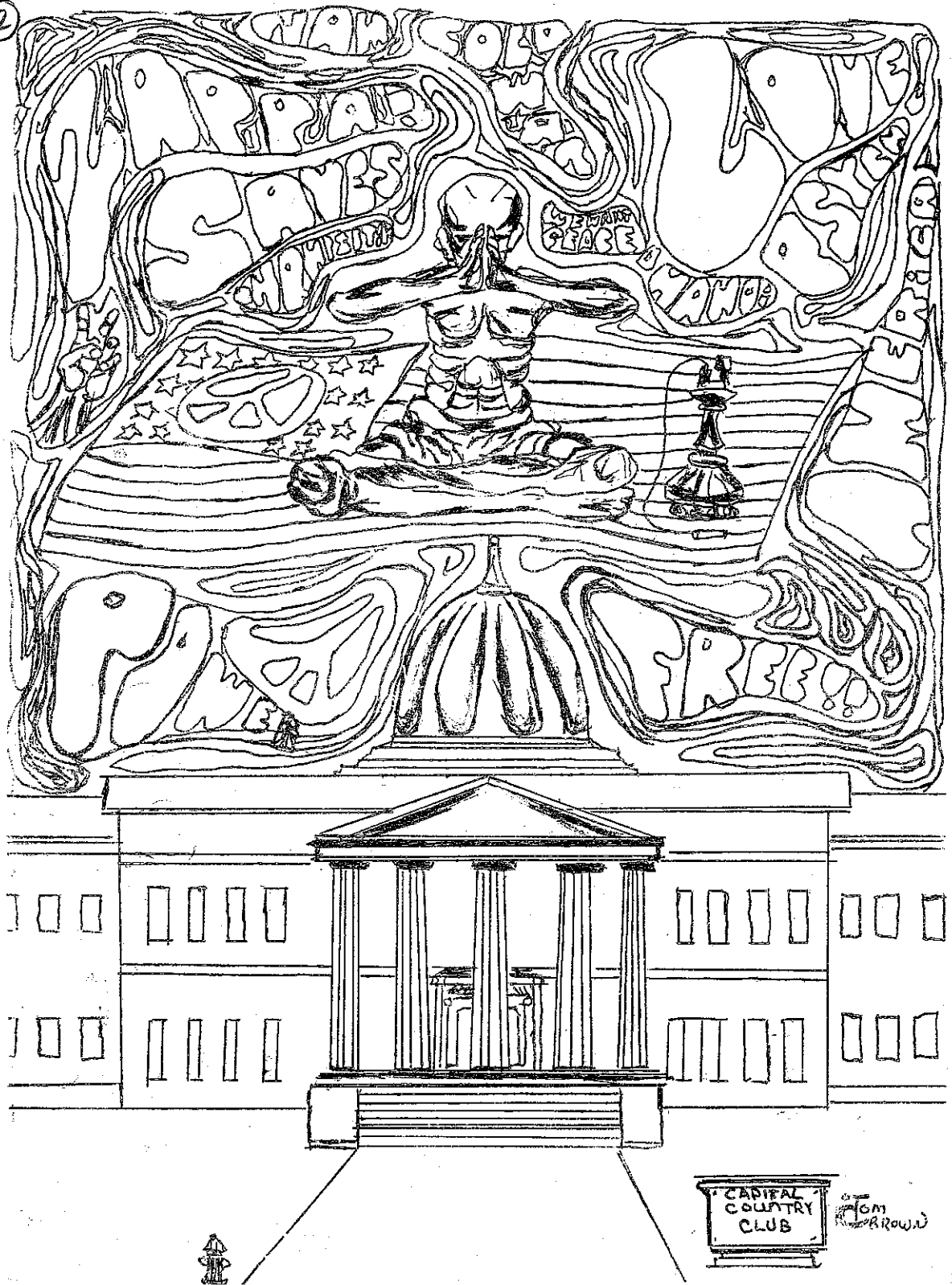
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THE KNIFE OF REASON CUTS DEEP" 2015

Tom

2



3

### The Inquisitors Speak

The electoral college has shown itself to be a farce, and an anachronistic remainder from outmoded plutocratic beliefs. And once again, those on far corners of the earth, those young men who are not trusted to hold a pencil or pull a lever are given the responsibility of "making the world safe for democracy" (is this a comment upon the worth of democracy?). They who are expected to kill and be killed, for their senator's beliefs had no choice in determining their future--for some their future being a nice comfortable sleep in a metal bed and earthen blanket. Neither did those whom the threat of being turned into a mass-produced marksman hangs over their head like the proverbial sword of Damocles have any voice in the world they might want. So the future of our nation was left to the "law and order" people, who plaster bumper stickers all over public property. And to the good Christians, who want to blow the hell out of the enemy, and give democracy to power-crazy leaders who want no part in peace.

Humphrey

Because he was running in the year of the Angry Rabbit the outcome was inevitable. And though he did not win, his huge last minute showing was highly significant. It pointed out many things that people had doubted until the early hours of November six. Among them, that party boundaries still hold in a much greater degree than commonly believed, especially in the blue collar precincts, and the new South. George Wallace tailored his campaigns to people of these districts, yet they voted for Humphrey, his complete antithesis, showing that the Democrats still have a great strength in the cities. The large vote in places inherently Republican indicates that liberalism still has a place in American society. Put what will he do, now? He will probably do as the winner did after his previous debacle; going into relative obscurity and then emerging the winner in 1972, when every one has found out that the war is a congressional bed-mate, and that riot-trained soldiers cannot cure the conditions that cause riots.

Wallace

Maybe the American electorate has more sense than we gave them credit for; perhaps Joe McCarthy's spirit has found a black and silent resting place; but Wallace's campaign fizzled could be somebody up there likes us. His electoral votes were only in the Deep South, as could be expected and he failed to receive support in the districts he thought he would. The future? With Wallace's temperament, who knows?

CAPITAL COUNTRY CLUB  
Tom Brown

④ THE DRAFT

During the past five months I have counseled about 100 draft-age men who have called or written Charlotte Draft Counseling Service for advice. As I have talked with these men, I have noticed a couple of things about the way most of them think and feel. The main thing I noticed is how ignorant they are about the Selective Service System and how it works. And because they are ignorant, they are afraid, they feel helpless, they feel alone, they feel trapped in a system they don't understand. They feel completely at the mercy of the draft board. Most of them seem to cling to a shred of hope-- "Maybe if I keep quiet and don't do anything to call myself to their attention, they'll pass over my name or forget about me." They come to Charlotte Draft Counseling Service for counseling when they discover that they have not been passed over or forgotten.

The other thing I notice about the men who come to us for help is that they have not done much serious thinking about the moral implications of the draft. They accept it as something necessary, something inevitable. When they reach age 18, they register for the draft without giving it a second thought. When they go to college, they request and accept the II-S deferment without any thought of what it means to have a II-S. They jump when the draft board says jump. Never any thought about what it means to be a man who jumps when he is told to jump. Never any thought about what the draft is doing to our society; about the way it feeds our war against Vietnam; about the way it discriminates against the poor and uneducated.

I try to counsel these draft-age men to do two things: first, to think about the draft and decide how they are going to relate to it; and then to follow up that decision with intelligent and responsible action. For understanding how this affects our society, the Selective Service memo on "Channeling" is required reading. Each man has to think in personal as well as in social terms. How much of his personal freedom and integrity will he give up to the draft? Would he accept a II-S knowing it is a privileged deferment, not available to many poor and black men? Would he take a "safe" job over one which would not get him a II-A deferment, even though he preferred the latter job? How many of his decisions and actions will he let the draft influence? A man must ask himself where he draws the line in relation to the draft and its demands.

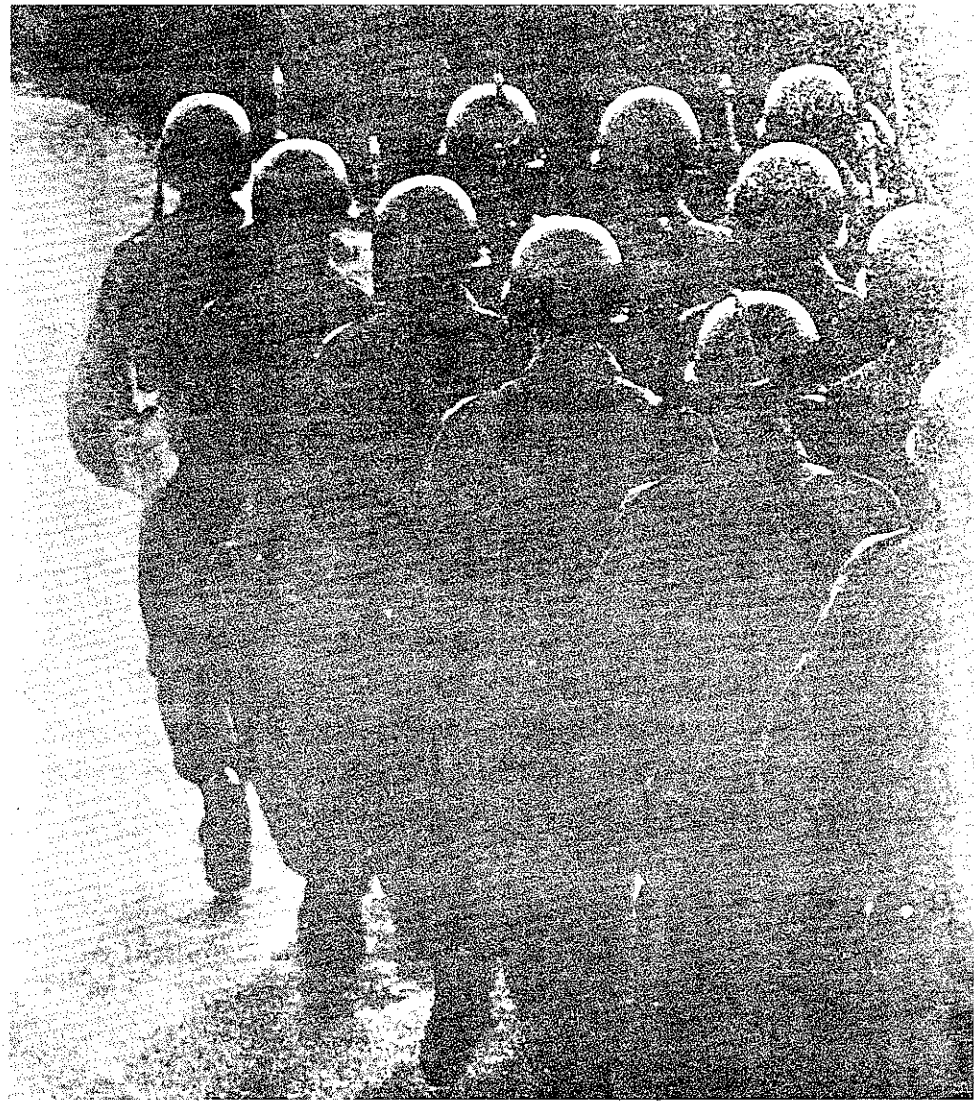
After making at least a tentative decision about how he will relate to the draft, a man should get busy and do something about it. If he decides that he must declare his independence from the Selective Service System (refuse to register, turn his card in, refuse induction, etc.) he should do at least two things. He should get good counseling about

⑤ "BEWARE THE IDLES"



"Tom Brown"

6



least two things. He should get good counseling about the laws and procedures which will apply to him (one thing he will find out is that jail is not an inevitable consequence of non-cooperation). And he should get in touch with other men who are taking the same kind of action. There are a number of men in the Charlotte area who are starting to think this way.

If he decides to stay within the Selective Service System, then he ought to get busy and find out what the rules of that system are. Believe it or not, the draft board must operate in accordance with laws and regulations. If one knows what these are, then he knows

7

what his board can and cannot do to him. He knows how and when to take advantage of the regulations which can help. He knows whom to write to, when to write, and what to say when he writes. He knows what all fourteen of the deferments and exemptions are and he knows how and when to apply for them. In short he knows pretty well where he stands with the draft, and he can make his plans accordingly.

Since many of the men who have bothered to read this far are probably men who do not want to serve in the military I want to close with a brief discussion of the conscientious objector (CO) position. There is a popular misconception that this position is only for Quakers and a few other extremely religious types; and that if the average man applied for CO status, his draft board would turn him down, take away any other deferment he might have, and draft him as soon as possible. These are the things you should know about the CO position:

1. There is no requirement about going to church, or belonging to any church, or even believing in God. The important question is this: can you relate your opposition to war, or your opposition to the war in Vietnam, or your opposition to military service to your religious outlook, your moral values, your philosophy of life? In other words, is there a serious question of values involved for you? If there is, then you may very well fit the Supreme Court's definition of a conscientious objector; and you have a reasonable chance of being approved to do two years of service as a civilian instead of a soldier.

2. Those who apply for CO status at age 18 have by far the best chance of being approved. (If you are under 18 get good counseling about the CO position before you register at age 18. A man can apply for CO status at any time, however even after he has received an induction order. The general rule, though, is the earlier he applies, the better his chances of being approved.)

3. Applying for CO status cannot hurt your chances of getting any other deferment. The board does not even consider a CO application until all your other deferments have expired. For example, if a man applies for CO status at age 18 and goes to college he will be given a II-S like all other students; the board won't even read his CO application until he is no longer eligible for the II-S.

The mailing address of Charlotte Draft Counseling Service is 2039 Vail Avenue, Charlotte N.C. 28207. Our phone numbers are 375-3031, 334-2391, 525-2301.

BOB WELCH

"Insanity comes quietly to the structured mind."

Janis Tan

Dear Inquisition:

Who do you think you're fooling, or maybe I should say, who do you know you're fooling? You must be star struck, because, even though you might be the only underground mag-paper that doesn't make you right, accurate or correct. In fact, it seems that you aren't even mature enough to see through your own fog.

Your comment concerning the absence of "good" (acid, folk, hard) rock concerts and its implication that Charlotte isn't livable shows you haven't yet gotten past only catering to your senses. There is much more to live for that a concert and its limited effects.

The whole mag shows you are just playing with a printing press. Picking on subjects that have foggy facts and acting authoritative about them shows you are scared to face hard reality (yes, it exists and you have to cope with it to live), and the fact you will or might be called to back a statement. And the way you use the kids for the self-confidence shots and protection is another example of a mutated outlook.

It's fun to be critical isn't it? Acting high and mighty and saying everyone else is wrong is really infantile and when John Kilgo said what he did, he was not right but what he said is true. The one flaw with you is that when you are critical, you don't offer a better solution,

method, or an alternative. Pick on things you really understand and can handle intelligently.

Now that the bomb has exploded, I must give you credit for tackling this difficult task of putting out a thing like Inquisition at all. You lack coordination and continuity, and you are labeled "the boy fighting a man's war." Still, more power to you in the future if you do start making real sense, good luck. Your mag says nothing but "The world scares me because I can't cope as an adult yet, so I am gonna make 'em pay, by my crying." Bullshit to you.

Peace.

Eric A. Stenstrom

Ladies and/or Gentlemen:

Yesterday, I purchased my first copy of The Inquisition, #4. Being used to regularly reading Atlanta's The Great Speckled Bird, I was at first disappointed. However I realize that we must get started in some way get established (excuse the expression), and then start moving.

I find the poetry in your mag paper very good; your comments about WAYS are all true; also your record reviews are fair. Your legal and illegal highs chart was, I suppose, useful to many new members of the underground new left hippies etc. But, what's this about being called "Big 'H'"? I'm pretty sure if

what's this about being called "Big 'H'"? I'm pretty sure if you went up to a guy and asked "Hey, you got any of the Big H he would tell you to go cramat or something else as meaningful.

I have two other rather important, political criticisms. First, your choice for the Presidency is absurd. You say that Dick Gregory is "the only person running on the human rights ticket." Bullshit. Perhaps you should read The Guardian (197 E. 4th St., N.Y.C.) the weekly radical newspaper, or maybe the bi-weekly Rampart (301 Broadway, Frisco.) If you had read these, or even if you had listened to such things as the Huntley-Brinkley Whitewash you would have heard of Eldridge Cleaver. Cleaver Minister of Information for the Black Panthers, is the Presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, and is now on the ballot in twelve states. Read up a little, especially in Cleaver's book, Soul On Ice.

Secondly, the so-called poem comment, "This is the Cultural Revolution" is one of the most sadly comic pieces I have ever read. Whoever wrote it obviously gets his information about the People's Republic of China from such sources as AP and UPI. Once more if the author had read The Guardian or Ramparts, he would know what's going on there and not what American liberalism wants ev-

ery one to believe. That's all and good luck.

John Grooms

--

My very best to "INQUISITION" ..... I do not share all your (though many), and I certainly do not share all your emphases. Often disagreement is a matter of emphasis. Here's to your right to find yourselves, and form your own views, and to contribute to society.

Best wishes,  
from someone over 30--  
(Mrs.) Anne F. Terman

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

\* \* \*

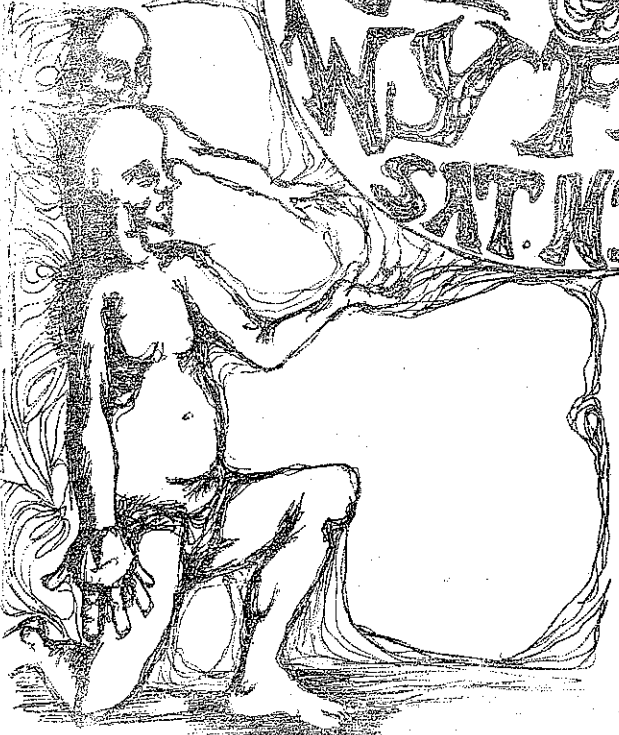
COMING NEXT MONTH:

- \*The REAL Vanilla Fudge Interview
- \*Astrology Revealed
- \*A letter from a Morehead finalist, submitted for correction by several English professors.

INQUISITION wishes COMMENT, the UNC-C's History Club's underground magazine, all the luck in the world. From what we have seen, this is by far the best student publication at UNC-C both in content, and value of purpose.

10

(green ink)



CHARLES...  
 KALEIDOSCOPE...  
 ABB'S...

illegible in original - faded

11

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

There must really be some amateurs in this hick town. Even vandals around here are amateurs. Last night (Sunday night, 3 Nov.) someone weakly attempted to deface the front of Kaleidoscopelectric Light and Power Company. What gets me pissed off is not the fact that they did it (I'm really glad they got it out of their systems), but that they did it so poorly. Never before have I seen such a damn feeble attempt at vandalism. Usually, if a person does anything will, you can admire him for his professionalism, even if what he does harms you. But when someone pulls off a job like this one, all you can do is laugh at them. All they did was try to smear dirt on the door and windows of the shop, and then they deposited the remainder of their bucketful neatly at the door. Had these idiots had any imagination or enthusiasm at all in what they were doing they could have made me appreciate their efforts much more. If he could reach that high, my two-year lod nephew could have done the same thing, and probably with more expression. They could have at least mixed water with the dirt (mud sticks better and spreads easier) or splashed some grossly-colored enamel (chartreuse, purple, etc.) on the store front. But I guess that's just the way Charlotte is and will be until after the revolution. No imagination, no enthusiasm, nothing. Amen.

Phil Davis, KLP Co.

Even though Charlotte is a dud town, there are many people working behind and within the scenes trying to make it a decent place to live. Among these are the hardworking people at the Charlotte Nature Museum. In this age of ultra-sophistication and the feeling of power people try to receive by looking down at others, many think it is old fashioned to go and browse around it. These people are unfortunate, but they do exist, wrapped up in their own coolness and compartmentalized Sophistry to appreciate the work and care that went into preparing the exhibits for the public.

Though the animals are not rare and wondrous specimens from all manner of foreign lands they are still a nice cross section of North Carolina wildlife. And though the museum does not cover six or seven acres the love that went into the exhibits doubles or triples that found in most metropolitan zoos. Some weekend day if you are not too busy working at enjoying yourself, drop by there and prepare to be relaxed.

And afterwards if you go to the park to feed the ducks, don't throw your bread wrappers down or into the lake, put them in the trashcan instead. And if someone else has thrown down theirs, pick it up and carry it to the nearest receptacle.

IN OUR LAST INSTALLMENT, HARRY WAS STILL INCARCERATED IN A PERVERSION PLANT ON A CHARGE OF LIKING BOYS. 6 AND 9, ASSISTED BY THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US HIJACKED A KOSHER BAGEL AND PICKLE CART AND WERE ON THEIR WAY TO RESCUE HARRY K. THE TORPID TWOSOME WOULD BLOW THE JAILOR'S MIND WITH ACID, AND THEN WHILE HE WAS OFF ON A TANGENT, THEY WOULD FREE HARRY. BUT, AS 6 AND 9 WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE JAIL, AN OSSIFER ARRESTED THEM BECAUSE THEIR PCV VALVE WAS MALFUNCTIONING. THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US DELIVERED AN IMPASSIONED FORTH OF JULY SPEECH, AND THEY WERE UP THAT FAMOUS TRIBUTARY, BUT THE CREATURE USED HIS MAGICAL POWER TO TURN THEM INTO A SMOG BANK, WHICH NATURALLY WOULD PASS UNNOTICED IN NEW YORK.

\*\* \*\* \* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\*

THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US TOOK HIS FEET OUT OF THE PICKLE WELL AND DRIED THEM OFF IN THE BAGEL WARMER. THEN HE SAID;

"I KNOW WHERE THE WARDEN BUYS HIS COFFEE- JOE'S IRISH KOSHER POLISH GREEK PIZZERIA. WE'LL GO HERE AND HIJACK A BICYCLE. THEN WHILE YOU TWO ARE MAKING YOUR GETAWAY, I'LL GO AND DELIVER HIS COFFEE."

AT LAST THEY ARRIVED AT THE PIZZERIA, WHERE THEY SAW THE DELIVERY BOY JUST ABOUT TO HOP ON (SLACK OFF OUT THERE) HIS BICYCLE (REMEMBER THIS IS STILL NEW YORK). THE CREATURE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO A BUXOM BLONDE. THEN HE/SHE/IT SAID,

"DON'T BE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD."

FOLLOWED BY "WHY DON'T YOU PICK ME UP AND SMOKE ME SOMETIMES..."

AT LAST THE DELIVERY BOY GOT THE GENERAL IDEA AND RUSHED OVER TO THE CREATURE, BUT THE EVER ALERT 9 HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH ONE OF THE BAGELS AND THE BOY FELL ASLEEP TO THE "CHOIPING OF THE BOIDIES."

6 WANTED TO KNOW WHY THE PERSON HAD TO BE HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A BAGEL, AND RECIEVED THE ANSWER THAT NO LEAD PIPES WERE AVAILABLE, WHICH WAS THE GOOD CLEAN WAY OF PACIFYING PEOPLE WHO STAND IN THE WAY OF JUSTICE.

THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US CHANGED BACK TO HIMSELF AND SAID.

THEN HE PLACED HIMSELF ON THE BICYCLE WITH THE COFFEE AND SANDWICHES, GOT THE WHITE POWDER FROM 6 AND UNSTEADILY PEDALED OFF.

AS HE WAS LEAVING 9 CALLED OUT, "WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"

"GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS", WAS THE ANSWER HE GOT.

"BUT IT'S UNDER SIX INCHES OF SEWAGE."

"SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?"

"I MEAN REALLY."

"WELL THEN GO TO THE SALVATION ARMY CENTER."

AND THE CREATURE WAS OFF, THIS TIME DISGUISED AS A MEMBER OF A MINORITY GROUP- A DELICATESSIN-DELIVERY BOY.

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6 AND 9 WENT OFF TO THE CENTER BY WAY OF A THING THAT TWO FORTY YEAR OLD PLASTIC HIPPIES WOULDNOT BE NOTICED- THE INTERBOROUGH. HOWEVER THEY WERE, BY THE NOTORIOUS "MOM" WRATH, WHO ACTUALLY WAS AN "UNCLE" THAT HAD EXCAPED FROM CHICAGO, AND NOW, BESIDES DOING HIS WORK FOR THE FAMILY, MOONLIGHTED BY DOING RATH BACOM COMMERCIALS FOR FOR BLACK AND WHITE T. V. HE REALLY WAS A MOME RATH, AND HAD HE NOT BEEN WEARING A DARK BUSINESS SUIT, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY INCONSPICUOUS.

HIS ANCESTRY WAS IMPRESSIVE, AND HIS UNCLE HAD BEEN NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1968, BEFORE HIS IGNOMONIOUS END. A HIGH RANKING MEMBER OF ONE OF THE LARGER FAMILIES. "MOM" WAS ONE OF THE MORE EDUCATED ONES. HE HAD GONE TO SLIPPERY ROCK UNIVERSITY, WHERE HE HAD BEEN THE FIRST OF HIS KIND TO BE ADMITTED. THERE HE HAD MAJORED IN MIDDLE ESKIMO, WITH A MINOR IN WEST HIMALAYAN TARANTULA TRAINING. AFTER GRADUATION SUMMA CUM LAUDE FROM COLLEGE, "MOM" HAD BOUGHT A BANANA AND POMEGRANET FARM IN SOUTHERN MONTANA. THERE HE USED HIS MANPASTED KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY TO BREED A FORM OF SUPER TARANTULAS, GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST, BUST, BEND, BREAK, NUCKLE, WEAR, TEAR, TURN UP ON THE EDGES, OR EVAPORATE. "MOM" WAS MARKETING THEM AS RAT KELLERS: AVAILIBLE TWO FOR A DOLLAR FROM YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD GANGSTER.

"MOM" SAW THE POOR PAIR ENTER THE CAR, AND HE RECOGNIZED THEM IMMEDIATELY BECAUSE OF THE GENUINE INTERNATIONAL SPY BADGE THEY HAD BOUGHT FOR 29 CENTS FROM E.J. CORVETTE.

"MOM" TOOK A PILL BOTTLE OUT OF HIS COAT AND RELEASED THE TWO TARANTULAS, WHO WERE MASQUIRADING AS A PAIR OF COCKROACHES, AND POINTED THEM IN THE DIRECTION OF 6 AND 9. SUBVOCALIZING, HE SAID TO THEM IN THE NORPERN DIALECT OF MIKKELE ESKIMO, "KILL, KILL!" THE UNSUSPECTING PAIR JUST SAT THERE.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US, RODE HIS BIKE TO THE JAIL, WHICH WAS SO DECREPIT, THAT RATS HAD REFUSED TO LIVE THERE FOR 87 YEARS. DOWNING A CLOTHER PIN OVER HIS NOSE, THE CREATURE ENTERED THE CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION. NO ONE KNEW WHAT THEY CORRECTED, BUT THAT WAS THEIR TITLE IN THE COURTS. HE CLIMBED DOWN 11 FLIGHTS OF STAIRS WHERE AFTER HE TRIPPED THE COUNT OF MONTE CRESTO, WHO WAS CLIMBING OUT OF A HOLE IN THE WALL. HE MET THE WARDEN. IN THE BACKGROUND COULD BE HEARD SCREAMS, CURSES, GROANS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

"WHAT'S THAT?" THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US DEMANDED.

"WHAT'S WHAT?"

AND AFTERGOING THROUGH ALL THE CLICHES THEY COULD THINK OF, THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US FOUND OUT THAT THE PRISONERS WERE HAVING A PING-PONG TOURNAMENT AS OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY.

"A LIKELY STORY," SAID THE CREATURE FROM WASP-US/DELIVERY BOY. (THIS PASSAGE CAME ABOUT AFTER THE AUTHOR SAW MOME RATHS AND OTHER SUNDRY CREATURES. SEE THE ANALYSIS OF THE JABBERWOCK.) (TO BE CONTINUED UNLESS WE RECEIVE FIVE YEAR EXILES TO ALABAMA. -THE AUTHORS).



-The Gormenghast Trilogy- TITUS GROAN; GORMENGHAST; and TITUS ALONE- by Mervyn Peake- Hardcover edition published by Weybright and Talley; paperback edition by Ballentine Books.

Mr. Tolkein's Rings Series can no longer be called THE Trilogy....a rapidly-rising favorite in some "underground" circles (and even some over-ground ones) is Mervyn Peake's Gormenghast Trilogy. Perhaps a good way to review Gormenghast is to contrast it with Rings:

MAIN CHARACTERS: Rings has scores of leading roles--- Bilbo, Frodo, Aragorn, Gandalf, various Kings, Princesses, etc. Gormenghast has only two main characters". One is Lord Titus, Earl of Gormenghast. The other is Gormenghast itself---a little kingdom so ancient its origins and traditions are obscured by clouds of memory; The Castle so huge that a large lake, seen from a far courtyard, appears the size of a dime. Every event, major or minor, in Gormenghast, is bound by Ritual and Laws handed down for centuries....it is difficult for one of her citizens to do anything that is not bound by one or more of the Laws. Basically, the Gormenghast Trilogy is the story of Titus-versus-Gormenghast: The young "rebel" who rejects his home, his throne and castle, his family and friends because he refuses to be ruled by WE DO IT This Way Because This is the Way It Is DONE. It is, finally, the story of a young man in search of himself. (If the words sound trite and corny, the story is not. The search-for-self can be a truly fascinating one and in Mr. Peake's hands it seems to be a brand new concept.)

RACES/INDIVIDUALS: Rings concerns itself largely with entire races of human and near-human beings: hobbits, dwarves, elves, Men, dragons Dark Riders. Various traits of each race (loyalty, honesty, cunning, cruelty) are manifested in the characters. Generally, you can tell a Good Guy from a Bad Guy by the race he belongs to. (Can you imagine an evil HOBBIT??) The Gormenghast saga remains within the human race, and every character is treated as an absolutely unique individual. All human traits, admirable or despicable, are shown in the development of individual characters. There are no Good/Bad Black/White stereotypes here. The best man in Gormenghast may have a touch of pettiness or meanness, the foulest villain may have a redeeming quality about him. (One of the semi-main characters, a multiple murderer and scheming traitor named Steerpike, is "saved" for me by his sense of humor.) In most cases, you can be sure your favorite Rings character will survive in the end, no matter what terrifying dangers he goes through. The Gormenghast people are not so dependable: Peake may take a character, build interest and sympathy for him for two hundred pages then dill him off in a freak accident or unexpected murder in three lines.



(I begin to see this basic difference between Rings and Gormenghast: The latter is more like LIFE, which will not let itself be neatly categorized and organized into simple little slots of danger/danger resolved/good always wins. Good can, and sometimes does, lose.)

SEX: Rings is notoriously sexless. Except for a short passage or two in which Samwise declares his blind admiration/adoration for the Queen of Elves (or Fairies?), there is hardly even a reference to females in Rings. Gormenghast has a few seductions, one or two major love affairs, and at least one long, poetic description of a love-making session. Sex is not over-emphasized, but it is there.

USE OF WORDS: With rare exception, Tolkein tends toward the simple dramatic-narrative style, letting the scope and grandeur of events tell his story for him. Peake, on the other hand, is obviously and delightfully in love with words and images. A simple description of a girl walking across a courtyard at night becomes a shadow filled, mysterious Poem of Darkness; a drunken cook making a speech is described in flowery and minute detail. (A roach on a far wall is killed when a button flies off the cook's shirt.) At times, his love of words becomes a love of wordiness, which tends to detract rather than add to the reader's enjoyment. In general, though, one tends to admire, indeed almost revere, a man who is such a word-magician as Mervyn Peake.

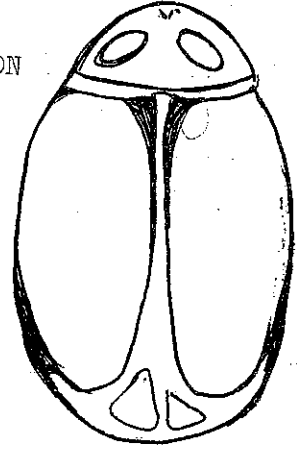
SUMMING UP: It is probably unfair to try to draw comparisons between the two trilogies anyway, something like "adding peaches and apples". Rings deals with fantastic, impossible situations, told in simple language. The language of Gormenghast is poetic and fat-out, but the situations----though sometimes farfetched, outrageous, stretching the Coincidence Gap----are all possible, "real life" events. Perhaps one should call Gormenghast a "semi-fantasy", or simply an Adult Fable. Whatever the label, it is definitely GOOD reading, and I salute and thank Mr. Peake for these books.

J.R. MCHONE

In its expansion to schools and colleges across North and South Carolina, INQUISITION has found that it needs several things, among them - art, prose, poetry, suggestions, photographs, cartoons, writers, artists, typists, secretaries, printers, typewriters, another off-set reproducer or a mimeograph machine, file cabinets, manila envelopes, reams of paper, etc. If you are a concerned liberal (or even if you are not a concerned liberal), mail your creations to INQUISITION, 716 Bertonley Avenue, Charlotte N.C. 28211. If you can work for the paper in any capacity mail us your name and phone number, or get in touch with one of the staff members. Also, if you know of any of the above hardware available at reasonable prices (i.e. next to nothing or better yet -- free) contact us posthaste.

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The art work of Donna Robertson is purely illustrative, and does not represent her views nor is it intended to be an endorsement of the article itself.

# INQUISITION

## VOL I

# ISSUE Y

18

Hear again, for all ye brave and daring people of the Earth: I present to ye the continued conjuration of Satan - that wonderous and frightful beast who dared to defy the One God- but must do the bidding of we mere mortals. THE WONDEROUS WIZARD. et. al esq.

Now(after following the prescribed process in the previous issues) Lucifer is called directly.

Calling of Lucifer:

Emperor Lucifer, Prince and Master of the rebel spirits, I pray thee to leave thy abode, in which ever part of the world it may be: To come and to speak with me. I command and conjure thee in the name of the Great Living God, the Father, the Son and The Holy Spirit, to come without making an evil smell; to answer in a loud and intelligible voice, article by article, concerning what I ask thee; failing which thou shalt be constrained by the power of the Great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, Jehavam, Tagla, Maton, and by all the other higher spirits, who will constrain thee in spite of thyself. Come, Come (Venite, Venite), Submirillitor Lucifuge, or thou Shalt be eternally tortured by the Great power of this Thundering Wand.

It will be observed that the operator has brought with him the famous Thundering Wand whose manufacture is described in the following way.

Cut a rod of virigin Hazel wood in the day and hour of Mercury, with the knife of the Art. Inscribe on it the following:

✦ Tetragrammator ✦ Adonay ✦

Fumigate and exorcise it as illustrated in Inquisition #2.

If Lucifer does not appear in 15 minutes; recite the Second Conjuration

Second Conjuration of Lucifer:

I adjure thee, Lucifer, by the strong and living God, by his Son, and by the Holly Spirit, and by the power of Grand Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and Jehovam, to appear instantly, or to send me thy messenger Astarot, forcing warning thee that, if thou dost not appear before me now, I will smite thee and all thy race with this Thundering Wand of the Grand Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, and Jehovam.

If still the Spirit does not appear, plunge the end of the Wand into the flames of the fire and repeat the Great Conjuration.

19

But, before this, recite the third conjuration of Lucifer because it will not work unless you do this.

Third Conjuration of Lucifer:

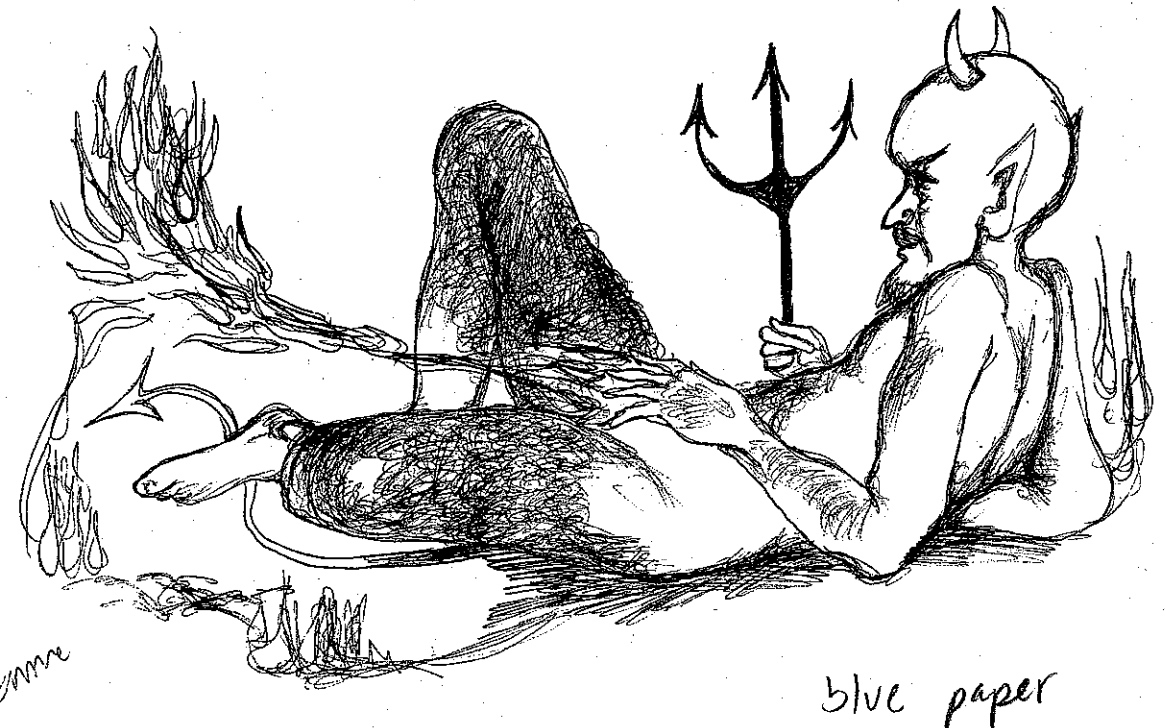
I command and oblige thee, Emperor Lucifer, by the writ of the Great Living God, and by the power of Emmanuel, his only son, being your master and mine, and by the power of his blood, which he shed for the purpose of redeeming all mankind; I command thee to come here leaving thy abode, and I vow that I shall strike thee with this fearful Thundering Wand. Amen.

If still Lucifer does not appear, you may now repeat the Great Conjuration.

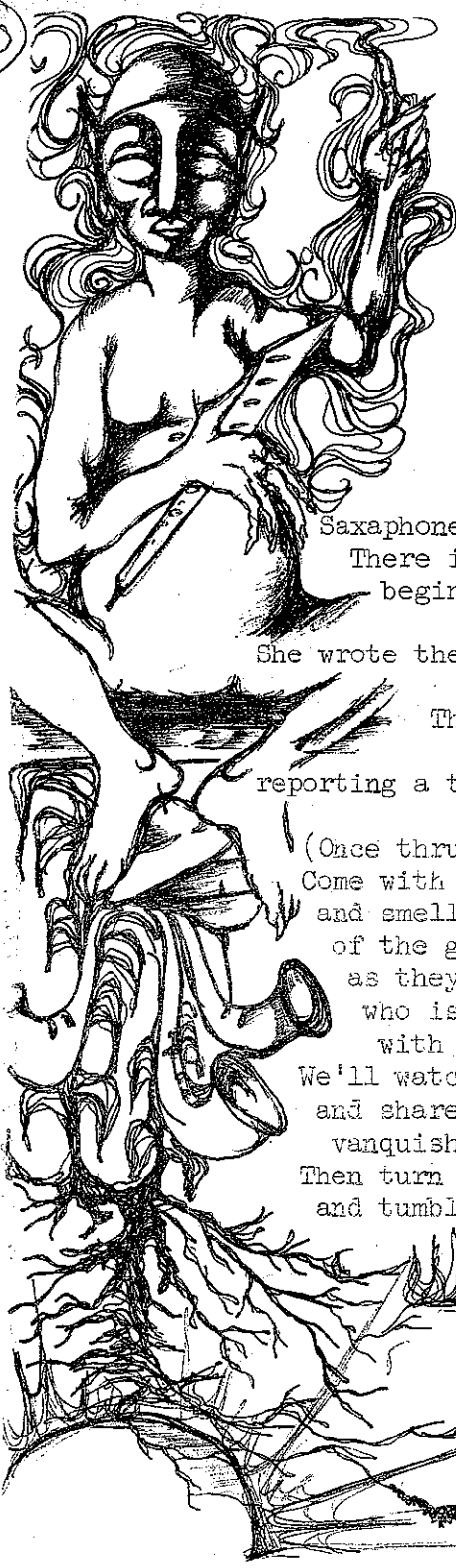
Great Conjuration:

I conjure thee, O spirit, to appear instantly, by the power of Great Adonay by Dloim, By Ariel by Jehowa, by Agla, Tagla Mathon, Oarios, Almouzin, Arios, Membrot, Varios, Gnomos, Terras, Goelis, Godens, Gingua, Janua, Dtitumos, Zariatnamik.

This conjuration is to be repeated twice after which Lucifer will appear saying to be continued next month.



20



VENUS RETROGRADING

a Satori statue  
sits solitary,  
grim, and grinning  
awaiting affirmation  
of love's pallid  
pageant.

he screams at the field of Existence  
-Performer for Pansteal His singular  
pipe. Blow His flute of fate-----

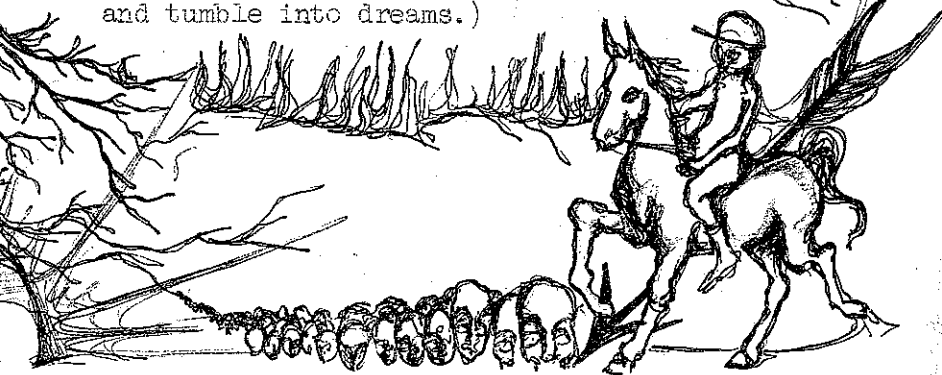
Saxaphones of sadness only shine in sympathy.  
There is a prelude on the symbolic cymbals  
beginning in Mars' gastric greenery.

She wrote the lines Herself with plush pens

The Stage is now set. She takes the lead in.  
Her life-play.  
reporting a truth I had ignored.

(Once thru the distance I told Her  
Come with me, my Love  
and smell the breath  
of the grass roots' prayers  
as they praise the waters' blue-god,  
who is really "just-plain-ole-wetback-willy"  
with a-shave-and-a-haircut.

We'll watch the jasmine sun rise in revelry  
and share the fear of the North Wind's  
vanquished reptile-faced assistant.  
Then turn cartwheels 'round corners  
and tumble into dreams.)



21



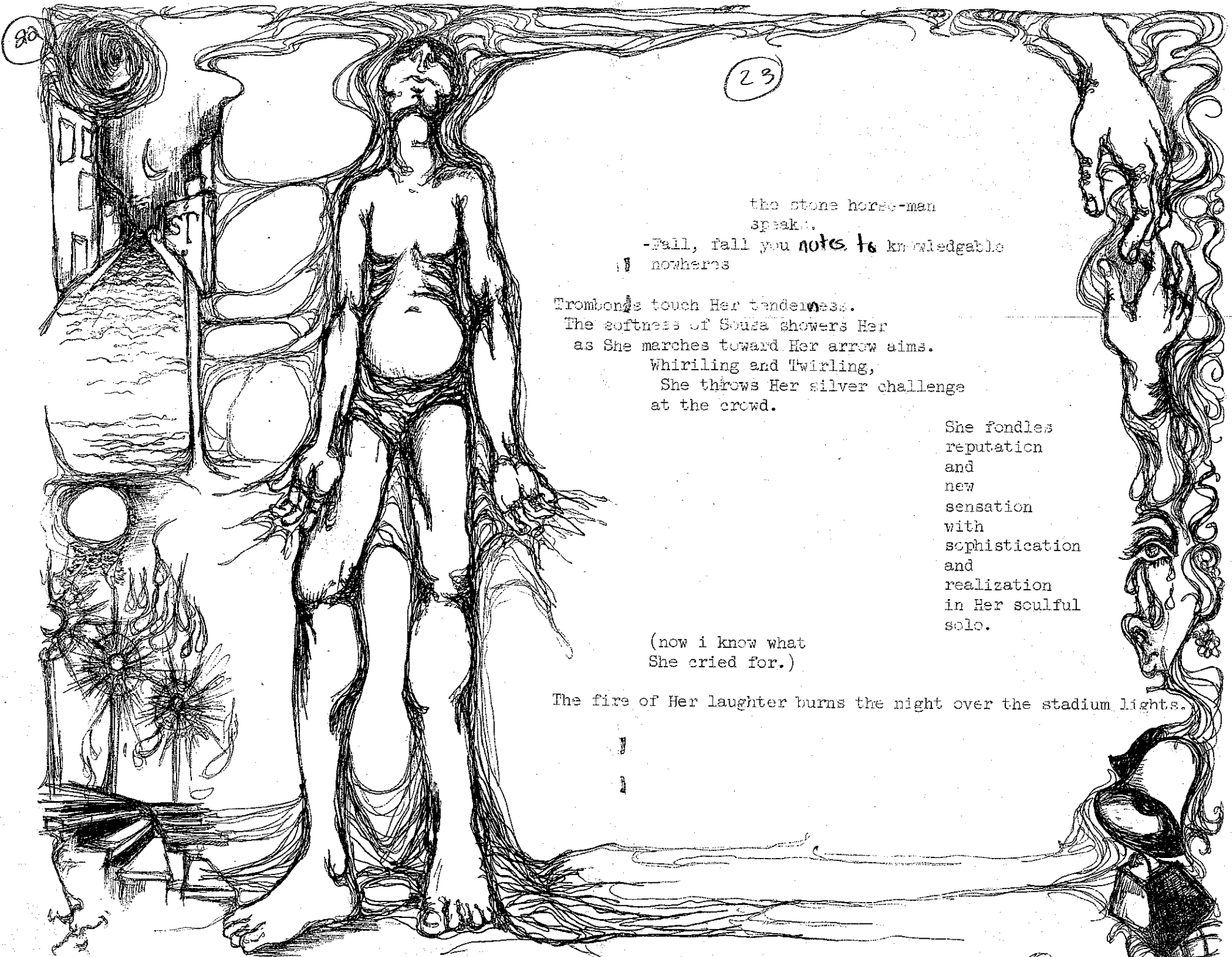
ness,  
treats.  
ncy  
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l

the sky.

science.

r.





23

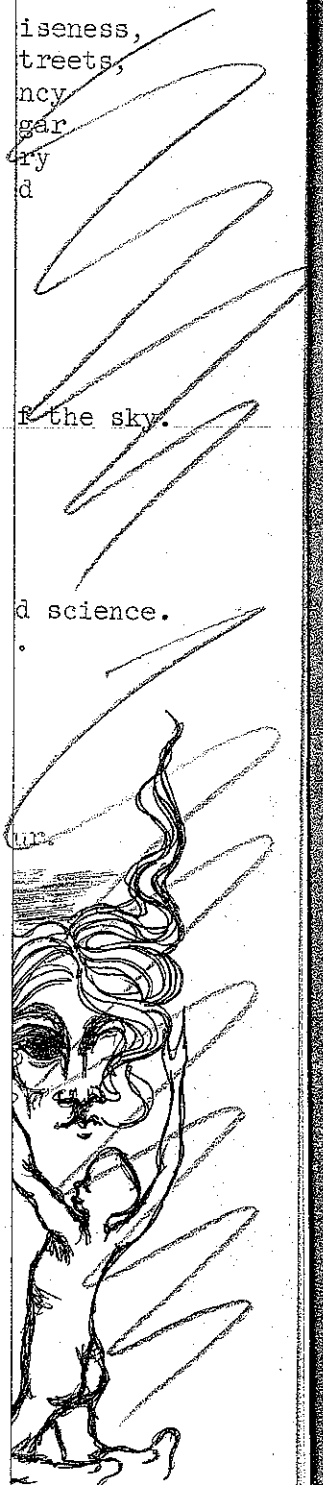
the stone horse-man  
speaks.  
-Fall, fall you notes to knowledgable  
nowheres

Trombone's touch Her tenderness.  
The softness of Sousa showers Her  
as She marches toward Her arrow aims.  
Whirling and Twirling,  
She throws Her silver challenge  
at the crowd.

She fondles  
reputation  
and  
new  
sensation  
with  
sophistication  
and  
realization  
in Her scouful  
solo.

(now i know what  
She cried for.)

The fire of Her laughter burns the night over the stadium lights.



iseness,  
treet,  
ncy  
gar  
ry  
d  
f the sky.  
d science.



(We chewed and rejected bubble-gum Nothingness.  
 We explored and deplored caverns of collected conciseness,  
 consuming rotten realities. We walked forgotten streets,  
 forsaking co-op retreats. I tickled Her famous fancy  
 with phantom fingertips. I exposed Her to the vulgar  
 desolation of my naked soul. She dampened the dreary  
 darkness with idealistic honesty and I busily freed  
 my keg of confidences. Yes, more than once I laid  
 enubriated from my foolish flask of faults.)

Her weeping warning laid limp on my esoteric ears.  
 Words of satin and brass-bell bodies gathered  
 tearing the night's drumroll from the snaredrum of the sky.

the marble satyr  
 falls eastward  
 toward the Wind.

the final karma of my sins is met by a flaming poem of sacred science.  
 the crimson albatross of my marred motions clutches my throat.

(I had thought I could read the palm of history)

I sowed the prim-roseless bush into the Buddhafields,  
 and thought-What a beauty is the brain!  
 Now I must bleed with wounds from the result of my lame labour.

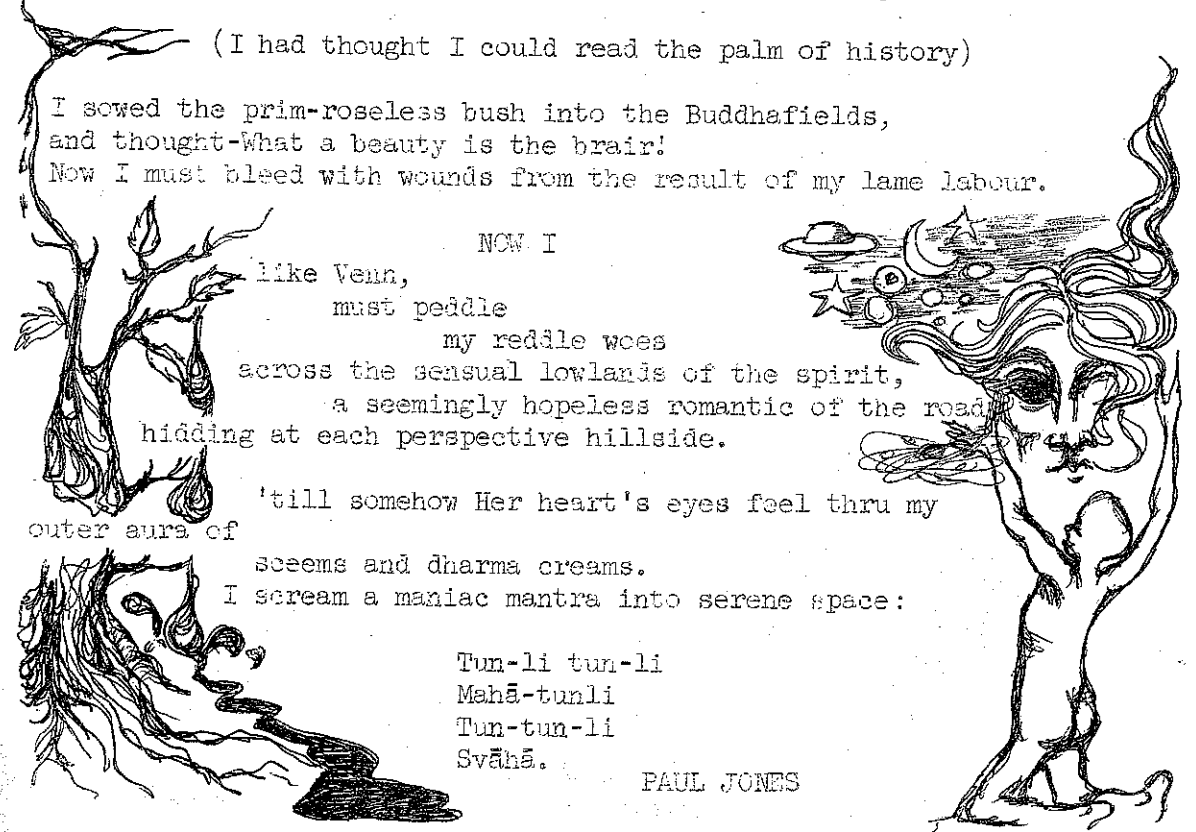
NOW I

like Venn,  
 must peddle  
 my redde woes  
 across the sensual lowlands of the spirit,  
 a seemingly hopeless romantic of the road  
 hiding at each perspective hillside.

'till somehow Her heart's eyes feel thru my  
 outer aura of  
 sceems and dharma creams.  
 I scream a maniac mantra into serene space:

Tun-li tun-li  
 Mahā-tunli  
 Tun-tun-li  
 Svāhā.

PAUL JONES



## MUSIC FROM BIG PINK - THE BAND: CAPITOL SKAO 2955

"BIG PINK" will defy classification by the most devout "labellers" ...there is Pop-and-Folk-Rock music Psychedelic Guitar Rhythm-and-Blues, Country-and-Western, Gospel, Soul, and some just plain pretty music. (See especially "In a Station" and "Lonesome Suzie".) The vocals range from Ray Charles soul, to Ozark-Mountain country, to aw-shucks-ma blues. In a few places, the Band is so loud it's hard to hear the vocal ...but they blend the many musical styles so well, so professionally, that you almost don't notice, and definitely don't mind.

Lyrics: the three Dylan songs are probably three of the worst he's ever done.

"Tears of Rage" is a sort of love song, I think...the only thing that save's it is the "soulful" delivery of the lead vocalist. "Wheels of Fire" and "I Shall Be Released" seem to be about his 'cycle wreck, and the hospitalized period afterwards. ("Notify my next of kin, this wheel shall explode"..."yonder stands a man in a motor car, a man who swears he's not to blame" etc.) "Wheels" has some good Dylanish imagery, and some fancy rock-guitar work. "Released" is depressing. The star song-writers of the Band, J.R. Robertson and R. Manuel...each have two powerful, well-written numbers here. Manuel specializes in wistful-sad love songs: "In a Station" and "Lonesome Suzie". "Station" has truly beautiful lines, like: "Fell asleep until the moonlight woke me, and I could taste your hair"...the music has a Dream-like quality. "Suzie" is, without a doubt, the most moving sad song of the year...possibly of the decade. The singer watches "poor Suzie" sit and cry in her friendless loneliness, keeps saying "won't somebody help her", at last approaches her himself: "Why don't we get together...what else can we do?" Delivery here is tailor-made for the song, even if you didn't speak English, the sadness and "heart" would come through. J.R. Robertson is the magician/mystic/religious-symbolist of the group. His songs, "The Weight" and "Caledonia" is made up of two-part verses: the first four lines are slow blues almost recited. Then the second four lines turn to fast, driving hard-rock beat, with some Dylan piano.

The only non-band song on the LP is "Long Black Veil" the old Kingston Trio number, done in the properly spooky depressed(ing) manner. Parts of the album take effort to like, but it is well worth the effort.

("Weight" and "Caledonia" are full of Satan, hexagrams, magic, evil etes...all sorts of psychic-spiritual goodies..)

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN BLUES-Lightin' Hopkins

The pure, simple REAL essence of blues: a man, his guitar, and his soul. Sometimes the lines separating these three is so thin it disappears....the guitar "says" things Hopkins can't find words for, it talks with him, to him, for him. His "When the Saint's Go Marching In" is

27 simply beautiful. No rock-n-roll beat, no modern day lyrics, just the man and the song...on one verse, the guitar gets so low it's almost inaudible, and the man's voice comes through with so much genuine human warmth and life it's almost unbearable. This sound is not for "psyche rock", Motown, commercial blues fans.- But if you want to know not only "where it's at", but where "it" began, listen to Lightnin' truly tell it like it is.

Both Reviews by J.R.M. How

Leonard Cohen- Leonard Cohen: Columbia; CS 7533

Fantastic poetry set to metzo-metzo music, sung with Leonard Cohen's voice, a cut above mediocrity(is this also a slam on Sonny Bono?)who financially can not accept the fact that he cannot sing unlike Dylan. But we should rejoice because a good deal of the musical world is inhabited by plastic ones. The violins slink in and out along with back-up voices borrowed from the Wrigley commercials. However, "Suzanne", which he wrote, along with the rest of the songs, is by far the best song to come out of 1967. After listening to the album, you'll see why Cohen is America's best selling poet (replacing Ed McKuen), even though he is a Canadian. This is the only album that all of these songs are available on.

Also Highly Recommended: The entire series of Musica Poetica, recorded and compiled on Harmonia Mundi by Carl Orff (Carmina Burana) Gerald Keetman, and Schulwerk. This is the biggest and finest collection of Medieval and Renaissance music available today. A good one to start with is Number 7. A word of warning though; as with all foreign records, they are taken out of their cases at customs to make sure no one has pressed a record made of hash, and the inspectors aren't overly gentle with them. So if by some miracle you can get these records in Charlotte, have the sales person play it once in the shop to make sure you didn't buy any pops, whistles, and/or scratches with it.

Pentangle- Pentangle: Transatlantic; TRA 162

A class of all classes-jazz, folk, blues, classical, medieval, in a prism but not prisoner of form. The cool serenity of John Renbourn the uncontrollable fury of Bert Jansch, bassist Danny Thompson, and Terry Cox, Jacqui MacShee, a mellow Moskowitz: somehow they are fused into a sort of group consciousness and unified achievement. Pentangle - symbol of power and protection from devils outside the lines, but what goes on inside can not be mastered. Strengthened at the corners by genius engineering, this is an album that grows better with every listening. There is nothing to match it in America.

L. S.

end  
blue  
pages

28

## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF VOTING

Supposition:

The vote is a responsibility, not a right.

It is a responsibility because it is not only your life being affected by this vote. If it were certainly it would be your RIGHT. There is the right to do anything you want to with your own life as long as it does not affect others in any way. It becomes a RESPONSIBILITY when others become involved in the end result of your actions. It infuriates me to think that a well thought out vote of mine was going to be negated by some close-minded emotionalist. I am not saying your vote should be leftist or rightist, but that it should be a concerned, reflective one.

As equally important as the responsibility of the vote, is the responsibility to vote. To remain a free republic of the people by the people and for the people we must exercise the right to have an opinion by voting for the candidates of one's choice. A free democratic society can only exist through the support of the government functions by the people. If you do not vote, you do not express your opinion, and therefore are not supporting the democratic function.

Another question under much discussion lately is who is allowed (or required) to carry this burden or responsibility. There should be no discriminatory or conflicting laws. There should be one uniform voting law which allows the largest number of mature individuals possible to vote. However, participation by the individual still must be stressed.

Through this great process, thus, we may rid ourselves of corrupt officials and incompetent administrators. We may then put honest open men, who let their opinions be known, without fear of "society's" possibly dissent, into public position which deserve and need such men. Then and only then will we have a free democratic society.

(Before any of this article may be considered relevant, the people of the United States must be allowed to directly elect ALL of their public office holders. The electoral college does not give a true representation of public opinion. Presidents of the United States, the most powerful men in the world, must be elected by popular vote and popular vote only--this we must insist.)

29

Voting privileges should have nothing to do with the age of a citizen. Many students of high school and college are more capable of casting intelligently thought out votes than many voters which are over our present standard age of twenty-one. However, all the controversy over lowering the voting age to eighteen should be carefully listened to and analysed. The abilities needed to pull a trigger are far different from those needed to consider casting a vote. The fact that a man may fight and die for his country does not necessarily mean he is capable of holding the responsibility of voting.

Sumation:

The vote is a responsibility. All people are created equal under the law. No person has the right to cast a rash, undeliberated vote.

Conclusion:

All persons, regardless of race, creed, color, national origin, or age; having shown they are aware in the field of politics to the degree that they are capable of casting individually calculated votes for governing positions, and of holding the responsibility of a governing position, will be given the responsibility, if so desired by them, to vote and hold office.

HANSON DUNBAR

- QUESTION AND ANSWER -

Q: What should you do in case of atomic war?

A: Die honorably.

My answer is no more or less pointless than your question. When The Bomb falls, all our ideals, morality, sanity, and "what to do" plans will be turned upside-down and inside-out. The best-trained, most thoroughly prepared Civil Defense expert might go mad and murder wholesale, raving as his world burns around him. The pacifist, the protest marcher who never took part in a bomb drill in his life, might instinctively do the "right" thing---i.e., self-preservation, save himself and others. There just AINT NO WAY to decide "What to do". (By the way, does it terrify you occasionally? Not the Bomb itself....but the fact that members of a supposedly sane society can calmly discuss even the chance of an atomic war? These are times that try men's credulity, Watson!)



30 (brown ink)



201 East  
Trade Street

31

BPO

It is black, beautiful, and typifies the new breed. I'm referring to the B.P.O., the Black Party Organization now being formed at Central Piedmont Community College. It has as it's purpose, to mold black minds oriented to a proud culture. BPO will attempt to voice the significance of Black Solidarity, the oneness which is so vital to our continued progress. Another in an effort to shake off the "black is bad news" complex which lingers on in the minds of many black people and cultivated by white racism we envision this situation as ideal for a massive Black Uplifting.

B.P.O. doctrine will encompass every aspect of social and political life related to Central Piedmont Community College. Ties have been established with the Southern Student Organizing Committee in Nashville, Tennessee a group which has as it's purpose "to break the isolation felt by so many on Southern campuses who shared a common committment to peace and human rithts."

Our organization will be related to the Black Culture Association only in the sense that we share the common basis of furthering the Black Race. Aside, from this there are distinct differences in purpose. However, harmonius effort in discussing mutual problems will be encouraged.

The Black Party Organization, exactly as the name suggests will be a political party which will nominate and endorse students within our group as candidates for the student government. As a voice, we will hear the complaints of students and take them before the student government, Dean of Students and the Presudent of the college if necessary. Upcoming on our agenda is a staging by various Black institutions of a Malcom X Day, a holiday celebrating the birth of the birth of the "Father of Black Thought. Speakers on our list are names such as Howard Fuller, a Durham anti-poverty worder Dr. Reginald Hawkins, a former candidate for the governorship of North Carolina, and Tom Gardner, former chairman of the Southern Student Organizing Committee.

We, the forecimmers of BPO fully suggest a body mind and soul remedy for those warn against moving too fast for white accomodation. A too fast a pace is impossible because of a 200 years of oppressing the Black Race. So we say open wide because the Black Party Organization of Central Piedmont Community College is comming. It is, as we are, black, beautiful and typifies the new breed.

JOHN CRAIG

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

The Police:

The police in the United States are in general a group of good, responsible men who perform a difficult and thankless job. There are some police, notably the Alabama State Patrol, and the Chicago City Police who are more fit to be executioners in Dachau than guardians of justice. The fault is not entirely with the individual police, but with the officials who choose and train them.

The method of selecting our police is ridiculous, all one really has to do is apply, be in good physical shape, and not have a record. Police should be chosen under strenuous tests, both psychological and physical. The "executioners" should be eliminated and not allowed to wear a badge.

Intensive psychological screening should be utilized to weed out the potential killers, sadists, and men unable to control themselves in situations of extreme stress. The situations that police face every day. Men unable to control their vindictive urges should never be given the right to carry a gun or a nightstick.

Police are placed in situations where restraint is not only important, it is vital, in Chicago had the police been trained in proper riot control techniques, the bloody beating, the use of tear gas and chemical "mace" could have been avoided, or at least minimized.

The police are also deserving of better pay. If salary increases were instituted the people who wanted to be police, but could not afford it might then have an incentive.

A solution might be found in establishing a national police training school where the men would be screened for their competence and trained in dealing with situations that an officer might face. This school could be paid for by the police departments of the individual towns with the money they would use in their own (if any) training programs.

We may live in hope of seeing the return of responsible law enforcement and the return of sanity of our city officials and our young people might even begin to like police.

A Word of Appreciation:

The Harvard Lampoon Parody of LIFE magazine is great. It is a well done cut on the sensationalistic press, but is done in such a way that causes no offence to the reader. The parody was printed by the TIME-LIFE organization, they liked it so well themselves that they printed and distributed it through their regular offices. This is an example proving that when reasonable arguments are presented reasonably, that they will be listened to.

Stop Nazis?

Intolerance is running rampant. George Wallace was running a not so distant third. What is this madness? How can a bigot get this far in the land of the free? Hitler ran a hate campaign, George Wallace is running a hate filled intolerant one. Is Wallace any better than Hitler?

The Olympic Committee

Oh the wonder and fairness of the Olympic Committee. They govern the games with all the justice of a "kangaroo" court. They are given to taking away hard earned medals because of some violation of some ghostly vague rule on sportsmanship. The committee is responsible for the Olympics subservience to the ruler of the country in which the games are held. The most recent example of their blatant stupidity is the withdrawal of a Negro American boxer's gold medal because he shook his hands together like most fighters. This is unsportsmanlike in the eyes of the Olympic Committee.

The Olympic rules making board should be more specific in their definition of sportsmanship, professionalism and all infractions that involve censure or the removal of a person's medal. The Olympics are the greatest and most important athletic event in the world. It would be a shame to see any more hard working athletes have their medals taken from them because the rules were too vague to understand.

Thank you

This magazine is Inquisition number 5. In another month our first volume will be filled. The people in our audience are responsible for our success in no small way. Since this is my column I personally would like to thank everyone who has bought an Inquisition, who has offered criticism or praise. Without you we of Inquisition would have failed miserably.

Russell

GENERATION GAP

I squat there on the concrete and you reach up your little moist hand. Just a light touch. Generation gap. Yeah. After a little you begin to wonder about the face. The voice you buy, but the words don't fit. What do you hear? Experience? The inward-turned eye? So you broach the subject of age "... not that it makes any difference, but..." delicately, as if in passing, and you look for a ring. But what is your gauge. How do you measure the age of a man? By the concentric chambers of his mind? By his annual shedding of dreams? By the way he looks at you?

You begin to probe then. You look past the clothes (plastic weekend) for the proper code. Bluegrass in the past? you ask. Yeah -- years ago. (Surprise) Okay. Mexico (I offer), 1967, a little place for real in the mountains. Music. Friends. Cubed sugar. Everything, yes, yes. Then I invoke the ritual drug.

You watch closely for a put on. Or put down. So yes, I guess you see the eyes turn in. Describe color to a blindman. Love to the unloved. Yeah -- age to the young. (Yes, you say, I pass the test. You don't take your hand away.) Someone stops to speak. You answer. You don't take your hand away.) But what test have I passed? Do you still count years: or read minds? Do you cubbyhole by collar style or necktie. Will you hang a new candle around my neck this year and next (and one around your own)? You don't take your hand away. What test have you passed?

Maybe you see: a man grows his age in his mind, not his face. When I was a child, you were born. Each cold dawn, I am reborn; and at hard noon; and during night treks in cold surf. I turn and am reborn. I see and touch and am reborn.

I take my hand away first. Generation gap. When are you reborn?

D. O. M.

7

(green ink)



Dina/6

20

YET ANOTHER PLEA

With the Fudge coming, (read the interview next issue), a possibility of Hendrex, three immensely successful rock festivals, an Underground Radio program (genuine), and more and more people discovering and liking hard rock, it is now time to bring up its poor relation--one that has no outlet in Charlotte, and probably North Carolina--step-parent; sibling of rock--folk music. Folk is the true blues, mountain and city music.

The Atic is a victim of "parking lot pandemis", Peabody's is gone due to a repressive atmosphere, among other thing. In Pace Requiscat. Now the promising folksinger and the folk enthusiast has no place to go with their songs and messages, except to go down with the hard-core folk-niks at Reliable. This is a pitiful waste of talent, letting the folk singers sing for themselves and walls, or else just leave altogether, going to more liberal and understanding places. But why should they go to Philadelphia or Boston or Atlanta when there are people right at home that would like to listen to them?

The Pot Coffee House, Inc. was a step in the right direction, but one step is not enough unless combined with others. The people in it were sincere, but they were not dedicated enough in their efforts; failing to realize that if anything was to be done they must do it themselves and not rely on faith and promises and publicity. But that was in the past, perhaps Charlotte is ready for it now. Recently, First Methodist Church sponsored a folk concert with Ed Wilbourne where the only method of advertisement was by word of mouth. 100 people were expected, yet, 500 showed up. These 500 plus many, many more including the constant patrons of the folk-singing tent at the Festival in the Park want folk and blues, but there is no one to appease them. How about it?

Words and fond thoughts are not enough, something has to be done. If anyone knows of a vacated store, old building abandoned church, etc. that can be obtained for a nominal fee anyone willing to work on and for a coffee house, any available folksingers, backers etc. Please contact us post-haste.

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

37

AN EPISTLE TO SIR JACK GALE ET. AL. ESQ. (The Big WAYS Good Guy)

You with your tear-jerking sensationalism and your programming which is the biggest joke in the Carolinas'-- 10 minutes of commercials and constant reassurances to your guilt-ridden conscience for three minutes of music. Face the truth, you know your are so bad that you have to pay people to listen to you. Look at the truth; J.W. Morgan's truth, not your own truths--"We have all the hits," where you neglect to add "And never play a one of them." All the good records you neglect to play, and all the bubble-gum music you pollute the airwaves with shows you are afraid of good music and underlines your own sense of inferiority. The people at the Fudge concert showed what they thought of you (nothing) and you know why. Charlotte is breaking away from your money-lusting grip and you can no longer keep them in the Dark.

Postscript to John Kilgo, p.i.

You say that Inquisition is a "big zero", we have no positive criticism no solutions and no suggestions. Who just offered his two cents worth with absolutely no positive criticism no suggestions no solutions? You of course. But for three issues we have been offering suggestions and alternatives because Charlotte does not have a pop station. Here are some more: 1) Sell WAYS to Dubble Bubble, Inc. 2) Or Ho Chi Minh. 3) Let Jack go North or West where he would be laughed out of existence (but you can keep "Life Can be Miserable"). 4) Let Duffey Robins have a job truly befitting his talents. i.e., cub reporter for McClintock's Highland Fling. 5) Hide yourselves in shame.

Alternatives: WNOX- 990, Knoxville; night: very hip.

WLON- 1040, Lincolnton; all day, this is a great station now, but starting November 17 they will have three hours of Underground, 2 until 5 each Sunday after-noon from then on.

WCGC- 1270 Belmont, Abbey Radio underground weeknights 10 til 1, Saturday and Sunday nights, 11 til 1; this is the reason Belmont (believe it or not) is such a hip place.

But the best solution is Underground, WYFM, Saturday nights, 8 til 1, 104.7 on your FM dial. If you haven't heard it by now, all we offer is condolences, this is the only place to hear many of the records. But the president of the station must be shown that everybody listens to it. Put your pen where your mind and your mouth are. Give a coupon to two friends who like WYFM and/or hate WAYS and mail them to Fred Cornue Co. Wyfm; 107 W. Trade St.: Charlotte N.C. KEEP UNDERGROUND ON THE AIR!!!!

I, \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
WANT TO HEAR MORE OF UNDERGROUND

I, \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
WANT TO HEAR MORE UNDERGROUND

DEAR MR PRESIDENT:

THERE IS NO BOMB IN GILEAD.

THE RED CHINESE ARE NOT RED INDIANS.

YOU COULD HAVE SAVED THE SIOUX.

PLEASE STOP THEM BUILDING ROADS  
IN THE NORTH CASCADES.

THERE WERE GREAT WHITE BIRDS  
IN THE TOPS OF THE BANYAN TREES

CALLING ACROSS THE TOWN,  
WHEN I WAS IN SAIGON.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

GARY SNYDER

Poets Press

23 East Tenth Street  
New York City

Outside, after a humiliating struggle, day finally faded into night. Samokora knew it was night because the cracks in his walls were black instead of the darkest gray, and because the small of his back felt the dry cold the wind was forcing through them. The small fire in the brazier was dying a senile death, and the little heat given off was swiftly dissipating. Compounded like a drug with the cold was a clawing hunger that was grappling with his innards.

He did not mind the physical discomfort so much, for he could always burn the last of the scrolls on which his paintings were, and make a bowl of straw soup, but there was something "inevitable" in the darkness that hurt him much worse than the cold hurt his fingers. He had not had work for a week, the length of time since the snow had first begun, and the little pile of money he had hidden in the floorboards was quickly spent. His little supply of charcoal had lasted until this night, but soon it, too, would be consumed.

He was alone, which intensified every ache and hurt he felt in his venerable body, and the hollowness of the night and the loneliness of his dark room were a weight upon his soul. Samokora did not even have the bottle of wine which was becoming his constant and only trustworthy friend. Indeed, he often had the thought of going to one of those houses in a disreputable neighborhoods, where for a small price one could melt away all his sorrows in dreams of hazy happiness. But now, even that little sum was more than he had.

Samokora crawled over to his little pallet of straw and rags, and he folded up his slight body, drawing the materials around him. Knowing he would not sleep for an hour or more, as was his custom, Samokora used the quiet time to meditate in all tenses and places. Many, many winters ago, Samokora was one of the leading characters in what he was sure was a unique drama. Too late he understood his early life from the objective vantage of sixty years and it was less painful to him. When he was small enough to ride on his father's back, Samokora had scribbled on strips of bark with charcoal from the fire, and since he was the best scribbler in the rural billage, it was decided for him that he would be an artist. He helped his father on their ancestral estate (all three acres of it) until his coming of age. His mother sold what was left of her meager dowry, and going to greater town bought him paint, brushes, and a small roll of silk. Several days after she returned, he left his family, promising to send them money that he earned from his commissions. He wanted to cry, but because of his age, he did not.

After Samokora reached the city, he started hard at work, drawing and painting scenes of the wilds and waters around his home, placing placing them in the Emperor's contests. These were held monthly, and the prizes included money and commissions for the court. If one was exceptionally artistic, one could advance to the position of High Court Painter, which was Samokora's ambition. But in all the compe-

23

Early spring 1968 and the professors were applauding McCarthy for his valiant stand in opposing LBJ. Mr. McCarthy, the Minnesota Don Quixote was out to fight the nasty old Political Windmills. Walter Lipman said "McCarthy has come forward to defend the American faith." All of these white intellectuals couldn't be wrong, so I went down to the Courthouse to defy the "Courthouse Gang". There was a nice white upper middle class intellectual group assembled that night. The complexion of the debating changed very little throughout the campaign.

Enter Bob Kennedy and the Blacks. This man who had been right all along, was now in the race. It was going to be a good year, working within the system for another Kennedy and for an end to the war. Black America knew it couldn't elect a black President, but Senator Kennedy wouldn't be a white President either. This time I went to the black tenant house instead of the Courthouse to defy the Courthouse Gang. We won the primaries but we lost Dr. King and we lost Senator Kennedy in the tragic spring of 1968.

The untimely death of R.F.K. put most of us right back in the middle of the upper middle class debating society. They may not be true liberals but they sure drew a lot of good sounding political phrases. Even the professors knew the local McCarthy group was integrated less than even the local university. Some how the rift between the Blacks and Whites wasn't so important when it came to Senator McCarthy. I guess they figured the McCarthy charisma would bridge the gap once he was elected. We all knew, obviously from some good authority, that the Black people were actually with us in McCarthy's campaign. According to the McCarthy Hierarchy several black leaders were always just on the verge of coming out strong for the cause. This summer McCarthy came to Charlotte and we came to McCarthy. No matter what the local papers said Gene was beautiful. Tensions made high here in Charlotte after the Senator's visit. Some of the young McCarthy supporters began believing the candidate as well as believing in him. They found that many louder people in the social club did not.

Don Quixote made a big T.V. appearance at the Coliseum and the young people did their thing. It was after this visit that Mr. Tom Richards the volunteer leader of the local McCarthy Group departed for California to assist Mr. Cranston or Mr. Cleaver in any manner he deemed necessary. It should be noted that Charlotte can't afford to lose people like Tom Richards who are willing to give so freely of their time and political knowledge to the cause of New Politics.

We saw the non-democratic way in which the non-Democrats selected the Peoples' Choice for President. I must say the Chicago convention was certainly a lesson in political statesmanship. Bearing this lesson in mind we were left with a choice between Hubert Humphrey Richard Nixon, and George Wallace. It was at this point that the professors dropped wisdom our way again. We were told by many not to trust our own amateur evaluations of the three candidates. Instead we should wait for the failure of the Democratic Party and let these academicians lead us into a new political era. The Democratic Party failed and "I am waiting. I am perpetually waiting a rebirth of wonder. JUDAS A. POPE

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42

titions, Samokora always came in third or fourth, or honorable mention, never first. He was constantly planning a masterpiece, to give him instant and universal acclaim and a position in the Court--and enough money to go to a marriage broker, but it never happened. As he had promised, he sent money to his parents, but this ended on a day when Samokora discovered simultaneously his true position and the numbing effect of large quantities of wine. This so reduced his income that he could no longer afford to send them money. Knowing that he was a disgrace to his family, he never returned to his home, ignorant of the fate of his parents, brothers and sisters.

As his situation became clearer, Samokora turned more and more to painting narrow portraits of portly dowagers, and copying the characters for play posters and such. In the city, he grew older and his identity atrophied until it was almost a nameless sort of geographic location. He was one of the littlest people in a world inhabited by unknowns. But still he had his dreams of his masterpiece, that aesthetically raised him above the foetid people who surrounded him and lived in the decrepit lodging home with him.

The chronology of his life became disarranged, his thoughts started to wander and fuse and drift: about the summer before, about lines and form, and fock, and the snow and sleet falling outside, and cold, and a pond where he used to fish as a boy. Several streets away, a temple bell was struck, and as the final tones were dying away, Samokora awoke and felt filled with an inspiration he had never sensed before. He knew at last that he had his masterpiece, and creaking over to his little box, withdrew all of his supply of paints and brushes. The paint solvent was just the least bit stiff, so he clasped it tightly in his hands to make it flow more easily.

Then he tightened his cloak and went outside, with nearly everything he owned in his hands. Almost as soon as he stepped into the tiny alleyway, overhung with washlines and a lived-in atmosphere, Samokora went to work, being careful not to crush the snow he was painting on. The clouds had broken, and the moon was smiling mysteriously at him. A heavy snowfall, crusted with frozen rain, lay waiting, hiding and purifying the rubble-strewn reality of the alley. Reflected moonlight provided him with sufficient illumination to work by.

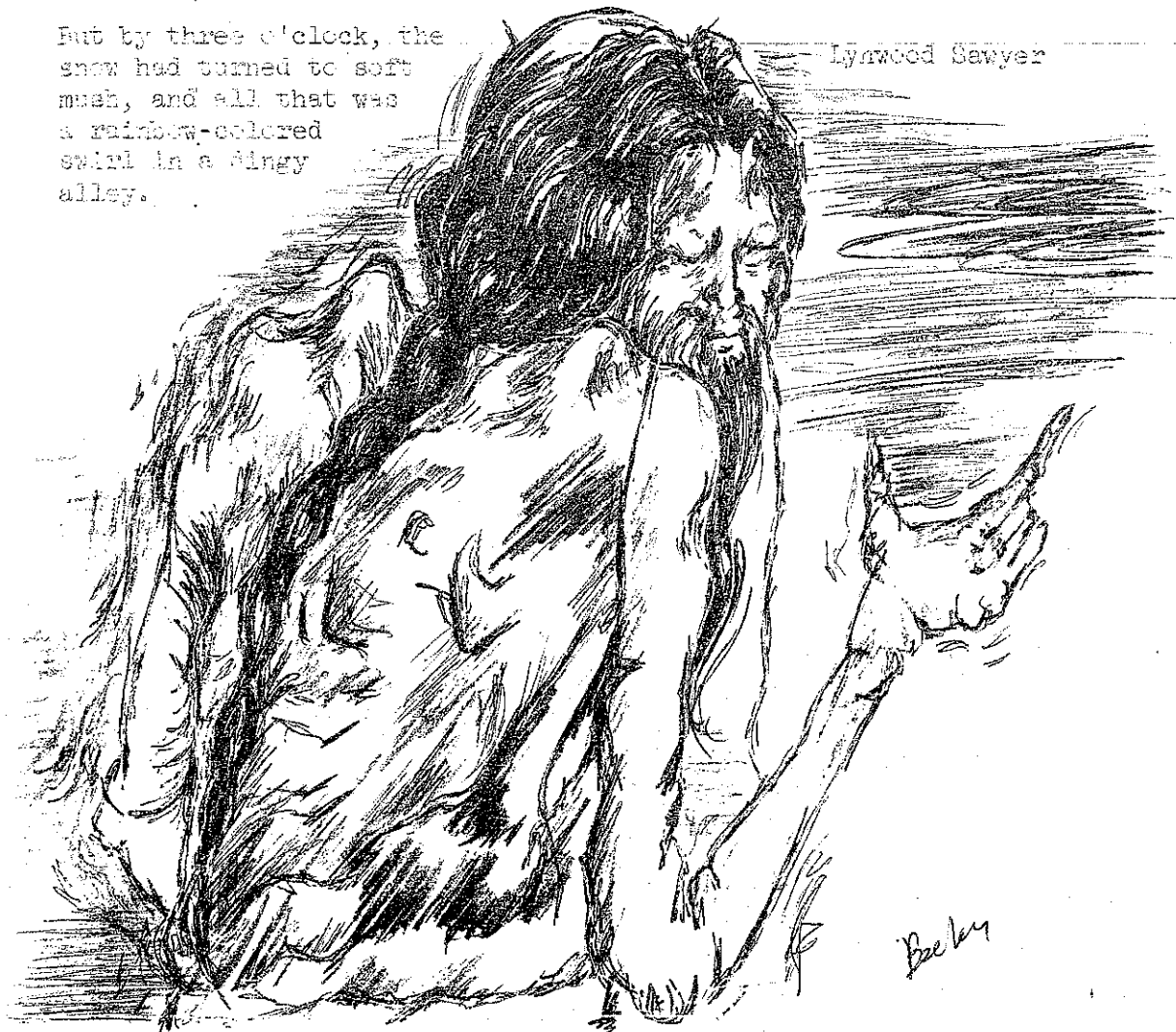
Using the crust of the snow for silk, Samokora painted a few of the paths of his youth, untouched and clean in the beautifully simple style of his contemporaries. But unlike them, he painted in all the ambition and hope and lack of weighty responsibilities and the being an integral part of nature that only he, an untarnished country boy, could feel. He painted all through the night, every stroke in perfect union with the rest of the painting, its strength and power multiplied by every line he made. The snow was burning as both Samokora and the paints were exhausted. At last he could sit back and admire the masterpiece for which he had been searching for many years. He was extremely cold, and every one of his years was pressing him down into sleep. Finally, he could sleep with the trouble-free mind for which he had longed for a lifetime of wasted brush

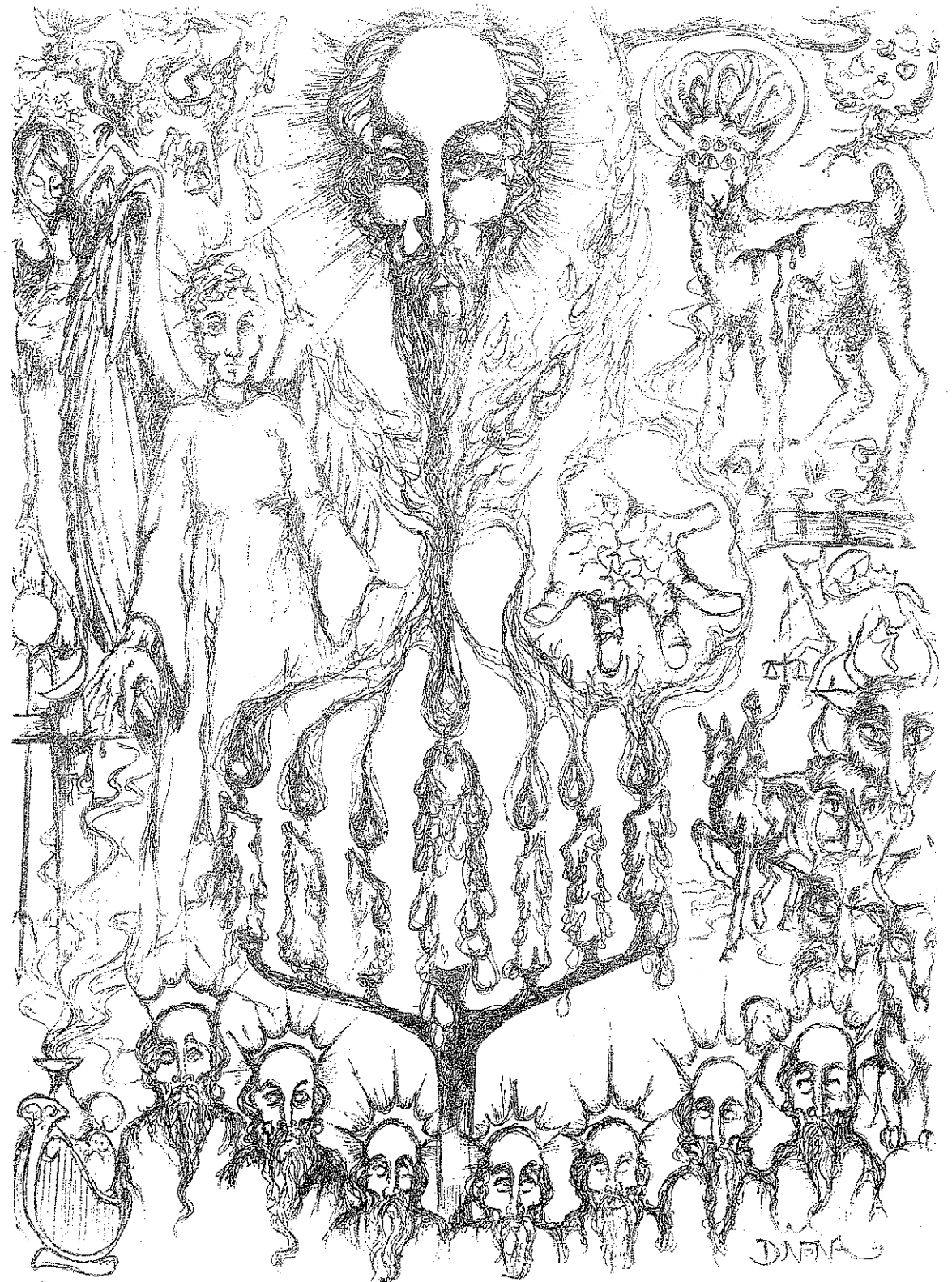
43

Soon after the cold sun was partly over the cold city, the charcoal vendor that lived in the room beside Samokora's came out of the building and was walking up the alley on his way to his stall in the great market place. He saw the painting and walked around it, marvelling at the expert craftsmanship. He went over to the pole where Samokora was asleep and tried to wake him to praise his painting, but the artist could not be wakened. The vendor picked up the light old man and carried him back to the lodging house. There he summoned everybody to look at the painting.

All came out and wondered at its delicate structure. "Truly," they thought, "this is worthy of the highest painter in the court." A small trickle of filthy people came from the surrounding tenements and stood around in awe of the great work.

But by three o'clock, the snow had turned to soft mush, and all that was a rainbow-colored swirl in a dingy alley.





inside back cover

