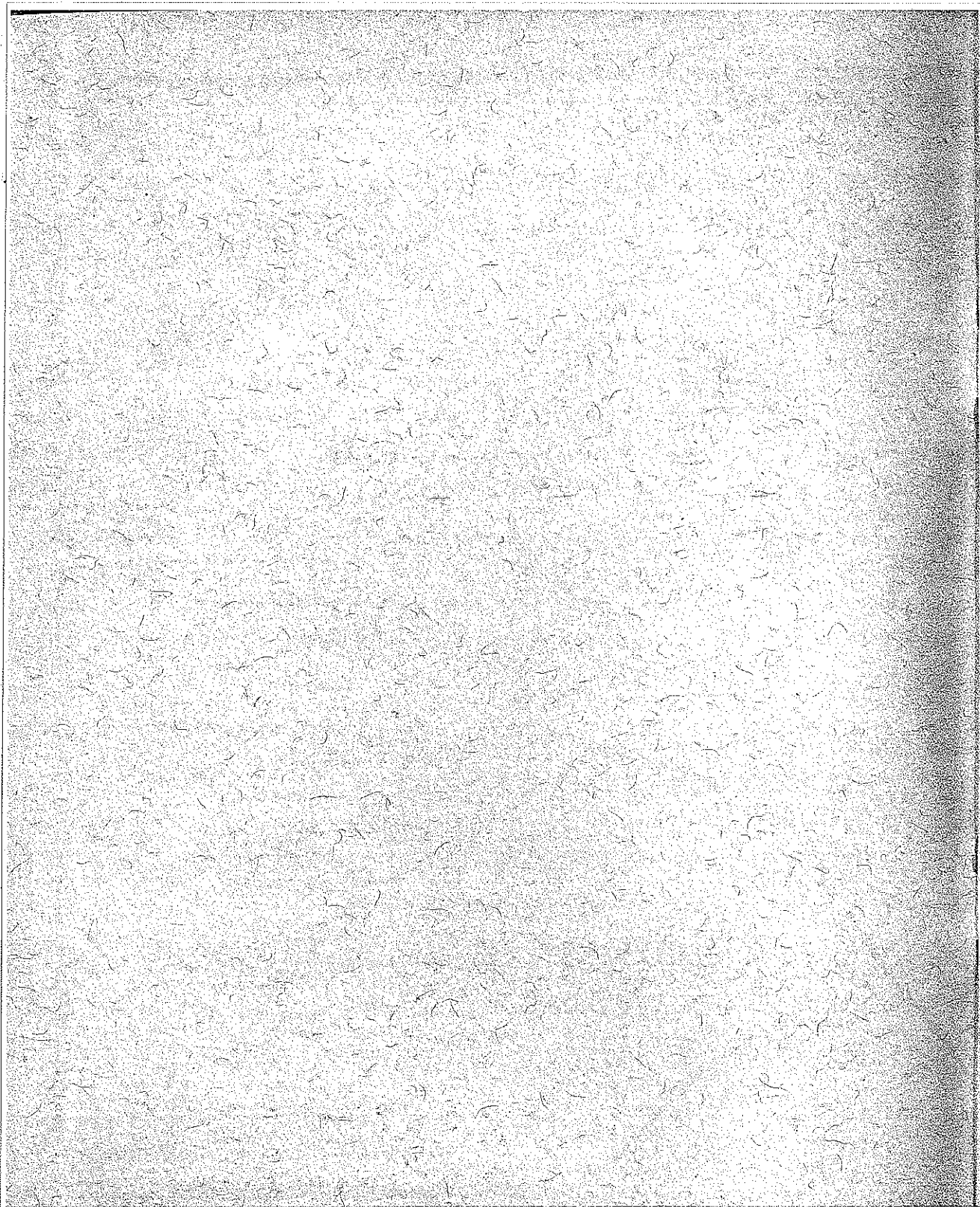




PETE '69

25c
MOTIVATION



SHADOWS

Shadow

POOR RICHARD RAPS

Yes, Virginia, there is an underground.

And this time it's not the subway.

This town's second open confrontation between the Establishment and anti-Establishment is now underway. The contest which could have ended up in a Federal court, involves the INQUISITION staff vs. principal D.K. Pittman of East High. I'll leave the grisly details to someone else.

But the question is: what does it all mean?

For one thing, it means the schools will be added to the growing list of places the magazine can't be sold, including the park, downtown, the local teenybopper hangouts, etcetcetc. The Man doesn't take too kindly to people who rock the boat.

For another thing, it means that the radicalization of Charlotte cannot be far off.

The uninvolved kids with the daring sideburns are digging this. What they see is The Man employing obvious strongarm tactics alternated with wishy-washy inaction on pertinent issues--copping out, it's called. The perceptive kid checks this out and sees it's wrong.

If a bully slaps the shit out of a little kid and then denies doing it, whose side would you take?

And that's where the Establishment is at. Authority without respect is impotent and leads to tyranny; tyranny breeds revolution.

So the daring sideburns watch and wait through this whole process, not knowing where it's at but knowing something must be wrong or this much hell wouldn't be raised.

It hits every level from INQUISITION vs. Pittman to Leary vs. the United States (in which a major psychedelic prophet faces a 30-year jail sentence for possession of an herb).

The Establishment instinctively realizes it doesn't have long to go. In a few years those of us born in the postwar years will be the majority--the new Establishment, if you will. There was a baby boom, remember? After about 1952-53 the population bell tapers off. This gives us sway over the next three or so generations. Ever think of that?

No matter how hard you try to stop it, evolution and natural selection wind their way through the DNA code of each subsequent generation. With LSD and the atomic bomb (under which we, and no other generation, have grown up) came a whole new perspective on the universal life-process. That's why things are different now--you can't chalk it up as a "fad", though it's cool to let The Man think that.

It looks like the next race of man is being ushered in--at least it starts here.

Too far-out to believe? Check you sociology, ecology, psychology, and anthropology texts and draw your own conclusions. It's time to start bringing it all back home.

How?

What about, for a starter, a be-in at Freedom Park some Sunday? If all the freaks in Charlotte got together, there's no telling what could happen. People who have a thing they want to do could recruit, preach, and play their bongos in the dirt. Know your neighbor.

A meeting of the minds like this would almost have to start something (the Free Cities of NYC, Frisco, Chicago come immediately to mind). And besides, it would be a hell of a lot of fun.

One thing on our side here: Charlotte is so behind the times that the official anti-head backlash hasn't yet set in. People get hassled, but not to the extent of, say, Atlanta, where you can get your skull busted open without really trying. Charlotte's still a pretty open scene. The responsibility to get it together is yours and mine.

* * * * *

By-The-Way-Dept:

In the interest of protecting our community from drug abuse and attempting to stamp out the psychedelic revolution, the Police Department is encouraging parents (poor misguided lambs) to search their children's rooms for dope. The confiscated hell-drug is to be sent in to the PD for analysis.

Certain unscrupulous individuals have approached me with the idea of sending in oregano, parsley, catnip, aspirin, sugar cubes (sugar cubes?) to be analyzed. Naturally I was aghast at the proposal. Think of the time and money wasted that could be better spent busting marijuana addicts in their homes!

* * * * *

Peace.

POOR RICHARD



Now the papers are going to call us thugs and hoodlums. A lot of people ain't going to know what's happening. he said, but the brothers on the block, who the Man's been calling thugs and hoodlums for 400 years, they're going to say that's some mighty fine thugs and hoodlums up there. The brothers on the block is going to say, "who is these thugs and hoodlums. In fact, them dudes look just like me....Hey man, what you cats doing with them rads?" In other words, when the Man calls us nigger for 400 years, with all the derogatory connotations, Huey was smart enough to know the Black people were going to say, "They've been calling us niggers, thugs, and hoodlums for 400 years. That's no difference to me. I'm going to check out what these folks are doing."

- Bobby Seale, co-founder, Black Panther Party

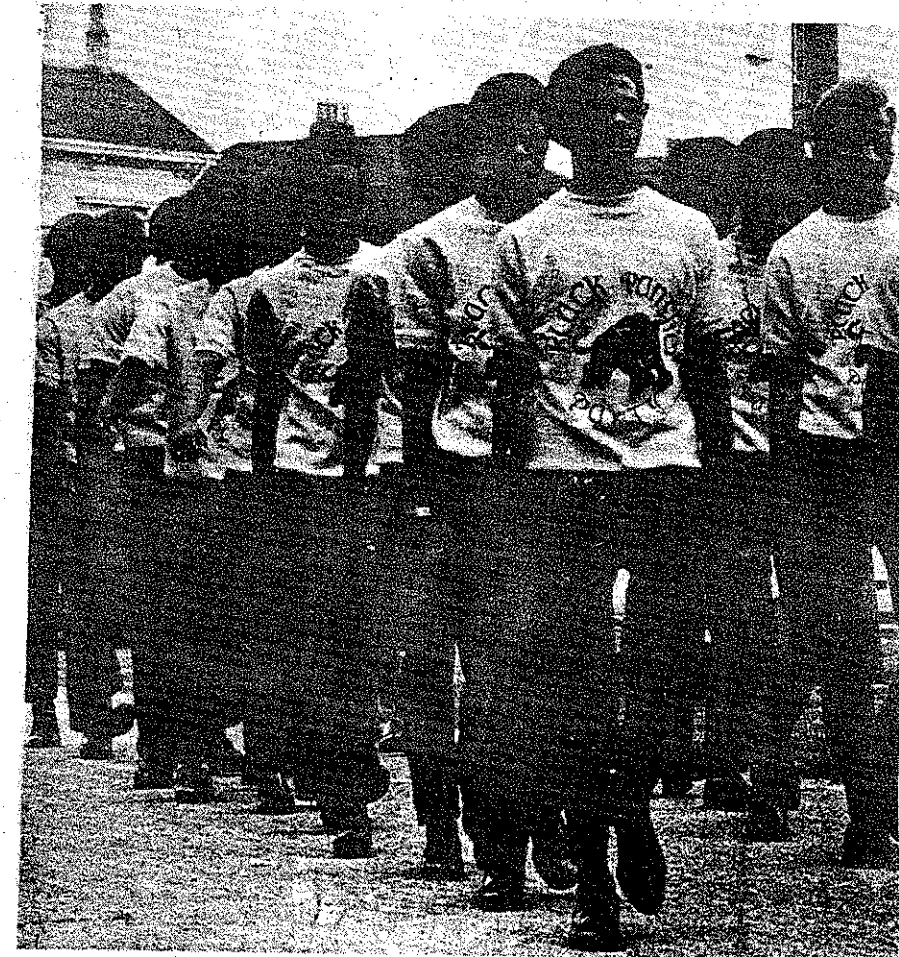
Huey Newton, Bobby Hutton, Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale. These "thugs and hoodlums" have been much on the mind of the white cops, and much in the pages of the white press. All four are prominently associated with the Black Panther Party, an organization whose purpose is to carry on the work begun by Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, and Rap Brown. If Malcolm first articulated the need for Black people to determine their lives for themselves, and if Stokely refined and developed this into the concept of Black Power - then the Panthers are trying to make Black Power a reality in the ghetto. If Stokely and Rap made Black Power a systematic, relevant, and defensible ideology - then the Panthers are taking the message to the streets. If SNCC can talk to the militant Black intellectual, then the Black Panthers are possibly the first Black militants since Malcolm X to effectively talk to the Black masses. And this puts them in the center of the Black stage at the moment.

Stage center of the Black Revolution has seen a lot of traffic, a lot of comings and goings of groups and individuals who, for one moment, articulate the moods of their community, but were often caught standing still while that community was moving sharply to the left. In the late 'Fifties, Martin Luther King spoke for Black America; in the early 'Sixties, it was SNCC, then Malcolm, then Stokely, then the spontaneous mass revolts of Newark and Detroit; now it is the Black Panthers. There are about 250 members of the Black Panther Party in the San Francisco area, with organized branches in Los Angeles, Seattle, and New York City, with other branches being organized elsewhere. Early in 1968, the Black Panther Party and SNCC merged, with Rap Brown becoming Panther Minister of Justice and James Foreman becoming Panther Minister of Foreign Affairs. Panther founder Huey Newton and Panther Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver are presently the

"WE DON'T HATE
WHITE PEOPLE,
WE HATE THE
OPPRESSOR: IF
THE OPPRESSOR
HAPPENS TO BE
WHITE, THEN WE
HATE HIM."



--Huey Newton



dominant political spokesmen of the Black Left. Cleaver, especially, an editor of RAMPARTS and author of SOUL ON ICE shows signs of being as significant and original a thinker as the late Malcolm X.

But where the Panthers have pioneered is in the area of practice. The Black Panther Party is listened to in the streets, it "can move the black brothers in the block." This is where Black groups have traditionally failed: Malcolm X was respected throughout Harlem, but neither the Black Muslims nor the later Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU) were significant organizations; Adam Clayton Powell built a political machine that re-elected him regularly, nothing more; SCLC was nowhere outside of rural southern Baptist churches, and the Poor People's Campaign was basically a failure; CORE has moved into building Black Capitalism and getting money from the white Ford Foundation; and SNCC has always been much more important as a symbol than as an organization.

The Panthers began by emphasizing gut demands of the ghetto and building a political program around them. Their rhetoric has been clear, often crude; they refer to the police as "pigs" and their number one political concern has been to rid the Black ghetto of the domination and brutality of white "pigs". The Panthers did not come out of the Black Churches, or the campuses, but out of the streets of the Oakland, California, Black ghetto. Huey Newton, founder and leader of the movement, spent a year in law school, but transferred to Merritt College, a college on the edge of the North Oakland ghetto and spent most of his time on the streets. Busted for assault in 1964, he spent his year in jail organizing Black prisoners in food riots and other demonstrations. Eldridge Cleaver is even more street than Huey, having gotten his education entirely in the streets and California prisons. Extremely articulate, and a former Black Muslim, Cleaver is quite similar in background and ideology to the late Malcolm X. In fact, the Black Panther Party, with its street base, is far closer to Malcolm than it is to the intellectualism of Stokely Carmichael.

For the Panthers, power grows out of the barrel of a gun. They first made themselves known by marching on the State Capital at Sacramento carrying loaded rifles (perfectly legal). This served a dual purpose. First, it was a protest against Assemblyman Don Mulford's proposed bill to limit the right of a citizen to carry a loaded weapon. Second, it served notice on the Oakland pigs that from then on, Black people were going to be armed and they were going to defend themselves. The Panthers repeatedly urged ghetto residents to arm themselves for self-defense. As Bobby Seale put it, "I'm saying every Black brother, put a shotgun in your home. That's necessary." The Panthers also began to organize around patrols of the ghetto, to "lice the pigs." This brought an immediate decline in incidents of police brutality, obscene remarks by cops to Black women, and harassment of ghetto residents. The emphasis was on the active self-defense of the Black community from the invading troops of the alien white power structure. Their symbol, the black panther, was taken from the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama, a Black-based electoral political party organized by SNCC.

As Huey Newton put it, "It is not in the panther's nature to attack anyone first, but when he is attacked and backed into a corner, he will respond viciously."

But the Panthers considered themselves more than just a self-defense patrol. They saw themselves as a revolutionary party. Huey Newton immediately realized the need for "a basic platform--just basic, so that Black people can read it...A basic platform that the mothers who struggle hard to raise us, that the fathers who work hard, that the young brothers in school who come out of school semi-illiterate--reading broken words" can understand.

"So we sat down. Huey said we want freedom, we want power to determine the destiny of our black community. Number three, we want housing, decent housing fit to shelter human beings. Number four, we want all Black men to be exempt from military service. Number five, we want equal education for our Black people in our community, that teaches us the true nature of this decadent, racist society and to teach Black people and our Black brothers and young sisters their place in society, because if they don't know their place in society and in the world, they can't relate to anything else. Number six, we want an end to the robbery of the white, racist businessmen of Black people in their community. Number seven, we want an IMMEDIATE end to police brutality and murder of Black people. Number eight, we want all Black men held in the county, state, and federal jails and prisons to be released because they have not had a fair trial--because they've been tried by all white juries. We want Black people, Number 9, to be tried by members of their peers. Peers being ones who come from the same economic, social, religious, historical and racial background. That in fact, if the United States government and the local courts did this, they would have to choose Black people from the Black community to sit up on the jury. They would have to choose some of the brothers who stand on the block out there wondering when they're going to get killed. They're going to have to choose these Black people. And number 10, Huey said, "Let's just summarize: we want justice, we want clothing, we want education, we want housing, we want peace." (B. Seale)

The Black Panther Party considers itself a revolutionary, nationalist, party. It views Black America as a colony within a white mother country, and like all colonies, it must be liberated. But Huey distinguishes sharply between revolutionary nationalism and reactionary nationalism. "Revolutionary nationalism is first dependent upon a people's revolution with the end goal being the people in power. Therefore to be a revolutionary nationalist you would by necessity have to be a socialist.... We see a major contradiction between capitalism in this country and our interests.... We have two evils to fight, capitalism and racism."

Huey applies a class analysis to the Black Community. Being his own Malcolm's simile of the house nigger, who identified with the slave master, and the field nigger, Huey considers the Black bourgeoisie as modern-day house niggers whose interests are opposed to the needs of the Black masses. For the Panthers, "if the Black bourgeoisie cannot align itself with our complete program, then the Black bourgeoisie sets itself up as our enemy. And they will be attacked and treated as such."

As revolutionaries, they are willing to make alliances with other revolutionary groups, including white radicals. White mother country radicals can play a positive role, if they align themselves with the Black revolution. "White radicals will prove their sincerity by the extent of their support. When we were attacked and ambushed in the Black colony, then the White revolutionary students and intellectuals and all the other Whites who support the colony should respond by defending us, by attacking the enemy in their community. Every time that we're attacked in our community there should be a reaction by the White revolutionaries; they should respond by defending us, by attacking part of the security force.

Alliance with the White radicals - if the White deliver.

The Panthers have built a tactical alliance with the mainly-White Peace and Freedom Party in California. The Panthers demanded, as the basis of this alliance, full support for their struggle - acceptance of the complete Panther program, and full support in freeing Huey from jail (where he is charged with killing a cop). The Panthers here, in return, registered ghetto residents in Peace and Freedom. Huey Newton and Bobby Seale are running for Congress and Eldridge Cleaver is running for President on the Peace and Freedom ticket.

Both organizations retain their autonomy. They each have their own constituencies, and their own programs, but cooperate on specific issues. The Black Panther Party in no way feels "integrated" into the Peace and Freedom Party. The Panthers have made it clear that they will pull out of the alliance the minute they feel that it is detrimental to their own interests.

Such an alliance makes it possible for Blacks and Whites to unite on the basis of their politics and mutually respect each other as radicals. This is a considerable step forward from the National Citizens for New Politics (CNP) Convention in 1967, where an overwhelming majority of the almost all-White delegates gave Blacks 50% representation on the NENP Steering Committee but without attempting to put together a program relevant to the needs of the Black liberation movement. This was basically a liberal gesture, an exercise in reverse tokenism. Masochistic breast-beating like this is a form of liberal paternalism. And no Liberal is an ally of a Revolutionary.

The Panthers need all the allies they can get. The combined pigs of Alameda County have declared open war on them, and are doing everything they can, as are pigs all over the nation, to destroy the Panthers. Panthers are harassed, their cars are followed and every attempt is made to throw them in jail.

Huey Newton allegedly shot a cop in the back on the night of October 28, 1967. Whatever did happen, Huey was badly wounded that night. As he lay in the emergency ward in Kaiser Hospital, the pigs entered and shackled him to the table. The cops beat him in the stomach (where he was shot) to open up his wound. Huey, originally up for First Degree Murder charges, has with the help of Defense Lawyer Charles Garry reduced his sentence to a conviction of Third Degree Murder. That conviction is presently on appeal. Meanwhile, Eldridge Cleaver, whose parole was revoked, has disappeared from sight.

The extent to which the pigs are willing to go to get the Panthers is illustrated by their murder of Bobby Hutton. The pigs had trapped a number of Panthers, including Cleaver and 17-year-old Bobby in an Oakland basement. To force them out, they fired in tear gas. One of the cannisters hit Cleaver, and his comrades tore off his clothes to see if he was hurt. Cleaver urged them to take their clothes off, so the pigs could see they weren't armed and so would have no provocation to shoot. But Bobby was too embarrassed to do this. He went out clothed, with his hands up. The pigs told Bobby to run, and when he did, they gunned him down.

What happened to Bobby is what's happening to all Black men. Bobby was gunned down for keeping his pride, for refusing to sacrifice his dignity. The White power structure, which make billions of dollars each year off of Black oppression, has stripped the Black man of his culture, his pride, his chance for a decent life.

The Panthers have laid their lives on the line. From Oakland to Seattle to New York, they are fighting for the right to exist. And the pigs, from Oakland to Seattle to New York, have proven by their actions that they are going to destroy the Panthers if they can.

Whose side are you on?

Reprinted from the Paper
George Fish

LETTERSXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Okay, "Still Patriotic" (i.e. last issue, Vol. II, no. 1); now, if I got you right, you base your whole argument on "Right or wrong, this is still my country." In essence, you are saying you support people who kill others senselessly at the command of generals who never enter the shooting aspect of the war. I use the word "senselessly" because with all this death and the atrocities committed on both sides, neither opponent has made any major gains at all of any type. And further more, the INQUISITION, as I understand it, did not endorse draft-dodging per se. It merely said that young men of draft age must make their own decision on the subject. Sure, maybe, if run differently, the Viet Nam War would be the "lesser of two evils"; and I also am not a Hawk, but people still must think for themselves and follow their ideas, instead of being led around like apathetic sheep by uncaring bureaucrats.

Patriotic, but still thinking
STEPHEN PALMER

p.s. Next time "Still Patriotic, how about signing your name.

Dear Editors:

I have been buying your magazine since the third issue of vol I. At first, I thought that this was a really great thing for Charlotte. But, gradually, your issues began to be a drag. Then you joined UPS and (I don't know if that had anything to do with it), but you really got good. Your first issue of vol 2 is a real milestone; I don't know why, but it's a great issue. Your "Big House: Case Study" was the best article I've even seen in INQUISITION - I liked the part about a person's rights concerning arrest. At this school, you come under a lot of criticism from teachers; they say all you do is complain, never give solutions. I like the way you cut up WAYS and Silver John Long. Your rock articles ("Plea For Hard Rock," "Gawdawful An' Irreverent") are the most agreeable articles; Lynwood Sawyer is honestly the best record reviewer I've heard. Keep printing issues like the latest, and you're made.

Hopefully,
STUART TROUTMAN

Note: Staff Member Russell Schwarz wrote the reviews last month. Eds.

To: the INQUISITION Staff,
I don't know what this big farce is about you people putting this mag. I think it is great and should let run. Besides, you rights by the Constitution GUARANTEE your right of free speech; bring this up next time you go in front of those Fags.

I'm writing to tell you that I am on your side. There ain't much that I can do, but I will do what I can.

I just got my mitts on you latest edition and it is, of course great! You people have improved greatly since you have started.

.....

Let me know if you need help,
JOHN LOCKE

Editors: the INQUISITION
Congratulations on a continually improving paper-mag. The overall layouts continue to improve. Your pictures are much better. Your political and editorial copy is very well done. There is still too much "junk" copy in some issues. Your political cartoons are effective, direct and biting. Great!!

(The above expert opinion critique is given to you at zero - lutely no charge!!)

Let me say that I don't always agree with your views on current issues, but I do feel that your right to express that view must never be suppressed or restricted. The student youth of Charlotte need a publication in which they can express their beliefs. Your magazine fulfills this need.

Best of luck.

"A High-Ranking Member of a High School Newspaper Staff"

To the Editors:

Re: The Big House: A Case Study
You made your point - they won the case- the establishment leaned on the fuzz- what's your beef? You want your turn at bat with the billy club? The trip that changes the establishments mind is often painful to the bus driver - if you are going to help drive the bus you are going to have to pay the price - quit sniveling.

RICH RON

DEAR PEOPLE,
All of us on the staff wish to thank everyone who has helped us the past two months. The support has been tremendous - the letters the money, the articles, and the just great moral support given us by all of you. Many, many, thanks.

the staff

A NOTE TO THE WOULD BE SORCERER

Many requests have reached this sorcerer of people troubled by the fairy spirits that inhabit the Great Mountain of Hecla, in Lapland. Since our primary purpose is to you, the reader, the following curses is prescribed.

The sorcerer must draw a circle on a moonlit night in a solitary valley. The circle should be 18 feet across and another should be inscribed concentrically within the first, but 1 foot less all around. Both should be drawn with virgin chalk dipped in the blood of a lapwing.

The sorcerer should be girdled about with a snake skin, and other snake skins should be hanging from his hat in front and from his behind. The operator must also have a female assistant who's breast has been smeared with an ointment made from: a hair of a wolfe, the bile of a dead child, the blood of a grouse, and green mugwort gathered before the 25th day of June.

In the second chalk circle a fiery mountain must be placed to one side. Around the mountain the following must be written:

GLAURON, OPOTOK, BALKIN, OPOTOK, URTIN, OPOTOK, SWADNAR, NALAH, OPOTOK + + +.

The spirit itself is then invoked as follows:

O Great Spirit Mouldoolyn, I conjure thee by the power of Lucifuge Rocifaal and the blood of the lapwing. Amen.

This conjuration must be repeated fervently 3 times after which a terrible noise of fighting, accompanied by the sound of horses, swords clanging, and trumpets blowing. At last will appear four naked Pigmies before the circle, and they will speak in ancient Irish. (Note: To prevent communication breakdowns it is advisable that the operator or his female assistant be fluent in ancient Irish. Admittedly the operator may incur some difficulty in finding a girl (a virgin at that) who is fluent in ancient Irish and will allow her breast to be smeared with the blood of a grouse, etc. That however, is the operators problem).

The Pigmies will speak of whence they came and of their powers but the sorcerer must ask of them if they know Luridan to which they will reply "Hamah nitrullach Balkin" which means "He is the servant of Balku". When they have been instructed to bring Luridan to the sorcerer, they will go and presently return with a small dwarf with a white beard and a crooked nose that reaches the ground.

The sorcerer must tie him with bonds of obligation in his own blood and after the words Luridar, Luridar, Luridar have been said and the sorcerer hath blown in the dwarf's ears, the dwarfs will follow the operator anywhere and protect him from the aforesaid spirits of the fiery mountain.





ARE WE BEING TAUGHT HISTORY?

This is a message aimed at anyone now taking U.S History, who has taken it, or plans to take it in the future, in the Char.-Mack System. The book being used, *The Rise of the American Nation*, is wrong and misleading in what they say and don't say about Vietnam. Some of the things in error look like mistakes, others seem to be nothing less than intentional misinformation. The errors in the small portion of the book devoted to Vietnam are so numerous, it would take a thesis to cover them all, so I will point out only a few.

The book calls the Viet Minh, "a Communist group". Viet Minh is short for Vietnam Doc Lap Dong Minh, which means League for the Independence of Vietnam. It was a group of Communists, socialists, nationalists, and other groups, whose common goal was independence and ousting the French from their country. Receiving aid from China didn't automatically make them all communist.

Our book's interpretation of the divisions made by the Geneva Conference was this: "The area (of Indo-China) north of the 17th parallel was recognized as the Communist state of Vietnam, later North Vietnam. The remainder of the country was divided into three non-communist states - Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam." Nothing could be further from the truth! At the Geneva Conference the independence of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam was recognized. The only division was a temporary, military demarcation line at the 17th parallel of Vietnam. The agreements further specified "that the... line is provisional and should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary," which is exactly what our history book said it did.

The book left out some of the most important factors of the war. There was no mention of elections that were supposed to be held in 1956 to unify Vietnam. (But the U.S. and Diem refused to hold them.) And there was no mention of Ho Chi Minh, who has been leading the fight for Vietnamese independence since 1919.

The mistakes go on and on, but these examples show what the "history" book is trying to do. They have changed what has happened in Vietnam in much the same way a photographer would retouch a bad photograph. They have changed or left out events which put America in a bad light.

It should be remembered by every history student, that a U.S. History book, written by Americans probably won't be objective. The authors seem to be trying to cover up for America's mistakes. America has made mistakes in its time, but lying about them isn't going to help. The authors seem to assume that today's high school students are ignorant and have minds of clay to be molded any way they see fit. I hope they have underestimated America's youth.

KEVIN CAUBLE

A LOVE STORY

Ho Chang rests his rifle across a branch and focuses its telescopic sight on the American infantryman wading through the rice paddy. Ho Chang is seventeen years old. He is a guerrilla fighter; a skilled assassin; a sniper. Concealed high in a tree - a tree that short years ago he climbed in play - he reaches and methodically plucks a leaf from his line of fire. He feels his familiar anticipation for the kill.... Killing is his single remaining pleasure....

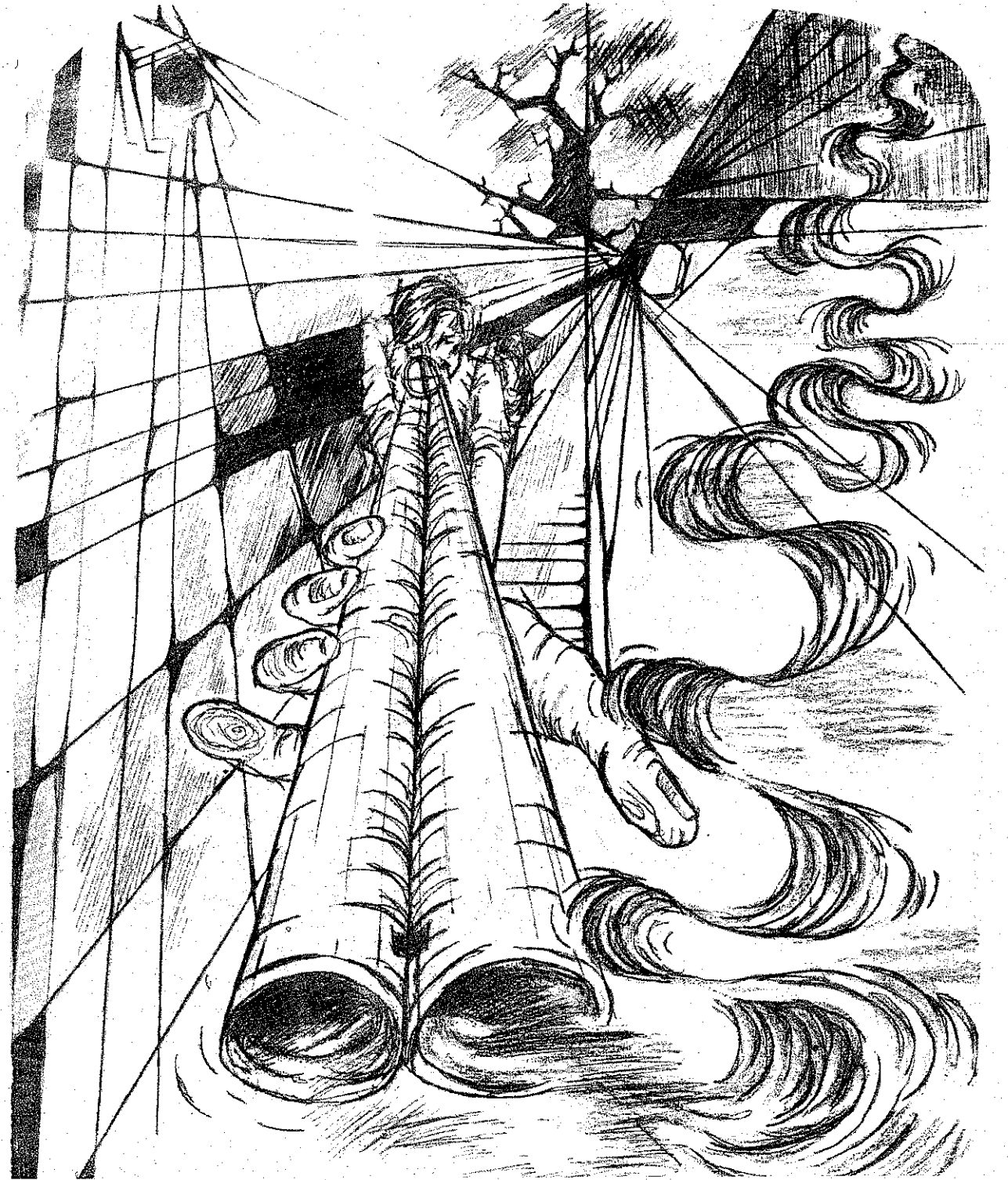
Ho Chang is a fanatic. He became a fanatic six months earlier while watching his mother, father, and beloved sister run screaming from the pyre of curling flame and smoke that had been their home. He watched his loved ones, each a gaping-mouthed, wildly-gesticulating torch stumbling crazily through the village and finally sprawling laying in the dust, eyeless, hairless black smoking hulks that twitched and emitted sounds not human. In the terrible racking sobbing agony of his grief, the boy Ho Chang knelt beside the charred remains of his family and pleaded that he too might die.... but only his fire-seared soul would die.... Their hut had been struck by a napalm bomb dropped from a low-flying American fighter.

The American infantryman, Private Robert Evans, is in his first day of combat. Always a peaceful boy and raised in the quiet suburbs of Los Angeles, Private Evans, other than playful wrestling on the lawn with neighbor boys, had never been involved in physical conflict until today.... today he has killed three people.

A few hours earlier his squad was fired on from a dense thicket by a number of the enemy. The boy beside him, his only close friend in the service, suddenly stooped and turned, a surprised expression on his face and a small red oozing hole in his forehead. The boy was dead before his body hit the earth.

The Sergeant shouted a command, and Private Evans in a blurred rage of revenge followed his combat training. Running, zig-zagging, firing from the hip, he charged the thicket with his squad. A flurry of shouts, of confusion and violent hand-to-hand combat resulted in Private Evans shooting two uniformed boys and pulling his bayonet from deep in the breast of a third, a slim uniformed enemy, a girl enemy, a girl younger than he. Their eyes had locked.. his in green young blue-irised horror; hers in brown, graceful tilted long-lashed acceptance that glazed to death while he watched and whimpered.

Alone now, lost from his squad, wandering aimlessly, helmet gone but still carrying the heavy rifle with its blooddipped bayonet dried to a rust hue, he slogs through the rice paddy, its muddy water almost to his knees. Dazed, oblivious, mumbling to himself, his mind has returned home... to Los Angeles, to the suburban high school he last year graduated from, to sixteen-year-old Donna who still attends the school --- Donna who promised to wait, who writes long chatty



lonesome letters on ruled notebook paper, who has been with no other boy. Both slim, both with hair long and straight and blond, both blue-eyed and tanned and sandals and faded jeans and hand-in-hand down the street looked much the same. School days together, surfing together, high together, their clear eyes close staring inquisitive innocent learning one another. Touching one another, loving one another in gentle, tentative passion.... Others wait his younger brother who brags of a big brother hero in uniform; his father, veteran of an earlier war, American Legionaire, loudly proud of his fighting son; his mother, a Science of Mind student who, in spite of often-graphic televised combat death, successfully impersonalizes the war news and insures Robert's safety by prayer and daily holding an imaginal vision of his safe return.. perhaps a medal, perhaps a Purple Heart --- a slight, a romantic wound. His familiar woodsie Ford wagon has been sold, but not his surfboard --- the board he decorated and glassed himself waits stored in the garage and stands a moment looking up at the board...

Private Evans' head looms large framed in Ho Chang's telescopic sights. The young American's hair is a strange uneven brown --- a few months earlier it had been pure pale blond, bleached by California sun and the peroxide fad adhered to by the surfing crowd. Ho Chang feels grim satisfaction at the imminent destruction of another American, and carefully begins squeezing the trigger - he pauses.. Deciding against quick death, he lowers his sights on the enemy figure. The rifle jumps, kicks solidly satisfactorily against his shoulder, and a violent crack of sound shatters the insect-buzzing bird-calling tropical day.... The immediate absolute silence that follows hangs still and ominous on the warm, heavy air....

The hate-altered hollownose bullet leaves a small, smoldering hole in Evans' tunic; enters his side below the ribs and above the hip bone. Expanding rapidly, it plows a deep trough across his abdomen, leaving his body in a slightly lower location on the left side. Private Evans throws up his hands and as a wind-up toy soldier whose spring has spasmodically burst, staggers crazily wildly awkwardly. He does not fall. Stunned by the bullet's slamming impact, he fails to understand what has happened.... but immediately the numbness begins its change to pain.... a trail of dull pain across his belly. He looks down, and in confused stupor unbelt his tunic. His shirt-front is soaking red... blood...

He stands there swaying in shock and bewildered comprehension, and with fear-fumbling fingers, tries to unbutton the shirt. Sweat pours over his face and his lips move trembling. The real pain hits him then --- its white-hot sear is terrible. He rips frantically at the red, seeping cloth, buttons fly, the shirt opens... Private Evans blinks unintelligibly at a jagged horizontal wound across his lean

smoothskin young belly. A wound from which his entrails now bulge; a wound that now sluggishly disgorges long, grotesque ropes of mangled gut; of yellow dismembered quivering glands; of blue ruptured spurting arteries; of red severed nerve-jumping muscles. A hanging mutilated mass of brown leaking intestine that drops and dangles and splashes the muddy water of the rice paddy....

Private Evans begins shaking his head; unbelieving protest. He mumbles "No.... NO.... Oh God.... NO....." Swaying, crying, still moving his head in denial, he clumsily grasps the mangled mess of maimed entrails and begins to stuff them back into himself --- into the pulsing, open wound of his belly. The blood, the undigested food, the waste from the destroyed colon are an overpowering stench of slime that stubbornly slope and slides between his fingers. A few seconds he plays the hopeless game. His legs begin to shake violently, to jump uncontrollably. They buckle.... Still striving to hold his intestines within himself, Private Evans slowly sinks to his knees. He kneels there, the muddy water mixes into the wound and his blood spreads out upon the scummy surface of the rice paddy. He understands then the futility --- dimly understands his death, as - head bowed - he watches his weakened hands fall away and his bulging intestines stream floating long reaching tentacles across the water....

The sun catches the colors of his death --- a lovely reflected spew under the noonday tropical sun. Private Evans' tears splash the water. His face works. No glory, no thoughts of country, no audience, no movie soldier brave clenched cigarette wisecracking death, no patriotic slogans in his fading mind. As thousands and thousands of dying boy soldiers before him, he pitifully asks for that woman who bore him and taught him --- quietly, softly, he speaks her name....

He sobs his last now, shakes his head sadly - futilely - once more, and painfully whispers "Donna...Donna...Love....I....." His mouth moves grotesquely, and open-eyed he falls, splashing forward into his floating guts.

And upon the sunlit surface of a far distant native rice paddy only a smear remains....

Nineteen years of clean young promise gone.
Shot to hell.

I. Lerik from his book *Sai: A Love Story*
reprinted from *THE FUSE* vol 2 no 2 March 1969

CAWDRAWFUL AN' IRREVERENT

SWEET CHILD - PENTANGLE: Reprise; ZRS 6334

PENTANGLE, fusion and recreation of musical forms, exploration and extensions of what was and what will be. The two best jazz guitarists in England, a great bassist and drummer, and a voluptuous, crystal clear singer blend and build in a superb double album set. PENTANGLE, always a guarantee of something good has out done itself.

Their Scottish and English heritage, in folk forms and music, and traditional background show through in such works as "Market Song", "I Loved a Lass" (Bert Jansch, whom Donovan sings like, sings), "Brunton Town", and "The Trees They do Grow High." Although anything the Pentangle does is flawlessly executed, these are their strongest variety of songs. The guitar work of John Renbourn and Jansch capture the moods of the minstrels and traditional balladeers exceptionally well. And the airy but strong vocals of Jacqui MacShee, contribute to the feeling of being over there and back then.

The group also does jazz instrumentals, sometimes improvised, sometimes in such things as 3/3 and 7/4 time. Chief among these is "In Time", "Three Part thing", and "Hole in the Coal", based upon something by Ewan MacCall.

The other class of music they like performing is American blues, which they interpret in their typically English manner for a unique effect. Jacqui's un-bluesy voice, and the "intellectual" guitar artistry of John and Bert (closer to the blues than John) go together for something really different. John on the album jacket says, "I started off trying to play like Big Bill Broonzy, and I'm still trying." They play two Charlie Mingus selections, "Haiti Fight Song," which Danny, the bassist, solos, and "Good-Bye-Pork-Pie Hat." Some of the other blues numbers they do are "No More My Lord," and "I've Got a Feeling."

An hour of wonderful listening with England's foremost folk-jazz group, PENTANGLE, rooted in the past and growing in the future. As a friend of mine said, as he flipped over his Dylan Albums to play all the other sides, "This isn't one of the better albums I have -- it's the best."

SYNTHESIS - Cryan Shames: Columbia; K CS 9717

(The) (?) Cryan Shames is a group composed of six young men, who apparently have had a strong influence by the Association, especially in their style of delivery. The guitar playing is accomplished and varies from soft folk to hard rock, but most of it remaining somewhere in between. The keyboards are used like spice, sparingly, and then only to enhance the effect. Lyrics are not as important as music to them. And the vocals are more important than the words. There is a farewell song. "First Train to California", and songs a-

bout love "Your Love" and "Sweet Girl of Mine," (which has traces of the Beatles in it). The best number on the album is "Symphony of the Wind", an effective mixture of voices and instrument for a softly strong effect. This album makes no pretensions, only you feel good, especially if you like the Association.

SWEETWATER - Sweetwater: Reprise; RS 6313

This album has been selling fairly well up in Raleigh-Durham, but not too many people have heard it down here (but that's not their fault). Eight people are in Sweetwater, and their background is as varied as they are - and it shows through in their music - folk, jazz, blues, calypso, and church and mountain music. Each of them is a talented musician in their own right, and understands how to function together, and function together good. Stylistically, one would say that they are somewhere between Eclection, (I,6) The Wind in the Willows (I,3) or the Blues Project. The lead singer, Nansi Nevens, resembles Gracie Slick a great deal in her voice and mannerisms, and the percussion and keyboards are fairly strong. Another good thing about them is that they know how to sing as a "group", that nebulous unit composed of the musicians sublimating themselves for the whole. Their interpretation of "Motherless Child" is unusual and original. About the only criticism of the album I have is that the flute player does not get to play any solos; he is confined solely to back-ups and counterpoint.

Also Recommended:

PUFF - Puff

Happy, full of Beatle influence (as in some places, "When I'm 64," "Martha, My Dear.") Very good instrumental accompaniment.

GREETINGS, CHILDREN OF PARADISE - Bear!

Somewhere between middle Beatles and Cream, but not as loud. Good keyboards and guitar work.

LS(D?)

Records this month courtesy of Record City Discount. All records reviewed are available at Record Cities I & II at reasonable prices.

AROC THE SEER

There is a pain in the bowels of Liberty.
There are lines of worry on the face of the Future.
There is fear in the streets and the Parks and offices of Progress.
Freedom crys into the endless night.

What of the Galaxie of Heps?
What of you and your nameless brothers
Young america?

You who would have ground Your virile vitals in manure to feed
the swine of the Spiritless
Who would have died on the Common field for Patriotic idealisms
Who would have put the taxed tea in Your pipes and smoked it
while dressed as Indians
Who cried like Unions for the lowly and could have slept
in silk

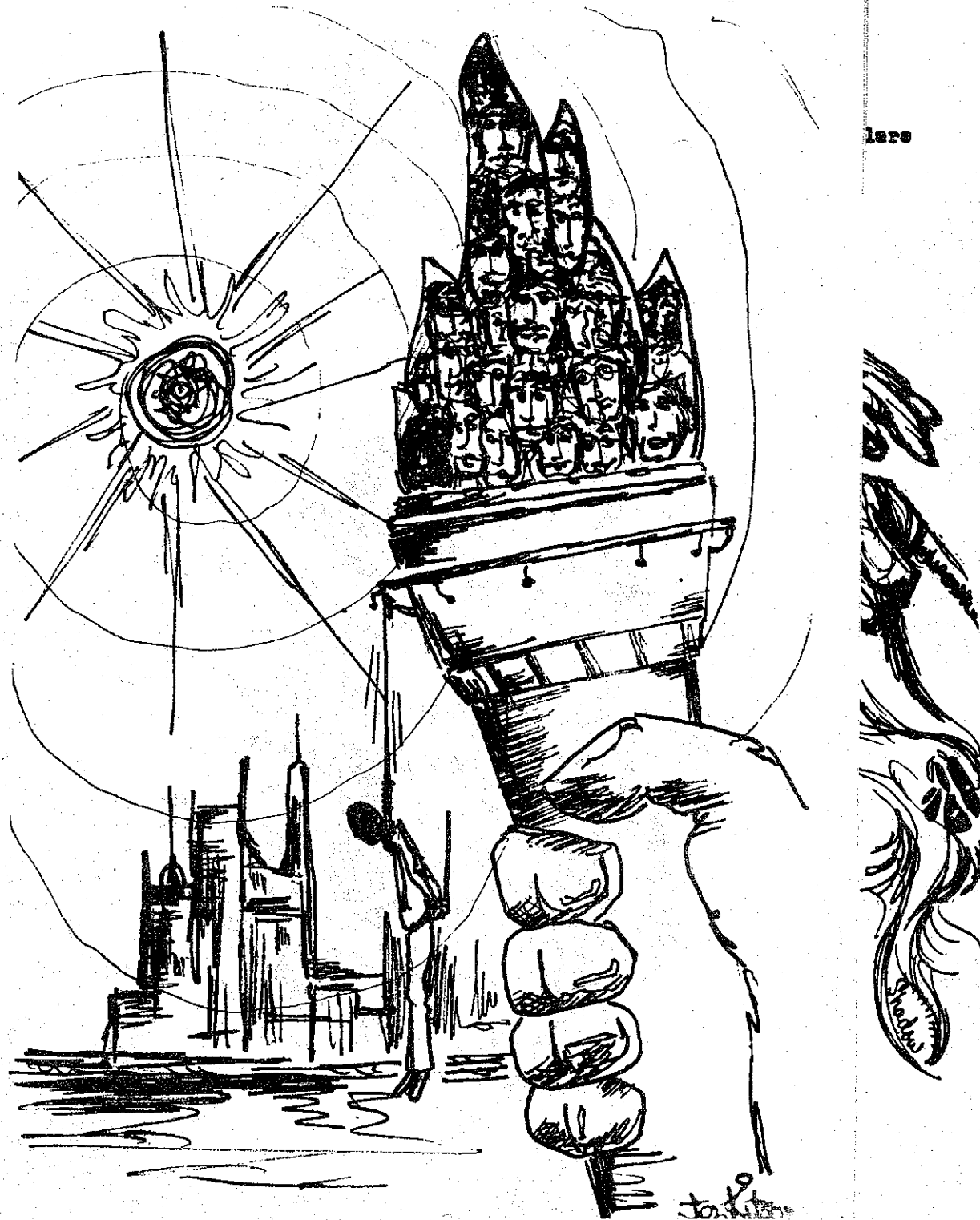
Who have read the manifests and seen humour
Who have read Proverbs as history
Who have read Walden and touched Truth
Where can You read of Reality
Young america?

YOU are catalogued
young america?

Time teek and analized youR stained underwear and said
Here lies the fate of young America?
I watched the Reader's Digest facts and vemit them out concenced
No one was convinced

YOU have taken New Directions
young america?

You have left the slums and the suburbs
You have left Selma and Harlem
You have left Height and Chicago
You have left Grover Cleveland High and the U.S. of Army
Where is the end of Your path
young america?



lars

There is
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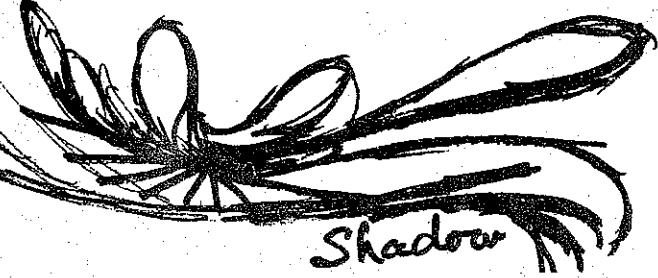


they are with you
young America?
with masks of prudent Politics
They have mumbled the Constitution
and said you are Wild in the Streets
and hosed you in Mississippi
and busted you at the Golden Gate
and gassed you in Chicago
and smashed your legs and arms and hearts at the Conventions
and slandered you from the platforms
and slept secretly with your sisters
and stabbed you in the groin with law-and-order's
German steel

They are with you
young America
They are with you in Alabama with dogs
They are with you in Sushine with CIA badges
They are with you in churches with prayers
THEY will fry you on both sides
Young America

THEY sneer at you
Young America
They sneer at you with television concisous
They sneer at you at war in asia
THEy sneer at you at play in the Filmore
THEY sneer at you at Home in the Parks
THEY SNEAR at you from behind the shelves of the American
Opinion
Bookstore

with eyes of Integrity



There is
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Freedom
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THEY have created a gap and printed it in Life
they have raised their hate and even their disgust on Birch pillars
I see No Exit

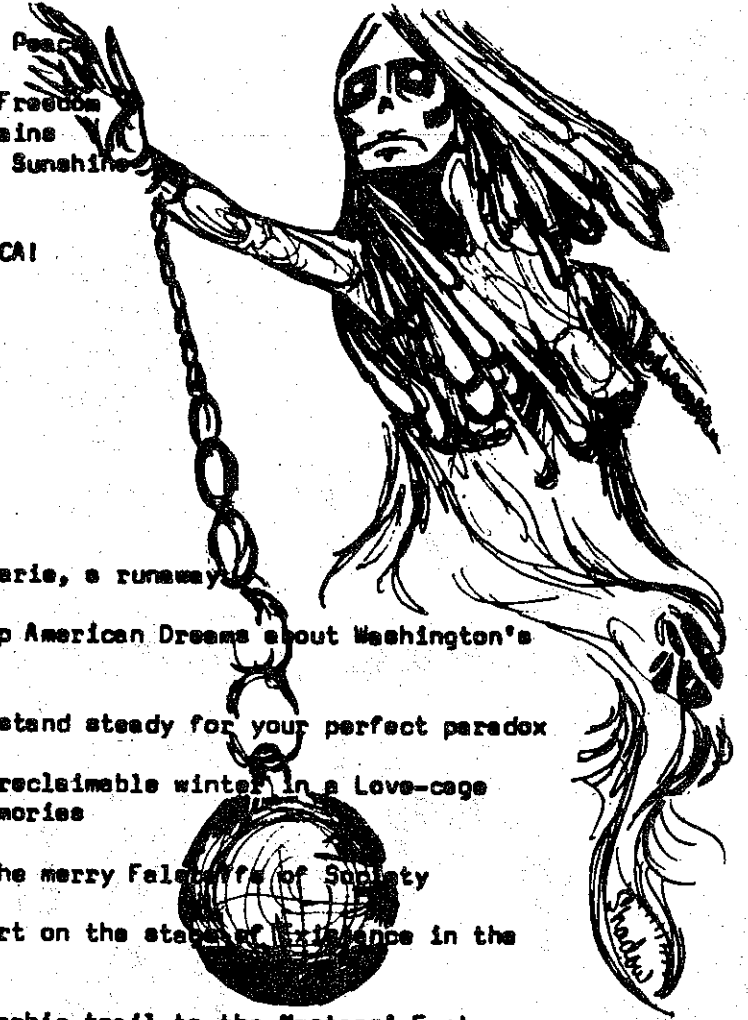
Young America!

Even now an effluvia-breathed politico calls his courses:

Those who cried Rights
shall have no more
those who screamed Peace
shall find War
those who chanted Freedom
shall be put in chains
those who lived in Sunshine
shall die in Rain

I see NO EXIT

YOUNG AMERICA!



1Apostrophe to Missing Marie, a runaway

May you sleep in deep American Dreams about Washington's
wooden-toothed past

May your footprints stand steady for your perfect paradox

May you hold your irreclaimable winter in a Love-cage
with your mermaid memories

May you visit with the merry Fables of Society

May you find your part on the stage of Existence in the
theater of the Soul

May you follow the orphic trail to the Masters' Feet

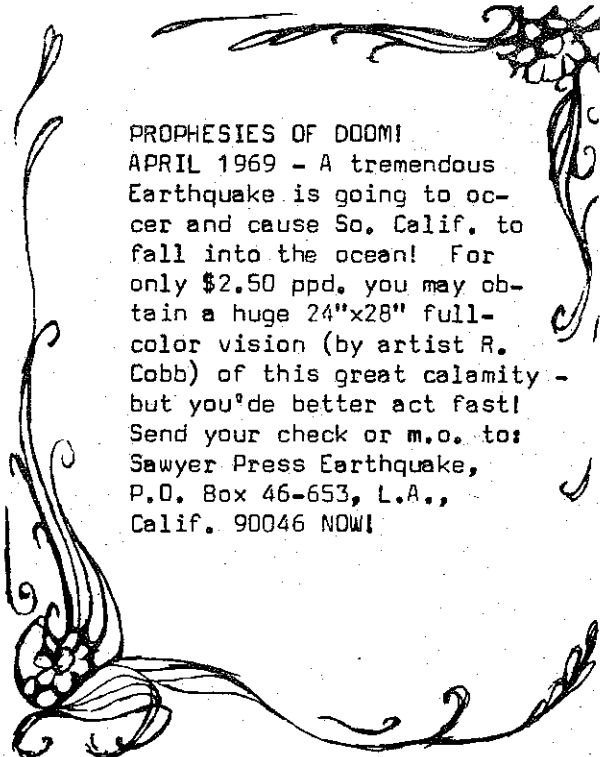
May you secure the promises of the Priests

B.F.

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PROPHECIES OF DOOM!
APRIL 1969 - A tremendous Earthquake is going to occur and cause So. Calif. to fall into the ocean! For only \$2.50 ppd. you may obtain a huge 24"x28" full-color vision (by artist R. Cobb) of this great calamity - but you'd better act fast! Send your check or m.o. to: Sawyer Press Earthquake, P.O. Box 46-653, L.A., Calif. 90046 NOW!

RELIABLE MUSIC HOUSE

201
East
Trade
Street

SWITCHBOARD

Charlotte's been crawling for too long. Maybe it's time to pick up and scratch off the dust and pull ourselves together. Because we can all make it together or we'll all fall alone. You know - everybody give a little help and everybody get a little help.

So this is a proposal. How about starting a communications center - a switchboard. You want to know someone's phone number - call Switchboard. You want someone to know yours - tell it to Switchboard. You need help - doctor, lawyer, etc., we'll try to get up a list of good, interested people. Is there something going on in town? Tell Switchboard or ask Switchboard. Are you on a bad trip (any kind of trip)? Call Switchboard!

This thing can work if we all use it and work together. Switchboard is yours and ours and if it isn't yours and ours it won't work. So now let's get down to business. Would anyone be willing to sit at the Switchboard telephone at some regular time (once a week, or twice, for an hour or two?) You know, be a phone operator?! We will put in the phone at 1200 Central Ave. sometime this week. (Tell the people who live there if you can work.) It is not the best place for it but we haven't been able to find a better place. Just assume that the phone is bugged and then use it cool-ly. When the phone is put in, we will put the phone number and information in INQUISITION. Or just ask people who live at 1200 Central about it. Let's do it together. We can do it. You know.

by Gilbert

(Gilbert is our leader. We think you are Gilbert).

* * * * *

Classified Ad'lib'
Notices:
525-0541, 366-5125
loves you.

WANTED: staff mem-
bers. Notify INQUI-
SITION.

Dear Dennis, Vicki
loves you. Love,
Vicki.

BITTER

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12

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40

PAT CARPENTER
537-1371

psyche and hard rock

**SUSTAR
MUSIC CO.
212 NORTH
INDEPENDENCE**

ADVANCES AND RETREATS IN THE WAR FOR ROCK

Full Scale Rout. Kudos to the kids at McClintock who managed to wreck WBT's tentative plans for a hard Underground. But since this happened two months ago, there is no use in crying about it.

* * * * *

Partial Victory, plus total wipe. WIST is playing light rock during the day, heavier rock at night during the J. W. Morgan show from 7-12 P.M. He has improved a thousand times from his ways days, and is excellent for his new job. He was recently promoted to program director, and one of the first things he plans to do is go to 24 hours. If you like whets going on, want more etc. let people know about it. Write the station manager, WIST; 426 North Tryon; Charlotte, N.C. Now that we got it, lets try to make it bigger. (WIST, 1240 kc, AM. 6 AM until midnight).

And another victory. All of you who missed Hendrix really lost out. It was truly wonderful, and though he was a little too commercial, he still came out even better than on his records. Read the only interview in next month's issue.

As a public service to the local heads, I would like to air a rumor which I have heard. I stress the word rumor, because I have few facts to back it up. However, it could be worth something.

The Charlotte Police Department in conjunction with the State Bureau of Investigation have in their employ a group of detectives ranging in age from 15 to 20 years of age who mingle with real people, set them up and have them busted for various narcotics offenses. Sort of a local "Mod Squad." These kids are enrolled in the local high schools, colleges, and Junior Highs. They become friends with those suspected of using drugs, ask if they can buy some, then when it is brought to them, the cops bust you.

There is only one instance in which I am sure this has happened. A young man was approached by a 15 year old boy who asked if he had any grass. The young man said no, but if he really wanted some, he could find some for him. The boy asked that he bring the stuff to a parking lot. The Young man brought they boy some grass for which he was paid. The boy left and the police promptly arrived, searched the young man finding the marked bill with which he was paid, and some "narcotics."

These teeny-boppers are not officially on the police force, but they are paid, and have the status of a spy.

Watch-out,
Mary

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF HARRY K. HANGSTWISLowski

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, HARRY WAS ABOUT TO MAKE GOOD HIS ESCAPE WITH THE AID OF THE CREATURE FROM WASPUS, WHO WAS TRYING TO BLOW THE DOOR OFF THE HINGES WITH SOME HOME MADE GUNPOWDER, BUT DUE TO AN OVERSIGHT ON THE PART OF THE PRISON AUTHORITIES, THE MIXTURE DID NOT WORK, BUT HE APPEARED TO HAVE AN ALTERNATE SOLUTION FOR GETTING THE INTERNATIONAL LAWMAN OUT OF JAIL. HARRY'S CELL-MATE WAS OFF ON ANOTHER ESCAPE, AND THE TWO AGENTS, 6 AND 9, WERE, AS FAR AS I KNOW, STILL ON THE SUBWAY, STILL ABOUT TO BE BITTEN BY TWO TARANTULAS SET LOOSE BY INTERNATIONAL GANGSTER AND KUMQUAT SMUGGLER, "MOM" RATH. BUT BACK AT THE JAIL...

"GO WHERE?" DEMANDER HARRY.

BUT AS HE SAID IT, AN EMACIATED FIGURE DRAGGED ITSELF INTO THE CORRIDOR AND STARTED CLAWING AT THE DOOR. A PITIFUL FIGURE OF UNASCERTAINABLE AGE, IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A MONKEY AND ANSWERED TO THE NAME OF DON.

"WHO'S HE?" HARRY WANTED TO KNOW.

THE CREATURE SNAPPED OUT OF HIS REVERY. "AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CATNIP PUSHER FROM YONKERS."

"WHAT DID THEY GET HIM FOR?"

"POSSESSION OF TWO JOINTS."

"WHEN IS HE GONNA GET OUT?"

"WITH TIME OUT FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR AND THE BACKING OF THE COSA NOSTRA, AUGUST 16, 1997." THE CREATURE ABRUPTLY ENDED THE CONVERSATION. THEN HE SAID FOR THE 37th TIME, "NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE." TAKING A PIECE OF CAPERNTER'S CHALK OUT OF A POCKET THAT MIRACULOUSLY HAD APPEARED IN HIS PANTS, HE DREW A PENTANGLE. "NOW STEP INSIDE." HARRY OBEDIENTLY DID SO. THE CREATURE SPRINKLED A HANDFUL OF ELECTRICAL DUST ON HIM, AND ASSUMING THE GUISE OF A SHIRE-REEVE NAMED STALLED, WHO WAS SOMEWHAT CRIMSON AT THE NAPE, THE CREATURE INTONED A FEW WORDS IN PIG LATIN. HARRY TURNED INTO A PIGEON.

"NOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO IS FLY TO THE HOME OF EMO, THE GIRL YOU LEFT BEHIND, AND WAIT THERE UNTIL I SHOW UP. GET." AND WITH THAT HE TOSSED HARRY OUT THE WINDOW.

AFTER GAINING HIS FREEDOM, HARRY FLEW AROUND FOR A WHILE JUST TO TEST IT OUT. "WHAT A HIGH." HE SAID FROM THE UPPERMOST REACHES OF THE CHEMICAL BANK BUILDING.

BUT THE CREATURE HAD MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO PERFORM AND APPEARED QUITE SUDDENLY IN THE TRAIN WHERE AGENTS 6 AND 9 WERE ABOUT TO BE BITTEN BY THE SPIDERS. WITH A CRY OF "DEUS EX MACHINA IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE BRONX." HE JUMPED ON THE SEATS AND SQUASHED THE PAIR OF SPIDERS WITH HIS PAIR OF U.S. KEDS.

DUE TO THE SULLIVAN LAW, "MOM" DID NOT HAVE A GUN. HOWEVER, HE DID HAVE AN UMBRELLA WITH A POISON TIP, AND TRIED TO SKEWER THE CREATURE. BEING TOO SWIFT FOR HIM THOUGH, THE CREATURE TOOK THE UMBRELLA AND WRAPPED IT AROUND HIS WRISTS.

"AHHH," HE SAID, "I HAVE CAUGHT THE MOTHER!"

IN THE MEANTIME, HARRY HAD GROWN TIRED OF SITTING IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, WHERE HIS EYES AND LUNGS WERE ABOUT TO KILL HIM, SO HE DECIDED TO GO BACK DOWN ON THE GROUND AND WALK PART OF THE WAY TO EMO'S. ONCE DOWN HE DISCOVERED A BONUS HE HAD NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT. IT WAS LUNCHTIME, AND ALL THE SECRETARIES IN THEIR SHORT SKIRTS WERE OUT TO EAT.

"WOW," HE THOUGH, "THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN HAVING MIRRORS ON YOUR FEET."

AT THAT POINT HE DECIDED TO WALK TO EMO'S RATHER THAN FLY, A DISTANT OF 42 BLOCKS. BY THE TIME HE GOT THERE, HIS FEET WERE KILLING HIM AND HE WAS IN A VERY ORNERY MOOD.

HE WENT INTO THE APARTMENT BUILDING, AND BY PECKING ON THE ELEVATOR BUTTON, HE MANAGED TO GET THE ELEVATOR. HE FLEW TOP SPEED INTO THE BUTTON FOR EMO'S FLOOR, AND THE CAR STARTED MOVING. HE GOT TO EMO'S FLOOR, WENT OVER TO HER DOOR AND SCRATCHED ON IT. SHE CAME TO THE DOOR BUT DID NOT SEE ANYONE. AT LAST SHE LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THE PIGEON. "COME ON IN," SHE SAID, "YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER."

ALL OF A SUDDEN HARRY REALIZED THAT THERE WAS A GROCER'S STRIKE GOING ON AND WHO WAS DINNER. "RACKKKKAGHH," HE SAID, BUT IT WAS NO USE.*

THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND EMO WENT TO ANSWER IT. STANDING IN THE HALL, PROUD OF HIS WORK, WAS THE CREATURE FROM WASPUS.

"COME ON IN," SAID EMO, "YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH."

"HMMM, THAT SMELLS GOOD, WHAT IS IT?"

"ROAST SQUAB," SAID EMO.

(NOT TO BE CONTINUED)

UP AGAINST THE PRINTING PRESS, ZONING COMMISSION

Maybe the INQUISITION staff is paranoid, but for a while there we got the feeling that nobody likes us. I mean, first we get kicked out of Straggler's Inn for selling, then East Mecklenburg, the Crested T; then the School Board tells us that we are communists, drug addicts, and devil worshippers, and gave us the impression that we were generally full of shit. A couple of weeks later, the state tax people came out to the house and told us that we owed them \$30.00 that we had already paid them. The same day T.C. Birmingham generally skipped over standard Zoning Board procedure of informing us of our rights, recourses, warnings, etc., and in a friendly chitchat said that if we printed one more sheet that we would be criminally prosecuted.

So maybe we decided to fight back a little and we paid George Daly, of the ACLU, a little visit, to see what could be done. The result? Two lawsuits against: the City of Charlotte; W. Veeder, City Manager; Major S.M. Herkey; Police Chief J.C. Goodman; and Fred Griffin, Asst. Tax Collector; the second suit against: the City of Charlotte; the City Zoning Board, the Head Zoning Inspector and the Asst. Zoning Inspector.

The first suit was for prior restraint (censoring) by the Police, of INQUISITION. The second was for discriminatory practices of the Zoning Board and violation of our Constitutional rights.

We had our day in court and that was a pretty good deal. Daly had it figured this way: We had the first case won, going away in a rush (the cops really did make us get the magazine approved before we could get our publishing license) and the second case had a 50-50 chance. As it turned out we missed again, but that's another story.

We would never accuse the defendants of telling untruths while under oath, but at times, their side was sometimes in sharp conflict with ours. However, all things considered, Daly more than proved his worth as a lawyer.

Four weeks later, Judge Sam Ervin III handed down the decision - the first case was thrown out, the second was awarded to us (we got no money, nor did we want any, just a ruling). Concerning the zoning issue Judge Ervin said, "If a conflict exists, in this case, zoning issue must yield. First Amendment rights are paramount." To the best of anyones knowledge, it is the first court ruling on First

Amendment rights versus municipal zoning ordinances. Ervin also said the editors were "Exercising their right to dissent in a clearly legitimate avenue." LEE DOUGLAS

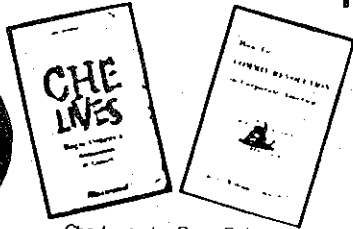


HIPS-Tom Lindsay

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All heads bowed, all eyes closed:
The Sheriff is my shepherd; I shall not read.
He maketh me to avoid immoral literature: he leadeth
me past book stores.
He removeth my will: he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his own sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of the bookshelves, I will fear no evil: for the Sheriff
art with me; thy rod and thy badge they comfort me.
Thou preparest a book before me in the presence of mine
publishers: thou coverest my eyes with thy hand; my
cup runneth over.
Surely my governmental guardians shall follow me all the
days of my life: and I shall dwell in City Hall forever.

If this is your prayer then truly "1984" has arrived and
the temperature reads, "Fahrenheit 451".

Henry Covington
East House Bookshop



INQUISITION COLLABRIA

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lynwood sawyer, staff
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lee douglas, staff
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kevin cauble
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ace
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worth
gail's brother, artist

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LAW AND ORDER

Tragicomedy in Two Acts

Act I: The Law

Monday afternoon, May 5. About 24 people (dirty hippies?) are sitting in the living room of 1200 Central Avenue (hippie house?) having a meeting (I thought they didn't have meetings) about various problems (I didn't even know they had problems; I thought they just 'did their own thing'). Enter from the back door through the kitchen, (Do they really know how to cook?) Officers Whitesides (?) and Closkey (?) (defenders of Truth, Justice, and the American Way). They pause, waiting for their next cue (from Mayor Brookshire?). Enter from the front door, Lt. Hall, Officer Manness, another Youth Bureau officer, Sheryll (lady cop?) and Clyde White (alias Casey, alias The Informer). This is the cue. Begin confusion (alias the Action, alias The Bust, alias the Pushing and Shoving, alias Law and Order, alias "I was only doing my job--your death.")

"Do you have a warrant?"

"I don't have to read nothing to nobody."

"Where's the girl?"

"That's the One."

"Grab her." "Arrest him for contributing."

"Shut up while he reads the warrant."

"Stop grabbing people till you read the warrant."

"Get him--for obstructing justice."

"Who kicked me?"

"Grab her for assault."

(Five foot two, Eyes of blue...)

"God damn pigs."

(Nasty. Nasty.) "Get them for breach of peace."

(Whose peace?)

(What's your name--KID?)

"My name is *Gilbert G. Gilbert."

(Man, Jail's a drag).

Act II: The Order

(In the Court)

Wednesday afternoon, May 7. His honor Judge Beachum (?) presiding. Enter defendants Farmer and Duhamel: You took the Lord's

name in vain. Thirty days at hard labor, you naughty boys. Exeunt Farmer and Duhamel.

Enter Oxendine, Sparrow, and Sparrow.

Distraught mother: The house is dirty, Judge; no furniture; one bathroom; people just standing around and looking. (Look what they did to my Karen.)

Lt. Hall: "It's a dangerous situation when you go in those houses."

Daly, "Have you ever been in one of those houses before?"

"No."

Judge, "While I was having lunch with the solicitor..."

Solicitor, "Why don't you get a job?"

"Are you a member of SDDC?"

"Are you married? To who?"

"Don't you feel guilty?"

Judge: I try to keep up with your movement. I believe I'm being impartial. You might be very nice people. But that house is an attraction to juveniles. (Translation: You're a bad influence on our kids and I'll do my part to see that you hippies are run out of town.)

Postscript: Britton Oxendine, six months at hard labor. Kathy Sparrow, six months suspended for five years on condition of good behavior, thirty days in county jail. Marvin Sparrow, six months suspended for five years on condition of good behavior, \$50 fine. Rhody Wayne Farmer, thirty days hard labor, Bob Duhamel, thirty days hard labor.

Someday the people will rise up and Judge Beachum will watch on his TV set and wonder why

*Gilbert G. Gilbert--our fearless leader. You are Gilbert, so is she, so is he, so am I.

She's been the subject of national magazine articles. PLAYBOY listed her as number three in their poll of top female singers. She was subject of a New York TIMES Sunday Magazine story. She's from the South. But if you ask Charlotteans about Janis Joplin they look surprised and say, "Who's that?"

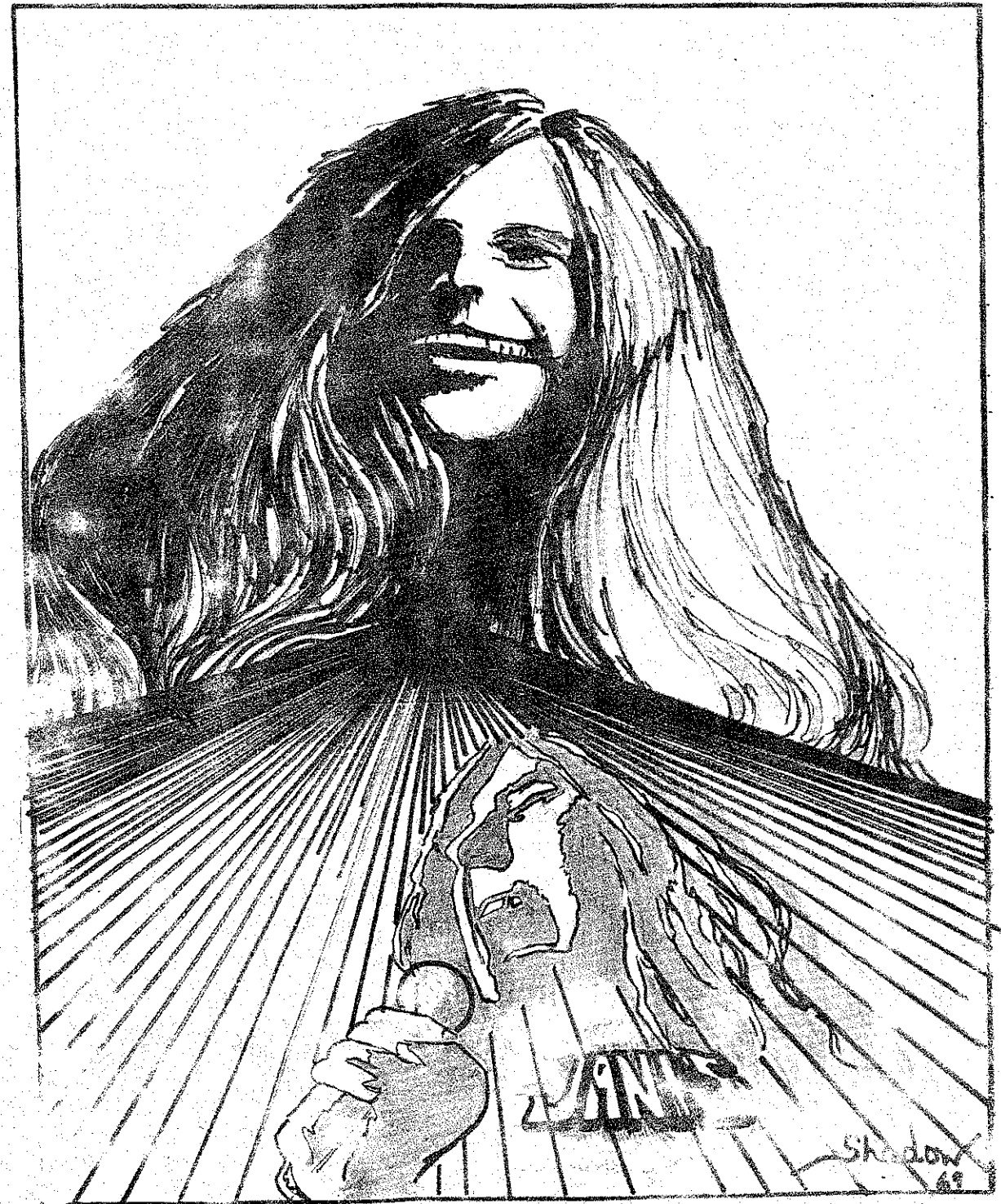
Her records are available from the distributors, but try to find one in the stores. Try to hear one of her records on the local radio. They don't play them. But to millions of young revolutionaries and no doubt a lot in Charlotte, Janis Joplin IS what they think they are. Some people think that's subversive.

She was on television this week. Bill Graham, the man who has made millions promoting hard rock groups, said that young America hangs on to every word their entertainment idols say. It doesn't matter, says Graham, that they don't know what they're talking about. If they say it and do it it is the gospel of NOW. Nat Hentoff, jazz and social critic says the hard rock audience immerses itself in the psychedelic sights and sounds of the performers. The loudness of it is their way of shutting themselves out from the mad adult world and its hypocrisy of life.

I can hear the young people saying now as they turn themselves off to these observations. They say, "Man, what do you know about what's goin' down with us?" That's like a black man saying to a white man that he doesn't know what soul is. But I have lived in San Francisco and made some of the underground scenes there. I have sat on the floor at Fillmore West and taken tokes with friends and strangers while listening to Janis and Big Brother, the Grateful Dead, and the Airplane. When I went into the Haight it wasn't riding in a car on Sunday afternoon with the windows rolled up. My favorite place on North Beach was the same coffee house where Janis and her Grant Avenue street people relaxed. During the day you could usually find me on the steps or by the fire at Aquatic Park.

When I heard Janis Joplin was going to be in Chapel Hill we went there. That was last week-end (March 1).

During the intermission before she went on I got to talking with some people standing in the wings. I learned that there were about 4300 people in the audience. Not nearly the number that would turn out for the Four Tops or the Young Rascals. Man, you couldn't give those groups away in San Francisco. I talked to the star of the local group that had just been on stage. They were the straightest looking group I've ever seen on a rock stage. They played the same.





But the sound in that auditorium is an insult to performer and audience.

Then Janis came on. That was the end of the straight looks. Five wild headed white cats and a black dude with a natural out to here. All of them smelled like moon oil and one a little like snuff. Janis was dressed in a velvet looking pair of blue bell bottoms and a lavender silk shirt that hung close to her braless breast. They made that Chapel Hill audience look like something that just stepped out of a Sears-Roebuck Catalog.

Then they started. The first was an instrumental for warming up. Janis didn't sing on this one. She picked up a cow bell and clunked out a monotonous rhythm for the ten minutes of the action. Janis is always part of the action. She stomps and wiggles down to the floor and grinds up to a bump that would make Blaze Starr jealous. She romps and stomps through every number.

There's no introduction. They just get it on. When the warm up number's over Janis goes for the jug of Southern Comfort. The drummer sets the beat, the organ comps a beginning and Janis grooves toward the mike. She's sweating now. That silk shirt clings closer. So close that it sticks to her. The colors of her outfit change where the sweat stained it.

Janis Joplin doesn't sing the way you think of singing. She grunts and groans and shouts and rasps herself into the experience. It may come from her soul, but it sounds like it comes from her throat and a mind blown by every black singer from Ma Rainey to Otis Redding and dozens of others among the living. She gets with it in every way. With her hands, with her feet, with her hair, her torso, her hips her eyes and face even down to the corners of her mouth. This is her thing. She does it flat out.

Janis Joplin is 26. She's the oldest child of an oil company executive in Port Arthur, Texas. She went to college to learn to be a teacher. But she couldn't dig it. She split for San Francisco. Hitching and drifting about with the street people she made all the scenes, blowing grass, popping pills and dropping acid. But she put that down. She's a juicer now. She even put down Haight-Ashbury and returned to Port Arthur to finish school. It didn't take her long to find out that her head was really in San Francisco. She went back, got in with the Family Dog and made her debut at the Avalon with a house band called Big Brother and the Holding Company which ain't mutual funds baby.

That's when Janis really let it all hang out. She became whatever she wanted to be. Her philosophy is a hedonistic one. To label it with an "ism" means excommunication from the cult. To Janis Joplin the cardinal sin is to be average. Whatever she does she does a lot. Being bored is a down trip, man, a bummer!! She wants to live and let the future take care of itself. She doesn't dig the Calvinistic ethic and deferred gratification pushed by parents and the System. She says, "People are best at being themselves. I've been doing it for 26 years, man, and all the people who put me down and tried to make me compromise are coming to me now, man. People are not supposed to act like me, dress like me, drink like me, and live like me, but they're paying me \$50,000 a year for me to be like me." The doctor told me I was going fast. He got all melodramatic and asked 'what's a good, talented girl like you doing with yourself'. I don't go back to him anymore. Man, I'd rather have 10 years of super-hypertension than live to be 70 by sitting in some goddamn chair watching TV. Right now is where you are at, how can you wait?"

Before the Chapel Hill show Janis had declined this writer an interview saying she was sick and tired of them. But, after the show she did consent to a mass question and answer session with all who had patiently waited with their tape recorders. Five minutes only, her manager said. She had just strung herself out with over an hour of exhausting hard rock music. The questions were inane, and Janis answered them with language more common to a Fort Bragg barracks than a college auditorium. Maybe one day a family newspaper will print it. But not just now.

Bob
Raeferd

CHRISTIN'S INHERITANCE

you, with your unfettered mind, kissed the sable sun
and cast its soul into my breath,
winding me within
the threads of your glances
to weave a fabric of cascading love
the heat of the blood that held my heart
could not blemish nor stain with sorrow
even with the conventions that kept us down

self-made stranger to the past am I
who broke and felled in flight
the summers of your friendship
and winters of disdain,
And through barren-breathing winds
of incomprehension fanned in our face
by those who reign in insincere security
and hope to dissolve the disillusionment within themselves
we will build ourselves a shelter of song
to shield us from the snow-fall of their folly.



Shadow

