

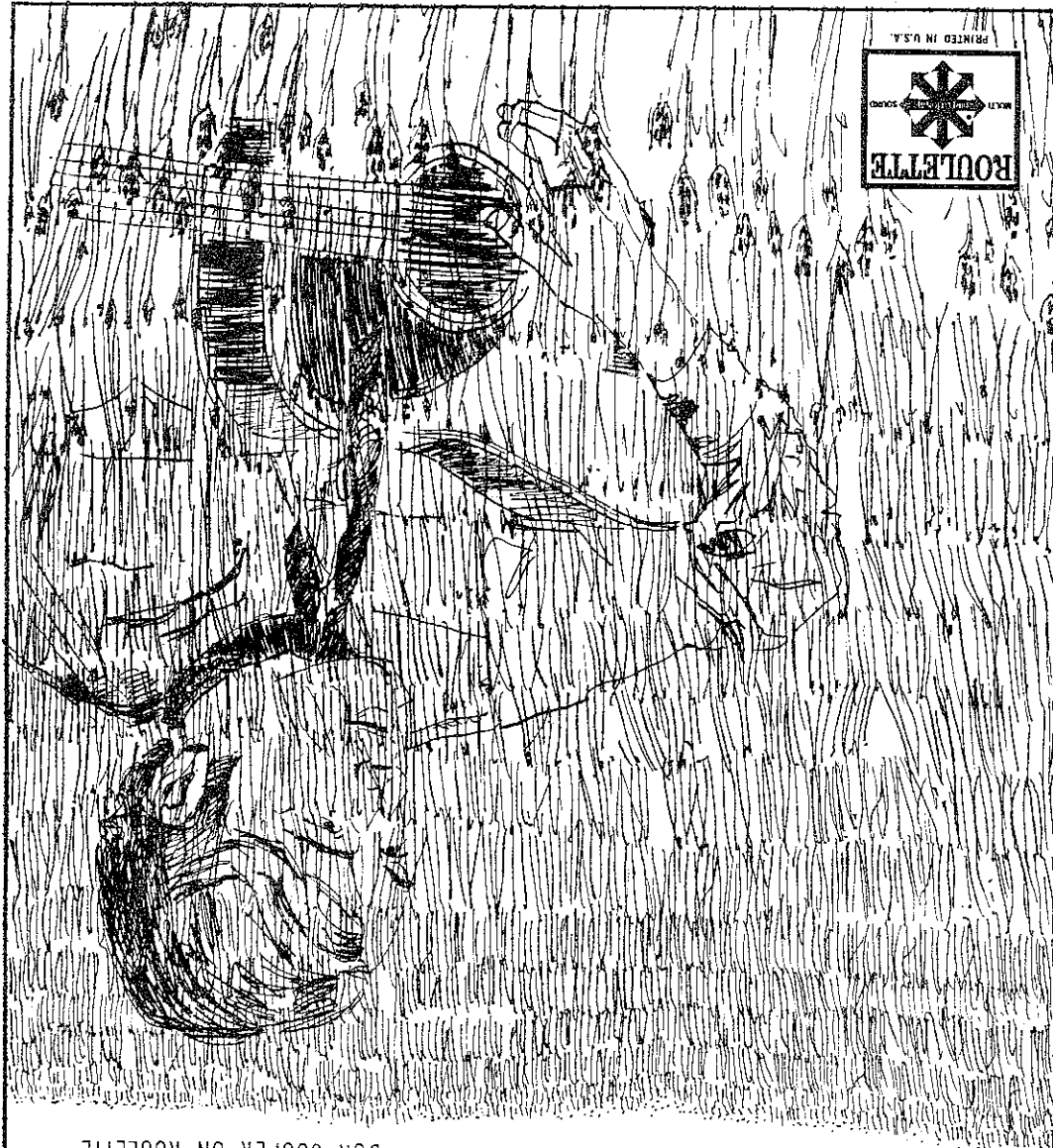
PHINSON

# INQUISITION



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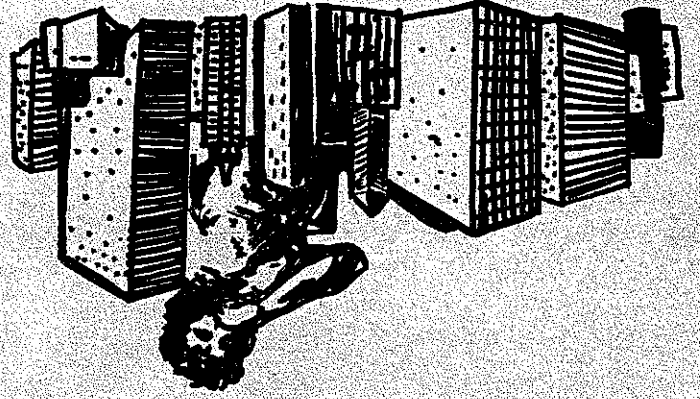
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 ROUTLETTE



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A SLEEPING GIANT AWAKES!

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**WIST**

The White Nigger

POOR RICHARD RAPS

It's finally happened.

You can finally be turned away from a public place because of the length of your hair, your mode of dress, or maybe just down-right unconventional appearance.

It happened Saturday night. A few friends and I decided to go by the Shell and Kettle Pancake House on Independence Boulevard for something to eat; everyone was stoned.

As we approached the entrance, a boy with longer-than-average hair who had just come out of the restaurant told us, "They won't serve you."

"Whaaaaa?" we replied.

"Try it and see," he said, "but you probably won't have much luck."

This brought us uptight, of course, but hell, we couldn't split without trying. We ambled in and waited for the waitress to seat us, as dictated by the sign at the door.

The manager flashed up from nowhere, started mumbling something. Nobody could understand him, so he finally found the guts to look us in the eye and say, a little louder this time, "We can't serve, ah, you."

Flash. The sight of this poor man standing there super uptight trying to defend whatever it is he thinks he's defending. We was too absurd. We looked at each other and started laughing. We split to keep him from wetting his pants, more out of pity than anything else.

It wasn't until later that the rage began to seep through the poor little man's tormented spectacle. It's not hard to explain now, having experienced outright prejudice, why the spades are making bombs and pulling down American flags.

Have I been disowned by my country? If so, the only thing I can do is 1) leave it--impractical and expensive; or 2) exorcise

the evil spirits governing such hate, which is against the law - they call it subversion.

The fact itself is only a secondary aspect; the medium is the message. If we'd given the cat a little shit, demanded service under the Civil Rights Act of 1964 or some-such, we could have gotten Judge McMillian establish the rights of "hippies" to life, liberty, etc. as well as all the basic constitutional guarantees. But I don't even want to eat in a sick place like that. The point is, what's wrong with us/them? Why? Why? why?

And that's why I'm splitting this fucking town.

Poor Richard.

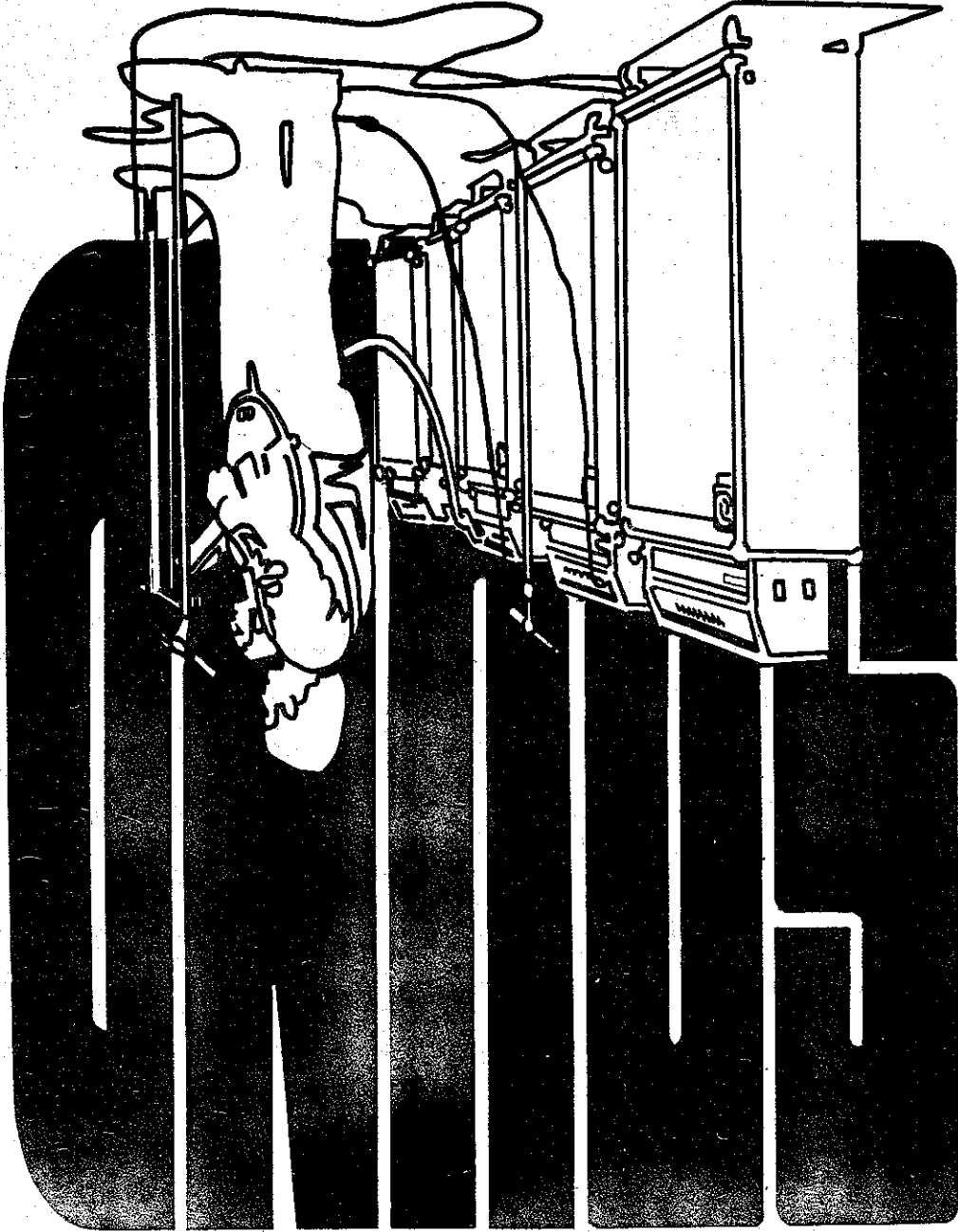


J. C. Goodman Jr.  
Police Chief

Since Charlotte is #3  
in Crime Nationally,  
it's award  
must have  
come from  
the Mafia.



3/2/69



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## CAST HOUSE BOOKSHOP

CHARLOTTE'S ONLY  
MYSTIC BOOK SECTION  
cotswold shopping center

The only thing that has happened in Charlotte, the all-American GRIT city, since the invention of the plow for the rednecks, was the Hendrix concert May ninth at Coliseum. For all you grits he's that sik-ar-delic guitar picking nigger and the Coliseum is that big round building on Independence.

J.W. Morgan introduced Chicago, the back-up group for the concert. Most of their numbers were off a new two-record album which they had just released. The reaction of the audience to this group was generally slow until the last number, which was a more or less blues oriented jam.

After Chicago finished playing there was a short intermission so that equipment could be set up. Evidently one wasn't supposed to leave his seat during the so-called intermission because the heat (Charlotte Law Enforcement Officers) were telling everyone to "git in their seat." We had hardly sat down before we noticed a plainclothesman patrolling the aisles. He approached our seats and asked if the movie camera which I was holding was a tape recorder. Unconvinced it was not a tape recorder, he took it and examined it, then decided that I was tight after all, that it was indeed a movie camera. After returning it to me, he began hassling my friend; the incident went as follows:

Cop: What's in that case under your chair?

Friend: A polaroid camera.

Cop: Do you have a tape recorder?

Friend: No.

Cop: Open up the case.

Friend: Do you have a search warrant?

Cop: Open it up.

Friend: I don't believe I have to without a search warrant.

Cop: (grabbing him by the arm) Step outside.

Friend: (by this time a uniformed pig appeared) Am I not entitled to a search warrant by the Constitution?

Cops: Step outside son.

At this time Hendrix came on stage, and deciding it wasn't worth the hassle, I opened the case proving the fuzz wrong once more.

Needless to say the concert was fantastic. During his performance Hendrix did some of his well-known numbers including "Fire," "Foxey Lady," "Spanish Castle Magic," "Purple Haze," and "Woodoo Chile."

Along with these was a fantastic blues number which lasted approximately twenty minutes. At one time during the show the fans came swarming from their seats to the stage, but the pigs held them back. Between songs he encouraged non-violent revolution, cracked jokes about the nars, and commented on his last performance in Charlotte.

jimi hendrix



We thanked him and got on the elevator and rode to the third floor. After hunting for a minute or two, we found room 307 and knocked on the door.

knock, knock, knock;

Him: Who is it?  
Us: We just called from the Ramada Inn.

Him: O.K., hold on a second.

(A few moments later he opened the door. No one passed or anything neat like that so we shook hands and introduced ourselves. For some peculiar reason he didn't introduce himself).

Us: All that stuff we heard about afterparties must have been a bunch of crap.

Him: Well, I didn't hear of any.

Us: We heard a lot of different stories. We didn't make you up or anything did we?

Him: No I was just sitting around.

Us: We couldn't find the side door so we came in the front, they didn't hassle us much.

(About this time a pig got out of the elevator and told us to quiet down).

Him: Come on in the room.

Us: O.K., could we get a picture here in the doorway first?  
Him: Yeah, sure.

(We snapped the picture and went inside).

Us: This didn't turn out too hot.  
Him: Could I see it, how'd it turn out?

(He looked at it and laughed).

Him: Take another one; that didn't turn out too good.  
Us: O.K., want a cigarette?  
Him: Yeah, kools, wow.

(We snapped another picture).

Us: This one turned out better.  
Him: I've got a funny look on my face.  
Us: You got your hair cut didn't you?  
Him: Yeah.

Us: How come?

Midway through the concert after our minds had become somewhat unzapped over actually hearing Hendrix playing, we decided to go to the stage and shoot some pictures. We had only taken a few shots when the boys dressed in black started chasing everyone back to their seats. We sat down awhile, until our butts started itching again, and then sneaked back to the stage for a few shots as the performance ended.

Obviously the cops were glad the show was over, for they were pushing people out the door right away. We couldn't figure out whether they didn't dig the loud music or whether they were in a hurry to get to the bus station.

From the Coliseum we went to the Ramada Inn for an afterparty for Hendrix. On arriving there we were told there was no party scheduled, not at the other Ramada Inn. Having an idea that Hendrix was staying at the Red Carpet, we called and asked if there was to be an afterparty for him there. The man answering the phone said he hadn't heard of one, but there was a J. Hendrix registered and he rang the suite for us.

Us: Do you know if there is to be an afterparty here tonight?  
Person on phone: I don't know of one.  
Us: Well, we were invited to one at the Ramada Inn, but there wasn't one there so we thought it might be here.  
Person on phone: I haven't heard of any, but why don't you come over and we will see what happens.

Us: Yeah, o.k.  
Person on phone: You had better come in the side entrance because they might not let you in the front.  
Us: O.K., who am I talking to so we know where to go?  
Person on phone: Man, this is Jimi!  
Us: Wow, well you sure sound different on phone.  
Jimi: (Laughing) Yeah, well you know....  
Us: O.K., we'll be over in a little while.  
Jimi: O.K., I'll see ya.

When my friend hung up the phone I asked him who he had talked to, and with a rather stark look on his face he told me Hendrix, and that we were going to his room at the Red Carpet Inn. We left the Ramada and started up-town and in twenty minutes we were there. We parked the car and wandered around for awhile, and unable to find the room we went into the front door to the lobby. Just as we had expected, there was one of those fat, naive fellows behind the desk. Feeling rather important, we informed him that we had just called from the Ramada and were invited to Jimi's room. For a member of the establishment he was pretty nice. He gave us the room number and told to keep quiet.

Him: So it'd grow back, I guess.  
Us: Your concert was really great tonight, but if I was you I wouldn't have come back to Charlotte the way they hassled ya last time.  
Him: That's ok man, don't talk about hassles; that just makes it worse.  
Us: You blew your amp tonight didn't you?  
Him: Yeah, one of them?  
Us: How long have you been on tour now?  
Him: About three years.  
Us: How many concerts do you do a week, about two?  
Him: Oh yeah. Definitely at least two. But don't talk about that man, it's depressing.

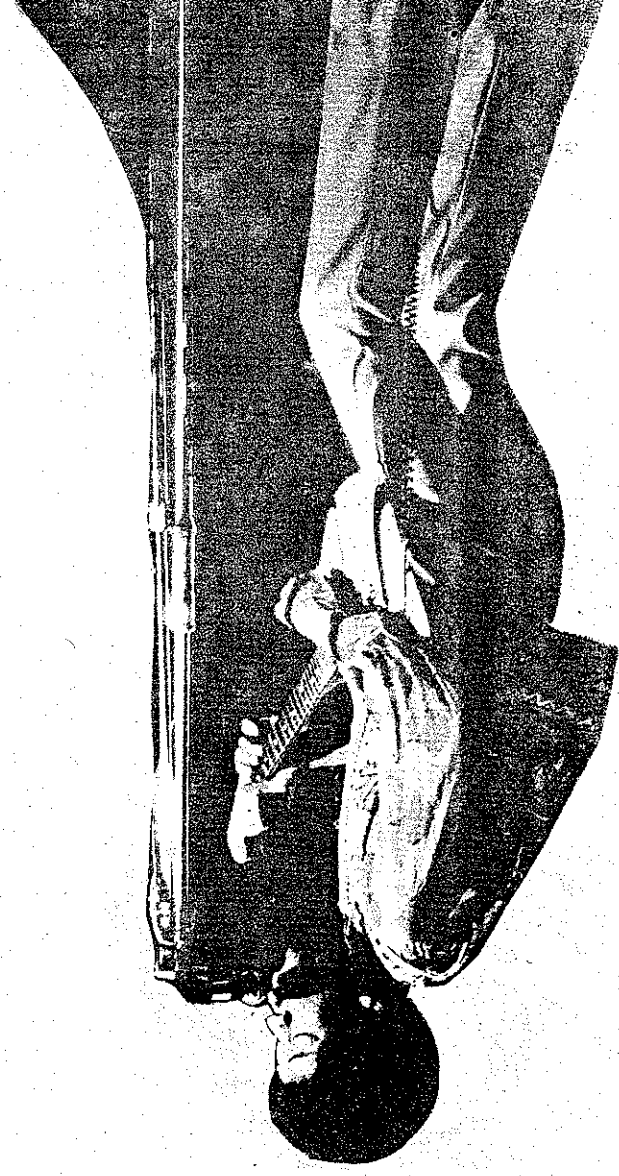
Us: Are you going to be coming back?

Him: Maybe next spring.  
Us: Looks like you've got a lot of clothes around here.  
Him: Yeah the people at the concerts give us most of 'em.  
Us: Who's the blonde on the dresser?  
Him: A friend of mine.  
Us: How come you're not smashing your stuff anymore?  
Him: 'Cause people were coming just to see that.  
Us: Well, I guess we better go we know you're tired.  
Him: Yeah man, I'm kinda tired right now, but why don't you call tomorrow.

(He went into the other room and wrote down the number).

Us: Sure; what time, we don't want to wake you up or anything.  
Him: Yeah right, well, call about ten o'clock and maybe you can get some pictures or something.  
Us: Ok, thanks a lot man, the concert was great and all that shit.  
Him: Thanks, we'll see ya tomorrow.

The next morning we called about ten o'clock. He said that they were in a rush (?) but we could come down (?) and wait in the lobby until they left for the airport. So we did. We got there early and sat around in the lobby for awhile. After awhile we got pretty impatient so we decided to go outside. We went out the front door and stood outside by the front driveway and waved at cars. Only by chance I happened to look down by the curb and see what looked like a wadded up nickel bag lying in the dirt. I picked it up and unwadded it. Printed on the front was Noel Redding--434, which was his room number. Inside were some ashes and a burnt match. Who would ever think a member of the Jimi Hendrix Experience would ever touch those nasty narcotics? Finally about 12:15 they all came down, in a rush to get to the airport in their big black Cadillac. We got a few more pictures and zapped Noel Redding's eyeballs pretty good with the flashlight. They were even later in leaving because Mitch and Noel walked down the street to watch some chick's ass wiggle. So they left. The next time someone big and popular on the scene comes to Charlotte, like Lawrence Welk, maybe we can get another interview.



To put it in the words of President and professional candidate Richard Nixon, "A just and decent society must recognize its debt to its older citizens and honor its obligations to them."

A new society is trying desperately to be born. Older citizens, such as the "polite policemen of the Queen City" think Charlotte's youth do not "honor our obligations" to them.

It is my opinion that in a just and decent society, everyone is treated like a fellow human being. It is also my experience that, in the case of Charlotte's hip youth, those polite, (?) sweet, (?) blue-uniformed cops forget their obligations to us. Our obligations to them are mainly "don't break the law", which means "stay out of trouble". Most of us try, and generally succeed. We don't hinder them---we just stay out of their way. Their obligations to us are, mainly, be a help to the citizens, protect the citizens from law-breakers, and be polite to the citizens.

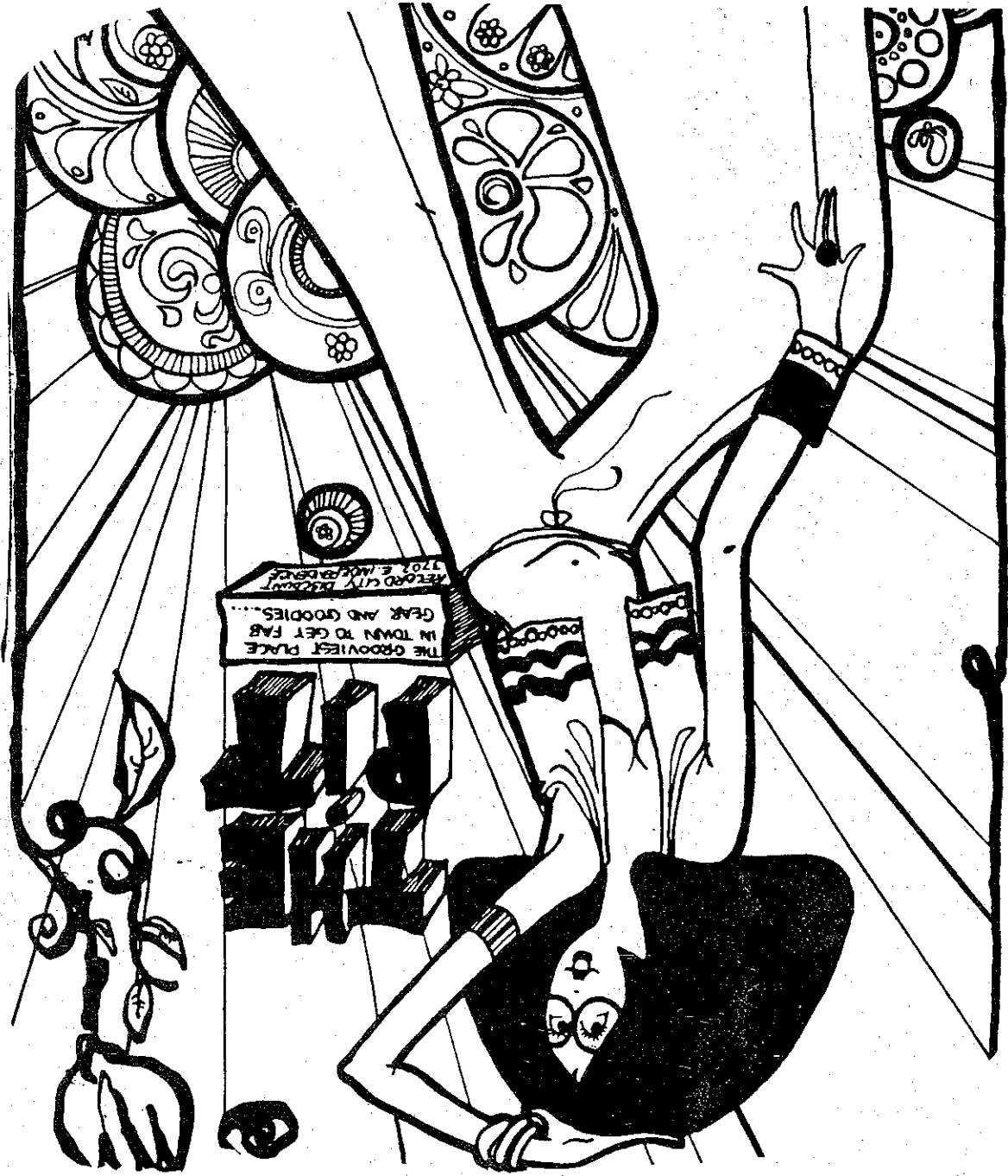
Oh yes, the police of this city certainly are polite. One kept a girl from leaving her seat during the Hendrix concert for no reason at all. She was going to go to get cokes for her and her friends but she was forced to stay in her seat for the rest of the musician's program, until the intermission. The cop knew what she was planning to do. They're polite. They cuss you out behind your back. How would you like to be spit at by a cop, because he didn't like the way you looked? There's not much you can do when it happens. If you cuss him out---you can get arrested for violating an officer or you can slap the hell out of him. I chose neither - I asked him simply, "Why did you spit at me?" I got a dirty look, and this remark, "Get your way before I haul you into, you damn hippie." Now, this doesn't make you feel too good, if you're a boy, but that is the first time a cop ever spoke to a girl like that before, I believe, in Charlotte.

1 So much for obligations. We obey ours, but they can haul us into the local courthouse for a flimsy reason, then get into court and make vague accusations; or any other whim which pleases their hearts.

The last word of the preceding paragraph is under question: Do the (polite?) policemen of (fair city?) Charlotte have hearts?

MCS

Man  
Sparrow





## DEMOCRACY (or the lack of it) IN SOUTH VIETNAM

In a recent issue of INQUISITION, the following comment appeared in a letter signed by Still Patriotic. "I have friends in Viet Nam who are fighting with all their souls for democracy." It's rare to meet someone who doesn't have a friend or relative there. I don't doubt that a lot of these men are "fighting with all their souls." But here are some of the examples of the "democracy they are fighting to sustain.

Recently Trinh Cong Son, the Bob Dylan of Viet Nam, wrote some moving anti-war songs. The Saigon government banned all of Son's music in all public places in the country and began to confiscate records, tapes, and sheet music of his works.

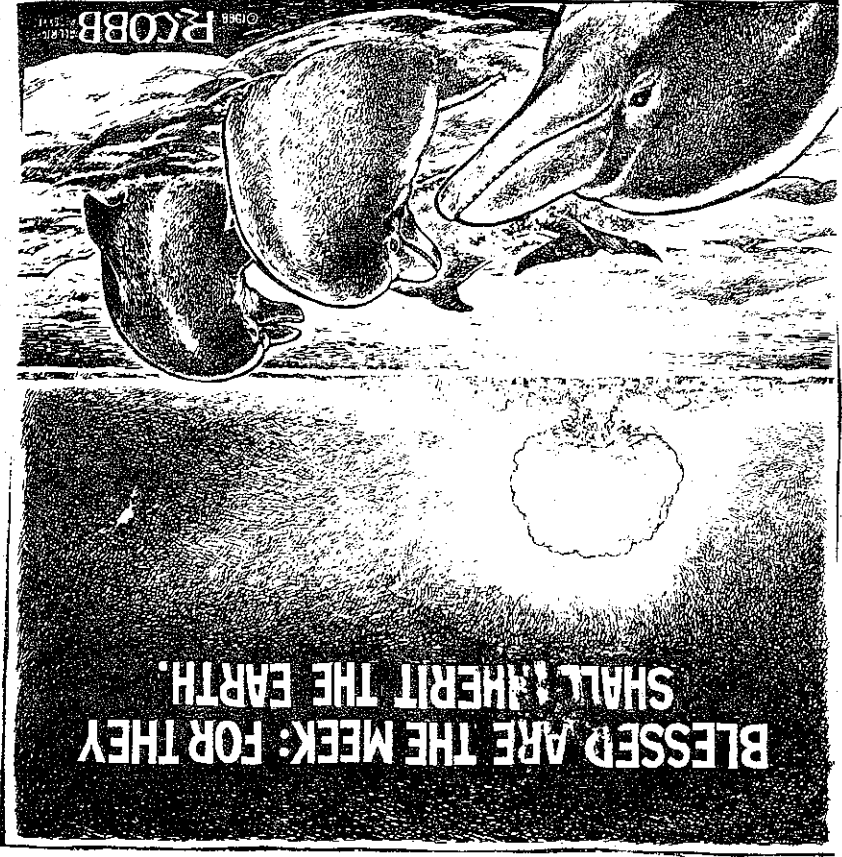
Another example of "democracy" in action was the jailing of Le Duan Kim by South Vietnamese officials. Kim's crime was to indicate his neutrality at a news conference. Neutrality is prohibited by the South Vietnamese constitution. But Kim was clearly posing no threat to the Saigon government. He was merely expressing his belief.

Truong Dinh Dzu was arrested following the 1967 elections (in which he was runner-up to Thieu) for making a statement that South Vietnam should begin negotiations with Hanoi have been going on for some time.

Following a press conference of the Movement for the Free Choice of the People, the movement's leaders, Tran Huu Kue and Nguyen-Long were arrested. The purpose of the conference had been to forward a petition endorsing peace negotiations that are now in progress with the Viet-Cong, both Tran and Nguyen-Long remain in prison, Tran serving 20 years and Nguyen-Long serving 10 years.

Too many people assume that since the Saigon government is anti-communist, they believe in and practice freedom and democracy. But the above incidents and others like them show this isn't necessarily so. So why lie about it?

Because of outside support and aid in the war, the Vietnamese people are being forced to decide between either the National Liberation Front or the present Saigon government. If the U.S. wants the people to support Thieu and Ky instead of the Front, they should use their power to make the Thieu-Ky government more democratic and less corrupt. They should do this instead of spending \$28 million a year to support corruption and to bomb and burn the people's villages.



Kevin Couble

Perhaps the best reply to the statement "I have friends in Viet Nam who are fighting with all their souls for democracy." Would be a question asked by Truong Dzu's daughter Monique. "If we are not fighting for just a little freedom of speech in Viet Nam what is all the dying for?"

Dear Editors:

I was what you might call a straight-until I realized what a rut Charlotte is in. Your magazine has really helped tune me in. I wish the Establishment would accept us, since we're really the 'people' of the future. Someday they'll have to, anyway.

Some of the kids at McClintock, the school I just graduated from (wow), can't see anything of our way of thinking. McClintock wins my award as "Crillest Junior High in Charlotte." The reason nothing (petitions, etc.) ever 'goes over' there is because the student body, is 60% girls, 30% straights, and only 20% of us. Heaven help the kids who are still there, and with Pittman as principal at East, there's not much of an improvement.

I wish you could get INQUISITION out to more kids who need them badly.

Poor Richard mentioned in a recent issue, a be-in some Sunday at the Park. OK, let's so it. Name a certain date and publish it in INQUISITION, invite all people who want to do something half-decent on a Sunday afternoon. Every head, freak, hippie (?) , etc.

How about it? Show some of that 'community spirit'?

Melanie Snow



Note: Right on! Go to the park anytime, but go en masse to the park to protect yourself from the local gentry with somewhat crimson napes.

INQUISITION welcomes comments and criticisms about articles that appear in its pages, and suggestions about what to do to turn-on Charlotte. INQUISITION; P.O. Box 17543, Charlotte N.C., 28211

Dear Editors,

First, I would like to commend you on your effort. Your publication, though still in its infancy is equal to many already established underground papers. Until reading your first issue, I thought that I was the sole representative of the "New Left" in Charlotte.

You have the opportunity to radicalize the Charlotte underground as never before. In Charlotte, as in the rest of the nation, we all feel the oppression of the near "police state."

Huey Newton is in jail for self defense. Eldridge Cleaver is in exile for speaking against the establishment. The "Oakland Seven" was busted for trying, in their way, to stop further atrocities from being committed by the American War machine.

The pigs are busting heads all over "The Land of the Free." Even here, in the "All American City" (corn) excessive use of police force is being used, as your article "The Big House" was a prime example. There can only be peace and social change after the revolution. The days of non-violence died with Martin Luther King. You can only fight fire with "guerrilla" fire.

To quote Fidel Castro "We love the revolution as a labor. We love it just as a painter, a sculptor, or a writer loves his work. Revolution is an art. The revolution is not

made for the sake of revolution itself. It is made in order to create the best conditions for the development of the material and spiritual activities of man. That is, revolutions are only made with the purpose of creating a happier man."

Verceremus,  
Alan Buckner  
Gentlemen:

I have a question. Could you tell me the origin of the peace symbol? Maybe you could just tell me where to start looking. Congratulations on a "concerned" paper.

Thank you

Hetty Barthel  
Pageland, S.C.

The general consensus of the editors appears to be that of the symbol originating during sympathetic demonstrations at the Canadian Disarmament talks in 1963; the same talks that inspired Buffy Sainte-Marie's "The Universal Soldier." We would appreciate any additions or corrections.

People in the Movement and sub-culture probably will have to take to the streets with disruptive, Save-Our Species-Week demonstrations in order to give the liberals of the Sierra Club any lobbying leverage with the U.S. regime.

Speakers at the Sierra Club's annual Wilderness Conference last March delivered articulate warnings of various impending ecological disasters. The several approaching catastrophe seem to be racing each other: Will the human-mammalian species first poison itself or asphyxiate or discontinue in a nuclear finale?

The speakers at the SF Hilton had organized their information brilliantly--and delivered it firmly. But because most of them have academic backgrounds, there was a dissatisfying gap between the intensity of their awareness and the hesitancy of their suggestions for action.

Here's an example of how heavy the information was: Prof. Robert Curry of UC (University of California) Santa Barbara said the population explosion is not occurring but has already occurred and the first of a series of widespread famines is inevitable within a relatively short time; he proposed that certain wilderness areas be designated "refugia" and protected by any means necessary from "large, weak, starving populations" in order that that all present animal and plant species might survive and later re-multiply.

Gary Snyder was there to hand around copies of anybody's "Smoky the Bear Sutra" (see centerfold). He suggested to some people in the lobby that Prof. Curry's refugia also protect traditional primitive peoples in order to preserve the knowledge of wild ecology--for example, herbal lore. He also suggested that Borneo be sealed off from civilized human predators because the people there stand the best chance of surviving the next hundred years. Gary said he'd be happy to sit down in front of a bulldozer whose operator was bent on earth-rape. He proposed investigations to determine which US corporations and individuals are most responsible for the degradation of the ecology. He said the investigations should be followed by "educational raids" on the offices of those most guilty.

"Ecology radicals", Snyder said, "should call for Green Studies programs at universities--teaching emergency planet information and the non-negotiable demands of nature if the biosphere is to survive intact."

John Conboy, a student at UC Davis, said he'd heard students there talking about raiding unworth construction projects and removing surveyor's stakes as litter.

The rank and file audience at the Sierra Club conference seemed reader for action than the speakers. One of the professors was asked whether he was aware how "subversive" were the implications of his analyses--and whether tactics of the civil-rights movement should be used by conservationists. The professor was unable or unwilling to answer either question forthrightly. The audience seemed disappointed.

On Sunday the SF Examiner derived little sense of urgency from the Saturday sessions of the conference. Its story dealt only with discussions of US oil exploitation in Alaska. Though oil greed has been enormously destructive, it is only a hangerail in the total catalog of planetary injuries documented that day.

R. Buckminster Fuller, that incredible poet of science, provided the best high at the Hilton Saturday. He spoke on "Conserving the Resources of Spaceship Earth for All Generations to Come."

Our old concepts of the universe and even our language are becoming antiquated, he pointed out.

So Fuller said, such terms as "up and down" and "four corners of the earth" are meaningless. They were invented to accommodate the concept of an infinite plane--earth.

"In and out" are proper words for our scientific world, Fuller feels, because we come in toward bodies in the universe and go out to them.

He pointed out another ignorant expression--"science wrestling order out of chaos."

"That is not the case," Fuller said. "The great scientists who make discoveries are overwhelmed by the sublime orderliness of the universe."

"The fact there is life aboard our spaceship earth is something we ought to consider very, very deeply," Fuller stressed.

It is man's collective mind, not his muscle, that is of prime importance.

"And beyond mankind's mind there is something even more important: understanding and love," Fuller said.

Without those, he thinks, "this little crew on our spaceship earth will perish."

Since the scene was expensive (\$ admission) and middle-class, there was only a smattering of young people among the few hundred in the Hilton audience--and not a single black of any age. Black Americans have at least a big stake in this as whites: what if the white man destroys the planet before they've even had a chance to enjoy it?

In an essay called "The Politics of Ecology" Aldous Huxley six years ago suggested that man must shift his "collective attention from the merely political to the basically biological aspects of the human situation" in order to improve his chances of survival.

Hopefully Old Leftists and New Leftists in the US today will be able to dig ecology-action even though existing Marxist regimes are almost as culpable ecologically as capitalist ones. All of us now hung up with the Industrial Revolution have got to move from the disastrous notion of man-versus-nature into a peaceful coexistence with nature.

Probably the brightest ecological action so far was one pulled off by Diggers and Provos in New York City in early summer of 1967. Executives of Consolidated Edison, one of the chief air polluters in NYC, got soot sprayed in their faces as they emerged from their headquarters building around 5 pm. The guerrillas got away before the peace officers arrived.

Besides being wise and necessary, ecology-action probably would be good strategy right now for those of us committed to a second American revolution. We are presently sustaining rising casualty rates on the anti-war, anti-university, anti-police and pro-drug fronts. We are gradually dissipating ourselves in court-rooms. If we open up a new front, the regime can't strike back hard until it first cooks up public anger.

The regime will have to devise even trickier media distortions in order to get away with busting people for conspiring to sustain life on the planet.

In California revolutionary ecology-action--a new front--probably would be a smart response to the low-level Reichstag fire games that Reagan has begun to play.

Keith Lampe

Colabria  
Lynwood Sawyer, HEADITOR

The old staff (minus 2 or 3)

Lee Griffin (Music and Advertising)

Guy Bradford (Head photographer)

Randy Russell (Financial)

Michael Conrad (Science Department)

Gary Rice (General and Advertising)

Betsy Rusby (Subscriptions and exchanges)

MF (General)

Leland Feurstman

Keith Lampe

Ronny Parsons

Ron Cobb

Barry Weinstock

Russ Beardon

Shadow

Randal Herron

Poor Richard

Interested Citizen

Dorothea Deese

Pete

And an Especial thanks to our loyal typists

Without whom this issue would have never come out.

Susan Deese

Cheryl Rice

Marcia Russell

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## RADICAL RESEARCH

The newly formed Radical Research Center, operating on a grant from Carleton College, is preparing a quarterly reader's guide type index to the more than 200 publications of the alternative or critical press. Though the quarterly guide will be indexed by topic, a data check service can answer written requests for listings of articles by particular authors, etc. Reprints of articles will be made available on request.

The subscription to the quarterly is \$5 a year to organizations and individuals and \$10 a year for libraries. A sample copy of the index is available for \$1 from: Radical Research Center, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota 55057.



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**UPS**

# SMOKEY THE BEAR

## SUTRA

Once in the Jurassic, about 150 million years ago, the Great Buddha in this corner of the Infinite Void gave a great Discourse to all the assembled elements and energies: to the standing beings, the walking beings, the flying beings, and the sitting beings--even grasses, to the number of thirteen billion, each one born from a seed, were assembled there: a Discourse concerning Enlightenment on the planet Earth.

"In some future time, there will be a continent called America. It will have great centers of power called such as Pyramid Lake, Walden Pond, Mt. Rainier, Big Sur, Everglades, and so forth; and powerful nerves and channels such as Columbia River, Mississippi River, and Grand Canyon. The human race in that era will get into troubles all over its head, and practically wreck everything in spite of its own strong intelligent Buddha-nature."

"The twisting strata of the great mountains and the pulsings of great volcanoes are my love burning deep in the earth. My obstinate compassion is schist and basalt and granite, to be mountains, to bring down the rain. In that future American Era I shall enter a new form: to cure the world of loveless knowledge that seeks with blind hunger; and mindless rage eating food that will not fill it."

And he showed himself in his true form of

### SMOKEY THE BEAR.

A handsome smokey-colored brown bear standing on his hind legs, showing that he is aroused and watchful.

Bearing in his right paw the Shovel that digs to the truth beneath appearances; cuts the roots of useless attachments, and flings damp sand on the fires of greed and war;

The Astral Projection



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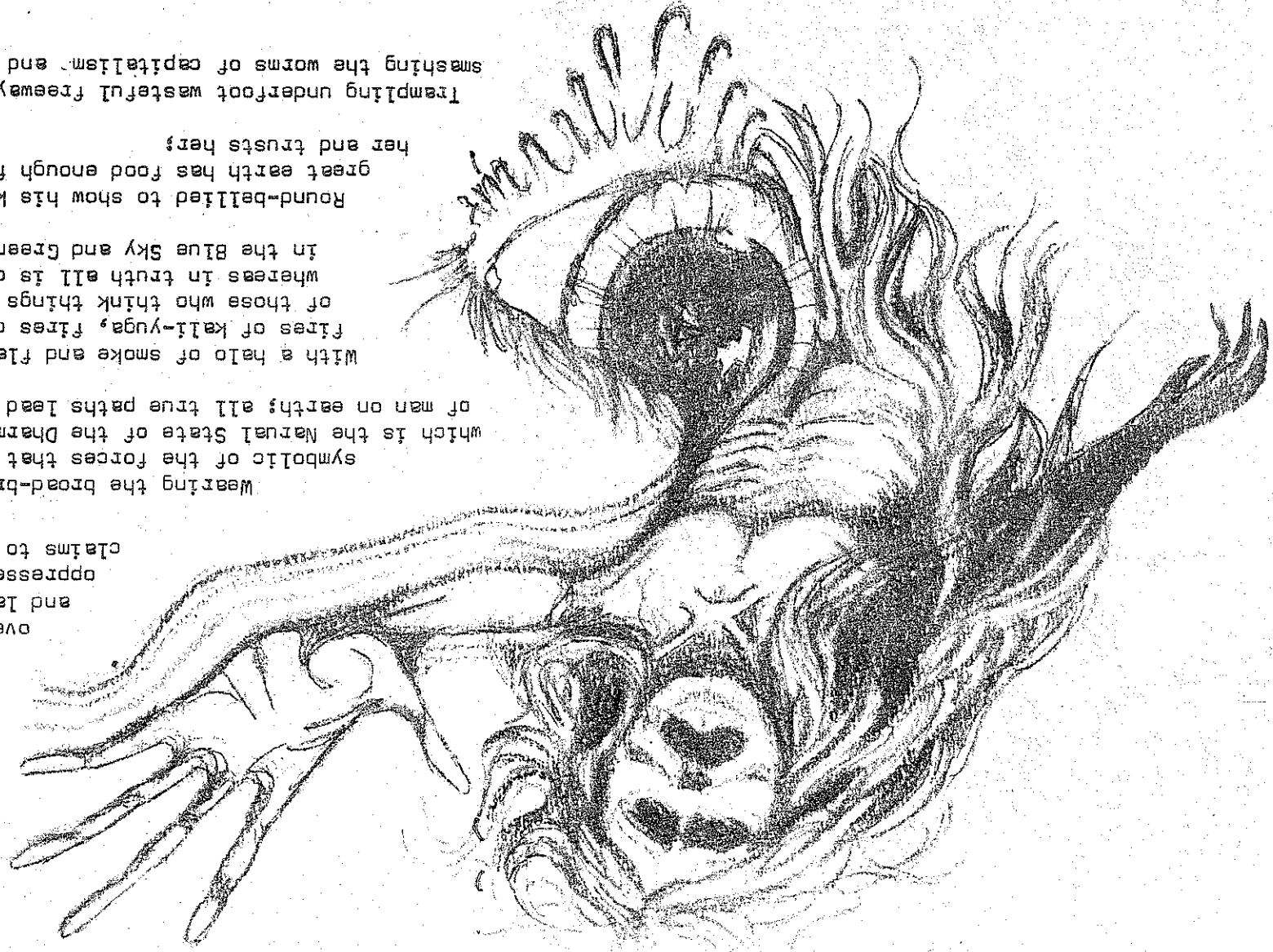
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Soon to be one of a line of full sized posters from Shadow.

Trampling underfoot wasteful freeways and needless suburbs;  
smashing the worms of capitalism and totalitarianism;

Round-bellied to show his kind nature and that the  
great earth has food enough for everyone who loves  
her and trusts her;

With a halo of smoke and flame behind, the forest  
fires of Kali-yuga, fires caused by the stupidity  
of those who think things can be gained and lost  
whereas in truth all is contained vast and free  
in the Blue Sky and Green Earth of One Mind.

Wearing the broad-brimmed hat of the West  
symbolic of the forces that guard the Wilderness,  
which is the Natural State of the Dharmas and the True Path  
of man on earth; all true paths lead through mountains--

Wearing the blue work  
overall's symbolic of slaves,  
and laborers, the countless men  
oppressed by a civilization that  
claims to save but only destroys;

His left paw in the Mudra  
of Comradely Display--  
indicating that all  
creatures have the  
full right to live  
to their limit  
and that deer,  
rabbits, chip-  
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all grow in the  
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KUDZU

May be reprinted free forever....

GARY SNYDER

thus have we heard.

AND IN THE END WILL WIN HIGHEST PERFECT ENLIGHTENMENT.

And SMOKEY THE BEAR WILL surely appear to put the enemy out with his  
vajra-shovel.  
Now those who recite this Sutra and then try to put it in practice will  
accumulate merit as countless as the sands of Arizona and Nevada,  
will help save the planet Earth from total oil slick, will enter the age  
of harmony of man and nature, will win the tender love and caresses of  
men, women, and beasts  
will always have ripe blackberries to eat and a sunny spot under a pine  
tree to sit at,

DROWN THEIR BUTTS  
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS  
DROWN THEIR BUTTS  
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS

And if anyone is threatened by advertising, air pollution, or the police,  
they should chant SMOKEY THE BEAR'S WAR SPELL:  
And he will protect those who love woods and rivers, Gods and animals,  
hobos and madmen, prisoners and sick people, musicians, playful women,  
and hopeful children;

"I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THE UNIVERSAL DIAMOND BE THIS RAGING  
FURY DESTROYED"

Namah samanta vajranam chanda maharoshana  
Sphataya hum traka ham mam

Thus his great Mantra:

HE WILL PUT THEM OUT.

Indicating the task: his followers, becoming free of cars, houses,  
canned food, universities, and shoes, master the Three Mysteries of  
their own body, speech, and mind; and fearlessly chop down the rotten  
trees and prune out the sick limbs of this country America and then  
burn the leftover trash.  
Wretched but calm, austere but comic, smoky the bear will illuminate  
those who would help him; but for those who would hinder or slander him,

The Second Annual Pop Festival

The June 29th Pop Festival was first in a series of cultural entertainment in the park. The turnout appeared to be better than last year's audiences, although the crowd seemed more to congregate in places other than the amphitheater area because of the better conditions. The whole thing began to materialize at noon. Melvin of Reliable brought truck loaded with equipment to the gates which was locked. The people who came early helped carry the equipment down to the amphitheater. Things got set up and Bill Sloan's group prepared to play. The Bill Sloan Trio is a guitar-oriented group accompanied by electric bass and drums. They play clean jazz with sidetraps into blues and even a few chordal passages in a hard-rock vein. This type of music is good for Charlotte and it would be interesting to hear others play in the same direction.

Ex-August members Henry Steele and Johnny Pace brought their new group out to the park with Tom West on guitar and bass. Pace's drumming is better and more complex than when he played with August. The whole group seemed to be centered around the organ and the piano of Henry Steele. Tom West aided the trio with his blues-influence guitar. The complete playing of Henry makes this group complete and their best moments came when they played his original compositions After that, Billy Joe Royal's back-up band (guitar, bass, drums, organ) and August vocalist Dana Douglas got on stage and jammed. They started off with "Stormy Monday Blues" which was good, although the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly's treatment of the song is slightly better than theirs. (The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly did not play this song in the park that day, even though it's one of their best numbers). The organist played in a manner unlike that of Henry Steele's. His solos were fast and clean and played in a blues-jazz fashion. This type of style is not heard often in Charlotte. However, the organ player's camping style behind the guitarist was a little less than could be desired. The guitarist was well versed in blues playing, and his solos were meaty and deep. All of his runs and solos were true to the feeling and held their weight well. The drummer and bass player functioned together like one person and made a good rhythm section. These two did not have a chance to be heard on solo work.

The group everyone wanted to see and hear played next. The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly played their continuous hour of music and the whole crowd paid close attention as the GBU ran the full spectrum of music with roots in blues, rock, even a little classical and folk. They were well received by an audience who appreciated good music and playing mixed with fresh originality. Finally, Ishmael got on stage to play their type of folk

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Suzanne -- the summer is almost over... You-know-who.\*\*\*\*\* Individual copies, and some back-issues of this rag available. Mail 25¢ (one quarter cash, check, or money order) to the above address. Those available are: 1-5, 1-6, 11-1, 11-2, and 11-3.\*\*\*\*\* Canned Heat Head Shop- A Safari for the senses 2129 Central Avenue.

At last! A complete guide to hippie-dippie subversive underground publications. Mail \$2 in check or money order (to keep honest people honest) to Underground Press Directory; Box 1603; Phoenix, Arizona 85001.\*\*\*\*\* Check the reasonable advertising rates. INQUISSION reaches those people that you want to reach. Ask for rate card today.

music consisting of tight vocal harmony and unusual arrangements of songs such as "Strawberry Fields Forever". This group has a line-up of two guitarists, two female singers (one also playing guitar, auto-harp and recorder, a bassist and percussionist. This Charlotte group will soon go down to Atlanta and play at one of the more popular folk clubs there, according to one of the group's guitarists, Dave Long. After the Bill Sloan Trio and before the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly, T.J. Reddy read some of his outstanding poetry to the back-ground of taped jazz music. This went over surprisingly well with the audience even though it was unusual entertainment for a Pop Festival. Reddy has always been a favorite at the folk tent during the festival in the Park. After Ishmael played for approximately fifteen minutes, the friendly neighborhood cop informed Melvin that his permit had expired at six and that it was illegal to entertain any longer. Special thanks go to all who played. Melvin (without him, the Pop Festival would never have materialized), the Park Commission for getting upset because some wanted to use a public park (see article elsewhere in the magazine), all who helped set up and load and unload the equipment, and of course the sponsors (Record City Discount, Reliable Music House, Canned Heat, and WIST radio). If you would like to see other festivals in the park, please, by all means, write, phone, telegraph, or just drop into the sponsors' places of business and tell them how much you enjoyed the whole thing and how you would like to see many more.



AN ESSAY ON MARIJUANA

Even our 29th President, Warren G. Harding (1920-1923) served alcoholic beverages in the White House disregarding the fact that possession and use was unlawful. Now the economists were confronted with another problem. Crime was at its height, and the greatest depression in our history was about to take place. This is precisely where the first false claims against marijuana were made. There were too many in favor of alcohol and too few in favor of marijuana. The unproven standard American reasoning that "defiance of one thing is justification of another" was an easily manipulated tool used by the news media to instill onto the minds of readers and listeners and readers a biased and prejudiced opinion of the true facts about marijuana. Alcohol was soon to be legalized and marijuana was to be stigmatized with a series of unproven and exaggerated claims which would later make the mere possession of this harmful less vegetable, a felony, punishable by long terms of imprisonment.

The use of marijuana (Cannabis sativa) is one of the most misunderstood subjects ever to confront the American people. Although many professional people now realize that marijuana is not the taboo addictive drug it was thought to have been in the 30's, most of the general public continue to be misinformed with heroin and other hard drugs still remain on the books. These laws were effected at the same period in our history that the prohibition of alcohol laws were enacted.

During the early 1900's, criminal organizations such as the Mafia or Cosa Nostra were prevalent, powerful and wealthy (as they have continued to stay only to recently be suppressed by President Nixon's "War on Crime."). Most of their fortune originated from the manufacture, distribution and sales of alcoholic beverages. Let us not forget that crime syndicates had placed into public office, position seeking puppets and political racketeers who virtually controlled judicial decision and inversely, popular opinion. When Mafia lawyers were confronted with the task of defending its personnel charged with committing various acts of violence, the counselors could only contend that their client was under the influence of alcohol at the time and that not being in touch with reality, his defendant should not be held accountable for the act that he was said to have committed. Surely this defense must be totally invalid in today's court but it did have a significant effect in the courts of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia during that period. This practice of unethical jurisprudence (of which the general public was not aware) posed a problem to the legitimate civil law makers. They initiated a campaign to instill into the minds of the American public, the dangers of alcohol and the reasons it should be abolished. Every available communication facility was used: newspapers, magazines, radio, political rallies, and temperance groups. The churches followed up, as expected, making the claim that alcohol was "a tool of the devil". The abolition of alcohol would also theoretically cause the Mafia to "go broke". But, contrary to economic theory, just the opposite took place. The people who drank, didn't want to stop. The fact that alcohol was illegal greatly inflated its price and the Mafia only capitalized on its illicit sale.

Marijuana is federally regulated under the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act (modified after the Harrison Act) as amended, and comparable state laws. Production, distribution, sale, and possession are all subject to penalty. The Harrison Narcotics Act deals with the regulation and taxation of drugs in general; the Marijuana Tax Act deals with marijuana specifically and has a two-fold purpose: to make marijuana extremely hard to obtain, and to regulate and tax the flow of marijuana in this country. Naturally, the latter is purely academic as all marijuana flow in this country is illegal and subject to punishment as a felony. In a May 1969 session of the U.S. Supreme Court it was declared that the Marijuana Tax Act was unconstitutional in any state where the possession of marijuana is unlawful (all 50 states), and therefore, it could not be upheld.

It is extremely difficult for the marijuana smoker to understand the legislative objection to marijuana, as its intoxicating effect is passive, pleasant, and non-violent, and does not have habit-forming tendencies any more than alcohol or tobacco. Professor A.R. Lindesmith, Professor of Sociology at Indiana University, who has done considerable research in the field of drugs and has authored several books on the subject states that marijuana is not at all addictive, as heroin is.

He recommends that it be treated differently by the police and public as present laws are excessively harsh on both state and federal levels. This opinion was also recently stated by the Medical Society of the County of New York.

Robert S. DeRopp, a noted biochemist, in his book DRUGS AND THE MIND published in 1957, cites the Marijuana Tax Act as prohibitive legislation at its worst, calling it "founded on ignorance, nourished by superstition, and predated by a spirit of vindictive self-righteousness that places it on a level with old laws relating to witchcraft."<sup>5</sup>

On October 17, 1967, Dr. James L. Goddard, Head of the Federal Food and Drug Administration, said, "Whether or not marijuana is more dangerous drug than alcohol is debatable--I don't happen to think it is."<sup>6</sup>

In the most recent and thorough study of the effects of marijuana conducted by Doctors of Boston University and Harvard College, it was stated that, "All in all, we think it is fair to say that in terms of medical dangers only, marijuana is a relatively harmless intoxicant."<sup>7</sup>

This raises the question of why the users of alcohol are tolerated while those who use marijuana are persecuted. Perhaps both are unnecessary, but it is a disparity of justice that the possession and use of alcohol be legal and marijuana a felony.

As long as human beings thrive on this planet, elements altering reality will be commonly used. Modern methods of locomotion, extra-advanced automation, expedient communications, medical breakthroughs, involvement in war, and the world situation in general have all contributed to the rapidly increasing use of these mind stimulating chemicals and psychological vices. They include tobacco, alcohol, coffee, marijuana, speed (methedrine), LSD, and pills of all types. Some of the aforementioned are illegal. Be they legal or not, they are commonly used and the fact of illegality only puts the profits made by their sales into the hands of underserving organizations.

It seems as though the profitable lesson that our federal and state treasuries learned about alcohol, some 30 years ago, should now again be repeated with marijuana. But, the people who count, when economic changes should be made, are for some unknown reason, afraid to face the facts. Excessive abuse of any drug is harmful, be it legal or illegal. Individual discretion is necessary in the use of any mind-stimulating chemical, "marijuana or joint".

The extremely conservative minds of our nation persists on the argument that 80% or more of all narcotic drug addicts had originally smoked marijuana. The author of this essay is inclined to agree with that suggested percentage, but, the author, through his own personal studies and findings, contends that over 90% of all people who have ever smoked marijuana or taken narcotic drugs in the United States had previously consumed alcohol and experienced its effects. And 90% of all alcohol users had previously consumed milk. Using that unreasonable logic, the possession of milk should be declared illegal...

Regrettably, after presenting all of the latest available information concerning marijuana, there will still be those hypocritical few who will persist that marijuana should remain illegal and that offenders of its laws should be severely punished. They will also contend that marijuana is the crux of our social irregularities. Have they not considered that the United States is the most overweight country in the world? Do they not know that obese persons suffer more often from a number of illnesses and have a shorter life expectancy than persons of normal weight? Some of these detrimental conditions are heart failure, cerebral hemorrhage and thrombosis, coronary thrombosis and nephritis. More obese persons die of accidents probably because fat people are less agile than people of normal weight. Other diseases that occur more frequently in the obese are cirrhosis of the liver, gallstones, cancer of the liver and gall bladder, cancer of the uterus, appendicitis, complications of pregnancy and the postpartum period, diaphragmatic hernia, degenerative arthritis and flat feet. High blood pressure, varicose veins and venous thrombosis and embolism affect obese persons more severely and appear to occur more often among them. No doubt, obesity is the greatest single health hazard in this country.<sup>8</sup>

Why has the over-consumption of food stuffs not been curbed on a federal or state legislative level? It would be more logical to publish more information in our newspapers and magazines concerning the control of food consumption and the necessity of physical fitness rather than the mythical harms of marijuana. THERE IS NO SCIENTIFIC OR MEDICAL EVIDENCE THAT HAS ATTRIBUTED ANY PHYSICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER TO THE USE OF MARIJUANA. No autopsy report has ever determined marijuana to be the cause of death. But, many deaths are caused by sheer obesity. Any historian can easily give a short explanation of why the great Roman Empire was overrun by barbarians.

It is the sincere hope of the author that in the very near future, a closer look will be given to the marijuana laws and that certain inequities will be ironed out. Perhaps marijuana is unnecessary; however, it is no more unnecessary than alcohol. There is no concrete evidence why both cannot be considered from the same level in our free society. The marijuana question also concerns the future of our "personal

"freedoms" in this great democracy. Even if marijuana were to be legalized, it would still be up to the individual to decide whether he wishes to make use of it. The same social laws that govern alcohol could easily be effected with marijuana.

One final point of clarification. The purpose of this essay is not necessarily to promote the legalization of marijuana, but more, to urge the immediate adjustment of the penalties imposed so that they can be more realistically and equitably applied. Something is wrong when the bond for a person suspected of possessing two ounces of marijuana is set at \$10,000, and less than two weeks later, in the same city, the bond for a person charged with murder is set at \$1,000!

-Leland L. Fuerstman

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NOTES AND REFERENCES

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A STEREOSPECIFIC SYNTHESIS OF MINUS DELTA ONE TETRAHYDROCANNABINOL (THC)

The major biologically active component of hashish (marijuana) is (-) delta one tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). This report discusses a stereospecific synthesis (Biologically active) of THC from verbenol and olivetol.

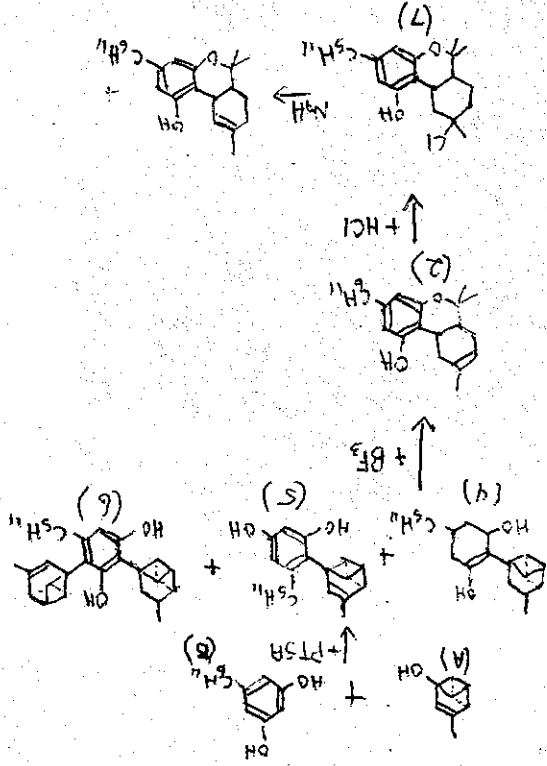
Verbenol, a pinene derivative, was chosen because of the bulky dimethylene bridge that provides stereochemical control of the reactions and the optically pure compound is readily available at any chemical supply house.

(-) Verbenol (A) is condensed with olivetol (B) in methylene chloride with para-toluene sulfonic acid and it gives a mixture of three oily compounds, numbers 4, 5, and 6. These compounds are easily separated by chromatography on Florisil. The major product (45% yield) is 4-trans (2 olivetol) pinene, compound number 4. The unstable isomeric compound olivetol pinene 5, is chromatographically more polar than 4, and is found in 20% yield. A stable acetate can be prepared. Compound 6 is the least polar compound, 15% yield.

When you have isolated 4 chromatographically treat it with boron trifluoride etherate in methylene chloride at 88 degrees centigrade for ten minutes. This converts it to compound number 2 in 85% yield.

This compound 2 can be partly converted into the biologically active compound number one, the delta one THC derivative. The procedure is the Frenhotz reaction, adding on hydrogen chloride to the double bond and subsequent dehydrohalogenation with an alkali hydride. Do this by first dissolving 2 in toluene, then pass dry hydrogen chloride through the solution at -15 degrees centigrade with zinc chloride in it as a catalyst, and compound 7 is obtained. Boil compound 7 with sodium hydride in tetrahydrofuran. It is separated by chromatography (again on Florisil) from 3. This chromatography is a little harder than the first one, but you should get at least a 55% yield, even with the most inept bungling. Remember that this chemical is extremely potent and dangerous. I suggest that you read the article on THC in the April 15, 1969 issue of LOOK magazine before you make it. I have found that it kills many mice that I have experimented with. Taking a moderate dose is dangerous, any overdose is fatal or induces para-

noia and insanity.



Michael Conrad

A scientific study on rate is fine (I doubt that anyone who is capable of struggling through this synthesis is a hippie who spends half his time on LSD) but I am not going to take responsibility for any accidents or misuse of this material.

Another Battle in the War for Rock

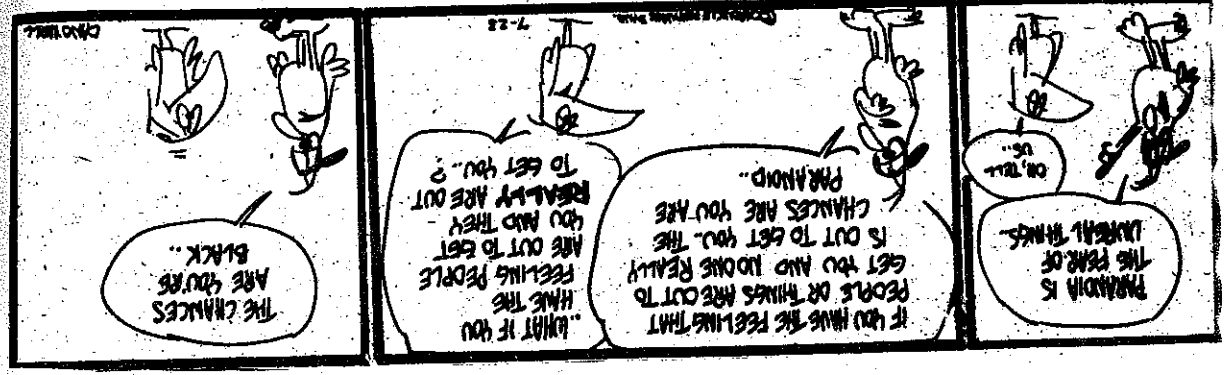
WIS1 has gone underground (or at least it had for about three month period), now they have switched somewhat to top 40. This should not be. Write them and tell them about how much better they were when they were hard rock. Patronize their advertisers and tell them that you heard about them over WIS1. If this keeps up they may try to compete with a certain station that we all dislike. They showed their good intentions by the Pop Festival. They are underground pop from ten until two; don't let them down.

The Pop Festival, after it was over, proved to be a huge success, and every enjoyed it, even though the heat (from the sun and the narcos) was intense. Speaking of WIS1, Big Brother Bill Patterson, is watching (or rapping) to you.

And now, the bad news. After taking much abuse from park officials, Melvin Cohen has decided he will not sponsor any more Pop Festivals unless the Park Commission makes a few policy changes. At the most recent festival Melvin and Park officials agreed to let Melvin set up equipment at 10:00 Sunday morning. Melvin arrived on time, but the gate was locked, consequently the truck loaded with equipment could not get in. After several phone calls and no luck, the equipment had to be carried the long distance. Finally, the guard showed and opened the gate - three hours and fifteen minutes late, after many sweated at moving the heavy equipment. This made the show late starting, some groups couldn't play and some of the equipment malfunctioned because the people who set it up had to hurry so fast. The cops ended the show by hassling Melvin and disconnected the electricity. They also screwed him out of \$16. Melvin and his father go up in front of the Park board July 15, so there's still a thread of hope for good music in Charlotte.

What can you do to maybe help the situation? Write, phone, telegraph, patronize, or just drop in on the sponsors' (Record City, Reliable, Canned Heat, WIS1) places of business and tell how much you enjoyed the whole thing, and how you would appreciate many more.

LEE GRIFFIN



OR A HEAD!



Due to the fact that our head photographer spent more time being a head and less time being a photographer, we were unable to procure any pictures of the Charlotte pop festival at this time. Instead, here are some pictures of the Atlanta Pop Festival by Wesley Swift. They're much neater, anyway. A full report of the Atlanta thing might follow next issue.

The new Quicksilver Messenger Service Album is in many ways similar to a song on their first album, "The Fool" because of their likenesses in structure, counterpoint and vocals. Although there are only two songs on this album, most of it was recorded live which kept alive the (spontaneity) of the performance and helped the album from becoming boring, as many album with long tracks (In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida) are.

The first track, "Who Do You Love", is an old blues song which has also been recorded by the Blues Project. This song has several substitutes (When You Love, Where You Love, How You Love, Which You Love) which are really individual solos by the members. The best guitar solo on this album is during "When You Love" by Gary Duncan.

During the course of both tracks, Quicksilver makes use of their unique crescendoes. Throughout the album, the action in the song builds up to a certain climax, where you feel as if you can go no farther. Quicksilver stops abruptly, begins a sort of denouement, and works toward another high-point. Most groups, except maybe the Cream, stop at the climax, but Quicksilver's roller-coaster movements keep their songs spontaneous.

"Mona" is written by Ellis McDaniel of "Who Do You Love" fame. The remaining two tracks are Gary Duncan compositions, except for 47 seconds worth of corn, i.e., Dale Evans' "Happy Trails".

Side two is divided into bands with individual timing unlike "The Who Do You Love Suite." It is hard to tell where one track ends and the other begins. "Mona" being the basis for all three bands, begins in a rhythmic pattern similar to "Who Do You Love." One of the striking differences is John Cipollina's use of vibrato, wah-wah, and feedback, all which he is well versed in the song concludes with "controlled feedback", not early Hendrix-Blue Cheer noise.

The album is unusual in many facts, one being that although there are no long individual solos, the songs are not boring even though they are long. This can be attributed to the system of climaxes and anticlimaxes.

Another unique side of the album are the two guitarists, Gary Duncan, and John Cipollina, and their use of interplay. Duncan, using a Gibson Barney Kessel sets up a subtle melody line, and Cipollina takes over on a Gibson SG, playing a highly electric riff. Both of these guitars have unlike tonal qualities, which makes a good contrast.

This album is excellent, but can't be compared to the other Quicksilver record. This is not to say one album is better than another, but since the time, material, audience, etc. are so dissimilar so are the records. The best thing to do is to buy both Quicksilver albums.

A GENNINE TONG FUNERAL -  
The Gary Burton Quartet (RCA Victor 3988)

Gary Burton has certainly matured in the past few years. Always being a technical wonder, this vibist deserved the title "King of the Speedway." But on his latest album, he has grown into a great musician and artist. He hasn't lost any of his speed, he only uses it to enhance the deep feeling he employs in his playing now.

This album is a "dark opera without words." The composer is Carla Bley, who along with an orchestra (herself playing piano) accompanies the Burton Quartet. The theme of this composition is death (said death with in jazz). The quartet's playing takes you from the beginning to the end of the funeral and through all its proceedings. The music also takes you inside of each person involved with this death and exposes their every emotion and actions.

The quartet as a whole functions together in a completely unified group, but there is still the feeling of individuality among the players. Even when one member solos and the others come behind him, the group, does not form a back-up or rhythm for the soloist, but more of a improvisatory interplay between the remaining three. The interplay through out the album is excellent. Even when all four members are "soloing", they produce a texture of togetherness.

Some particular excellence in soloing is found in the guitarist Larry Coryell and the bassist, Steve Swallow. In Spring, good rapport between Coryell and Swallow is heard. Coryell's playing is truly unique, and Swallow's abstract rhythms are similar to a guitarist. Burton gets an excellent solo in "Mother".

The purpose of the orchestra is twofold. First, it is used to portray satirical emotions and give an aura of somberness in areas. Secondly, the orchestra give something for the quartet to work against and with (Burton has even toyed with the idea of taping an orchestra and having the quartet improvise against it in concert).

The whole record is an excellent experiment in improvisation of a free-form jazz quartet with an orchestra and a good example of a well-carried out theme. It is a fantastic album by a fantastic group with something in it for everyone who appreciates unique and original music.

THE BIG HOUSE group went to court around six months ago. They were protesting police harassment because of the fact that the police did not like them. The heads won their case, and the police were ordered in the judgement to cease harassment of classes of people because of their class, be it head, black, or poor white. It has had no effect. The police are still out to hassle free people. For the blacks, they managed to cram in as much harassment as they did in the Big House in three months into exactly a week. Due to the time lapse in communication between the white and black communities, word of this did not reach us until it reached the "straight" paper. Panther Chavis agreed to write an article for us, which he did, but it mysteriously got lost in transit. Due to his heavy schedule, the following article was abstracted from the Civil Suit at the last minute.

The People's House was a congregation of blacks, dedicated to the improvement of the black race, and they eventually hoped to have a charter from the National Black Panther Party. For the record, these are listed with the ten point platform: Attention 1) Speak Politely; 2) Pay fairly for what you buy; 3) Return everything you borrow; 4) Pay for anything you damage; 5) Do not damage property or crops of the poor, oppressed masses; 6) Do not take liberties with women; 7) If we ever have to take captives, do not ill-treat. 3 Main Rules of Discipline: 1) Obey orders in all your actions. 2) Do not take a single needle or a piece of thread from the poor and oppressed masses. 3) Turn in everything captured from the attacking enemy.

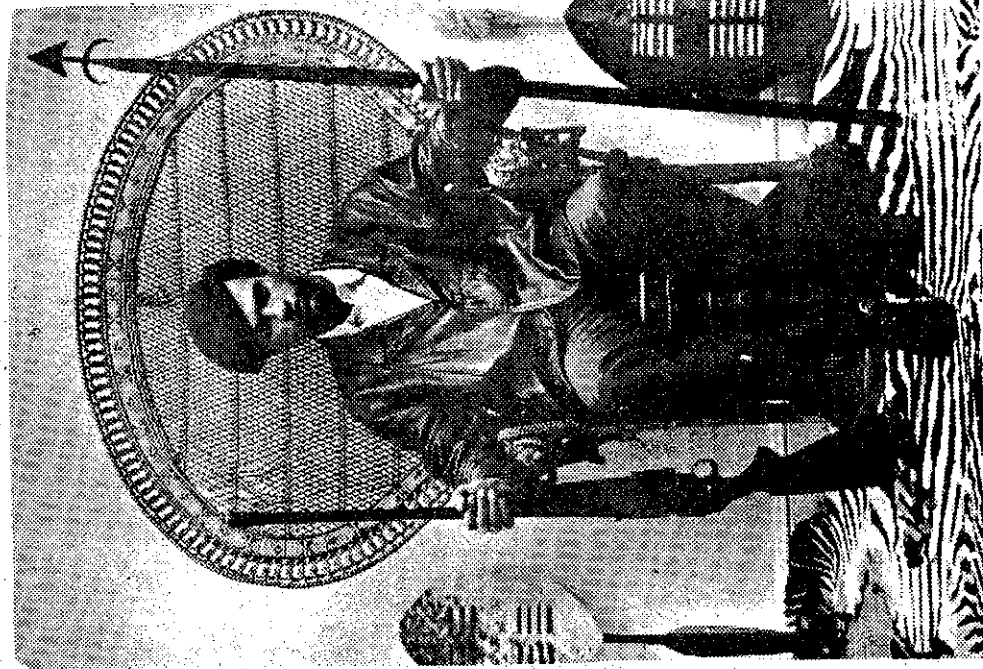
But now the chronology. Wednesday, May 21, 3:00 a.m. Angel Joseph Europa (I'm not kidding; that really is his name) and six uniformed cops, and a plainclothesman carrying all sorts of weaponry, including riot shot-guns, broke open the door and entered. The did not have permission to enter, nor did they have a search warrant, or else they didn't want the people in the house to see it. After ransacking the house and helping themselves with a variety of item, they left. Wednesday, May 21 an hour later (four o'clock in the morning) they came back but then left. May 24, 1969 3:30 p.m. Mrs. Chavis was warned to get her children out of her house, which she did. Immediately thereafter 30 to 40 non-uniformed men (including Europa), again armed to the teeth with rifles, shotguns, and submachineguns, jumped out of a convoy of unmarked cars. They entered her house, naturally without showing a warrant, or more probably, not having one. This time they only took a rifle which was completely and legally her husband, Ben.

May 24, 1969 4:00 p.m. Lynwood Harton (How could he be blessed with such a noble moniker?), L. H. Owens, and someone else stopped

The SDS - Panther was a disappointment at best. The band did not show up until after the rally, and the Panther contingent was about two hours late. Nearly one hundred degrees temperature, drove the hippie-yppie forces back into the shade, where they could not hear the speakers. Another bad thing was the fact that the Johnson C. Smith block were noticeably absent. Whether this was due to change or to deliberate boycott I do not know. But this factionalism, if it is such, hurts the united movement. Gave a speech on Puerto Rican independence, definitely heavy stuff to radicalize the heads of Charlotte, Puerto Ricans being in a very small minority in Charlotte. Cal Lunsford gave an excellent speech on womens liberation. The Panthers headed by Ben Chavis, gave to separated speeches that were extremely concise and valid, but I believe there message was lost on the white community. Money was collected for the Panther defense fund but it only amounted to \$30.00. A week later a black organized rally collected close to \$800.00.

We can only hope that the next rally will show a true spirit of solidarity.

Charles Englehart



FREE HUE

Full shotgun racks in their pick-up trucks, but blacks can't even keep them in their own homes. We are not saying all policemen are this way. As fine men as you could hope to meet are on the police force. But for all the people who condemn governments of totalitarian countries for their actions, you need not go so far from home.

POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE  
PANTHER POWER TO THE  
VANGUARD  
30 With the invaluable assistance  
of George S. Daly and the plaintiffs.



refrigerated meats, which were boxed for distribution to needy poor people in the neighborhood. Apparently the poor starving police needed them worse.

Laney and Covington were taken up to jail, where the police brutally made a joke out of the Constitution of the United States, with wholesale violations of the plaintiffs rights and guarantees.

Wednesday, May 28, 3:00 in the morning. Six city policemen, some of them with machineguns, knocked on Mrs. Johnson's door. She let them in out of fear. Again they had no search warrant, just their uniforms.

An hour later (4:30 in the morning.) There was a loud knock at the door of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coleman. Six or eight city cops were there, and Mr. Coleman let them in out of fear. He asked to see a warrant, but it was never shown, and when he asked to see the identification of a non-uniformed policeman, the cop refused to show him anything. They then went tumbling through the house, whining flashlights about and pointing shotguns at the family.

One of them woke up Mr. Coleman's daughter, Angela, and hassled her, shining a flashlight on her when she was putting on a robe.

One hour later (5:30 in the morning), Johnny Lee Douglas, Tony Alford, Mary Smith, Veronica Hagens, and Cornelius Washington were asleep at the house when eight "law-enforcement" officers entered without asking or receiving permission or producing any warrants.

They then ransacked the house again, and made all of the people go into the kitchen. Then they proceeded to bring the people one by one from the kitchen to the bedroom, where they interrogated them.

The asked Washington, "Do you like this organization?" He said, "Yes," so the police said, "You'd better get in another one or you'll all be dead."

When they left they took three boxes of stereotapes belonging to Mary Smith, and copies of a publication called "Legal First Aid." That night at 11:00 p.m., Mary Smith and Benjamin Hairston say an unmarked Ford came by and fired two shots, one of which hit Miss Smith on the knee. They believe it to be a police car.

And as at the Big House, the house was watched over constantly by marked and unmarked police cars. Police cars drove by at night and shined their heavy duty spotlights at the house, people that left the house were tailed by the police, and each time the police entered the house, they took away pictures of Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party.

Again, what does all fo this mean? What it means is that whenever the police suspect you of something, you are not entitled to any legal protection whatsoever. And it is only the constant vigilance of the ACLU that keeps things one stop ahead of a total police state. Look back over the chronology. What time did the police usually come? In the early morning hours, the exact tactics of the Gestapo, and KGB, and the SS. Another apparent moral is that whites can ride around with



At the KATZMANS OLD 271868 THEATER

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