

Soul for sale

bodyguards fought to keep them back. George lured. The girls responded. The guards re-sung with static.

RELIGION

"This is the new religion," cried George. "This is Soul."

The lights flickered. The din grew. George held his tie in the air.

"Do you see this?" he screamed. "Yes," they

screamed.

"What is it," he yelled.

"Soul, soul," they shrieked.

Lights flashed: Blue, yellow, red shot into the crowd. The organ boomed. George threw his tie into the hysteria.

The lights went off. It was over.

The Mandata had

\$1,300 for a night at The

Hawk's Nest.

wait. His belly glistened

with sweat. Embracing the mike, he fell to his knees and cried.

The chubby-cheeked girl, about 14, still clutching the rope, sobbed, "George, George."

"Bring that girl to me," he commanded. She climbed on stage. The lights red and blue, hit her as she ran to him, clutched his waist and cried on his shoulder.

CRY, CRY

"You just gotta shed tears. So cry, cry," George wailed. He turned to the girl, put his arms around her and kissed her.

The strobe lights quivered. Multi-colored patterns danced on the ceiling. More girls screamed. The girl on stage returned to the audience and collapsed.

Five hundred pairs of hands clapped. Sweat dripped from faces. Lights pulsed. The organ throbbed.

And George danced. At the front the girls surged forward. Twelve

The audience was ecstatic. It was frightening.

A girl, 13?, 14?, her face, moist with sweat and tears, flushed red with emotion — was buried in her hands.

Gawking with Doullon-blue eyes, another girl clung to the ropes, tears rolling down her chubby cheeks.

LAUGHING, CRYING

Four youngsters stood outside the crowd holding each other in consoling gestures, laughing, crying — crying, laughing, crying.

The lights flickered, bouncing off microphones, guitars, drums, horn, organ, and reflecting the five faces on stage shiny with sweat.

Bodies crushed together. The air was hot, sticky, smelly.

A towel lay on one of the amplifiers.

FRENZIED

By TERRY PROT

THE LIGHTS came on. Red, yellow and blue beams slashed through the darkness.

A girl screamed. Cymbals clashed. An organ moaned. Twin guitars rattled like machine guns, whined like jets.

Moans, cries and flashing lights shattered the tranquil darkness. The spell had taken effect.

A WALL

A boy on stage ripped a microphone from its stand, grasped it in his hand and wailed. "This is the new religion. Do you believe?"

A thousand arms shot towards the arena. Five hundred voices cried. "We believe, we believe."

More arms were thrown into the air. They began clapping.

The room shook with the throbbing of lights, the clapping of hands, and the blare of a horn.

Two white strobe lights flashed — 17,180 times a second. They contorted a rabble horror.