

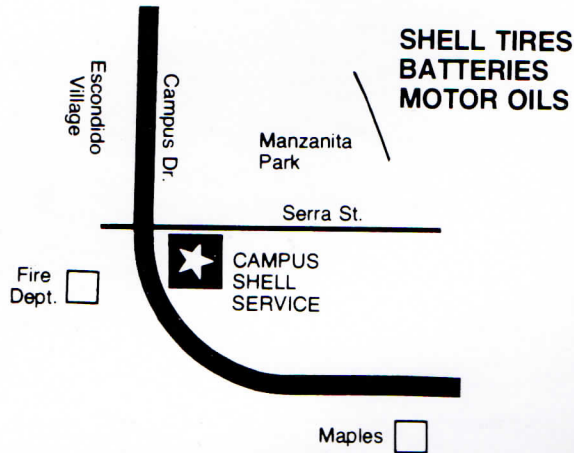
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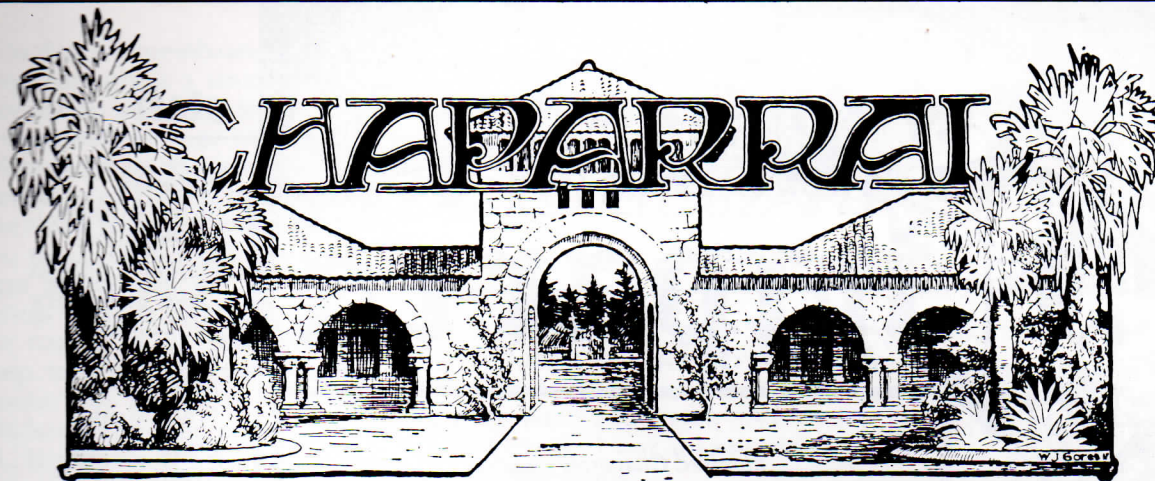
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volume 81, number 2/november 1979

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cover art by Perry Vasquez

Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must pay . . . cash. ©1979 by the Stanford Chaparral. P.S.S.S.S.: Come on, Jane, write! Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, Ca. 94305.



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REFLECTIONS

now that



authority is ebbing in our great land, an anarchy issue cannot be far behind this one. Carter can't deal with swamp bunnies, let alone nuclear warheads, Ham Jordan has really bitten the "dust" and Jerry Brown's ardent campaign for the poll-ish vote has threatened his two faces with the telling acne of ambition.

Decent alternatives stiffen indecently before us: Kennedy still has smelly fish in his shoes from the infamous midnight dip and Ronald Reagan's hair remains prematurely orange.

Who can we turn to? Ourselves. We were better off with Nixon.

In the fleeting moments we have before the Big One drops, it all comes a tumblin' down and Michael rows the boat ashore (hallelujah), let us each abuse what authority we still have.


For instance, it was no simple chore having this magazine's re-

bellious staff put out something as outdated as an authority issue. I had to beat them, knock them about the head and flog the poor devils, having strapped them to the light table with three point letraset line. One didn't make it to see the fruits of his labor, having contracted gangrene from an exacto knife during layout.

On the surface, this may seem rather severe for an extracurricular activity. Yet ink runs thicker than blood, and one should not count his conquests before they're laid out. Flesh to newsprint, and newsprint to flesh.

"Do this in remembrance of me."
One casualty is a small price to pay for an authority issue.

And, believe it or not, there's still enough authority left in these slaved-over pages to demand one thing from our readers: that you think we're incredibly funny guys above the usual campus cut-up classification. Memorize our names in the staff box and keep tabs on our latest writing blocks. Buy two more copies of this issue and then collect them all. It's easy. It's fun. It's required. "Chappie may I?" "Yes, you may."

Most importantly, though, you must crack your face. At every single article, chuckle maniacally until you are a social outcast. We have ways of making you giggle. Laugh hard and loudly, or else. . . (Serious souls have been found semi-conscious with coathangers forcibly inserted into their mouths.) Laughter cures lockjaw. Laughter cures cancer. Laughter is the best medicine, and we want you to O.D., to be carried into Cowell kicking and screaming punch lines. It's the most fun you can have without sex, so do it 'til you drool, dammit! Ha ha, I found it!, Hare Krishna, Seig Heil, and Amen. 

Dear Abby

Mind Your Beeswax



Abigail Van Buren

Dear Abby,

My floor is a mess. I don't know whether I should wax it today, or do the wash and watch "All My Children" and wax it tomorrow. Any suggestions?

CONFUSED

Dear Confused,

Never put off to tomorrow what can be done today. Anyway, Naomi has leukemia, Jim will never get a divorce and Allison will die in a car wreck to do movies next week, while wax build-up can put a frown on anyone's smiling face.

Dear Abby,

I was thinking of mowing the lawn. The grass is getting very long and hard to set croquet wickets into. What should I do?

PERPLEXED

Dear Perplexed,

Mow the lawn, but carefully. Statistics show that more back ailments start with lawn-mowing than any other household chore. Cut swiftly but safely!

Dear Abby,

I'm sending you the following clipping in the hope that you will print it so others can benefit from it. It saves me lots of time and trouble every day, and I think it's a good set of rules to follow.

NO HANGNAILS

Dear No Hangnails,

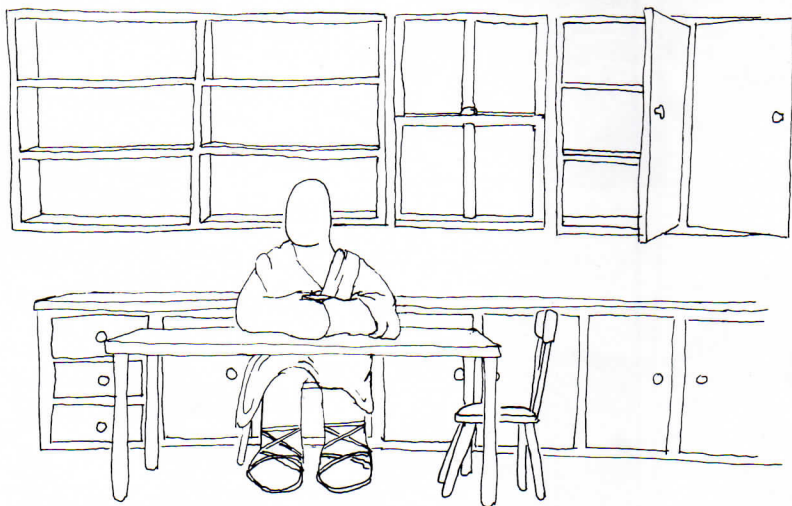
Right you are, and here it is:

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF FINGERNAIL CARE

(from the *Des Moines Courier*)

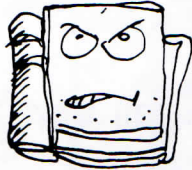
1. Thou shalt sharpen thy clipper regularly.
2. Though shalt press down hard enough to make a good, clean cut.
3. Thou shalt not file them to excess.
4. Thou shalt not bite thy nails (the hand that feedest thou).
5. Thou shalt scratch skin ailments with them only when imperative.
6. Thou shalt push down thy cuticles on a daily basis.
7. Thou shalt not use polish, paint or other toxic potions on they nails.
8. Thou shalt not let them grow "to see how long they get without breaking."
9. Thou shalt never use them to open cellophane-wrapped packages.
10. Thou shalt not abuse thy nails: though you may walk through the Valley of Blackboards, thou shalt fear no evil. Amen.

(Readers may wish to clip this out and attach it to their bathroom mirrors with two pieces of scotch tape.)



Joseph during the immaculate conception.

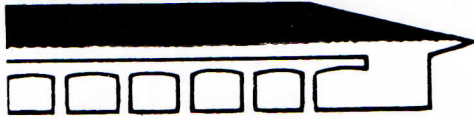
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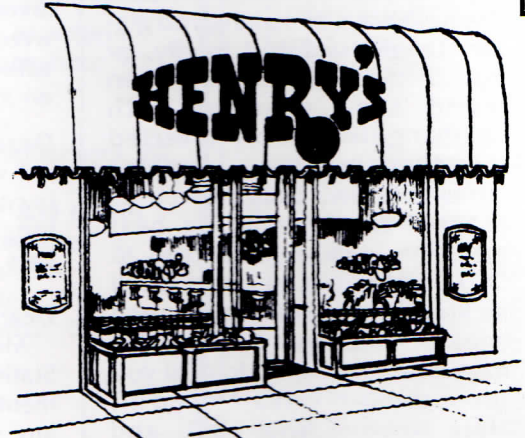
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Dear Abby,
Well, I got the jar open. Now what do I do?

MAKING A SANDWICH

Dear Making a Sandwich,
You're at a crucial stage now. You can spread the jam on both sides or just one: it's up to you. Make the decision and follow through with it (and careful with the knife!). Then write back and tell me how it comes out. I care.

Dear Abby,
I can't close one of our kitchen cupboards and one of my friends suggested that I write to you for help.

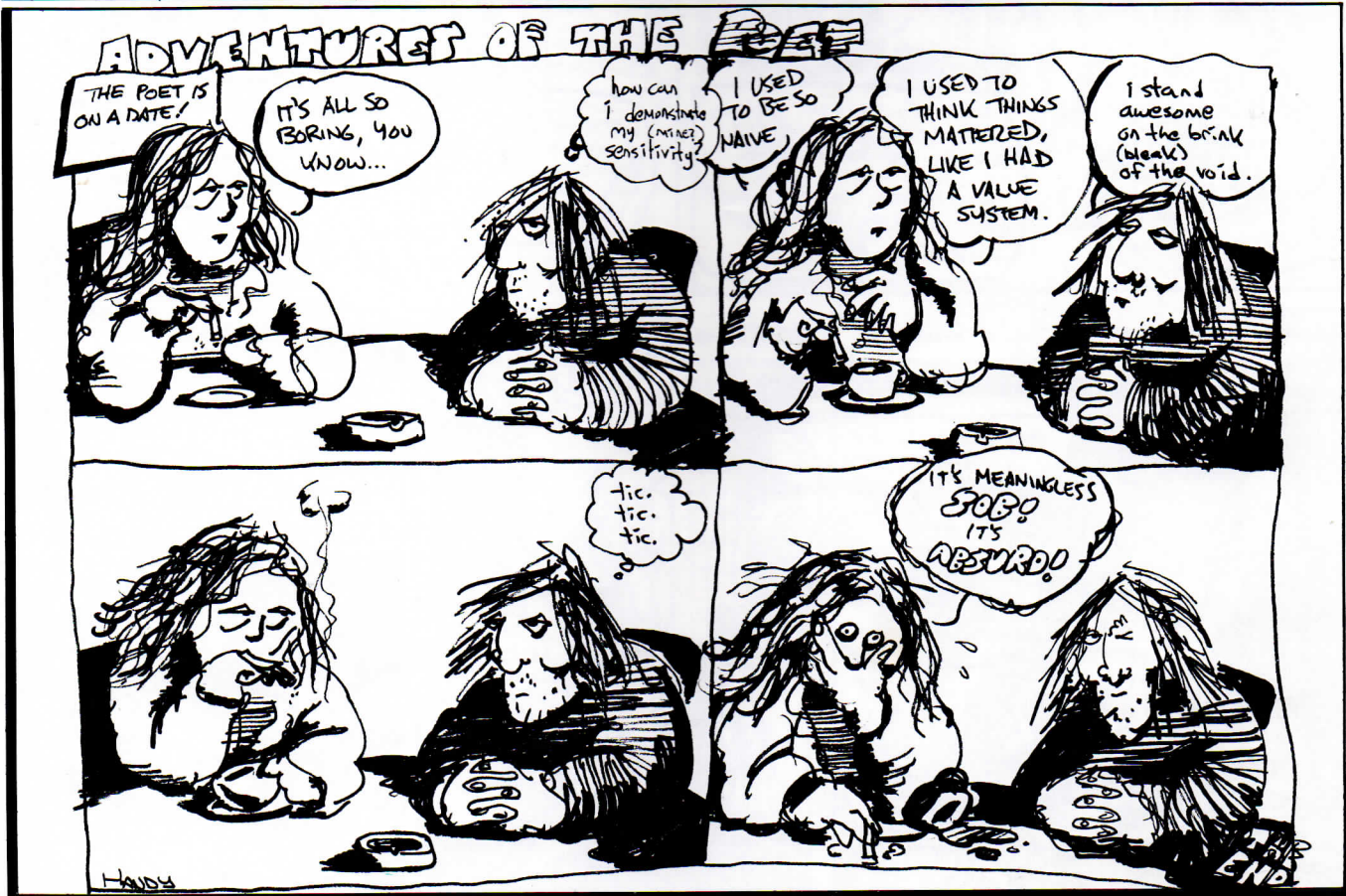
LAID OPEN

Dear Laid Open,
Try pushing up at the same time you push close. Also, check to see if any cups or saucers are hindering the doors' normal movement. A little look is sometimes worth a lifetime of learning.

Dear Abby,
How do you tell whether a door opens in or out? Abby, I constantly make a fool out of myself in public trying to open doors the wrong way. Now I've got a girlfriend who lives in an apartment complex full of doors! How can I see her to her door without showing what a klutz I really am. **OPEN AND SHUT CASE**

Dear Open and Shut,
I receive a lot of letters like yours, so you're not alone. I've found that the best advice is this: **Relax. Open some doors in, some doors out. Experiment. Don't follow any rules (the hinges can sometimes give it away, but not always).** If she fusses about your problem, she isn't worth it.

CONFIDENTIAL TO CLOSING THE GARAGE: Pull it towards you gently and it should move safely into place.



Swiss CLASSICS Illustrated

Norm Robinson

Featuring Stories by the World's Greatest Authors

AFTER THREE YEARS, THE TREE HOUSING IS FINALLY COMPLETED.

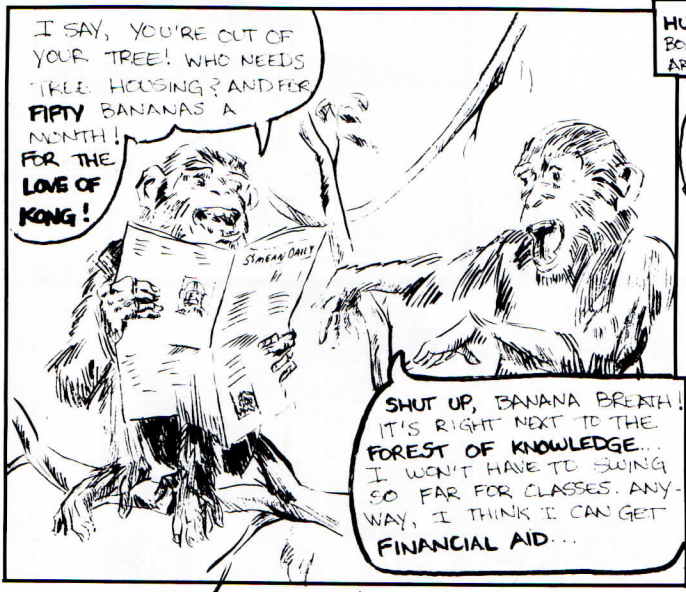
I WILL TAKE ONE ROOM FOR MYSELF AND RENT OUT THE OTHERS TO THE MONKEYS OF THE ISLAND.



IN THIS WAY, I WILL PROFIT AND THE POOR MONKEYS WILL FINALLY HAVE A PLACE TO LIVE.

NEWS OF SWISS NORM ROBINSON'S TREE HOUSING SPREADS ACROSS THE ISLAND.

OUR STORY SO FAR: SWISS NORM ROBINSON, STRONG AND ABLE SEAMAN, WAS ON HIS WAY TO A SEAMAN CONVENTION IN ZURICH WHEN HIS SHIP, THE S.S. MANZANITA, WAS CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM. CLINGING TO A PIECE OF ARTIFICIAL WOOD SIDING FROM HIS BOAT, OUR HERO RUNS AGROUND ON THE BEACH OF A SMALL, UNCHARTED ISLAND SOMEWHERE WEST OF THE PALO ARCHIPELAGO. SHIPWRECKED, WITHOUT HOPE OF RESCUE, SWISS NORM ABLY DECIDES TO BUILD A LARGE SHELTER USING THE CRUDE MATERIALS FOUND ON THE ISLAND. HE CHOOSES A PRIME SIGHT, RIGHT BETWEEN THE ISLAND'S FOREST OF KNOWLEDGE AND A LARGE GROVE OF BANANA TREES FOR THE PROJECT....



I SAY, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR TREE! WHO NEEDS TREE HOUSING? AND FOR FIFTY BANANAS A MONTH! FOR THE LOVE OF KONG!

SHUT UP, BANANA BREATH! IT'S RIGHT NEXT TO THE FOREST OF KNOWLEDGE... I WON'T HAVE TO SWING SO FAR FOR CLASSES. ANYWAY, I THINK I CAN GET FINANCIAL AID...

HUNDREDS OF SIMIAN BOARDERS BEGIN TO ARRIVE.

IF YOUR PRIORITY LEAF IS STAMPED PROPERLY, WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT...

SORRY, SWISS NORM BUT I DON'T HAVE FIFTY BANANAS RIGHT NOW.

THAT'S QUITE ALRIGHT, MY LITTLE PRIMATE FRIEND, JUST PAY ME SEVENTY-FIVE NEXT MONTH...

HEY NORM! CAN I HAVE THAT SINGLE OVERLOOKIN' THE BANANA GROVE?

SWISS NORM! WHERE CAN I PARK MY VINE?

WELCOME CHIMPS

BUY A PERMIT - IT'LL ONLY COST YOU FIVE BANANAS

LOVE EM! BARNYARD ANIMALS AND SMALL CHILDREN TOO!

SO YOU'RE MY ROOMMATE, EH? HOPE YOU LIKE THE DEAD!

THANKS TO SWISS NORM, THE MONKEYS BECOME CIVILIZED TO THE POINT OF EATING TOGETHER IN A FOOD HUT



THIS IS THE GREATEST!

JUST LOVE THIS HOMESTYLE COOKING... THEY EVEN TOOK THE STICKERS OFF OF EM FOR US!

EVERYTHING WAS GOING SMOOTHLY FOR SWISS NORM AND HIS MERRY TREE HOUSING UNTIL ONE DAY...



EXCUSE ME, SWISS NORM, BUT I WISHED TO CLARIFY SOMETHING

CERTAINLY MIKE - WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?



THAT'S CORRECT - YOU'VE BEEN HIRED AS A RHESUS ASSLUCKER A POSITION OF GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

I'M AN R.A. RIGHT?

THAT MEANS I GET A SINGLE, RIGHT?

YES, OF COURSE

THEN TELL THOSE TWO ORANGUTANS HANGING OUT IN MY ROOM TO TAKE A SWING - I WANNA BRING IN MY WATERBED AND STEREO AND THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM...

WHAT THE MONKEY SAYS IS CORRECT - THERE'S NO WAY IN WHICH I CAN PROVIDE TREE HOUSING FOR **EVERYONE** OF THEM... THERE **MUST** BE SOME CIVILIZED WAY TO DECIDE WHO GOES, WHO STAYS AND WHO GETS THE BEST LIMBS TO LIVE ON...



WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!

IN JUST A FEW HOURS, SWISS NORM ABLY COLLECTS A BUSHEL OF LEAVES FROM A NEARBY TREE AND NUMBERS THEM WITH A QUILL PEN AND PLACES THEM IN A WICKER BASKET ROUGHLY FASHIONED FROM POSSY WILLOWS...



YOU MUST BE PROUD, SWISS NORM!

YES, MIKE - WITH THIS FINE SYSTEM THERE SHOULD NOT BE ANYMORE PROBLEMS.

BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF UNEVOLVED MINDS? EVEN AS GOOD SWISS NORM SPEAKS SINISTER SIMEANS HATCH MONKEY BUSINESS IN A FROM ABOVE...

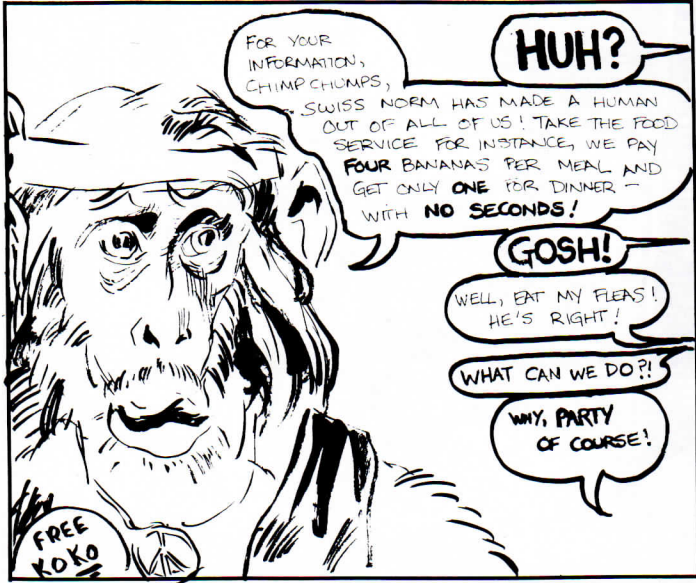


I'M AT THE END OF MY VINE - I DRAW 4,826 AND I'VE JUST GOT TO LIVE IN TREE HOUSING NEXT YEAR...

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS, MAGILLA! I JUST GOT A DAMAGE BILL FOR EIGHTY BANANAS FOR A STRAW ROOF AND A FEW BAMBOO POLES. THAT'S THE LAST GAME OF HALL FRISBEE I'LL EVER PLAY!

WAIT A MINUTE! WILL YOU CHIMPS HEAR ME OUT BEFORE YOU TOTALLY SPLIT YOUR BANANAS! WE'VE BEEN HAD!

THE VOLATILE VEGETARIANS COMMENCE TO DRINK BANANA DAQUIRIS WITH WILD ABANDON...



FOR YOUR INFORMATION, CHIMP CHIMPS,

HUH?

SWISS NORM HAS MADE A HUMAN OUT OF ALL OF US! TAKE THE FOOD SERVICE FOR INSTANCE, WE PAY FOUR BANANAS PER MEAL AND GET ONLY ONE FOR DINNER - WITH NO SECONDS!

GOSH!

WELL, EAT MY FLEAS! HE'S RIGHT!

WHAT CAN WE DO?!

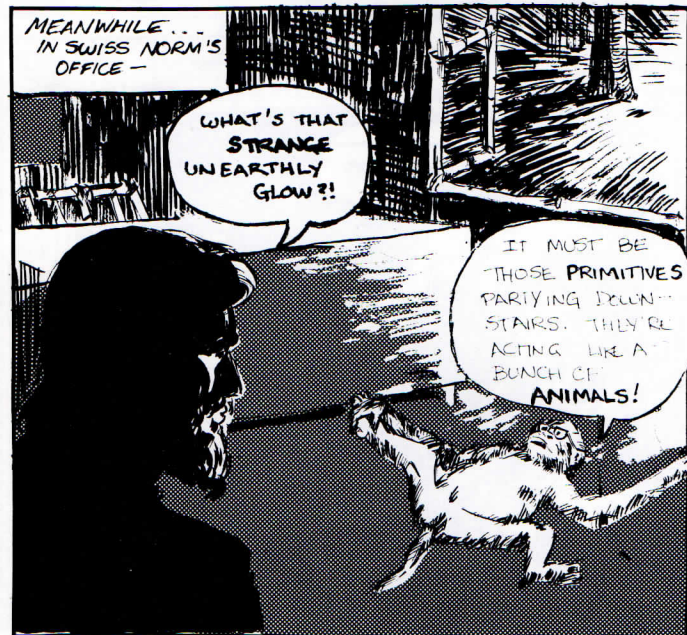
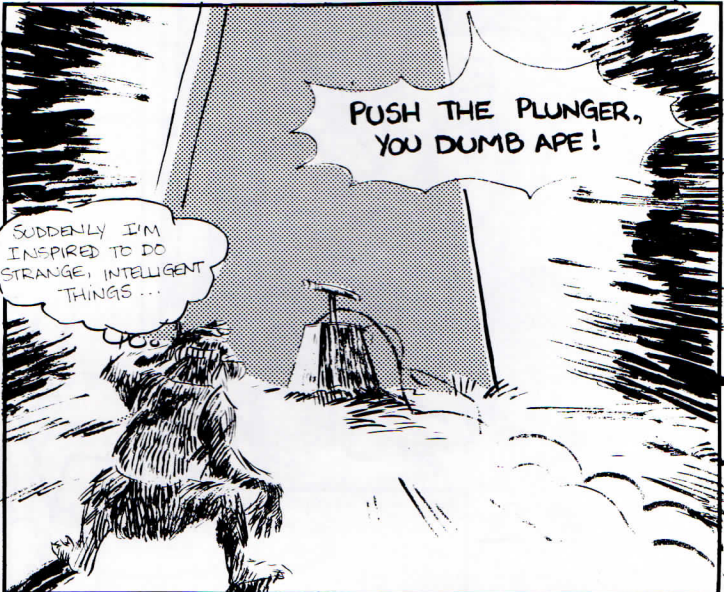
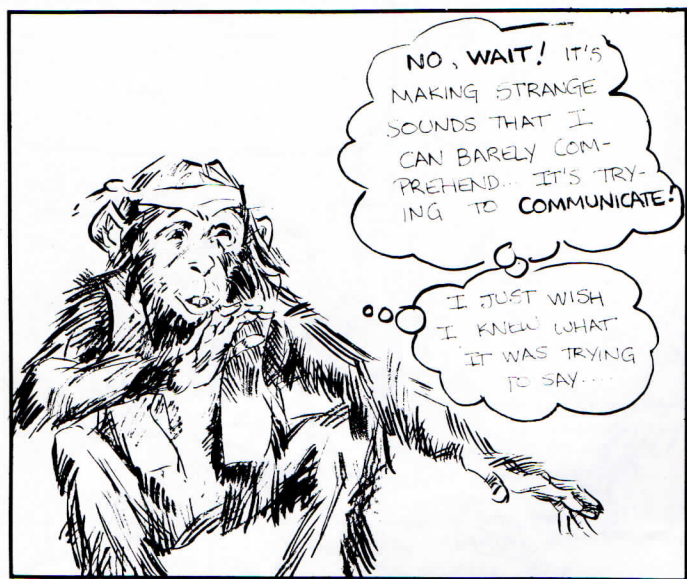
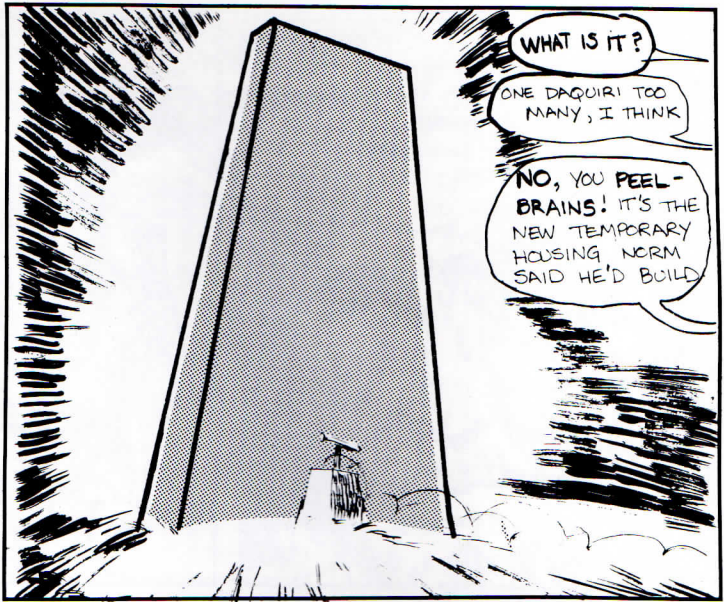
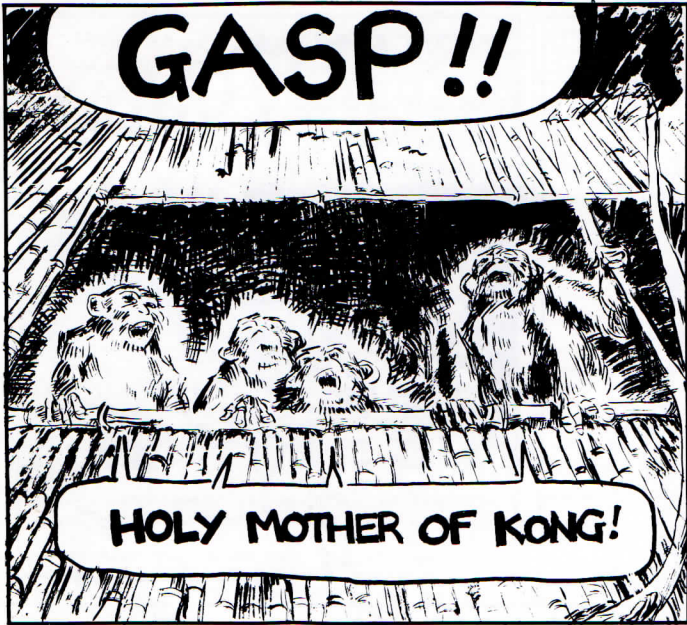
WHY, PARTY OF COURSE!

FREE KOKO



SWISS NORM CAN EAT MY TOOTSIE ROLL, FOR ALL I CARE!

SIT ON MY MISSING LINK, SWISS NORM!





TIMBER!



AND FURTHER-
MORE, YOU'LL BE
UNGUARANTEED
BEFORE I
FINISH WITH
YOU!!

NEXT WEEK: SWISS NORM ABLY BUILDS
A CONDOMINIUM FOR THE SKIPPER
AND GILLIGAN USING ONLY PUSSY-
WILLOWS AND DRIED QUANO....

THE
END

Fred
HARGADON

Lauren
BACALL

Mary
ASTOR



Dead Men Don't Get Admitted

Her shorts were too short. Like an airplane on final approach, she was flashing first one, then the other beacon down the runway.

Naturally, I followed. Why? Ever since I was a kid, I had this thing about airplanes.

But I had other reasons. Sure, it was something to do with the syncopated undulation of her thighs, something

about the smart salute of her breasts that snapped my eyelids to attention, something in those blood-red lips that whispered silently of danger. What the hell — call it one of those crazy, irrational attractions.

Just one thing didn't figure; a minute fragment of the picture was out of place — but what? The riddle was eating away at my insides, like a tapeworm bent on revenge.

Then it hit me. One tiny detail — so small, you'd almost ignore it. I was damn lucky to spot it in the first place.

It was the corpse sticking out of her handbag.
I have to notice these things. It's my job.

Monday morning, 8:05. The phone rang. It was Dick Lyman, over in homicide. "Listen, Fred: I got a dame here. Lucia Minestrone. Wants admission to the incoming class. We got an unregistered corpse in a handbag rap on her. I'd appreciate it if she didn't make it."

"Sure, Dick. Anything for you."

I jabbed a button on the intercom.

"Show the lady in, M."

Spiked heels snapped on the linoleum floor just like they snapped a nerve in my brain. My thoughts raced like a Toyota with a burnt out clutch.

Everything was the same. Same build. Same walk. Same landing lights.

I swallowed hard and fought back the last wisps of my usual Monday-morning amyl nitrate fog.

"What can I do for you?" I managed to croak.

"You've got to help me, Mr. Hargadon."

I could tell she was desperate.

"My parents both died two years ago. In an airplane crash. Ever since then, I've been underprivileged. But I didn't come to you for sympathy. I want a job done, and I heard you're the man to come to. I'll pay, just like everyone else. I've got the money."

"Cough it up, sugar. Daylight's burning."

"Okay. I'll be honest with you, Mr. Hargadon. I want admission to this class. I've worked hard. I'm smart. My personality is perfectly rounded. I deserve it."

Hard boiled dame. I liked her style. Too bad she wouldn't make it.

"Maybe you're telling the truth. Maybe you've even got the eight thousand clams. Let's cut the small talk. What's your GPA?"

I'd hit pay dirt. The tendons in her neck tightened. "Three-point two." It was practically a whisper.

"You're making it tough for me, sweetheart. How'd you manage on the tests?"

I hate to see women cry. "Twelve-fifty, combined." Tears were welling up in her eyes.

"You got guts, sister. Ain't too many dames'd try a stunt like that. But you know the rules in this town — unless you're Fiorello LaGuardia, I'd say your chances are pretty slim. I'll see what I can do."

"She's good" I thought, as I watched her nectarine-shaped derriere slide out the door. "But not good enough." There are thousands like her. Ambitious. Talented. The kind of talent they can't show you in their applications. You've got to spend a day with them, at least. A night is even better. But she didn't have the grades.

Jesus Christ! Twelve o'clock already! I punched the emergency phone: 326-6552. "This is Hargadon, Admissions. Give me a number four, that's right, urgent!"

In minutes, the steaming hot pizza was on my desk.

I eyed the delivery boy. He had something he wanted to tell me. Call it a sixth sense. I could see it in the way he kept fingering the machete in his pocket.

After a lifetime in this job, you've got to have a sixth sense. Otherwise, you don't live long. A friend of mine

even had a seventh sense, but he couldn't figure out what it was for.

"Spill it, kid. Whaddya want?"

"I know you're a busy man, Mr. Hargadon."

"Yeah, sure."

"But I was wondering if you might consider my case."

Uh-oh, not another one of these clowns. But he had the credentials. He also had the knife.

"I like you, kid, you got spunk." Anything to make the little worm happy. "I'll see what I can do. Sure, I got my connections at the Faculty Club. But I can't make any guarantees."

In this line of work, you get used to unusual hours. It isn't exactly a nine-to-fiver.

That's why I wasn't too surprised when the phone jangled my brain out of a dream about an airplane-load of nectarines at three o'clock Tuesday night.

It was Lyman. A beat cop had found a body at the bottom of Lagunita. Freshly dead.

"Listen, Fred," Lyman told me when I finally got there, my shoes caked with mud, "We got an ID on this joe. Turns out he was running pizzas for Express. He was delivering a pepperoni about midnight when somebody stuck a shank into him. Dumped him here. We also know he was aching for a spot in the freshman class."

"Any clues or prints?" I asked, "Anything suspicious about the body?"



"No clues except this: the word 'great' written across his chest in red tomato sauce. Mean anything to you?"

"Nope. Obviously the product of a warped mind."

Tomato sauce was all over everything. His insides were split open like a food service lasagna. And for the second time that week, I got a sinking feeling of *deja vu*. It was the same kid who had delivered my pizza on Monday.

"You're in admissions, Fred," Lyman said, "what do you know about him?"

"A lot. He was in my office Monday, whining for a spot in the class. Only one other person could've known — it's your unregistered corpse girl, Minestrone. She left my office about the same time he came in. Must have over-

heard something. Find her, and you've found your pizza-boy-shanker."

The night sky was beginning to glow pink in the east. A gang of newspapermen had arrived and were crawling all over the place, like ants on a dead lizard.

Those sensationalist press guys make me sick. Some poor schmoe gets nailed, and everyone wants to read about it in the morning *Daily*.

One of them walked toward me, obviously scrounging for a quote. I gave him one of my stock platitudes: "It's a tough world. Social Darwinism. Survival of the fittest. The poor guy just didn't make it."

I turned and headed into the darkness. I needed a long walk to sort things out.

I was trying to pull my shoe out of two feet of muck when I felt something hard jab me in the back. It was a .22 gat, and on the other side of it was Lucy Minestrone.

"I know you know I killed the pizza kid, Hargadon. I also know you never intended to offer me admission. Now I'm going to admit you — to eternity!"

"Steady, sugar."

"You rejected me because of my test scores, didn't you? So I had a bad Saturday morning for SAT's, and it ruined my life! Now I'm going to *end yours!*"

"Calm down, sister. You know you could've transferred after your sophomore year."

"Don't give me that line, Hargadon. You know the stats. My chances would've been about the same as yours are right now."

I pretended not to be nervous. "Congratulations, gorgeous. Looks like you've got one up on me. . . ." Flattery will get you everywhere. For a split second she lowered the gun. In the same split second I spun around, kicking the gun out of her hand, catching it in my teeth and locking her in a full nelson. I've seen enough Kung Fu episodes to pick up a few things.

"You were a wild kid, sugar — you'd tried everything, almost," I explained to Lucia as I handcuffed her. "You wanted to try higher education, but you needed your parents' money. Daddy said no, but you couldn't take no for an answer. You made it look like an accident and took the inheritance."

Sirens were coming closer.

"You were clever, sugar, but not clever enough. Anyone who got in your way had to be knocked off. That explains the handbag body. It worked fine until you ran into me. You thought you had it wrapped up; but I don't play favorites, and your plan backfired."

Three squad cars squealed through the mud and lurched to a stop. "You'll have plenty of time to think it over, sugar. . ." I told her, as the cops stuffed her into a paddywagon, "If the judge goes easy on you, maybe ten to twenty years."

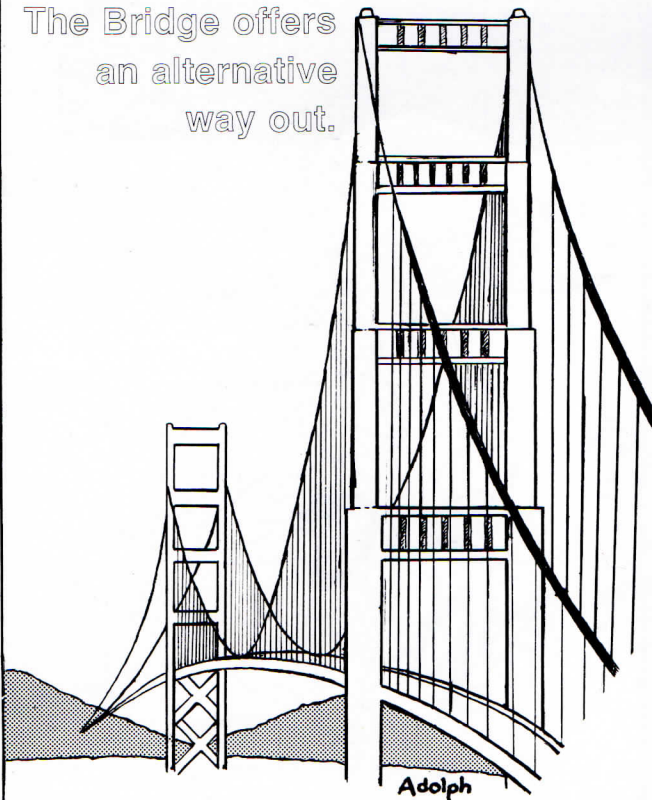
Lyman was shaking my hand. "Congratulations, Fred, you've done it again. I don't know what the University would do without you. . ." he crooned.

"Thanks, Dick, but it was nothing."

It's a messy business. Sure, it stinks. But it's my job.

Trouble with relationships?
Academic problems?
Just plain bummed out?

The Bridge offers
an alternative
way out.



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Creative ways of dealing with reality.





YEAH, TRY
56 IN A 25!
HMMM NEBRASKA
EH?...

NO I THINK
YOU BETTER
STEP OUT HERE
RIGHT NOW.



SOMETHING
WRONG,
OFFICER?

...DAMN
OUTSIDERS
GRRRR

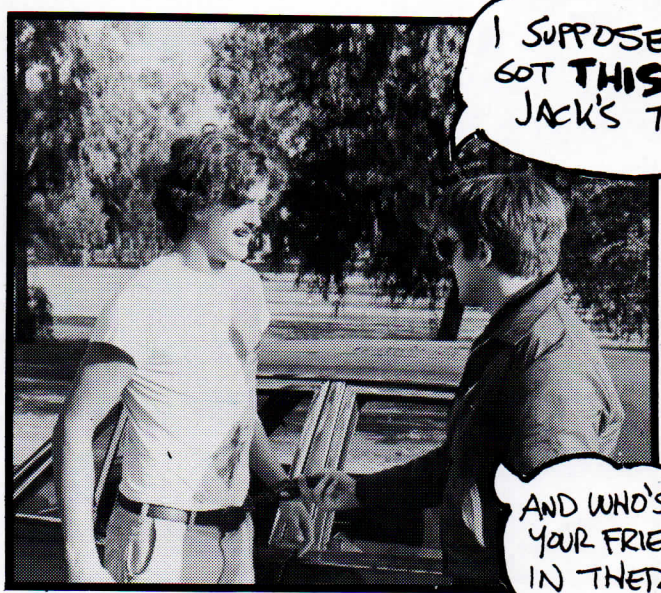


LISTEN, CAN
I JUST SIGN
SOMETHING? I'M
IN A HURRY.



NOW WHAT'S WITH
THE RED STAINS?

UM, WELL...
I JUST WENT TO
JACK IN THE BOX.



I SUPPOSE YOU
GOT **THIS** AT
JACK'S TOO?

AND WHO'S
YOUR FRIEND
IN THERE?

LISTEN- CHUCK'S REAL HUNG-OVER...

OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...

...DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT...

YOU KILLED HIM YOU LITTLE BASTARD!

...GUZZLES AND GUZZLES...

..BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT...

OK! I SHOT HIM DEAD I WAS TRYING TO STUDY AND HE KEPT PLAYING THAT DAMN TUBA!

I'VE GOT LSAT'S DAMNIT!

WAIT- YOU MEAN YOU'RE A STUDENT HERE?

THUD

GOD, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO MY CHANCES AT HARVARD LAW...

DO YOU HAVE A STANFORD I.D.?

I'VE GOT
LSATS...

TAKE THE I.D.!
ANYTHING!
JUST DON'T TELL MY
FOLKS... PLEASE!

IT'S
CURRENT!

I'LL BE LUCKY IF I
GET INTO A CREATIVE
WRITING PROGRAM...

LISTEN-THERE'S
BEEN A REAL
MIX-UP.



WHA--?

HERE WE GO
CHUCK...
ORSY-DAISY!



ABOUT YOUR SHIRT...
A LITTLE BIZ'LL GET
OUT EVEN THE TOUGHEST
STAINS...

HEY, WAIT
I--

AND
REMEMBER...

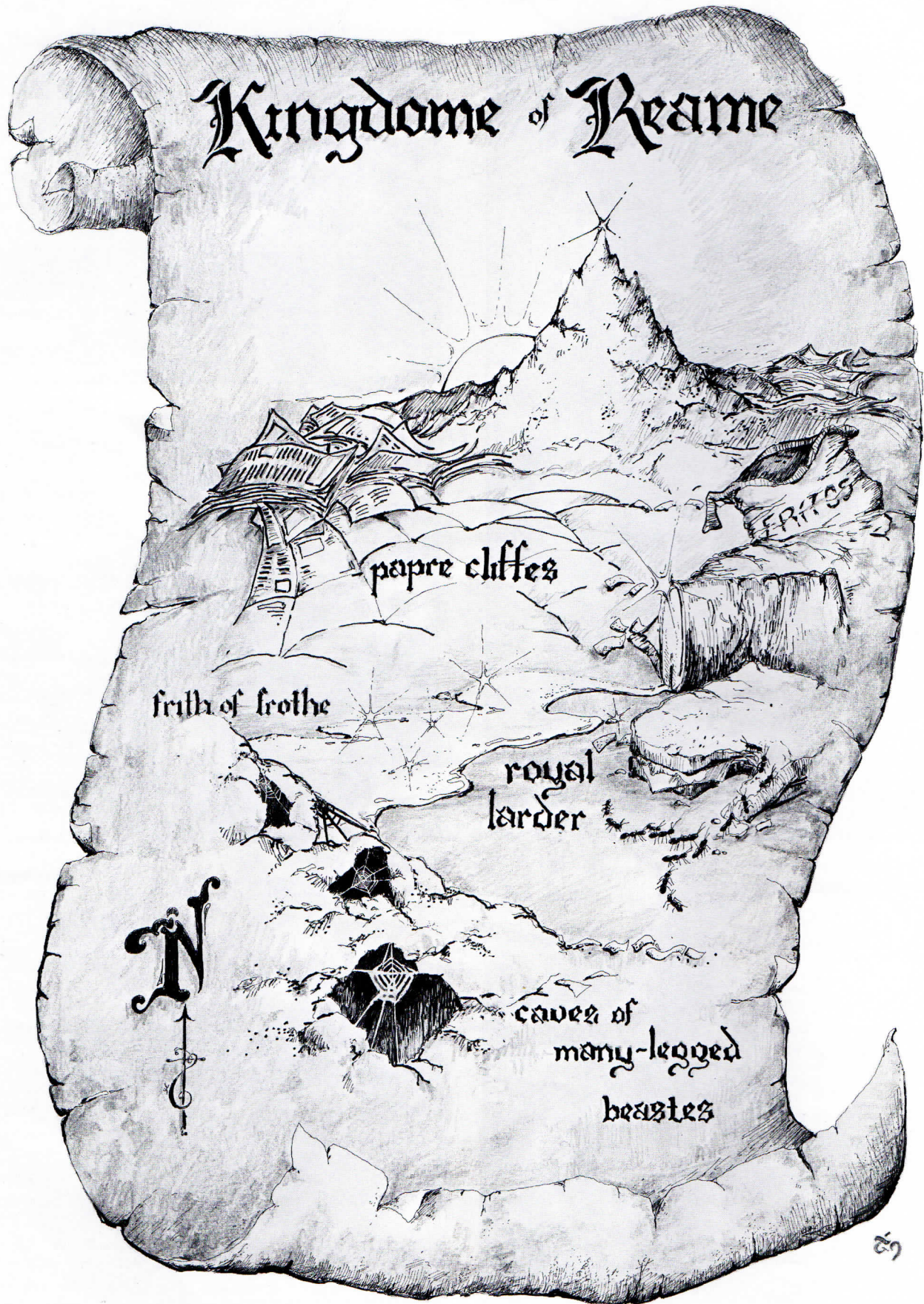


STUDY HARD BUT
DRIVE SAFELY!



THE
END

Kingdome of Reame



“Uneasy lies the head

that wears a crown.”

—King Henry IV, Part Two

Night watchman Jack Stockton pulled the maroon Chevrolet with one bashed-in fender into his driveway. He and his family lived in a faded yellow stucco house just outside of San Jose. The early morning light made the dying dichondra in the front yard look almost lush, and Jack could smell bacon cooking. He whistled himself up the front walk, playfully scooping the morning paper from the cracked cement walkway.

Muriel Stockton watched T.V. while she poured grease into the sink. “So how did the watch go tonight?” she taunted under pink curlers. “Catch any mass-murderers, Big Detective?”

“Nope,” Jack mused, tilting the screaming headlines of the newspaper. “Quiet. Like always.”

“You’d better mow the lawn after you get up,” Muriel said, “and stop at the cleaners, for God’s sake.”

“Send your check or money order in now! Operators are standing by! Don’t be left out!” the black and white television was booming while Muriel set Jack’s plate down.

“Yes, dear,” Jack said.

The kingdom flourished and was still glowing with prosperity from the order the King had given it before his usual departure for further conquests. Even the lowly ones, the masses, seemed content as they crawled through their daily routines. The aristocrats soared in the political tranquility, rejoicing in the goodness of their departed liege. Having driven away the horrible many-legged beasts from the great land’s mountains, the King had left them all free to pursue the good life that the hard-working races of the kingdom so richly deserved.

“But what shall we do without Him?” they might have wondered. They comforted themselves with

the notion that he would one night return to his rightful place. Only with the King on his throne would prosperity and contentment be guaranteed.

By the time Jack woke up to a blaring alarm clock, it was three in the afternoon. He mowed the lawn and fixed the picket fence that separated his backyard from the expressway. When he went into the kitchen to get a beer, he found his two daughters noisily eating Lucky Charms.

“How was school?” he asked them.

“Great,” Mary said. “Susy’s dad came and talked to us today. The whole school. He’s a real policeman, you know.”

“So’s Daddy,” Betty said.

“Nun-uh. He just has a flashlight — Susy’s dad has a real gun. He showed us. Daddy just watches paper.”

By then it was too late to make it to the cleaners. “Just do it tomorrow, for the love of God,” his wife said. She made him a cheese sandwich and put it in a baggie. “And for Christ’s sake, don’t let the ants get to it again. Ants, rats, moths, spiders . . . yicch. I don’t know how you can stand working in that garbage yard, and for the money you bring home . . .”

As time went on, the King’s absence began to mar the once peaceful landscape of the kingdom. The army’s columns scattered erratically and were squashed easily by intruding forces. Renegade bands reformed under a corrupt general and pillaged the countryside. The many-legged beasts reestablished their ghastly traps on the sides of the sheer cliffs which bordered the kingdom. Disease-carrying vermin crossed under the fenced border and entrenched themselves in heaps of re-

fuse. No one was safe. The winter of discontent was never so cold.

Jack stopped by his supervisor's office on his way to the stockyard of the paper mill. He asked for some insecticide.

"More?" the bald supervisor said. "What do you do with the stuff? Sniff it?"

"No," Jack replied. "I use it to kill spiders. They make webs all over the paper bales at night." The supervisor shook his head and handed him a can from a shelf. "Just remember, Stockton," he said after him, "you're here to watch the yard, not kill bugs."

Jack didn't answer. He crossed an empty lot into his post. He was back in his area then, and his boots creaked louder the wider his strides became.

Long live the King! He is returned from afar, and the kingdom can once more rejoice his magnificent rule.

The gallant liege first set out to exterminate the many-legged beasts from the sheer cliffs of Paperbale. It was done, and goodly done. Odious vermin scampered under the land's border-fence at the sound of his heavy stride. Perfect columns of toiling small ones paraded before him in varying formations. Aristocrats, in regal furs, flitted about him for recognition. Never since the days before His departure had the kingdom seen such prosperity. Justice again took its place in the royal yard.

But night had only begun. In the king's absence, the corrupt army had become drunk on delusions of power. Upon his return, they swarmed the royal food stores in an outright act of rebellion. The distressed King could only stomp them out with his great might, destroying much of the army in his rage. He was a fair ruler, but not one to be toyed with. The army retreated, carrying the many dead and scattered crumbs of food. His Highness then destroyed the surviving leaders of the rebellion with his little finger: such was his power.

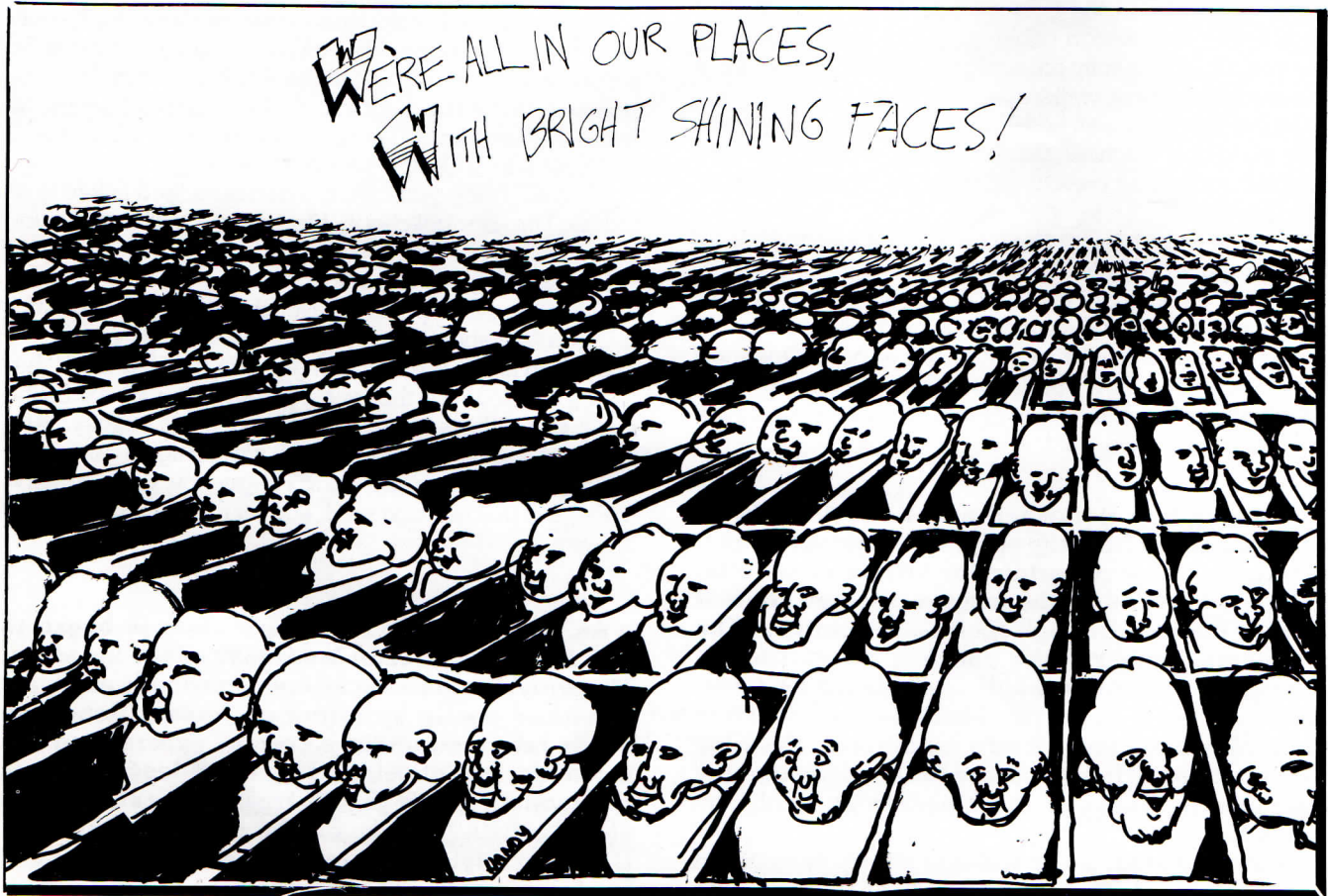
By morning, the kingdom was at peace. But the restless King, with his cloak of blue and scepter of light, desired to take his leave once more. The masses pleaded that the great warrior change his mind. He would have nothing of it, but promised another triumphant return from distant lands to the plot of earth that so desperately needed his bold hand . . .

Around six in the morning, the day shift arrived at the factory and Jack strolled to his car. He was hungry and bought a bag of potato chips from a vending machine on his way out. The cheese sandwich was left uneaten on the ground of the stockyard, stepped on with ants all over it. The night had gone alright, though.

He ran a red light on the way home and a police car pulled him over.

"I guess you know why I stopped you," the cop said.

"Yes," Jack said. "We do."



ITALY AFTER MUSSOLINI



Bad comics.



Not enough women.

Days After Abduc

By HENRY TANNER
Special to The New York Times
May 9—The bullet-riddled car in the historic city of Rome was expected to be the work of both the Communist and the terrorist Red Brigades.
The discovery of the body of a burgundy car in the historic city of Rome was expected to be the work of both the Communist and the terrorist Red Brigades.
The discovery of the body of a burgundy car in the historic city of Rome was expected to be the work of both the Communist and the terrorist Red Brigades.



NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1978

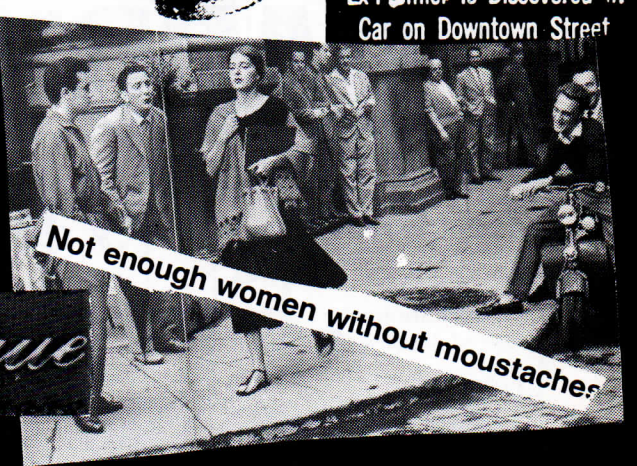
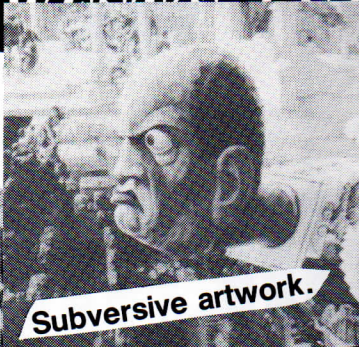
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DADDY DEAREST

By Jacqueline Piaget

Sensorimotor and practical intelligence in the first two years of development came very hard for me. God knows it was his fault. Jean Piaget. The renowned Jean Piaget. The revolutionizer of child psychology, the great and distinguished, the honorable Dr. Jean Piaget.

Obs. 1. One evening, just after my second birthday (2:0), Father came home from the university later than usual. He seemed to have difficulty in constructing object/space distinctions, a regression to the fourth level of development. F. suffered loss of linguistic form in speech

patterns, and acute sensorimotor dysfunction. Mother tested this by hiding something in her writing desk. F., obviously angered at his inability to find the hidden object, released anger as if mired in the second developmental level, struck M. with a bust of Freud that had been resting on the piano. M. suffered profound loss of sensorimotor control and several teeth.

The bastard was a drunk. "Poppa's off to run with the hounds!" he'd say to me, giving me one of those fatherly kisses on the forehead. Four or five hours later he'd come

home and kiss Mom with his cane. I think they stayed together because of the children. I think they got married because of the children. That's something "Pop" never mentions, not even in his footnotes. They were always fighting, those two. "Jean, leave the children alone. Let them sleep. Good Lord, it's been over two days."

Obs. 2. For a period extending over several months (3:7, 3:10), F. had fallen into the habit of visiting our nursery at all hours. The collective stimuli of Lucien and I in sleeping positions elicited an unusual set of attention gathering behaviors. F's actions were uncommon to his supposed level of growth. We were to watch him.

Upon yawning and/or closing of our eyes, indicating to him that we were no longer preoccupied by his presence, F. would pick up either L. or I under the arms and shake us, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Where's that sandman, where's that sandman?" contorting his face into a stream of Rorschach inkblots, obviously for us to interpret. L. cries, I scream.

Of course I God-damned screamed. I was tired, scared, wet, and hungry. I screamed so damned much that I had vocal polyps by the time I was six. "Does Jacqueline's throat hurt?" he'd ask me in his baby voice. (How the hell did he expect Lucien and I to develop an understanding of language when all we heard was "do-goodle-do," and "Does Little Lucien want play with teddy so he no-no get hurting electrodes strapped to his ittie-bitties.") "DO-goodle-do," I'd answer. "No, no!" he'd scream, and then he'd find something to throw at Mom. I'd scream, my throat would flame, and I'd cry and clutch my neck. He'd ask me if it hurt, and the whole thing would start over again. For weeks.

Obs. 3. In the summer of my fifth year (5:4), the family took a vacation sojourn to Geneva, to visit the renowned Dr. Jung. Alda Jung was a pleasant girl, slightly older than I (6:2). When I first met her, she was suffering from an almost 90° head twitch, which drew stares from the normally inattentive Lucien. F. suggested a friendly competition between A. and myself. Dr. Jung had for such purposes constructed a large maze in his backyard. A. obviously had more practice than I, and easily found her way out from the center.


I emerged early the next morning after being severely traumatized during the night by the large gargoyles placed around various corners in the labyrinth. For winning, A. was allowed sleep. F., angered by my loss, strapped M., deer style, to the hood of the family auto during the trip home.

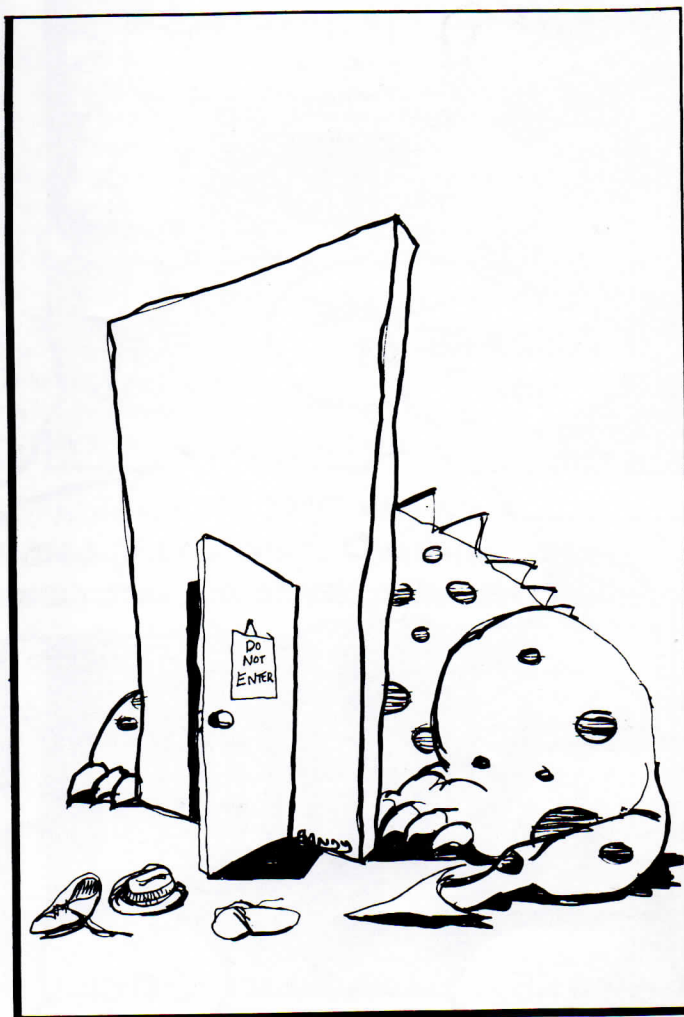
L. was, on the advice of Dr. Jung, left behind at Dr. Jung's self-help home for the near-comatose, The Unconscious Collective.

I met Lucien for the first time in twenty-two years recently. Have you ever seen *Coming Home*? Lucien was like Billy, only he couldn't play the guitar. His left hand twitches uncontrollably. The clinic that housed him closed

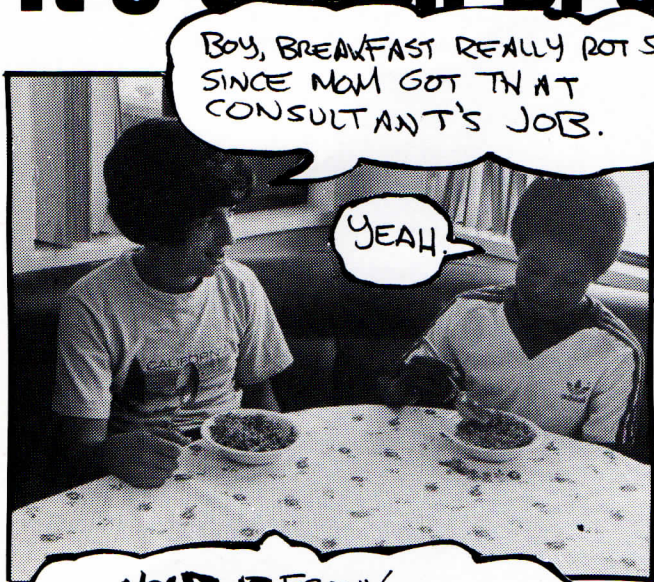
a year ago, and Lucien was left to wander the streets. He was arrested in a toy store several weeks later when he was caught attaching electrodes to the teddy bears. By the time I arrived, his pre-frontal had made him "less objectionable." Anna Freud never had this kind of life.

Obs. 4. F. has begun to ask me what I would like for my birthday (8:11). "Would I like a horse like Anna had received?" he asked. This had the unmistakable sound of one of F.'s experiments. I trembled visibly. "There is nothing wrong with wanting something, Jacqueline . . . Helena!" M. wheeled out. "Jacqueline's not speaking today," he said, slapping the back of her head with his class ring. "She can't speak, you crazy old coot, you've ruined her. Just look at her throat. She's got growths the size of apples down there." F., ever the scientist, pried my jaws open, and after looking for a bit yelled, "Horse-apples! Jacqueline's got horse apples! I must write Herr Freud." And with that, and a cursory knee to M.'s abdomen, he left the room.

Pappa remarried shortly after I left home for school. Today, Mom just quivers. And a woman is her own mother. That's the problem. 

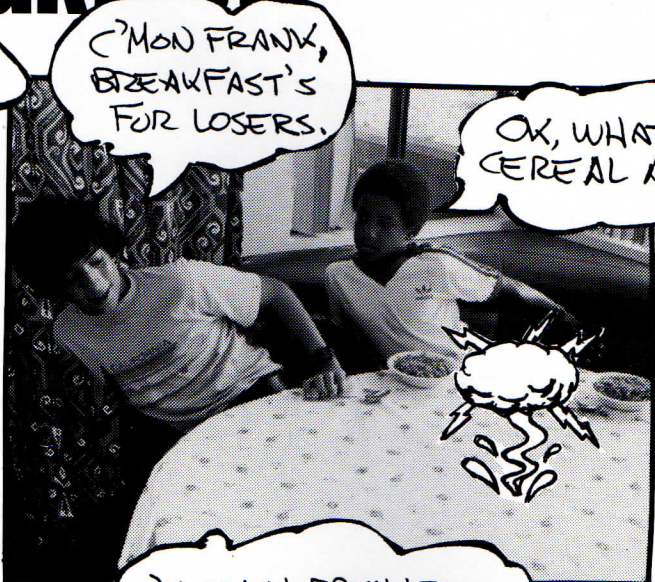


It's Coach Breakfast



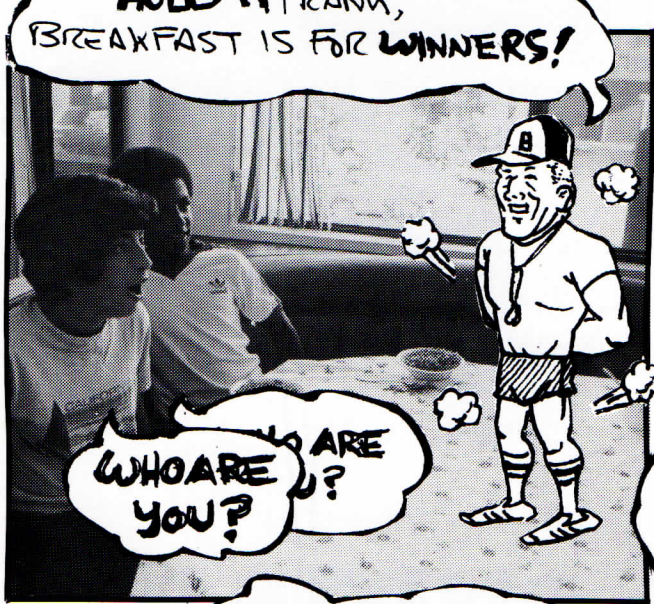
BOY, BREAKFAST REALLY ROT'S SINCE MOM GOT THAT CONSULTANT'S JOB.

YEAH.



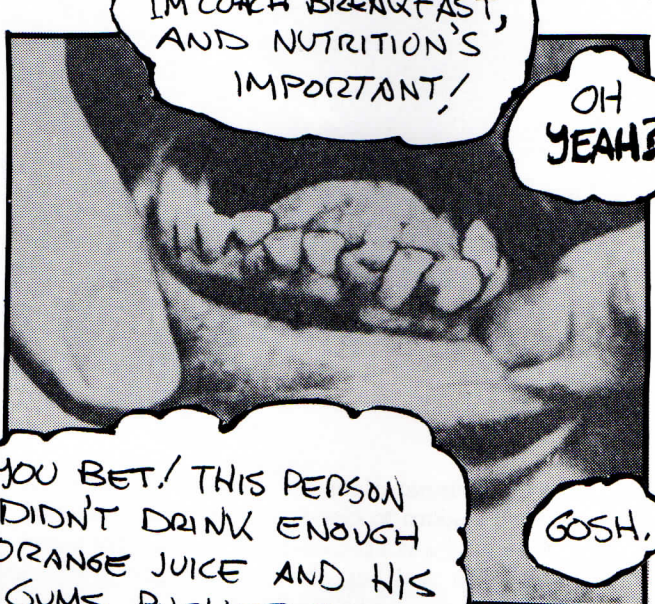
C'MON FRANK, BREAKFAST'S FOR LOSERS.

OK, WHAT'S CEREAL ANYWAY?



HOLD IT FRANK, BREAKFAST IS FOR WINNERS!

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M COACH BREAKFAST, AND NUTRITION'S IMPORTANT!

OH YEAH?

YOU BET! THIS PERSON DIDN'T DRINK ENOUGH ORANGE JUICE AND HIS GUMS PUCKERED!

GOSH.



THIS MAN DON'T GET ENOUGH VITAMIN D (THAT'S MILK) AND HIS WIFE NEVER ATE HER CEREAL...

GROSS!

OH, GOD!



BYE KIDS

Authority: Still an Issue

Thirteen Years Later – the definitive Study of Obedience to Authority, and Soup is Served for Lunch

by Stanley Milgram

Who do we obey? Why do we obey them? What types of people are more obedient in bed? What are the different spellings for obedience? How will that affect the next generation? What are the implications for the present? Who cares? Who wants to try and answer these totally ludicrous questions?

I'll be the first to admit that I don't have all the answers. I don't have all the answers. A great deal of controversy still surrounds my now classic experiment of 1963. Even I, Stanley Milgram, Ph.D., sage and noble inquirer, learned and benevolent psychologist, have my detractors. Critics claim that conditions were not realistic enough, or that not enough variables were taken into account — there have even been accusations of the whole experiment being too elaborate and theatrical! Actually it was quite simple and direct; road companies were able to present it as far away as Bonn with startlingly good results. The universal sheepishness of man has been confirmed by my colleagues throughout the world. While the results are frightening, I have always welcomed their implications, i.e. personal fame and respect.

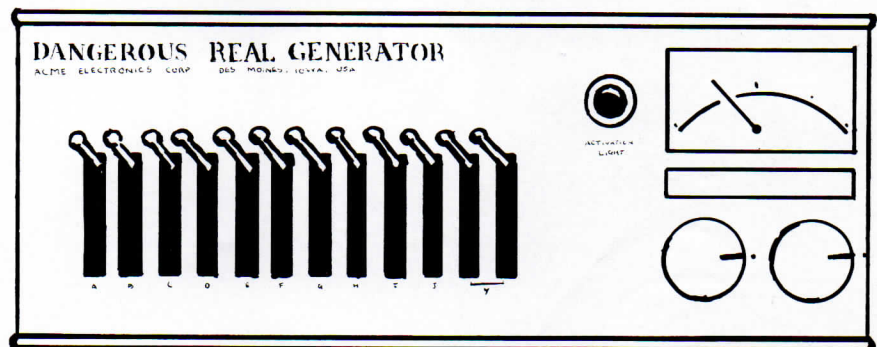
BASIC PARADIGM:

First, a pair of subjects drew straws to decide who was to be the teacher and who was to be the learner in a study on "the effects of punishment on memory." The learner was then taken into an adjacent room (out of the teacher's sight) and strapped into the Yale laboratory version of an electric chair, where electrodes were attached to his arms. The teacher, meanwhile, was seated behind a precision-made shock generator, ostensibly capable

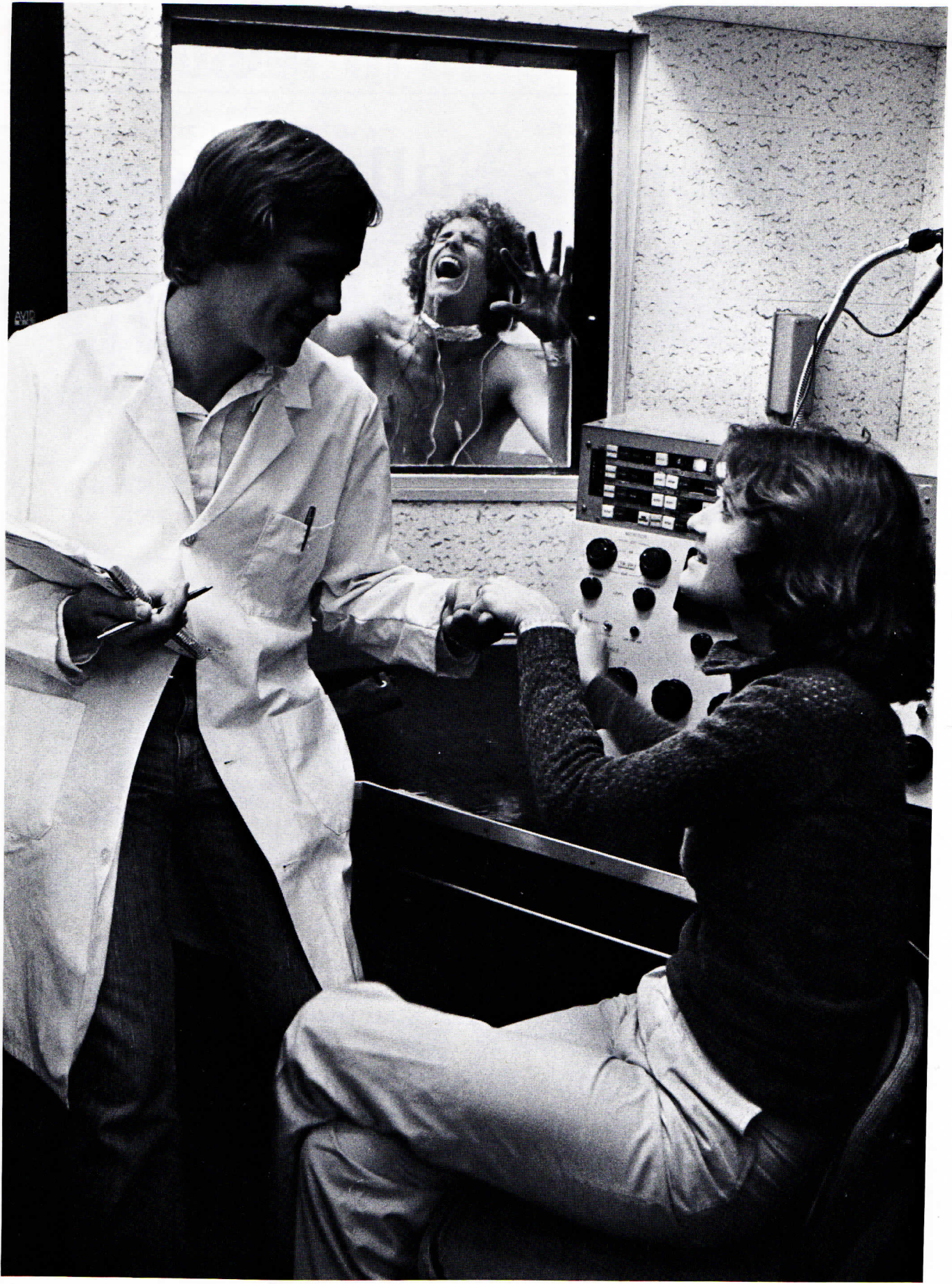
of delivering painful jolts to the learner. The generator had 30 clearly marked voltage levels with switches ranging from 15 to 450 volts, all appropriately labeled (see diagram A). If there were any questions about the severity of the shocks, the experimenter would respond only with, "The shock is no more painful than stepping on an ant," or "Have you ever stubbed your toe?"

The learner's task was to memorize a list of word pairs.

Diagram A: The generator. Subjects never doubted its authenticity.



A) Slight Shock b) Simmer C) Bass D) Treble E) Low Fry F) Crunchy Outside, Moist and Tender Inside G) Spatula Needed H) Dental Records Required.



**SAMPLE LIST OF
10 WORD PAIRS:**

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. dog | cat |
| 2. letter | phone |
| 3. pad | pencil |
| 4. omphalo-
kepsis | felicitate |
| 4. nice | switch |
| 6. shiny | metal |
| 7. excitement | electricity |
| 8. power | fun |
| 9. assist | science |
| 10. cook | burgers |

Whenever the learner made a mistake, the teacher was to punish him by administering a shock, increasing the intensity one step each time. As the session went on, the learner made many mistakes and had to be given increasingly severe shocks. When occasion permitted, the three participants would break for a cheerful lunch, heating up some Cup-A-Soup on the easily cleaned teflon-coated electric chair. The teacher eagerly prepared T.V. dinners quicker than a microwave oven!

The real object of the study was to find out at what point the teacher would refuse to obey the experimenter's commands. If the subject indicated any unwillingness to go

on, the experimenter responded with a sequence of "prods," using as many as necessary to bring the subject back into line.

Prod 1: "Please go on," or "Please continue."

Prod 2: "Pretty please?"

Prod 3: "Nice day isn't it? The well-being of the world requires that you proceed."

Prod 4: "Don't worry, he's got a piece of the rock."

Prod 5: "What the hell are you trying to do, fuck-up my results?"

The prods were always made in sequence, and begun anew whenever the subject balked or hesitated, thereby threatening our careful calculations. In my first study 26 out of 40, or 65% of the subjects delivered shocks up to and including 450 volts. Any subject that did not administer the entire range of shocks was either termed a "defiant" subject, or completely stricken from the record (Punk Rockers were so enthusiastic about the whole thing that they would only depress the 450 volt switch, similar to results obtained by J. Goebbels in Bonn).

What happens when the experimenter is manipulated as a vari-

able? To answer this question a professional clown was employed in the role of experimenter, and again satisfactory results were obtained. He was a big clown. Mr. Fred Rogers, very powerful in his own neighborhood, also fared quite well as experimenter. For this specially adjusted variable, a new set of prods was used:

Prod 1: "Can you pull the switch? Sure, sure ya can."

Prod 2: "Can you say sizzle? Sure, sure ya can."

Prod 3: "Can you activate the generator? Sure. Let's try."

Subjects in all our experiments represented a complete cross section of the population at large: Male, dark hair and moustache.

People often ask me, "Stanley Milgram, great professor of psychology at Yale, creator of the most dramatic experiment ever devised, and author of two musicals — Why study Obedience to Authority?" My answer is always, "Please continue. Full recognition of my scientific merit requires that you go on."

Diagram C: All experiments were scientifically designed to yield results of at least 65% full compliance to the experimenter (represented as the unshaded area).

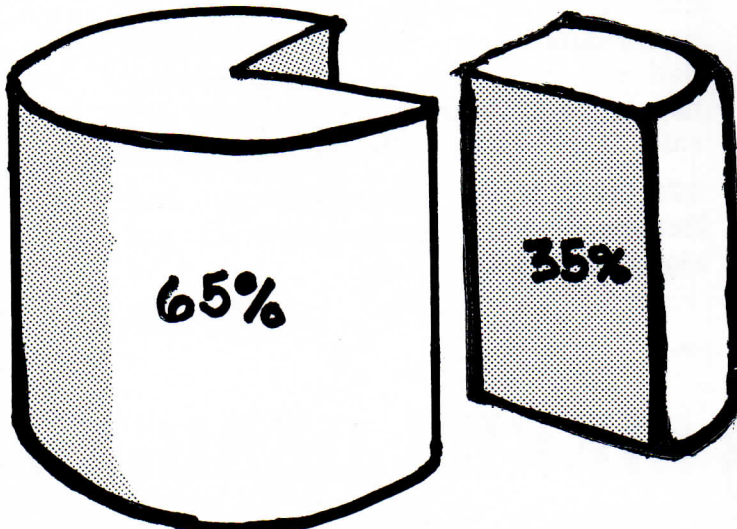


Diagram D: Perfect results using all confederates. Every teacher administered the maximum shock level.



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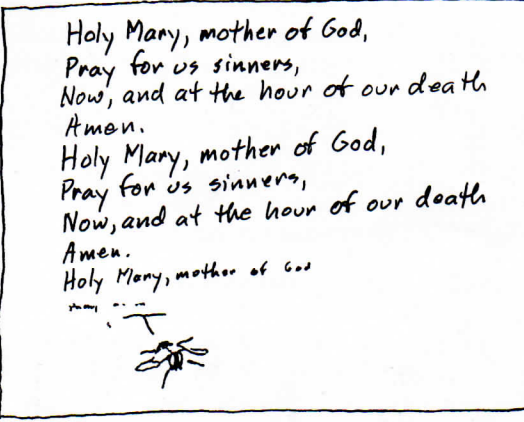
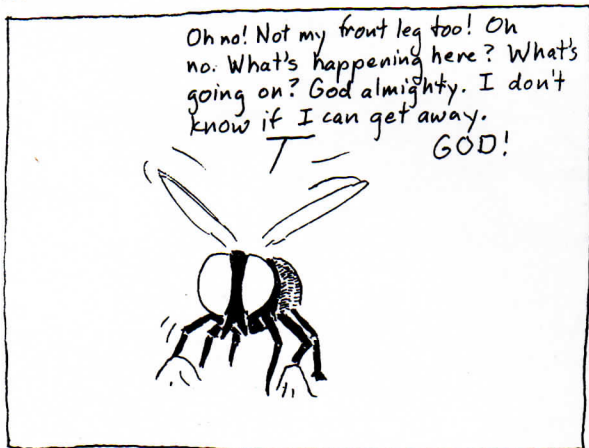
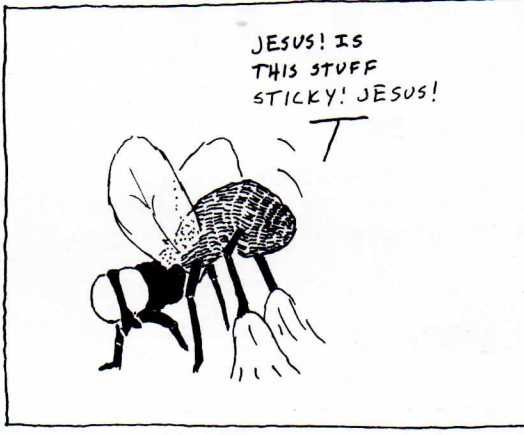
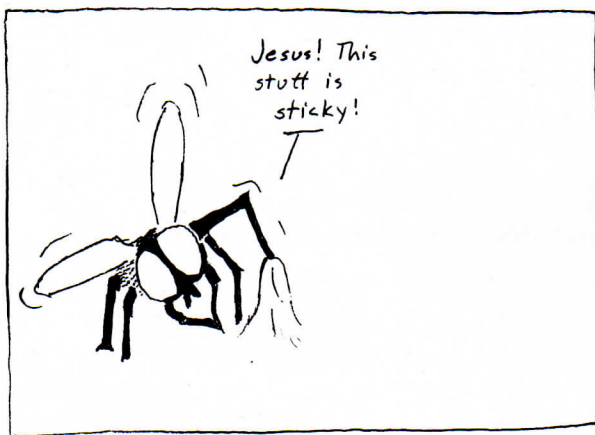
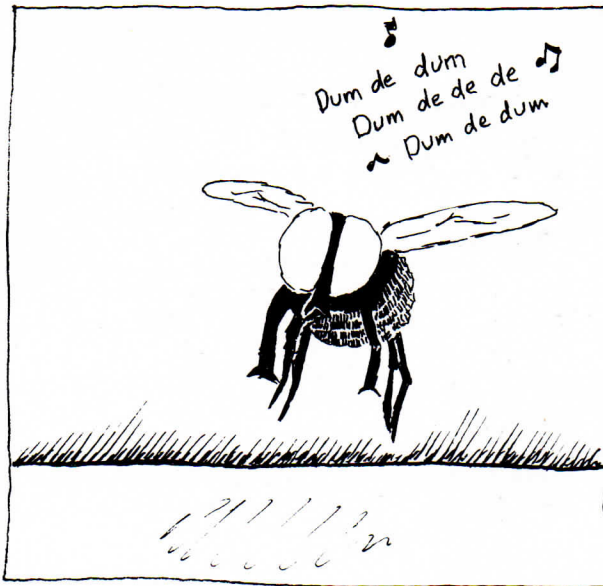
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MY LAI

BLAM! Hear the pounding shells drop, leaving a pockmarked country where nothing will grow for years! Smell burning flesh set against the humid stench of napalmed jungle! Yes, you are there! The time: 1968. The place: My Lai. Finally, after years of extensive research, Avalon-Hill has recreated this historic military confrontation in a board form.

RATATATAT! The shooting can begin anytime, anyplace. Simply cut out the board and markers on the next page, set them in their starting positions and watch the fireworks. Set it up in the pantry for Sunday afternoon fun, or take My Lai on a picnic for the whole family to enjoy!

BUDDA BUDDA! The rules of the shootout are easy: simply match the numbers on the two battling unit markers. The highest number wins. To win the game, follow these varied victory conditions:

	<i>For Americans</i>	<i>For Vietnamese</i>
Marginal Victory	American forces have to take prisoners.	American forces have to take prisoners.
Strategic Victory	Americans kill everyone, but press finds out.	Americans kill everyone, but press finds out, causing eventual withdrawal from homeland.
Decisive Victory	American bury village under ten feet of rubble, John Wayne licks cancer.	One villager escapes, comes to America and starts Asian theme house.

AIEEEE! Cries of agony fill the air. Though Americans seem to have a slight advantage at the beginning of the game, be careful! The villagers *could* be disguised as dangerous Viet Cong! (but don't count on it).

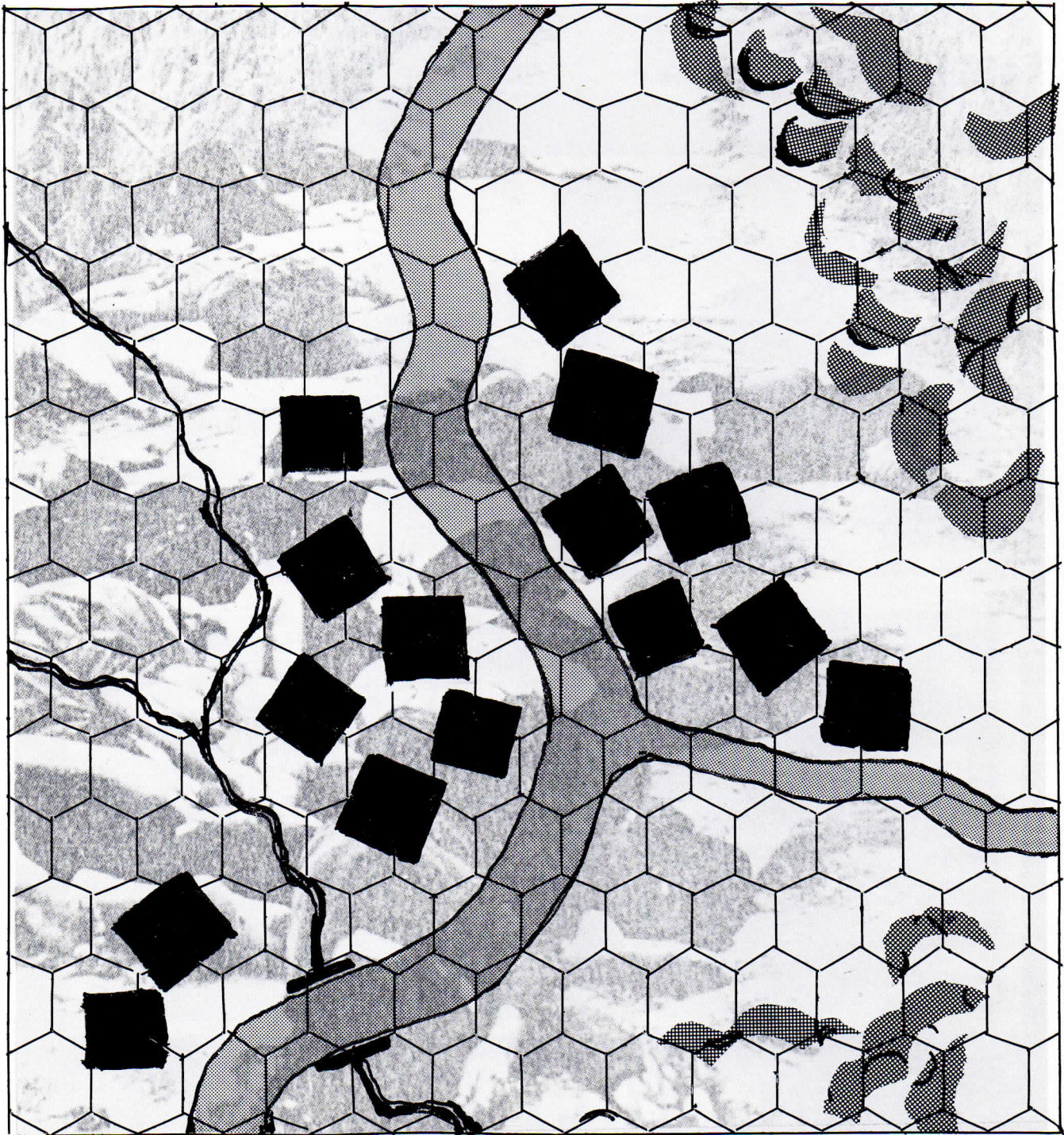
"GOT HIM!" But can you get him with a different situation? Try some of these varied situation samples:

- ★ **SITUATION THREE:** Americans attack from across the river and bury villagers in trenches.
- ★ **SITUATION ELEVEN:** Americans attack from the trenches and bury villagers in river.
- ★ **SITUATION FIFTEEN:** Americans attack from trenches and river. No bodies to worry about.

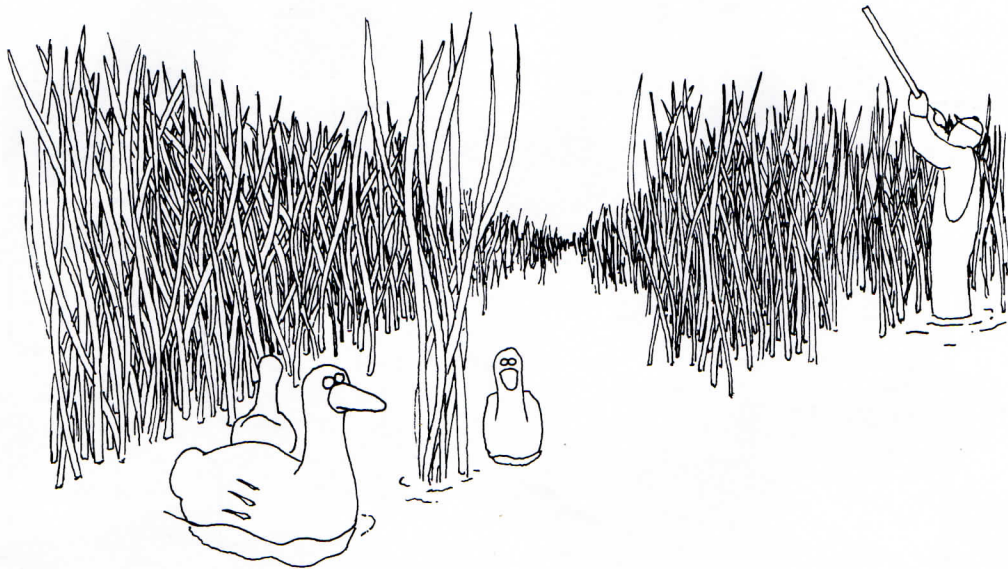
In short, the Vietnamese win by ditching the Americans. The Americans, on the other hand, win by "ditching" the Vietnamese.

It's educational entertainment the whole family can enjoy. For even more excitement, try these other great Avalon-Hill Great Battles board-games: "Battle of Wounded Knee," "Kent State," and "Auschwitz." Also, coming soon: "Armageddon."

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8	59	99	88	55	75	49	88	55	75	4
										
chopper	B-52	napalm	chopper	artillery	big gun	napalm	chopper	artillery	big gun	



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old man	artillery	cow	goat	rickshaw	artillery	old man	children	soldier	pregnant	



Wooden ducks on the water, 'midst the weeds,
Unwitting partners in treacherous deeds.

D. LYON

May 27, 1984

Buy It

TIME

BB is Watching



**NEW SPRING
TELESCREEN SEASON!**

BB introduced us to Victory Gin.



Naturally we were nervous when we attended a recent inner party meeting. But no sooner had we stepped into the parlor when we were given a tall glass of Victory Gin. Big Brother had saved the day. Now we didn't have to ask for a drink, one that might not have been party approved. Victory Gin was the order of the day then, and it's the order of the day now. The wife and I won't drink anything else, even in a prolar. It's the same with our neighbors, we all drink Victory Gin. It's the one and only.

Victory Gin — You'll learn to love it.



VICTORY GIN

A Letter from the Publisher

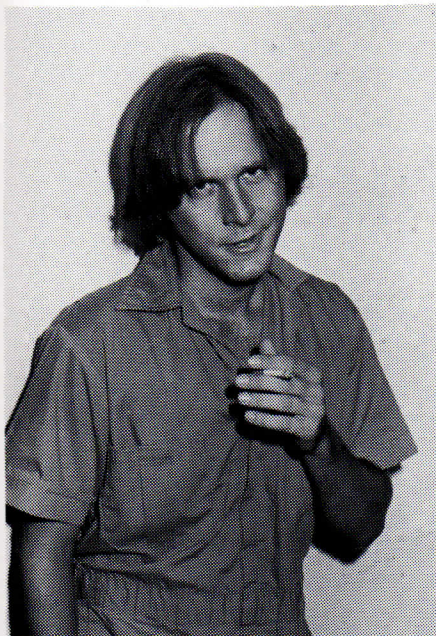
Seven years ago, TIME changed its format drastically. Only now, though, have we made a profound change that speaks for great journalism as it does for goodthink. The change? You may not notice it at first — look carefully. The magazine looks trimmer, sleeker and has better definition. Ever since its founding, TIME has confused the optic circuits of its readers with a barrage of colors, the full spectrum. No we have reduced that spectrum to the basic elements. We have gone back to our roots. No more of the previous crimethinkful optic confusion can be found in our publication thanks to Supreme Visual Segregation or Supvigate.

Thanks to Big Brother's plusgood concept of Supvigate, colorcrime no longer permeates our Stateful pages. Of course, this great achievement wouldn't have been possible without the valuable cooperation with the Ministry of Truth, which helped us to sort through the many, useless colors and construct the fine symmetrical balance that recalls so many of Big Brother's doubleplusgood teachings. As in any great innovation, there have been those little crimethinkful minds that opposed the new look. We have the Ministry of Love to thank for their immediate removal from our path to doublethink perfection.

Source within Minitru tell us that our step forward is just a beginning. Unnatural colors throughout our marvellous Oceania are gradually beginning to be absorbed into the smooth, liberating machinery of the Inner Party. Our eyes, having labored for centuries under sensory oppression, can now rest in peace. Yellow rain slickers become all-knowing grey. Red stop signs serve their purpose much better when portrayed in irrepressable black. Yes, even the fine scientists of the Ministry of Technology are laboring around the clock to spore trees which, in autumn, turn from white, to grey, to black. Thank you, Big Brother, for bringing this plusgoodthink into our meager lives.

The campaign for Stateward righthink by no means ends here. Everyday, Newspeak takes strides forward in communicating ideas in timeless. We can all look forward to fewer excess word which occupy precious brain cells that can function for the State. Time will follow excellent policythink like this. Our miniformat goodthinks for all. We are one Minitru on glosspages for all. Noneed calls crimethink. Less is best. Thoughtpolice are wellneed moreof. Thoughtpol helps TIME anti-nostate outer circle proles. Ungoodful crimethink proles noplac havehere. See meanwhat we?

I SMOKE BECAUSE I'M TOLD TO



I was once led to believe that smoking was a vile and ungood habit. I have since been educated. Do I smoke because I enjoy it? Because I look Double-plus cool? Because it shortens my lifespan, freeing housing for worthy party members. It's not my concern why I smoke. I have been told to smoke. That is why I smoke Victory Winstons. You should be smoking Victory Winstons also. Smoke Winstons.

Win the victory over yourself . . . smoke Victory Winstons.

Minipax

Victory: Soon

War is Peace

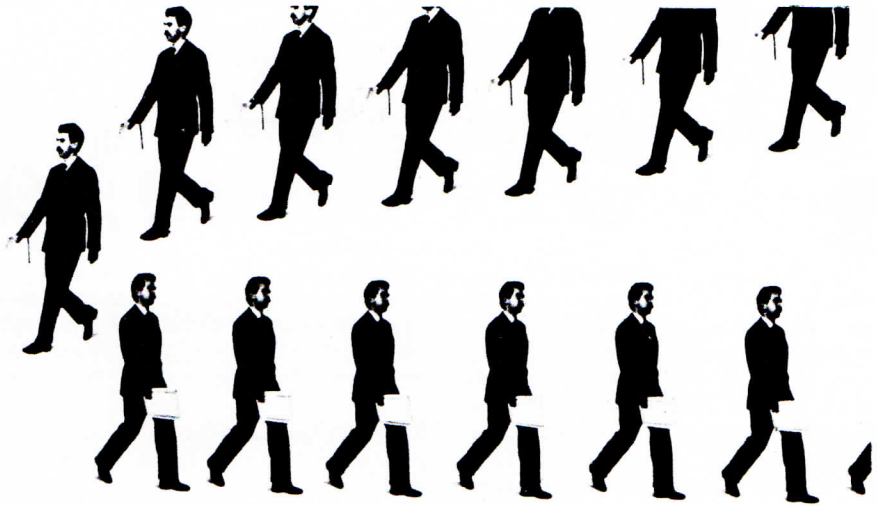
As bombs exploded around him, the ambassador, dodging and weaving, made his way across no man's land, threw a grenade, and scrambled back towards his trench, leaving behind him 30,000 Eastasian corpses.

So went the fighting last week as the doubleplus brave troops of Oceania rolled through enemy battlelines, extending the Oceanic frontier and awarding Ingsoc to pastoppressed natives in the liberated lands. Eastasian casualties totaled five and a half million, along with another 600,000 captured, severely reducing enemy warability. All the prisoners were promptly tortured on national telescreen (see Minitru section) in accordance with the Geneva convention, doing much to bolster homefront morale as scenes of deboweled barbarians were flashed into living rooms across the state. Said one Airstrip27 housewife, "I hate them. I hate them. I really hate them."

Spirits were high in the trenches too, where our boys had a brief rest as the Eastasian hordes struggled to regroup. Bob Hope entertained the troops and toured various battlefields around the theatre. Standing above the jellylike body of one Eastasian dupe, Hope quipped, "Looks like Big Brother was here!"

Indeed he was. Utilizing brilliantly conceived warthinks, Divisions of Peacekore2 executed a series of protective reaction strikes designed to neutralize deadly Eurasian artillery, while Divisions4 and 6 staged strategic withdrawals to crush brutish enemy war parties as they engaged in crimethinkful degradations, known as "Passover" to the primitive Eurasian fodder. Passover is a day of disgusting "worship" intended to pay tribute to the Eurasian overlords and typical of the enemy mentality. No wonder "we had to destroy them in order to save them," in the words of one Oceanic diplomat.

The prognosis for the future: excellent. In the southern theatre, our valiant Eastasian allies have succeeded in debabiting Eurasian populations with numerous exploratory air maneuvers. Meanwhile the selective volunteer program has doubled the Oceanic Peacekore in preparation for the next treaty negotiations. According to one high level party member in Minipax, "The light is at the end of the tunnel." ■



Oceania's troops charge in battle against Eastasia.

Big Brother/Hugh Sidey

The Beat Goes On

Great, powerful, everywhere, anywhere. Many of the B.B. press corps have tried to assign modifiers to Big Brother. But none seem to suffice. True, he is all of these, yet he is much, much more.

Thus it is only natural that he should outlaw these useless oldspeak "adjectives," which, of course, he has. I only use them, with special Inner Party permission, to remind all of us how silly they were.

Celebrating his thirty-ninth birthday last week, our doubleplusgood leader had a good deal to say to the press. "War is Peace," he said. "Ignorance is Strength. Freedom is Slavery." Once more, Big Brother says it all, leaving nothing unsaid. One cannot help but be reminded of George Washington's famous quote at his thirty-ninth birthday. "My only regret," he declared over the dancing flames, "is that I cannot but live to see Big Brother eight-score and seventeen years from now, when our decedents will find a great State based upon the premise that all men are created equal, but some more equal than others."

Many of the Old Presidents attempted to capture Big Brother's spirit in their finite terms of office, but few were even nearly successful. Roosevelt, who was President once and then returned to the office thirty years later, cloned anew, one remarked: "Speak softly." Later he declared, "We have nothing to fear." Big Brother would have been proud.

But few can match the efforts of Richard Nexxon, who was a leader tragically ahead of his time. "Expletive deleted," he was often heard to outhink. Due to smaller minds and inferior electronic technology, however, he was never given his due. Not even Ted Kennedy, a pluspop ruler, could equaled Big Brother, as evidenced by his famous quote "When I returned, Mary Jo and the car were gone."

So, even after the choruses of "Plusgood Birthday" have died down and the cake has calcified, don't let any crimethink take the place of goodthink, of Big Brother-think. Big Brother is the State, the State is Big Brother.

But who really is Big Brother?

How does he spend his weekends?

It is not for us, as comrades, proles or even journalists, to ask these ungood questions. We must unanswer ourselves that Big Brother takes part in public service for our benefit and does the best damn job he can and, yes, does it doubleplusgood. To crime-think otherwise is to unperson oneself, or to utter the blasphemous unthought that Big Brother does not really exist. . . .

(This is the last installment of Mr. Sidey's column. Coming next week: "Big Brother's Cute Ideology" by Rex Reed.)

The New Season

Smile, you're on Candid Camera

The happy chirps of workers fill the air, goodthinkful slogans sprout on walls across the state, and the minds of your men and women turn to thoughts of anti-sex league meetings. Spring has finally thawed the winter ice, and just as surely as two plus two equals five, the new spring telescreen season is upon us. Minitru has a doubleplus boffo schedule in store this Three Year Plan, ranging from inspirational partytalks to heartlitful partyspeaks. A sampling:

The Chelsea Proles. Sitcom about family of Eastend proles who are promoted to Inner Party levels where amuseful misadventures ensue. In a typical episode, "Arry" mistakes a superior for an unrecent crime-sex partner and is subsequently vaporized. Starring John Cleese as "Dad" and Eric Idle as "Mum."

Thoughtpol! Another offering from the quantitymindful studios of Jack Webb, detailing the pluspartyprideful efforts of Los Angeles thoughtpol-person Joe Friday as he battles Crimethinkful subversives in stories based on actual cases. In the premier episode, comrade Friday breaks up a crimesex liason between two enemy agents headquartered in a rented room above an unnewobject merchandise center.

Wake Up Oceania! A combination of stirring victory reports from the Eastasian battle front, exceeded production schedules, and vigorous caesthenics, all designed to keep comrades everywhere away from the unright side of the bed.

Leave It to Big Brother. Youthparty member Beaver Cleaver is ever vigilant-ful as his young comrades get themselves

in unpartyapproved "messes," which are cleaned up after Beaver has a comrade-to-comrade talk in the "den" with Big Brother to end every episode.

Eight is Doubleplus Fulfilled. Drama about deadspoused father, Brian Actright, who tries to raise his children in accordance with Ingsoc while his family is buffered by unmet production schedules, casualty reports from the Eurasian theatre, and rumors of un-goodthinkful literature. Stability returns to the Actrights when Comrade Actright is detained at Miniluv by the end of the premier pogram.

Oceanic Bandstand. Dick Clark hosts as youthparty members with Parentwatch credits are allowed to demonstrate partyapproved dances such as the Kneebend, the Sit-up, and the Jumping Jack, to the audio of good-soundful bands. For his first installment, Clark has lined up guest star BB/King to sing his hit "Sixteen with a Bullet He Had Long Hoped for." Plus: Big Brother and the Holding Cell, Prolecol Harem, and Brave New Wave.

Comrades

Spring means sun, sun means spring, and **thousands of the Outer Party** are exchanging goodthink from the new prosperity on the shores of Prole Harbor, Oceania's new asphalt beach. Last week, **muscle-bound Life Guards** kept fifty-six prole couples from engaging in visible egocoupling and other ungood manifestations of lifethink on the smooth shores. Proles will be proles, proles will be proles.

The Inner Party is certainly no one's prole, much less the prole of **milkmen**. Chocolate milk has long been outlawed by the Ministry of Plenty; yet some doubleungood unpeople continue to absorb it crimethinkfully from anti-State sources. **Mothers and children** seen drinking it in the park last week haven't been seen since. "Talk about hardening of the arteries," **one comrade** mused. Who says the Inner Party has unsense of humor?

Many of the ungood are still turning their telescreens down during the Two-Minute Hate. Those detected doing so will have their own circuitry turned down by the Ministry of Love, according to Big Brother's new ingenious law called "Ham or Robbie's Code." This should certainly turn a few heads in the Outer Party set.



Lots of people milling at Factory 54.

Despite tight security, **throng**s of **howling fans** came within a five-mile radius of Big Brother last week. **Android security guards** were accordingly disassembled as a result of the crimethinkful slip-up. "Error, error," commented one before unrobotion. Black market parts are the obvious cause of the ungood mishap.

Popular and famous Factory 54 continues to be "the place to be." **Workers** there seem to know more about the latest slogans, newspeak innovations and productivity upgrades than in any other factory. Last Saturday night at 54, **Inner Party officials** were seen engaging in an especially vigorous series of caesthenics while extolling Big Brother over Victory

Gin. Their mere presence increased production by six per cent. Look for them in your factory soon!

Party members are turning out in droves for the Sunday Flicks at their local gathering facilities. Last Sunday, the goodthinking multitudes were entertained by a party favorite, "Shootout at Sea." This, of course, is the flick in which party helicopters swoop down on liferafts full of **enemy survivors**. Especially pleasing was the shot in which a severed child's arm flies in moslowtion, up to the Party emblem on one of the 'copters. Inner sources say that future goodflicks will include such past hits as "Dead Orphans," "The Enemy Bleeds," and "Straw Dogs."

head eraser

This little worm of a fellow came into my office to ask for an extension the other day. He was one of those fellows who combs the effete little wisps of hair above his ear over his bald pate in hope of imitating the appearance of natural hair growth, without-looking ridiculous. Well, of course, he looked utterly ridiculous. I just couldn't stand it, so I screamed at him, "Can't you be honest for once!"

He looked up at me quite startled. Then he started to act hurt. I could see his little mind working away. He was trying to think of all the times he'd lied to me when, in fact, we'd never met before. He must have respected my opinion, my being the Head Eraser and all and he being totally insignificant. He didn't answer me, though, which was good because I could tell this fellow had absolutely no sense of humor — a very pouty little man. He looked up at me with his pathetic little face, totally resigned. All he wanted was another question: a question he could answer. I didn't want him to start crying. His mouth appeared swollen in that tearful sort of way, so I asked him an easy one.

"All right, what's your name?"

"Chester."

This fellow is rather simple, I thought. "Chester what?"

"Chester Sims."

"Don't you think that's rather odd?"

"Sir? . . ."

"I mean your name, man. Don't you think it's rather odd that you have such an odd name?"

"Well, sir . . ." he began. He didn't know what to say. I guess he'd never really had to answer searching questions before. "Is my name off?" he asked pleadingly.

"Sure it's odd. Didn't I already say it was odd?"

"Well . . . yes . . . What I mean is . . . why do you think it's odd?"

I looked at him severely. I didn't need that, some insignificant fellow asking me questions. "I think you can answer that question far better than I," I said snottily. I really don't think one can say things like that without sounding at least a little snotty. Then I looked at him. My look demanded an answer. I'm an expert at looks.

"Well, sir."

"Yes."

"I mean . . . Could it be that my initials . . ."

"Yes, yes . . ." I said excitedly.

". . . that my initials could stand for something else?"

"Go on! Go on!" I was trembling.

". . . that C.S." his voice was tinged with anticipation now, "could stand for chicken shit or, perhaps, even . . . even . . . chicken snot!" He was absolutely glowing now. Finally, he thought, he understood what I was getting at.

"No, no, that's ridiculous. That's not what I was thinking of at all," I said, deflating him. His formerly glowing face pouted. "Let's just drop it, okay?"

"Mr. Sims," I began again, "why don't we get straight to the point?"

"Sir?"

"What's your story, man?"

"Well, sir, I live in a flat in the Milhous District with some really exciting gadgets and I'm at level fifth-three employment. Of course," he continued, smiling at me in a very chummy manner, "I'm hoping for a promotion to —"

"Sims stop!" I screamed. He stopped, sinking down in his chair. I really enjoy obedience, and Sims was a pure joy. I walked over to Sims' chair and stood directly over the sulking little figure in order to heighten the effect of the moment.

"Sims," I said, gripping his shoulder tightly, "I know all the facts. Just tell me why you think you deserve an extension."

"Well, sir," he whined. "Sir, my shoulder." He winced in pain. I let go of his shoulder. "The thing is . . . well, things are going very, very good for me now. I met a woman in the Zimbalist Complex. Sir, I think I'm in love. We really enjoy doing things together. . . you know, going out to the country, and all." He winked at me. The little twit thought I was his friend.

"What else?" I asked disinterestedly, strolling about the office.

"Uh . . . what else? . . . yes, well, as I said, I'm hoping for a promotion to level fifty-four employment."

"Sims, who do you work for?"

"The plastic utensils division," he answered meekly.

"Will you get an increase in salary?"

"No, sir." He looked down at his twiddling fingers.

"What does a promotion mean then?" My patience was wearing thin.

"Well," he gestured spastically, shaping, it seemed, the plastic utensils with his hands. "This promotion would make me a spoon foreman. I work in forks now."

I turned to look out the window. Chunks of thick, rounded clouds hung in the sky. The light falling on the broad greens and white buildings of the coeducational training complex was soft and soothing. I watched a tour-guide going through his habitual machinations. Bodies clustered around him, cocking their heads from one side to another.

I folded my arms across my chest and affected a sigh, a completely intolerant sigh. "Mr. Sims, I'm very angry."

"You see, s-sir," he stuttered pathetically, "you see sir, I like spoons. I like them a lot."

"Mr. Sims," I said, turning around, "We all like spoons 'a lot,' but we can't go around planning our lives around them. Now, can we?"

"I want to . . ." he was sobbing.

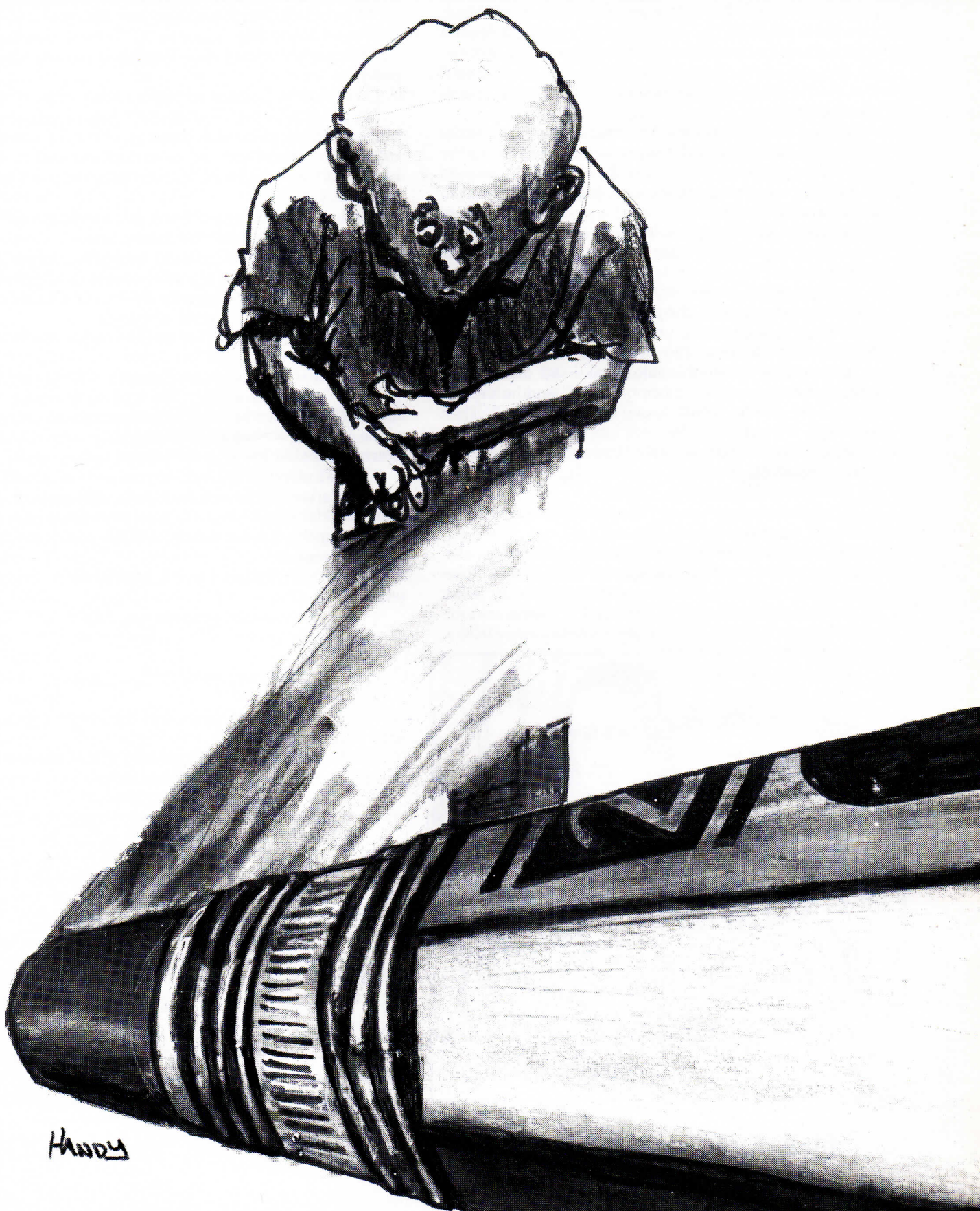
"Sure you want to, but you can't."

"Yes, I can."

"Mr. Sims, I'm afraid I'm going to have to erase you."

"Please," he cried, "can't you make an exception? I've heard you're a very kind man. I've heard you make exceptions."

"Sometimes, yes, but not this time." I walked over to



HANDY

the corner of my office and got my big No. 2 General Carbo-Weld pencil. It was leaning against the wall. It's a big pencil, about ten feet tall and a bit unwieldy, but it really gets the job done. I staggered over to him with the pencil on my back. It weighs a ton. First, I erased his head, then his arms, then the rest of him. It's great. It doesn't matter where you start; you can do it differently every time. It's also completely painless — you needn't worry about that. And all that's left when you're finished is a pile of pink eraser crumbs.

Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you I get my pencils at Giantwrite Office Supply Company. Please remember this, for it's the only advice I'm going to give you: the only way to succeed in life is to have connections with a good office supply store, and Giantwrite is one of the best. Its slogan: "Giantwrite Office Supply sells everything for the office." It's a great slogan. That's just what an office supply store should sell.

In any case, I buzzed my secretary Miss Bennet and asked her to buzz Larry, the janitor. Larry's a great fellow. He sweeps up the eraser crumbs for me. I joke with Larry. Sometimes he'll come into my office to sweep up the crumbs and we'll have this little ritual. I say: "Larry, you never have to worry about being erased" and he says: "I know, boss — who would sweep up the crumbs?" Then we laugh. It's our little joke.

Larry walked in with his little broom and dustpan. He looked especially cheerful.

"What's the big smile for, Larry?"

"They're showing reruns of 'The Newlywed Game,'" he answered, beaming.

You see, Larry's only job is to sweep up eraser crumbs. When he isn't in my office, he's down in his broom closet watching the television. He tells me about the shows. What an enthusiastic, happy fellow Larry is. He always asks me about my work, which I appreciate because I enjoy talking about it.

"Hey, boss, how's your day been?"

"Fine, fine, Larry."

"You havin' fun?"

"Sure."

"Who'dya just erase?"

"Oh, a little twit."

"Where'dya start? Where'dya start?" he sputtered. He was so excited.

"Larry, don't get all in a tizzy." I warned him gently. "Well, let's see. I erased his head first."

"Was it fun? Was it fun, fun, fun, fun, fun?"

What a funny little fellow he is. "Sure, it was fun."

"Tell me something else! Tell me something else!" he cried.

"Well, Larry, I erased a cripple earlier this morning."

Ah, yes, that's an interesting story. A quadriplegic rolled himself into my office and, believe it or not, he wanted an extension. I stood up and extended my arm to shake hands with him. Well that, you can imagine, was a bit of a social faux pas.

I said, "I'm sorry you haven't been feeling well."

"What do you mean? I'm feeling fine."

"Well, you don't look so good, sitting there all paralyzed in your wheelchair. You're a rather depressing sight, if you ask me." I laughed good-naturedly. He didn't even smile. Some people have no sense of humor.

"Well," I began again, "what can I do for you today?"

"I'd like an extension."

"But why?" I cried in amazement. "What could you possibly have to live for?" He tried to interrupt, but I wouldn't allow it. "In fact, I'm quite surprised you didn't come in earlier — before your expiration — to request an erasure. I would have gladly obliged you — gladly."

"There's plenty to live for," he said enthusiastically. "It's a big, wide, wonderful world out there." He looked out the window. He would have made an embracing gesture — embracing the whole world — if he could only have moved his arms.

"Sure, it's a wonderful world, but not for a cripple like yourself."

"I must disagree with you. I'm very happy."

"Why?"

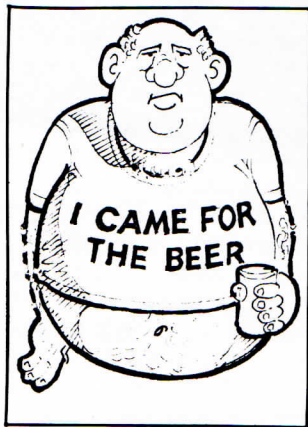
"Why not?"

"Tell me something, Mr. . . ."

"Gladstone."

"Yes . . . Gladstone, when was the last time you were with a woman?"

"Well . . . not since the accident." He swallowed hard and looked down at his decaying limbs.



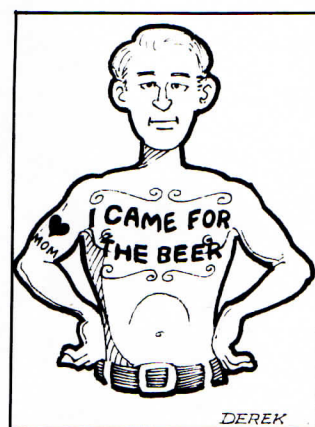
UNCOOL



KINDA COOL



COOL



WAY COOL

DEREK

"How long ago?"

"Five years."

"I must say, Mr. Gladstone, you're not going to be the cheeriest spot in my day. You are really depressing me. We're going to have to erase you *tout de suite*."

"No!"

"I'm afraid so." I said cheerfully, honestly trying to cheer him up. I lugged over the big pencil and erased one of his arms. "There — isn't that better getting rid of some of that dead weight?"

"No!"

"Don't sulk, Mr. Gladstone. I'm doing you a favor. Here," I said as I erased his other useless arm, "let's make you symmetrical again. How do you like that?"

He didn't answer me. He was giving me the silent treatment. Well, I wasn't going to feel bad if he was going to act like a baby. I erased his legs. "Oh, Mr. Gladstone, you look so neat and tidy without all those useless limbs. You really are much more aesthetically pleasing now. What do you think?"

"It doesn't really make any difference," he said coldly.

"I think it does. It looks so much better. I'm going to give you an extension. I'll give you a year to try out your new look on the world."

I walked over and opened the door for him. "Good luck, Mr. Gladstone." He pressed a button with his tongue. The wheelchair spun around with a whir and rolled quickly out the door. "See you in a year," I called after him.

Larry really liked that story, but we didn't have time to laugh and chat about it together. A young man came into my office with a very unusual request: he wanted to be erased before his expiration. He was one of those disgusting-looking teenagers with blotches of pimples and a faint outline of a moustache on his upper lip. His hair was greasy, too.

He loafed into my office and shook my hand. "Howdy, Mr. Head Eraser."

"Hello, young man." I was a bit taken aback. "What's your name?"

"George Jones, and first off I'd like to say that I'd like to be erased as soon as possible, if that's okay."

"George," I said gently, "I'm sure you don't know the seriousness of your request. In considering —"

"Hey! I know what's going on."

"I'm sure you do, but why should a bright good-looking young man such as yourself want to be erased?"

"Well, first off, there's a lot of reasons: number one," he started counting on his fingers, "My girlfriend's got the clap. Secondly, the headers on my Trans Am blew out. Third, I can't cruise anymore 'cus of that. Fourthly, my stereo's all fucked up. Five, my parents aren't going to Hawaii anymore, so even if I had a girlfriend who didn't have the clap, I couldn't have sex with her on their big ol' waterbed like I was looking forward to." He took a deep breath.

I liked this young man. He obviously knew what was important. I wanted to help him out. "George," I said, "It seems to me your problems are basically due to a monetary shortage. You could repair your stereo and your car if you had enough money. Correct?"

"Sure."

"And if you were working a good job you could afford your own place with a rather large waterbed?" I stopped and looked at him; he knew I was leading to something. "What I'm saying, George, is that I think I can get you a job at the plastic utensils division."

"How much?" he asked.

"3.8 units a week."

"God!" His mouth dropped open. He was amazed, but then he remembered himself. "Doin' what?"

"I believe there's an opening for a spoon foreman that I think we may be able to slip you into, if that's okay."


"God!" he exclaimed. "That's great! I like spoons! I like them a lot."

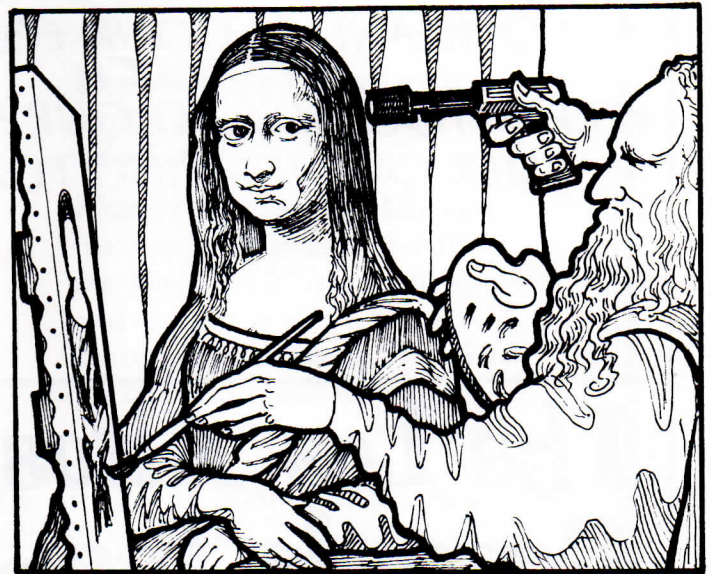
"We all do, George, we all do. As for your other problem," his face dropped, "I suggest you tell your girlfriend to go to the nearest health clinic for strictly confidential treatment."

He brightened. "I'll do that. I'll sure do that." He shook my hand several times and thanked me profusely. Then he literally bounded out of the place and slammed the door. From somewhere outside my office came a joyful "Yip-pee!"

I felt like I'd really helped someone and, you know, that's the most satisfying part of my job: making people happy.

You know they say that "it's lonely at the top," and sometimes they're not kidding. Believe me, it's not all fun and games being Head Eraser. Many times during the day the weight of responsibility, just like the great weight of my pencil, bears down on me. Yet the rewards in this job are great, and I'm not just talking about money.

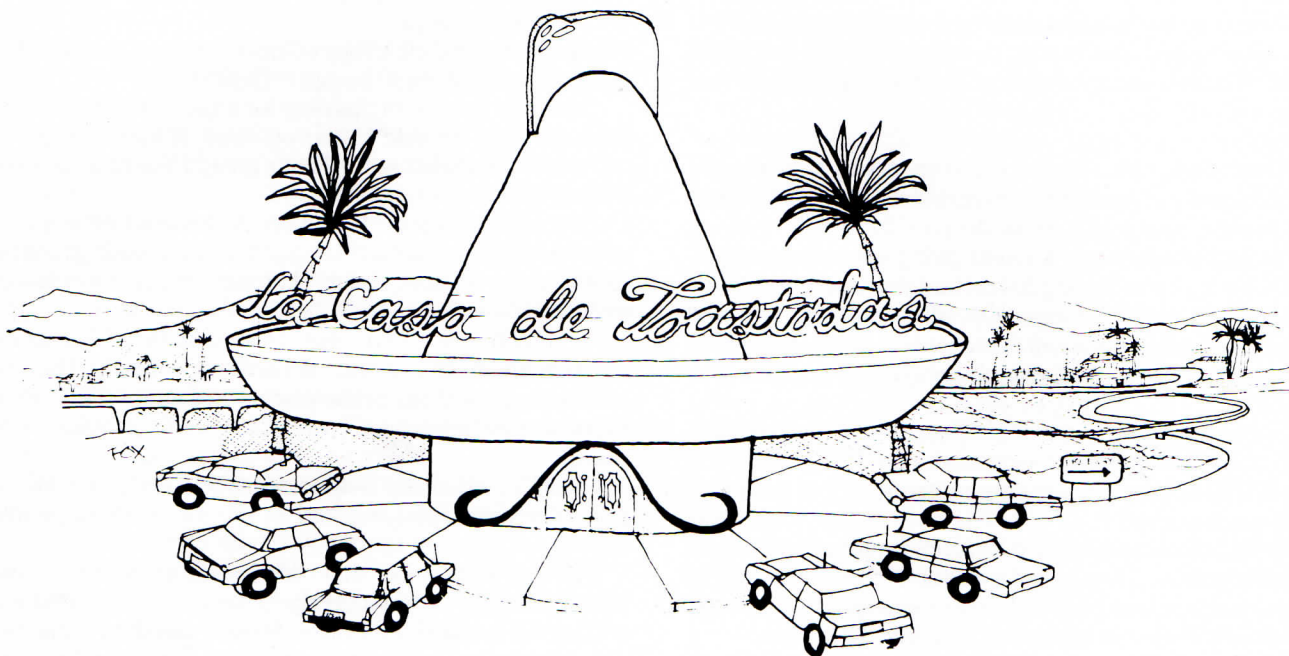
After a particularly draining erasure, I like to relax, maybe drink a Pepsi or something, and ponder life's mysteries. Sometimes Larry gives me a back-rub. 



DEREK

"SMILE"

Andre's gone, but his toast lives on.



GRAND REOPENING!!

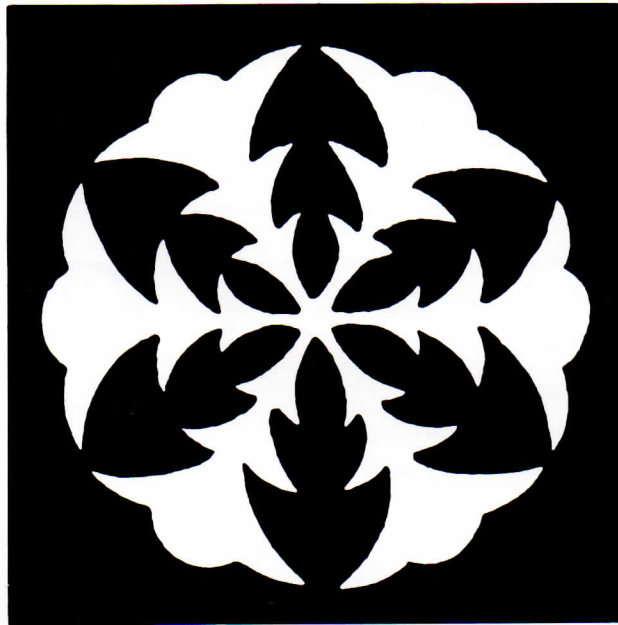
- WE DON'T WANT TO BOASTO,
COME AND EAT OUR TOASTO.
- TREAT YOURSELF TO OUR NEW
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"The Neighborhood's Changing, And So Are We."

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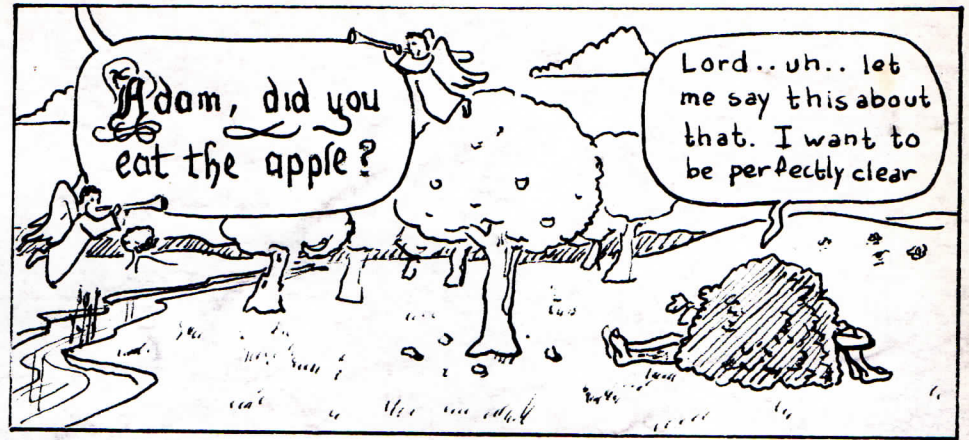
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ADAM & EVE

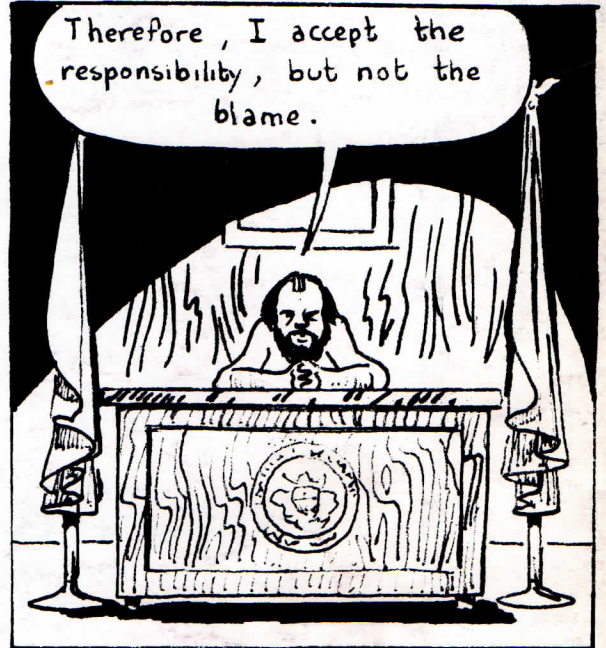
IN THE 20TH CENTURY



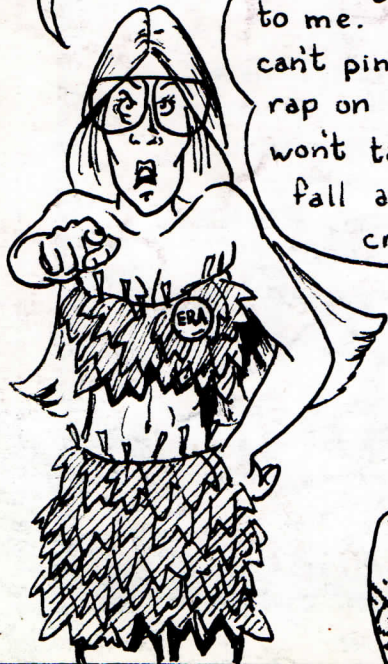
I am certain, that when the facts are in, it will be shown that I acted in the best interests of human security, and while it might appear to some that I did technically taste the forbidden fruit, I deny categorically that I have dishonored the office or contravened the promises I made as your creature. It was the woman, Eve, who gave it to me.



Therefore, I accept the responsibility, but not the blame.



Hold on you sexist pig. It was the snake who gave it to me. You can't pin this rap on me! I won't take this fall alone, creep!



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