

A Modest Proposal

by Judy Tilton

Considering the facts that there are so many militant students in America and that there is so much widespread disagreement on the matter of how to handle them, be it proposed that a new law be passed with the expressed purpose of handling these misfits of society. Let this law provide proper punishment for all those participants in said militaristic activities. Let the severity of these punishments vary in proportion to the magnitude of the alleged militant activity. Each situation shall be rated in point value ranging from one point to ten points. One point shall be the rating of the most minor offense, and ten points shall be that of the most serious offense. The ratings shall be decided upon by a board composed of six members who shall be stationed in Lincoln, Nebraska; said Lincoln being located in the approximate center of the continental United States.

Because the frequency of such militant activities results in a very large number of cases, the board shall be dismissed and a new one appointed in its place every month. This will protect the board members from undue stress caused by the great number of decisions necessary. All appointments shall be made by a committee appointed by the proper authorities within the proper federal department, and that department shall have sole responsibility for the actions, methods, and all pertinent business of the board. At the beginning of this new system there shall be twelve such boards—one for each month of the year. In this way the individual boards shall work for one month and have the remaining eleven months of the year to recuperate.

The punishments for the activities in question shall be as follows:

A crime of a rating of from one (1) to two (2) points shall result in the offender(s) being subjected to a bath and a shampoo. A rating of from three (3) to four (4) points shall result in a sentence of a period of three months on a dude ranch, deprived of all drugs and/or narcotics. A rating of from five (5) to six (6) points shall result in the offender(s) being bound and gagged and forced to listen quietly to a six-hour recording of various Barry Goldwater and William F. Buckley, Jr. speeches. [Failure to listen quietly will constitute a militant action with a rating of four (4) points.] An activity rated from seven (7) to nine (9) points shall be punishable by a mandatory four-year term in any one of the four branches of

the Armed Forces. A rating of ten (10) points shall constitute a capital crime punishable by the administering of a lethal dose of lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) or a life sentence of hard labor on the staff of William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*.

This system of evaluation and punishment of militants will be beneficial because it will prevent the general populace from complaining that the United States are too good for such transgressors. It will also stop all conjecture about what should be done with that particular type of troublemaker.

Cell 22

by David Paul Allen

Big Jim Brace rolled over in bed, rubbed his eyes, and clumsily reached underneath the bunk for the half-completed crossword puzzle he had given up an hour earlier. Then the distant screech of metal against concrete brought him to his senses. He heard the footsteps coming closer—three of them. Mildly curious, he tossed his puzzle aside and waited for the steps to reach his end of the corridor.

Two familiar faces and a strange one appeared in front of his cell.

"Well, looks like I got me a brand new roomie! It's been lonely as all hell since Snider left," said Brace as he walked forward to the iron bars. "Now *that* was some graduatin' class, Snider, Wilson, and Goldberg all gettin' out the same day. The block ain't been the same since."

"Okay, Brace. Back up. You know the rules," said the first guard, unlocking the cell door. "No need to worry about his one leaving too soon. He's a lifer. If he ever gets paroled, it'll be long after you're dead and gone."

Brace took a few steps back and retorted, "You sayin' I can go once I'm dead? I always thought you fruits were gonna bury me here til I served my time."

"Don't get saucy, or I'll put this young slick in a different cell. Then you won't have anyone to cuddle up to."

"Sonofabitch! I oughta break your neck," growled Brace, making a snapping gesture with his crude hands.

The guard pushed his prisoner through the open door and closed it smiling strangely. "Don't count on ever having the chance, Super