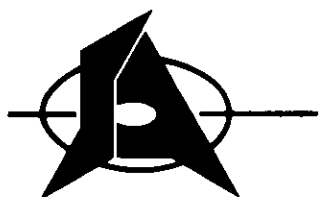


The Gospel According To



St. Pong

Next Deadline:

Nov. 29, 1973

All Entries
Are Welcome

Founded In Service to the Atari Family MCMLXXIII ©

VOL. 1 No. 6

ATARI INC 14600 WINCHESTER BOULEVARD, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

November 7, 1973

WHAT'S INSIDE THE GOSPEL THIS MONTH

WE GOT-----

NEWS -- EDITORIALS

CRUSADER RABBIT vs THE KING.
COMPANY CARS, SECURITY

AND FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY:
WINDOWS AND DOORS vs
THE WILDERNESS:

THE BUST, THE FLAG, RIGAMAROLL AND

THE OLD WIZBANG CIRCUS

READ ON AS YOU WILL -----

Fimmel and the Printer

NOTES ON THE COUNCIL

Hi--

As chairman of the Atari Council I feel best qualified to answer some questions you newer people may not know. First, the council is the EMPLOYEES' council, meaning everybody at Atari, from maintenance to management. We were formed because of a need--a need to communicate. The council is a cross-section from virtually every corner at Atari. The people in it were elected from their departments to represent any suggestions, policies, or constructive criticism, or at least, positive gripes. We feel problems here at Atari do come up and the need to air them among the management was necessary. We meet every Wednesday at 4:00 in the conference room. We are open for anyone to sit in and listen, but not until 4:30. That way we can take care of our old business without interruption.

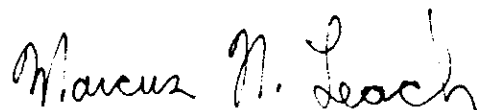
Now you know what we are. But not what we do. So, let me explain SOME of the progress we've made at Atari, not for us, but you, the employee.

- (1) Implemented close communication with the President (Mr. Wakefield) and with the Chairman of the Board (Mr. Bushnell). If you have ideas or gripes, contact your representative on how to present the problems to them.
- (2) Established an airing session for unfair or prejudiced action. Mind you, we listen to both sides and our decisions are recommendations NOT policy.
- (3) Making the employees' wishes to the caterers a necessity rather than an economic convenience; and, enjoying the \$75.00(their rebate to us for the service) contributed to the Party Fund which totals \$892.96 right now.
- (4) Setting up a credit system for lunch: If you're broke, like I am toward the end of the week, you may borrow up to \$2.00 a day as long as you pay it all back by the same Friday.
- (5) A food co-op, day care center, music system, ski club and an employee enrichment night are some of the proposed functions that are presently being considered by the council, as well as the belated party.

Most of all though, we serve as an airing committee for those ideas that come up which might never be given a chance. Attitudes that might never change. And--policy which is for the comfort and pleasure for all of us.

Occasionally I hear someone who is skeptical of our effectiveness. The council is a step in the right direction and we all are in those shoes. I know intuitively that negative reaction will untie the shoelaces and eventually cause the shoes to fall off and be lost. When you're running, you can't stop. In Plain Language----we're only as strong as the people in it; our power is the power of the people (not a cliché) and Atari needs the people. . . We all Do!

Thank you for reading this, and more questions will be happily answered by me or your department representative.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Marcus N. Leach". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

Marcus N. Leach
Chairman of the Atarian Council

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Would you consider changing the day care your child has now if you could receive less expensive rates on a group plan?

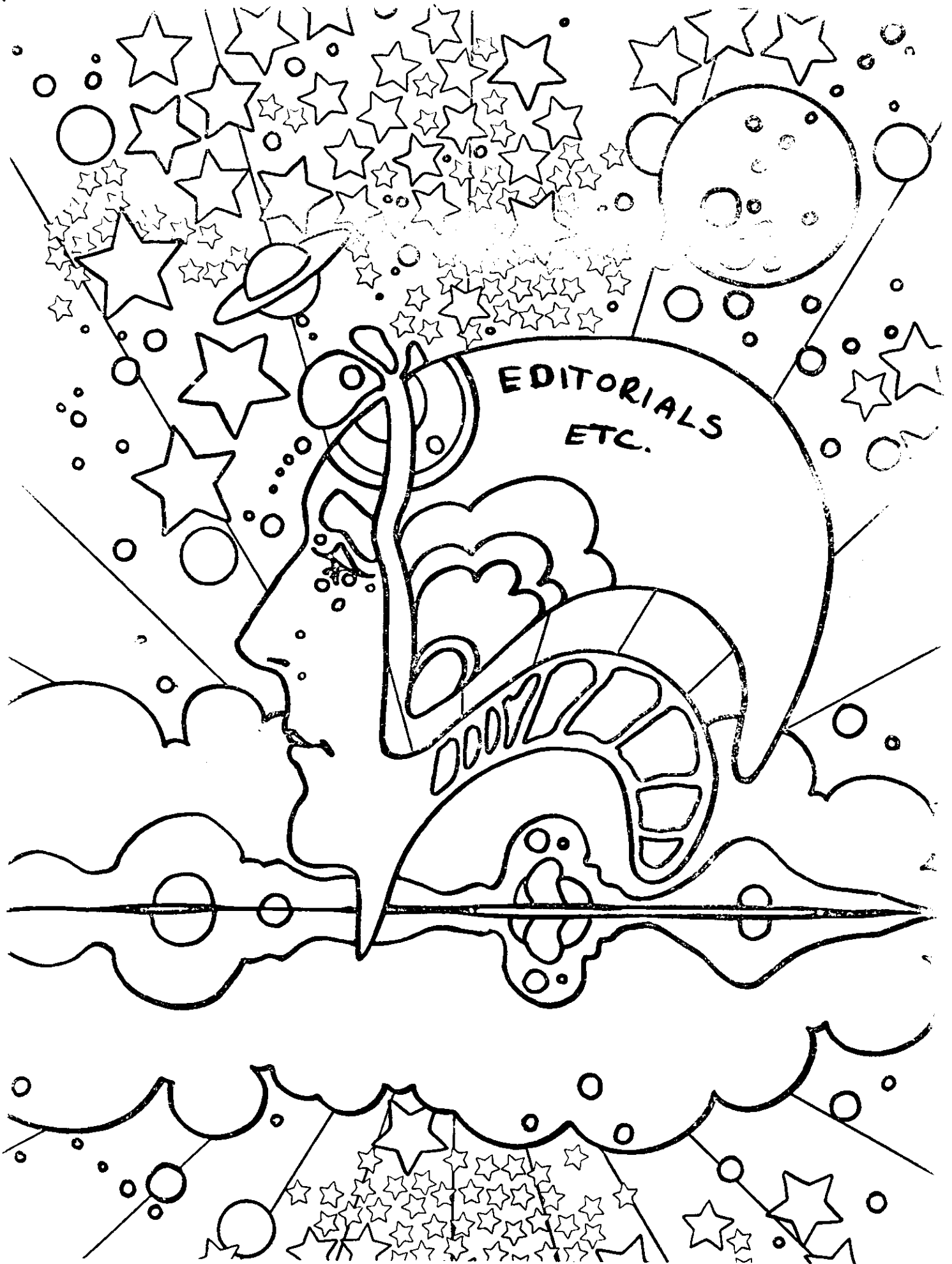
// yes


// no

2. How many children do you now have of nursery school age? _____
3. What kind of rate are you now paying for day care per child?
(Specify whether per day, per week, or per month.)
4. Please note any comments or suggestions you may have here.

When completed with this questionnaire, please return it to Denise Tiffin.

If there is enough positive response, the Atari Council will begin acting upon the matter at once.



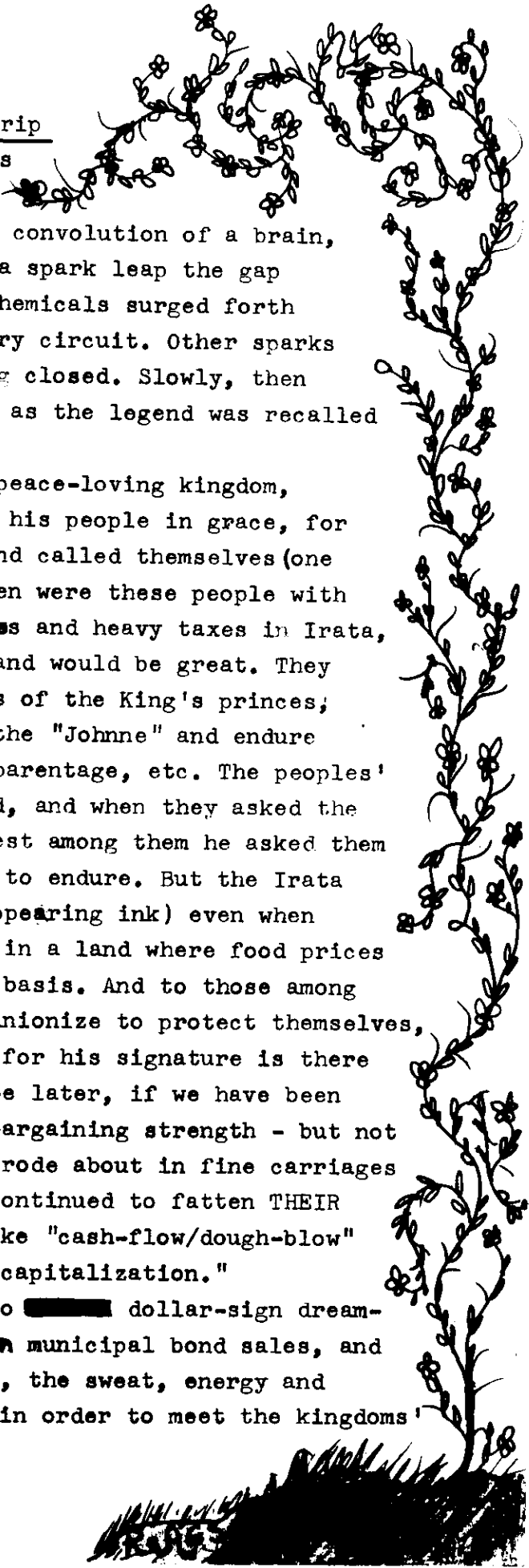


atarI-Irata - The Stick and Carrot Trip


by crusader rabbit, rags, and friends

Deep down a dark, wet canyon, a convolution of a brain, if you looked closely you could see a spark leap the gap between neural endings, as electro-chemicals surged forth and triggered more parts of the memory circuit. Other sparks flashed as the circuit loop was being closed. Slowly, then quicker the flashes began to twinkle as the legend was recalled from the canyon.

Long ago, there was a life-ful peace-loving kingdom, ruled by a king who would walk among his people in grace, for they knew each other by their word and called themselves (one and all) as brother and sister. So open were these people with trust, that they endured the low wages and heavy taxes in Irata, so that one day their king and his land would be great. They even endured the bumlbers and jesters of the King's princes, who in turn had to sometimes sit on the "Johnne" and endure graffitti about their inner-selves, parentage, etc. The peoples' pleas seemed to fall on barren ground, and when they asked the king for more shillings for the poorest among them he asked them to be patient, so everyone continued to endure. But the Irata Philosophy (written in organic, disappearing ink) even when shredded did not go far on the table in a land where food prices in the market-square rose on a daily basis. And to those among them who said they must organize or unionize to protect themselves, the faithful quietly said, "not yet, for his signature is there and we have been asked to trust. Maybe later, if we have been betrayed, we will have to unite for bargaining strength - but not yet." Meanwhile self-seeking princes rode about in fine carriages with many horses, and those on high continued to fatten THEIR purses and talked in lofty phrases like "cash-flow/dough-blow" and "futurization of gross corporate capitalization."



Soon, the people were lulled into ████████ dollar-sign dream-land with hints of the inside track on municipal bond sales, and monetary profit-sharing for the labor, the sweat, energy and effort they were called upon to make in order to meet the kingdoms'



goals. But no one seemed to be caring to meet the peoples' goals, and all they seemed to get was a small garden (called a lounge), where lights flashed, bells rang, a hundred people tried to sit in twenty chairs, and vendo-garbage food sat like a bomb behind little plastic doors. Idea. Light-bulb. CLICK. Boy, the trip seemed to be changing from one of "together", to one of "Make way, here comes Hewlett-Packard as a babe in swaddling clothes."

While the peoples' purses were small, their energy and spiritual togetherness was bountiful, and back in the hinterlands of final-ass and sub-ass they continued to call themselves brothers and sisters. They started wondering though, about the "new, improved hiring policy," when they saw new people hired for jobs that were never posted in the town-square, and for which they were all passed over. They wondered about the head of the new prince and those in the power-tower, when they took away the trust and spirit of the Irata philosophy. They wondered why he stripped their council of power and initiative to effect meaningful changes, and left them weak and divided, to beg as individuals during a half-hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They wondered why they had to sweat in the summer, and freeze in the winter, when the kingdom apparently had air-conditioning and heater devices. They wondered about how they kept promoting the shipping of the kingdom's harmless products for much gold, but couldn't promote a two-shilling pay increase to keep up with the cost of living. And many of the kingdom's loyal subjects fell by the wayside, unable to afford it anymore, for trust unrequited doesn't fill the hungry spirit. They wondered about the flim-flam of a "new kind of kingdom," that was beginning to look like a good, old-fashioned corporate hype (of Here comes the stick and carrot trip, folks). Perhaps... They wondered what was going on, and why were they so weak and divided? They wondered why the king's prince even took away their small garden lounge of the too few chairs, flashing lights, and bells that rang; and only left them with the plastic food that quickly spoiled when the overloaded circuits would finally break. They worried... they wondered... and they thought...; and waited until they could see whether or not trust and patience, like the sand of time, had emptied into the bottom of the hour-glass.

Soon, the wondering traced new sparks into new extensions of the memory circuit loop. Sparks were jumping across new uncharted synapses. Other sparks joined in, and soon the flashing became a twinkling, shimmering wave across two-hundred brains, united in their common experience of becoming...



A Reply--

from the King's magician



And it came to pass that Crusader Rabbit, rags and friends came from the valley to live in Irata. And all was well and peaceful because the people there felt that Irata was something that they wanted and appreciated because they remembered the terrible and abominable conditions in the outlying kingdoms. But lo, there was discontent and a grumbling started up from the mouths of a few and they said words like, "But this is not heaven. We were promised heaven and it is not here."

And the king spoke and said, "I did not say this was heaven, but only that we would be striving with our minds and bodies to create together a thing of beauty. But I will not be your father, and I will not do it for you. But I will give you a kingdom such that the laws are so written that we can create a thing of beauty and a thing that we can all be proud of. We are a kingdom that depends on shipping our goods to other lands and to the people of this land in other kingdoms. But we can only ship these things in trade if in fact our goods have a quality that can be traded for enough shillings to make sure that this kingdom prospers. We are a small kingdom and know that the large kingdoms to the East can crush us with acts of war and piracy unless we can build our kingdom to the size and strength that we can parry their blows. But time is short."

Mr. Crusader Rabbit, rags and friends did not heed the words of their king, but instead chose the route of discontent and greed at lining their own pockets and not looking to the cities of the East and West where wages were lower and conditions worse.

The king then spoke again and said, "Many of the citizens are happy. Why is there a few that raise their voices in protest? Have they too soon forgot what the conditions of the other kingdoms are? Let them move back to live in these other kingdoms because we know that we have a thing of beauty. It is not perfect and will continue to have imperfections, but these imperfections will be things which we may, as a unified citizenry, conquer and it will be those citizens who strive to make the changes instead of crying at the doorsteps of the palace that will make this kingdom better. All who ask questions should listen to the answers. The knights and princes will continue to drive chariots because it costs fewer shillings. There will be those who will be king and there will be those who are surfs of the king. The king will make mistakes and the surfs will make mistakes. But we will strive to make a kingdom of beauty where we can all have dignity and starve together, or have wealth together, as the fates dictate."

However, Crusader Rabbit, rags and friends heeded not the fact of the great kingdoms that were going to crush Irata. That their people were working for fewer shillings with more output and were creating their products to a higher standard. Rather, Crusader Rabbit, rags and friends continued to lust for greed, and they chose to spend their time crying and moaning rather than help Irata to become a thing of beauty. And it came to pass that some of the other countries started buying from the other giants and Irata was in fact crushed and the people did all starve.

A Rebuttal - from Another Crusader - To the Reply

WHAT IS REALITY, WHERE IS TRUTH?

One day recently in the Kingdom of Irata in the valley of St. Clair, a Crusader Rabbit read a desertation on the reality of life in the Kingdom as seen thru the eyes of one of his good friends. He saw that his friend was attempting to communicate to the royal house some of the diseases which plagued the Kingdom and he felt this was good. And it came to pass that when the royal house read this desertation, it felt it necessary to counter with its own reality for it saw different diseases. The crusader read both of these realities and felt sadness for he saw a great chasm in understanding between the citizens of Irata and the throne. His greatest sadness though, was for his king who had come to believe that he, a crusader, cared only for himself and was in his carelessness and greed destroying Irata. This crusader knew now that he must attempt to make straight the picture of life with his own reality. He know that if he failed, he would soon have to leave Irata and his friends with his best wishes, and seek adventure and truth in the outlying wilderness.

There are as many realities in Irata as there are people and what is truth to one can be fantasy to another. This is true throughout the world. Reality for a peasant is the constant concern for where the next meal is coming from, how will he pay for the repair bill on the carriage and will his children have warm clothing this winter. Cost of living is spiraling faster than their wages. This brings on insecurity and the people become discontent. When a peasant works all week and still can't make ends meet what is the most probable outcome? With seemingly little control over these conditions, despair sets in and the people raise their voices in protest. On the other hand the kings and princes have as their reality the fear of falling from the heights they have strove so hard to achieve. This fear may not be apparent to many of them but ulcers and high blood pressure don't come from taking life's ups and downs peacefully without worry. They are as trapped in their reality as the serfs of the kingdom. People are constantly seeking happiness and think they will find it thru position, power and material wealth. But is this the real answer to happiness? The keys to true happiness have been given to man throughout history by the world's greatest thinkers. In the kingdom of Irata the rulers have let an atmosphere grow where people have lost the real meaning of these keys. This condition was not intentionally induced, it was brought on by the rulers' own human weaknesses.

This crusader, having read the **desertation** on reality as seen by the royalty of Irata, would now like to comment on the **points** made. The king has declared that he will not be the people's father; is this not a situation that will tend to bring chaos to the land? Mustn't a king be the size of his subjects and attempt to guide them on the path he has set? The king also says that "he" will not build a thing of beauty for the people; this implies that the people must do it themselves. But the people of Irata have not in reality been given any power to make real effective changes. So who then does the building? The king says that he will give the citizens a kingdom where the laws are so written that they can create a thing of beauty. But where are these written laws? This loyal citizen has never seen any! The king goes on to say that we can only trade our goods to other lands if they are of quality. Where does quality come from? Does it not begin with proper planning, research by the designers and quality craftsmanship in these designs? If it is not here in the beginning, how are the serfs to instill quality in the end products? It is stated that we must grow in size and strength in order to parry the blows of the larger kingdoms. Does not real strength come from not the outer (size) but from within? (People working together as one) How can the kingdom be strong if its goods are not of the quality that they should be? The people of Irata are told that time is short! Does this mean that we madly dash in paranoia to outdo our rivals, forgetting all the real values? Have we forgotten the teachings of Christ? How about Buddha, Krishna and the rest of our great teachers? It can be likened to a man riding in a speeding carriage. How much of the **beauty** are we going to pass by on our mad dash to our material goal? The king says that Crusader and friends have chosen discontent and greed in lining their own pockets as their path and implies that this is what is ruining Irata. Is this truth or red herring? When people cannot effect changes when needed, they will naturally become frustrated and discontented. Did not the founding fathers of the United States raise their voices in discontent when they saw injustices, and had not the power to change them. In this context is discontent bad for a kingdom? Isn't this the signal for the leaders to look deep for the real problems? If "Crusader Rabbit, rags and friends" refers to the people who helped Irata become something from nothing, where is this greed that the king refers to? Never have they pressed for a reward for themselves. They have always asked for money only for the poorest of the kingdom. Is this what the king calls greed? If "lining their own pockets" refers to taking the products from the kingdom, the king should be reminded that only a few are doing this and causing the rest of the kingdom to suffer. The king seems to think that only a few subjects are discontent. Is he really that far out of touch? In reality, there are far more than a few. What he doesn't see is that only a few raise their voices but a great many more keep silent for they do not want their beloved king to be disillusioned. Remember the old adage that 'your best friends won't even tell you'.

Next, the king says "Let them" (discontents) "move back to live in these other kingdoms because we know we have a thing of beauty". Does this not strike of "Irata, love it or leave it". What has happened to Irata's king? He says that Irata is not perfect and he is right. No kingdom on earth is "perfect". But he says that it will take a unified citizenry to conquer the imperfections. Is this not putting the cart before the horse? If those who have the power would act to correct imperfections then a more unified citizenry would surely follow. "All who ask questions should listen to the answers". This is most assuredly true. The king has asked "why is there a few that raise their voices in protest?" The answer to this question has seemingly fallen on barren ears. That there is a great lack of communication in the kingdom of Irata is very plain to see.

We will all make mistakes, both serfs and kings. A mistake by a serf will hardly be noticed while a misconception by a king can bring on a whole national crisis. It is not easy to be a king, but an effective leader will not blame his loyal subjects for the problems that plague the kingdom when they can be solved in what unfortunately is thought of as "the power tower".


Another Crusader Rabbit

TO: EMPLOYEES
FROM: NOLAN BUSHNELL

This memo is concerning company cars of certain individuals, some of whom are called "exec's".

To do away with company cars, it would cost the company a great deal of money. I could quote some kind of figure on it, but it has been shown that to pay mileage to people that do a significant amount of their business in other places, i.e., banks, vendors, attorneys, P.R. work, etc., is much more expensive than supplying a company automobile. If it bugs some people, I am afraid that is going to have to be tough, as they do not understand the economy of the situation. There are sound corporate reasons and it is not a matter of everyone feathering his nest. I don't want to hear about the company car business again, because I don't know who is causing the rabble raising and it is unjustified and unwarranted. This is the first company in which I have heard this complaint.

Nolan


11/6/73

Although our security system has been in effect for some length of time now, I feel that the system has never been adequately explained to the employees. Therefore, I will try to make it more clear.

Firstly, I feel there should be some explanation as to why the system has been implemented. There are a number of reasons:

- 1) Without any type of security system, it is virtually impossible to contain visitors to their appropriate areas. Instead, visitors have been known to peruse the plant at will, entering areas which are deemed restricted, and for good reasons! The use of the badge system is one way to receive visitors. This is why it is important that all employees help to make sure that visitors with no badge, or visitors in areas with no escort and a "VISITOR ESCORT" badge, should be politely led to the reception area.
- 2) Internal theft. Unfortunately, there appear to be a significant number of employees who feel that ripping off the company is a fine pastime. However, these thefts have added up to an impressive dollar amount of loss. A company cannot function efficiently, both to its customers and employees, if so large an amount of items are walking out the door. I find it quite saddening that people at this company claim to be honest, liberated, and against the hard-core capitalists, yet they gleefully steal. At least the capitalists admit that they are in it for themselves. The employees here state that they want this company to be like a family -- and they steal? Would you steal from your brother or mother?
- 3) There is a good possibility that this security system will allow us a reduction on our insurance for the premises. I am currently looking into this aspect.

These are the main reasons for our security system and the tightening of company rules. If the employees chose to stand behind their company in full rather than to spend their time just complaining about inadequacies with no alternate plans, possibly the company could once again become a more pleasant and relaxed place to work. Until this time, however, the company is forced to continue its ways.

Daily, employees still continue to exit and enter through the personnel (side) doors at their leisure. This is causing the receptionist to slowly lose her mind, as the alarm is set off at her desk each time a door is used by an unauthorized person. All personnel doors are activated during business hours and should not be used. Exceptions to this rule will most certainly occur, and will be handled at the time of their occurrence. If you feel that you have an adequate reason for opening a door normally on the

alarm system, please call the operator first, as this will allow her time to clear the use of that door and to disconnect it from the alarm system. Also, before business hours, after business hours, during breaks and lunch periods, the personnel door located in the shipping area will remain unsecured for your convenience.

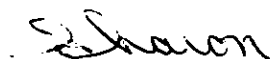
I realize that many of you dislike the security system and the rules that it forces on the employees. However, as with many things that you must face during your existence, that's life. We have tried to be open and trusting with you, but it has not seemed to work. So now we are forced, by the employees' actions, to implement these rules -- and now the employees seem upset at these rules.

Your cooperation in making sure that unauthorized people do not use the personnel doors and in checking visitors' badges would be immensely appreciated. Without your assistance, it will be almost impossible to have an efficiently working system.

If anyone has questions on this subject, or feels that they may have ideas to better our system, please see me, as I am open to constructive suggestions.

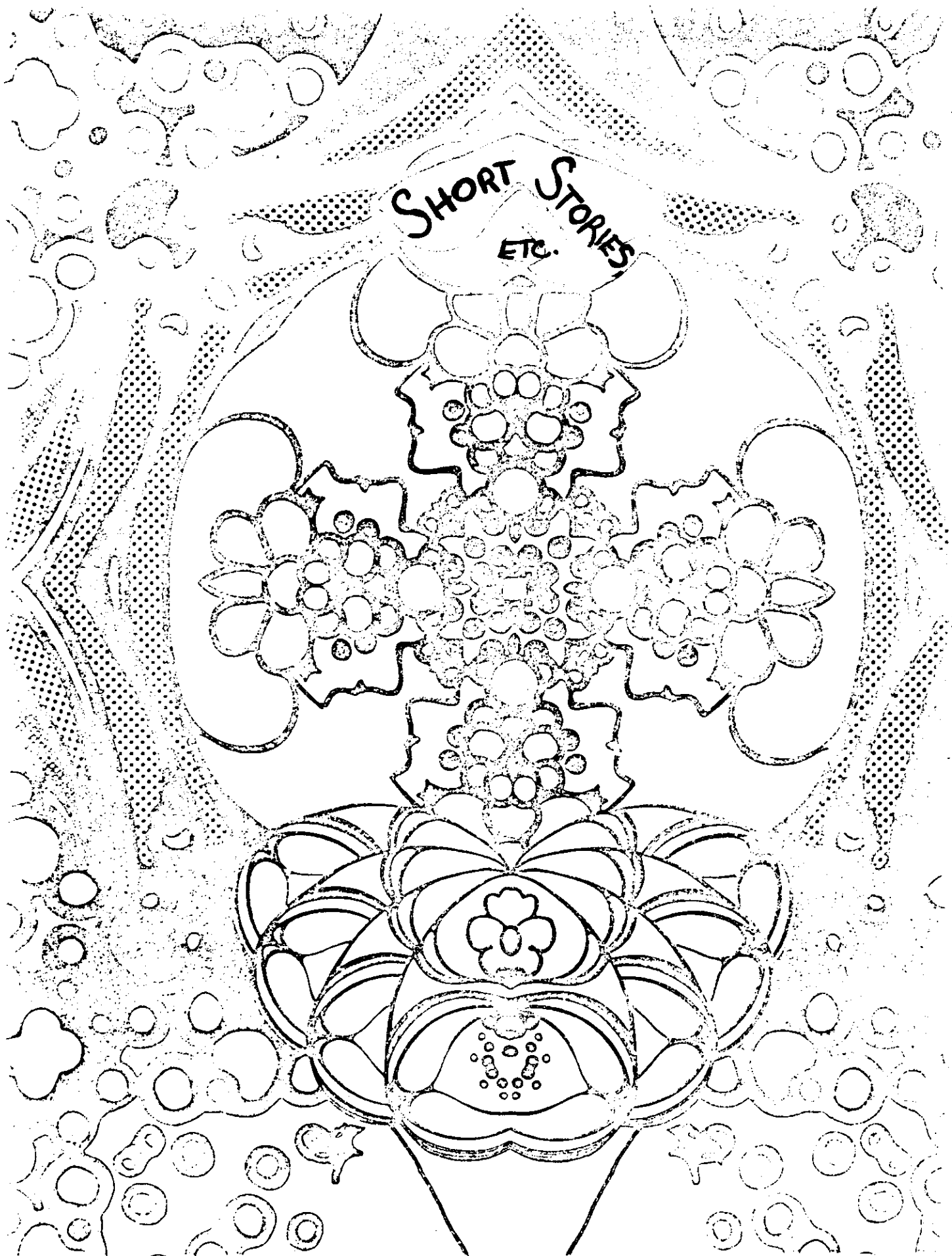
Hopefully, I will not need to explain this again, as this is the third or fourth memo sent out regarding this system. I sincerely hope that people just don't quite fully understand the system, and are not intentionally being difficult.

Just try to remember that this company must first substantiate its existence in society before employees' demands are met. For, with no company, there will be no employees. We are truly trying to make this company a fantastic and rewarding place for ALL to work.



Sharon Andres

SHORT STORIES
ETC.



FLAG

by Brian Hickey

The flag . . . a flag . . . any flag
A banner, a shroud, a symbol?

He was the ancient man, the ageless man. He had lived for a thousand years and would probably live for a thousand more. I would watch him, daily, weekly, monthly. As regular as clock work, we were always at that same spot. I, hiding, peering from behind the safety of my bus stop, and he shuffling across the miles of asphalt parking lot to the flag pole. Always the same walk. Always the same dead staring eyes. When, after eons of travel, he reached the flag pole, it was always the same meticulous care that raised the flag into the sunlight of new morning. The artist's fingers, the hands of the man, moving with an almost religious intimacy over the canvass stars and stripes. The long pause after the securing of the ropes and the fastening of the clips. The long pause and the meditative silence that followed. And then, more shuffling feet and down cast eyes. The rusty hinges of the post office doors his only overture; his only symphony of coming and going. And I would stand, long after he was gone, held by the same staring eyes but my own eyes now. There was something evil, something that smelled of death in the old man, and yet . . . and yet, when my bus would arrive, my vehicle of deliverance from the graveyard scene, the flag would always explode with the life that was vacant from the old man. When the city released its hold upon me and my vehicle of deliverance would return me to that spot, he would emerge and repeat the scene. I would go home, feeling perhaps less of a man.

They found him yesterday, hours before my arrival at the appointed place. No longer will his feet shuffle and his eyes be cast down. No longer will the fingers and hands intimately caress the unfeeling canvass. No longer will the rusty 3-note symphony cut the morning air.

They found the flag at his feet, neatly folded and unwrinkled. The shiny brass clips looked no less important attached to his shoulders. The knotted rope pulled tightly around his neck did not betray its own purpose. And as the morning breeze rose with the sun, his own smile graced the top of the flag pole.

THE MONOLOGIST/THE REFUGIO
HOTEL

by Todd Guardin

Several different years in the early spring, I have had the time and inclination to swim in the craters of Marina del Oro and rest in the sun; to revise and revitalize my spirit with pure laziness, eating and drinking and carousing in the warm sun. At night I drive back 5 miles to the Refugio Hotel, eat, listen to the Mariachi Band, drink beer, and slowly fold away into tranquility, languishing gratefully near the fountain, to the left of a potted palm tree; to drink beer, read tourist brochures and newspapers; points of interest behind escape and funky music and a carnival of daily relief: I have escaped. I am sitting here, not there, and it's great. For about a week. Then it's back to the organ grinder and the monkey.

Rest. That's why I stay at the Refugio. No phones. No one's ever there but pretty ladies, short flickers of local color, and the help: Smiling Ernesto, the owner's family; they have all long ago mastered the willing smile and the shrug.

It's o.k. yankee, relax.

Pretty ladies seem drawn to the place like a magnet.

So when I go to swim at the craters, I stay at the Refugio. For me, the Refugio has always been a lucky place.

One night, I drive in for dinner and Rita Hayworth is not in her usual place. The waiter, Felix Enrico, is not his usual happy go lucky self. He is weepy; he talks about fate. The band is drunk, but not playing. There are no pretty ladies.

The edges of the room seem bare. The garden seems smaller and flatter. There are no sunflower seeds on the ground in the garden.

When he brings me my coffee, Felix says: You know, for some reason, today I am full of gloom. Not even wine helps. He parts the palm tree and exposes big chunks dug out of the tiled wall: You see these holes, chunks out of the side of the wall here, well they're all over the place. And they were.

They were strategically located, he tells me, from a hand grenade blast at a wedding reception here that killed 48 people. One of the guests was crazy, and he didn't like the music. He shrugs.

So I say, o.k. Felix, that's the way it goes, huh; give me a steak and some coffee, 2x beer, and the newspaper. Bring me some of that great chili.

He brings the chili and it's great.

You know about the chili, he says, it is Humberto's specialty. He learned how to make it in prison. When he was a child, he was the shoe shine boy here and he got to hating it. He poisoned everyone in the hotel, just a little bit. Nobody died. We sent him to school; he learned a trade. The experience was good for all of us. Good chili, no. I will bring you more beer.

I drink beer. It's o.k. yankee, relax.

While I wait for Felix and my dinner, this little guy comes in wearing sunglasses, he's got a newspaper rolled up under his arm. He hands the newspaper to Smiling Ernesto and keeps

talking. Then this big dude comes in and pulls a gun on the little guy. Smiling Ernesto keeps smiling.

The little guy rushes the gun. Three shots go off, and the little guy is bleeding but he's got the gun and he's pistol whipping the big guy. He kicks the big guy in the head several times, then the big guy gets up and shuffles away; the little guy follows him out.

I look around and everybody's gone. I pick up my marbles and leave. I spend the night at the crater, and battle mosquitos til dawn. As I drift off to sleep with the first light, I see this thirty-foot lizard out of the corner of my eye. The Lizard shrugs.

So what's the answer? The way I look at it, Rita Hayworth was Felix's parrot. That's the only way I could figure it. The way I look at it, what I don't understand might just as well not exist.

THE BUST

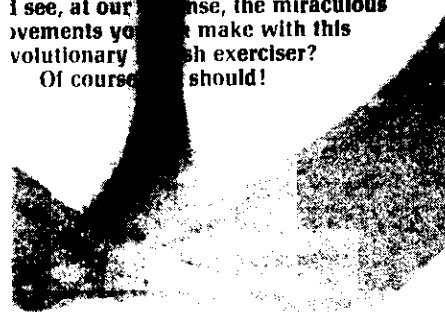
by Brian Hickey

It was the sun bouncing off the red foil sign ;in Macy's front window that first caught her eye. Stopping, she turned and read the huge white letters:

WOMEN! HAVE THE BUST HE'S
ALWAYS WANTED! BUY A BEAUTI-
BUST AND KNOCK HIS EYES OUT!

Directly below the sign there sat a very peculiar looking device. It appeared to be a gas mask with a hose running out of the back and into a very small bowling bag

...contracted, tense...
...utlest range from all angles—your bust-
...ver reach its best and most beautiful
...houldn't you... the FREE "10 Second
...I see, at our... nse, the miraculous
...vements you... t make with this
...volutionary... sh exerciser?
...Of course... should!



from which hung a black vinyl cord. On the bowling bag were three or four dials and gages and a small silver switch on either side of which was written 'On' and 'Off'. The gas mask itself was much larger than the one the dentist had used the second time she had her teeth capped and was shaped so that the only thing it could pass gas to would be a large watermelon. She could not really figure the whole thing out and, her curiosity being taken, she walked into Macy's and directly to the Beauti-Bust Display. There, a frail looking young lady in a bikini was massaging her breast, an incredibly large breast somewhat reminiscent of a 50 pound ham, with the gas mask. On the other side of her chest hung what looked to be a new sprouted crab apple. From the bowling bag came a very soft humming that reminded her of her vacuum cleaner before it broke. Soon, there were other women, other housewives crowding in around her, all pushing and shoving, all wanting to see the new, revolutionary beauty aide. When it seemed that no one else could possibly fit into the tiny space that the Beauti-Bust Display commanded, another frail looking young lady, this one with over 100 pounds of hams on her chest, stepped up and began her little speech.

"Ladies, does he still look at you like he used to? When he comes home at night, does he ever give you that playful little pinch-- -- like he did when you two were on Lovers' Lane? Does he make love to you like he did when you were first married? If you can't answer 'No' to all of these questions, you need the New Adorna Beauti-Breast. The Beauti-Breast is guaranteed to give you a fuller, firmer, more buxom look in just six days or your money back. Developed in Sweden by the famous European Breastologist, Wolfgang Tittleboob, the Beauti-Breast employs a gentle sucking action to draw the tissues away from the body and fill out like they always should have. It's painless, easy, takes just minutes a day and won't it be worth it to have him hold you again in that very special way? Try a Beauti-Breast. Remember, if you are not completely satisfied, just bring the Beauti-Breast back and we will happily refund your money. And always remember, you doubters out there, the Adorna Company has never had anyone bring back the Beauti-Breast."

There was a mad surge forward as the honey smooth sales pitch ended and the thirty to forty spell-bound housewives suddenly snapped to. Caught up in it all, she really had no choice and besides, her husband had not really noticed her at all these days. The nose job had helped but after the novelty had worn off, she had become extra baggage again, catching only the left-overs of his time and attention. To say she was flat was no understatement and if bigger breasts might even open his eyes, it would be worth it. Before she knew it, she was in her car on her way home with a brand new Beauti-Breast in her lap and a \$35.00 bill on her charge card.

It was three o'clock when she pulled into the driveway of their typical tract home. Thoughts all but vanished from her mind as she rushed into the house and flew into her room, tearing the wrapping from the Beauti-Breast and removing her blouse and bra at the same time. She sat on the bed, plugged in the bowling bag, set the dial on "1"--Low, threw the switch, and attached the football shaped gas mask to her egg-sized left breast. The machine whirred like a fine Swiss watch and a light sucking drew on an area the size of her breast and maybe half her chest. It was a pleasant feeling, not unlike certain vague memories her adulthood had buried. She continued to massage the left side of her chest with the circular motions that the blue instruction sheet advised. The more she rubbed, the more pleasant the sensation became and, sure enough, her breast began to swell. Overjoyed, both at the success of her endeavor and at the warm glow of pleasure that was radiating from her center, she reached over and turned the dial to "2"--Low. The machine jumped an octave higher in it's symphony of sucking and she herself felt the same way. Oh my, that was nice! She turned it to "1"--Medium and got still another rush. Her breast was now twice it's original size and tiny beads of sweat were creeping down toward the corners of her eyes. Oohhhh myyyy, she moaned. With thoughts of Fat City in mind, she lost what was left of her inhibitions, cranked the dial to High, and fell on the bed, both hands pressing the Beauti-Breast against her melon sized chests.

Lost in the throws of revived young girl passion, she barely noticed the light whiffs of smoke that were floating up off the buzzing machine. Suddenly, the pleasure vanished as her leg-of-lamb-sized breast

was pulled hard into the hot gas mask. She sat straight up, tugging desperately at the round device. More and more of her new found bosom was being drawn into the carnivorous device and panic had now replaced all traces of pleasure. Desperately she beat on the switch. The machine responded by sucking harder and harder and harder until finally, it revved up to an incredible speed and ZZWUCKK, she was gone. The machine stopped and sat silently on the wrinkled covers of the bed.

"Honey? Honey? I'm home. Dear? Are you in the bedroom? Honey? Are you in here? Nope. I guess not. Well, I wonder what this thing is?", her husband said, sitting down on the bed and eyeing the Beauty-Breast like a kid with a new toy.

INTERNATIONAL



Gilbert—The Guardian

OUTSIDE--INSIDE

by Thomas Ward and
Diana Russ

Out of the cave Man crept, drawn by his needs to the outside. Each perilous step was toward a new frontier. When he learned that the unfamiliar did not always bring disaster, curiosity pushed him further. Since then Man has set foot on every corner of the globe, and there are no more frontiers here.

The new frontier is no longer outside; but inside, inside your mind. Man is beginning to understand more of the power of his mind. The words telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritually etc. are finding increasing acceptance in the role of everyday life. Such delvings into the mind and the supernatural are commonly known as Metaphysics.

We, like many others, are searching; and we feel the need for a sharing of discoveries, whether ours or yours. To that end this column is dedicated. We hope to use this column as a forum for Metaphysical questions, experiences, or knowledge, so open your minds and meditate and Communicate. Submit all contributions or requests to us personally.

"God made Truth with many doors to welcome every believer who knocks on them".

----Kahlil Gibran

We don't claim to know all the Truth, but we hope to open many doors.

ODDS

1-11

ENDS!

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Our compliments to all of the people who helped with the food for the Halloween Party--everything was great!

--Accounting

Special thanks to Mrs. Diane Ogelbie of Sir Toby's Restaurant for her donation to the party of one large delicious bowl of bean & vegetable salad.

--Paul & JoNell

Special special special thanks to Elia Garcia who spent a lot of time and love in making 15 doz. tamales, a big pot of luscious beans and a scrumptious casserole of chicken mole.

--Everybody

PERSONALS

Thomas V. Ward is offering a \$25.00 reward for anyone knowing who ripped off his wallet.

Ride needed from Homestead & San Tomas Expressway. See Larin Cooper in P. C.

WANT AD

For sale--German shepard puppies, Males, \$30. Females, \$20. Call Doreen, Ext. 12.

GREETINGS FROM SUB ASS (Better known as the Hole in the wall gang!)

Our latest news is to say Good Luck, Good Cheer and Good-Bye, at last to our "fearless leader", Neil Coplea. . . who tried.

Welcome to Andy Kashevaroff, our newest Leadman, Best Wishes! (P.S. We plan to have weekly supplies of Excedrin in for you shortly!)

Also welcome to John Ryde, a newcomer to the Atarian family and Sub Ass. Good luck, John!

Congratulations to all in Sub Ass for putting out a lot of hard work during our 9-hour days.

Minds are like parachutes, they function only when open.

----D. C.

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WINE-TASTING AFFAIR HELD AT ATARI

On November 6, 1973, a "wine-tasting" party was held at Atari on behalf of one of our bigger and better suppliers, Cramer Electronics. To put the news briefly, a good time was had by all. The wines, red and white were sampled by everyone along with various cheeses, breads and munchies. Thank you Cramer Electronics.

In this outfit lately you can't tell a St. from a Sinner without a program.

---St. Donald Duck

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!!!!

Atari witnessed all sorts of wierd costumes and the personalities to match when on October 31 all of the employees came in costume and then enjoyed a pot-luck lunch.

The pot-luck lunch that the girls in the P.C. area organized was really good. We had an assortment of hot dishes, lots of fresh salad, and lots of secret recipe cakes and goodies.

The long lunch was something straight out of pure enjoyment, a lunch that will be rembered for a long time. We were glad to make Halloween a good time for everyone to enjoy.

The turnout of the employees was great!! Almost everyone was there to enjoy the good food and funny costumes. Without the turnout of all the employees, it could not happen. The P C. line deserves many thanks for the cooking and the organization of this party.

The next time we have a pot-luck lunch, we hope it can be for ALL of the employees, not excluding anyone, so welcome to Atari, Harness Department!

On October 25, all of us woke up to hear the bad news of the crisis of the Middle East, and before the afternoon was upon us, Atari, Inc. had zipped a protest telegram to that guy, what's his name in Washington. There were over 100 employees who had their signature on the telegram.

One of the employees here, sat down and wrote her thoughts on that day, because really, she reflected on what was around her and where her head was and we were so close (at least that's what we were told by Dr. Strangelove) to blowing this small planet out of the universe. Her

thoughts may well be the same as yours on that day

The sights and sounds rush by me but something has hold of my thoughts, my every being! I cannot react, I must be taught reaction. Can anyone teach me? Or must I learn by life's experiences.

Stagnation surrounds me, mechanical voices, and I am just one of them. What are we looking for? Is it Love? Love is light and an open chamber to eternity but it hardly answers all the questions!

The leaves keep falling and I continue to search for my answer.

Today the changes have not occurred but my mind tells me they are on their way. Let the winds carry us to our destiny, and let hope and trust lead the journey. Above all, love your brother for these are times of great change and rivers of misunderstanding.

Fimmel says--bring your articles etc. to St. Pong. If any of you out there in the land of Irata are artists, cartoonists, writers, thinkers, or whatever, I want to hear from you. We all want to hear from you.

--the printer

P.S.--If your contribution did not appear in this month's issue, it will be in next month's.

Graffiti from the walls of the womens' restroom....

" Ha! Ha! Tim Templetten, we're writing on the walls again... "

" I have here my trusted Pen
It comes in very handy when-
Time it is to write on walls
deep within Atari's halls-
If perchance you find the rain
pouring down in your domain,
Simply call the maintenance man,
and he'll come running.....
with a can!! "

Why don't we.....

Have a chalk board in the restroom??????
Have cleaner restrooms?????
Have more donuts????? (get rid of those "crumby" ones)
Have a better music system?????
Give everyone a raise of 25¢ ???????
Make the model shop quit making so much noise??????
Quit stealing????????????????????
Have a Christmas party??????
Impeach Nixon????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!????????
Park our cars in the designated areas????????
Have a monthly pot-luck lunch??????
Have a better first aid room????????????
Have a better ventalation system on the wave solder????
Quit the gossip between friends????????
Be more mechanical????????(does that compute?)
Brush our teeth more often????????

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, or in fact, is after you, it seems. That's my impression lately.

Been to the Emporium or Macy's lately and attempted to write a check for your minimal purchase? The elaborate systems of checking your identity and credit validity of '1984' are upon us.

Wishing to make a small purchase the other day, I was distressed to find that Macy's has employed a wonderful little computerized device, available for each salesgirl, to run a quick identity check on each check-writing customer. At the mere push of a few buttons, your name, drivers license number, and credit approval appear on a mini screen; all this occurs within an amazing 5 seconds or less. The Emporium also uses this push-button privacy invader.

What's worse, however, and perhaps an even greater affront to one's personal rights, is that J. C. Penny's and Gemco require a thumb-print be placed on the back of your check, in order to make a purchase. Remincent of the F.B.I. - CIA????..... Is all this interrogation and invasion of your privacy really necessary, in view of the fact that ample I.D. is normally taken, including your driver's license, credit cards, and perhaps work I.D. and phone number? I seriously doubt it.

The clincher is K-Mart, who actually takes your picture, when you write a check! Unbelievable and incredible.

Big Brother is watching and knows all about you, it seems.

Simple paranoia? I don't think so. Realistically, this manner of invading your privacy and mine, no matter how subtle the method, is wrong, and should be loudly protested by all of us.