

Ivan Kerensky

“Sometimes I find it’s easy to be myself... other times, I find it’s better to be somebody else.”
-Dave Matthews Band

It’s all the Communists’ fault. You know it. They’re probably fluoridating the water supply right now. Damn Commies. Every day they seem to come up with some new plan, some amazingly cunning idea that will foster resentment and upheaval amongst the good, honest citizens of San Inguon. And they’re smart, too, posing as regular citizens, talking about baseball and politics with the best of them, always keeping their evil plans of despotism hidden until they can strike that death blow to capitalism.

Well, that’s why it’s your job to stop them. Your parents knew what evils they could perpetrate firsthand, and left Russia just before Stalin took over and started killing every Russian he could get his greasy little hands on. They (with you in tow) came down to Arizona to try and set up a life for themselves out of what little they had left. They did a pretty good job for themselves. You were never rich or anything, but you never went a day without food in your stomach, clothes on your back or a shelter over your head. You’ve done your best with your gas station to provide the same things for your children, Nick and Teresa.

Of course, your parents were sure that when they left Russia, they had left all of the Communists behind them. But you know differently. They’re everywhere, trying their best to fit into American life, hoping to gnaw at it from the inside, weakening it until American life is so full of dissent and destruction that it crumbles, making it an easy job for the Commies in Russia to conquer the world and force everyone under their yoke of dictatorship. But so few people believe you. So many people think that the idea of Communist spies trying to infiltrate the U.S. is silly, an almost impossibility. Well, you know better than that. You knew that the Communists were out to destroy everything that was good and decent about the U.S. And they will stop at nothing to reach their goals.

You tried joining the John Birch Society, but even they seemed a bit too limp-wristed in fighting off the Communist menace. They were more interested in fighting the spies in Washington who were posing as government employees. You knew that the Commie agents were hitting closer to home. So you formed your own society. The League of Social Decency (LSD for short). You only let other people join after you had done an exhaustive background check upon them (usually asking them who had won the World Series for the last five years; no Commie saboteur knows that). Together, you and your league have been working to drive out suspected Communists, eliminate beat poetry, and make America strong again.

Every couple of weeks, you’ll drop by Principal Adele Siegelski’s office to discuss strategy with her (she’s one of the best anti-communists you’ve got) and figure out who

your next target is going to be. Then you gather all the LSDers, and after putting on your red, white, and blue domino masks, you go out to the house of the suspected Communist and begin loudly reading the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Of course, no real Communist can stand listening to these documents of freedom being read off for too long, and eventually they move out. You've forced twelve suspected Commies out of San Inguon this way.

But your work is never done. Not so long as Commie agents continue to prowl throughout San Inguon. You heard from one of the guards at Ft. Rita who is a member of LSD that General Cork suspects one of the scientists there of being a Communist spy. This is definitely a call to arms, something that the LSD must take care of. Bad enough that these Commies try to destroy your home life; now they're trying to steal military secrets from the Research Labs! Well, you'll put an end to that.

Of course, life isn't all chasing Communists. The gas station does pretty well, but only because Teresa drops by to help take care of the books, and Nick spends each afternoon helping you fix the cars that have been brought in for repair. Teresa's a smart young thing, and she'll be a good wife someday. At least, she will once she grows out of this tomboy phase she's in. You can't be too surprised at that; her mother passed on when she was three, and you and Nick have pretty much raised her. You worry sometimes that she doesn't really know how to be a lady. But, she seems to do pretty well for herself, and she can fight better than most of the boys in town, and that makes you pretty proud. Nick's a good kid too, solid through and through. Not exactly the brightest kid in the world, but brains aren't everything. You never managed to finish high school, and look at how far you've gotten. Well, alright, so you want more for Nick than simply running a gas station in a small town in Southwestern Arizona for the rest of his life. Well, Nick's not smart, but he is strong of body and strong of spirit. Besides, he's got good friends, and good friends mean a lot in life. Still, maybe you should have a long talk with him and see what he wants to do with his life. Whatever it is, you'll help him out.

And maybe you should talk to Dr. Rourke. Yeah, he's a bit of a left-winger, but he's also the town's only doctor, which is the main reason LSD hasn't taken a closer look at him, and probably won't unless he reveals himself to be much farther to the left than you had believed. In any case, you've been getting these dizzy spells recently. Every once in a while, you just sort of get dizzy and then black out. You wake up a couple of hours later, and you're usually in an alley about three blocks away from where you passed out. You don't know what's going on, but it scares you. You're pretty sure that you've been drugged by Commie sympathizers, and they must have been doing some sort of brain washing upon you, because every once in a while you wake up holding a book by Burroughs or Ginsberg. And you know those guys are Communists. Yeah, you should definitely have a talk with Dr. Rourke to see why you're getting these blackouts. You know the Communists are trying to get rid of you. You know they're scared of you.

But this brainwashing thing is going just a bit too far.

Stock quote: “No real American would every say something like that!”

Mannerisms: Ivan is your stereotypical small-towner; small of mind, small of pocket, and small of opinion. He’s so far right that he’d frighten Joe McCarthy. Every once in a while (you contingency envelopes will tell you when), he blacks out. During his blackouts, he becomes Ivan Kerensky, liberal intellectual and beat poet. This lasts for about an hour, and probably frightens the bejeezus out of his friends and kids. When he comes to afterwards, he remembers nothing of what he had been doing during the black-out.

People You Know:

Nick Kerensky: Your son. He’s a good kid. A bit slow, but a good kid.

Teresa Kerensky: Your daughter. A bit of a tomboy, but very smart. She’ll make a very good wife for someone one day.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. A good, upstanding, all-around American guy. Maybe you should get him to join LSD.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander at Ft. Lucas Rita. Another upstanding American citizen. He might make another good LSD member.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. Quiet and secretive. Spends all of his time at the Labs or at home. What’s he hiding? Perhaps his communist sympathies! Better keep an eye on him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Labs. Eccentric and absent-minded. But perhaps that’s just a ploy to keep people from suspecting him as the Communist spy. Definitely something to look into.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: Mayor of San Inguon, and LSD member. A good, conservative man who believes in America. Needless to say, LSD helps to insure his re-election every couple of years.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Ward looks the other way when LSD operates. He’s a good man who just chooses to stay out of politics. Still, when the Commies invade, he’ll realize his mistake in staying out of politics.

C.J. Nickels: One of the original settlers of San Inguon. He runs the 5 & Dime in town. A good and decent man.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. A long-winded, could-sell-iceboxes-to-Eskimos kind of guy. You like him, but you try not to let him talk you into buying things.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Town doctor. A bit too much of a left-winger for your tastes, but unless another doctor comes to San Inguon, you’re not really going to do anything about it. Seems competent enough as doctors go.

“Pops” Turrelli: They say he fought with the Italian Resistance. Some people say a lot of the Italian Resistance fighters were Communists. You should definitely look into that.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. She’s a fervent anti-communist, and is usually the person who comes up with the plans that LSD follows. She’s a good woman, strong of heart and clear of mind.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the local orphanage. A good guy, but you’ve never really gotten much of a chance to talk politics with him.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. He seemed like such a nice guy before his wife passed on in that car accident a few weeks ago. Terrible situation. You lost your wife years ago, and maybe you should talk to Gerald and try to comfort him.

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in town. You'd love to get him to join LSD; that way you'd have a big enough bankroll to do some of your more grandiose plans.

Irving Thorton: Town drunk. An obvious failure of a man. Pretty pathetic.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. A good woman who has fought to hold down a job and bring up her son rather than depend upon the government for assistance after her husband disappeared. Now, you think that a woman's place is in the home, but Dr. Carroll's didn't have that choice, so it's alright.

Bess Smith: Harold's wife. A good, all-American woman if ever you saw one. Absolutely devoted to Harold and keeping their house clean.

Darla Hotchkins: The school nurse. Extremely attractive. Maybe you could get her to join LSD. The more attractive women in it, the merrier.

Goals:

1. Drive out all Communists. Find every Communist agent and left-thinking sympathizer and show them the true might of American pride. Pester them, report on them to their superiors, and generally do what it take to get them to leave San Inguon.

2. Find out why you're blacking out. It's kind of scary to lose control like that. Find out what's wrong with you and why it's been happening. You're sure that Communist agents are behind it.