

INSIDE: SPECIAL DEATH SECTION !!!

the

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5 MAY 1981

PLAGUE



"NYU's Only Intentionally Funny Publication"



PLAGUE

Volume 4, Number 5

May 1981

"Where?"

William Shakespeare
Cymbeline, IV, ii, 212

STAFF

Metropolitan Editor RICHARD J.T. BROWN
Arts and Leisure Editor AMY BURNS
Farm Editor JOHN GERNAND
Travel Editor STEVEN KORN
National Editor ED MORRISSEY
Science Editor PETER REISER
Society Editor WARREN ROSENZWEIG
Health Editor BILL WEBER
Finance Editor BOB YOUNG
Founder HOWARD OSTROWSKY

Contributors

Adam Snes, Steven Dovas, Brian Feinberg,
Dan Fiorella, Sholly Fisch, Ken Follet, John
Gasior, Donna Gouse, Leah Krinsky, Karen
Ladson, Vinnie Liota, Dave Lippman, Matt
Meyer, Joe Pinto, John Rawlins.

MOVIE ADS - Bill Weber

I.M. BENNT SAYS GOODBYE - Steven Korn

PLAGUE-TONE NEWS - Steven Korn, Bill
Weber, Karen Lad-
son,
and Donna Gouse

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING! - Donna Gouse

SCIENCE AND GOSSIP CORNER

O.K. SPORTSFANS

T.V. UPDATE

DUSK OF THE LIVING SAL

ON MY BLOCK

'82 NOT '84 - John Gasior

DEATH IS A COLD PUPPY - Sholly Fisch,
John Gernand,
and Vinnie Liota

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF TERMINAL ILL-
NESS - Bill Weber

TO A CORPSE - Peter Reiser

STIFF RECORDS - Leah Krinsky

DEAD SET - Leah Krinsky

MIKE AND HIS MUTT - Ed Morrissey

YOU SHOULD KILL YOURSELF IF... - Donna
Gouse

MEAL IDEAS - Bill Weber

MR. MORT - Steven Dovas

COMICS - COMICS - COMICS

© COPYRIGHT 1981 THE PLAGUE AT N.Y.U.



SHOCKING!
WINNER OF 2
ACADEMY AWARDS
including **BEST ACTOR**



NIGHT OF THE
LIVING Jerry

NEW JERSEY

DUNELLEN
DUNELLEN
FAIRVIEW 2
INTERSTATE 1
RAMSEY
MALL 2
BRICKTOWN

THE MOVIES
AT MIDDLETOWN 6
MIDDLETOWN
OCEAN COUNTY 2
TOMS RIVER
POND ROAD
FREEHOLD

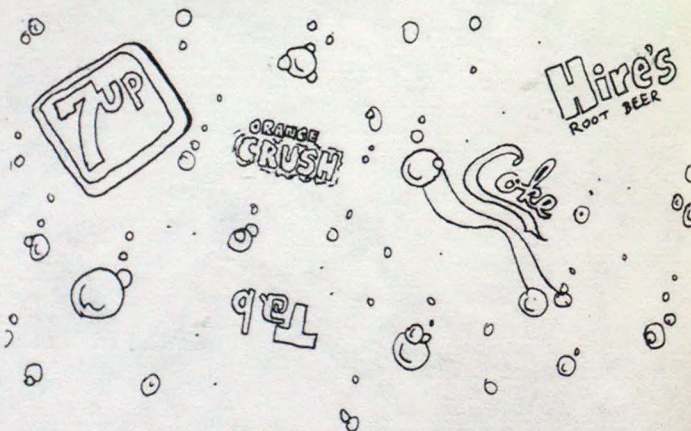
SHREWSBURY 1
SHREWSBURY
STATE TRIPLEX 3
JERSEY CITY
TURNPIKE INDOOR 2
E BRUNSWICK
WASHINGTON 1

No one under 17 admitted

* DOLBY STEREO

STEREOPHONIC SOUND

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE!



AMERICAN POP

The State of the Art in Living Carbonation

NOW PLAYING

At a 2-Liter Theater Near You.
CO-FEATURE: "Canada Dry."

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
A private university in the public service

Office of the President

ELMER HOLMES BOBST LIBRARY

70 WASHINGTON SQUARE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10012



Here I sit, alone with my thoughts in the cold, damp darkness of Bobst Library. A single candle flickers poetically on the desk. It makes no difference. It is still 4 AM. In my soul, it has always been 4 AM.

My thoughts and conscience are clear as I ready to relinquish my office to Farmer John. Naturally, I wish Indiana Ike only the best in his doomed attempt to preside over this complicated, urban, industrial, private institution in the public service, for soon it will be morning. The dawn sun will glisten off the emptied bottles of Thunderbird wine which now litter the atrium floor. Please weep with me. OH, I am slain! But soft, none can know my pain.

The days of wine, women, song, payoffs, and commencement speeches are over. I must sharecrop now. Why? Because the *Village Voice* implied that I'm mediocre? Mediocre men lose Congressional elections. Not to suggest that my successor is a con artist, but what was he hiding from the voters for 22 years? They voted him out of office, and they still haven't told me why. Education sub-committee, bah. But I am not bitter. He will learn that education is not a primary concern of an NYU president in the modern age. He'll probably bring back varsity basketball, take the money I was going to skim from the program to pay for my nuclear-powered submarine, and expand his farm with it. Troll.

So, here I stand, head in hand, each and every day. The winds of despair blow about my head. They attack, but do not conquer. I remain cheerful. I will write a book. Jimmy Carter knows my pain. But he has a woman. I have a hamster. He likes me. My hamster is bitter, but can you blame him? What shall I feed him now? Sharecroppers can't keep hamsters. I've seen "The Grapes Of Wrath." Henry Fonda is a great American. Jane Fonda is a communist. Tom Hayden is her husband. Jerry Rubin works on Wall Street. Perhaps he will make my breakfast when the rain comes.

Still, I wonder, who'll stop the rain? Will it be this Junior Sample-bumpkin, still wet behind the ears in the ways of ignoring students. Of all the issues I hope to force on Huckleberry Finn, the continued indifference to students' needs is the most important. When I heard he actually has an interest in education, I figured this job was mine, that they'd never pick him over me. Bastards.

But my exit shall be graceful. May is a lovely month. The flowers shall bloom. The sun shall rise in the morning. Why has there been no protest over my departure? Not one outraged letter has been printed in any campus paper. They couldn't have figured out that I sent all of them, could they? Efts.

As my friend, Jimmy Carter, a man who understands despair, said in his farewell address, he believes there are three issues of paramount importance in our world today. I do too.

The first important issue facing NYU is financial aid. I don't like it. It goes to students. NYU won't give me financial aid . . . anymore. Working in the fields, hell you get your back burned, working 'neath the wheels, hell you get your facts learned . . . which brings me to my second point. Nuclear arms control. I don't like it. Blow up the damn world. Then, there's the housing problem. Actually, *your* housing problem. I have a house. Which brings me to my third belief. I'm not going to tell you my third belief. I will just say that if Lil Abner doesn't work out and you want me to come back, I shall return. Then, I shall tell you my third belief.

No, I am not Chevy Chase. The plague full swift goes by, I am sick, I must die, Lord have mercy on me. But I am not maudlin. It is Miller time.

As Alexander Haig has said, "Mistakes were made. I didn't make them. It's not for me—it's not in me—to render moral judgments on them. I must leave that to others, to history and to God." Me too.

And in the end, the cash you take is equal to the cash you steal. Wherever profit margins matter most, your banner shall play gentle on my mind, NYU. Let me leave you with another Haigism, "Nobody has a monopoly on virtue." Even you, NYU. Long tall Sally. She's long and lean. She got everything Uncle I.M. needs. AW, baby. Yeaah, baby. Ohhh, baaby. Some fun tonight. Oooooohhhh

Dr. I. M. Blumitt, M.D.

Plague-tone News

"Hot and cold flashes from the Plague News Service!"

In the wake of Manhattan District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau's decision of April 16 not to prosecute Evangeline Gouletas-Carey for "failing to list her third husband on her application for a license to marry Gov. Carey," both the Gov. and his new bride have decided to bare all about their previous marriages.

The slinky, delightful millionairess revealed she has 19 former husbands scattered around the world. A partial list includes "Candid Camera" creator Allen Funt, Jimmy Breslin, Arnold Stang, Aristotle Onassis, L.A. Dodger First Baseman Steve Garvey, former South Vietnamese president Nguyen Van Thieu, North Vietnamese general Ho Chi Minh, "Uncle Floyd Show" star Scott Gordon, and N.Y. representative Jack Kemp.

Governor Carey, when pressed for comment, expressed little concern at his new first lady's past.

Carey & Bride Tell All!

"I, myself, have been married 8 times." Fannie Flagg, Minnie Pearl, former Mets owner, the late Joan Payson are three of the octet of former Mrs. Careys.

The Governor also said in regard to his wife's link with Kemp, considered by many to be Carey's likely opponent in the 1982 election, "I'm not concerned. After all, Jack and I were also married for one year."

N.Y. Republican State Chairman George Clark Jr. commented, "I fear for his immortal soul, and mine as well, for I, too, was wed to Jack Kemp for 8 months."



LaMotta, Scorsese Raging!

The *Plague's* Hollywood bureau has learned that *Raging Bull* director and NYU alumnus Martin Scorsese is slowly recovering from a fractured skull sustained at the post-Academy Awards banquet. The injury was inflicted by former boxer and current lout Jake LaMotta, who was angered that

Scorsese's film of the fighter's life had failed to win the Oscar for Best Picture. Smashing a bowl of avocado spread on the director's head, LaMotta reportedly shrieked, "Ya freakin' bastard! If ya had made the film more accessible to mass audiences, we coulda won the whole shitload!"

In other movie news, Cosmic Pictures is

eagerly awaiting the resolution of the Polish labor crisis before beginning to shoot its version of the story. "I hope the Soviets stay out," sighed studio chief Swifty Lodz. "Everyone likes a happy ending." Tentatively titled *Solidarity and the Bandit*, the film stars Burt Reynolds as union leader Lech Walesa and Jackie Gleason as Communist Party head Stanislaw Kania.

Haig's Temperament Caused By Underwear!

What started as a routine interview with a Secretary of State turned into a piece of investigative reporting whose impact will surpass that of Woodward and Bernstein. The following is a transcript of an interview that took place with this reporter and the housekeeper, who asked to remain anonymous. It begins at the front door of Mr. Haig's house, where this reporter stood under a "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" sign.

Reporter: Is Mr. Haig home?

Housekeeper: No, que pasa?

R: Will he be home soon?

H: No, you from immigration?

R: No, I'm not. I am a reporter. May I

come in and wait for Mr. Haig?

H: Si, come in.

R: May I ask you a few questions about Mr. Haig while I wait for him?

H: Si, was ironing clothes when you came, we go into laundry room.

R: Fine. (Reporter follows housekeeper into a small, foul smelling room in the basement).

H: Senora, what would you like to know?

R: Is someone having a costume party?

H: Que?

R: Who wears shorts with little red hearts on them?

H: You so funny! Those Senor Haig's underwear. Just took them out of washing machine. I iron them now. (Reporter wat-

ches housekeeper spray entire can of starch on underwear for 5 minutes).

R: I'm no expert on laundry, but I think I recall a camp counselor warning me about putting too much starch on clothes.

H: My people in San Salvador always do this. Is next best thing to bullet-proof vestido.

This reporter then politely excused herself to ponder the implications of what was just witnessed. The discovery that the most powerful man in the country is wearing stiff underwear leaves many questions unanswered. Is this why he is so tense all the time and never smiles? What effect will this discovery have on U.S. foreign policy? Only time will tell.

3 Dead in Rock-N-Roll Hoax!

Three Grammy Award winners—singers Pat Benatar, Billy Joel, and Christopher Cross, were killed as the climax to a hoax that was staged to ridicule and humiliate the performers. The three were led to believe that they would be receiving the "Working Joe", which was said to be a "people's choice" Grammy.

Mr. Joel's producer, Phil Ramone (no relation to the group, Thank God!), gave this account to the press:

"That Pat Ben-ate-erer, whatever, was there, and Zig Zag, er Chris Cross, whatever, was there too. And all of a sudden, this emcee guy comes out, and starts cracking jokes on 'em-Bill, too-like Don Rickles! I sez, "This is too, much, Bill!"

Then the next thing I know, they start playin' 'Sailin', 'Hit Me With Your Best Snot', and 'It's Just A Fantasy,'—all at the same time! And guess what? IT KILLED 'EM! They just started turnin' green, and a funny lookin' slime came out of their ears, and they croaked! Jeez, can ya imagine?!?!?"

NYU To Admit More Foreign Students!

The NYU Admissions Counsel has decided to admit up to 10,000 new foreign students—to both the undergraduate and graduate programs.

The logic behind the action is that it will promote better foreign relations, and will help to reestablish respect for the United States in the eyes of other world powers.

"Besides," commented a spokesperson for the Admission Counsel, "those foreigners have a lot more money than your average student from the States. They blow it like Raid in an apartment on 125th Street, and the saps never know that they've been taken."

Haig Definitizes!

Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, announced at a press conference today that he was no longer speaking English. Explaining that the radical change was the final result of a long process which began during his Army days, the General said, "I reserve of necessitation the careful caution to caveat my response to the question as you have contexted it. Epistemologicallywise, the very act of definitizing an answer is not an experience that I haven't not been thru never. In conclusionality, I am not now, now will I be ever wording the English (linguistically speaking).

NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

D.G.



PHOTO - CHARLES AZAR

A Bad Advice Column, by Priscilla Priss, America's foremost pseudopsychologist.

Dear Fans,

I know all of you have probably been losing sleep these pst weeks waiting for Part II of my spellbinding series, "The Memoirs of Priscilla Priss." However, I must regretfully inform you that my editor left a note in my mailbox saying, "Either you can it, or you're fired. If you want to tell your life story, go write a book. A respectable publication like this won't deal with bilge." After I read that I was tempted to tell him something that would give bilge a new meaning, until I realized that no other publication would ever hire me. Therefore, I'm afraid it's back to the old "letters from the fatuous" format. Note: I received the following letters sometime during the Eisenhower Administration. If any of the writers are now dead, I sincerely apologize for the delay.

Dear Priscilla,

I have problems. I am a 16 year old girl and a junior in high school. I have no friends. I am failing all my classes. My parents hate me. I'm ugly. To top it all off, I live in New Jersey. Is there anything that can help me?

Just going through a phase, Hohokus, N.J.
Dear Hohokus,

Two bottles of sleeping pills should do the trick.

Dear Priscilla,

Please settle an argument that has caused an uproar in my home and is threatening the stability of our marriage.

My wife insists that when you make a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich, you first spread the peanut-butter on the bread and then you place the jelly on top of the peanut-butter. I say you spread the jelly first and then put the peanut-butter on top of the jelly. What do you say, Priscilla? Marriage on the rocks, Cincinatti, Ohio.

Dear "Rocks,"

I don't know about you, but I prefer jelly

with cream cheese.

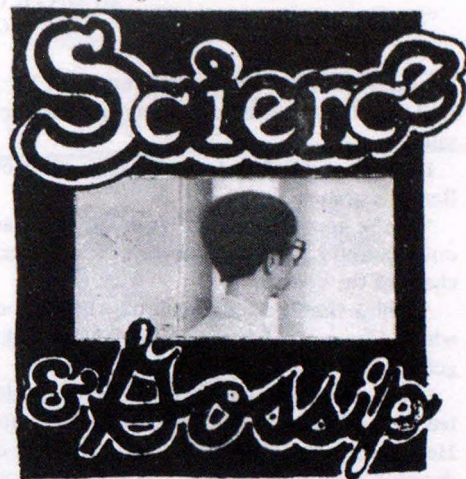
Dear Priscilla,

My favorite hobby is making obscene phone calls and I don't understand why guys like me have such a bad reputation. I mean some guys like playing golf or watching football, so what is wrong with my hobby? A little heavy breathing, a perverted comment, and a death threat never hurt anyone. It is time for the obscene phone callers of the nation to come out of the phone booth and demand their rights. Don't you agree, Prissface?

* ?!*, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear @?!*,

Sure I agree. Are you doing anything Saturday night?



With Professor Peter Reiser

The first question that comes to mind when one reads the title of "Science and Gossip Corner" is the question, "What does science have to do with gossip?" Did you ever have the feeling of Deja vu? The feeling that you've been this way before? Oh, never mind.

Now would be a good time to take a minute to clarify what is meant by "Science and Gossip." Science is science (in the set of all S's where S = science). And Gossip is usually false so it's fiction. So what is really meant is "Science Fiction;" see? But Science is science (i.e., not Science Fiction) so what you really have is "Science" and "Science Fiction." If that's the case then where did that other "Science" come from? We can prove that the above is true using Newton's fourth law of motion (namely, I get out of here). Failing that, we can use the fifth (amendment, that is). Failing that (and I suspect I shall) we can use the fundamental identity of sin x;

1. $\sin x/n = 6$
2. $\sin x/n = 6$
3. $\sin x = 6$

I hope that clears up any questions you may have had. It is important to straighten out tangled webs such as these because you can not knit with knotted skeins.



O.K. Sports Fans

GOLF TEAM TO PLAY IN WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

By DAVE LIPPMAN
Sports Column

Last week outgoing acting President I.M. Benntt, eyes brimming, announced that the NYU Golfteam suffered funding cutbacks because of the desperate need to raise his own salary.

I interviewed Bobby Jones Snead, captain of the golf team, and got his reply to President Benntt's gesture.

"We're going to play in Washington Square Park," he said. "We can't afford to rent out a country club, and anyway, half the team was getting swizzled after the games, so I changed the course."

"I think that Washington Square has the best elements of Winged Foot Course, which is where five golfers disappeared in the quicksand trap, and Pebble Beach, where three golfers vanished into the Pacific Ocean."

Snead gave me a guided tour. "The hot dog vendor at the southeast corner is the first tee. You can have a soda while waiting your turn. The big problem is what you'll see next." He teed off, and a German Shepherd leaped out of nowhere, made off with the ball, and dropped it on the sidewalk. "Well, that's gone," Snead said. He fished out another one, dropped it, and said, "One. Now, we've got fourteen holes around the Square. We dug them ourselves. Kids keep stealing or moving the flags around, though. Also, squirrels bury nuts in them." He teed off again. "Oh, hell!" The ball landed amid the debris of the errant German Shepherd.

"Whaddayasay we forget that one, too? Now, we got our hazard . . . it's four people playing fresbee . . . they run around like madmen, so when you're bending over to look at the ball, they tramp right over you in their sneakers."

"We got a sandtrap in the northeast corner in the kiddies' area, we have iron fences, chess and checkers players, a pond in the middle of the park. The police vans we can use as golf carts occasionally (but usually they just drive over the balls), but the worst hazard is the drug pushers."

"They don't harass us but the players get distracted too easily. The comedians and singers are even worse. One time we were held up five hours because we thought this guy was choosing his iron, but he was watching a magic show."

The ball rolled towards a group of rollerskaters. They could only hear the radio they had on, so they went over the ball. It bounced away, skidded over a fence, and landed at the statue of Garibaldi.

"I guess we gotta forget that one, as well."

What's the team's record since opening the Washington Square Park Golf Course (dedicated to President Sawdust)?

"Zero and Three. We could only get three schools to come here, and the rest are disgusted. The college is thinking of dumping varsity golf in favor of something more rewarding, like a Varsity Jacks Team."

Is this the hardest time of the year?

"Oh, no. This is the best. We have to play in the snow in winter, too. Then you can't find the ball," and so saying, he lined the ball across the open mall and into a children's swing.

"Maybe I better just forget that one too . . . I'll say this, when I play alone, I always get holes-in-one because of these shots."



BY DONNA GOUSE

It's that depressing time of year again. The three major (or minor, depending on how you look at it) networks have unveiled their prime-time schedules for next fall. According to my sources at NBC, Fred Silverman holds this fall's schedule dear to his heart, since it just might be the last disaster of his career. As a service to the readers of my column, I am providing a list of programs from all three networks entitled, "Most Likely to be Cancelled in Two Weeks." Just remember, when you sit down in your living room with a six-pack next September and find that these programs are horrible even when drunk, don't say I didn't warn you. Here they are:

1. "The Brady Husbands Try Wife-Swapping" - A memo from Paramount Productions said, "We didn't have the Brady sisters get married and live in the same house for no reason."
2. "In Search of: Intelligence" - A weekly analysis of the activities of the Reagan Administration.
3. "Just Commercials" - An experiment in TV programming. A network programmer who asked to remain anonymous said, "People enjoy the commercials more than the programs anyway, so we decided to both make a profit and give them what they want."
4. "The Love Submarine" - According to the show's star, TV series jinx MacLean Stevenson, "Submarines don't have much room, so things are guaranteed to get pretty kinky."
5. "The Dinah Shore, Debby Boone, Donny & Marie and Merv Griffin Hour" - Norman Lear, the producer states, "I want to spare the public as much misery as possible, so I decided to lump them together in one hour." Mr. Lear, a true humanitarian, persuaded the CBS network not to have it captioned for the hearing impaired.
6. "Name That Test Pattern" - Bleary-eyed insomniacs compete for prizes in this game show where they attempt to identify the test patterns of all the New York City TV stations.

Dusk of the Living Sal

By BOB YOUNG

In the last segment of the "Living Sal," Salvatore Abruzzi, on his way to Pittsburgh to land a job with director George A. Romero (Night of the Living Dead) after brutally murdering his parents Zorba and Eleanor, meets Maria Montez, an old, naked, fading movie star, and they fall in love. This is where our story continues . . .

As Sal and Maria enter the bar, they see that it is a Western-style honky-tonk. There is a mechanical bull on the center of the floor. All the men in the bar are wearing cowboy hats and boots and all have the same build: big and burly.

Sal: Hey, I don't see no lizards.

All the cowboys hoot and holler when they see naked Maria.

Maria: Sal, those men are laughing at my sensuous body!

Maria reaches Sal and throws her arms around him.

Maria: You beautiful hunk of a man! You are my hero!

Sal: Yeah, I know, babe, I know. Hey, let's screw!

A large groan is heard behind the bar. All the cowboys get up and run out of the bar in horror.

Stay tuned to *The Plague* for the next installment of the 'Sal' odyssey, "Morning Becomes Electra of the Living Sal" where Sal arrives in Pittsburgh and meets George Romero!



SCENE: The Slimy Lizard Bar 'n Grill, located in Eastern Pennsylvania, in the early evening. A red convertible containing Sal Abruzzi and Maria Montez pulls into the parking lot. Sal, as always, looks like he has just taken a swim in the New York Sewer System. His clothes are caked with dirt and he is surrounded by numerous flies. Maria Montez is still naked. Her body looks like a pink prune. Sal pulls the car into a space and stops.

Sal: Hey, this looks like a really neat place. I like lizards.

Maria: If you like this place, Sal, then I like it too. You're my booby!

Sal: And you're my bitch!

Maria: Oh, Sal, I love it when you flatter me.

Sal: Let's go in. I can't wait to meet the lizards.

Sal and Maria get out of the car and walk over the Slimy Lizard.

Sal: Those bastards! Stay here, honey bunch! I'll take care of them!

Sal storms up to one of the laughing cowboys.

Sal: You're laughing at my woman! Take this!

Sal blows his nose, without putting his hand on his face. The snot goes flying in the air and the cowboy's face.

Cowboy: Agggg!

The other cowboys try to grab him, but Sal escapes them and jumps onto the mechanical bull. The bull begins to move. Sal starts blowing his nose and his snot goes flying into all directions, hitting all the cowboys trying to catch him.

Sal: Yahoo! Ride 'em cowboy!

Maria is still standing at the door, proudly watching her beau.

Maria: Oh, my Sal. Look at my Sal go!

After hitting all of the cowboys, the mechanical bull stops. Sal gets off and Maria comes running up to him with her arms open. When the cowboys see Maria running, they scream in horror, run over to the bar, and jump behind it.

O' MY BLOCK

BY OSCAR
RETCH © 1992

On my block....



SY RABINOWITZ
WEARS STRANGE
HATS.

HARRY
KNOFF HAS
SEVERAL CHINS.



RALPH
RAPP HAS BIG
BEEFY HANDS.



GUNTHER
HISLER
USED TO BE
A NAZI.

BOBBY WIGGUM
WAS CHAMP
SCAT SINGER.



HUBERT
ZEFF DIED LAST YEAR.

PHIL IS
A MICROBE.

FRANKLIN
IS A
DUCK.



MEANWHILE, SEVERAL JAP ZEROS
SPED TOWARDS
BODEGA
BAY.



'82 NOT '84

by John Gasior

New York is a hot-shit town. Always was, but today's New Yorker has a fear past residents never had. Execution by guerilla forces. It's tough. Especially when the rebels start shooting rockets around.

My place is just across the Harlem River from the northern tip of Manhattan in the Bronx. I'm one of the unfortunates with an overlook of the water. There's even a view of the Palisades. That is when the windows aren't boarded up. Ever since the Cubans in Washington Heights ceded from the Union I've had one inch plywood over the windows. Installed by a nice bunch of young Navy Sea-Bee's. Real friendly fellows. They kept on apologizing for having to be there. In my apartment that is. Said they never would have bust in if it hadn't been for President Reagan saying so.

Well gosh. If it didn't make me feel real sad for them being commanded to work so hard and all. Having to smash the door down, prevent me from getting nasty, and installing those heavy boards on the windows. I asked them if they wanted to pilfer the beer from my refrigerator too. Those guys sure can drink. And they all thanked me, repeatedly, as they left. Best of all they promised to come back in an hour after I'd calmed down and untie me.

Since then I've found the wisdom of having boards over windows. Just two days ago I was at my favorite bar putting away a third martini when if felt like a sumo wrestler had floored me. I thrashed

around on the carpet a bit and then realized everyone else in the bar was on the floor with me. There was glass bristling out of the walls, chairs, ceiling and faces. There was also the hopeless horror that follows the realization that you have just been through an explosion. We found out later that Nicks Pub had fared a lot better than other pubs closer to the blast. Seems a commando team from Washington Heights had obliterated one of the main water pump stations for northern Bronx. Which means not enough water pressure to fight fires above a 3 floor building. I've heard the Fire Department is hassling with the Union over some new techniques. Seems the guys don't want to piss fires out.

Yesterday some disaffected Omani refugees disposed of another Harlem River crossing, the Madison Avenue bridge. If they keep this up (one bridge a month) pretty soon they'll cut the main bridge for the Hudson-Harlem-New Haven Railroad into the city. The loss of that key transportation artery will mean unthinkable new miseries for the geeks downtown.

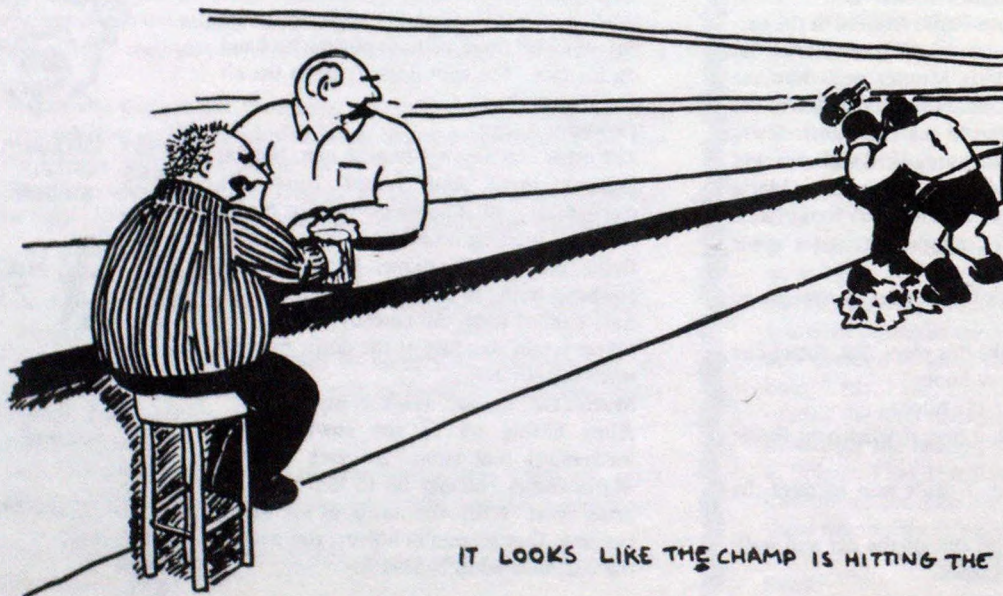
Not to mention the continued embarrassment for the "tough papa" image the White House is attempting to maintain. Once the nation's greatest city, New York, is being shredded by civil war. How invulnerable are we to feel then when Reagan dares the Reds to lob a nuke or two at us, but can do nothing about urban

renegades bent on anarchy?

I've given a lot of thought to moving. Can't help it lately. Every morning there are two or three moving vans parking down the street. Then there are three or four different vans leaving when I come home at night. Even after five drinks I still find life during war time unbelievable and want to get out.

Maybe I'll go to Iowa, or Wyoming, or New Mexico. No, forget New Mexico. Too close to the original. After being in a "police action" here I want to go someplace where it won't happen again for a while. Get right into the heartland. Simple, safe, and deep in wheat. Or high in the mountains. There's a point to ponder. Way up in these snow covered peaks, the Tetons or somewhere. Together with a few drug pacified freaks who don't know anything about limited strategies or peace with dignity. Just staying high and far from the crumbling low lands. Oh, occasionally we'd hear about the fall of Chicago to the Canadians. Or perhaps the occupation of Fort Knox by the Jamaican Army. While the great American melting pot became a plate of chewed bones we few simpletons would continue to chant our mantras and grow cabbage on lonely plateaus. A new culture evolving in the clouds from the twisted dregs of the Great Society.

UK! There it is again. The sound of small caliber gunfire over by Fordham. But then, "not with a bang, but with a whimper."



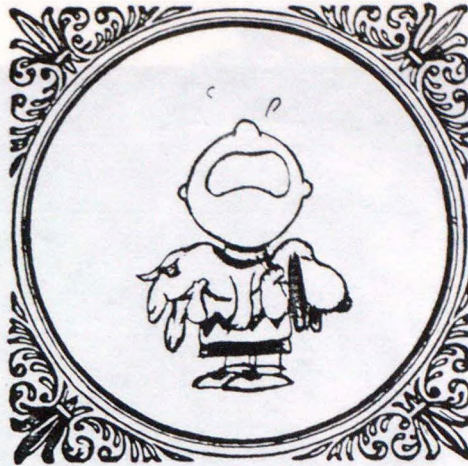
IT LOOKS LIKE THE CHAMP IS HITTING THE BOTTLE AGAIN

DEATH IS...

BY
SHOLOM M. FISCH

AND

JOHN R. GERNAND



AND

VINCENT G. LIOTA

A COLD PUPPY



A CAMPING TRIP



AN 18-WHEELER



A NEW TOY



A HIGH-TENSION WIRE

Getting The Most Out Of Terminal Illness

By Dr. B.E.D. (Sid) MANNERS

Of all the duties performed in the realm of the medical profession, one is dreaded above all: informing a patient of his impending demise. The doomed individual will inevitably choke up with tears, rant and rail against Fate and the gods, threaten suicide, or even attempt to solve the Sunday *Times* crossword puzzle. Such unpleasant reactions are so greatly feared that physicians and families will conspire to withhold from the terminal case knowledge of his condition in order to spare him anguish. Yet this foul secrecy would be totally unnecessary if patients were told an obscure but simple truth: terminal illness is the only way to go!

We are all born. We shall all die (no matter how great our special introductory spa membership offer was). One of man's most gnawing, disturbing shortcomings is that we don't know *when* Death will knock—only that we must answer the door, at least if we don't want to be rude. And yet, this weighty burden has been lifted from the shoulders of the incurable! No more speculation on how many years are left; they *know*. Few patients realize the benefits which can be reaped from this great liberation.

First of all, don't worry about the future—especially money. As long as you've got enough for the time remaining, your financial woes are over. If you've got a substantial life savings, or any little monetary nest egg, spend, spend, spend! If you're in a hospital, check out immediately. Would you pay \$500 a day to a mechanic



who didn't have the parts to fix your car? Same principle.

Now that you've got the resources, do anything and everything you were always inhibited about. Hang gliding, hallucinogenic drugs, exotic sex, reading James Joyce and whittling cheese are only a few possibilities. Your final months and weeks should be crammed with new, horizon-expanding activities, particularly if you're not in much pain.

You will have to deal with your upcoming *adieu*, though. Don't keep your condition a secret; enjoy all the pity and sudden worship most people never live to see. Write to soft-headed celebrities who like to correspond with dying fans. Plan a big-budget, entertaining funeral. Maybe Ben Vereen would be willing to reprise his "Bye, Bye Life" number from *All That Jazz*.

As you get closer and closer to the checkout lane of Supermarket Earth, it might be advisable to brush up on your spiritual purity. If you've never belonged to a major religion, find one fast. They're always looking for new members, and it couldn't hurt to tip the priest or rabbi or swami when he gives you a last blessing. However, beware of cults or mail-order sects; if there's an afterlife, you want to be affiliated with someone who's represented in the hereafter.

(Dr. Manners was killed when he threw himself before a dress rack in the garment district last month after learning that he suffered from cancer of the prostate gland).

...to a corpse

Whenas in shrouds my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks how strongly flows
The putrefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast my eyes and see
That boding rotting each limb free,
—Oh how that festering taketh me!

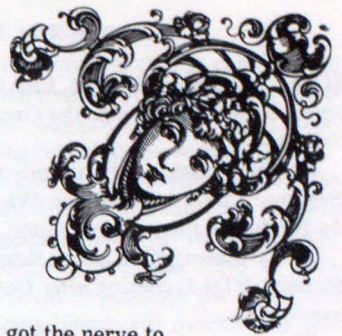
We Interrupt This Issue To Announce...



May 10: I'm thinking of asking a boy in my English class, but I don't know if I can get up the nerve.



**NYU'S
1st**



I finally got the nerve to ask a boy to the prom. He tells me he doesn't know yet.

"HIGH SCHOOL PROM"

sponsored by *The Plague*



AT: TOP OF THE PARK, may 15, 8:00

WITH

— FATS DEACON &
THE DUMBWAITERS

— "MANDOLIN PRINCE"
SEBASTIAN RAO

— BOB 'KING OF THE
WORLD' YOUNG

— **FREE BEER!**

— AND MUCH MORE

BE THERE! 

RELIVE!

SEAFORD HIGH SCHOOL

June 1979

by Debbie Cavaco

On the evening of May 24th, many Seaford High School students and faculty enjoyed the grandeur of Crest Hollow Country Club, where the Senior Prom, "We never Really Say Goodbye" took place. The atmosphere was beautiful, but the attitude of the people really made the night a "blast", said senior Tim Specht.

Arrangements for the prom were made by the senior class officers (Robin Terry, Bill Moriarty, Maureen Tynan and Cynthia Molphy), Mrs. Brummer and Mr. Sullivan. As Robin said, the preparation "took a lot of hard work."

The hard work really paid off. The bands ST4 and Company and Stanton Anderson, seemed to keep everyone entertained. One memorable event of the evening was when Jimmy O'Donnell was led in dancing by Mr. Abrami.

Not only students but also teachers were present at the prom. Ms. Kelly, Mr. Pulcini, Mr. & Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Brummer, Mr. & Mrs. Lowinger, Mr. & Mrs. Bongiovi, Mr. & Mrs. Condon, as well as Mr. & Mrs. Skolnick, Mr. & Mrs. Howard, and several school board members were present.

Everyone had a great time at the Crest Hollow. The evening ended with a loud "God Bless America", a Seaford High School tradition.

Following the prom was a breakfast at the high school. The parents had arranged a generous amount of bagels, doughnuts and milk for all.

Although the weather was no help, many couples went to Great Adventure and attended picnics and parties. The senior Prom and Prom weekend was truly an unforgettable experience for all those who attended.

Dead Set

By LEAH KRINSKY

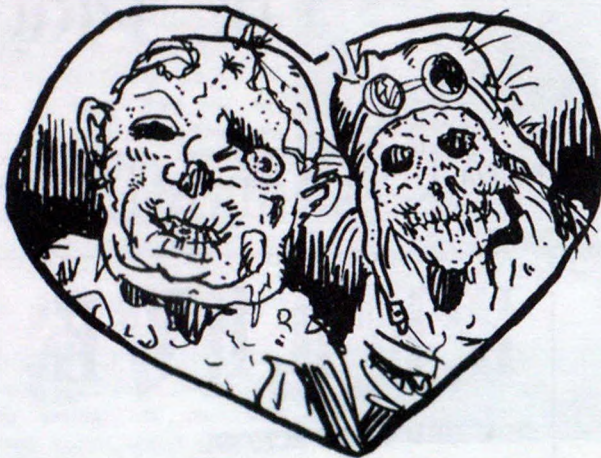
SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN DEPT—The hot new remance everyone's buzzing about between Catherine the Great and Trigger. Guess she's never heard of "once bitten, twice shy" . . .

Also seen making the rounds together are Jimmy Hoffa and Amelia Earhardt. Says Jimmy: "I'm nuts about her. When we're together, the rest of the world just disappears." As for future plans, Jim's mum: "We're just going to keep everyone guessing" . . .

Hy Tarnower: "It's about time somebody put away that crazy old bitch . . ." Dorothy Stratten, STILL chasing after Gary Gilmore: "I guess I just have this thing for homicidal maniacs . . ."

Gilmore, meanwhile, is still feuding with John Wayne, who reportedly burst into tears when Gary tweaked his nose and called him a "wimpy old colostomy bag." The occasion was Wayne's announcement that he would back that wacky duo, Leopold and Loeb, in their newest venture, which will be a gay S&M leather roller disco. When questioned about this radical turnaround in attitude, John (who asks to be called Marion these days) sniffled: "I *had* to come out. I just couldn't stomach that square image of mine one day longer . . ."

Well, that's all from the land of the shades. Ciao till next we resurrect . . .



Mike and His Mutt

"Here, Mutt! Here, boy!"

Mike Costello ran out of his family's house in Nutley, New Jersey in his usual fashion, screaming at the top of his lungs. Dressed in a silk shirt and wearing Jordache jeans and Adidas sneakers, the cute, blonde, spoiled moppet ran out with the energy of his eight years and peered through the crabgrass looking for his dog, Mutt.

"Mutt!" He sighed. "Where are you? I mean, *really*!"

The little doll of a child surveyed his backyard intensely with the dulled eyes of a dead wombat until he caught the scent. It was a fly who had perched itself on his nose. After swallowing the insect, Mike saw his wonderful dog, Mutt, at last.

The ugly, dirty collie was asleep, Mike thought. "Well," he said, "I'll soon fix

that!" With little hesitation, Mike plunged his riding crop sharply into Mutt's stomach. But unlike previous occasions, Mutt showed no reaction.

"Jeepers! Maybe he's sick," the little darling said to himself. "Boyoboy! Now I can have some real fun," he exclaimed with a devilish grin. Yet that funny smell! *Where* was it coming from?

"Say, Mutt," inquired Mike, "Did you make another mistake again?"

Wiping his nose with a monogrammed handkerchief, Mike was about to kick the defenseless little doggie, when his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the front door slamming, followed by the sounds of Mike's mother yelling at the top of her lungs. Then the boy heard glass breaking and a man's voice bellowing, "What do you mean you burned the roast? I spend the

You Should Kill Yourself If:

- You are alone in the Times Square subway station at 4 a.m. before someone beats you to it.
- You discover one week before you are graduated from NYU that both your major and minor are buggy maintenance.
- Your favorite soap opera is cancelled.
- Your Izod alligator falls off your shirt, especially if you're a Princeton student (not applicable at NYU).
- David Stockman is elected president.
- Ted Kennedy goes conservative.
- "Real People" wins an Emmy.
- You are contemplating suicide.
- You get a D in Remedial Basketweaving.
- After you graduate, your place of employment will be Washington Square Park.
- WNEW becomes Disco 102.
- Your idea of culture is "Beat the Clock."
- Your idea of a good time is "tally-ing."
- Your best friend invites you over to watch home movies of his trip to Disneyworld.

whole day working at the chemical plant while you sit at home getting gassed! Jeeze!"

"Daddy's home," shouted Mike with joy after he had recognized the voice. "Now you're gonna get it!"

As he ran toward the house, Mike caught his father, Lloyd Costello, walking out the back door heading toward the tool shed next to Mutt's doghouse. He held a can of Miller beer and wore a tattered t-shirt and dirty underalls. As he scratched his pot-belly, Lloyd saw the boy approach him and said in a gruff voice, "Hello, Mike. How's my little angel doing?"

"Oh, Daddy," wailed Mike, "Mutt's sick! He won't play with me!"

"Well," said Lloyd, "We'll see about this."

CONT. ON P. 12

Meal Ideas For The Novice Cannibal

Given the short lifespans of current social fads, it's impossible to tell if the small cannibal counterculture in the New York area will grow to find its own niche in the Eighties, or, on the other hand, if it will even survive the summer of '81. To reach its present cult status, the concept of eating one's fellow man has spread slowly but steadily. The sensationalistic, "true-life" paperbacks that told of Andes plane crashes and flesh-eating, which sold so well a few years ago, were only one factor in the rise of cannibalism cliques. Rising funeral costs have forced struggling families to seek alternative methods for disposing of loved ones. "I never felt so close to Arnie in all the years of our marriage," burped Thelma Gumbo of the Bronx recently. "Brings all the relatives closer together, let me tell you."

Adventurous urban youths enjoy a more aggressive style of savoring their repast—they produce a corpse themselves, then dig in, all in a matter of minutes. Best location for observing these bacchanalian gourmets in top form: intersection of Broad and Market Streets, Newark, New Jersey, any Saturday at 3 a.m.

But for the uncertain dilettante who wishes to proceed at a slower pace, a brief guide to basic human dishes (occasionally combined with conventional foodstuffs) follows. Enjoy.

Brain Dip

- Make deep, 8-inch incision on top of head; peel back scalp.
- Use pneumatic drill to remove skull portion.
- Use any sharp utensil to deepen brain convolutions (you know, the little wrinkles).
- Extract tissue from the cerebrum with a large spoon; it should slide out rather easily.
- Put 3-4 lbs. of tissue into a mixing bowl; beat until creamy.
- Use a dash of cranial nerves. Serve immediately.

Alveoli Ravioli

A tempting combo of the lung lobules' air sacs and everyone's favorite pasta.

- Cut open the chest and rip out everything till you get to the lungs.
- Slice into the lung until you see all those branches that carry air. See the little balloon-like structures with bumps all over them? Those are the alveoli.
- Chop off the alveoli. Lots of them. Fast.
- Place the alveoli and ravioli shells in a pot and boil.
- Add sauce and serve.

Warning: Do not prepare this or any other lung recipe from the corpse of a smoker. To identify a smoker: watch for black jelly or slime to ooze from the lung.

Mike and His Mutt (cont.)

Lloyd saw the exposed carcass of Mutt, with all the flies and that funny smell around the dog. "Jeeze," he said, "Now you've really done it son. This poor little guy is dead. He must've died last night . . . probably started turning early this morning." He sniffed the air around him. "Boy, he really started to turn, didn't he?"

"Well, we can give him a bath, can't we daddy?"

Lloyd stared at his son incredulously. "God, what a little fiend you are. You beat and abuse this poor dog and you can't even recognize what harm you've caused. I'm ashamed of you, Mike."

"I'm sorry, daddy. I guess we'll have to



How to Roast Flesh

This is the most fundamental skill in cannibalistic cuisine, just as roasted flesh is the basic entree. Select an appropriate roast: buttock (rump), chest, back, thigh, etc., depending on thickness desired.

Next is the most challenging step: ripping the strips of skin from the body. Use a knife, machete, or small ax to carve rectangular strips. Pull the flesh away with all of your strength; you may have to hack through connective tissue to separate the strip from the bone, and gushing blood will quickly dry and cause the flesh to stick. Sever any moles or warts on the flesh; don't bother with hair follicles unless you have time.

Cook on a stick over a fire until crisp, or roast in 325-degree oven. (Not necessary to preheat).

Quickie Stew

Eyeballs

Toes

Armpit flesh (raw)

Lips

Blackheads

Esophagus

Prostate gland or ovary

Drain digestive juice from esophagus. Wash lips thoroughly with cold water. Pluck toenails off. Boil ingredients in their own broth. Cover; cook over low heat.

Ear Tarts

● Prepare standard pastry shells (4 inches in diameter).

● Cut off whole ears; six bodies to a dozen tarts.

● Do NOT remove ear wax if sweet, tangy flavor is desired.

● Put ears in shells, add any fruit filling; place on baking sheet.

● Bake at 475 degrees for 8-10 minutes. Cool.

bury him, huh?"

"Hell no! Didn't you hear me yell at your mother for burning the roast? There's plenty of meat on Mutt that hasn't gone bad yet . . . And don't look at me with those puppy-dog eyes. Mutt would've wanted it this way."

He added, "Just think, son, you'll be carrying a little bit of Mutt around everywhere you go for the rest of your life. Now, isn't that real love?"

Picking up Mutt's decaying corpse, Lloyd and Mike walked back to the house, the sun setting on the Garden State Parkway as they grew closer to the warm bosom of their cheap little home.

Stiff Records

By LEAH KRINSKY

Neal Young—"Hey, Hey, My, My, Hey, Hey, My, My, Hey . . . Who Turned Out The Lights?"

In this addition to an auspicious career of kvetching, the undisputed master of the whine proves that rust—as well as studio musicians, engineers, distributors, dj's, concert audiences, and listeners—does indeed sleep; in fact, after the interminable jam on "Southern Man" it lapses into a death-like coma. A truly Karen Ann Quinlanesque effort.

AC/DC—"Back In Bleaaugh" In this most tasteful album by the group to date, we listen to Bon Scott choking to death on his own vomit, having consumed 7 or 8 (the boys never learned to count too good) cases of Watney's Red Barrel, while Angus Young, Malcolm Young, Phil Rudd, and Cliff Williams play the same three chords over and over again very very loud. Guest appearance by John Bonham.

Steely Dan—"Groucho" What does a song about a nineteen-year old not knowing who Aretha Franklin is have to do with that great dead comic? Let's see what else is on this record . . . OH . . . never mind.

Bruce Springsteen—"The Rover" A moving, evocative, fully realized work of art. Drawing on his poignant memories of the streets and fire hydrants of Asbury Park, The Boss explores puppyhood, paper training, obedience school, growing up, and finally getting run over by a '73 Chevy van on the New Jersey Turnpike. This is a

superbly visionary record—why on earth won't WNEW give it more airplay?

Jim Carroll—"Nebbish Boy" This debut album by the author of the acclaimed "Racquetball Diaries" deals with life in the suburbs of New York. Carroll grew up on the front lawns and backyard swimming pools of Great Neck, Long Island, and the divorcees, Mah Jong fiends, compulsive overachievers, and fat Jewish girls who shaped his early life all figure largely in his stark, brutal songs.

Reprinted below is an excerpt from his current single, "People Who Died (Such a Tragedy)":

Stacy held her breath till her face turned blue

When her parents wouldn't buy her a new MG,

Barry got eaten by a great white shark

On a Christmas trip to the Florida keys,

Marcie had anorexia, nineteen years old,

She weighed eighty-five when she died, she was a friend of mine

CHORUS:

Such a shame, they all died, died

Such a shame they all died, died

Such a shame they all died, died

Such a shame they all died, died

A terrible thing like that, God forbid,
should never happen to you.

This is a very nice record. Jim Carroll seems like a lovely boy. The two of you should get together and go out some time.

Death

Death may be one of the hardest things to describe. Here are the most popular responses in a Digest poll asking people to complete the sentence, "Death feels like_____."

1) Turning down a date for Saturday night hoping for a better invitation and ending up watching the "Love Boat" and "Fantasy Island."

2) Waking up Sunday morning and finding out you like watching the "Love Boat" and "Fantasy Island." In addition, you think Herbe Villechaze cute.

3) Betting against your favorite team and they win.

4) Eating only organically grown foods and finding out wheat germ, kelp, and yogurt cause cancer.

5) Buying a Cadillac from your uncle and then hearing the President has decontrolled gasoline prices.

6) Buying municipal bonds and then finding out the city moved.

7) Complaining to the state Better Business Bureau because the city you bought bonds in moved and finding out the state moved.

8) Spending \$400 on a disco outfit and then finding out that dirty jeans, a shirt and a cowboy hat are in.

9) For men: Standing up before and audience with your zipper open and nobody telling you to close it because they didn't notice.

For women: Having 3 open buttons on your blouse and no one staring.

10) Forgetting your fiancée's name at the wedding.

11) Forgetting your fiancée's name after the honeymoon.

12) (Answered by people who belong to the Moral Majority) Being outside of Arizona, Idaho, Texas or Iowa.

13) Joining the Armed Forces because you thought they would help you in your career goals.

14) Electing a politician with the slogan, "I won't cheat you like the rest did!"

15) Getting V.D. without having sex.

16) Being hired as George Steinbrenner's new trouble-shooter and being shot at.

17) Calling Alexander Haig a sissy and he hears you.

18) Writing this stupid article.

WARREN ROSENZWEIG

SOCH AH SHEM DEY
ULL DIED, DIED...
SOCH AH SHEM DEY
ULL DIED, DIED...
DEY VAS ULL
GOOT BUDDIES AN
PELS UV MEIN AN
DEY PLOTZED GHRRIGHT
ON DE FLOOR, TSK TSK,
TENKS GOTT IT VASN'T
ME



MR. MORT'S E-Z EMBALMING TECHNIQUE HANDBOOK

Part 5 Special cases

Fig. 1 - Unique problems like this one often crop up and can frustrate even the most inventive Mortician. However, with some creative thought and a little help from Mr. Mort, even the toughest challenges are mere child's play. This perplexing dilemma, for instance, is easily solved with a few ounces of **MORT'S CRANIUM FILL** and some paraffin. **FILL** the crevice with **CRANIUM FILL** after draining and then, with the cranium placed firmly in a vise, seal the crevice with heated **MORT'S MORTICIAN'S WAX** and tighten the vise till the separation closes. Let cool at room temperature and decorate as usual. The only foreseeable problem may occur if the wax rises at all during hardening. If this happens, any good steel file will shave away the wax cleanly and smoothly. Isn't it simple?



Fig. 2 - This is a similar problem easily dealt with. Prepare a plug from your **MR. MORT PUNCTUREPLUG KIT** with real human hair in twelve colors. Plug one end of the hole and, using a small funnel, fill with **WAX**. Let dry and top it off with a **MR. MORT CREATE-AN-EYE AND SOCKET SUPPLEMENT**. It's best to fill from the front.

Fig. 3 - An interesting puzzle, this. The solution? After draining and hollowing out the stump, your **MORT'S DECAPIKIT** provides full attachment linkage with two-foot anchor stems and enough **WAX** to fashion a suitable replacement neck. Frilly collars and jacket-and-tie also help. For the ladies, low cut gowns are out. If you have only the top part, don't fret. **MORT'S PSEDOBOD** with **LIFELIKE HANDS** is available with or without linkages. If you are unfortunate enough to have only a trunk with no head on your hands, **MORT'S MOLD-A-HEAD** or the head of any department store dummy, molded with enough **WAX**, and coupled with a dimly lit mortuary are enough to fool even the sharpest-eyed mourner. For extra-sharp-eyed mourners, use **MR. MORT'S ONION SMELL**.

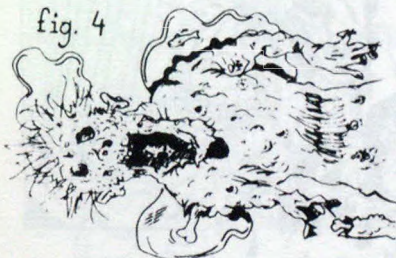


Fig. 4 - This sorry specimen came in after three weeks in a river. Yet there is **NO NEED TO PANIC!!** A simple binder like a wet-suit or a coat of liquid latex will hold this crumbly chap together while you sculpt him back to beauty with your **WAX** and **MR. MORT SCULPTTOOLS** complete with setting pins and several hundred yards of sailcloth twine. A quick layer of spray-on **SKIN-O-VEL** and you'd never know he'd spent a month in the briny with all those hungry little beasties. And keep him fresh and pliable for up to five days with **MR. MORT'S ANTI-ROT**.



Fig. 5 - Finally we are presented with the problem of a burst body cavity and how to restore it. Fortunately something like this is conveniently covered by a silk shirt and a tweed jacket. This means that you can use **MR. MORT'S TORSOFILL** compound that can have a collapsed abdomen looking trim and fit and ready for burial. If extra girth is needed try a few yards of shipping rope bundled up and wadded into place. 1.5" heavy rope is available only from **MR. MORT**, the finest equipment for the discerning Mortician.

Next month we'll discuss those particularly annoying specimens scraped off our nation's highways and how to effectively deal with the unique problems they pose for the creative Undertaker. Till then, I remain

Mr. Mort

Mr. Mort

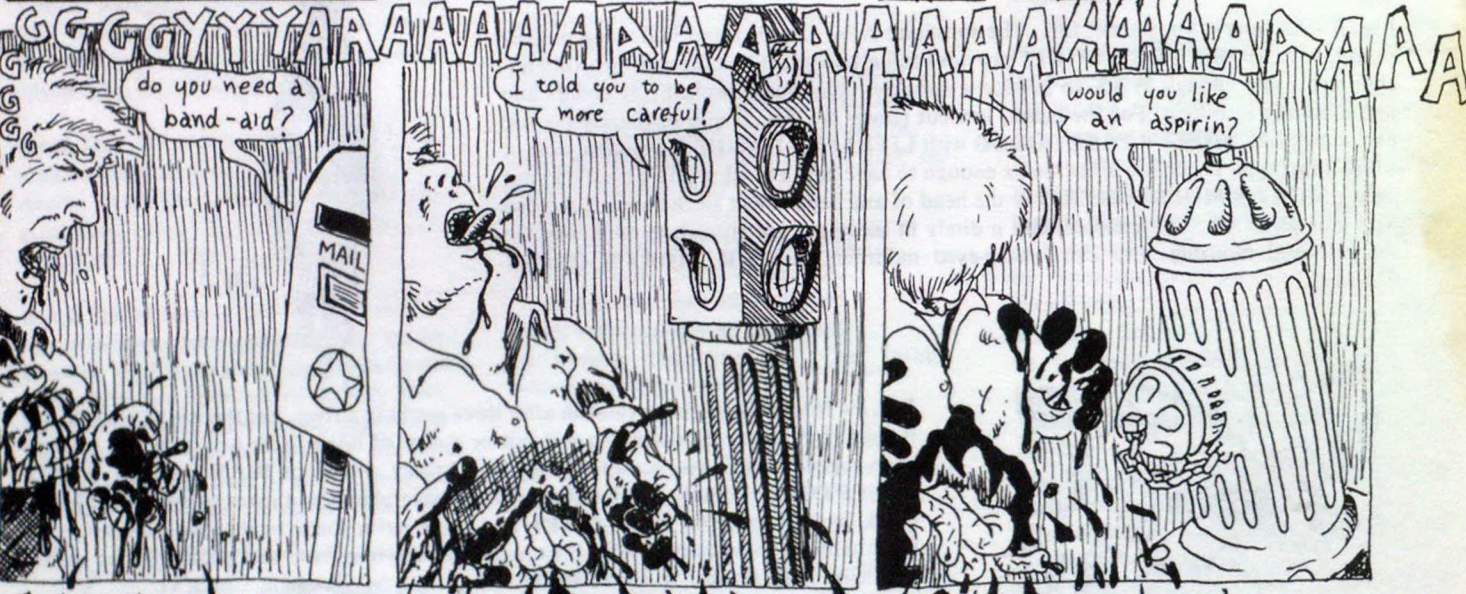
MR. MORT PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY THROUGH THIS MAGAZINE.

EXPERIENCE

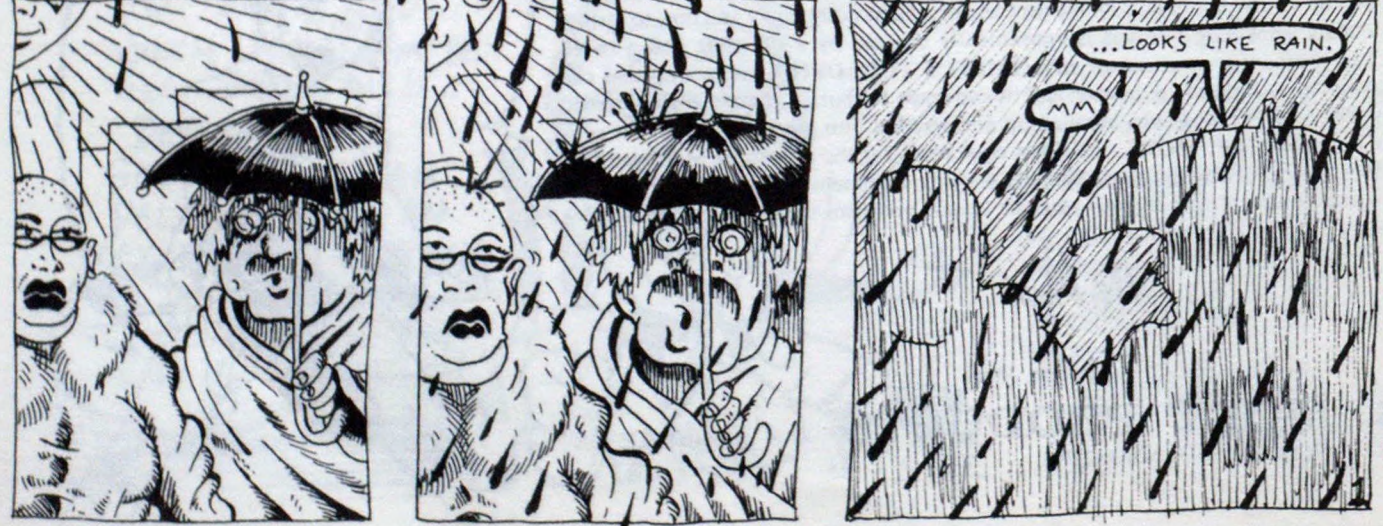
BY OSKAR RETCH © 1923

WHY DON'T YOU
DRY UP AND BLOW
AWAY INTO NOTHING-
NESS, YOU PATHETIC
INCONSEQUENTIAL
LITTLE NON-
ENTITY?

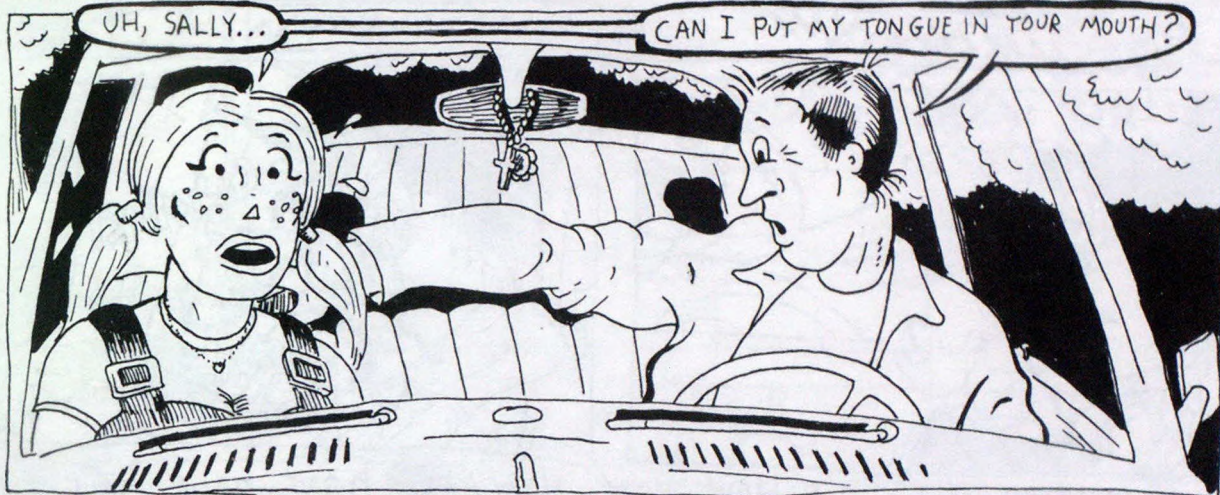
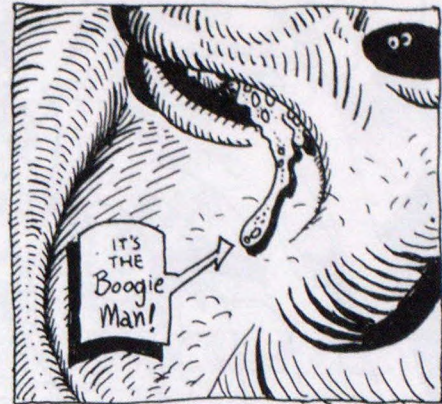
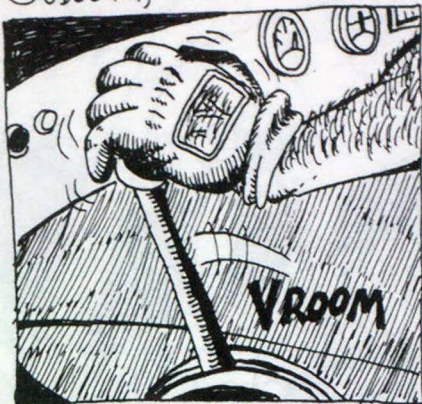
WHILE, LIGHT YEARS AWAY...

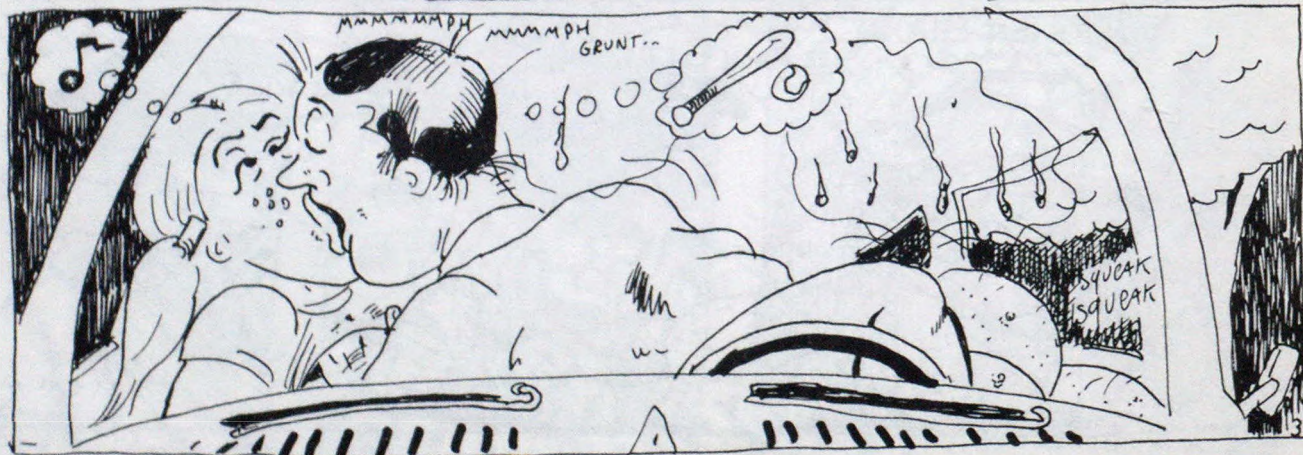
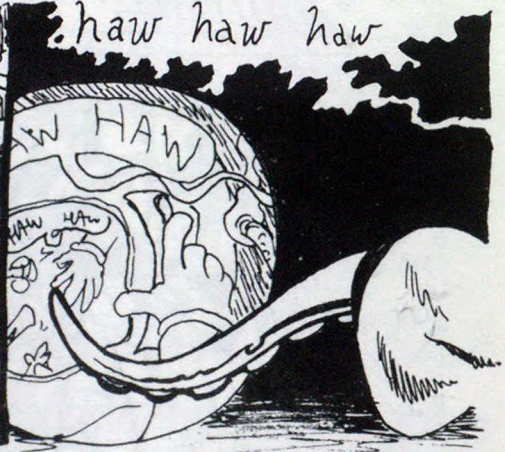
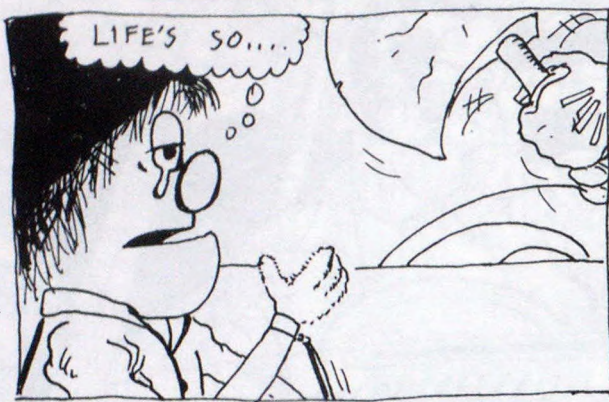
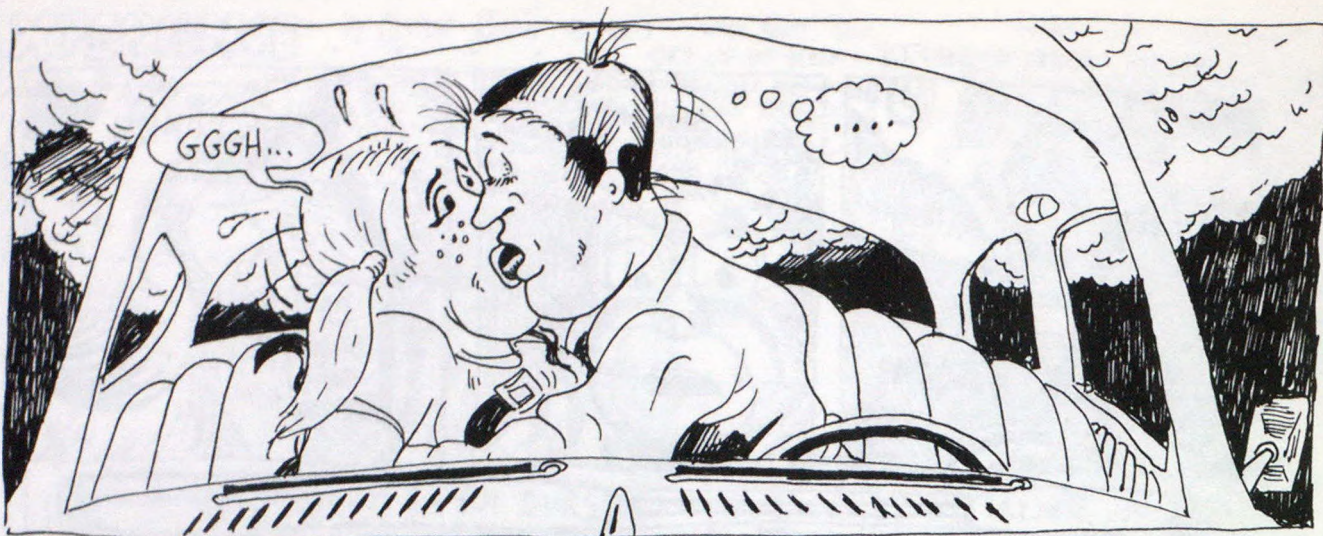


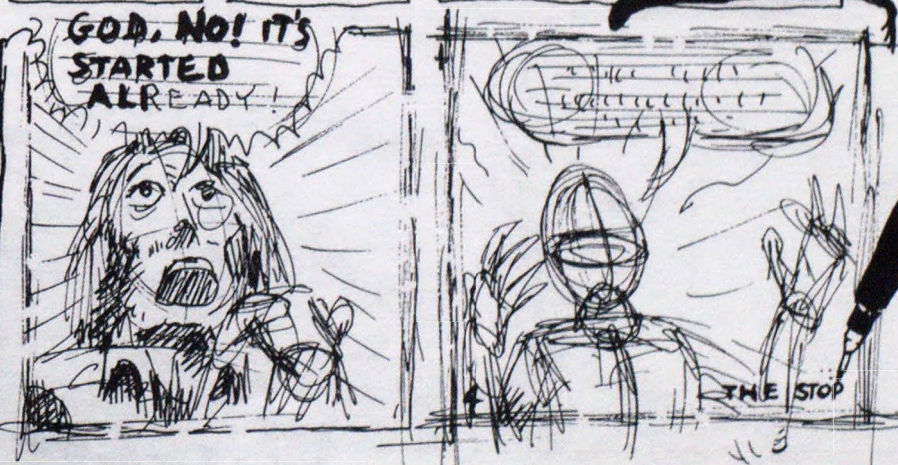
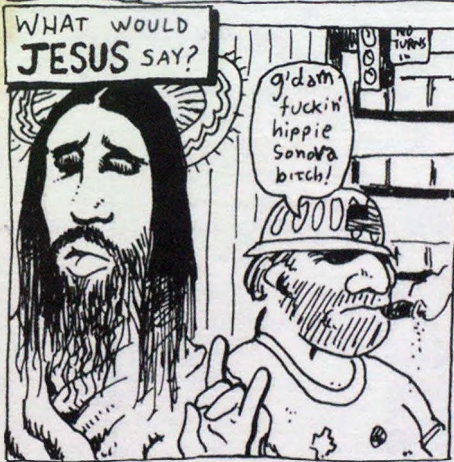
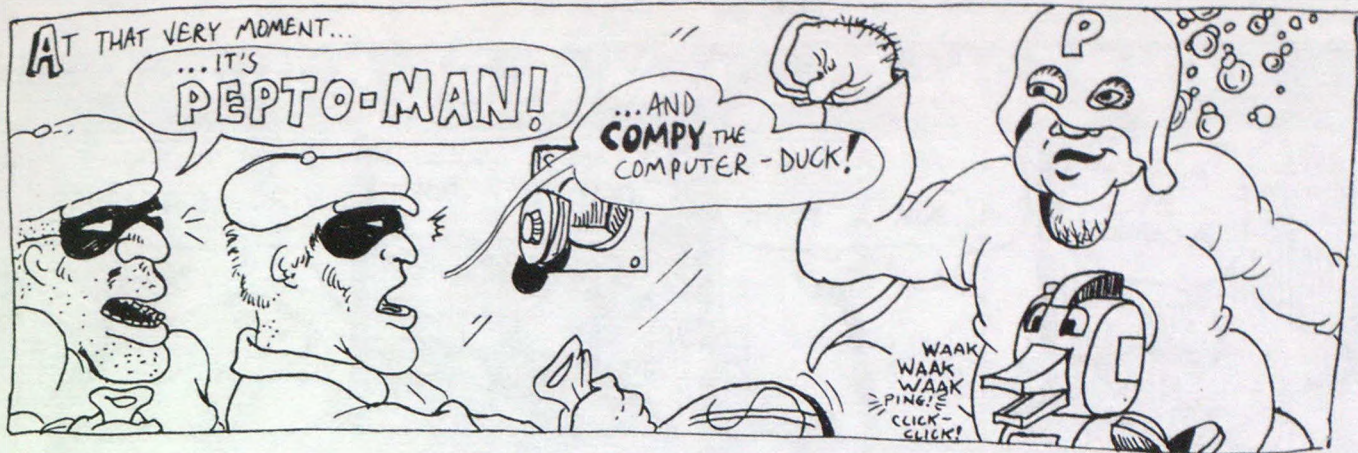
And in Chicago...



SUDDENLY, REALITY SHIFTS.....







VEGETABLES by JOHN BERNARD



BUILDING FUNNIES

THE COMIC FOR URBAN PLANNING
AND METROPOLITAN STUDIES MAJORS.

BY HOWIE OSTEROWSKY, JOHN FRAWLINS & AMY BURNS

SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE, TYRONE?
HE USED TO BE THE TALLEST BUILDING
IN THE WORLD.



OH SHUT UP!
MY KING KONG
MOVIE WAS
BETTER THAN
YOUR
KING KONG
MOVIE!



DO YOU HEAR HIM? HEY, WE'RE A
SLICK, MODERN SUPERSTRUCTURE!
YOU'RE JUST AN ART-DECO
REJECT FROM THE DAYS OF
HERBERT HOOVER, AND
YOU KNOW WHAT HE
GOT US INTO!

YEAH!

SLICK & MODERN, MY
OBSERVATION. DECK!
YOU BLOCKHEADS LOOK
LIKE SIAMESE
TRANSISTOR
RADIOS!



SHUT UP,
YA BIG
GALLOOTS

SOME OF US
ARE TRYING
TO GET TO
SLEEP DOWN
HERE!

