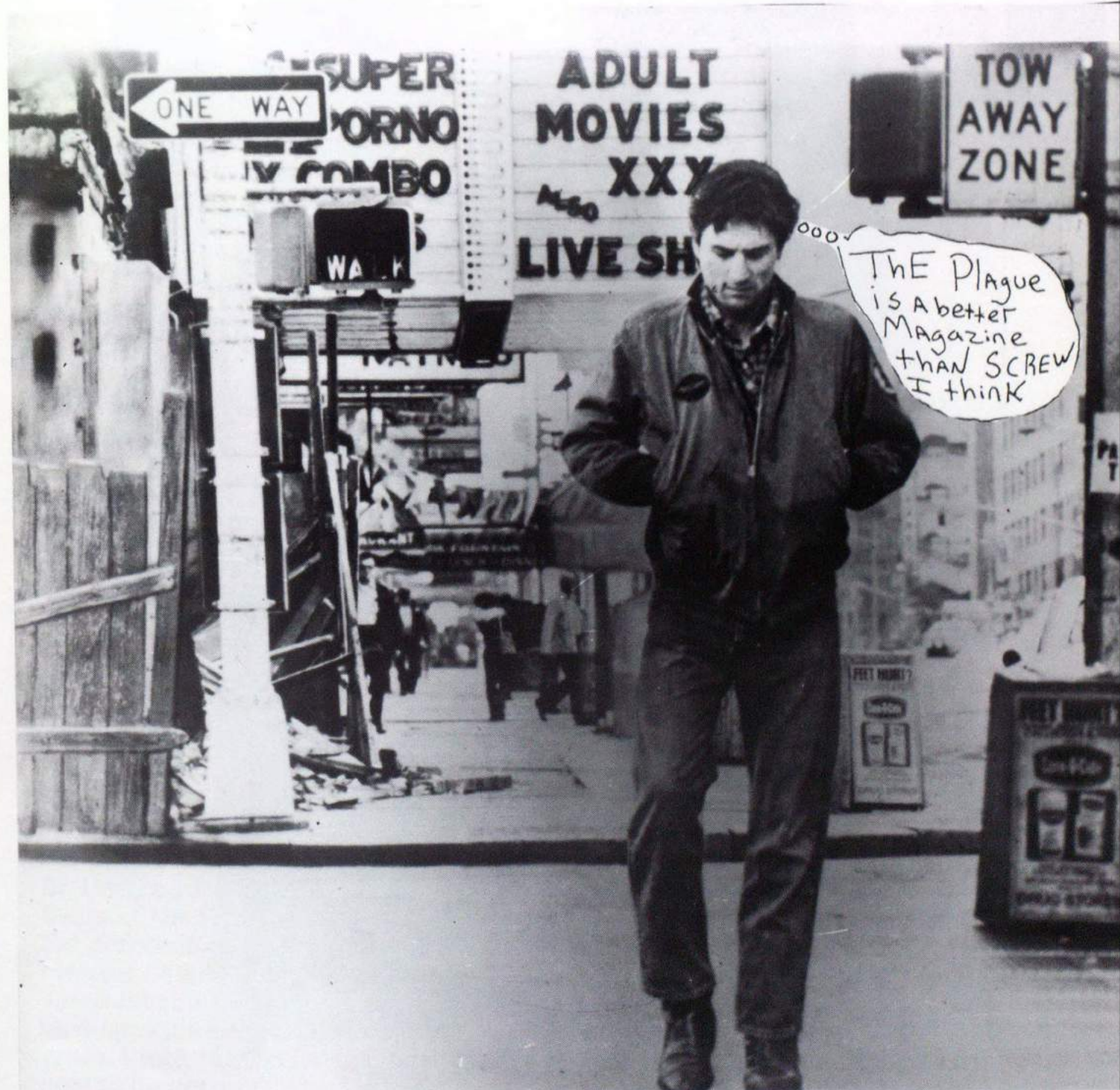
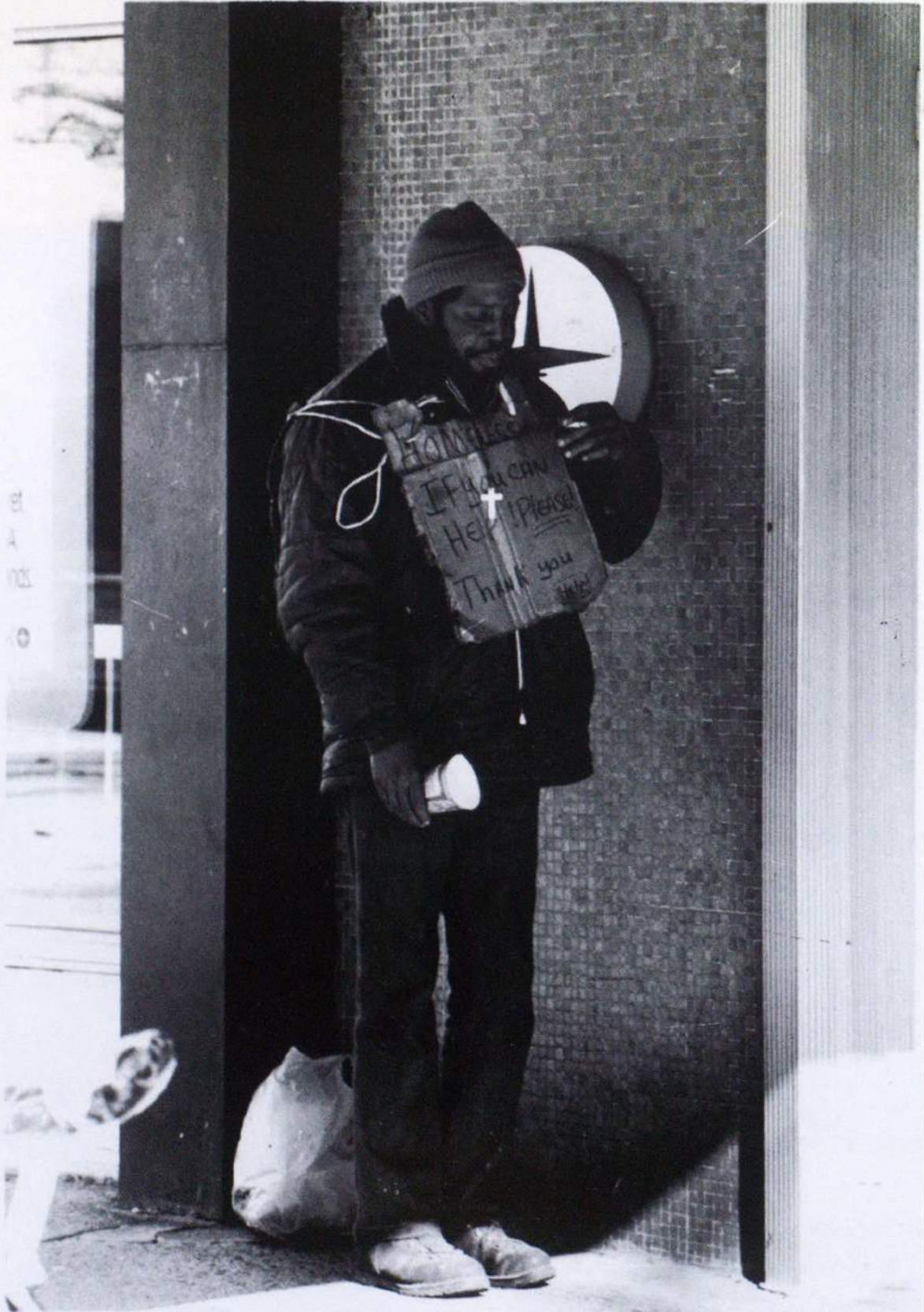


# PLAGUE





# Don't Worry, Be Happy.





# PLAGUE

Christ like Editor: James Riddle

Apostles:

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Seth Greenspan  
Imran Rafique  
Gus Plakas  
Rich Pinto  
Fydor Doestoevsky  
Carol Stipleman  
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Arthur Bremmer  
John Gacy Wayne  
Henry Lee Lucas  
Modachi Levy  
Patty

n.1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine attribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled: ( Revelation 15:8 ) 2. A sudden influx, as of destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3, Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance; "the blessed silence of the Sabbath saved one from the plague of social jabbering." ( George Santayana ). 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plagues.-tr.v. plagued, plaguing, plagues. 1 to harass, pester, annoy; "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors" ( Smollett ).

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## Letter from the Editor

Hi. I'd like to introduce myself. My name is James Riddle and I am the new Editor of the PLAGUE this year. Over the years the PLAGUE has been at N.Y.U. the different editors have all been motivated to take the job for different reasons. Some have taken the job to make others laugh because the world needs laughter. Some to learn the magazine business. Some to hone their writing skills and still others to test our First Amendment right to a free press. I took the job for personal glorification and to see my name in print. Its best to be upfront.



# How to be Intense

Brando had it, Dean had it, Pacino's got it and Sean Penn wants it. What am I talking about? Intensity. Intensity is that inscrutable enigmatic quality that sets a person apart from the crowd. Intensity is the ability to convey with a glance your profound hipness. To be intense is to be moody, unpredictable and threatening all at the same time.

You may be asking yourself, "Why would I want to be like that". And the answer is that being intense gets you laid. Women love intense men, especially women who consider themselves artists, and here in Greenwich Village every female is a artist, we all know that. A intense man is a live wire who women feel live life fuller, richer and less uncompromisingly. Of course this is all a act, and you too can learn this scam if you follow these simple rules.

Rule 1- Work Doestoevsky and Von Gogh into as many conversations as you can. For example a freind might say "I heard that Sarah left Johnny, I hope he isnt suffering to much", to which you reply "Doestoevsky said that suffering is the orgin of all consciousness", then pull out a Marlboro, light it and look moody for five to seven minutes. This maintains the illusion that there is something different about you.



Rule 2- Wear black, the funeral colors. This conveys that you are in a perpetual state of mourning over the soulessness of the world.

Rule 3- Never agree with anyones opinion on anything. Always play devils advocate, even if you secretly agree to a opinion expressed. This displays a enigmatic (Bob Dylan) quality, a state of mystery about yourself that women find irresistible.



Rule 4- Do not speak in full sentences for any reason. You want most of you communication to be through body language. Mumbling and grunts are good as is arching your eyebrows at key moments.

Rule 5- Break something or just get violent out of the blue for no reason. This confirms your sexy masculine unpredictability and gives you the aura of a man fighting his personal demons.



Rule 6- Give up former(if any) political ideology. Politics is not hip. Even if someone offers a convincing argument for progressive social change through practical political measures you must appear unconvinced. Your catch-all rebuttal to all political talk should be something like this, "There are no political solutions, mankind is doomed to annihilation". This further enhances the illusion that you are above the fray of worldly events and that your philosophy is on a higher (Existentialist, learn this word) plane.

Rule 7- Smoke Marlboro red pack and wear sunglasses at all times. No explanation necessary.

Rule 8- Never laugh, but surprisingly be overcome with dramatic emotion at the drop of a hat. For example. Your out on a date with a woman you have just met. She likes you, she's attracted to your intensity. Your walking down the street and you step on an ant (any insect will do). You stop cold. You step back slowly, you look down at the dead ant you just killed. You weep uncontrollably right there in the street. You point to the dead insect, you can't get the words out. She's trying to comfort you. In between sobs you say something like "I have just killed a living breathing creature". You compose yourself quickly. Take her hand and walk away in silence. You got her. Your previous intensity now coupled with your enormous sensitivity is an explosive combination that's magnetic to women.



Rule 9- Get drunk (or claim you were) for two weeks straight. Preferably say something like you were holed up in your apartment "drinking bourbon and reading Kafka."

Rule 10- Memorize the names of as many German film directors as you can and drop them (mumble the names, remember) into any conversation. You can even make up names, like Von Klempner for example. You can get away with this because no one likes German films anyway, even if they say they do, so they won't know that you don't know what you're talking about. The reason you use German film directors is that there is something terribly solemn about German culture, and by dropping the names this gives you an air of intense solemnity by association.

These are but a few rules to follow to achieve intensity. So if you have failed with women in the past using the Jock approach, the Intellectual approach, the Alan Alda approach or the Politically correct Liberal approach, why not try the Intense approach. The only thing you have to lose is your identity, and what is so wrong with that? It's high time we all stop selfishly being ourselves.



# Cinema

Within the last year America has lost one of it's greatest thespians to the tragedy of AIDS. So in this issue of the PLAGUE we present a tribute to the man and the legend—

## *John Holmes*

" Very few people truly understood John Holmes abilities" say's Professor Charles Mills of N.Y.U.'s Cinema Studies department. "Not only was Mr.Holmes a extremely well-hung dude, he was also a master of subtle psychological drama within a otherwise banal genre" As a example Professor Mills points to dialogue between Holmes and Seka during a Swedish Erotica video:

Holmes: "Oh baby.....Suck it....that's right bitch milk my come out"

Seka: " Uggumlluumm Shluckumm"

Holmes: "Don't talk with your mouth full you contemptible mannerless slut. I'm going to cream down your throat".

" To begin with" continues Professor Mills, "Holmes has a very strong dramatic edge to his voice, as if he is on the verge of something big. In this scene he is demonstrating a kinesthetic understanding of the basic male dominance conflict. Therein lies his subtextual genius for improvisation. For its quite well known, being first pointed out by Sergei Eisenstein, that there can be no true scripted sexual discussion." "Also" continues Mills," Holmes invokes "Oedipus Rex" with fervor. He seems to potray his pennis as a breast and Seka's job is to achieve sexual satisfaction , i.e. nourishment from his ejaculation. Such indications are his use of the words " suck, milk and cream". To take this a step further in this particular video Holmes is playing a wolf man. Hence the calling of Seka a "bitch" indicates a familial tie. This is but a sample of Holmes towering genius, his ability to be subtle, sensitive and erect all at the same time"

( Professor Mills is currently working on a book entitled "Religious Symbolism in the films of Burt Reynolds)

Some of Holmes friends remember:

Little Oral Annie: "He was a true intellectual. One day he walks in reading Plato's Republic. After a scene were he was screwing me and they were



changing camera angles he picked up the book and continued to read. Afterwards in the shower we discussed his personal interest in Greek history".

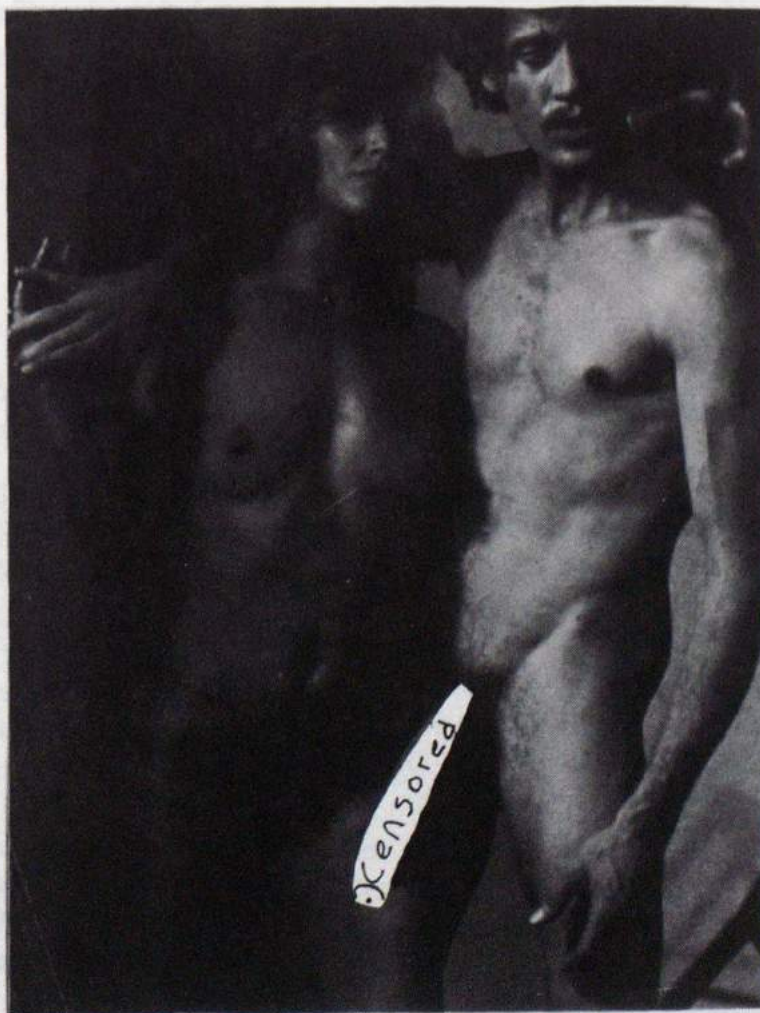
Dudley Moore: "Actually it was a little more like 15"

Seka: "No one ever fucked me up the ass with more subtext"

Ronald Reagan: "Cut down in his prime, I'll miss him. I'll always remember when he said to me at a White House dinner, " And you claim to be a ruler". He was my favorite actor".

Yes, gone but not forgotten. John Holmes will live forever in the hearts and minds of all lovers of the cinema. The world still mourns. But perhaps we can take solace, find comfort in the immortal line Holmes delivered in his last film, "Heavy Metal Slut Chicks of the East Village". To his girlfriend, the love of his life he say's, " You need it up the ass baby, real bad." Immortal. Goodbye Sweet Prince.

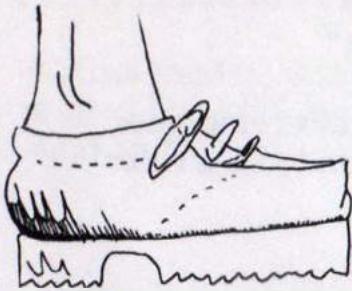
S.G +J.R



John Holmes and Freinds



# Shoe Style and Personality



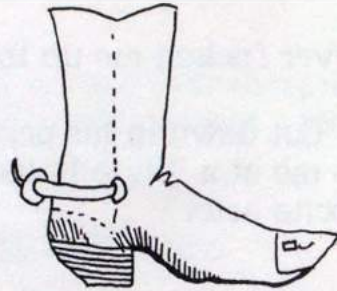
Timberland Waterproof Moccasins

90% of the guys who wear these have never been within fifty miles of a canoe. They drink Coors Light and keep old ski lift tickets on the zippers of their parkas. Love singing 'California Girls' when drunk. Turn ons: Hanging out in sports bars, giving high fives, graphite tennis rackets, slightly overweight women who wear peace sign earrings and Absolut Vodka tee shirts, Hackey Sack.



Running Shoes( over \$100 )

76% of the men who wear these do buttock tightening exercises at least three times a week. Many have season tickets to Jai Alai in Conneticut. Most are really nice but hopelessly involved with Achilles Tendons. Turn ons: Well lubricated Nautilus machines, watching MASH reruns with a date while munching high fiber snacks, Oprah Winfrey, and anything with a racing stripe, Tang enemas.



Cowboy Boots(Metal plate & spurs optional)

Women who wear cowboy boots tend to make alot of noise in bed and get alot of their moves from Films. Although they may appear Liberal(i.e. wear floppy hats, vests) they go for Teutonic,corporate type men. Metal plates on the boots may signify any of a number of things (the rumor that it indicates that they have shared a bath with a Labrador Retriever is probably false). Turn ons: Boris Becker,South St. Seaport, having tomato soup poured down their shirts,MTV with the sound off, Margaritas.



Strappy Sandels:

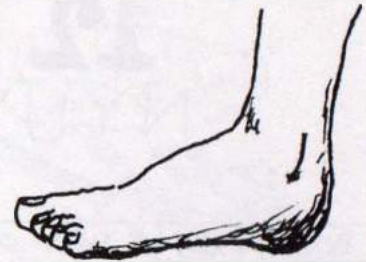
Contrary to appearances, women who wear them are not into bondage. Some want to look trendy while others may simply be concealing unsightly foot blemishes. The straps often symbolize a need for restraint and a worry of losing control. These women own at least four Metallica or Motley Crue tee shirts and often date guys with hair more permed than their own. Many fantasize about playing Dungeons and Dragons or Stratomatic Baseball in the nude. Turn ons: Benson & Hedges Ultra Light Menthol 100's, Hayden Dining hall, Orangina and Rum, Terence Trent D'Arby.





Black suede flats-cut low on sides and worn without socks:

Though if worn with white socks the women is either Hispanic or Asian. Since practically everyone in New York is wearing these shoes, there is not much they can tell about the wearers personality except for a marked lack of originality and a slavish devotion to trendiness. Most women who wear these have read 'Elle' and are attracted to guys with hairy shoulder blades. Turn ons: Gummy bears, large hoop earrings, getting drunk in taxis, flirting with Rastafarians, Swiss cheese omelettes and maple syrup.



Bare feet:

The person is either a) homeless, b) a student at Tisch School of the Arts, c) a tourist who just got ripped off, or.....d) The Messiah, returning to save the Village. Turn ons: spare change, sensitivity and pathos, getting pistol whipped for vagrancy, a doggie bag from The Last Supper. Note: women who walk around barefoot are not as 'easy' as you would think. Additionally their feet smell terrible.

Leather Hi-Tops:

Women who wear these sneakers tend to be unpredictable (they like making scenes in bars), have eclectic musical tastes, long arms and extremely prominent nipples. Turn ons: Akita puppies, grape Bubble Yum, and smart guys who last all night. Turn offs: sushi, drama majors, Dead Heads and people in Timberland Waterproof Moccasins.



Guys who wear leather Hi-tops wear green Boston Celtics sweatshirts, enjoy eating Nestle's Crunch bars and masturbating at the same time. Forty two percent of them have Michael Jordan's free-throw percentage tattooed on their inner thigh. These guys never date women who are taller than they are. Turn ons: Italian girls with long nails and lots of hair, Camaros, 'red' seats at the garden.



# 12 WAYS TO USE NYU'S MASCOT...

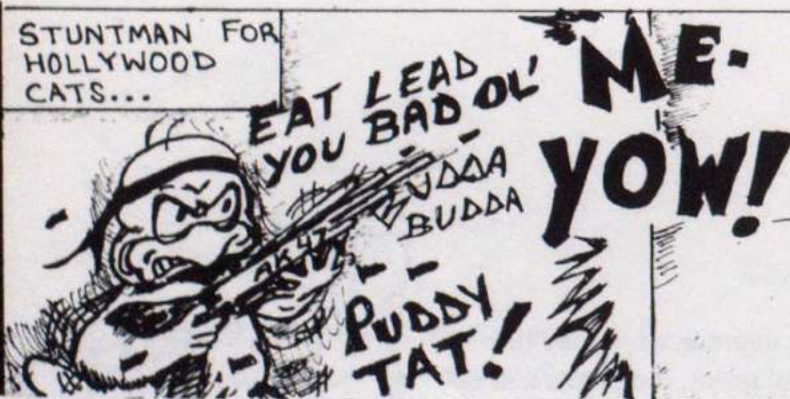
BAKED BOBCAT ON A BED OF  
LETTUCE...



AS A  
TENNIS  
RACQUET  
...



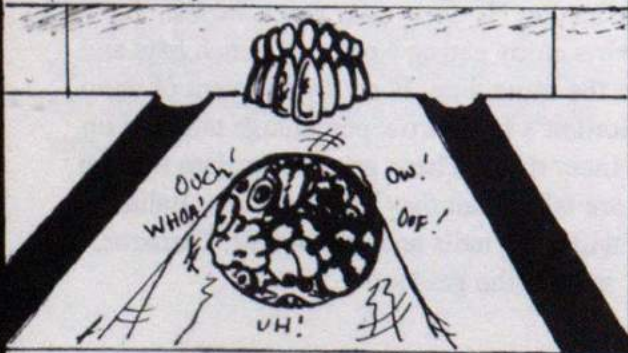
STUNTMAN FOR  
HOLLYWOOD  
CATS...



WAX YOUR CAR  
WITH IT...



BOWLING WITH BOBCAT...



TRAINING PIT BULLS...





THERAPY: KICK HIM WHEN YOU ARE  
INFURIATED, OR IN YOUR PERIOD...



FUN & GAMES AT A MEXICAN DEVIL CULT...



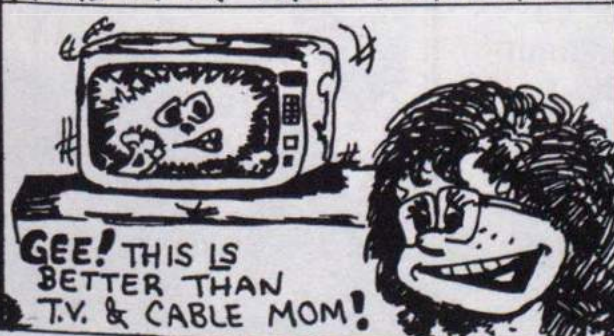
USE IT TO TEST NEW DRUGS AND  
NEW STINKY PERFUMES.. THEN,



DROP IT FROM A PLANE AND WATCH IT  
FALL AND SPLATTER AS YOU TEST  
THE LAW OF GRAVITY...



NUKE IT IN THE MICROWAVE...



OR YOU CAN KILL IT, AND FRAME  
THE MURDER UPON ANYONE OF  
YOUR CHOICE...







## THE NAM

**MENTAL HEALTH:** Army doctors are reporting a growing incidence of post-traumatic stress syndrome in soldiers who took part in the 1983 U.S. invasion of Grenada. According to army and civilian psychiatrists a growing number of soldiers who participated in the invasion are experiencing symptoms similar to those that have afflicted Vietnam veterans. Doctor Robert Pershing who has treated soldiers who were in the invasion force says "Many of these soldiers experience flashbacks similar to the ones that Vietnam veterans experienced. The only difference is that the Grenada flashbacks last five to ten seconds as opposed to the standard two and a half minute Vietnam flashback." Another difference the doctor noted is "Vietnam veterans often have flashbacks consisting of burning villages, decapitated buddies and fire-fights, whereas the Gre-

nada flashbacks were mostly characterized by the chillingly vivid feeling of a cool tropical breeze while sipping a margarita by the Ocean."

Other Grenada Veterans have reported flashbacks of "A feeling of utter despair over not being able to find a surfboard rental shop on the island" and "A desperate search for mosquito repellent". Responding to the alarming problem the army is in the process of setting up counseling services to deal with the Grenada veterans growing feeling of isolation from society.



## THE NADA

Grenada veteran Stanley Goldstein testifying before a house sub-committee investigating the growing phenomenon stated, "I was in the "Nada" for twenty seven hours, by the time I got back to the world I felt like I survived a living hell. If you could survive the Nada you could sur-

vive anything."

Hollywood is also going to respond. Filmmaker Brian DePalma has announced plans to make a Grenada movie. At a press conference in Hollywood yesterday Mr. DePalma said, "Grenada was a devastating experience for many of our boys and its high time we as a nation address the pain many of them experienced".

J.R.

## Write for the Plague.

The only intentionally funny publication on campus.

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21 Washington Place  
NY NY 10003



# Hollywood News

## Olivier Dead?

- Actor Laurence Olivier is rumoured to still be dead according to all reputable reports coming out of Hollywood. Close Olivier pals, actors James Mason and Sir Ralph Richardson could neither confirm nor deny this rumour both having died within recent years.



## New Role for Cosby

-Television star Bill Cosby will play a psychotic mass murderer in a upcoming N.B.C. made for T.V. movie. In the film Cosby portrays a man that sits home all day watching re-runs and whos diet is made up of high sugar food consisting of Jello and Coca-Cola. During a commercial break the charachter potrayed by Cosby goes to a local elementary school and opens fire with a A.K.-47 into a crowded kinder-garden class.

## Kermit the Frog Dead

-While vacationing with Jim Henson and family in Maine T.V. star Kermit the Frog was shot to death over the weekend.Hensons twelve year old son Bunky has been charged with the crime.According to the police Kermit was sunning himself in a backyard pond when Bunky shot him in the head with a B.B. gun.A court appointed psychiatrist who examined Bunky said the boy "is a volcanoe of hostility and animal aggresion.He grew up with little if no parental discipline,was left alone for long periods of time without any supervision and incessantly watched Rambo movies over and over on the family V.C.R." Jim Henson could not be reached for comment.He is currently in Hollywood filming his new N.B.C. T.V. show,"The fluffy cuddly cute educational soft and warm childrens hour".

## Film Findings

- Honesty in Reality, a watchdog group based in Hollywood that monitors truth in all human affairs released their findings today of their two year study of the film industry. Ken Brown, spokesman for the Hollywood based group said the study determined that "movies have replaced religion as the opiate of the masses and that, yes, Warren Beatty is a bad actor."





There is a nefarious scourge afoot in the land that threatens the very sanity of all that encounter it. Am I talking about tissue? No. Am I talking about poverty? No. Am I talking about The Arsenio Hall Show? No. I am talking about the single most destructive element to your sanity that you are likely to encounter in your lifetime. Of course I speak of ——ROOMATES

I was going to think of something witty to say here but I'm depressed so fuck it I'm going to cut to the chase—**NOW PRESENTING THE STUPIEDEST THINGS EVER SAID TO ME BY MY ROOMATES...**

ME—"Are you going to take that waiter job at the Sheraton or at the catering company?"

ROOMATE—"The Sheraton. That way when I'm waiting on tables I'll be able to watch how influential people conduct themselves in public

\*\*\*

ME—"I saw Matt Dillon on the subway last night "

ROOMATE- Mabey he was rehearsing a part"

\*\*\*

ME—"I'm reading No Exit, by Sartre. Have you ever read any books he wrote?"

ROOMATE—"I went through my existentialist phase in high school"

\*\*\*

ME- "Leona Helmsly is a useless carcass who ought to be publicly flogged"

ROOMATE—"You try running a billion dollar business and see if the pressures don't get to you!"

\*\*\*

ME—"If you don't mind I'd appreciate it if you didn't eat my food all the time."

ROOMATE—"I bought the toilet paper twice in a row."

\*\*\*

ME—"Donald Trump's father was worth 50 million dollars, I'm tired of hearing him pawning himself off as the epitome of entrepreneurial success. The guy had it made from the day he was born."

ROOMATE- You know, being born into all that money can be a burden. He rose above that and made something of himself. Give him some credit."

\*\*\*

ME- "I hate all those phony fucks like Springsteen and Bono who think they represent the working class. Their rank egotists with Christ complex's. Their naive and hypocritical to boot. No song by anyone ever changed anything, it's bullshit. The Boss my ass, the Prick is more like it. The only thing they're concerned with is looking hip or whatever the fuck on the stage. Their music sucks shit too."



ROOMATE- Well at least their not negative people, like you."

\*\*\*

ME-" I'm planning a trip to Mexico this summer."

ROOMATE-" Be careful. I hear there is alot of leftist guerrilla activity going on."

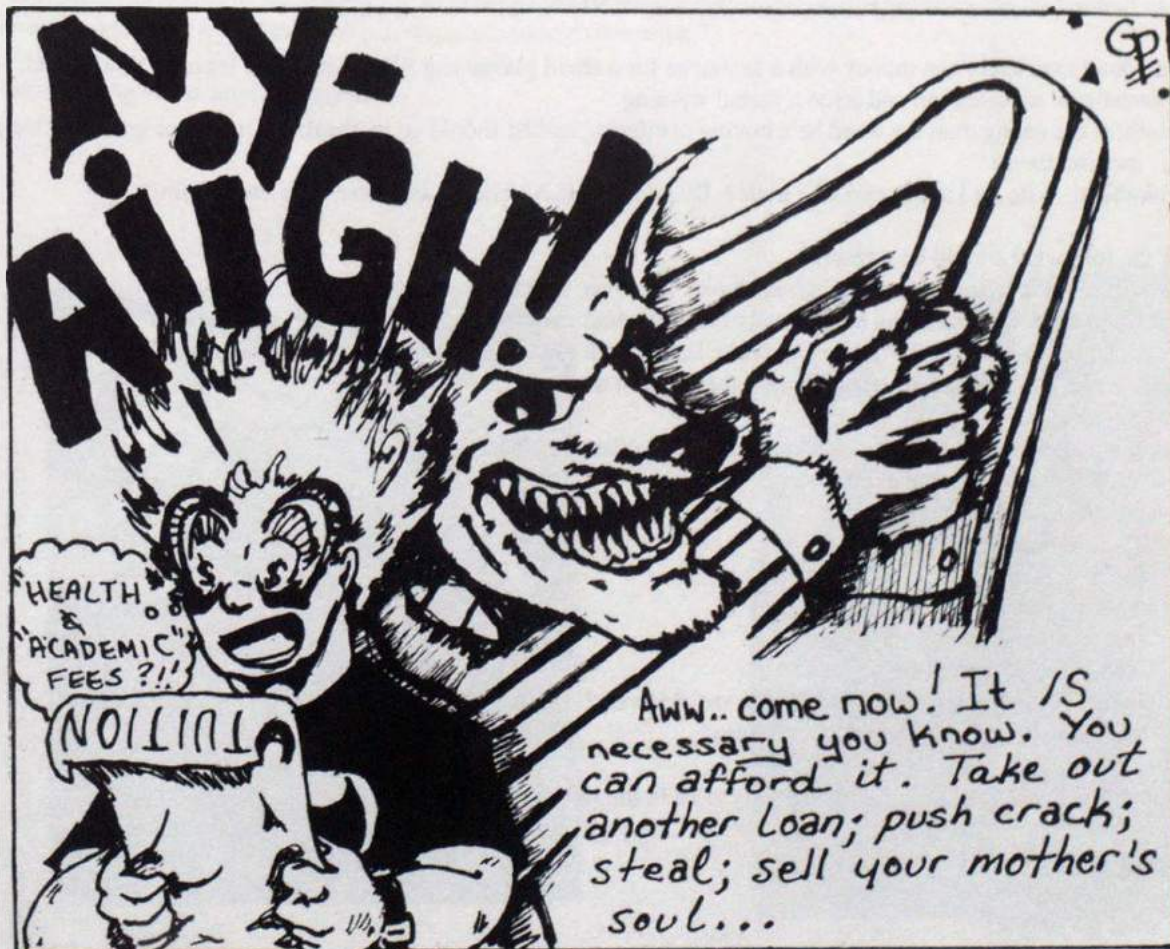
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MOST INTELLIGENT THING EVER SAID TO ME BY A ROOMATE:

ME-" Well, you've been in New York now what, 6 months? You going stick around?"

ROOMATE-" I'm moving out of this shithole city in a month."

J. R.





# NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT

The following is the entrance exam for the local precinct of "New York's finest." If you are looking for a fun job where you can get rich off of taxpayer's money without working too hard, take this simple test. Total time allowed: seven hours.

## Sixth Precinct Entrance Exam

1. All officers are required to be fully trained in the correct procedures for using the "night stick." The most important requirement is the ability to spin the stick flamboyantly by the leather thong. This is done on a regular basis:
  - a. to sharpen motor skills
  - b. for self defense
  - c. to make a loud, scary noise when it smacks your shin
  - d. to look really, really cool
2. Remember that the park is a public place where people gather for many purposes. Which of the following are correct times for fraternizing with citizens?
  - a. to be friendly
  - b. to judge public opinion
  - c. to pick up "sexy babes" (just like Lieutenant McKinna!)
  - d. to look good when CBS is filming a special "Crack Street" episode of 48 Hours
3. You see a young man exchange money with a Jamaican for a small plastic bag filled with dried leaves. You should:
  - a. investigate the situation and issue a verbal warning
  - b. inform the young man the weed he's buying is inferior, and he should go to Tomkin's for better grade pot with that smooth, mellow flavor
  - c. Nothing. Who am I to restrain free trade? By god, this is America! Let's here it for capitalism!!
4. Which of the following should be arrested?
  - a. the tall, black fellow muttering "good smoke, shrooms, trips"
  - b. the skinhead skateboarding dangerously close to small children
  - c. the shady character in the souped up white BMW with tinted windows who is holding an AK-47
  - d. the white N.Y.U. student crossing the street against the light
5. Which are the proper usages for your standard issue .38 caliber revolver?
  - a. to hold a violent suspect at bay
  - b. to return fire when being fired at
  - c. to pick up babes (see question 2)
6. Which is the 6<sup>th</sup> precinct's motto(s)?
  - a. "To protect and serve"
  - b. "We are the best cops money can buy"
  - c. "Selling drugs? We don't care. Spit on the sidewalk? Hands in the air"
  - d. "Minimum charge is \$250 for ten minutes"
7. For mounted police only: what is the correct way to sit in the saddle?
  - a. up
  - b. east
  - c. away from the smelly part
  - d. what's a saddle?
8. My badge makes me feel important because:



- a. it's shiny
- b. it's really shiney
- c. boy it's shiney!

9. Extra Credit Essay: Where is the best place in Greenwich Village for coffee and donuts?  
(please do not use crayon for this question)

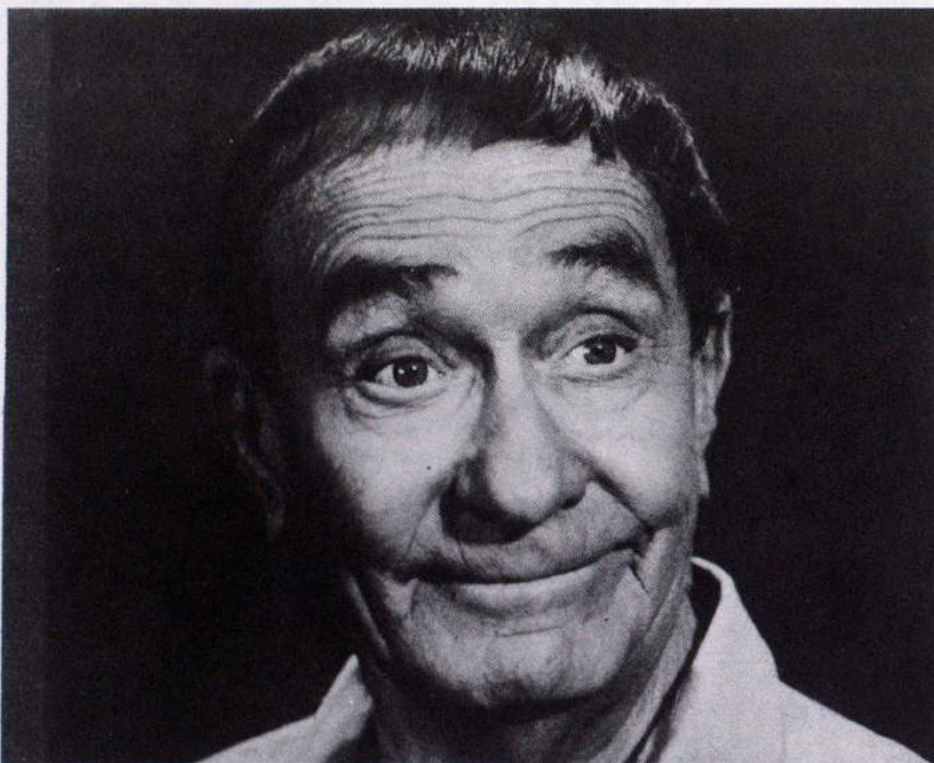
### ANSWERS:

1. d. Looking cool is important. This way, the bad guys may think you are a swell fellow and won't shoot at you.
2. c. Remember, in P.R. situations like d., you will be briefed in time to polish your teeth and spit-shine your shoes.
3. b. Only politicians hide behind the flag as in c. As an officer, you must always be helpful to citizens.
4. Trick question. I don't see anything illegal, do you?
5. c. Everyone knows those pea-shooters aren't good for anything else.
6. all but a.
7. q.
8. all.
9. All true officers know how important assimilation to the environment is. Being in Greenwich Village, the correct answer is, "We don't do coffee and donuts. We do cappuccino and croissants."

Minimum passing score: anything right.








---

“Guys who steal tires are a menace to the community,” he said in an episode of *My Three Sons*. It is this sort of profound insight and biting wit which have made William (“Bill” to his friends) Demarest the legend that he is...

---

American readers love celebrity biographies. For almost as long as there has been a film industry, the book-buying public has displayed a seemingly insatiable appetite for works which reveal the “intimate details” of an entertainer’s life. While this craving has ensured a profitable market for such titles, the genre has had to deal with persistent criticism. Questions have been raised about the merit of these “tell-all” books (such as the recent Elvis by Albert Goldman)—their lack of depth and their reliance on the titillation of reader’s emotions with sensationalized tales of their subjects’ bizarre sexual habits and anti-social behavior when off-screen.

Should we care to read about a person’s private foibles merely because their talents lie in the entertainment field? Are their problems really any different from our own? These questions will surely re-surface with the publication of the latest book of this kind, written by a Goldman protege: *Bill: The Man Behind The Apron* by Lamont Sanford, a chronicle of the life of the legendary character actor William Demarest. The Plague is pleased to have the following exclusive excerpts from this forthcoming, sure-to-be controversial book, taken from Part I of Bill, entitled “A Violation Of All Applicable Laws.”

\* \* \* \* \*

...Samuel Demarest paced back and forth, to and fro, on that fateful February twenty-seventh in 1892. He stroked the handlebars of his moustache and wiped the sweat from his worried brow. Time and time again, he walked the length of the hospital waiting room, his eyes darting towards the door, anxious for any sign of life.

Suddenly, the door opened smoothly and Samuel Demarest froze in his tracks. A young nurse, a starched white angel of mercy entered the room. Her lips slowly parted to form words. “Mister Demarest,” she said in her own sweet, innocent way, “you have a son.”

William Demarest had been born...



# The Beatles adopted as their trademark the haircut earliest vaudeville act. Those less informed believed the



Bill (center) poses with two women (left and right)

...In 1925, the world was growing accustomed to the new fad of flagpole-sitting. Flappers danced the Charleston, happily unaware of the coming Depression. It was in this era that Bill, bidding a fond "23-skiddoo" to his successful vaudeville, musical comedy, and boxing careers, decided to broaden his horizons. And so, he turned his attention to the growing industry of film.

His one-man conquest of Hollywood proved easier than he had expected. To keep in practice during his journey to the glittering movie capital, he landed a job with a Los Angeles radio station. While Bill was performing, a Warner Brothers man entered and caught part of his hilarious act. Howling with glee, he offered Bill a five-year contract on the spot.

Bill easily took the film world by storm, starring in over twenty unforgettable silent classics, such as *Simple Sis*, *The Gay Old Bird*, and *The Butter and Egg Man*. The Demarest invasion was well underway.

But the limited medium of silent film could not even begin to contain the full scope of Bill's talents. Realizing this inevitable fact, Jack L. Warner walked into his brother Harry's office one day in 1927.

"Harry," he said, "we've got a problem."

"Yeah?"

"Well, you know Bill Demarest?"

"Sure! I was just watching *Five and Ten Cent Annie* in the screening room again. The guy's great!"

"I know. That's the problem."

"What do you mean?"

"Demarest's got too broad a range of talents. Silents are never going to hold him. I'm afraid he'll go back to vaudeville."

"So offer him more money."

"Not good enough. Money didn't keep him in boxing."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

Jack paused for a moment. Then he softly spoke. "What do you think about putting sound into movies?"

Soon after, Warner Brothers released its first sound film the smash *A Night at Coffee Dans*, featuring Bill's classic vaudeville act, pratfalls and all, at its best. Then came Bill's (and the world's) first all-talking, all-singing motion picture extravaganza, *The Jazz Singer*. The film ostensibly starred Al Jolson, but to audiences, it is William Demarest's performance which shines through like a beacon in a sea of mediocrity...

By the summer of 1944, Bill Demarest stood unchallenged as the No. 1 attraction at movie box-offices across the country. More than Abbott and Costello, Clark Gable or Shirley Temple, Bill fueled the passions of the American filmgoer. His appeal was universal, to an almost mind-boggling degree. Old and young, tall and short, man and beast - all felt equally close to the cuddly curmudgeon up on the big screen. Schoolyards in rural and urban areas alike were routinely transformed into early-morning battlegrounds, forever echoing with the sound of flying fists of youngsters squaring off to win the right to play Bill when they re-enacted their favorite scenes from *Miracle of Morgan's Creek* or *The Great McGinty*. Signature dialogue such as "They're at it again," "Why you...", and "I oughta..." became as much a staple of friendly conversation on the nation's Oak and Elm Streets as "Hi neighbor, how are the kids?" Against this background, perhaps it is now an opportune moment to reflect on the factors which combined to make Bill Demarest the most popular film actor of his time.

First, it must be understood that in post-war America, the entire profession of "character actor" would enjoy a new status as the object of uninhibited public affection. Character actors reigned, not only



Nikita Khrushchev (center) poses with Bill (right) and Freddy Steele in a publicity shot for Paramount's *"Hell The Conquering Hero"*



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that the seven-year-old Demarest had worn in his haircut to be original, but Demarest fans knew better..

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in Hollywood, but in all segments of society. The soldiers returning from Europe were honored; the character actor was *revered*. Previously, only the champion athlete or the mighty conqueror of foreign lands enjoyed mass adulation on a similar scale, except that now, after 3 years of global conflict, the public was more eager than ever before to give their love to strangers who made them laugh. More than anyone else, Bill Demarest was responsible for improving the public attitude about character actors and paving the way for their new position upon the public's pedestal. Singlehandedly, his work provoked a historic shift from the longstanding attitude that character actors were "Satan's Agents on Earth" (*Variety*, May 12, 1940) or "The Embodiment of Evil" (F.D.R.'s State of the Union Address, 1937).

What Bill did was basic. He brought the elements of effective character acting to everyone's attention. Once exposed to a master at his craft, the public responded by opening their hearts to him, as if he were an old friend. The character actor at his best was at once profound and utterly non-cerebral, inconsequential yet central, spritely yet plodding; in short, an embodiment of both the contradictions of the times and those of a more timeless nature, such as in the relationship between man and his god. True, a character actor was rarely the star of a picture, but then, how often was the star of a picture a character actor? This summarized the thinking of the studios in the late 1940s, for if it was your "stable of stars" which brought the audience into the theater, it was the character actor whose name they spent hours trying remember on the way out. Such an investment of time was never lavished by the public on the recall of the name of a studio's "main draw." Realizing this, the



Bill has appeared in more films than any of the Beatles



Bill appeared in "My Three Sons"

studio gave free rein to the character actor and Bill Demarest was *the* character actor. Therefore, it was only logical that Bill was given free rein over his movements on the studio grounds.

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To the public, Bill was Zeus and Hollywood his Olympus. At Paramount, this was an attitude they tried to discourage in Bill, fearing what he might demand from them come contract time. Nevertheless, his confrontations with the studio were many and legendary on the backlots and soundstages there. One Friday afternoon during the filming of *Life Begins At 8:30*, in which a distinguished actor is reduced through drink to being a street corner Santa, Bill strode into the office of Paramount executive Rudyard Kipling.

"Get this, Jasper. Here I am, driving down Hollywood Blvd. I'm lookin' around, I see lots of 'stars'. Sure, some of them you'd recognize, but some of these new guys I never even heard of, and they got hundreds of screamin' dames runnin' in front of their cars, tryin' to get a look at 'em. Anyway, I pull up to this red light, see, and what happens? My lemon conks out. I think I need my brakes aligned," Bill proclaimed. Kipling flew into a rage and steadfastly refused to consider it. His employees were film technicians, not mechanics; the studio did not have the necessary parts for that make and model car; to order them now would still mean three weeks until they would be delivered.

Bill continued to press his case, throwing his arms forward in disgust. "My mechanic, he eats like a horse, too...charges me a 'labor time' the hour he spends pickin' oats off the floor. I tell you, they're all thieves."

"Bill," Kipling countered, "we cannot align your car's brakes. That's how it has to be, and that's how it will stay!"

"Well," Bill paused for a beat, "then I guess I'm just going to have to walk." Calmly, he stood up and left the office.



This episode was powerful testimony to Bill's power in Hollywood. Even the casual suggestion that Bill might walk off the set was enough to bring the all-powerful industry moguls to their knees. Monday morning when Bill's wake-up call came, he found his car pulling up outside, a rotund man from Ed's Garage applying freshly aligned brakes.

...And yet, despite his long career, Bill is probably best known for his stirring performances as Uncle Charley O'Casey on *My Three Sons*.

In 1965, all was not well for *My Three Sons*. William Frawley, a five-year veteran of the series, was leaving. The producers of the show were in a panic, visions of unemployment checks dancing before their eyes. Who could they possibly get to replace Frawley?

It was then that Fred MacMurray spoke:

"Why not get Bill Demarest?"

The producers were stunned. Surely a film and stage actor of William Demarest's stature would never condescend to a regular part on a weekly television series. "That's like asking Vincent Price to appear on *Batman* in a bald wig!" someone said.

But the producers had forgotten about the long friendship between Bill and Fred MacMurray. And they hadn't reckoned on the loyalty of Bill Demarest.

Bill agreed to do *My Three Sons*, setting off innumerable advances for the program. CBS, seeing

the obvious potential of a series featuring William Demarest, immediately snapped up the program from ABC. To fully exploit Bill's value, they had Don Federson Productions begin shooting the show in color. (In retrospect, it is indeed a shame that such processes as Sensurround and Dolby Stereo were not available at the time. Imagine the possibilities: bringing the full spectacle of William Demarest into millions of homes each week.)

And Bill's impact was not limited to the studios. He moved one viewer to write a letter to CBS:

Gentlemen:

I like the new guy better than the old guy...

...Millions of jubilant fans across the nation and around the world rejoiced when Bill was nominated for an Emmy for Outstanding Performance by an Actor in a Supporting Role in a Comedy for the '67-'68 season. And those millions, outraged, cried "Fix!" when the award went to Werner Klemperer for his role of Colonel Klink on *Hogan's Heroes* instead. But Bill assuaged the ill feelings by addressing his public. Leaving the awards presentation, he turned to the irate crowd and said, "Hey, knock if off, willya?" Awards were not important to Bill. He looked towards the East, and in his heart, he knew that the best was yet to come...







## DOESN'T IT SUCK WHEN.....

Your car breaks down in Harlem and you have a Confederate flag bumpersticker.

You attempt suicide by jumping off a roof but instead of dying, you survive and have to spend the rest of your life paralyzed from the neck down.

Your Aunt catches you masturbating.

Your priest sees you buying 'Hustler' at the newsstand.

You wake up one morning and find out your seeing eye dog died in its sleep.

Your roommate sodomizes you during freshman orientation.

You jump into the river to save someone who's drowning and he drags you down with him and you both die.

Your car gets towed by Traffic Cops and you left 5 ounces of Thai weed in the glove compartment.

Your contact lenses fall out and get lost while you're taking the LSAT.

Your penis gets stuck in the neighbor's Beagle.

Your brother jerks off into your Kermit the Frog puppet.

You take a date to a party and she starts French-kissing your worst enemy.

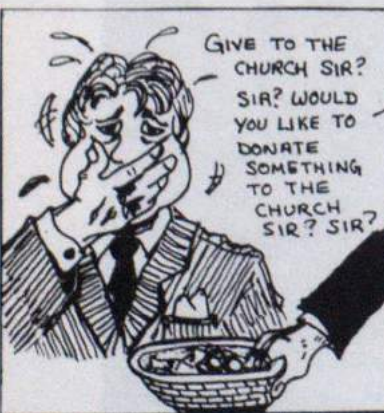
You're running late for a job interview and you can't get the gerbil out of your ass.

A police horse takes a crap in front of your falafel stand.

You vomit in church.

Your kid brother kicks your ass in front of all your friends

H.B.

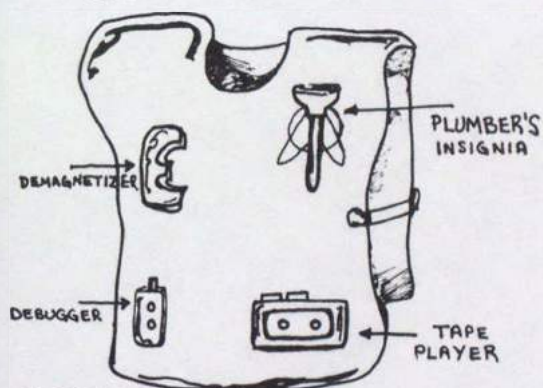




# PRESEDENTIAL PROTECTION

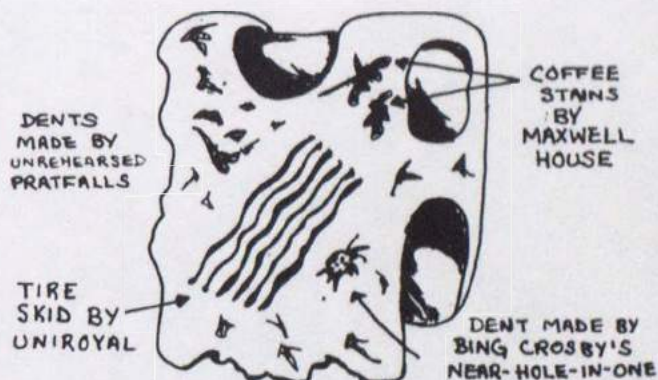
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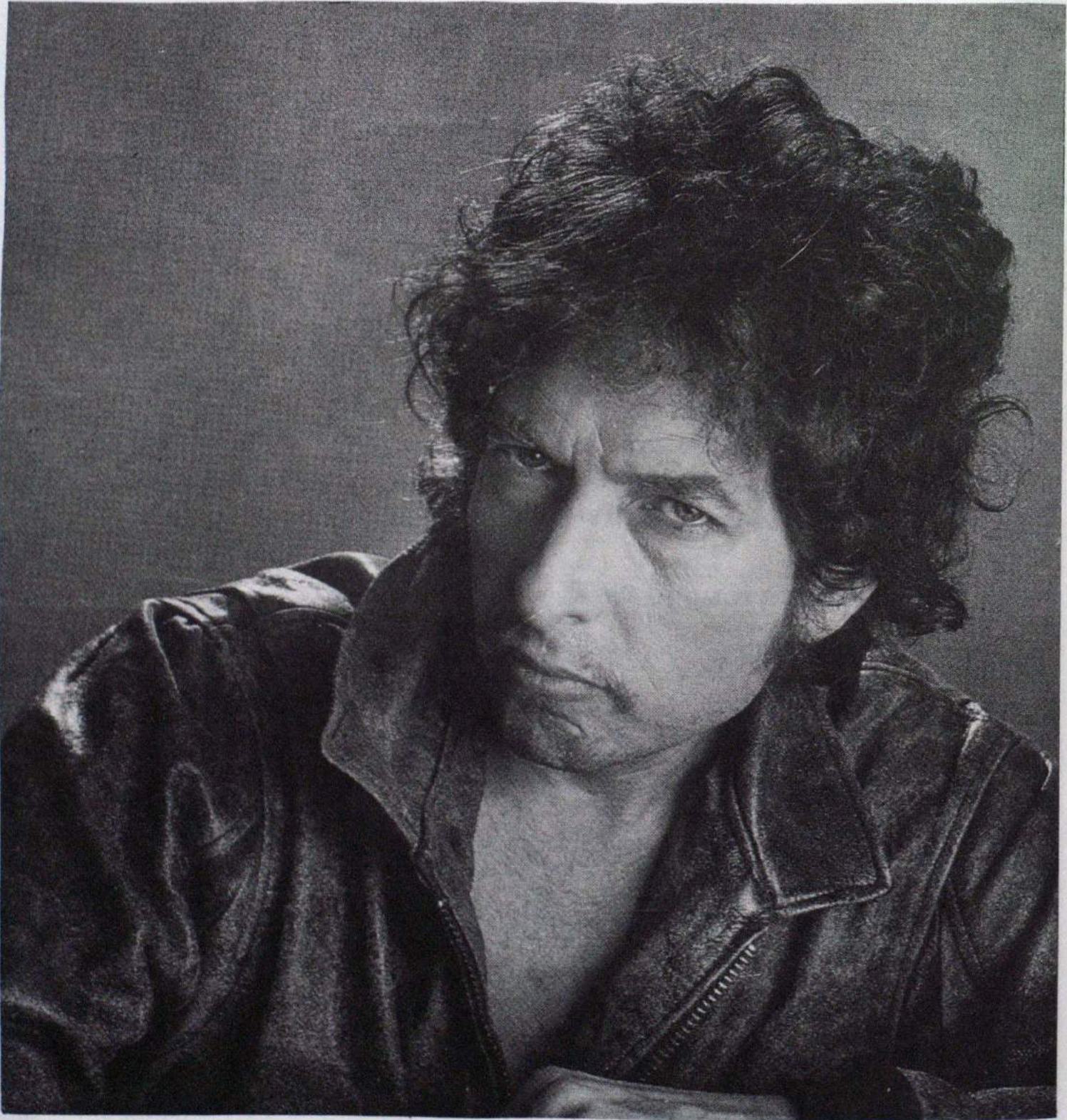
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# -Great American Thespians-



Bob Dylan

Awarded for his blistering screen debut in the 1973 film  
*Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*



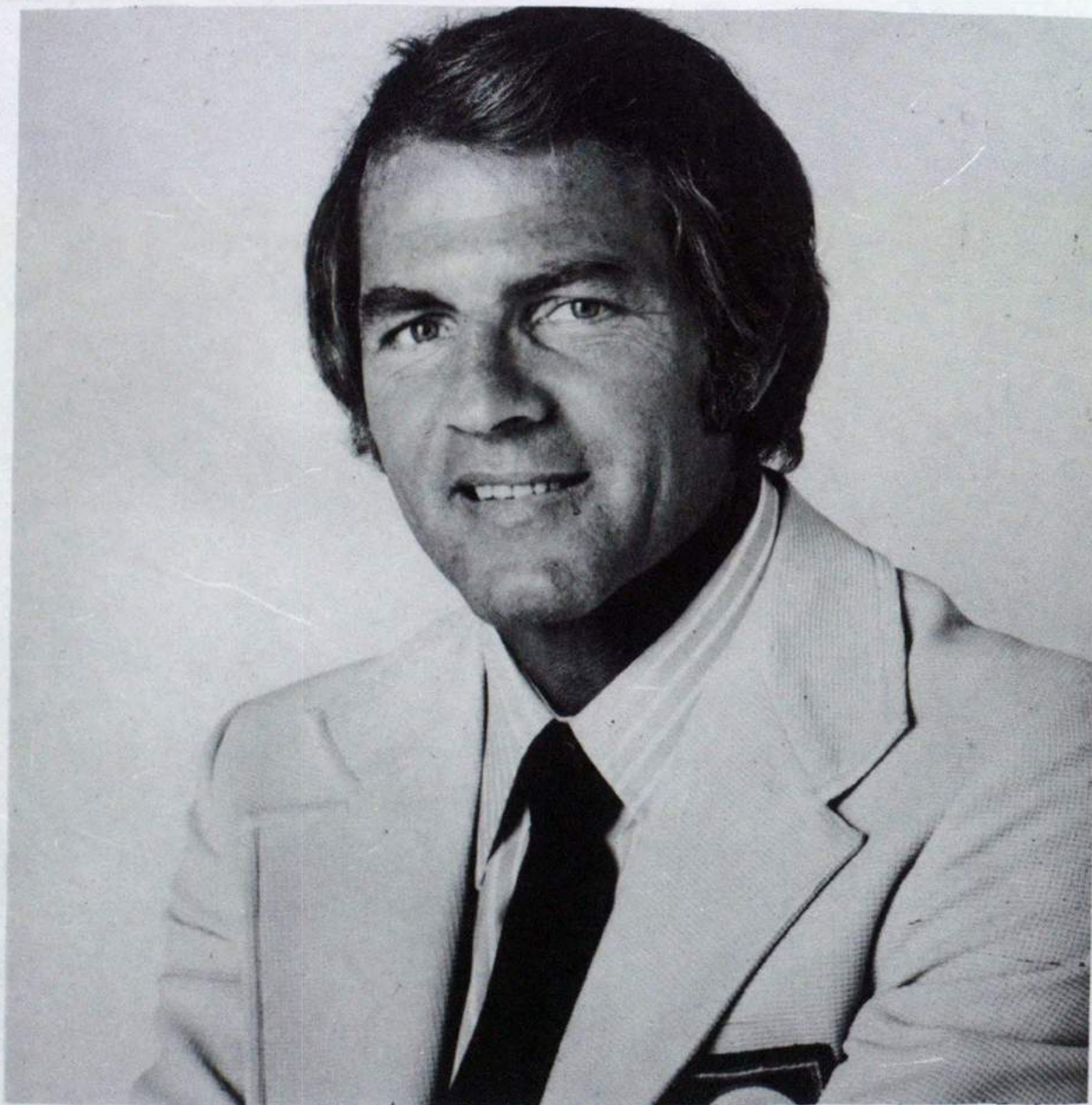
# -Great English Thespians-



Zachary " Dr. Smith" Taylor



# WANTED



*Frank Gifford*

## DEAD OR ALIVE

Crimes. While announcing Monday Night Football. Excessive use of Macho phrases "Gutsy move" and "Heads up Play" to describe every half-assed down. Vain attempt to project youth by occasionally wearing a sweater.

T. R.

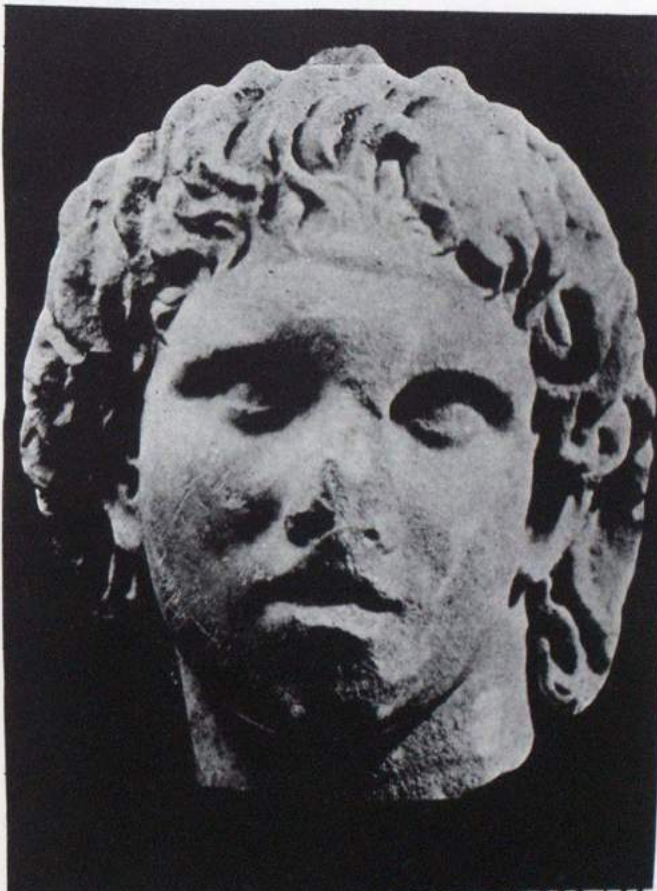


Genealogists claim over-rated dead singer related to over-rated dead conqueror.

Jim Morrison



Alexander The Great







### Write for the PLAGUE

Your a genius right? No one understands you. You have a difficult time getting along with others becuae of your towering intellect. You feel alone. But don't jump out that dorm window just yet, becuae we at the PLAGUE understand you. Your just the type we are looking for to write for us. Do people tell you that you have problems, that your a anti-social personality? Did you ever consider that everyone else has the problem? We at the PLAGUE have all been diagnosed as clinically insane, so if your a manic-depressive or just know some good one-liners why not contact us and join our group therapy. So don't worry if you identify with Travis Bickle in "Taxi Driver", we understand. But instead of taking hostages in Bobst library, why not get some of that aggresion out with a pen instead. All N.Y.U student welcome. Meetings every Tuesday at 5:00 Room 504 Student Activities Center.