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NUMBER 4

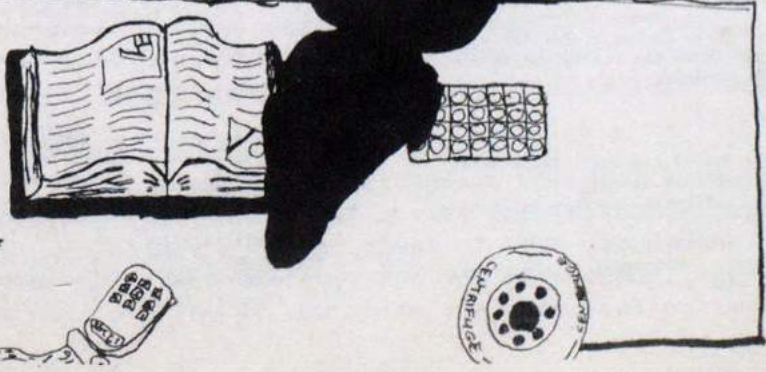


**In This  
Issue:**  
**Zel's  
Summer  
Guide**

**Superrat III**

**Sorehill's  
Farewell**

**Fun With  
Asparagus**



JOHN RAUHLIUS



This is ~~the~~ last issue of our humble little Plague before we all start getting ready to cheat on the finals and lounge around over summer vacation. Should you get sick of lying in the hot sun out on Fire Island with Liza and Mr. George, you can reach us by mailing a letter or dropping a note to us at our office, (located at Rm. 411, 21 Washington Pl., NY) and we'll try and get in touch with you within a few weeks. (We **are** planning on having an issue out very early next term, so if you don't want to get cheated, act now.) Enjoy the sun.



CHAFF

EDITOR AND FOUNDER.....Howard Ostrowsky  
VICE PRESIDENT AND NOT FOUNDER.....Joe Pinto  
TREASURER AND LOST.....Jonathan Rawlins  
SECRETARY AND EVEN LOSTER.....Joseph DePillis  
OFFICE MANAGER AND LOBSTER.....Daniel Fiorella  
GRAPHIC CONSULTANT AND NOT INVOLVED IN THIS...Amy Burns

A heartfelt fairwell to two of our finest chaff members. Firstly, to Danny Fiorella, beloved Office manager, probably best known for his Cave-Mart ads. GRADUATED: REFORMED. Secondly, and not leastly, to Amy Burns, our first and probably last talented artist, cartoonist for the award-seeking Superrat series, who is being deported to Madrid or something, though she threatens to come back.

## GLANCE AT A WEEK

### MONDAY, MAY 14

Psychiatric Drive-In Clinic - All Toyotas suffering from fear of hot wax or tailpipe envy are welcome today. 9-12.

The Women's Center is moving from slightly above the abdomen to the navel. Drop in!

Peer Counseling - 8 P.M. on the docks.

Procrastinator's Club - first meeting, 4 P.M. No, better make it 6.

Lecture - "Nuclear Power--Fuel of the Future or What?" Sponsored by the Society of Day-Glow Students. Room 301, Fission Hall, 3 P.M.

### TUESDAY, MAY 15

Fungus Rights Committee - Rally for moratorium on the use of Fungicides. 5 P.M., NYU Medical Center.

Pi Epsilon Bud - Beer party to end all beer parties!!! Admission price: one keg. 7 P.M. - next October. Catholic Center.

Gamma Michelob Chi - Beer party to end Pi Epsilon Bud's. We got a bigger budget so we can really tear loose. 3 P.M., Busch Gardens, Florida.

### WEDNESDAY, MAY 16

SEHNAP--Tired after a hard day of classes? Catch forty winks with us. Van Winkle Hall (women only).

HENAP - Same as above only different. Sandman Building (men only).

Post-Law Club - Meeting at the bar 7 P.M.

The Washington Square Players - Will meet by the swings and the slides. Bring your trike.

Society of Organized Anarchy - Meeting to decide who else we want to get mad at us. 3 P.M. Son of Sam Building.

### THURSDAY, MAY 17

Ladies Center - Meeting to discuss sexual discrimination. No males need come. Hypocrite Building, 12 noon.

Preservation of Disease Rally - Don't let science find a cure for everything! Come one, come all! Sponsored by the Future Doctors Club.

Circle K - Demonstration of steer-roping techniques. 4 floor lounge, Student Activities Center.

Harri-Cari Club - The ultimate do-it-yourself activity. New members needed. Top of the Park, 5:00.

The Voyuer Club All prospective members need only a pair of binoculars and an outgoing personality. Jack Larkin, a popular local flasher, will be appearing. (Behind shades, of course.)

### FRIDAY, MAY 18

Pro-Nuclear Power Beer Blast - Sponsored by Beta Heineken Nuke. Sawhill's office, 6 A.M.

Youth for Religion Club - New club devoted to the betterment of humanity through death to all sinners. Interrogations start at 3 P.M., auto-da-fe's two hours earlier.

Weathermen of NYU - the spirit of the sixties is not dead! We can still change the world! Disco party to raise funds, 7-9, Jerry Rubin Dormitory.



# THE PLAGUE STORY



By John Rawlins

Marvin Tetrachloride added another milliliter of absorbic acid to the solution in his tiny pyrex test tube and allowed it to mix in, slightly tinting the clear chemical to a translucent blue. After a moment, the liquid began to bubble, and Marvin could sense a faint electricity through the thin wall of the tube. His chemist's instinct told him he had found what he was looking for: that this indeed was the super-strong strain of the plague he and his colleagues had been trying to develop over the past seven years.

He carefully filled a small hypodermic with the bluish fluid, then approached the orderly row of trembling guinea pigs secured to his bulletin board with Swing-line staples. He inserted the hypo into the first helpless creature's chest cavity, and injected the disease. A few hours later, and Marvin was sure the disease was a success. He spent the rest of that week mixing up twenty gallons of the chemical and pouring it into ten thousand hypodermic needles. On his way home in the subway on Friday, he injected as many passengers as he could with the dread disease. It was his plan to make his plague more common than the common cold.

But an interesting side-effect of the illness caused a reaction on the part of the populace that was radically different from what Dr. Tetrachloride expected. Rather than cowering in fear of their infected neighbors, people made a sudden rush to their nearest pharmaceutical outlet, demanding the toxin for their own personal use. You see, instead of causing some kind of smelly fungus to grow on one's body like most plagues, Martin's strain caused people to appear strikingly beautiful for a few days before killing them. And everyone was perfectly willing to die if it meant spending the weekend before resembling Burt Reynolds, Suzanne Somers, or Mason Reese.

And so the plague became an enterprise, and Marvin a big businessman in a vested suit like a character out of a Harold Robbins novel. The disease was packed, priced, and shipped to supermarkets, where it was bought up as fast as it arrived, despite the lack of regular buyers. Marvin built factories and put the disease into mass production, but still could not keep up with the demand. Everyone wanted the plague, from Jimmy Carter to Ernie the elevator operator for 21. The death rate soared higher than in any war in history. Bidding on the disease from the foreign market was ferocious.

Marvin skillfully engineered multiple infections. For \$1000, he would spike the punch with the plague at your next party. For \$10,000, he would introduce it into your town's water supply. One lucky Pittsburgh kid's twelfth birthday party was his last, when he and his friends gorged themselves on a plague-enriched birthday cake and sat around the rest of the week looking like assorted Walt Disney movie stars. On Long Island, the sisters of Saint Mabel's Convent splurged their poor box receipts on the plague and spent their final days on Jones Beach distracting lifeguards. In California, nothing unusual happened at all. In Sognefjord, Norway, a defective batch of the disease created an unhappy townful of Broderick Crawford-lookalikes. And still the requests poured in.

Finally, Marvin hit upon a way to infect masses of eager victims at a time. He had the disease introduced into the ink of a very popular humor magazine. And if you happen to touch the lettering on the cover of this issue, the plague has already passed itself into your lucky bloodstream. And you were wondering why that cute red-head across the room kept staring at you while you were reading this.



# THE PLAGUETONE



**\*\*MORE SPORTS COMING TO NYU\*\***

NYU sports coordinator Junior Sample today announced the formation of yet another new team on this same campus that only a few months ago was included on Flab Magazine's list of the Ten Least Likely Places To Get Exercise. (NYU was second only to 'the uptown E train at 6 PM.')

"No, it's not football or baseball," Sample told the press. "We'll never have the decency to start conventional teams like those. This sport is much more demonstrative of the thrill of athletic competition. Of course there will always be those old fuddy-duddies who'd prefer baseball over peashooting, but I can't please everyone. Hell, if I had my way, I'd still be on Hee-Haw." Pictured are the horseback division of the NYU Peashooters, attempting to hit Bobst Library at a range of three feet. Judging from their performance (one of them almost managed to hit Loeb), it is not likely the Peeshooters will help NYU move more than a few notches lower on Flab Magazine's list, perhaps just below 'inside Paul Williams' closet.'

## FURRY JUSTICE

Tragedy struck the N.Y. clothing industry as one of their greatest proponents died recently. This untimely event occurred while Fred Urtgleben was walking thru a back-woods area of (on?) Long Island and stumbled into a steel-leghold trap. Better known as Fred the Furrier, Alexander's

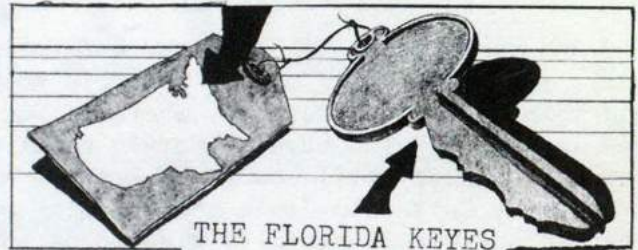
television merchant of the skins of dead small furry animals, remained screaming with his leg broken in the trap for days. When he was finally discovered, just minutes before his death, he was yelling: "Lisa, Anna, Naomi, I'm still waiting for you." Fred was interred in Alexander's fur vault.

In a related item, several Canadian fur trappers were clubbed to death on the frozen tundra on the shoreline. Although accused in print, ex-Black Panther Bobby Seales was not involved.

## STATEN ISLAND MOVING WITH THE TIMES

On a recent examination of a map of the above region of the East Coast, it has been discovered that Staten Island is actually a part of New Jersey, according to the mid-water borders. Gov. Carey has sent a letter to the Jersey State Legislation congratulating them on the new addition and wished them more luck with it than he's had.

## STATEN ISLAND



**\*\*PEGEEN FITZGERALD TAKES OVER THE WORLD\*\***

Pegeen Fitzgerald, star of stage, screen, and radio speaker, recently got her hands on a nuclear warhead and pressured all the nations on earth into dissolving their governments and recognizing her as Queen of the World. "The United States was the hardest government to conquer," stated the jubilant Fitz, "but as soon as I threatened Jimmy with stopping my radio broadcasts, he gave in." Pegeen and her husband Lord Edward broadcast a nightly radio show called "The Fitzgeralds," which they plan to continue

# NEWS

by Joseph Pinto and John Rawlins

to appear on despite Pegeen's new political position. Queen Pegeen plans to appoint other radio personalities to her cabinet. Such former celebrities as Duke of the World John Gambling, Earl of the World Benard Meltzer, Dutchess of the World Arlene Francis, and Fern of the World Ralph Snodsmith will soon be officially in power.



**\*\*HERANDAPOLIES GAINS HEAD\*\***

Herandapolies Ak, better known to the world as "the headless track runner," recently received a head donated by a former member of Harrisburg, Pa. Although Ak does fear going a little "schizo" with this head, "at least I'll be able to see where I'm running." In the past, the now headful track runner has collided with brick walls, javelin throwers, javelins, concessionaries selling large barrels of honey, and the women's locker room while attempting to win races. Well, we won't say two heads are better than one, but the staff at PLAGUETONE NEWS does wish Herandapolies luck in getting ahead.

58th VARIETY?

A local woman astonished everyone at the annual Fartsville Ohio State Fair by setting a probable world record. At the home food judging, where homemade staples such as pies, cakes and jams are commonly on display, Mrs. Annabelle Dishrag amazed all by producing a yard-long pickle, believed to be the largest ever, and swept all the honors at the fair. When asked what she would be doing with it, as she has many offers by pickle manufacturers, she announced that she would not part with the pickle and also announced that she and the pickle were leaving in the morning for Niagara Falls.

## NESTLÉ'S BACKTRACKS ON PUBLIC DEMAND

The Nestlé Company, in a reaction to the boycott of their products, is announcing a new policy in regards to the third world nations. The boycott was in response to the fact that the company was marketing baby formula to impoverished women. It was later discovered that the women were not fully understanding on the directions on how to make it, and that the formula was often contaminated because of the conditions in which the formula were mixed, as they were not always completely sanitary.

Spokesmen for the company said that the image being painted of them in the press was completely wrong. "We are not doing this because we are money grubbing buggers, we merely were trying to help those who can not help themselves through the miracle of modern capitalism."

In response, therefore, Nestlé is introducing a mineral and fat supplement for those third world children. To be called "Nestlé Fast," the brownish powder contains all the sugar and fat that a child needs for three years. This item is approved by the INDA (Impoverished countries dental association)



# MORE NEWS ...



\*\*ANTHRO PROF INJURED\*\*



Tragedy struck NYU anthropology professor Alex L. Holley when a Ford Futura struck anthropology professor Alex L. Holley late Friday night. The noted lecturer and world traveler suffered bruises, minor contusions, a shattered watch crystal, and a slight parched feeling in the back of his throat when he was struck head on by the vehicle at a speed of about 60 MPH. Holley was sitting in the center lane of the FDR Drive at the peak of a sharp curve in the highway, engrossed in paperwork, when the accident occurred, scattering the test papers from his NYU course, Anthropology: Man, Time, and Monument From Alexander the Great to Rube Goldberg with Applications to Macroeconomics and Microorganisms I. Holly explained his presence on the highway to reporters by stating, "I always grade on a curve."

Mayor Koch, after being informed that in the event of a nuclear holocaust it would be impossible to evacuate Manhattan if, say, the Indian Point reactor were to explode, immediately went into hiding with a group of experts over the weekend to come upon a solution. After emerging from the City Hall fallout shelter, they held a press conference in order to announce the new plan. The main points follow:

- (1) First, all the major downtown river crossings (Holland, London, Midtown Tunnel, Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges) will be closed and usage of them will be assigned in this order: 1st: High level city employees; 2nd: Low level government employees; 3rd: People rich enough to bribe their way through; 4th: Everyone else (maybe).
- (2) There will be a long-range scouting system to see the progress of impending doom. There is a quirk in this part, however, as the difference in the South Bronx may not be noticeable.
- (3) There are plans for a huge excavation in the middle of the island and a plug installed over it. When questioned about this, Koch explained that he thought that most New Yorkers would rather die than flee to Queens or New Jersey.

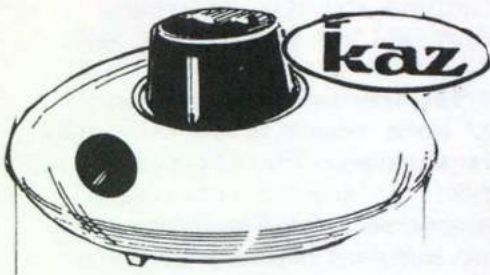
\*\*MOST PEOPLE CAN'T SPELL "PLAUGE"!\*\*

A recent survey concludes 999 out of 1000 people are incapable of spelling "Plaugue" correctly. This discovery is backed up by the experiences of the staff of a small college humor magazine called The Plaque. The Pleuge staff reports its name being constantly misspelled on signs, lists, announcements and in ads in the world-famous Wershington Squire Newhz. "We have been called The Plake, The Plourghe, The Plauieghkhie, and The Currier," states short, wiry Pague editor Howard Ostrowsgue. "We're thinking of changing the paper's name to The New Tortoise." This is the ninth thing to go wrong with The Plate, and according to Ostrouser, the staff has smeared lamb's blood over their office door lintel to ward off the tenth plaque.

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U.F.O.s

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**12<sup>88</sup>**  
3 Days



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**3<sup>47</sup>**  
Tin



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**26<sup>88</sup>**

Sat. 8 A.M. - 10 A.M.

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# Leave It to Billy

Ron Kassof

It has been said that behind every great man there is a woman . . . (fill in the rest with any of the countless one-liners that any television comic gushes forth in the course of his routine). This may or may not be so. Now, in these days of women's increasing equality men have to be great all by themselves, or supported by other men.

For example, look at our current President. Mr. Carter was helped somewhat by his wife, but no one has helped his political career more than his dear brother Billy. Just where would President Carter be today if it were not for his brother's flamboyant antics--not to mention his financial ability?

Billy Carter has added an element of humor to an otherwise dull Presidential administration. In light of all the problems the country has, we need someone like Billy desperately. Billy and his backwoods backwards ways and outlook are the sort of things that made our country what it is today.

One cannot help but think what the state of the Union would be if each and every President had had a brother Billy. Imagine that the Dolly Madisons and Eleanor Roosevelts had absolutely no effect whatsoever on their husbands' respective careers.

We might as well start our study into "Presidential fratocracy" with our very first President and his alleged brother. In fact, George Washington would certainly not have become the Father of our Country if it wasn't for the help of his brother Billy. Their story begins several years before George became President.

It seems that Billy Washington had made several off-color remarks about His Royal Majesty George III of England. Billy was hanging around with some wealthy French businessmen friends of his when King George was trying to suppress pro-French feelings in the Colonies. When Billy was presented with a royal proclamation barring him from consorting with his French friends he said, "There are a hell of a lot more French than there are English, and if King George doesn't like it, he can kiss my ass."

When the King received word of Billy's reply, several reforms were instituted in order to help the colonists realize where their loyalties should be. Taxation without representation was one such reform that worked particularly well. The colonists, however, were not very happy about being forced to be loyal to England.

Realizing what a messy revolt his brother had caused, George Washington felt obliged to rise to the position of General and Commander in Chief of the Revolutionary Army. To further help his brother's advancement Billy sold the Continental Army a small piece of real estate in Pennsylvania for use as a winter camp for the troops. Billy also gave his brother full use of his newly-opened ferry service in Trenton, New Jersey for a very nominal fee. Since George was such an important man, Billy let him put seven people in a six-man craft; he even let his brother violate local ordinances against standing up in a moving boat.

After the war had been won and George became President, Billy helped his brother prove his Presidential prowess. As any schoolboy knows, the first challenge that Washington faced was the Whiskey Rebellion. This rebellion was actually started by Billy Washington when the President levied a tax on the production, transport and sale of Billy's brand of genuine Kentucky whiskey.

At this point Billy probably faded out of the limelight and let George handle all of the affairs of state. The only fame that Billy retained until the present was the city and state named in his honor. There was, however, some controversy surrounding his account in Alexander Hamilton's Bank of the United States, but other than that nothing else has been heard about of Brother of our Country.





Billy proved to be a great help to his brother during the Civil War. Many of the famous sayings attributed to Abraham Lincoln were inspired by Billy's actions. For example, when the President noticed Billy trying to negotiate the White House stairs shortly after the First Brother had done a bit of drinking, Abe said, "A souse divided against itself cannot stand."

Abraham Lincoln's brother Billy also played a key role in the Lincoln Administration. Honest Abe would not have become President without his brother's help. If Billy Lincoln hadn't charged so much for personal appearances, Abe would never have debated against Stephan Douglass and therefore never would have been nominated for the Presidency.


Billy Lincoln was especially concerned with trying to raise the morale of the Administration during the bleak years of the war. His most amusing prank was when he wrote up a bill known as the Emancipation Proclamation and signed the President's name to it while Abe was away on a hunting trip. When Abe returned and was notified of the passage of the bill, he uttered the now famous words, "I freed the what?"

President Ulysses S. Grant is probably the only President who did not have a Brother Billy. He was his own Brother Billy. Certainly, any man who became General of the U.S. Army and President while not being able to keep from falling off his horse doesn't need a Billy.

Teddy Roosevelt could have had such a brother, though. Teddy probably spoke softly because he was terribly embarrassed by his brother. Fear of his sibling's unpredictable nature is evidenced by the former President's constant utterings of "Billy, Billy."

In conclusion, it is fairly easy to say that Jimmy Carter has nothing to worry about. He should be thankful to have a brother like Billy. He is in good company: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt.

What about Millard Fillmore? Hmmm . . . Come to think of it, maybe he had a Brother Billy too.




## ROCK SCENE *update*

-J.P.

THE TOP TEN OR SO...

- 1) I'M SUING YOU: The Breached Boys
- 2) TRAGEDY (WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HIT):  
The Ouija's
- 3) TONIC WATER FOR THE TROOPS:  
The Schweppestown Rats
- 4) BITCH: The Rolling stones
- 5) THE BITCH IS BACK: Elton John
- 6) AIN'T LOVE A BITCH: Rod Stewart
- 7) BITCH, BITCH, BITCH: Emily Litełla

- 8) ENLIGHTENED ROUGES: The Allwomen Brothers
- 9) GET BACK: Scotter Herring's Sweet Revenge
- 10) GUESS WHO: Bruce Springsteen, or is it Southside Johnny, or maybe Graham Parker, or possibly Elvis Costello...
- 11) I USED TO BE AN ANGRY YOUNG MAN; BUT NOW I'M A RICH SON OF A BITCH: Billy Joel
- 12) WE'RE ALL MACHO MEN IN THE NAVY BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN TO THE YMCA: The Pillage People



### CORRECTION:

In last September's issue on page 4 we accidentally misspelled "EST seminars" as "East seminars" in J. Vaz Pinto's classic *A Freshman's Guide To Almost Everything You Might Need To Know In And Around NYU And The New York Metropolitan Area*. Really sorry about that, guys.

THE QUESTIONABLE ADVENTURES OF

# SUPERRAT

WHEN WE LEFT OUR HERO, HIS FELLOW RATS WERE PLOTTING TO TAKE HIS LIFE, & A "HIT-RAT" HAD BEEN CHOSEN. UNKNOWINGLY, RALPH PROCEEDS WITH HIS LIFE IN A SOMEWHAT NORMAL WAY...

STORY BY JOE PINTO, ART BY AMY BURNS

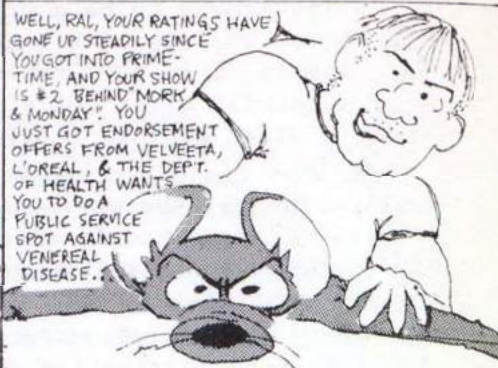
OK, RALPHIE BABY, LOOSEN UP! YOU KNOW YA GOT THE WORLD AT YOUR FINGERTIPS? CARSON'S TREMBLING IN HIS BOOTS! YOU CAN NAME YOUR PRICE, WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET!



THEN WHY AM I NOT HAPPY?

PERHAPS RALPH FELT HIS IMPENDING DOOM, OR MERELY DISSATISFIED WITH THE MATERIALISTIC WORLD IN WHICH HE WAS TRAPPED...

WELL, RAL, YOUR RATINGS HAVE GONE UP STEADILY SINCE YOU GOT INTO PRIME-TIME, AND YOUR SHOW IS #2 BEHIND 'MORK & MONDAY'. YOU JUST GOT ENDORSEMENT OFFERS FROM VELVEETA, L'OREAL, & THE DEPT. OF HEALTH WANTS YOU TO DO A PUBLIC SERVICE SPOT AGAINST VENEREAL DISEASE...

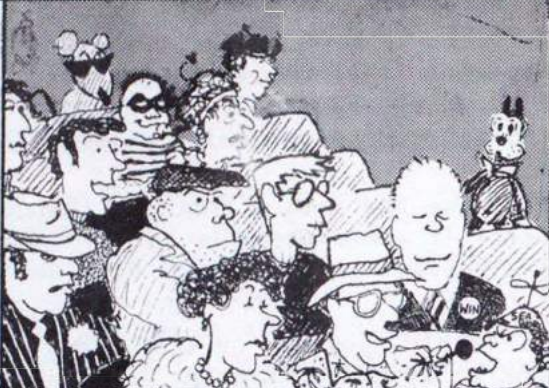


AND BY THE WAY RALPH, I'VE GOTTEN A CONTRACT FROM CBS. I'M GONNA STAR IN A MINI-SERIES OF "OF MICE & MEN"



GEE, VINNIE, I'M GONNA MISS YOU. WE'VE BEEN SO CLOSE, LIKE THE LONE RANGER & ED MCMANON!

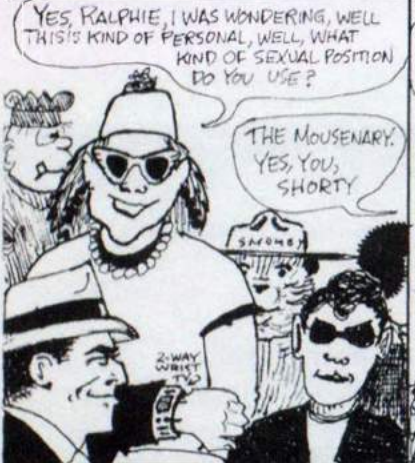
LURKING IN THE AUDIENCE IS A MENACING FIGURE...



REGARDLESS, RALPH GIVES HIS MONOLOGUE...



GOOD EVENING, LADIES & GENTLEMEN. BEFORE WE START TODAY'S SHOW, I THOUGHT WE'D TURN UP THE HOUSE LIGHTS & SEE IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS. YES, THE LADY WITH THE GREEN TONGUE...



YES, RALPHIE, I WAS WONDERING, WELL THIS IS KIND OF PERSONAL, WELL, WHAT KIND OF SEXUAL POSITION DO YOU USE?

THE MOUSENARY. YES, YOU, SHORTY



SHORTY, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU! TAKE THIS, SUPERJERK!

BUT, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE PROJECTILE INTENDED FOR RALPH THE RODENT ACCIDENTALLY HIT A CAT WHO WAS ON HER WAY TO THE SAND BOX...



LIL AINJIL!



IGNATZ! COME HERE! DON'T YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU?

AS ONE MIGHT EXPECT, THIS INCIDENT CAUSED QUITE A STIR. THE NEXT DAY, THE TV. CRITICS HAD THEIR SAY...



WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT WAS HORRIBLE! THIS SHOULD BE THE LAST STRAW IN THE ELIMINATION OF SEX AND VIOLENCE FROM THE AIRWAYS!!

...NOT TO MENTION THIS COMIC STRIP. BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS... NATURALLY, RALPH WAS QUITE SHAKEN UP, AND IMMEDIATELY WENT AWAY FOR A LONG VACATION, LEAVING BOTH TV. EXECS AND FANS IN THE WOODS. WHILE FRED SILVERMAN SEARCHED THE WOODS FOR HIS MISSING STAR, THE RATS WHO WERE PLANNING RALPH'S DEMISE WERE NOT TOO HAPPY WITH THE RESULT.



YOU RATS AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT RATS!

I MEAN, BOSH, I ASK YOU GUYS TO DO A SIMPLE LITTLE THING LIKE KNOCK A GUY'S GUTS ALL OVER A STAGE, AND DO YOU DO IT? UH-UH, MAN, YOU SCHMUCKS CAN'T EVEN HANDLE THAT! WHERE IS IGNATZ ANYWAY?



LAST TIME HE WAS SEEN, HE WAS RUNNING THROUGH WYOMING.

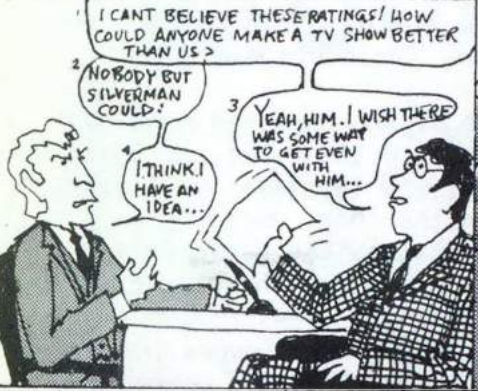


WELL, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING UNTIL THAT DUMB RAT TURNS UP IN THE MEAN TIME, YOU GUYS BETTER DO SOME HEAVY THINKING & COME UP WITH A WAY TO GET RID OF RALPH FOR GOOD!

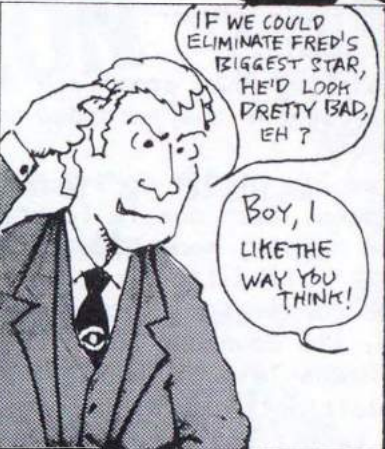


IN CASE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN, THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST RALPH "SUPERRAT" ROBERT BEGAN AFTER HE "SOLD OUT" THEIR CAUSE, & WENT FROM TRYING TO WIPE OUT ALL ATTEMPTS TO KILL RATS TO BEING YOUR TYPICAL OB-NOXIOUS T.V. HOST. IF THE RAT COUNCIL WAS MAD AT RALPH, THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES...

WITNESS THE POWERS THAT BE AT THE CBS TELEVISION NETWORK...

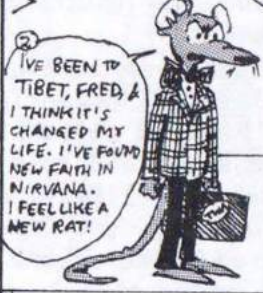


1 I CAN'T BELIEVE THESE RATINGS! HOW COULD ANYONE MAKE A TV SHOW BETTER THAN US?  
2 NOBODY BUT SILVERMAN COULD!  
3 YEAH, HIM. I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY TO GET EVEN WITH HIM...  
4 I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA...



IF WE COULD ELIMINATE FRED'S BIGGEST STAR, HE'D LOOK PRETTY BAD, EH?  
BOY, I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK!

MEANWHILE \*  
RALPHIE'S BACK!!



1 I'VE BEEN TO TIBET, FRED, & I THINK IT'S CHANGED MY LIFE. I'VE FOUND NEW FAITH IN NIRVANA. I FEEL LIKE A NEW RAT!

1 RALPH! WHERE THE HECK HAVE YOU BEEN THE LAST MONTH?!



\* HOW COULD WE HAVE A SUPERRAT WITHOUT A MEANWHILE?!

YES, RALPH ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT HAS CHANGED. WITNESS THE MONOLOGUE:



MY CHILDREN, WE MUST ALL GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR INNER SELVES IN ORDER TO OBTAIN A COSMIC WELL BEING. HEAR THE WORDS OF MAHARISHI YOGI FRED!

YES, RALPHIE HAS NOW FOUND THE INNER PEACE NEEDED TO RELAX HIMSELF SINCE HIS BRUSH WITH DEATH, AND HIS ONLY WORRY SEEMS TO BE WHETHER OR NOT HE CAN GET RAVI SHANKAR ON THE SHOW. BUT THIS FEELING OF WELL BEING WILL NOT LAST LONG, AS THE HENCHMEN MAKE THEIR MOVE...

LET US MEDITATE ON THE MESSAGE WE HAVE JUST HEARD. OHMMMM...

LET'S GRAB HIM!

DID YOU SEE THAT HAIRY GUY IN THE LAST FRAME?



New to the city? Well, you've got the TESTS!



AH! MY LEGS ARE STUCK! SOMEONE HELP!

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR THE 3 OF US

I'LL LEAVE

THE AUDIENCE IS IN SHOCK!



ZZZZZ

NOT YOU, YOU MINISCULE FOOL!

NOT TO MENTION FRED SILVERMAN...



WHO COULD'VE PERPETRATED SUCH A FOUL DEED?!

COULD IT BE THOSE EVIL DOERS FROM CBS?

I MEANT THAT BEING AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE BEAR

AND, AS FRED SILVERMAN LOOKS FOR A REPLACEMENT FOR RALPHIE, AND AS SUPERRAT GETS A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY, THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST.



SAY, YOU GUYS HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN SHOW BUSINESS?

WILL RALPH CATCH CANCER OR WILL HE ESCAPE? WILL FRED SILVERMAN SWIM TO A SINKING SHIP TO FIND A REPLACEMENT FOR SUPERRAT? WILL METROPOLIS EXPLODE IN A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST? WILL THIS STRIP RETURN?

I DON'T KNOW!



Amy Brown

# Life After Graduation?

Dan Fiorella

Is there life after graduation? For centuries this question has baffled scientists, theologians and scholars alike. Not long ago most people believed there wasn't. Those who did believe took it on faith. Today these views are changing.

Doctor K.P. Weedbegone reveals startling new evidence that life after graduation does exist. Dr. Weedbegone states, "Many people still won't believe, even with this new proof. They feel graduation is a final end. What could possibly come after it?"

"Many students, as they approach graduation," the doctor continued, "begin to awake from their self-imposed stupors. This scares them. They have lived almost all their lives in this stupor, many as early as the first grade, and now it's evaporating. Many try to continue their stupor, hence enrollment in graduate studies, but that's only delaying the inevitable."

But what of life after graduation? What proof can the doctor offer to relieve the fears of students? Doctor Weedbegone has recorded many incidents of "Out-of-School" experiences.

Bonzo J. Stubbs, an undergraduate of N.Y.U.'s School of Snow Removal, has had several "out-of-school" experiences. Each one is identical to the other. As Bonzo describes it, "There's all these people, man. Like, first I'm in class and I start to nod off, you know, and then it's like I'm floating in the room, watching me sleep, you know? Then like, I go downstairs (I take the stairs, the elevator's too crowded) and suddenly, you know, I'm downtown and like there's all these people, man. I get scared, wake up and class is over. I really blows my mind."

Dr. Weedbegone notes that in addition to this, many students' experiences include the feeling of standing in a tunnel and a source, or being, of light approaches them. Weedbegone shows the direct link of this with the concept of "commuting" on a "subway."

Weedbegone's work complements recent discoveries by a team of scholar at the N.Y. Institute for the Study of Everything. Lead by Prof. Arnold Flebber, the team has done work with people who have returned to school after being legally declared graduated. Prof. Flebber says, "For years there have been reports of people returning from beyond the classroom."

These returns or visitations, labeled "re-unions" are usually dismissed as frivolous or corny. But today they are being examined as a vital link to the world beyond the campus. These "clinical graduates" have been interviewed during a typical re-union where they speak of things like "success," "responsibility," "sense of self-importance and well being" and a "feeling of accomplishment," things alien to the average student. "These things scare the pants off students," says Professor Flebber, "many cannot doubt the existence of life after graduation but they refuse to accept it."

A large step to be taken is acceptance of graduation by the student. Classic symptoms of acceptance are a desire to purchase a school ring and a facial expression which teeters between relief and sheer terror.

Adds Prof. Flebber, "These are the students we must help. They're ready to face the consequences but have no idea what they're up against. It's up to us to help them, condition them for it. Hand out leaflets. Show films. Guided tours would be nice."

The facts are in. The conclusions? They still remain out of man's grasp. One can only look at on these young fresh faces of '79 graduates and say "Boy, are you gonna get it!"



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AFTER A FEW WEEKS, FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW WITH THE ITEMS YOU HAVE  
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|    |    |    |                                     |    |
|----|----|----|-------------------------------------|----|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4                                   | 5  |
| 6  | 7  | 8  | 9                                   | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14                                  | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19                                  | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | NEED MORE SPACE USE SEPARATE SHEET! |    |

by H.O.

# The Life of Strombolius

-Mark Reibstein

With the current interest in Astrology and related "all-embracing" sciences, it seems especially apt to revive the mystical works of a little-known philosopher from pre-Socratic Greece: Aetus Strombolius. Although some modern researchers will deny the fact that he was actually "known," few argue the contention that he was "little." Several commentators, in fact, refer to Strombolius merely as "stumpy," and there is no evidence to suggest that he was missing an arm, leg, or related member.

If not popular for his extensive philosophical works in ancient Athens, it does seem that he was well respected in the restaurant business. His life and works are dated, in fact, by a reference in one of Plato's minor dialogues *On the Nature of the Soul*, Socrates, dining at the house of Laertes, is called on to respond to the assertion of Telemarchus that the Soul can exist neither in Time nor Space, but must rather be something of the consistency of Jello, with only half the calories. Typically, Socrates replies with ironic barb:

"Perhaps....but do you call this a Souvlaki? Here, boy, go to the dwelling of Strombolius and get us four for a Drachma."

## The Works of Strombolius

Although most of the works of Strombolius perished long before he did, the one major tract that we have is said to be the cornerstone of his philosophy, entitled "*WHAT IT IS (in ten-hundred words or less)*," it approaches reality in seven levels. Similar to Astrology in its use of basic signs, it is actually more of a Theological conception of the world, for the signs are given a descending order of "holiness," or magnitude of "itness."

### Classification and Explanation



#### The First Level: "Primordial Reality:" THE BULL

The astrologically inspired reader should not be deceived by the similarity here to the sign "Taurus." What Strombolius means, actually, is Bull as in "shooting the Bull," or, more frankly, "Bull-Shit." That the level of most profound significance should consist of - precisely that which is, by definition, meaningless, is typical of the pre-(and post-) Socratic philosophy. "That this level should exist," explains Strombolius, "above and not below those levels that are beneath it, is contingent on its essential 'higherness' in relation to what may be called 'that which is underneath'."

Two considerations should be discussed in order to appreciate the full meaning of this level. First of all, Strombolius suggests the importance of an almost Christian kind of "leap of faith," beside an existentialist conception of the "absurd" as frontier. One must enter the land that-is-nowhere in order to get somewhere (as, no doubt, riders of the subway system would attest). Strombolius' own definition of this, his most sacred level of reality is simple: "Bull is...whatever makes you giggle, smirk, or cover your nose with either end of a French bread [in an expensive restaurant]."





This highest class, Stromboli maintains, is the "realm of the Absolute, the home of the Gods." We mortals have two ways of coming into contact with it: a good joke (whose effect is merely ephemeral), and Death. "Why, then," asked a student of Stromboli, "do we not all just kill ourselves?" Stromboli replied: "Olympus (the home of the Gods) may be all-perfect, but there still should be no rush: in the first place, all the furniture has vinyl on it..."



The Second Level: "The True State of Man:" THE BLUES

Under this sign, we find what Stromboli considers "A Good Job:" "twenty thousand drachmas a year if you sit at a desk, and over ten thousand if you actually work." Also, under this sign, Stromboli has strangely put "Self-contempt." Most modern researchers have considered this a comment on man's feelings of inadequacy as essential to his appreciation (however limited) of the divine order. When a student begged Stromboli to make the point clearer, the sage cryptically posited: "Have you ever eaten a bowl of Vanilla-fudge ice cream with chocolate wafers crumbled on top?" "Why, yes," replied the mystified student, "I have." At this, Stromboli slammed his student on the ear and screamed: "Do you know what that does to your teeth?"

The Third Level: "Explains Itself:" SEX

Under this sign (Sex) Stromboli lists: Self-pity, Jazz, Pop, Swing, Brandy Alexanders, wisecracks, cigarettes and the Seduction of Virgins. He comments: "The best things in life look free."



The Fourth Level: "Here, have a little lunch..." YOUR MOTHER

This sign, according to Stromboli, requires the denial of all activities named in the sign above. Or, if this is impossible, he says, "eat a little lunch and then turn yourself in."



The Fifth Level: "Nice." WOMAN (the blonde psych. major in the tight jeans)

Art, Philosophy and Health-food candy-bars. Compose this, the second-to-last significant level of reality discussed by Stromboli.



The Sixth Level: "Leave Plenty of Room Around the Shoulders." RAINGEAR

This, the final level of reality that Stromboli acknowledges as worth his mention, is plainly and clearly depicted as "a good raincoat." Stromboli expounds: "Some of the newer makes are really what you want--the breathable, nylon stuff."



All Levels Below:

As we have already repeated, Stromboli believed, firmly, that the greater levels of reality were simply not worth the time it takes to talk about them. As such, he lumped them into a single category typified by: "Baby-talk, love-talk, and all people who put their glasses' frames together with band-aids."



DON'T LET WHAT HAPPENED TO FLUFFY  
HAPPEN TO YOU! (R DOG!?)



Tragedy broke the hearts of little Fluffy Brown's owners. They loved the puppy very much and gave him everything he needed, and more. But one day they were a little careless. They left their home one day and left little Fluffy on his own without another thought. Fluffy, being a normally playful dog, jumped and played throughout the house; he jumped up onto the night table, on which was kept a vial of tranquilizers. Being a normally curious pup, he played with it, causing it to spill its contents onto the floor. The next thing you know, little Fluffy is a drug addict. Instead of running around the backyard, Fluffy lies around the house feeling depressed about the condition of the human condition. Instead of begging for food scraps off the table, Fluf begged for loose pills from pushers. Please, don't let this happen to your dog. Remember to always use dog-(puppy) proof bottles with all prescribed medicines.

Act before tragedy strikes your home!

(This ad is presented by the National Puppy Safety Council.)

Another episode of:

*Love of Lint*



We last left Benett Rumpot as kindly Dr. Fakeout was about to operate to remove the extra stomach he was born with, which would then cure him of his terrible cud habit;

BENETT: Well Doc, how's it coming?  
DOCTOR: Just fine, I'll be closing up in a minute.  
BENETT: That's good.  
DOCTOR: Oops.  
BENETT: Oops?

Tune in next page as we hear Dr. Fakeout say:  
"Nurse, get me a mop."

DAF

**ANOTHER CORRECTION:**

On page nine of this very issue, a CORRECTION read that the classic A Freshman's Guide To Almost Everything You Might Need To Know In And Around NYU And The New York Metropolitan Area appeared on page 4 of our September issue. It actually appeared on pages 2 and 3. To you this may seem a trifle inconsequential, but we had this white space at the bottom of this page and we had to write something.