

THE PLAGUE

vol. 3, no. 2

Now half
the size!



Zøl Umātrā Finally Finds A Job

THE plague

NYU'S HU-HA FUNNY MAGAZINE

Dec., 1979

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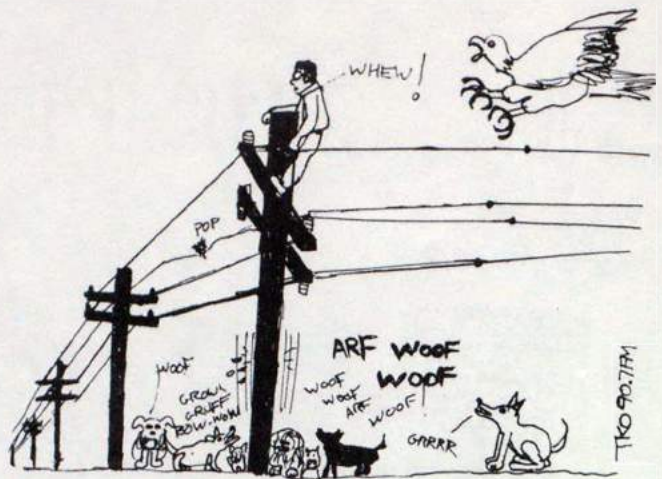
Room 504

Box 79

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NOTE NEW ADDRESS

During this time of year, most people here at NYU are thinking about one thing: Employment. Now I bet that you thought it was Christmas. As a matter of fact, so did I. That shows you how much I know. Anyway, in keeping with the spirit of the season, we present our Plague Employment Outlook Section. It starts on page 9 and rambles on to page 12. Read it and weep! (It will become obvious that NYU stands for Now You're Unemployed.)



THEMES FROM UNFORGETTABLE MOVIES

THAT YOU HAVE PROBABLY FORGOTTEN

by Bob Young

The Blob, as we all know, is that 1958 horror classic starring Steve McQueen and Aneta Corsaut (Helen Crump of "The Andy Griffith Show") about a mass of ooze from outer space that rampages through a small town sucking up everything in sight (a brilliant performance by William Conrad) until it is frozen and brought to the North Pole to live for the rest of its blob life. The Blob almost won the Academy Award for Best Picture of 1958, but unfortunately it was beaten out by the 200 other pictures released that year. The film had many classic lines, such as: "CO², Dave!", "Where's the little dog?", "You goin' to the spook show?", and "Agggggg!!" Believe it or not, there was a sequel to The Blob made in 1972. It was Larry Hagman's monumental Beware! The Blob! starring such luminaries as Godfrey Cambridge and Shelley Berman. The film can usually be seen once every two or three weeks at midnight on Channel 9, unless it's pre-empted by that other popular WOR chiller, Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things. So now, without further adieu, I give you the lyrics to the theme song of The Blob, which, incidentally, was written by the famous composer Burt Bacharach. No wonder Angie Dickinson left him.

Beware of the Blob!
It creeps and leaps,
And glides and slides
Across the floor
Right through the door,
And all around the wall
A splotch of blotch,
Be careful of the Blob!
(Pop!)

Poet's Corner

WHAT IF GOD WAS NAMED MARVIN

What if God was named Marvin?
Would the world stop to revolve?
Could people pray with out cracking up
Or smiling just a bit?
Would Rabbis be called Leroy's
And churches Marveliums?
Would the paradise we know as Eden
Need to become something like
Marvin's Garden?
I just thought I'd ask.

- j. pinto

SURVIVING HELL'S KITCHEN

Outside in the morning,
Dancing in the street.
Passing away the afternoon
Standing on my feet.
Warning: Stay in after sundown
And try to do what you can do
For if you step outside at night
Someone may just vomit on your shoe.

- John R. Gernand

PLAGUE EXCLUSIVE!



Dick Cavett Interviews Rudolph



The Plague was lucky in getting this scoop. One of our members dropped by the channel thirteen studio to complain about the crummy construction of one of their tote bags, while the Dick Cavett Show was being taped. When our intrepid member recognized the guest he decided to stick around and take some notes as well as several expensive props used on the show. Excerpts from his notes follow.

Dick Cavett: Tonight we have a very special show in the spirit of our season. I'll be interviewing a Rudolph we all know and love. No not Hess; the Soviets wouldn't allow him out of prison for an appearance. It isn't Nureyev either; he was too busy soaking his feet after a big show. We couldn't get Valentino either since he's dead. So we had to settle for everyone's four-hoofed friend, Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer.

Rudolph: Thanks Dick it's a pleasure to be on your show tonight. I just flew in from the North pole and boy are my hoofs tired, ha ha. The elves always get a kick out of that one.

D.C.: Hmmm. Rudolph, tell me, why is your nose so bright?

R.R.N.R.: Well Dick, I guess no kids are watching since the major networks seem to attract the five year olds of all ages with their creative programming; so I can tell you that I used to have a little trouble with the old bottle. You know what I mean? But I'm much better now. I don't touch the stuff before noon unless the day has an 'R' in it or something.

D.C.: Rudolph, tell us, how are things at at Santa's Workshop?

R.R.N.R.: We've been having some trouble with those jolly little gents, the elves. Ever since we started to fill the orders for that game Class Struggle we've had trouble. It seems that the elves feel that their consciousness has been raised. At the very least they're going to unionize if they don't revolt and take over the 'means of production' as they call it. It can be very unpleasant to pass by the factory and see the banner 'Workers of the World Unite. You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Pointy Shoes.' On the other side Santa's been having a lot of trouble with some toy companies like Mattel, who have been trying to spirit away some of the elves to work at their company factories. Santa just can't seem to meet the salaries and benefits that a large company like that can offer.

D.C.: Rudolph what do you think about that musical special that they show about you every year? You know the one with Burl Ives and the animated puppets.

R.R.N.R.: Listen Dick how would you feel about having your life immortalized by a bunch of sticks of wood with string and some pukey songs? I just enjoy the royalties I get for each showing. Anyway a lot of the show is inaccurate. For instance that scene that takes place on the Island of Unloved Toys is all wrong. We really had landed on the Island of Recalled Toys. Santa is a little senile you know so we put all of his boobos there. I knew there was something funny about the island the minute we landed. I'd never seen so many Comet Kahoutek T shirts in my life. Santa went to investigate a little. Pretty soon after we heard Santa's terrified scream. He came running toward us with a lifetime of toy making mistakes hot on his heels. They were all there; the electric bathtub playthings, the click-clacks that were mistakenly made out of plastic explosives, the water wiggle toy that was wanted by police authorities in five different states for the strangulation of little kids, the acid-squirting water pistol, the Gary Gilmore electric stove and capital punishment kit and other horrors too numerous to recount here. We barely got out of there alive Dick.

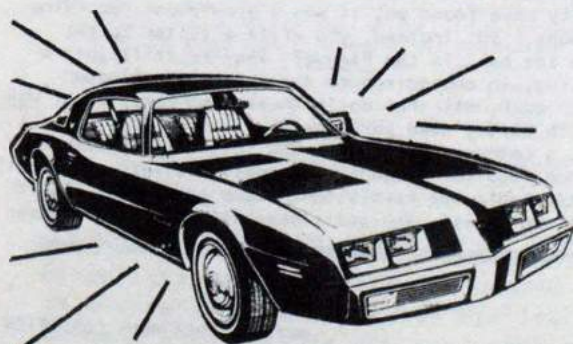
D.C.: Rudolph that certainly does sound like a harrowing experience. Do you see any difficulties in delivering the Christmas gifts this year?

R.R.N.R.: It looks like Iran is going to be difficult Dick. I'm afraid the Ayatollah may think that we're from the U.S. He may try to shoot us down with some of that military anti-aircraft the Shah asked for. I told Santa that Iran already had enough anti-aircraft toys to play with when the Shah asked for some more a couple years ago but I was ignored. Oh, one other thing. I want to express my disapproval of those ads I've seen in the paper saying that for \$1.75 they'll send you an autographed letter from Santa for your child. These ads are utter frauds. It costs at least 50 dollars to get a form letter from Santa. I'll be taking orders after the show if anyone is interested. If you're Jewish for a little more I can make sure that a phrase like 'Mazel Tov' or 'Gelt' is used in the letter.

D.C.: Well Rudolph it's been a pleasure having you on my show tonight. By the way did Santa receive my letter?

R.R.N.R.: Oh you mean about bringing you a major network show? He's working on it Dick.

HOWARD OSTROWSKY



WAX YOUR CAR THROUGH HYPNOSIS

THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS, WITH OUR NEW SYSTEM YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO SPEND PRECIOUS HOURS POLISHING AND BUFFING. OUR KIT COMES WITH AN ATTRACTIVE POCKET WATCH AND AN EXCLUSIVE BOOK ON HYPNOSIS BY NOTED MYSTIC AND CHIROPRACTOR TUBAR YUOLAK. AFTER MASTERING OUR METHOD YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE YOUR CAR THAT IT HAS A LOVELY POLYGLYCOAT FINISH MAKING IT COMPLETELY IMMUNE TO THE WEAR AND TEAR OF INCLEMENT WEATHER. FURTHER PRACTICE OF OUR METHOD WILL ALLOW YOU TO MAKE YOUR CAR SCRATCH-PROOF AS WELL. DON'T MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY. LOOK INTO MY EYES. YOU ARE GETTING VERY SLEEPY. YOUR WALLET IS GETTING VERY HEAVY. YOU WILL SEND LOTS OF MONEY TO THIS ADDRESS:

HYPNOWAX
BOX 88
NY, NY 10003

H.O.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Plague People,

Please pardon my no good english but I am a novelty to your country. I am exchanged student from the newly emerged country of Brilph-ph. Many things make me puzzle as to your country, yes. Like other day, I go into how you say head shop on three street to worship the national god of our land, Captfantastic Pinball, (We Brilph-phites must pay homage to our god six times a month, and face Chicago, Home of Supreme Master Bally Games. Anyway, on one of my trips there a young lady is in front of temple. (In mine country, this sacrilige, but they say you do things different here) Lady say "Would you like to buy something?" and I look for case with religious text, but there be none. I say I no see nothing I need. She then say me "Not even roach clip?" and I walk out of store till I write you this now.

Now, I know you do strange things in Land of Free, Home of Brave Play Ball, but this has me confuse. Why do you give roaches haircuts? I mean, in my country we like them much alot, but if they want long hairs, we, like my fellow room mate from Ak Rono Hio say, "allow for freedom of expression." This is shameful, please explain.

Yes I am
Mekely Mararra Ghu
Another Place

Everybody,

let's have a big hand for that much maligned holiday, Halloween. Face it, All Hallow's Eve is the only thing between us and stores setting up Christmas right after Labor Day. Until they figure out a way to commercialize Thanks-giving, those pumpkins and costumes keep us out of wreaths and tinsel before Nov. first. I don't know about you, but I don't like to see them rush it up on us.

S. Claus
North Pole
(Geographic,
not Magnetic)

Dear Sirs,
Cogito, ergo sum.
(I think)

An Intelligent
Frenchman,
Frenchville,
France

Dear Sirs,

You have been duped in the preceeding letter by a frog con-artist, as the person who wrote the letter does not exist. Just thought I'd let you know.

Prof. Kant
Philosophy Dept.

Dearest Sirs,

I think he's right.
Frenchy
(really Descarte)

Dearest Sirs,

All of this is over my head.
Jacques Cousteau
Under water

Dear Editor,

Everything is over his head. Me too.
Linda Lovelace
Limbo

Yo, Guys,

Just a word of thanks to the guys who invented the English we talk.

Especially the way they made the word "hey" rhyme with so many other words like "day," "way," "away," and "Hay." It really helps.

Macho Matt
People Village
U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

Aaaaaaauuuuuggggghhhh!
Help!!!

Test Animal
Somewhere in Brown

Greetings,

Thought I'd write to tell you how everything's going at the Dept. of Energy. I just came up with this brilliant conservation plan. We divide the year into semesters, er, energy periods, see? And then people have to register for 1600 credits, err, BTU's to be matriculated. Then people have to pay a tuition, I mean, energy tax to us. This allows us to evenly spread ourselves thin. Also under this plan everybody has to buy pamphlets

published by the DOE to pass. Great, uh? I don't know where I dream up these ideas. Keep in touch.

John C. Sawhill
Asst. Energy Csar
School of Oil
& Coal

Hello,

What's all this fuss I hear about a plaque at NYU? I think plaques are nice, you put them on your mantle piece to keep the candlesticks company. Plaques are nice, unless it's the kind you get on your teeth, so brush regularly. Nevermind. Emily Littella
Retired

Gentlemen,

I am appalled at the housing discrimination that goes on in this city. All these bleeding heart liberals who say people should live where ever they want. But wait until one tries to move into their building and see how they fight you. It sickens me.

R. Nixon
Outskirts of Town

Good Morning,

Did you ever stop and wonder how I look so great in the morning when your mouth feels like the asphalt of a drag strip and you've sworn off drinking for the forty-third time? It's very simple. I get plenty of rest, exercise and take these wonderful little pills that the staff doctor gives me to get me going in the morning. You must excuse me, but I've got to finish the life-size model of David Hartman that I'm making out of matchsticks, then after lunch I'm going to finish the last 58 chapters of my new novel and then brush up on my backhand...

Sandy Hill
ABC Pharmacy

Sirs,

I've seen it and it looks nothing like me.
David Hartman
Morning Star
P.S.-Her backhand stinks too. -DH

Sandbox

Dear Sirs,

In reply to the recent LETTER TO THE EDITOR titled "Oh Yeah?" written by Sandra D. Hopshultz (November 21, 1979, volume 13, number 3), which commented on your recent editorial reply titled "Like It or Not" (November 19, 1979, volume 3, number 2) replying to an early SANDBOX written in by Antonio Klopff (November 14, 1979, volume 13, number 1), I say, "HA!" Ms. Hopshultz, do you really think us gramophone operators are all totalitarianists? The Plague editorial must have really hit home, kiddo, because like it or not, sousaphones do exist in the NYU area and must be dealt with. But why blame us? The Gramophone Operators of NYU was not formed for this purpose. We only want to see NYU students become interested in gramophones. As far as sousaphones go, I'd be more inclined to ask Mr. Klopff, who admitted he had played this instrument in his high school marching band.

And as to your claim of hearing sousaphone music coming from within our club office, so what? We are not harboring sousaphone players in there, and if you came in to look, you'd probably have found out it was a gramophone recording of a sousaphone. But instead, you write a letter to the Plague. Who the hell is the Plague? They're still just a little shit rag, in comparison to the awesome Washington Carver Gnu. Look, all they do is these dumb parodies of WSN letters, which hardly need parodies.

Besides, a common occurrence in WSN letters is a sudden lapse into non sequitor slogans, and does this letter do that? No! Not yet! Begin the revolution! Stop apartheid! Death to the Shah! No nukes! She sells seashells! Prost! Sousaphone!

Yours, ..
Z. Umatra,
PRESIDENT
UNITED SOUSAPHONE COALITION

The 70'S: The Lost Decade

Report by Joseph Pinto

As America prepares to enter into the twenty-first century, there has been a great deal of historical and archeological investigation into the last hundred years. Of course, much of the country is caught up as we prepare to enter year 2000 next month. Scientists, however, are puzzled by a recent discovery that may go unsolved forever. It seems that ten years out of the last hundred are missing.

"I just can't believe it," says historian Daniel Q. Authority, "I could have sworn it was here a minute ago. Maybe I left it in my briefcase." Such is the reaction of most prominent figures to the loss. There have been several investigations made into the disappearance. A group of government officials from the census bureau have begun to search for anyone who might remember anything about the years 1970-1979. The investigation started in California, but this soon proved fruitless as most residents there only remember being really laid back due to the massive injection of sedative-type narcotics; thus their testimony proved unreliable.

The next stop was New York, where it was rumored that there were some actual survivors of that mysterious time. The track led the investigators to Washington Square Park, where just about anything or anybody could be found. They started by asking everyone in the park questions, but this soon proved to be a poor method. Upon their release from the hospital, they returned to the park, this time searching out those they had reason to suspect had lived through the decade before the 60's. Armed with pictures of the "hippies" from history books and back issues of Life magazine, they started anew.

The investigators were off to a good start, they thought, when they found somebody who remembered something about the time. Unfortunately, he lapsed into a coma before he could say anything other than "lude." The researchers were puzzled by this strange word, and they asked the next possible survivor about it. This was Timothy Weary, a frail man in his sixties that had long grey hair and wore a 'neru' jacket, which was apparently a waiter's uniform in the days of the past. "Ludes man, you got to be jivin' me," he screamed. The investigators feared that he would get violent as he continued his tirade. "Man that shit ain't no good, man! That's the stuff that broke that old gang of mine! You want to get high man? I got some great acid on me somewhere, man. I copped it at Woodstock, man, and it's great! Last time I took it, I was flying for ten years." Fred Indistinct, the head of the government team, gulped and hesitatingly asked which ten years. He was told that it was the ten after Woodstock, which occurred in late 1969. The team moved on as Timothy still raved about the capitalistic plot to destroy Rock and Roll by killing off its prime luminaries. As they boarded a cab for the airport, they could still hear him yelling, "They killed Jimi, they killed Janice, they killed Morrison, they killed Sonny Bono"

The team was then on their way back to California, where they were told there was an inmate at an asylum who was making claims that he had held office during the seventies. Upon their arrival at the Mountainview Home For The Terminally Off-Center, they were immediately warned that the patient was occasionally violent, having once taken running leaps at the attendant, who narrowly avoided injury when the man missed him. The nurse that led the officials to the rubber room could not believe that they had come all this way just to see a loon.

Soon, they were alone with the patient. He was huddled up in the corner, saying what appeared to be football signals. Fred took the initiative and spoke. His attempts to even get the man's attention were futile. Finally, they had to fall back on their emergency plan. One of the investigators took out a tape recorder and played a tape of "Hail to the Chief." The man quickly jumped to his feet, hitting his head on the ceiling. They were told later on that the only reason that the man was being kept in a padded cell was because he was constantly bumping into things. "Mr. President, if you will forgive me, we would like a moment of your time."

"I pardon you. It's been so long since anyone has come to see me. Are you from the party? Do they want me to run again?"

"No sir. We are investigating the disappearance of the 1970's. We..."

"I told you people a million times before, I had nothing to do with the tapes. That was Dicky's fault, not mine. Dicky never comes to see me. Maybe he's locked up too."

"Not tapes, sir, years. For some reason, nobody seems to recall the 70's. We are beginning to think that we just skipped over them, like they do with the thirteenth floor in some buildings."

"Do you mean that you are not from the CIA?"

"No sir."

"And all you want to know is what I did during the 70's?"

"More or less, sir."

He then huddled himself in the corner again, calling for a red dog. The investigators quickly left the room and heard a loud 'thump' on the door just as they closed it. The nurse, who seemed quite sympathetic, said, "poor guy. I think he has banged his head one time too many."

The crew was beginning to get downhearted. They had been hard at work for a month and had only a strange word to show for it. Morale started to sink, and some were beginning to think that they should just make up a decade, when they got a phone call from headquarters. They said that a time capsule had just been dug up at Northeastern University and that they thought it might be from the late 70's. The team was off like a shot for the college.

They arrived before the opening. There was some debate as to whether or not to open the capsule, as its inscription read that it was to be opened after 2076. After the elders of the school learned of the importance of the quest of our heroes, they decided to open it.

The ceremony arranged was quite impressive. Classes at the school were delayed so that everyone could attend. There was an atomic atmosphere as the dean of the anthropology department pulled the protective sheathing from the box. He reached inside and pulled out an object which at first was not identifiable. It was a long-handled device which had what appeared to be a hand at the end. This object also was colored red, white and blue. This was later identified as a (bicentennial) backscratcher. The next object was a coffee cup bearing a picture of the flag on one side and Uncle Sam on the other. The next items brought forth from the capsule all were colored after our flag, despite the fact that they were otherwise unrelated. There was a toilet seat, nipple-less bras, a small auto trash bag and a toy submachine gun. Everyone was quite puzzled by this, and no one could reasonably explain it. Fortunately, the next item was a note which said that all of the items were part of the commercial exploitation of our nation's bicentennial. The investigators looked at each other marveling at their stupidity. There was one more item, however, as a second, smaller capsule was discovered in the hole next to the first. It contained a letter which had been written by the people who placed the original capsule. It read:

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing this letter because I felt that the time capsule my fellow students and I placed three years ago simply did not say enough about the time in which we are living. When I was a kid, things were wonderful. The 60's were a time in which everyone cared about one another. If we saw something that we did not like, people got together and tried to change it. Unfortunately, I was young during those times and missed most of it. Instead, I matured during the 70's. Living in the 70's after the decade before it was like reading a mystery novel that turns into a Sears catalog before the climax. From the great music that we got that peaked at Woodstock, we got such classics in the 70's like 'Feelings,' 'You Light Up My Life,' 'Lady Marmalade,' and 'Kiss.' Look at the art of our period. If you find any, please let me know. The only good thing that happened in the last ten years was watching Nixon get humiliated by Watergate, but even there he quit before he could be impeached. You may note a bit of hostility in this note. My analyst told me that writing this would be good therapy, as I would get it all out. You will find something enclosed in the capsule which sums up this decade completely.

Very Angrily Yours,

Jack Killcullen.

The object mentioned in the letter was a curious looking block, which its box explained to be a piece of cow manure enclosed in lucite. After the reading of the letter, the crowd dispersed slowly. The crew of investigators looked at each other, and, after little discussion, decided that their quest was useless. There was nothing, they felt, that was worth finding out about the 70's.

Scientists have recently discovered that reading small 'filler' articles often found in newspapers and magazines are lethal. They are the prime cause of cancer of the Abdulla Aalongata. As you read this, ten victims have bit the dust. Guess who's next. 5

YES SIR KIDEES -
IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR
THAT WONDERFUL PEST -

SUPERRAT

THE COMIC THAT
WILL NOT BE MADE INTO A
MAJOR MOTION PICTURE.
STORY BY JOE PINTO

ART BY RAUL COLELLA

FANS, YOU WOULD THINK
THAT OUR HERO, SUPERRAT
WOULD BE COMPLETELY
SATISFIED. I MEAN
HE IS RICH, HE IS
RESPECTED, HE HAS
THE #1 SHOW ON
PUBLIC TELEVISION,
BUT IS HE SATISFIED?
HECK NO!

JEEZ,
THERE'S A
HOLE IN
MY LIFE

THERE'S
A HOLE IN
HIS CHEESE TOO

WHY? WHAT THE HAY IS
WRONG ME ANYWAY.
AREN'T YOU ANSWERING ME?
I NEED ME A GIRL.

WELL, YOU'VE
PROBABLY FIGURED
IT OUT BY NOW
OLD RALPH IS HORNY.
NOW MOST OF US
KNOW HOW HE FEELS
SO NATURALLY, YOU
WOULD GUESS HOW
TO REMEDY THE
SITUATION -
THE LITTLE
BLACK BOOK.

HELLO ANNABELLE
THIS IS RALPH,
RALPH THE RODENT.
HELLO? ... HELLO?

HELLO ZENIA? WHAT
HAVE YOU BEEN UP
TO? ... NO KIDDING!
... WHICH ORDER?
WELL IT'S BEEN NICE
TALKING TO YOU, SISTER.

HE SHOULD CALL
READ THE DIRECTORY
HE KNOWS LOTS OF GIRLS

HELLO
FRED!

HAVING RUN OUT
OF ALTERNATIVES
RALPH HITS THE
ROAD HOPING
SOMEHOW THAT
HIS LUCK
WOULD CHANGE.

FIRST COME THE DISCOS

WELL THIS
IS WHERE
THEY SAY THE
ACTION IS, IT
SHOULD BE IT
COSTS ENOUGH!

54

HI BABE, HOW
ABOUT A DANCE?

WELL OK BUT
LET'S DANCE
IN THAT DARK
CORNER

BUT WHY WON'T YOU
GO OUT WITH ME?
IS IT MY BREATH?

NO, IT'S YOUR
SPECIES, BESIDES
YOU'RE A CREEP.

DOES HE REALLY
THINK SHE'D GO
OUT WITH HIM

HEY, IT'S
SNOWING
IN HERE!

NEXT, THE SINGLES BAR

HI THERE I'M
A TELEVISION
STAR

ON WHAT SHOW
WILD KINGDOM?

YOU'RE PLACE
OR MINE?

I BET YOUR
PLACE IS A
HOLE IN THE
WALL.
GET LOST!

WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, RALPH
APPEARS AT THE HOME OF HIS CLOSE
FRIEND, VINNIE VERMIN

I'M SO
LONELY!

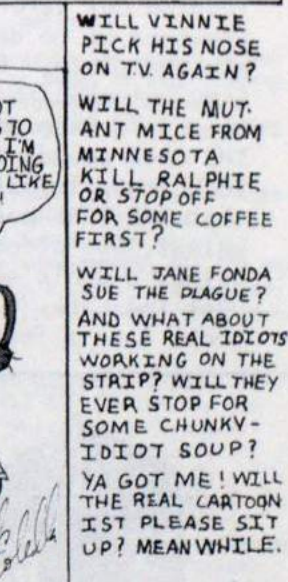
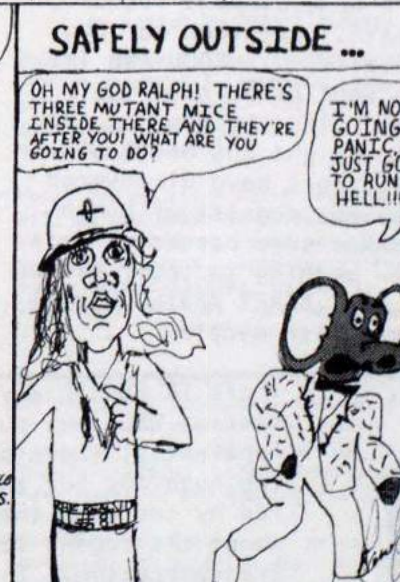
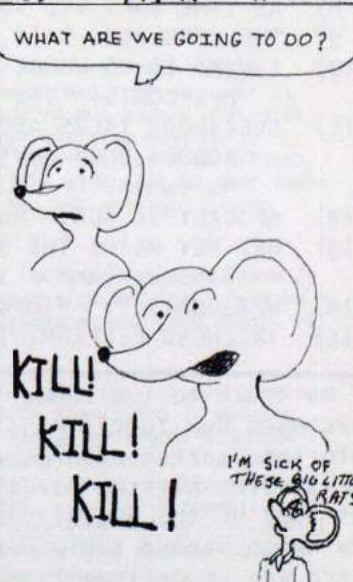
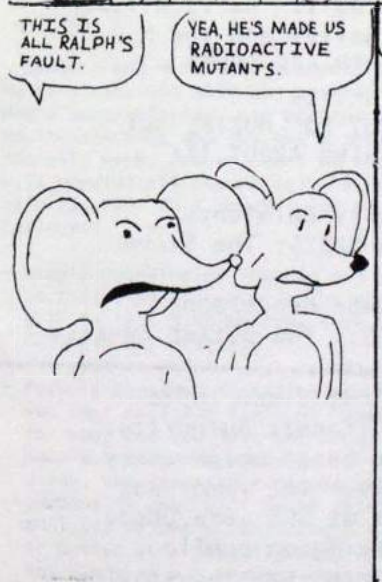
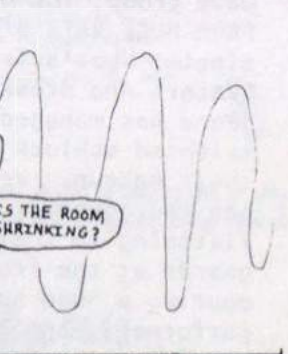
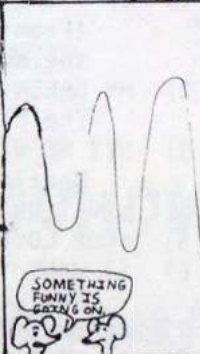
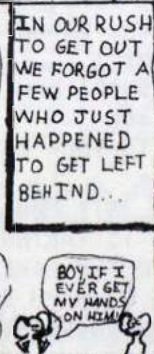
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOUR PROBLEM IS
RALPHIE?

RIGHT, WE WOULDN'T BE
IN THIS FINE MESS
IF WE WEREN'T
IN THIS FINE
MESS.

EMASC.



SUCH IS THE WAY THAT DREAMS BECOME REALITY. WHEELS WERE SPINNING AS RALPH DROVE TO THE STUDIO. HE EASILY SOLD THE IDEA TO HIS PRODUCER. SOON THE SHOW WAS ON THE AIR.



WILL VINNIE PICK HIS NOSE ON TV. AGAIN?
WILL THE MUTANT MICE FROM MINNESOTA KILL RALPHIE OR STOP OFF FOR SOME COFFEE FIRST?
WILL JANE FONDA SUE THE PLAGUE? AND WHAT ABOUT THESE REAL IDIOTS WORKING ON THE STRIP? WILL THEY EVER STOP FOR SOME CHUNKY-IDIOT SOUP?
YA GOT ME! WILL THE REAL CARTOONIST PLEASE SIT UP? MEANWHILE.

Rock Scene

by Tinear Q. Payola

KANSAS is touring Boston, as ORLEANS tours the U.K. and CHICAGO tours Boomtown. The Pirates topped the Mets, 7-3. . . A rising rock star: RONDAZO SCUZZBAR'S ONE MAN BAND. Scuzzbar is the only man I've ever seen who can play bass, drums, guitar and synths while singing! Granted, he can't play worth a hoot in a drainpipe, but just seeing him balance 300 pounds of musical instruments is worth the price of a concert ticket. Scuzz is currently appearing in a Howard Johnson's near you. . . MICK JAGGER has been signed to sing the soundtrack to Jaws III. . . Strange but true: HEART's sheer hit "Little Queen" has nothing to do with QUEEN's little album "Sheer Heart Attack." . . Here's something new: a rock merger! Yes, the supposedly defunct EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER are teaming up with CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH, EARTH, WIND AND FIRE, and THE STRAW, THE BEAN, AND THE COAL. There's no talk of an album until after everyone has been introduced. . . Whatever happened to THREE DOG NIGHT? . . . The hottest new new wave group, THE HIDEO-SNOTS CRAWLING OUT FROM HUGE VATS OF CURDLED MILK have a hit single: "Let's Trip Up The Roller Disco Skaters And Break Their Ribs." . . . Rock Scene has managed to photograph the talented schlock musicians of KISS without their makeup. We really worked hard to get that photo. Going to their concert, listening to their music, then rushing the guards at the front of the stage and pouring a huge bucket of turpentine on the performers, snapping the picture, and rushing out before Gene Simmons flame-breathed us to death. But then our dog ate the photo. Really. . . KOOL AND THE GANG welcomes the Kool penguin to their band. . . Been wondering why top pop sop THE CANK sounds so bright and original? Rock Scene investigators have discovered that THE CANK does not consist of human beings, but of canker sore bacteria! This brings a whole new meaning to their slogan "Get The Cank." . . . BARRY MANILOW still looks like a ferret with myopia. . .

Following on the heels of ETHEL MERMAN's disco album comes "DONNA SUMMER Sings The Hit Parade." . . . THE CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE aren't half what they used to be. Realizing this, they have re christened themselves THE BUCK PRIVATE AND THREENILLE. Ho, ha, hee! . . . Former members of the N.Y. DOLLS, Raggedy Ann and Andy have made their break and have gone solo, with the release of an album and a film forthcoming. The record's called "Rags to Riches" and the film's called "Ann and Andy Meet Abbott and Costello." . . . In case you were wondering what has happened to supergroup YES, it seems that lead singer, JON ANDERSON, has had a minor medical miracle and had his testicles grow back in. Ruined his singing career, though. . . . Since being dumped by LINDA RON STADT, California Governor Jerry Brown is looking for another mate. High on the last, an informed source informs us, is the lead singer of the PLASMATICS.

THE R.S. TOP FIFTEEN ...

- 1) IF I WAS A DEAD MAN: The Boston Pooped (From the Soundtrack of "Fiedler on the Roof")
- 2) MY GREEN SHIRT b/w BLUE SUEDE SHOES: The Clash
- 3) HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK: The Beatles
- 4) LIVE LONG, DIE PALLID: Blandie
- 5) YOUR LOVE IS TAKING ME HIGHER: Nick Lowe
- 6) (I WANT TO FLY LIKE) SUPERMAN, MAN: George Bernard Shaw
- 7) CLASH CITY ROCKERS: Bay City Rollers
- 8) AS TIME GOES BY, SO DO I: Harry Nilsson
- 9) THE LONG RUN: Bill Haley and the M.O.'s
- 10) I WANT TO GO WHERE MEN ARE EMPTY OVERCOATS: The Shirts
- 11) EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT POP MUZIK, BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT: M. Twain
- 12) APOCALYPSO NOW: Harry Belafonte
- 13) HEY HEY WE'RE THE MONKEYS: The Steve Gibbons Band
- 14) WESSONALITY: Florence Henderson
- 15) INCENCED PEPPERMINTS: The Bitter Sweets.

Flash.....



There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that disco radio station WBLS has purchased New York's Mass Transit Authority. Apparently, these stories started after the buses which carry the huge ads for the station hit the streets. The rumor was fed by the fact that many of the executives at BLS were upset about the recent law which banned radio playing on public transportation. There are unconfirmed reports that the station has sought out several grafitti artists to paint large logos onto subway cars.

THE PLAGUE EMPLOYMENT OUTLOOK SECTION

Greetings From An Employment Guidance-Type Person

BY Steven Korn

"I've got a job, I've got a job, ha, ha. Excuse me. That won't be in print will it? Good, let's begin again. It's important that we let those saps think they'll find a job once we've pocketed their \$20,000. There's always room for intelligent shoe-shine boys, right? Ha, ha ha. OK, I'm ready.

Students, we at guidance were very pleased and honored that the Plague asked us to write to you on employment opportunities. We are appalled at the apparent feeling some of you have, namely that there are more of you than there are jobs and that naturally would mean some of you get left out in the cold. Nonsense. I strongly emphasize, the situation is by no stretch of the imagination hopeless. We prefer to say, it's one of "tempered pessimism." Isn't that better? Besides, this isn't a job training institute. This is a university. You're here to get a well rounded education. Not every English major starves for heaven's sakes. And they all die proud. None of our graduates died without a firm knowledge of all of the basic humanities to take to their eternal domicile. And all were clean, not one was ever found at the morgue with dirty socks. That is a firm consolation if I ever heard one.

I, personally, had no trouble getting a job. When I turned 40, the previous advisor died. I was selling pencils, wait edit that out, I was doing highly secretive government research into the effects of graphite upon American literature when the job opened up. I was the only one around so they offered the job to me. If you loiter in the right places,

you will be employed. A subject advisor at all major universities in this country dies every 2 hours. Be inventive, check for illnesses, follow leads and when one of us talentless bums, uh, educational aides-de-camp does kick off, your degree will be more than enough.

Let's consider some statistics. Most of our departments have at least one graduate who went on to get a job in the subsequent 2 years after graduation. If that is expanded to 10 years, the job holders increased 400%. Why our Blacksmith department has documented that 6 members of the class of 1967 had jobs in 1977. That's a 500% increase since 1969! A simply incredible rise. And of the average total of grads who find work, 40% work in the field for which they have a degree. For instance, an Art major puts the curly icing on Hostess cup cakes. A Bio major specializing in animal life is now gelding horses at substantially more than minimum wage. A Foreign Language major sells pretzels outside the UN in 4 different tongues. And many of our grads have become successful as wine tasters, philosophers, pipe cleaner makers, writers (Graffiti and bumper stickers, ha, ha, ha), movie marquee maintenance men, CIA research guinea pigs, notebook-paper margin hole punchers, and of course, student advisors.

So you see, ha, ha, don't seriously consider suicide. At least not until you're 35. And even then, think it over very carefully. There is always the French Foreign Legion. They'll even accept a college grad. Ha, ha, ha, ha, so, HA, HA, HA, have, HA, HA, HA, an optim...HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, out-look, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA



The "NEW" New York University Guide To Semi-Professional Success

as edited by Andy Yiannakos, person.

Seniors and others with coronary problems, take heart! No Virginia, you will not starve next year, nor eat over at Mom's house nightly, nor pretend you're not hungry next time you're starving and you pay a social visit to Aunt Mary. You will work, and we, here at the Semi-Professional Office, will provide all you Philosophy Majors with some sort of bearable future. This month's job picks, all goodies, are as follows:

- Staple Coordinator--Mechanically inclined engineer needed to fill staple guns with the proper size staples. Must be able to lift 3.25 pounds; work steady as she goes (Apply at Columbia University).

- Pothole Examiner--Exciting new field!! The fastest growing and most exciting field of "pothole examining" is waiting for you, and you just may be qualified as degree-oriented people. Measures potholes for depth, quantity, sharpness, width, and importance of placement, not to mention hazard judgements that will be of valuable service to quantitative analysis majors of the future. Just drop by any city office, or better yet, just lie down and wait in a present pothole until one of our present inspectors find you.

- Professional "Unprofessional Telephone" - Join the medical field, by sitting in a doctor's office and being a tele-

phone. Add prestige, luster, decoration and warmth to any office as you sit there and ring, or buzz, or even pretend you're off the hook. Get started right away, because a good phone is a happy office. (No applications are being taken at present.)

- Hobo, Degree III - Entry level positions as hobos and bums will be available to driven (or drunken) individuals with no desire to work. Good pay, good hours, good benefits, good environment. Opportunity for advancement, all the way up to Hobo-a-la-King, Degree I. Don't wait. Let somebody else do it for you right now. Chirp-Chirp Birds Employment, Inc.

- White Shoes Man-Wear white shoes to all social, political or religious functions, and get paid for it! We pay you to advertise our national famous "White Racoon" Footwear Line, while you enjoy scuffing up a pair of shoes for no special reason. Little-feet need not apply. Big guys: Keep Away! We are looking for a real few good "heels."

- Road Runners--Demonic car drivers, with illegally registered autos wanted to drive down the main strip and terrorize little old ladies. Promoting the courtesy of the road, and obeying "Yield" signs are not desirable. Placement possible in Staten Island, or even Iran (driver's field day).

ENGLISH MAJOR FINDS WORK!!

by Joe Pinto



VERY GOOD ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF PARADE

A FILM SCHOOL GRADUATE SPEAKS

by John Rawlins

Hi. I'm Sid Tripod, and last June I graduated as a film major from NYU. Believe it or not, I have had no trouble at all finding jobs today. In fact, I have had fifteen over the past seven months. I've worked as a chauffer on a rich kid's tricycle for two weeks, until he outgrew me. Then there was a three-day stint as a door-to-door taco salesman; I think that flopped because I didn't look Mexican enough. I popped out of a cake nude at a few Bella Abzug campaign dinners. The remainder of my jobs were various odd things, like sharpening dull razor blades, pearl diving, and selling umbrellas during the dry spell in August. Presently, I am at work in a film-related career: mining for various ores used in the photographic developing process.

It's a long jump from here in North Carolina to my intended career as a Hollywood director, but I have been showing my foreman a few screenplays I've written, and he thinks I'm pretty good. In fact, he says if he doesn't fire me for writing on the company's time, he'll show my work to one of the chief chemists at Berkey Prestige, and I'm sure that'll skyrocket me to fame.

You'd be surprised how much my education helps in my present career. My memorization of the complete filmographies of Goddard, Hitchcock, and Chaplin are sure handy while I slam that 44% pickaxe into that #41 wall for the millionth time that \$1166 day. (Miner's lingo, folks.) My technical knowledge of f-stops, focal lengths, and depth-of-field help me in riding the jury-rigged elevator down hundreds of feet into the bowels of the 6 (# earth. My writing skills with creating realistic dialogue and dramatic plotlines are useful in braving the bad air, occasional floods, and frequent cave-ins.

And from here, what next? Oh, I don't know. Success, fame, money, brown lung disease, all that and more. So if anyone should tell you an NYU film school diploma means nothing, just refer them to yours truly, and I'll show him the real truth. Of course, if you could tell him I'm on a little higher rung of the film ladder than miner, it'd help my credibility. I knew you'd understand.

A wave of shock and surprise swept over the NYU community as one of our students finally made good. Harvey Goodbody, member of the class of '64 and holder of a B.A. in English, became the first living graduate with his degree to find suitable employment. Goodbody is working as an editor for a large publishing house here in town. Harvey made ends meet in the fifteen years between graduation and his first real job by working at such odd jobs as a hot dog vendor, diaper cleaner, dog walker, numbers runner and professional "snitch for the police." "I am shocked, I'm happy, but mostly I am surprised to be working!" says a pleased Goodbody.

A host of festivities are being planned for the hero. He will be asked to speak to an assembly of all students in the English Dept. His notebooks from his school days will be bronzed and placed on permanent display in the lobby of Main Building. There is talk of dedicating a building in his honor. The crowning tribute will come on "Harvey Goodbody Day" scheduled for the last day of classes this semester. There will be a gala dinner, a testimonial salute, the placing of Harvey's footprints in cement, and finally, a grand Ticker Tape parade down Bobkin Lane.

The Model Resume - The Last Word on Success

Andy Yiannakos

Our model resume, when applied with one part gin, two part good looks, and a partridge in a pear tree, will get you that prestigious position that will make you the envy of H. & R. Block (Phil Jones, watch out!!!)

John Q. Sawhill
c/o New York University
New York, N.Y.

POSITION: Entry level administrative position with big name Federal agency. Will even consider Department of Education.

EDUCATION: Well, you know. I did a lot of studying on my own, like borrow books and records from the library and look at reruns of Star Trek. Before that, Our Lady of Perpetual Motion High School, Hicktown in New York (somewhere Up-state). Gym major with a concentration on the parallel bars. Did not attend Kindergarten.

WORK EXPERIENCE: (6/55-6/61) Professional Bouncer, Peter Pan Playschool. Responsibilities included keeping little peckers in line.
(9/61-10/68) Hangout Trainee. Everywhere. Participated in campaign of Barry Goldwater, went to the beach, attended Viet Nam War protests, and more or less existed.
(11/68-11/72) Work, what Work?
(9/73-present) Educator.

Same old 9 to 5 routine. Sign checks, make promises, increase tuition, attend parties, go to Studio 54.

PERSONAL: Sex--Not often.
Age - I have no birth certificate
Height- About, ya, that tall
Weight- I'll never tell
Foreign Language - Gibberish.

GENERAL: I really need a job; I hate kids; I shave often; I'm a pisser.

REFERENCES: I really have no friends (except the Ayatollah).

HELPING HAND LECTURES TO FUTURE AMERICANS

by Steven Korn

The talk of the academic world these last few weeks has undoubtedly been the series of Hunt Chetley Memorial Lectures taking place at NYU. Giants of the journalism world such as Richard Salant, Linda Gialanella WNEW-TV weatherperson, Mr. "ig" of WCBS-TV weekend weather, Roberto Tirado of WPIX Accu-weather, and Edward R. Murrow (deceased), have graced the podium of Tisch Hall. The Plague's study of employment opportunities would like to share with you some words of innumerable importance delivered in the most recent of these talks. The lecturer: the Hamburger Helper Helping Hand. We have excerpted the parts of the speech (which contained a cavalcade of wonderful revolutionary concepts) that pertain to our subject of employment. The following is a direct transcript of what was said.

".....Fez, Marikesh, Morocco, and Reykjavic, Iceland. (This sentence provoked 10 minutes of unbroken audience laughter. Indeed, two died laughing, both of whom were heard to still be chuckling at their own funerals.)

"If I may, I'd like to give you a little background on why I was invited here to speak. In his last years, Hunt moved very, very infrequently. His inactivity began with the end of the award-ignored 'Chetley-Brinkley-Fawcett-Majors Report.' He trod a mere total of 31 feet in his last three years. My cohorts and I were charged with the task of propping him up everyday, with his lone remaining possessions, a pipe and his face, both of which were so ably captured on the publicity poster. His expression never changed in his last years, not even an eyelash length of movement. He never even blinked. Naturally, Hunt ate lots of hamburger those years, but he never could muster up the effort needed to cook them. So, I would waltz out from his cabinet cheerfully singing, "Hamburger Helper, when you need a helping hand!" He would glance at me, with that friendly, reflective look of his, and without moving anything but his left arm, that smoldering pipe glowing in his right hand, would toss a butcher's cleaver at me. I understood that it was done lovingly, for I had no tools to chop up his ground beef, a fact he was aware of. Therefore, he gave me the cleaver. You can see how close we were. He cared for me, even before I became the most recognizable hand on American TV. For my pal's memory, I speak today. My topic is one Hunt spoke of often, jobs.

"It only takes a buck, and a little bit of luck, if you're in, you can win it, play Lotto." These are some of the most meaningful words in our world today. For Hunt, who never heard these words, they represent a vindication of his life. Hunt was very upset, those years after the rigor-mortis set in, about the importance our society places on working. Hunt had dignity, working was an affront to that dignity. Because he didn't work, he had time to really live. His routine was so invigorating, he stuck by it everyday for three years. He would sit in his chair, smoke his pipe, clean it, then he'd motion to the stereo. I'd put some psychedelic rock on the 'Close 'N Play' and he would respond by throwing a six foot amplifier at my face. This is true fulfillment of the gift of life. Like Hunt, Howard Hughes, J. Paul Getty, Edgar Allen Poe, Genghis Khan, Joe Franklin, Rasputin, were all great men who had or have no jobs to speak of. So, why should you? I implore you TELL ME, IN THE NAME OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, DIVINE RULER, THE HIGH AND MIGHTY HUNT CHETLEY, WHY DO YOU NEED EMPLOYMENT?

Excuse me, I got a bit carried away there, but I'm an activist hand. This topic surely rattles my digits. All my time, when not helping hamburger (or tuna. For once and for all, I'm not a bigot; beef, fish, they are all equal in my eyes), I devote to the cause of ending the system of forcing people to work to make money. The people I listed before are all well off, and each hardly did any work at all. If little



work makes the most profit, no work must make even more, right? Well, at least spiritual profit.

.....When you, our students, graduate, DON'T GET A JOB! Do something constructive. Seize an embassy, become a swash-buckling pirate, spit, live your life to the hilt.

.....Just imagine, no work, no income, thus no taxes. We'll be rid of government tyranny for ever more.

.....I must sum up now. Ozzie Nelson never worked and Hunt always told me, and I happen to agree, that old 'Oz' was the greatest American there ever was or will be. Ozzie lived in the lap of luxury, had more cardigan sweaters than anyone could possibly want, yet no mention of his work was ever made. He was always ready to help Rick or David because he wasn't held back by some trivial job. Think of the ulcers you students are creating worrying about employment opportunities, when you have it in your power to be like Ozzie Nelson. CONDEMN THOSE THOUGHTS OF EMPLOYMENT TO THE FIRE AND BRIMSTONE IN THE DEPTHS OF PURGATORY. DENY THEE THE HEATHEN EMPLOYMENT THE CHANCE TO RUIN THINE LIFE. Sorry, I raised my voice again, but this is important. On his deathchair, as his pipe ashes had ignited the curtains and the room was ablaze, Baba Looey, Quisp, and I comforted Hunt. As the flame grew, in a moment I'll never forget, Baba said, "Eez awl right meester Chetlee, eyel never work az long az eye leeve." Quisp disappeared in tears, overcome by the beauty and smoke of the moment. Baba returned to "Meester Queekstraw," and I am now left to fulfill Hunt's goal. That is, an America where even those forced into early retirement can be more than a useless waste of space because their young competition won't want to work either. There'll be more power in the retired than in the working force. I must leave you now, please, help me, the Helping Hand. Promise me you'll never work. Let's see a show of hands, how many will not work? (Pause) I'd applaud you but to clap I'd need a partner and, well, I'm shunned by my peers you see. But look, 100% affirmative response. Bless all three of you. Remember, Hunt Chetley Memorial Lecture audience, Sing with me, "Work is no helper, take it from the Helping Hand." May you handsome three never contract anthrax, thank you for your attention, good night."



WARNING: The following dramatization is shocking and disturbing. It is a sad, but ever so true, story depicting the brutal effects of unemployment on a mild-mannered family. Those of you are who squeamish or in the family way are

urged to turn the page quickly. And now, we take you to the home of the Abruzzi family during one day in 1967. Everything is the same, except YOU ARE THERE.

DAWN OF THE LIVING SAL

by Bob Young

SCENE: A typical Bronx townhouse on a pleasant Sunday morning. There are pine trees in a small garden before a Mediterranean terrace which gives one the air of Genoa, Sicily, and Umberto's Clam House.

Salvatore Abruzzi, his mother Eleanor, and his father Zorba sit on the terrace watching parishioners come out of Mass from the church across the road. Sal is in the midst of reading the Classified Ad section of the Sunday New York Times.

Sal: Aw, dammit, there don't seem to be no jobs that I'm qualified for! (He throws the paper down in disgust)

Eleanor: What you talk about?

Sal: Don't you listen, bitch?

Zorba: Ay! Don't you talk to yo' momma that way, Sal! I break yo' face next time you say something like that!

Eleanor: Yeah, Sal!

Zorba: Shut up, bitch! Now Sal, I wanna talk to yo' and yo' betta listen up and listen good. You gotta stop screwin' aroun' in school and start doin' some work. I don't want yo' to enn up like me!

Sal: Why not, Pop? I wouldn't mind cleaning toilets in subway stations.

Zorba: I don't want you doin' that, Sal. You gotta do well in school so you get a good job when you get out. Yo' gotta study all them subjects real hard.

Sal: Aww, Pop, man! I do my work, but I just can't understand that crap!

Eleanor: You better understand that crap, Sal! I don't want you bringin' home any more bad reports from the teachers.

Sal: What the hell can I do, Ma? I gotta face it, I don't know nuthin. When I graduate from Lard College in June, I won't be able to get a good job! I might as well join the Army!

Zorba: Are you outta you stinkin' head, Sal? Someone like you could never cut it in the Army!

Sal: Hey! What the hell do you mean by that, Pop!

Zorba: I mean, yo' too damned fat! Face it, Sal, you're a blimp!

Sal: (stands up) All right, I've had it! I'm sick of you callin' me fat and callin' me dumb, Pop!

Eleanor: He's only telling the truth, Sal!

Sal: Listen, you pig-faced dike! I could get a good job if I really tried!

Zorba: Oh yeah? What kinda job?

Sal: A HIT MAN!

Then, suddenly, Sal pulls up his left pants leg revealing a small ax tied to his ankle. He grabs the ax, pulls it off his ankle, and, with a quick swing, chops his mother's arm off.

Eleanor: (rolling on the floor in agony) Sal! My bambino! Where did I go wrong? God, I ask you, why, why?

Sal: Shut up, cow!

Sal grinds his heel into his mother's face.

Just then, Zorba jumps on Sal's back and tries to get hold of the ax. As they struggle, Eleanor, on the verge of death due to a great loss of blood, reminisces

Eleanor: When I was a little girl, I dreamed I'd own a grocery store in Sicily someday! I dreamed that I'd marry Enzo Stuarti or Jerry Vale someday! I guess that aint gonna happen now. ...

She croaks.

Meanwhile, Zorba is still riding piggyback on Sal, trying to get the ax away from him.

Zorba: You fat ape! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

Sal: Oh yeah, gay blade!

Sal walks over to the edge of the terrace. Zorba is still on his back. Sal bends backwards and Zorba falls off.

Zorba: (falling) Arreviderci, Roma.

As soon as Zorba hits the pavement, his body shatters like a broken pane of glass. Sal leans over the terrace looking with fiendish glee at the broken body of his father. There is green foam checked with yellow mucus dribbling out of the left corner of his mouth.

Sal: Tee hee hee hee!

Sal then runs into the apartment and returns a moment later carrying a machine gun. He points the gun at a large group of parishioners entering the church across the road. He begins firing. He continues to fire, cackling evilly all the while, until every last parishioner is dead. Then he drops the machine gun and begins talking to himself.

Sal: They thought I was fat! They thought I was stupid! Well, I'll show them! I'll show them all! I'll go to Pittsburgh! Yeah, Pittsburgh! I'll bet George Romero has a job for me! Yeah, I'm sure he has a job for me!

Sal runs into the living room, apparently beginning his journey to Pittsburgh.

EPILOGUE - Believe it or not, Sal actually got a job with George Romero. After arriving in Pittsburgh in early 1968, he became technical advisor on every Romero film from Night of the Living Dead to The Crazies, Martin, and Dawn of the Dead. It's nice to know that this sad story has a happy ending, isn't it?

AND NOW A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE WILSON BROTHERS.

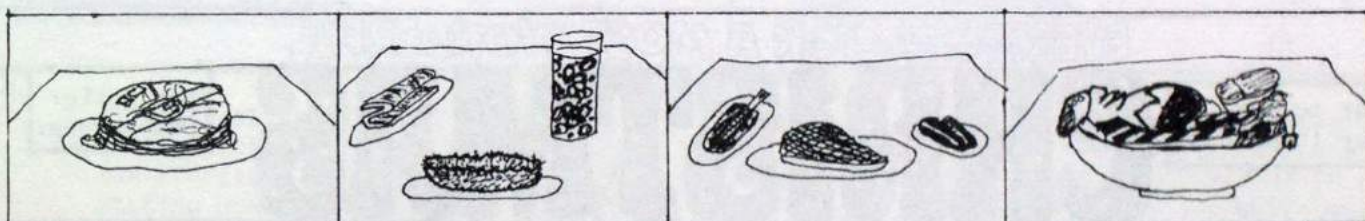
BY JOHN RAUJUS



HI. I'M TONY WILSON. YOU MAY REMEMBER ME AND MY SLIGHTLY EFFEMINATE AUTOMATON BROTHERS FROM THE COUNTLESS TELEVISION ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OUR CLOTHING STORE, CENTRALLY LOCATED IN A CRASHINGLY DULL AREA LIKE SUFFOLK OR SOMETHING. WELL, TODAY I WOULD LIKE TO DRONE TO YOU ABOUT THE NEW FIELD OF CAPITALISM I AND MY BROTHERS HAVE TAKEN OVER. STOCKED TO THE RAFTERS WITH THE SAME HIGH-QUALITY FABRICS YOU REMEMBER FROM OUR CLOTHING STORE, OUR NEW RESTAURANT IS CALLED:



WILSON'S HOUSE of SUEDE and PANCAKES



"Our luscious patent leather blueberry hotcakes come covered in mouth-watering mink oil syrup."

"Ultra-suede muffins come with a side order of naugahide biscuits and leopard-skin juice."

"Knit omelettes come with your choice of crispy pigskin bacon or leatherette sausages."

"Salad, anyone? Our taste-tempting blend of sealskin, polyester fiber-fill, and corduroy will make your stomach rumble for more!"

HERE'S HOW OUR PRICING SYSTEM WORKS: AFTER THE MEAL IS COOKED, IT IS PRICED AT \$75.50. AFTER ONE WEEK ON OUR SHELVES, IT IS REHEATED AND MARKED DOWN TO \$61.75. AFTER THREE WEEKS, WE RE-WEAVE IT, PUT IT IN THE SOUP, AND MARK IT FINAL AT \$36.20. AT WILSON'S HOUSE OF SUEDE AND PANCAKES, A HUNGRY CONSUMER IS OUR BEST CUSTOMER.



THAT'S RIGHT, TEDDY. AND SPECIAL THIS WEEK ONLY, ALL THE BEER, WINE, OR SUEDE CLEANER YOU CAN DRINK WHEN YOU ORDER OUR VINYL STEAK SANDWICH AND A SIDE ORDER OF DENIM FRIES.



SHADDUP TONY, YEE'LL BE GIVIN AWAY ALL OUR GRUB AND DUBS AFORE YER THROUGH! THAR'S A WILSON'S HOUSE O' SUEDE AN' LEATHER NEAR YE. AT TH' MALL IN SYOSETT, IN THE WOODBRIDGE SHOPPIN' CENTAR, UNDER TH' BURNT-DOWN FIREHOUSE ON 163 STREET, OR NEX' TA THE ICECAP IN ANTARCTIKER. SO DROP BY A WHO.SAP. SOON.



(THE WILSON'S HOUSE OF SUEDE AND PANCAKES IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONDITION OF OVERCOATS OR OTHER ITEMS LEFT AT OUR COAT-CHECK.)



CAVEMART



Cavemart: where bargains are coming and so is Christmas

Educational TOYS



3⁸⁸

BABY BARF-A-LOT.
Feed Baby her
special formula.
Two minutes later,
she lets you have
it all back. She's
a scream. (Not
recommended for
children with weak
stomachs.)



1366
3 Days!

From the people who
brought you the Tom
Carvel record player,
it's Fred the Furrer.
Wind him up. He talks
a lot but doesn't say
much. Fred can name
fourteen kinds of
imitation fur. Addition-
al dolls include Jane,
Andrea, Karen and Katie.
But Marcelle, we're
still waiting for you!
Get yours today!

our policy:
Buy it or else

EVERYTHING FOR A MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS

our motto:
Bah-humbug.



**FREE PICTURE
WITH SANTA**
(BRING YOUR CAMERA)

(Bring your own film.)
(In fact, bring your own
Santa. The one we got is
not fooling anyone.)

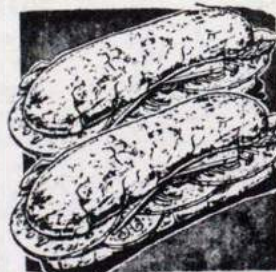
BREAKFAST WITH SANTA

MACARONI AND CHESE CAKE



Our
Reg.
4.96-
5.57

3⁸⁸



RUDOLPH SPECIAL

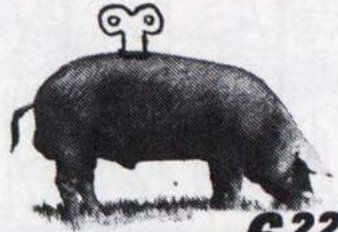
2 for 88¢

Venison hero sandwich
Get one for you, and
one for Santa too.

For our employees, Cavemart is your slaving store.

Cavemart

"Where Quality's Last"



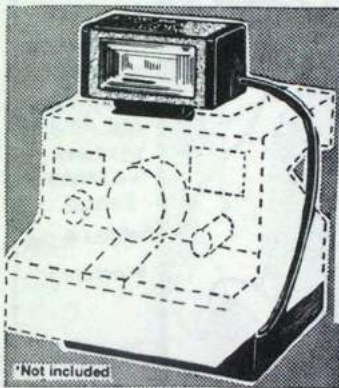
INSULTO THE WONDER HOG
Wind it up and it sticks
its tongue out and
screams obscenities.

(Some of Insulto's language
may not be suitable for
drunken sailors.)

Who put
that "s" in
the wrong
place? It's
not funny it's
sick, sick!!
-D.L.

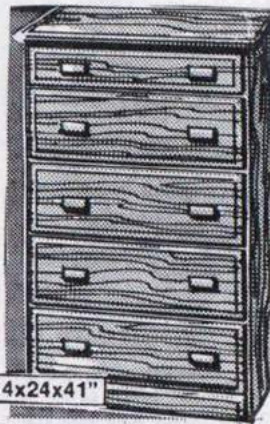
6²²

Our Reg. 7.97



Our
Reg. 48.63 **38⁴⁴**

INVISIBLE CAMERA
Light-weight, easy to
conceal. Pictures
develop in 60 sec when
dipped in lemon juice
and held over a flame.



19⁸⁸
4 Days
Only

5-DRAWER CHEST

Wood-like finish.
Made of the finest
balsa, for moments
interior decoration.

14x24x41"

AT CAVEMART, CHRISTMAS
ISN'T A HOLIDAY, IT'S
THE HIGHLIGHT OF THIS
SELLING QUARTER!



Cavemart: where the holiday
spirit lives until Christmas
Eve, when we get rid of it to
make room for our White Sale.



Official Cavemart
DISCO PILLOW
Polyester lining
filled with
Boogie down.

2
FOR **\$5**



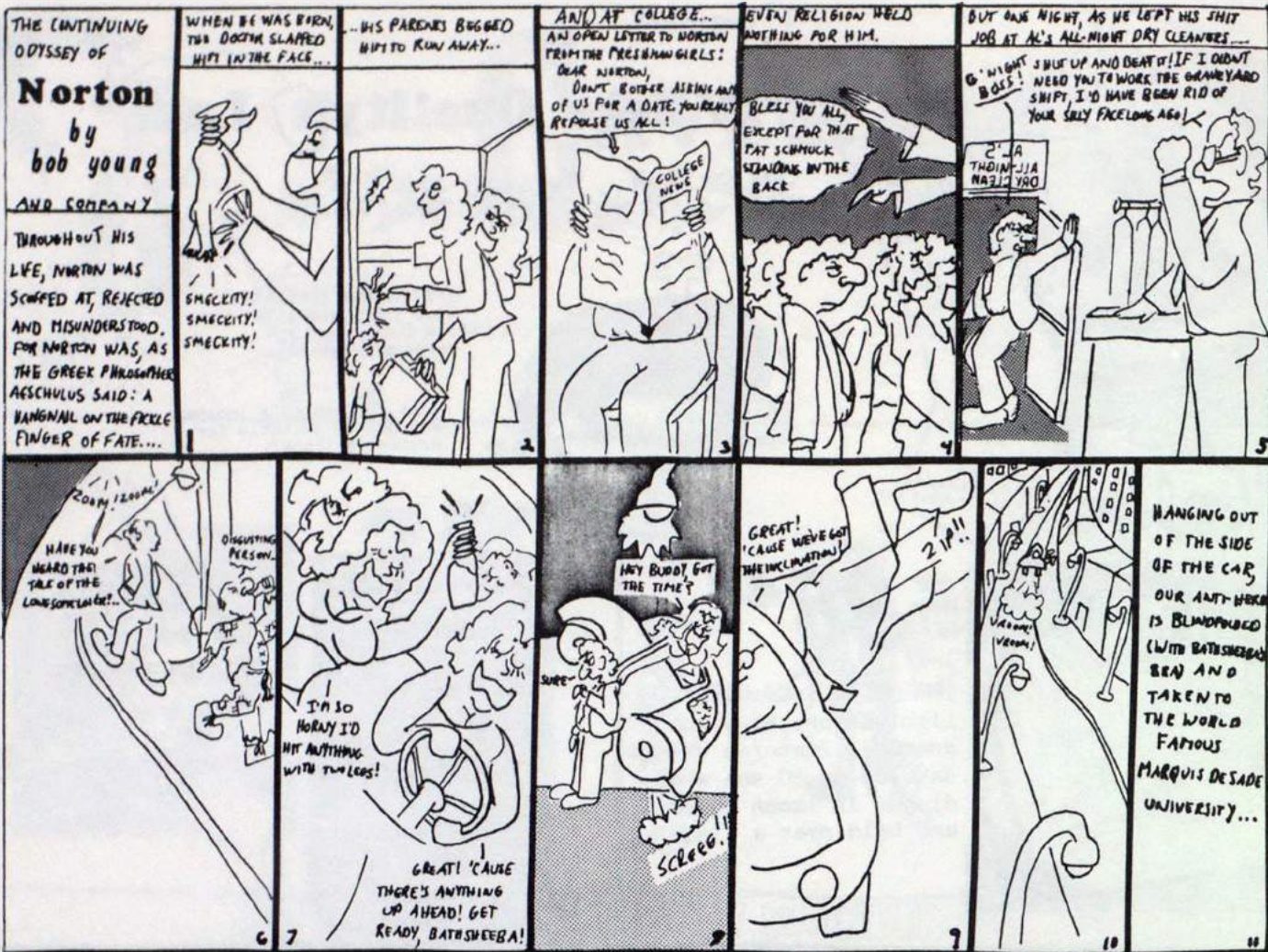
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Latest in kitchen
floor tiles. Made
of the finest banana
peels. Hours of fun
when you invite
company over.

8⁷⁷

Don Fiorella & Ray Horton



ZOL'S GUIDE TO BEING

as told to Howard Ostrowsky and John Rawlins

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our friend Zol is not too fluent in English or in any other language for that matter, so at his request we agreed to "neaten up" some of the bloodier passages in his original mauled manuscript. Here lies Zol's most recent assault on the minds and hearts of the stalwart Plague populace. Fasten your crash helmets!

You know, a lot of people tell me that when it comes to parties, they stand out about as well as a patch of smog in downtown Los Angeles. I can admit to you that I was once, as they say, a sunflower in the wallpaper scheme of life. Well, look at me now! (Mister Editors: please include a recent photograph of me at this point in my article.)

(EDITOR'S SECOND NOTE: Because of a rush in the layout of this issue, we were unable to secure a recent photograph of Zol that was suitable for family audiences. Sorry, Zol.)

Hard to believe I was once as big a loser as you, huh? Oh--did I injure your fragile ego, dear reader? Well, no matter, I'm probably not the first. Unlike a few of my past articles, which were thrown back in my face by such fine publications as the Washington Square Nuisance, the New Torque, and the Wurrier, in this article I have tried to keep an eye on organizing my thoughts and ideas into a simple, easy-to-read form, so as to reduce the amount of fatal eye-strain injuries induced by my past writings. But enough of this infernal hoo-haw! Bring on the ten or so tips on being

the life of the party!

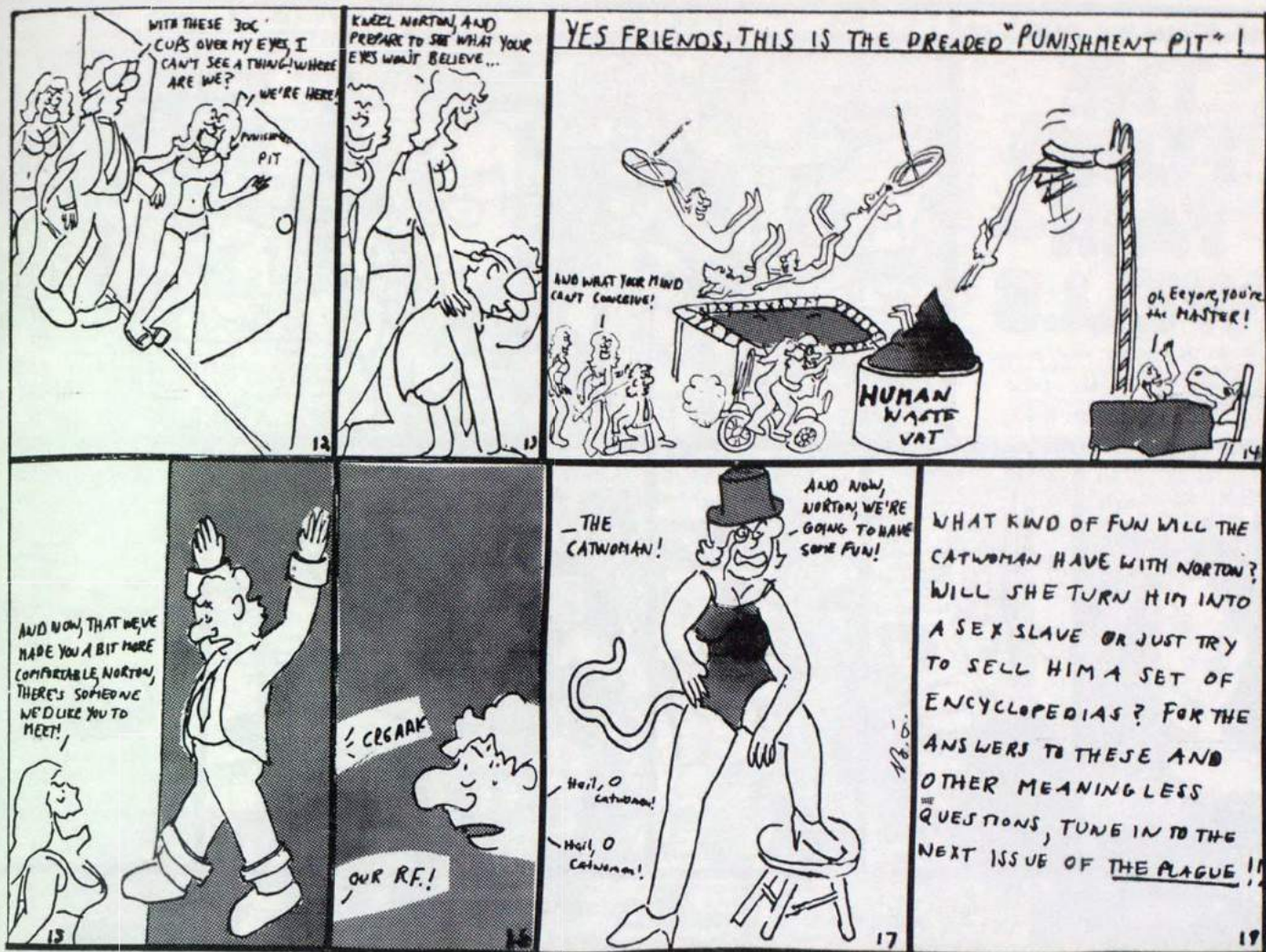
NUMBER 3 - (See number one.) Quo warranto!

number VII: Whenever the host puts a slow number on the turntable, and the guests begin to dance cheek-to-cheek, break out the old accordion and play along! (If you can't play an accordion, try an instrument that you can fake, like bagpipes, a bass drum, or a saw.) In no time at all, everyone will be square-dancing, or will have quietly retired into the next room.

Helpful Hint #6 1/2-- Here are a few fun ideas for fun costumes to wear to fun costume parties: a human lake; a covered wagon; an asteroid; a strip of rayon; Mount Airy Lodge; a rasp; or a kinkajou.

Note: Take care of your rented costumes. My close personal friend Capuchin Sapajou insisted that I warn you of this, as he is recuperating in Lenox Hill Hospital from his dealings with an irate costume store owner after returning his steam-shovel costume with a sangria stain on it.

Number 36-A¹ --- CONVERSATION --- Good conversation is



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

Like fine wine - if left on the shelf too long, it gets overgrown with slime mold; if not left to ferment long enough, it gets sent back down to the cellar. Here are a few topics I myself have brought up at parties. They've provoked interest as well as some casual violence. 1) The Weather (plan ahead for this one: watch Tex Antoine before going to the party [or, if you do not possess a TV or your TV has been repossessed, stick your head out of a window]). 2) LIRR Train Delays. 3) Chief Exports of the Nations of the World. And, 4) Eating Children to Keep the Population Down. Additionally, Ulam's Conjecture has been known to turn a few heads.

SEVENTEEN: - (Practical jokes)

A hearty knee in the groin is always good for a laugh, and one joke that has been pulled on me many a time at the most memorable parties.

Another great kneeslapper is the old hot foot, now made easier thanks to the modern technology of the blowtorch. Passing out exploding TNT cigars, introducing catfish into the punchbowl or having a live bull brought to the dance floor are also true gutcrackers, and are sure to send the guests home talking about you.

Hint 2 - Bring a pinata. Empty, of course, we don't want to spill candy and presents all over someone's floor, do we?

HINT NUMBER 15658...3: It is advised that you practice your skating before



attending a roller disco party. Here is a photograph of an unfortunate lad who didn't practice before going to a party held on the thirty-fifth floor.

In summary, you needn't be the incompetent boob you usually are at those swinging social events. Using these eight handy tips, you will either become the king of the night life or become such a pest that no one will ever invite you to a party and you need never suffer embarrassment over being dull again.

EDITOR'S EPILOGUE: Hopefully, Zol's straightforwardness has not put off too many of our sensitive, unpopular readers. Perhaps his lack of tact is just a part of his overall charm. Or perhaps not.

TIME AGAIN FOR PART II OF:

THE FOND FAIRWELLS

BY JOHN RAWLINS

AND JOHN GERMANO

THE SOCIALLY-CONSCIOUS STORY OF THE THREE FAIRWELL BROTHERS, IKE, MIKE, AND JIM, AND THEIR TRENDY, SATIRIC ADVENTURES IN A WORLD THAT ONLY EXISTS AS NEW YORK'S BACKYARD...

THE SCENE: THE SCIENCE LAB OF AGED CHRONOGRAPHY PROFESSOR MARVIN TETRACHLORIDE ON THE NEW JERSEY UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. THE CHARACTERS:



...AND TETRACHLORIDE'S ADDICALLY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER IRIDIUM, WHO HAS PERHAPS JUST FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF OUR HUGE CAST.



IRIDIUM, PLEASE KEEP MR. FAIRWELL ENTERTAINED WHILE I MAKE SURE ALL IS READY.



SO YOU'RE THE WONDERFUL MAN FATHER HAS TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT.



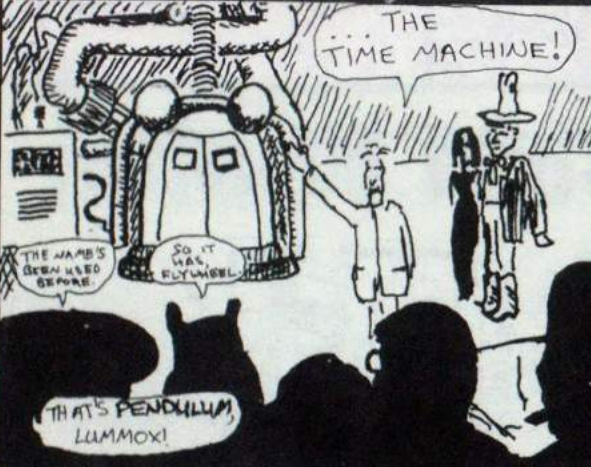
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SO YOU'RE THE WONDERFUL MAN FATHER HAS TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT.



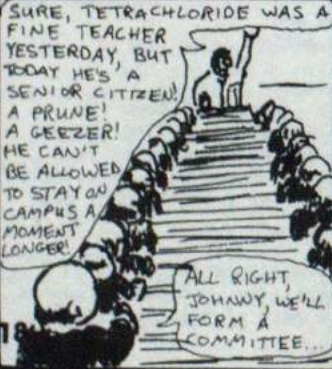
MR. FAIRWELL, ALLOW ME TO DIVERT YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS MARVELOUS DEVICE I'VE CONSTRUCTED. I CALL IT...



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE UNIVERSITY, EVENTS OF A MORE TRENDY AND SATIRIC NATURE ARE OCCURRING...



HOURS LATER, PRESIDENT SAWDUST DENOUNCES THE 'TETRACHLORIDE SITUATION' AT THE NJU BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEETING...



FINKS! THEY WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO SAY 'GO RIGHT AHEAD'!



AS THE PRESIDENT STOPS OFF FOR ANOTHER VERY DRY MARTINI BEFORE EXPELLING THE OVERAGE TETRACHLORIDE, WE RETURN TO THE CHRONOGRAPHY LAB WHERE A FASCINATING LECTURE ON THE OPERATION OF THE TIME MACHINE IS GOING ON...





AND SO IKE, MIKE, JIM, ENID, SAY, PENDULUM, TETRACHLORIDE, SAWDUST, AND IRIIDIUM FIND THEMSELVES TRANSPORTED BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES. CAN THEY ALL SURVIVE? WILL TETRACHLORIDE LOSE HIS JOB? WILL MIKE FIND HIS WIFE? WILL ENID GET IKE'S ATTENTION? WILL IRIIDIUM SAY WHO SHE'S IN LOVE WITH? WILL PRESIDENT SAWDUST BE MISSED? TUNE IN NEXT PLAGUE, WHEN WE'LL SEE IRIIDIUM SAY.....



"Was it something I said?"

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Carols For The 80's

- Daniel Fiorella



GOD SAVE THE CLAUSES

God help you, phoney gentleman,
You make me want to puke.
I've had it with your pile of crud
And Kriskringle, oh so cute.

They should take Rudolph and his gang
And beat them with a chain.
'Til helpless, 'til helpless,
Oozing blood, oozing blood.

I'd like to kidnap all his elves
And hit them with a bat
Pounce upon their pointy shoes
And dent their pointy hats,

And tie them to my motor bike, to drag them in the dirt
Cause all I want for Christmas is a new ripped Tee-shirt
Yes all I want for Christmas is a ripped Tee-shirt.

We three Devos

People no more, now Christmas machines
Scurry about to make the scene
Wear your galoshes, you should know
Or you will rust in snow -- ooo

Are we not men?
We are Santa.

The droids are now becoming a drain
Plugging in to your electric trains
Don't you hear it?
They've lost the spirit
The holiday's not the same.

Are we not men?
We are Santa.

RING MY JINGLE BELL

Disco bells, Disco bells
Disco all the way
With golden chains and little spoons
We dance the night, hey

Snorting all the snow
and combing back my hair
Christmas in the Disco
Is really quite a dare.

The music is all beat.
The lyrics are inane.
I think I'm havin' a great time
Cause it's rotted out my brain.

Disco bells, Disco bells
There is no one like me
I am really something
I'm dressed better than the tree, hey!

