

**SAM  
GOODIES  
\$7.98**

(This is the Plague.)

MAY 1980

73

(THE MEMBER HAS A VERY GOOD KNOWLEDGE AND WOULD BE A GOOD PERSON)

**VOL. 3**

No. 4





## The Tribunal

Howard Ostrowsky: Editor and Originator  
 Joseph Pinto: Vice Potentate  
 John Rawlins: He who guardeth over the purse  
 John Gernand: He who guardeth over Rawlins  
 Steve Karn: Overseer over the overseen  
 Bob Young: Visier over the realm of Room 504



## Not to spareth the staff...

Amy Burns, Pamela Ehrenkranz,  
 Brian Feinberg, Dan Fiarella,  
 Suzanne Levey, Brodie Mack,  
 Ray Marian, and Andy Yiannakos

We have come to the end of yet another year, but don't think that we have stopped working. The staff will be busy preparing a freshmen orientation project for early September, so if you have any material that we can use for next year, we are still at 21 Washington Pl., Box 79/Room 504, New York NY 10003.

Good luck on your exams and have a good summer. The Plague will definitely have a good summer because of all of the staff that is leaving after this year. We would like to wish Howie Ostrowsky, Joe Pinto, John Rawlins and Andy Yiannakos, the best of luck in their upcoming unemployment. Bye for now!



## •vegetables•

by john r. gernand



## POET'S CORNER

Ode To The Big Mac

by

Michael Moschella



Shall I compare thee to a lump of clay?  
 Thou art more reeking and debased  
 Unclean hands do form the wretched lumps all day  
 And next to thee, foul dung hath such a wholesome taste.

Oft' times too hot the sizzling griddles flame  
 And often are the quivering masses singed  
 And every ounce of meat, oft' times defamed,  
 Goes to our bellies, fat and bone untrimmed.

But thy infernal glory shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of the threat thou knowest  
 To all who succumb to leather D grade  
 When in guts from pole to pole thou growest.

So long as men consume and do not see  
 So long lives thee, Big Mac, for all eternity!

**5** ACADEMY AWARDS  
including  
**BEST PRE-RELEASE HYPE**



**BEING AWAY**

It's The Next Best Thing To Starting Over.

ELUSIVE ENGAGEMENT  
 AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE

JOHN RAWLINS





# PLAGUETONE NEWS

METRO



BY John Rawlins  
Dan Fiorella  
Joe Pinto

## HOUSING BROUHAHA

There has been a furor recently over the lack of student housing here on campus. This fact was accented during the recent subway strike, when there was no emergency housing provided for strike-bound commuters. It is quite interesting to study these facts against the rates made public recently in the loft buildings off campus that NYU is in the process of refurbishing. The rents start at a paltry \$500 for a studio (and that's one whole room!) to an easily affordable \$1,200 per month for a two bedroom suite.

The administration has finally recognized the needs of the students and is planning to make one of the refurbished buildings open to the students, especially during emergencies like the transit strike or weather emergencies. The building, to be named Chez Sawhill, will provide luxurious surroundings for the typical student, including gold fixtures, room service and breathtaking views of the soon-to-be completed sports complex. The rates, which were said to be in line with those in the other loft buildings, will start at \$85 a day, double occupancy.

## TRANSIT FARE GUARANTEE

Mayor Ed Koch along with Governor Carey joined today in order to assure the public about the 50¢ subway fare. Said Mayor Koch, "There is no way on earth that we will raise the price of a token. There has been a lot of concern in the city about this, especially considering the transit workers strike, but if the 50 cent fare goes, I go." The mayor did not add whether or not he would go by subway.



Following the recent endorsement of John Anderson by the comic strip Doonesbury, other candidates have been actively seeking out the support of well-known comic strips.

The Carter people have announced that the recently retired Pogo and Lil' Abner have joined the Carter campaign, along with Gasoline Alley and Snuffy Smith, although Barney Google still states, "I'm undecided."

The Reagan camp has received the endorsement of Nancy, Conan the Barbarian, Daddy Warbucks, Dick Tracy, and world famous cave man, Alley Oop who said in his endorsement speech, "Reagan is my kind of man."

Edward Kennedy can now count on the support of the Katzenjammer Kids, Mary Worth, and Dondi, who remarked, "If I ever grow up, I want to be just like him!"

Cartoons coming out for George Bush's campaign are Sergeant Snorkel and General Halftrack with Beetle Bailey fudging on the subject. Winnie Winkle is leaning in Bush's direction as well.

All candidates are still wooing the uncommitted comics, Peanuts, Dennis the Menace, and Blondie.



## SENIOR DISORIENTATION ACTIVITY PLANNED FOR NEXT WEEK

Many graduating seniors have complained about NYU's total indifference toward their upcoming entry into the real world, and at last our school has decided to waste a few of everyone's tuition dollars on a Senior Disorientation Day to be held in Bobkin Lane. Seniors will be shown audio-visual material such as slides of Yellowstone Park, reruns of Nanny and the Professor, old training films for Robert Hall employees, educational filmstrips, stuff dealing with anything but NYU, and hopefully the viewers will succeed in being completely alienated from their future alma mater. "This will hopefully prevent such embarrassing events as reunions and alumni club meetings, and cut down on the number of absent-minded nerds who keep showing up at Shimkin for one of last spring's courses when they should be at work," stated Disorientation Coordinator Orbis Mordor. "If everything comes off as planned, the class of '80 will be so separated from NYU that they'll need to ask someone for directions home from the commencement ceremony," stated Mr. Mordor. Best of luck to the seniors, who we'll remember in our hearts as well as they do us.



## TREASURY ANNOUNCES NEW COINAGE

Mary Moneypenny, chief of publicity for the U.S. Mint recently made public the plans the service had for restructuring the monetary system. In a plan that most experts feel is a desperate attempt of the Treasury to save face after the disasters of the \$2 bill and the Susan B. Anthony Dollar. Plans include the elimination of the dollar bill, a change of metal of the penny from copper to an aluminum alloy, and the introduction of a new dollar coin. Rumors circulating around Washington that the SBA coin was merely to be minted in copper instead of silver proved only partially true. The new coin (see picture at left) will be made of copper, but it is there that the similarity ends.



## MAKEUP SCANDAL REVEALED



The 'Save the Animals League,' an independent organization of concerned citizens, have published documents that show shocking practices within the cosmetics industry. The paper reveal that small animals, mostly rabbits, are used in the testing of new substances for irritation to the eye. Rabbits are used because of their similarity in structure to the human eye. Another important feature to the scientists is that the rabbits do not have tear ducts, so that once the often caustic substances stay on the eye until the researchers see fit to wash it off, if they feel like it. As you may have figured out, this usually results in the blindness of the animal and at the very least causes severe prolonged agony.

A press conference was held in order to demonstrate the research techniques used. Spokesmen from Revlon, one of the main offenders, were present under the supposition that they would present the industry's point of view. Unwittingly, however, they were used to demonstrate the animal's viewpoint. The spokesmen were grabbed out of the audience, placed in medieval stocks where they were bound at the wrist and neck, in a similar device to the one used on the rabbits, and had their eyelids pinned open and given drugs to inhibit their tear gland production. Volunteers then placed various materials in their eyes. The spokesmen acknowledged the fact that this was indeed painful and promised to see what they could do.



AND NOW, HEERE'S

# SUPERRAT

THE RAT OF THE 1990'S.

## EPISODE VII:

"THE THRILLING  
SEMI-CONCLUSION,  
SORT OF..."

STORY BY JOE PINTO  
ART BY STEVE K. OSSUP +  
MANNY PINTO

WHEN WE LAST  
SAW OUR HERO, RALPH  
WAS FLEEING FOR HIS  
LIFE, TRYING TO  
ESCAPE THE DEADLY  
HANDS OF THE  
REVENGE-MINDED  
MUTANT MICE FROM  
MINNESOTA. HIS  
TRENK BROUGHT HIM  
TO CALIFORNIA,  
HOME OF 6000  
VIGAS, MELLOW  
FEELINGS, CHUCK  
BARRIS, AND THE  
50 FT. ATOMIC CAT,  
WHO, FOR A PRICE,  
IS WILLING TO  
PROTECT SUPERRAT.

VIN, WHAT AM I GOING TO  
DO ABOUT THOSE MUTANTS  
TRYING TO KILL ME?

CALM DOWN, RAL.  
THINGS COULD BE WORSE.

WORSE? IF ANYTHING ELSE  
DOES WRONG, I'LL HAVE  
A BREAKDOWN!

LIGHTEN UP,  
HERE COMES  
FRED!



SILVERMAN, THAT IS, RALPH'S  
BOSS AND EMPLOYEE.

RALPH, I'M AFRAID I'VE  
GOT SOME BAD NEWS.  
THE CAT WON'T FIGHT  
UNLESS HE IS GUARANTEED  
PRIME-TIME NETWORK  
COVERAGE.

WOW!  
WHAT A SHOW  
IT WOULD MAKE!

FREEMBLER!



PICTURE IT... IT WILL BE THE  
FIGHT OF THE CENTURY! TWO  
MANIFESTATIONS OF THE EVIL OF  
MAN'S ABUSE OF SCIENCE BATTLING IT  
OUT BEFORE 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE  
LOUISIANA SUPERDOM AND  
500,000,000 VIGGERS AT HOME!

AND SO IT WAS, THE NETWORKS  
JUMPED AT THE NEWS IMMEDIATELY.  
LET'S GO TO THE TAPE...

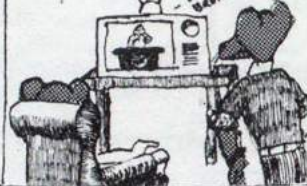
RALPH, THE SPORTS WORLD IS TOPSY-  
TURVY AS THE THREE NETWORKS ARE IN A  
BIDDING WAR FOR THE RIGHTS TO THE  
MUTANT MICE-ATOMIC CAT FIGHT. THE  
WINNER OF THE FIGHT GETS TO KILL  
RALPH THE ROBERT.



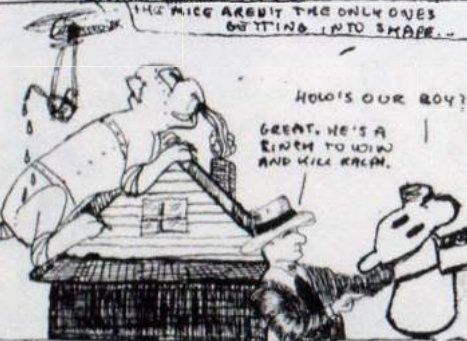
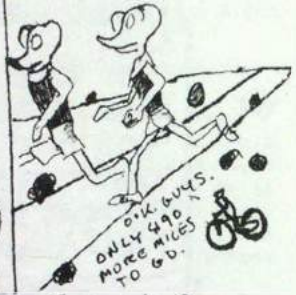
HOW YOU FEELING, RAL?

WHIEZ,  
IP-IP.

LET ME A  
HAPPY, RAL!



MEANWHILE, IN THE  
ENEMY CAMP...



WHAT'S THIS? RALPH'S  
PSEUDO-SAVIOR ACTUALLY  
IN KAHOTS WITH HIS  
MORTAL ENEMIES, THE  
GANG OF CARTOON MICE?  
HOW CAN THIS HAPPEN  
IN AMERICA, LAND OF  
THE FREE, HOME OF THE  
BRAVE? AND RALPH?  
AND HAWK? WHO KNOWS  
WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE  
HEART OF THIS STRIP?

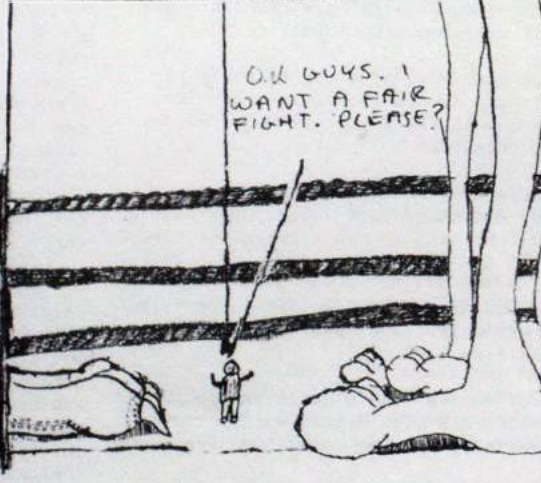
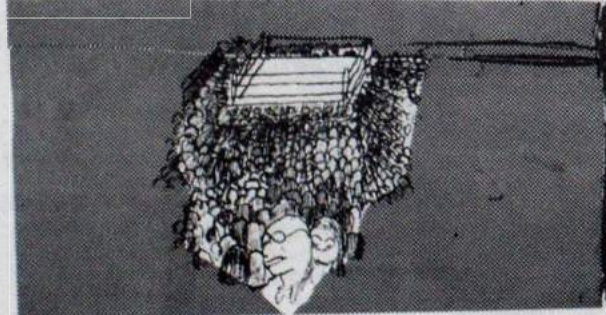
IGNATE, IS EVERY-  
THING READY?  
YUP, WE'LL GET RALPH  
IF THE CAT WINS BECAUSE  
OF THE BRIE AND WE'LL  
WIN IF HE LOSTS BECAUSE  
THE MICE WANT HIM  
AS BAD AS WE DO.



RINGSIDE, RIGHTNIGHT.  
GOOD EVENING, LADIES & GENTLE-  
MEN. THIS IS HOWARD COWSMELL  
WITH RALPH THE ROBERT, WHO  
WILL SUPPLY NON-VERBAL  
COLOR COMMENTARY.



O.K. FIGHT FANS, WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY  
AS THE REFERENCE IS ME, FINE WITH THE OPPONENTS  
IN THE CENTER OF THE RING. YOU MAY NOTICE A FEW  
RULE CHANGES IN TONIGHT'S FIGHT. FIRST OF ALL,  
THE RING IS 700 FT. SQUARE, ONE CAT IS FIGHT-  
ING TWO MICE, AND THE REF IS ONE TENTH THE  
SIZE OF THE FIGHTERS.



O.K. GUYS. I  
WANT A FAIR  
FIGHT. PLEASE?

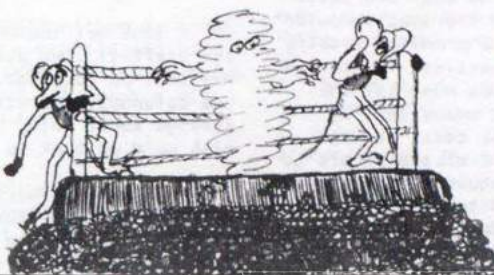
NO, I  
DON'T  
REALLY HAVE  
MUCH TO SAY  
HERE, BUT  
I JUST HAD  
A LITTLE  
EXTRA SPACE  
AND I THOUGHT  
I'D GIVE YOU  
A REST FROM THE  
MOUTH.



... HERE'S THE BEGINNING OF ROUND 1.  
AND QUICKLY THERE IS A NEW STRATEGY.  
THE MUTANT MICE ARE STAYING ON  
OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ATOMIC CAT...



BUT WAIT! THE CAT SPREADS ITS RAZOR  
SHARP TITANIUM CLAWS AND IS SPINNING  
LIKE A TOP! THE MICE ARE UNABLE  
TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. THEY  
CAN'T GET ANYWHERE NEAR HIM!



AND THAT'S THE END OF  
THE 1ST ROUND! SCORE  
THAT ONE A DRAW, ESPECIALLY  
SINCE NO BLOWS WERE STRUCK...



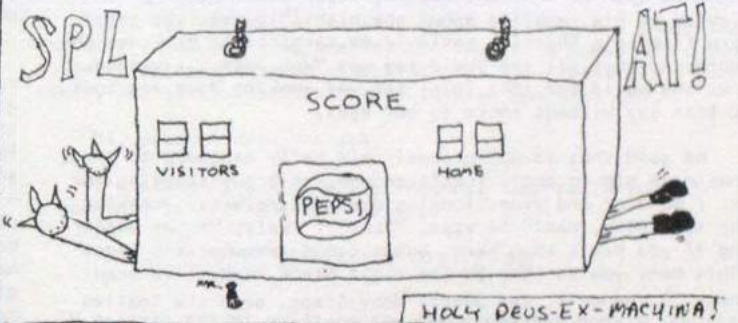
RALPH, WHAT DO  
YOU THINK ABOUT  
THESE DEVELOPMENT...  
RALPH?



WHAT IS GOING  
ON? (WHY IS THE  
WRITER ASKING THESE  
QUESTIONS? DOESN'T  
HE KNOW?) HAS FATE  
FINALLY PLAYED ITS  
HAND? WILL IT STAY  
OR RAISE TEN BUCKS?  
IS THIS A FORCE FOR  
OR AGAINST OUR HERO?  
WE'LL FIND OUT...  
WHAT? - MORE ROOM? -  
OH WELL. WE'LL  
FIND OUT NOW.



THE FIGHT IS PROGRESSING  
SLOWLY, EACH TRYING TO  
FEEL THE OTHER OUT...  
EACH WAITING FOR SOME-  
THING TO HAPPEN...  
WHAT'S THIS?



THE CULPRIT OWNS UP...

FRED! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING...

RALPHIE, I COULDN'T  
LET THIS GO ON. I FELT  
GUILTY ABOUT SETTING  
UP THE FIGHT, SO I CUT  
THE CABLES ON THE SCORE  
BOARD & KILLED 'EM.



LOOK AT THAT...  
I'VE GOTTEN BETTER  
HAIR DO VENTRI-  
LIT BUNNIES!

RALPH, WHAT DO YOU  
FEEL ABOUT THIS  
REMARKABLE TURN OF  
EVENTS?

WELL, HOWARD, I  
FEEL... A LOT BETTER.  
I'M EVEN TALKING  
NORMAL AGAIN.  
FORGALLA.



WELL FRIENDS, THIS FIASCO HAS  
COME TO ITS FINAL CONCLUSION, JUST  
AS I PREDICTED IT WOULD.  
NOW WE RETURN YOU TO THE  
STUDIO. GOOD NIGHT.



THE  
END!  
©1960  
A.P.W.



# Freddie Takes a Walk

A short story

by Joe Pinto

There is a horrendous pounding in my head. Somehow, I think that sleep is going to be a little out of the question if this keeps up. Dragging my butt to see what's going on, I see a strange crowd of people staring at me like I was naked or something. Then I remember, I'm naked. The crowd and the noise is the result of my roommate Bob's sixties revival party. I hastily beat a path back into the room and headed for the shower.

The cold water of the shower futilely tried to massage my blood into moving again. No luck. At least my eyes are still open, although if there was a mirror around I probably wouldn't feel the same way. That was the last time, I promised myself, that I would go to one of Bob's pre-party parties. It started early this morning because Bob feels that you must set the right mood for a party, and in this case it means getting everybody stoned for the main event. In this case, it was probably the only way that he could get half of the people to dress up in the hippie regalia that was requisite for that evening. Anyway, I guess I just wasn't used to partying that early in the day, so I had to be thrown under the shower and then into bed. This explains my natural appearance when I wandered into the party.

It was time for my clothed debut at the party. The smoke-filled air was clearer than my head. Through the haze, I see Bob sitting in a far corner. A girl wearing army overalls sits enraptured as he plays an old guitar and singing a song that is half Bob Dylan, half Dr. Demento. The girl doesn't seem to notice that there is only one string on the guitar.

My roommate's state-of-the-art Japanese stereo is blasting the fruits of several raids on the record collection of older brothers. Standing guard over the setup is a pimply freshman talking to a high school runaway about his first experience with LSD. Tobacco Road is the selection on the turntable, and over this the twerp, trying desperately to be heard, says (he's talking so loud its kind of hard not to hear) that one fine day he got home early from nursery school so he decided to rummage through his older sister's room, whereupon he stumbled upon an innocent looking sugar cube. After a few minutes of his rambling about the high ("it was like they were filming a Godzilla movie in my navel") the girl was so impressed that all she could say was "Wow, man." I wished that she would put that joint she was smoking down and look at this guy without smoke in her eyes.

He said that it was probably his early exposure to drugs that made him so cool. That's enough, this guy's asking for it. I go over and start looking over the records. "Looking for something, man?" he says. "Yea," I reply, "I was wondering if you had a song here, but I can't remember the name." "Shit man, you've come to the right place. Man, I've seen them all, Hendrix, The Doors, Moby Grape, even the Beatles at Shea. I know everybody who was anything in the sixties." I tell him that the name of the band, I think, is The Royal Guardsmen. The intellect informs me that he knows them well, having been at Woodstock and Monterey. He must have been strapped to the back of his mother if he was. Grabbing a Rolling Rock, I say that "Snoopy vs. The Red Baron" was probably the anthem for Woodstock. I think the girl laughed as I walked by.

I gotta get out of here and get some fresh air. As I am leaving, Bob is in the midst of an argument with a girl that looked like she stole Harpo Marx's wig and the hair was fighting back. She was claiming that the music was too loud and was threatening to drown out that trash with her own mighty stereo with the Village People. Bob is fuming, and I know that this means war. I make my get away while the girl runs down the hall. She was probably getting the hell out of there before there was nothing left of her face but hair. While I'm walking down the hall, I hear the thump-thump of the Village People mixing with the bass of Jack Bruce and Cream. That was as interesting a dialectic as I have been confronted with for a long time. That's too much for me.

In the lobby two guys told me that they were filming a movie about music uptown and that there were plenty of rock stars around. I thought that looking at people that were more burned out than me could help, so I thank them and hit the street. The subway seemed like an ideal place for me in this condition.

On the subway a man of a strange nationality made a speech. The only words that I can make out are 'kids' and 'money.' As his assistants made their way towards me, I look out the window and mumble 'blood' over and over again. It worked, as they don't come near me, but judging from the way the old lady next to me is fidgeting around, I'd say she was a bit too over-come and evacuated in her dress.

I look out the window, trying to see the reality beyond the graffiti. We pass what looks like an old station that was shut up long ago. Everything looks the same, the tiles, the columns...everything but the people. I feel a little strange about this, something bothers me about the sight. I wish we'd go back to the tunnel.

The partying must still be doing a job on my head. Luckily, we're at my stop. The fresh air starts loosening things up in my brain. It must be one of those wonderful additives they put into New York air that does it.

I stop for a second. I see something strange looking. A figure looms before me, all doubled over and wearing rags. I check to see if I am in front of a mirror, but I'm not. Somehow that news doesn't reassure me. It looks like a bum who's frozen as his eyes are focused in one place and he is stiff standing in a doorway, like he is spying on someone. I may be wrong, but he looks like he's grinning....

I see the object of his lust. Across the road, a shopping bag lady is struggling with several bags from the better shops. From the looks of it, she won't keep her things together for long as one of the bags is about to break. I think that's what the old geezer was waiting for. He gets excited, and the moment must be soon approaching. He looks in the store window, adjusts the old bandanna that hangs around his neck and runs his grubby fingers through his greasy hair. He even smiles and checks his tooth. This is too good to be true, and I decide to follow the old guy, at a discreet distance, of course, and see how he makes out.

His timing was perfect. One of the lady's bags burst, revealing her summer collection. The bum, being a perfect gentleman, walks up and offers her some assistance. He picked up the clothes and casually asked where she was staying. She said that she had no place to stay, as the matron of the last place she resided requested that she vacate the premises and allow others to use the facilities. "Yep," my hero adds, "them public restrooms can be quite annoying. That's why I got a place of my own. I would be honored if you would be my guest." This guy has got real style. The lady looks a little skeptical. "Well, all right," she says, "but you must promise not to take advantage of me. I'm still pure, you know." The vagrant replies, "I hadn't doubted it for a moment. I shall be the perfect host." Sure he would. That dirty old man had to be a dirty old man.

The pair goes up Park Ave. to this doorway in one of the skyscrapers. The door, however, goes down, not into the building. I give them a second and follow after them. The stairs wind down pretty deep and end up in a dimly lit cavern. I can hear the rumbling of a train in the distance, and there are signs pointing out the location of various tracks. This must be the service tunnels I've read about. There is a whole city of the homeless down here, and I think they've had their population increased by one.

While the lady and the tramp made their way to the honeymoon suite, I can't help but fantasize about what I would do if I were in his place. I picture me opening up a can of sterno and opening a vintage bottle of Thunderbird. Seductively, we would sit down upon the canvas sheets of my conversation crate while impishly asking her if she would like to see my etchings. Surely, the old guy could do better than I could. The old guy surprised me, however, by keeping his word. He showed her to a little blanket in the corner of his room and said he would watch her sleep. I left.



Outside the club where the boys said the movie was being filmed, about a hundred people were lined up, hoping to catch a glimpse of Blondie or Grace Jones. It looks like no one was going to be seen outside. I see another acquaintance from school, also waiting for a peek at success. They are walking over, probably to start chewing my ear off. I wish I knew what was so attractive about my ear. I never really talk much and I don't make too many friends on my own, but for some reason people, both strangers and mild acquaintances, seem to go out of their way to talk to me. Maybe there is something in my face that tells these people 'talk to me.' I thought on occasion that I might be a successful psychiatrist because of this.

They got through the crowd and I recognized them as being from a chem lab. One of them was dead to the world and virtually was being led by the arm by the second, Ralph, I think his name is. He is always telling me about his trouble with the opposite sex. Tonight, something seems different about him.

"Man, Fred, come here, I gotta tell you something." He leads me to an alley on the side of the club. "You know, I came here tonight to see the stars, right. No way did I expect what happened."

"Sounds like something good," I say.

"You know, if you'd have told me what happened to me before, I would have agreed with you. But somehow it isn't. Anyway, we're hanging around the club and it's packed. There is every kind of groupie that you can picture. I'm amazed just looking around, you know, too overwhelmed to start talking to anyone, let alone what happened.... Anyway, I go to the bathroom... you know they only got one in here... and there's this woman in the toilet. I go to the urinal and I feel her eyes watching me. I turn around and she's staring at me. I finish up, and you won't believe this, but she asks me to screw! Right there! Well, I figured she was a little stoned, and so was I, so before I know anything she leads me to the stall and sits on the back of the toilet and, well, you can guess the rest. The bitch of the whole thing is afterwards, when I asked her why me, she says that I was the right height for the tank in that bathroom! Can you believe it! I didn't know whether to be angry or to start hanging out in the bathroom there all the time."

His friend starts losing it at this time and Ralph excuses himself and takes his friend home. After this, I feel there is nothing to do but head back to the village. Somehow, it seemed appropriate.

Back on my home turf, I head over to the hangout. I grab a beer and put Black Sabbath on the jukebox. While I milk the flat draft, a friend of mine, and I use the term loosely, comes over and starts talking.

"Fred, how you doin'? You're looking down, man! Here, let me get you another beer. I just got off work. And just in time. Do you see the meat in here!" I let that comment slide by, slightly betraying my women's lib friends. "Hey man, what's wrong with you, huh? Why ain't you at Bob's party? I know, you didn't score, huh?" I didn't have a chance to reply, as he continues. "Damn, what the hell is wrong with you? I mean, you look OK, you know? Don't take that the wrong way, you know, I'm not one of them, that's just from one real man to another. It's all in your head, ya know. You put yourself down! Stop yourself before you could get started! [If only I had stopped this guy before he got started.] Man, these girls are just aching for it, you know, and all you got to do is supply it! Hey, watch my smoke. Maybe you should take notes, huh?" Maybe I should take leave.

Still chuckling, half-heartedly, over that tirade, this guy Marv walks over to a fairly attractive girl sitting alone at a table. I did not notice her before, but she seems out of place in this place. Although I could not hear his line, I could easily imagine it. "Hey babe, what's a nice girl like you...." Judging by his gestures, there were several anatomical references. I see a guy walking over from the bathroom (after hearing that other story, I couldn't help but wonder what he was up to) and he seemed to be headed in Marv's direction. I thought about warning him, but then I came to my senses. The guy towered over Marv and they quietly headed towards the door. I couldn't help but think that his anatomical references would have to be shrunk a bit. I am not surprised to see the man enter only moments later. I feel obligated to go check up Marv. While I offered to help pick up the pieces, Marv declined, mumbling only "You think that you have problems! Get outta here." Only too happy to oblige, Marv.

I decided that it was about time to rejoin the party, keeping Marv's advice in mind. The party was on its last legs. The music is quite low, and someone tells me the stereo war that started when I left blew the fuses for half the building. The parties involved had their speakers confiscated in retaliation. Bob was still in the corner, getting even farther away from Dylan with his guitar, but his girlfriend was quite contented, half zonked on the spiked Kool-Aid. Most of the people who were left were either making out or asleep.

There was an unusual looking woman sitting in a chair near the door to my bedroom. She has the look of a woman who fought to get a garage sale, only to find that all the bargains were taken, but still, not content to go home empty-handed.

"Hi, watcha' doin'?" I ask.

"I'm standing guard for my friends. They're in there." I couldn't tell if she was serious.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10





# A MESSAGE FROM GUL'BLE OIL

We thought you might want to know what we do with the oodles of money we make each year. So we'll show you, more or less, just where every penny nearly goes, kinda:

1 for you  
1 for us  
2 for you  
1,2 for us



*Each  
Dollar*

OUR EMPLOYEES--Paying our employees, real or bogus, allows us to launder our money so it can pop up anywhere.



OUR COMMERCIALS--We have really slick looking ads, right? Well, they don't grow on trees. We have to pay agencies to think up this stuff.



OUR BROADCASTING SYSTEM--We dole out more money every year to TV programing. Not only to PBS (where they won't even let us show our slick looking commercials), but to independent stations all over the country (where they will).



CHANGE WE LOSE--behind the sofa cushions, or through holes in our pockets.



OUR SUPPLIERS--the people that we get the oil from, like the Iranians or Libyans, get paid by us, so they can use the money to buy Russian guns or seize embassies.



OUR TAXES--We pay taxes too, you know. Excise, property, sales taxes all going to the gov't so they can work on applying more siffling regulations on us. That's why we have:



OUR SLUSH FUND--We have quite a bankroll stashed away which gives us some influence in the way gov't works, like allowing the decontrolling of oil prices or taking the teeth out of the windfall profit tax.



EXPLORATION--We plow money right back into the process of finding more oil, even though oil is a limited resource and is bound to run out in 20 years or so, instead of developing new and cleaner forms of energy from solar, coal, wind, or even making nuclear so safe every home can have a nuclear furnace in their home where the cat can crawl behind and have kittens.



PENNIES WE SAVE UP IN A BIG OLD PEANUT BUTTER JAR ON THE REFRIGERATOR.



# Rock Scene

by Joe Pinto

Since this is likely to be the last Rock Scene for a while, I thought that I would clean out the files a little....GEORGE HARRISON, who you may remember, is getting ready to re-enter the mainstream of the music world. Harrison, whose career has been moribund at late, it set to join the mega-group EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER, which will be retitled Harrison, Emerson, Lake and Palmer. As the initials indicate, these guys need all the help they can get.... Can LOU READ?...How many licks does it take to get to the middle of an IGGY POP?... This month's Heroes of Rock profile look at CBGB's, the seedy cheap bar on the Bowery which helped launch the Punk movement here in New York. It was difficult to find out exactly how the place got started, since the current management did not start the place and were frankly too out of it to be of any help. Research by my diligent staff found out that the club originally started out as a sweet shop, and we found



its owner, Louie Dumbrowski, a small man with an imposing aroma, is of indeterminate age and purpose on this earth. When asked why he opened his shop to the punks, he stated that, "I have always had nothing but punks and hoodlums in this shop, always buying Banana Splits and never paying for dem. After a while, even dem bums wouldn't come to the store, so I figured, what the heck, I'll start serving liquor and get these new punks in here. Even if they don't pay, at least I have a better time." Eventually, all the publicity got to be too much for the modest Louie, so he changed his name to BERNARD GORCEY and moved to retire in Florida. Next month we look at PHIL SPECTOR, who is today only a ghost of his former self....TANYA TUCKER is negotiating to join the PLASMATICS....With the tragic death of their leader LOWELL GEORGE, LITTLE FEAT is set to carry on under a new name, Cold Feet.... The RAMONES are having one of their songs covered by a popular Swedish singing group. The song, which will undergo some minor changes because of the language barrier, will be called "Abba-Abba Hey! ...Once a

movie opens everywhere, where does it go afterward?...Owners of former great radio station WPIX-FM are considering going to an all commercial format, which would be a vast improvement over the present set up.. DAVID BOWIE is going to have a sex change operation and become a man....Owners of the Xenon discotech are in danger of losing their drug license because of the presence of alcohol....There is no truth to the rumor that ROMAN POLANSKI is going to remake the film "Little Women"...WILL NEIL YOUNG ever get old?....The BEACH BOYS' new album categorically proves that they have been left out in the sun too long.... Has GENSIS degenerated? TONIO K. will merge with the SPECIALS, who will then be known as SPECIAL K....As you may have noticed, "Wessonality" has finally dropped out of the top ten for the first time in three years. When confronted with the news, singer FLORENCE HENDERSON became distraught and tried to slit her throat with a nearby fried chicken wing. Luckily, the wing was so greasy that it failed to accomplish the intended act and she passed out. She was revived with a glass of Tang by close friend RONNIE SCHELL. She has been placed in a sanitarium for observation....The song, "There She Is, Miss America," will be replaced by a Tarzan yell in order to fit new host Ron Elly....Saturday Night Live just has not been the same since THE MIGHTY FAVAQ left the show...maybe he can write this next year. Bye.

## THE ROCK SCENE TOP TEN OR SO....

- 1) YUK: U.K.
- 2) ANOTHER SCHTICK ON THE WALL: Uncle Pink Floyd
- 3) ITS ALL ROCK AND ROLL AND RESIDUALS TO ME: Billy Droll
- 4) U.K. SQUEEZE THE CHARMIN: Mr. Whipple and His Sanitary Band
- 5) ABORTION CLINIC: Dr. Hook
- 6) THEY'RE NOT THE GREAT PRETENDERS: The Sinceros
- 7) BABE, I'M SHATTERED: Styx and Stones
- 8) STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT: Scoobie Doobie Brothers
- 9) HEARTBREAKER: Free, (DooDooDoo) Rolling Stones, The Strawbs, Tom Petty and, Johnny Thunder's, Pat Benetar, Nil son (So \*\*\*\* You) Led Zeppelin, Nantucket
- 10) WHAT, US WORRY? Madness
- 11) BRONX CHEER: The Raspberries
- 12) HELL BENT FOR RED LEATHER. The Romantics
- 13) DOLLY DAGGER: Mollie Hatched
- 14) BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A GRAND? Super-tramp
- 15) 8 1/2: Suzzane Fellini



# A PRESS RELEASE FROM FUTURE TIMES by Steve Whitty

November Fifth, 1980/Washington D.C./AP

It had been a presidential campaign fraught with surprises. In August, had come Ford's decision to run--followed by his tripping and hurting himself badly. Then, in December, over-excited by massive primary wins, Ronald Reagan hyperventilated himself into a stroke--and out of the election. And scandal followed scandal. Phil (Phyllis) Crane and John (Big Jack) Connally were found to be 'man and wife,' long-time lovers sharing an apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. George Bush was uncovered as 'the fifth man' in the Burgess/MacLean affair and a long-time KGB agent. Secret films came out detailing Ted Kennedy's excellent swimming, including winning shows in prep school competitions. And finally, following his economic address to the nation urging 'pain and discipline,' independent investigators turned up evidence of Jimmy Carter's strange private life in the White House--bizarre S-and-M rituals climaxing as the President sat naked on peanut shells and his wife whipped him with old Ray Charles records.

But the final surprise came today, when two hundred and twenty million Americans awoke to find they had elected a man they had not voted for.

John Anderson (R. Illinois) had been the only candidate left on the ballot, and had expected a moderate success. But a computer foulup left the 'H' out of his first name. And Jon Anderson, lead singer of the English rock group Yes, became this country's fortieth President yesterday.

John Anderson (with an H) conceded this afternoon without a trace of bitterness. Sadly shaking his head, and misquoting Emerson, he again stressed his immense personal honesty. He would not, he said, try to 'circumvent this mandate of the people.'

Others were less philosophical. "It's a bleeding kick in the arse," observed Ian Anderson, of the pop group Jethro Tull. "Two more sodding letters wrong and it could have been me. I'd have made a great bleeding president, I would. It's not bloody fair."

Jon Anderson, the President-elect, reached today for comment at his home on Yes Tor, England, said that he was 'wonderfully marvelelling wondering marvelously' pleased.

A special inauguration ceremony is already planned. Mr. S. Howe, an associate of Mr. Anderson's, will adapt the national anthem for flamenco guitar. Roger Dean, an artist, will paint the White House and set it upon a revolving stage. It promises to be quite an event.

What special message does President-elect Jon Anderson have for America? What are his plans for our future? "Backwards never/Forwards ever," he recently commented. "In time/Through space/The race/Of slime/Goes on/In one/In the crystal black eyes of two." He smiled magically, and rested his frail elfin head upon his knee.

## FREDDIE TAKES A WALK (CONT.)

"What are they doin'?"

"I don't know, but they brought a ladder with them." There was a slight smile on her face that dissolved in the drink she coddled. It definitely was not her first. Or her last.

"That's too bad. I wanted to go in there."

"With who?"

"Huh? Oh no, nothing like that. I just want to go to bed."

"Oh, I thought...Say, you're alone...You're kind've cute, you know....I just wondered if I could go with you...You know, I like you."

I took my first good look at the girl. Her eyes were

glazed over twice and appeared to be five years older than she was. She's kind of plain, but had a rear that you could serve tea on, as we used to say back home. I decided to turn down the offer, but asked her to help me break up the party in my room.

Whatever had been going on in there was long finished. There were several people lying huddled in the corner. With the girl's help, I cleared them out. There really is a ladder in here....

While I tried to get to sleep, I wondered if I had done the right thing. It had been an interesting night, but I debated whether I should get out of bed tomorrow.

However, I did get her number, and I think there are some hash brownies left over....

As a public service. The Plague presents: SAFETY TIPS!

### CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS

① I DIDN'T THINK

② I DIDN'T SEE

③ I DIDN'T KNOW<sup>1</sup>

"SAFETY FIRST BE SAFETY FIRST CAREFUL"

A FIRE TODAY . . . . NO JOB TOMORROW<sup>2</sup>

1 Norman the Conqueror, in what was to become Normandy, 9/4/1066

2 Norman Fell, on The Ropers, 7/4/79



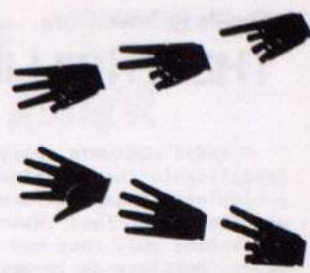




# THE PLAGUE PRESENTS: A THRILLS & ADVENTURE



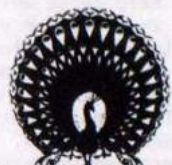
SECTION



## Paramutual Of Omaha's mild kingdom



by Howard Ostrowsky  
and John Rawlins



The jungle. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the business enterprise--its five-year mission to explore strange new veldts, to seek out new species and new zoological classifications, and boldly sell them insurance!

Today's potential suckers--uh, customers--are the wild warthogs of Bayonne, Ethiopia. Bayonne warthogs are just as wild and fierce as the high school students of New Jersey's Bayonne during their mass migrations to Greenwich Village every Saturday night. They also wear their hair the same way. Feeling that a closer look at the warthogs may someday enable us to understand the high school students, I, Partin Merkins, and my faithful Indian companion Robin have ridden via Greyhound bus to the very heart of Bayonne, Ethiopia to confront the wild warthog.

I'll wait here in the bus while Robin makes sure the coast is clear. Better watch the sky for signs of precipitation, Robin, I wouldn't want my new pith helmet to get wet. While we're waiting for Robin to come back, I think I'll entertain you all with the story of how I singlehandedly confronted a gaggle of stampeding water buffalo. Well, there I was with no supplies, no rifle, no TV camera, and this big bull water buffalo was thundering straight toward me. I whipped out my standard life insurance policy and said, "Sir, you've tried to be a good provider, but what would happen to your family if you suddenly dropped out of the picture?"

Oh, what's that standing in the doorway of the bus? Well, renew my term policy! It looks to be the fearsome Mudlark of Globetrotter, Bhutan. Sir, you've tried to be a good provider--oh, it's you, Robin! You're covered with mud! Guess I should have told you about the hundreds of mile-deep mudholes in this area. That reminds me of the time I sold a 5-year swamp policy to the slime monster from Oswego. No supplies, no rifle--er, Robin, you look camouflaged enough to float upriver and stalk the Ethiopian stork. See you later, Alligator!

And just as Robin almost drowned in a mudhole, you also might find yourself in a hole if you allow your Paramutual of Omaha policy to expire. People like me, Partin Merkins, or my girlfriend Ma Perkins, will soon drop by your home and pester you to no end unless you renew. So why don't you pay up now, deadbeat? We know who you are and we're not above announcing your names on TV and embarrassing you in front of thousands of your fellow nature-lovers. So come on, Mrs. Nussbaum and Mr. Kanufsky, your respective policies expire tomorrow. What if you should expire the day after?

Now let's glance through our high-powered binoculars and see how Robin is making out. Well, there he is floating along the Bayonne River in his inflatable swan, and there a few feet behind him is--oops, I guess I should have warned him about

the hundreds of bloodthirsty piranha that frequent this river! Since this is a family show, we can't really show you how Robin is about to be torn up by scores of vicious maneaters, so let's take a look at some great nature films I, Partin Merkins, took last summer along the oilspill on the Florida coast.

There's me. And there's the beach. And there's the oil. And there's Robin trying to take a water sample. There he is slipping on the slick and falling into the oil. And there's me again, lighting my cigar and throwing away the match. And there's a great big fire. And there's Robin again, in the Florida Burn Center. That reminds me of the time I sold a fire insurance policy to farmer O'Leary's cow in Chicago. . .

Let's take a look in the binoculars and see how Robin's doing. Well, how do you like that! I didn't know he could swim so fast! He's on the river bank now. I guess I'll catch up with him by hopping into my luxury yacht with all the conveniences of home and cruising up the majestic Bayonne River. Gee, too bad I forgot that the Ethiopian stork never nests near piranha-infested waters. Hi, Robin! You're looking a lot better than I expected you would. Too bad about your swan.

Looking out over the horizon, I can see a huge pack of fierce warthogs. The moment of truth has come. While I collect some interesting rock samples, Robin will go out and try to capture the entire pack of untamed beasts with a butterfly net.

Since Robin is gone and can't hear me, I guess now is a good time to let all our television viewers in on a little secret. The Paramutual of Omaha Conglomerate has purchased a \$5 trillion double indemnity policy on Robin from Allstake, Prunedental, and Metropolitan Strife, in hopes of bankrupting said corporations. Any suggestions on future dangerous trips we can take Robin on can be sent to me in care of Paramutual Insurance. Whoever sends in the best idea gets a free three-year auto policy and a 5 X 10 photo of me, Partin Merkins.

Hark! Is that the sound of thousands of attacking warthogs I hear? Guess I'll take a look outside. Tune in next week to see me, and perhaps Robin too, as we continue to spread financial security among the fauna, on Paramutual of Omaha's Mild Kingdom.

(ALL SCENES, WHETHER ACTUAL OR CREATED, DEPICT AUTHENTICATED SALES.)



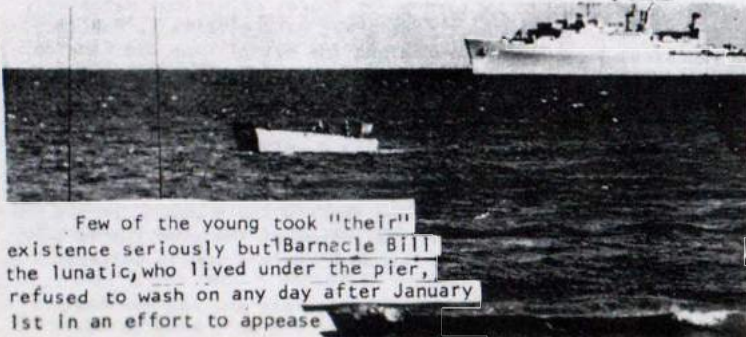


## THE THRILLING HIGH SEA ADVENTURES OF CAPT.

By Steven Korn

THRILLS

It did not make sense. Dusk was merely hours away, yet inexplicably the ceaseless, treacherous wind that had been a-blowing all day betrayed no sign of weakening. Maybe it was due to the fact that this was plain and simply the most ill-boding gust that had ever presented itself on the ocean waves. Horrible as it was, the wind was only one of millions of potential risks out there. Some were physical. The majority however were from the underworld of spirits, spectres, and vermin where the malcontents and vagrants from Davy Jones' Locker reside. As a result of these obstacles, only hearty, adventuresome souls ever dare to brave a sailing trip on water like the shivering brine of the seventh sea. Captain Thrills and Ensign Adventure were men who fit that description like a lampshade. It was an assessment none could question. Their boat valiently trudged on, oblivious to the threatening danger presented by the enveloping storm. Their ship held cargo which, if delivered successfully, would result in countless riches for the two of them, but was that really worth challenging the anger of Neptune's domain? "Yes," each thought to himself. That confidence might not have been so clear cut could they have realized at this moment that in merely seven moments more they would have two major worries and the ceaseless, treacherous wind would rank second in comparative importance. For, in a craft merely a few hundred feet behind crept the subjects of countless spine cracking yarns spun by innumerable old salts of the sea.



Few of the young took "their" existence seriously but Barnacle Bill the lunatic, who lived under the pier, refused to wash on any day after January 1st in an effort to appease "them." Thrills and Adventure felt that nothing so vile could be real and thusly they didn't put much stock in "their" reality. They were on their guard nonetheless, to be safe, but Thrills and Adventure were certainly not intimidated by the prospect of confronting the phantom scourges of the aqua depths. 'Twas a fortuitous attitude indeed since fate had sketched out a confrontation, unbeknownst to either protagonist at this juncture. Soon they would gaze and learn that the demonic stories were oh-too factual. Preying along, asplike as always, barely within eye shot now, were...THE THREE EVILS!!!

It was 13:85 (nautical time) on the ship of Thrills and Adventure when both recognized the necessity of split second action. As if the inevitable duel with death being only moments away was not enough, a requisite drastic change in conditions had to be dealt with. The ceaseless wind had stopped! Thrills hoisted the mast while Adventure drew his sabre, knowing full well that every succeeding breath he drew might be his last, and proceeded to think the dilemma out. He had a crazy idea but it just might work. Closing his eyes and hoping, he spun the wheel. Of course, the wheel! That was the answer. Thrills crawled on his stomach, inch by inch, necessarily methodical, and gradually neared his compatriot. The sweat hung on his brow and then fell off. Conditions had stabilized. Temporarily out of danger now, the Captain spoke. "Ensign, spinning the wheel was a stroke of genius. However, as I crawled along the deck, well, I realized lad, the wind was dying down. Shouldn't that have made things easier for us, mate?"

"Yes, I imagine it would at that," he replied. Those words were obviously encoded with hidden resignation. That the spectre of the infamous 3 would step out of the illusionary and into reality was no longer a matter of "if" but one

of "When it happens." They were to be the first humans to make contact with "them." The thought made Thrills and Adventure know fear for the first time in either's event-filled life. The words pulsed in each man's brain getting louder with each beat. THE three evils. THE THREE EVILS. THE THREE EVILS! THE THREE EVILS!!! AAAAAHHHHHHH!

Moe Evil, Larry Evil, and Curley Evil had left port at Portland, Oregon shortly after Thrills and Adventure did. The gusts were getting louder, although losing strength, as Larry said, "Moe, why did we sail here anyway? We're lost and I'm cold in this ceaseless wind."

"As long as we're talking, I'm hungry," chimed in Curley Evil. Moe Evil responded. "You know, you're right. I should've realized. I'll drop anchor right now." And he did, right on Larry's head. The blow brought Larry's hands up, clunking Curley on the jaw with a thick metal pipe. Larry held the pipe for no other reason than to bob Curley with, should Moe happen to bash Larry first. "Now spread out chowderheads. We're almost there," said Moe. They could clearly see the other boat now.

As time moved along, the mist had grown dense. The gap separating the boats narrowed steadily and Thrills was inspired to wax philosophic. The gap was like the mist in many ways. Strangely, the mist was like rain. Yet, the rain was like the sea. Ahh, the sea. If it weren't for the sea, the world would be entirely composed of land. All the brave who died on the water in hundreds of pirate battles wouldn't have had a chance to test their bravery out before they died. The film "Captain Blood" would be totally incredulous. Yes, the sea was good, concluded Thrills. He was not sorry he turned down the \$10,000 a week job with IBM to sail with Adventure.

Who wants to put stamps on envelopes 3 days a week anyway? He was on the sea, like an oil slick or an old boot. Oil was power, an old boot meant that someone had new shoes, had achieved economic progress. Or had drowned. But he was thinking too much. The Evils were coming.

Back on the Evils' ship, Moe spoke. "Now we all know the plan, right?" Curley and Larry looked at one another and said, "No."

"Why, you numbskulls." He shook his fist ominously in Curley's face. Curley, not accustomed to a fist in his face that didn't go pop on his skull, thrust downward on Moe's fist. This caused Moe's arm to swing back and go in a full circle, coming to a kerplunking halt, finally, on Curley's head. In retaliation, Curley poked Moe's eyes. When Moe recovered, he made no effort to mask his displeasure. "Oh yeah, porcupine." With that, he tried to poke at Curley's eyes. Curley, however, had cleverly put his hand between his eyes, preventing that from happening successfully. Curley was pleased. He laughed. Moe laughed. Then he slapped Curley's face. Larry laughed. Moe took an apple from a bowl of fruit sitting on the deck and mashed it on Larry's forehead.

At the same time, Thrills and Adventure saw the boat draw practically astride their own. They looked right, then left, and drew their swords, standing on the rim of the hull. "All right, if it's a fight ye want, ye Evils, then a...." The sentence went unfinished because Curley ducked a water balloon that Larry had thrown and it landed instead in Adventure's open mouth. Like the shark in Jaws in a similar situation, the ensign was quite surprised when he bit down. "Look Moe," uttered Larry. Moe shot a glance at the rather perturbed Adventure. "C'mon, now's our chance." During the fray, Curley Evil had gone down to the mess and he came back with some pies. Thrills and Adventure were trained swordsmen. Pies were not their forte however, in diametric opposition to the Evils' strength. They were true with each



throw. Normally, pies alone would not have been enough to subdue and defeat men of Thrills and Adventure's calibre. Unfortunately for them, these pies were still frozen and in their unthawed state were more analogous to bricks than whipped cream. The projectiles knocked the two out cold. Seeing this, the Evils boarded their ship.

"Yep, these are the guys. Look, I've found their cargo. There must be at least 1000 copies of that pamphlet they flim-flammed us with." They picked one of them up. On the front in bold red letters it said, **JOIN THE LOOP TAPE BOARD: TEN REASONS WHY YOU CAN AFFORD THE SEEMINGLY ASTRONOMICAL PRICE.** The flyer said that the board was deeply involved with economic reform, a subject near and dear to the Evils' hearts. In fact, it continued, "President Coolidge turned the board's decisions word for word into official policy." Naturally, it would follow that if you were on the board, you would in actuality be formulating this country's economic path. Furthermore, "For every question we deal with, the answers we decide upon are law within SIX DAYS. For a \$1000 membership fee, you are guaranteed a vote on each proposal. For \$5000 you can vote twice." Now they had proof. Thrills and Adventure paid for their many thrills and adventures through odd con jobs. There was no LOOP TAPE BOARD! President Coolidge didn't even have an economic policy. Once ashore, they turned the two sailors over to the authorities and retrieved their lost money, another high sea adventure completed.

Upon their return to their apartment, Curley summed up the trip for all when he turned to Moe and spoke the sailors' credo, "WOO-WOO-WOO-WOO."

"What are you yappin' about, I didn't even hit you yet, neddlenose," inquired the head-Evil.

"I miss the sea, Moe," pined Curley.

"OK. I understand." Compassionate as ever, he stuck Curley's head in a basin of dishwater. E'er to the sea return the sprite-like buccaneers of story and song without whom life itself would be impossible.

The Adventures of  
**CLYDE**  
and  
His Friends

GEE HANDS,  
THE WAY YOU BEND  
AND FLEX AND MOVE  
AND GRASP...  
I JUST DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT  
YOU!

NEITHER  
DO WE,  
CLYDE!



## The ADVENTURE Of The ANGRY AUTHOR

Thrills &amp; Adventure

by Dan Fiorella

I need only glance at my notes in the most cursory fashion to relate this most unusual episode in the career of my friend, Sherlock Holmes - consulting detective. I was again lodging in our old quarters while my wife cared for a sick aunt in Dover and my practice suffered from an epidemic of good health which seemed to strike London in the early summer of 1895. We had only the night before finished work on a case, involving a most brutal murder and an Indian carpet woven from human hair. Holmes was up early refilling his Persian slipper with a new supply of shag. Mrs. Hudson's breakfast was already on the table by the time I had dressed for the day.

"Well rested I hope," Holmes said as I consumed my meal.

"I feel well enough. Any reason for your inquiry?"

"Just this wire I received. Mrs. Hudson brought it up with the breakfast." Holmes handed me a note.

Mr. Holmes (it read)

Wish to speak to you on  
a personal matter. Will  
call 11:00 this morning  
A. C. Doyle

"A personal matter, Holmes? What possibly could this Doyle want from you?"

"If my ears don't deceive me, we will discover his motives shortly. I believe those are his footsteps on our staircase now."

A few moments later, Mr. Doyle, a slight man with a bushy moustache, stood before us, hat in hand. Holmes proceeded to welcome our visitor. "Good morning, Mr. Doyle. I'm..."

"Yes, I know. You're Sherlock Holmes and this is the good Doctor John Watson." There was a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"Quite. Now then, what is the nature of your problem sir?" Holmes remained strangely cool toward our guest.

"I would think you would know already," Doyle replied. I hadn't seen such antagonism toward Holmes since Lestrade learned of Holmes' involvement in the MacMurphy Rocking Horse case. Certainly ill feelings to the degree of those displayed by Doyle were rare, especially by a client. "Surely the name Arthur Conan Doyle must have struck a chord in that remarkable memory of yours."

"The name is not unfamiliar to me, nor was your visit a complete surprise." Holmes lit his pipe, tossing the match into the long-dark fireplace. "Doyle, yes. Born 1859 in Edinburgh. Educated at Stonhurst College and the University of Edinburgh. You were a practicing physician from 1882 until 1890, when you devoted yourself to writing full time."

"Really, Holmes," I burst forth, "How on earth did you deduce all that?"

"I didn't deduce it, I learned it. As I said before, Mr. Doyle's visit was not a complete surprise. On the assumption that he would be calling on us, I simply did some research."

Again I spoke out, "What is the purpose of the visit?"

"I'm sure Mr. Doyle..."

"Doctor Doyle," Doyle interrupted.

"Of course. I'm sure Doctor Doyle could answer that better than I."

CONTINUED →



# ANGRY AUTHOR (CONT.)

"Are you here to obtain Holmes' service as consulting detective?" I asked.

"I should say the exact opposite," Doyle replied. Then turning back to my friend, "Aren't you acting a bit too independent for your own good?"

I felt compelled to speak. "Holmes was never one to work with the police."

"Not from the police," said Doyle, "From me."

I was taken back by that last statement. Holmes by now had seated himself, assuming his usual position when dealing with a new client. Inasmuch as my face showed a lack of comprehension, Holmes seemed perfectly willing to accept this news. "What are you talking about, my good man?"

Holmes raised his hand. "Please Watson, allow our guest to continue."

"Don't act so smug. You're becoming too free. Don't forget I'm the one who created you."

"What?" I gasped. Any previous look of surprise paled in sight of my present expression. "Created him? Are you accusing us of being some kind of Frankenstein Monster?"

"Nothing so blatant, Doctor," said Doyle, "Not directly anyway. But since his first appearance, the amazing Sherlock Holmes seems to have taken on a life of his own. Yes, to the point where one may say it has turned on its master."

Holmes straightened up in his chair as he spoke, "Well, Doyle, I always assumed I had served you well."

Doyle seemed to be making himself at home in our lodgings. In fact, he seemed quite familiar with the layout of our rooms and the decorations which were the result of Holmes' eccentricities. Doyle walked by the "V.R." formed by bullet holes in our wall, the chemical-stained table where Holmes bandied about with his experiments and the wax bust of Holmes used as a decoy for an air rifle. He studied them not with any sense of discovery, but with an air of approval at what he saw. Then he spoke, "Yes you did serve me well; thanks to you I became an established writer. But somewhere along the line, you cease to be a literary figure."



"Well rested I hope,"  
Holmes said as I consumed my meal.

"I say Holmes, is he serious?"

"Most serious, Watson."

Doyle continued. "I want you to end your consultation service. I have other works worth recognition. Why, my manuscripts on British history have been called the definitive word. I've been given a knighthood for my volumes on the British Boar War."

"I was offered one also, but turned it down," said Holmes.

"I know what you did. I wrote it. I'm sure you recall that. Now it's the end. I want to move on to other things."

By now Holmes was out of his chair. As he spoke, the two men circled me in a casual pace around the room. "I think that would be impossible, Sir Arthur. You see, I'm bigger than you now. There's nothing you can do that will deter me from serving the public. They expect Sherlock Holmes to protect them and serve justice."

"But you are a fictional character," Doyle protested.

Holmes was unaffected by this claim. "I'm afraid there are vast numbers of persons who would disagree. You see, I have books, movies, television shows about me. I have a fan club. People adore me. I walk the same streets of London you do. I meet the same people. I am real."

"You're not! I can finish you off at any time."

"I'm afraid you can't. You tried once to kill me off. Not only was it such a feeble attempt that any semi-literate could pick out the holes and inconsistencies in the narrative, but public outcry forced you to resurrect me. Others will simply pick up where you left off. They'll probably improve on the whole series."

"I doubt that."

"People know I'm real. They know they can depend on me. Why I solved the Jack the Ripper case no less than three times."

"Oh sure, and one of the times you were the killer."

"Nonetheless, that's three times more than the real police. My Baker Street Irregulars know more about me than you ever knew, or wrote about me. They know my complete biography. They've even psychoanalyzed me. Did you know Professor Moriarty was a figment of my imagination?"

"No he isn't," Doyle exclaimed. "He's a figment of my imagination. I created him as the perfect foil for you."

"He was only my mathematics teacher as a boy."

"He was your enemy! He nearly killed you twice. You ran up against him later in the Valley of Fear. I am not in the habit of writing detective stories with a candidate for the asylum as the hero. That would be lovely, a detective who hallucinates his own antagonists. And I don't need books written about your past. Everything that mattered was contained in the stories. Your history, as I wrote it, would barely fill a single page."

"Really, Doyle," I said, "I'm not an expert in the field of psychiatry, though I did meet with Sigmund Freud for several months..."

"...Not while I was writing, you didn't."

"Nonetheless," I continued, "all of Holmes' strange little quirks could be explained with a study of his childhood."

"He had no childhood. These 'quirks' are there for color. Things like the Persian slipper, the Inverness cape or his travelling cap are little details I use to bring the character to life, to make him spring from the page." →





# STALKING THE WILD CRANBERRIES

by E. Hemingway



The night had passed. It was morning. I came out of my tent, gritty and cramped from a long sleep on the hard ground. I had forgotten my air mattress. I felt like an idiot. I also felt like a compulsive neurotic with manic depressive tendencies.

My friend Bill came out of his tent with his elephant gun. The sun beat down on him. He shot it. A bird flew over and sang a happy note. He shot it. Bill liked to shoot things. He was weird. But it was nothing. We were here to search out the wild cranberries.

We had been searching for the wild cranberries for years. They were the only things left in this crummy world that could make a man feel like a man. Money couldn't do it. Women couldn't do it. Sixteen round trip rides for the price of one on the Staten Island Ferry couldn't do it. Only their nectar could soothe the wild juices that flow within us.

We set off across the Spanish plains and arrived a half hour later on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx. We had walked fast and hard. Occasionally we met some members of the Army Ambulance Corps. Bill shot them. We saw members of the Nationalist forces. Bill shot them. We saw a cute brown bunny rabbit with a fluffy-wuffy tail. Bill made strawberry jello out of him.

We entered a small grocery store. It was a Mom and Pop joint run by an old German couple who escaped in the last days of the oppressive regime and now lived in Brooklyn. They stood there smiling. Didn't they know?

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"We want some fresh, wild cranberries," I said.

The old man shuffled away with his slow, arthritic gait. The old woman arranged some flowers. The old man returned and weakly handed me a jar full of cranberry slices.

"Dammit," screamed Bill in fury, "these are canned. We

said we wanted fresh." Bill shot him. The old woman screamed. Bill shot her. In the face.

"You shouldn't have done that," I said. "I know," said Bill, "but I can't stand preservatives."

We walked through the streets. The sun beat down hard, baking the pavement. My skin felt like imitation leather brushed with suede care, with those neat little studs and artificial dyes. My feet felt like someone put a squishy sponge in my shoe. Occasionally, Bill would shoot someone. The trip was uneventful.

Hunger overtook us at 125th Street. Bill said he would get us some food and began to fire. The height of the buildings affected his aim, but a few citizens later he began to hit bird. They spun and dipped and crashed into the river. We went to the banks and looked in, but they were only airplanes so we went on. "I could sure use some cranberries," said Bill.

We didn't find cranberries in Central Park. We didn't find cranberries in Saks. We didn't find cranberries on the observation deck of the RCA building. We didn't find cranberries in the fifth stall from the left in the men's room on the lower concourse of Grand Central Station. We didn't find cranberries anywhere. Bill was irritated. Many passersby found this out.

Bill was pissed. He was more pissed than the twenty people he was holding at gunpoint on Vanderbilt Ave. He was more pissed than the SWAT team who aimed at us from office rooftops. He was pissed.

A kid ran up. "There's cranberries on Madison Ave.," he said. We walked over to Madison Ave. The twenty people walked over to Madison Ave. The SWAT team ran over to Madison Ave.

In the middle of a rubble-strewn lot there was a cranberry bush. It was small and scrawny, but full of cranberries. Bill eyed the plant with distaste. "What a dumb looking plant," he said. He shot it.

Ray Morton



Another  
Safety Tip :

**THE BEST  
SAFETY DEVICE**

**CAREFUL  
MAN<sup>3</sup>**

<sup>3</sup>Norman Rockwell, Saturday Eve. Post, 4/4/36

IS A

ANGRY AUTHOR (CONT.)

"Then it would seem that it's succeeded beyond your wildest dreams. It's out of your realm now, Doyle. You washed your hands off me. I've seen some of the quotes. 'Marry him, murder him, do what you like,' indeed. And let us not forget your own attempt to, as the Americans say, bump me off."

"You've pushed me beyond the limits of endurance. I have a right to be known for other things."

"I made you famous. You're riding on my tailcoats. Face it man, along with Watson here, Mrs. Hudson, and even Mycroft, you owe it all to me. Now I really am growing weary of this conversation. If you don't leave now I shall have you arrested for trespassing. Lestrade may be a dolt but he does have the power to make arrests."

Doyle put on his hat and prepared to leave. "You haven't heard the last of me."

"Nor you, I," replied Holmes as the door was pulled shut. "Riding your tailcoats, Holmes?"

"Sorry old boy, but I was merely making a point. Nothing personal, you understand."

"That Doyle certainly is a moody chap."

"The artist's disposition. All creative people seem to have it. I've told you my relation to the French artist, Vernet? Same way. Even you Watson, as author of those melodramatic accounts of our exploits, go through similar moods."

"Remarkable, Holmes. Do you think Doyle will be back?"

"I'm as sure of it as I am of sitting here in 221B Baker Street. Let us now move on to other things. Would you mind handing me this month's copy of The Strand? I adore those short mystery stories."



# TO HELL & BACK

Brian Feinberg

The challenge. My God I love it. I love it more than my work. I love it more than my woman. And I love it more than my life. Well, okay, maybe not that much, but I really like it a lot. I really like the challenge. And today was my day to face it, fight it and conquer it, like I was Anthony and it was Cleopatra.

I rose at dawn that dark winter day, and with sharp, snapping efficiency donned my gear. Nervous? Sure, a little. But within minutes I knew that the fear would have negligible effect. By 11 I was out of the can, and striding across the plush, maroon carpet of my lavish one-room coldwater flat on East 14th St.

I sat at my small wooden desk, and began to make the final preparations. Opening the top, middle drawer, I drew out the tools of my avocation. The magnifying glass, the tweezers, the small bottle of no. 2 airplane glue and the Puffs, extra-soft tissues. Then I removed the chain around my neck, the one with the tiny gold key attached, and unlocked the narrow, right-hand drawer. I reached in and felt the worn, leather case inside. I touched it, delicately at first, running only a few fingers across it, until I could summon up the courage to grasp it full in my hand, and draw it out.

Gently closing the drawer, I put the case on the desk in front of me, nervously shifting it back and forth until it was square center of the desk top, and all the while stalling for time before I began. But I had to begin, and all at once I forced myself to throw the cover open. And there it was.

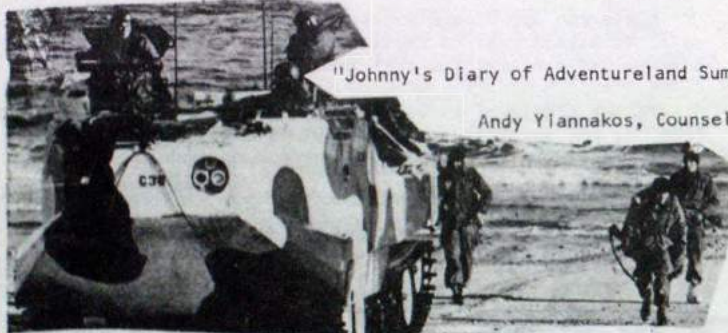
The small, cellophane bag. Just a tiny one, which until a moment ago lay pressed between the pages, just waiting for my hand to expose it to the light of day, and then open it. I did open it, and in a moment the contents had spilled out. No, spilled isn't the word. Fluttered is more like it. It fluttered out. Like a butterfly who'd just lost half a wing. Like a leaf making its last vain attempt to remain alive, before it dropped dead to the ground. Like a...a stamp.

A stamp alright. A 1935 Gold Star Vice President William E. Bakey memorial stamp, unmarked. And it was mine. All mine, and a steal at \$44,563.97. But now it was time to give it its rightful place, right there on page four, space 348 of my stamp album.

I flipped to four, and studied the spot, marked with a blue X. Then I opened the glue bottle, a tough job made tougher by the mass of years-dried glue that held the cap in a vice-like grip. But it was mission accomplished after a few minutes under the hot water tap.

Then the brush, the part of the technique that separates the serious collector from the wet-eared kid. Dab. Dab. Not too much, and...perfect. Now the tweezers. Lift, don't tear, don't drop and...in place. Finally the tissue. Press, press, don't smear, keep it straight and...there.

I did it. Using one of the extra tissues to mop my sweat-drenched neck and forehead, I then reached right around to give myself a hearty pat on the back. Yes, the hard part was over. The critical part. I'd handle closing the book and putting it back in the drawer tomorrow. No sense in pushing things today. No, not today. A good stiff drink and a few hours of Mozart would be a better reward for my courage. My manhood. And a victory over the challenge.



"Johnny's Diary of Adventureland Summer Camp," Summer, 1979

Andy Yiannakos, Counselor



- July 5- Arrived Summer Camp, bad food, bad booze, bad poker partners, good women.
- July 7 -Still figuring out what I did July 6.
- July 8 -Just learned how to spell, "Dear Diary."
- July 9 -Dear Diary, Dear Diary, Dear Diary, Dear Diary, Dear Diary.....
- July 18 -Met with a big snake. Snake's name is Harold. Harold is a bit shy, so I hid him in the bottom of my dirty laundry.
- July 20 -Need money. The marginal costs of candy bars is ridiculous!! Went swimming. Next time I go swimming, I'll take off my clothes.
- July 25 -Mom and Dad came to see me. They thought I fit in so well with the camp, that they offered the camp director a chance of keeping me for good. The camp director knows when he's got a good deal when he sees one, so he took Mom and left me to go off home with Dad.

- August 1-I learned skill crafts today. Now I have five wallets to put my candy bars in. I also smoked my first cigarette today. It tastes a little bit like Marijuana.
- August 2-Nothing new. Just wanted to see if the pen was working.
- August 4-Now that our counselor is dead, I think I'm a shoe in for this job next summer. Need my own whistle.
- August 9-I met a new girl today. She was a bit green, so I went back to the counselor in the next bunk.
- August 12-The counselor in the next bunk keeps calling me "Daddy" for no reason. Maybe she thinks I give her the father image.
- August 19-Today, I found that that "Love Will Keep Us Together," "Jumpin' Jack Flashes," "We are Not Men--We are DEVO" and that my double, H-B paid \$421.20 today. Going home soon.
- August 20-Dad has kind of lost Mom. Neither of them wants to see me. My \$421.20 is now \$3.71 and two subway tokens. Thank God I have my last pair of tube socks with me, my lucky ones that I wore at the Woodstock Festival as a kid.
- September 2-I am lost now, officially. Don't worry about it, because this dehydrated food is great!
- September 4-Just got a letter from Mom today. She finished all my laundry, and Dad just loves his real snake-skin belt.



# THEMES FROM UNFORGETTABLE MOVIES

THAT YOU HAVE PROBABLY FORGOTTEN

by Bob Young

The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly is the third in the series of "spaghetti" Westerns, directed by Sergio Leone, featuring everybody's favorite movie hero, "The Man With No Name." The film stars Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach. Eastwood has the honor of portraying, for the third time (and, thank God, the last time), "The Man With No Name" and is "The Good" of the movie's title. Since I haven't seen the movie in a long time, I can't remember exactly who "The Bad" is, and I have an even tougher time figuring out who "The Ugly" is. Both Lee Van Cleef and Eli Wallach are not matinee idols, to be sure, which explains why I just can't remember who "The Ugly" is, try as I might. To tell the truth, I don't really give a damn. Let's go on to more important things, like the beautiful, lilting theme song of The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly. The song was written by Hugo Montenegro, who went on to later fame as the composer of the theme song of the intellectually stimulating TV show, The Partridge Family. So now, let's experience the lyrics to the theme song of The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly. Sing along if you want.

Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
(Gunfire and music)  
Wa-Wa-Wa  
(Music)  
Wa-Wa-Wa  
(Gunfire and music)  
Wa-Wa-Wa-Wa  
(Music)  
Wa-Wa  
(Gunfire)

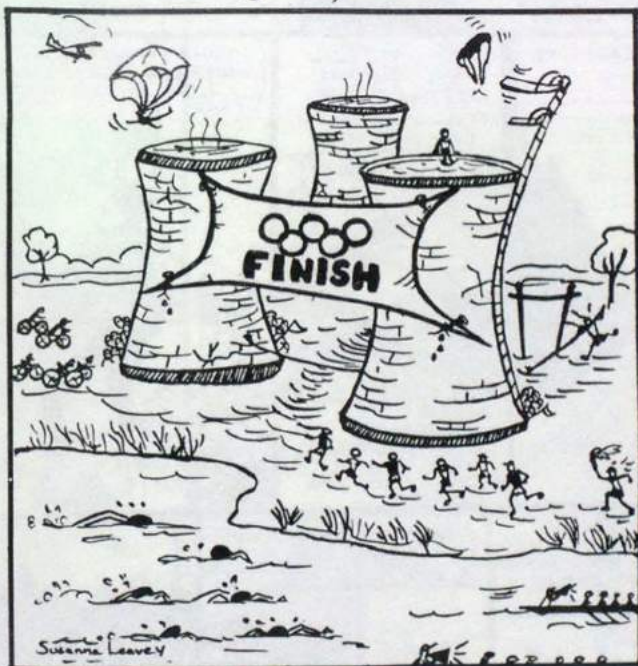
(Music)  
Grunt-grunt-grunt-grunt-grunt  
(Music)  
Grunt-grunt-grunt-grunt-grunt  
(Music and grunts)

Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
Wa-wa-wa  
Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa

(Music)  
Woo-woo-woo (whistling)  
(Gunfire and music)  
Woo-woo-woo  
(Music)  
Woo-woo-woo-woo  
(Cannonfire and music)  
Woo-woo-woo  
(Cannonfire)

Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
Wa-wa-wa  
Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
Wa-wa-wa  
Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
Wa-wa-wa-wa  
Aaaa-Aaaa-Aaaa  
Wa-wa  
(World War III)

## The Alternate Olympics



Press Secretary Jody Powell announced today the reopening of the Three-Mile Island nuclear power plant as the site of the proposed Alternate Olympic games. A government grant of \$200-000,000 was awarded the plant's owners to cover "sundry expenses." Profits are expected to exceed \$500,000,000. All debate concerning nuclear energy will be halted in order to keep the Olympics from being mixed up in politics. Powell unveiled this artist's conception of the upcoming event.

Bothered by pestv company that came to visit but decided to stav? Tired of houseguests who flick ashes on your rug and explain that it's good for the carpet? Haven't you always wanted some magic system to get those rhinoceros-like relatives to just go home? You know, the ones who complain about the coffee while helping themselves to a fifteenth cup? Then why not try the new, easy-to-use spray repellent "Guest Away"? One quick spray releases a semi-noxious vapor that will send that company running home faster than you can say "hors d'oeuvre".



Thanks to modern technology, results are only occasionally fatal. So buy it now and truly entertain your guests at your next party. Also try our new "Guest Motel".

by Howard Ostrowsky



# ~ PART IV ~ THE FOND FAIRWELLS

BY JOHN RAWLINS & AMY BURNS

THE CONCLUSION TO THE MILDLY ENGAGING, SOCIALLY-CONSCIOUS CATASTROPHE-RIDDEN STORY OF THE THREE FAIRWELL BROTHERS, IKE, MIKE, & JIM, AND THEIR SOMEWHAT NOTEWORTHY, TRENDY SATIRIC ADVENTURES IN A WORLD THAT WILL SOMEDAY ONLY EXIST AS NEW YORK'S BACKYARD.

SUNK DEEP INTO A BIT OF QUICKSAND, PROFESSOR TETRACHLORIDE'S TIME MACHINE SUDDENLY BEGINS TO SHOW SIGNS OF LIFE FROM WITHIN ITS AIRTIGHT INTERIOR...



FOR AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, THE TWO PEOPLE TRAPPED INSIDE HAVE SURVIVED THE TURBULENT TUMBLE OF TETRACHLORIDE'S TINKERTOY.



I'M OVER HERE BY THE DOOR, END. I MANAGED TO SHUT IT BEFORE IT FLOODED THE PLACE WITH QUICKSAND. BUT WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS ANYWAY, SO I DON'T EVEN SEE WHY I'M BOTHERED.





ENID, I...

BUT WHAT OF MIKE?

HE CROUCHES ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP BUILDING A GLEN IN HOPE OF ATTRACTING GWEN'S ATTENTION.

**GWEN**

THE CREATURE'S APPROACH IS AS SILENT AS A CUN-RISE, AS SWIFT AS A SUMMER VACATION. BUT WHAT OF JIM?

UUA... MORE WATER PLEASE MR. FA-RWELL.

ARE YOU SURE FIFTEEN HANDFULS WASN'T ENOUGH, PROFESSOR?

THIS CREATURE'S APPROACH IS MUCH MORE INTIMIDATING, YET JIM & TETRACHLORIDE FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED BETWEEN THE LAKE AND THE SHEER DROP OF THE CLIFF BEFORE THEY CAN ESCAPE.

JIM, YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THE WATER!

**GRRR**

BUT WHAT OF THE GIRL IN THE SUCKSAND?

SHE IS, OF COURSE, IRIDIUM, TETRACHLORIDE'S DAUGHTER, BUT COVERED IN THE MUD AS SHE IS, SAM MISTAKES HER FOR THE WOMAN HE'S BEEN SEARCHING FOR FOR ALMOST FIVE YEARS.

HEY, MIKE! I FOUND GWEN!

BUT WHAT OF THE PTERODACTYL?

IT'S PREHISTORIC TEETH GLISTEN AS IT MOVES IN ON MIKE...

BUT SAM'S WORDS REACH HIM FIRST.

**KLONK**

WHAT?!

**WEN**

**WEN**

**BAM**

**CRACK**

**WHAM!**

**SPLASH!**

**WHUMP!**

GEE, I WAS WONDERING HOW WE WERE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS!

A MOMENT LATER, EVERYONE HAS ASSEMBLED AROUND THE TIME MACHINE.

DARN, JUST WHEN HE WAS GOING TO MAKE HIS MOVE!

HI, EVERYONE! WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

YOU SURE RECOVERED PRETTY QUICK WHEN YOU SAW THAT DINO SAH AT YOU US!

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL PERPENDICULAR INSTEAD OF YOU.

YOU HAD BETTER TO WISH A TON, PREZ!

YOU HAD BETTER TO WISH A TON, PREZ!

MIKE STARES SILENTLY AT THE SKY.

NO, I'M NOT GWEN. I'M IRIDIUM YOU DIT!

HAVE ANY I.D.'S?

YOU BOZO! COULDN'T YOU HELP PULL ME UP IN TIME BEFORE I WAS HIT BY TWO DINOSAURS?

HE KNOWS GWEN ISN'T HERE AFTER ALL. HE WILL SPEND ANOTHER LONELY NIGHT WITHOUT HER. THE HORIZON MISPELS THE VERY QUESTION HE ASKS HIMSELF.

**WEN**

**SMASH**

THE NINE CLIMB BACK INTO THE MACHINE, AND TETRACHLORIDE TURNS THE IGNITION KEY...

THEY ARE BACK IN (1980), BUT ARE SLIGHTLY DISPLACED IN SPACE.

WE JOIN THEM INSIDE THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NEW YORK...

MY GOD! TETRACHLORIDE, I'M OLD! WHAT HAPPENED?

AND I'M YOUNG! MUST'VE BEEN SOME SORT OF MACHINE MALFUNCTION! GUESS YOU'LL BE RETIRING, MURDER!

HE HATES TO REMEMBER I'M GOING TO COMPLETELY CHANGE THE RULES ABOUT MANDATORY RETIREMENT! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE OLD DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD GET MARRIED, MIKE?

WELL, SURE, AND CONGRATULATIONS IRIDIUM! I'D SHAKE YOUR HAND, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO SHAKE ALL ABOUT IT!

NO.

I DON'T KNOW MR. MARLOWE, I GET THE FEELING IT WAS ALL A DREAM...

YOUR AD HERE

YEAH, MIKE, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. A TRICERATOPS? QUICKSAND? THE RARE CRETACEOUS RUBBERPLANT VINE? IT'S TOO FANTASTIC TO BE TRUE!

**THE END**



# SODS & PEPPERS CLUB

About twenty years ago today  
All they ever grew was dried-out hay  
Now they spend all weekend in the yard  
A-Raising radishes and leeks and chard  
So may I introduce to you  
The guys who bring Lawn Doctor tears  
Sods & Peppers Local Garden Club!  
We're Sods & Peppers Local Garden Club  
We hope all our roots will stay put  
We're Sods & Peppers Local Garden Club  
Ralph Snodsmith's just a tenderfoot  
Sods & Peppers Local, Sods & Peppers Local,  
Sods & Peppers Local Garden Club  
We don't like flower-pickers  
And please keep off our lawn  
We don't like crabgrass, dandelions,  
Or neighbors who grow twelve-foot pines  
And block out the sunshine  
I don't really want to stop the song  
But it seems to have gone on too long  
And our members should get out and mow,  
Water, mulch, prune, fertilize, and sow  
So let me introduce to you  
A chap who's most adept with shears  
From Sods & Peppers Local Garden Club!

What would you think if I trimmed  
your rosebush?  
Would you hope I got stung by a bee?  
Lend me your hedge and I'll snip it  
to size  
And I'll try not to knock down your  
tree  
Oh, I trim greens with a little help  
from my shears  
I pick beans with a little help from  
my shears  
Keep things keen with a little help  
from my shears  
What do I do when the winter wind  
blows?  
Does it make you wish that you were  
dead?  
Must I not clip 'till the frozen  
hedge grows?  
Must you lock your shears up in the  
shed?  
No, I trim stairs with a little help  
Trim my hair with a little help from  
my shears  
With a little help from my  
she-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ears.  
- J.R.

## PAUL IS DEAD

Paul is dead  
All the albums will tell you so  
We have our reasons why he had to go  
Believe us that Paul is dead.

## Accident

He was in an auto accident  
Go play the record in reverse  
And hear the verse say Paul is dead.

Why he had to go  
We don't know, it wasn't clear  
He stood with his back to us  
Crossed the road with his feet bare.

Paul is dead  
That's the message that the walrus  
brings  
We had to do it 'fore he got to  
sing

Or ran around, sprouting wings.

George, John and Ringo, they don't  
know  
Or they won't say  
Buy all the album covers  
With the hidden clues to discover

Paul is dead  
We replaced him with a look-alike  
Who could sing, play guitar and  
write  
And you bought the hype that  
Paul is dead.

-D.F.

## CHARLIE MANSON

Charlie Manson  
What have you done?  
You made a mess of everyone  
You made a mess of everyone  
Charlie Manson  
What have you done?  
"Helter Skelter",  
You stupidhead,  
Was not a call to strike folks dead  
We sure were misinterpreted  
Charlie Manson  
You stupidhead  
We looped some tapes  
And played some music backwards  
You listened, then you hacked up everyone  
Charlie Manson  
You ought to buy a new tone arm  
You're in a cell now  
You've found your niche  
And our PR man almost slashed his wrists  
There's only one man who came out on top  
of this  
Bugliosi  
He struck it rich.  
- J.R.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF RUPERT MURDOCK

I read the Post today oh boy  
The headline said the Beatles had  
returned  
And though the article was small  
Well I just had to gasp  
They ran a  
photograph  
The article was  
short and vague  
I didn't notice  
that the page  
was six  
A crowd of peo-  
ple stopped  
and stared  
They hadn't  
heard the news  
before



Nobody was really sure  
It said the boat people were the  
cause  
I'd love to turn the page.

Woke up, fell out of bed  
Sort the thoughts in my head  
Dragged up a lead for the front page  
A piece of fiction, sure to engage  
Faked the facts, worked in hype  
Stop the press, get it typed  
Show it to my staff, somebody spoke  
Said it was a joke and I went into a  
dream  
AAAh -- AAAAh -- AAHA . . .

I read the News today, oh boy  
The People Page would get the facts  
all straight  
It said the Beatles won't return  
The Post said nothing more  
They sold the papers they had sought  
to sell the day before  
I'd love to turn the page.  
-D.F.

## BOBKIN LANE

Bobkin Lane, there is a vendor  
selling foot-long franks  
He has knishes, soda pop and  
pretzels too  
And all the students on their way to  
class  
Stop and get some gas.  
On the corner is a blackboard and a  
man from CARP  
The many joggers call him Moonie  
'hind his back  
They don't believe his whacko  
rhetoric,  
Even though it's slick, makes 'em  
sick.

Bobkin Lane is in my ears and in my  
eyes  
There beneath the gray urban skies  
I sit and meanwhile back

Across the street there is a herd on  
disco roller skates  
Making moves to music no one else

can hear  
And the people  
you can spot  
are new  
Have a scrape or  
two, black and  
blue  
Bums are sprawled  
out on the  
benches  
when the weather's  
mild  
Weirdos shout  
their pleas to  
couples on the  
street.  
And the people let  
their dogs run  
wild

And make a pile.

Bobkin Lane is in my ears and on my  
back  
A bizarre alley made up of cobble-  
stone  
And built by hacks.

Bobkin Lane . . .

- D.F.

## TODAY

Imagine there's no Beatles  
The prospects aren't bright  
No sub below us  
Above us no Mr. Kite  
Imagine all the solos  
Not quite up to par . . .

My sweet loot  
Enough to make my guitar hoot  
I'd really like to earn some more  
I'd really like to burn some more  
Really like to overturn some more  
But my albums are ignored, my loot  
Hairy lawsuit My sweet loot  
Hairy lawsuit Oh my loot  
Chiffon ripoff My sweet loot  
Chiffon ripoff So much for my loot

I've cut songs since we split  
But I can't get a hit  
No matter what style I steal  
I sang blues  
I sang Western  
I'll sing this.  
I've sung callypso  
I've sung pop  
But every single single is a worse flop  
All my stuff's  
In the discount shop  
Ooh how I wish I was still a mop-top  
Well I feel nostalgic  
And this song parallels it  
It was swiped from a fifties jukebox  
I don't mind  
I got memories  
And residuals . . .

What's wrong with you?  
I wish I could see  
You'll buy anything  
If you bought my LPs  
Who are you that you can be so misled?  
Guess you're the same boobs who believed  
that I was dead  
If you like What the Man Said, you won't  
get far  
Most Wings fans could even get conned by  
Ravi Shankar . . .

Imagine we got together  
Got back where we belonged  
Would things be like yesterday?  
A revoluti-on?  
Or would we make the Rutelles  
Look original?  
You may say that I'm a grumbler  
That we'll get back again for sure  
You'd best stop dreaming of reunions  
Or you might wait 'till you're sixty-four.  
- J.R.

Cover photo by Dan "Strawberry" Fiorella  
drawings by John "The Walrus" Rawlins



A splendid thyme is guaranteed for all